ELLA FITZGERALD ORIGINAL KEYS FOR SINGERS

Let's Call It a Night

25 CLASSIC SONGS INCLUDING:

A-Tisket, A-Tasket
Lullaby Of Birdland
Oh, Lady Be Good!
Stompin' At The Savoy
Take The "A" Train
I'm Beginning To See The Light
I'm Putting All My Eggs In One Basket
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm
If You Can't Sing It (You'll Have To Swing It)
Ill Wind (You're Blowin' Me No Good)
It Don't Mean A Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)
Just One Of Those Things
The Lady Is A Tramp
Let's Call The Whole Thing Off
Lullaby Of Birdland
Midnight Sun
Misty
Oh, Lady Be Good!
Satin Doll
Stompin' At The Savoy
Take The "A" Train
The music of Ella Fitzgerald will be forever remembered through her sultry ballads, her prodigious scatting, and her immortal renditions of American standards. With the voice of an angel, she seduced the world for half a century. During her lifetime, she was not only appreciated by her fans, but was revered among her fellow jazz musicians as an equal, a jazz giant, and an innovator.

Ella was born on April 25, 1917 in Newport News, Virginia. Moving to New York City with her mother, Tempie, when she was just a babe in arms, she began her education at Public School 10 in the city of Yonkers in September 1923. Despite her situation as an impoverished girl north of Harlem, she was a continually cheerful and outgoing girl determined to make it in show business — as a dancer.

Although a fine dancer, she was thankfully discovered as a singer at the age of seventeen. In the winter of 1934, Ella sang in and won the Apollo Theatre’s Amateur Night contest, as she had drawn the short straw among a group of friends. It was at that performance where she was discovered and brought forward into stardom.

After losing her mother, Ella was an orphan teenager without direction for her musical talent. It was a popular bandleader of the time, Chick Webb, who acted as a surrogate father and mentor during her early career. After joining his band in 1934, it was not very long before she drew large audiences to her performances at Harlem’s famous Savoy Ballroom.

In 1938, Ella Fitzgerald recorded “A-Tisket, A-Tasket,” a swing rendition of a popular nursery rhyme, arranged by Chick and her. This became a worldwide hit, and today still remains a Swing Era anthem. After Webb’s untimely death in 1939, the band was left in Ella’s hands. She gave it up after only a few more years, as she was not suited to the demanding whirlwind of running a big band.
The 1940s marked the true beginning of her solo career. She made a series of landmark recordings for Milt Gabler, her producer at Decca, as well as some for Norman Granz, her next producer on the Verve label. In the late 1940s, Ella began to blossom into a bebop singer as well, playing with Dizzy Gillespie's big band for several years. It was during this period that she married jazz bassist Ray Brown, with whom she adopted a child, Ray Brown Jr.

Her career as the world renowned singer finally emerged in 1949, as Granz presented her in the Jazz at the Philharmonic concert series. This popular series featured the finest instrumentalists in jazz, from Charlie Parker to Lester Young. From 1956 to 1964, she recorded some of her most memorable versions of standard songbooks, including those by Cole Porter, Duke Ellington, the Gershwins, Johnny Mercer, Irving Berlin, and Rodgers and Hart.

Ella continued to record and tour through the 1990s, when failing health finally ended her amazing career. On June 15, 1996, Ella Fitzgerald passed on, leaving us a lifetime full of memories through her timeless recordings. Throughout her lifetime, she received accolades from U.S. presidents, universities, the Grammy® awards, and every other person who heard the purity and genius of her music.

She was a singer who responded to the musical imperatives of a song while illuminating the wit within the lyrics. She could spin a melody in any direction, transcending each note and word as sweetly and soulfully as the trumpet of Louie Armstrong, the saxophone of Johnny Hodges, and the clarinet of Benny Goodman. Her love for music was unending, while her passion was unmistakable in every concert she ever performed and every recording she ever made. Every generation that has heard her voice will never forget that there is only one Ella.
Words and Music by ELLA FITZGERALD and VAN ALEXANDER

Moderate Swing

G6

Am7/G

D13

G6

Em7

Am7

D7

G6

Em7

Am7

D7

*Recorded a half step higher.
I sent a letter to my mom. On the way, I dropped it. I dropped it, I dropped it, yes, on the way, I dropped it. A little girlie picked it up and put it in her pocket.
et. She was truck-in' on down the avenue, with not a single thing to do. She went peck, peck, pecking all around. When she spied it on the ground, she took it, she took it, my little yellow basket, and if she does-n't bring
I think that I will die.
I lost my yellow basket, and if that girlie don't return it, I don't know what I'll do. Oh dear, I wonder where my basket can be. (So do we, so do we, so do we.)
I wish that little girl I could see. (So do we, so do we, so do we, so do we.)

Oh, why was I so careless with that basket of mine?
That itty, bitty basket was a joy of mine.

A-tis-ket a-tas-ket, I lost my yellow basket.

Won't someone help me find... my basket, and make me happy again, again. (Was it
Green?
No, no, no, no.
(Was it red?)
No, no, no.

Was it blue?
No, no, no, no, no. Just a

Little yellow basket.

A little yellow basket.
I'm feelin' mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink.

I walk the floor and watch the door, and in between I drink black coffee.

Love's a hand-me-down broom.
I'll never know a Sunday in this week-

room.

talking to the shadows from one o'clock to four.

And

Lord, how slow the moments go when all I do is pour_

black.
Since the blues caught my eye,

I'm hanging out on Monday my Sunday dreams
to dry.

Now a man is born to go

A woman's born to weep and fret,
I stay at home and tend her oven and drown her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes. I'm moody all the mornin', and mourning all the night, and in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight black coffee.
Feel in' low as the ground.

It's driv-in' me cra-zy,

driving me mad.

this wait-in' for my ba- by
to may-be come a-round,

I'm wait-ing for my ba-by

to may-be come a-round.
BUT NOT FOR ME

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Moderate Ballad

D6/9  C13  G(add9)/B  Bbdim7

Pedal throughout

Am7  D13sus  Gmaj7  Em7  Am7  D9sus

They're writing songs of love, but not for me.

Instrumental on D.S.

Gmaj7  Am9  Bm7  Em7  A9  A9sus

A lucky star's above,

A7  D13  G9  Ab9  G9  G13sus/A  G9

but not for me. With love to
I lead the way, I've found more clouds of grey.

than any Russian play could guarantee.

I was a fool to fall and get that way. Hi ho, a -
I a lack a day.

Although I can't dismiss the memory of his kiss, I guess he's not for me.
CODA

When every happy plot ends with a

End instrumental

It all began so well,

but what an end.

This is the time

a feller needs a friend.

When every happy plot ends with a
CHEEK TO CHEEK
from the RKO Radio Motion Picture TOP HAT

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderate Swing

Fmaj7   Dm11   Gm7   C7   3   Fmaj7   Am7

Gm7     C7     F6    Dm11   Gm7     C7

Heaven, I'm in
Heaven, I'm in

F6/A    Dm11   Gm7   C7   F6    Gm7

heaven, and my heart beats so that I
heaven, and the cares that hung around

Abdim7  F6/A  Eb9  Eb7b9  D7b9  G7

can hardly speak, and I
me through the week

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Oh, I'd love to climb a mountain, and to
Instrumental
reach the highest peak, but it doesn't thrill me half as much as dancin' cheek to cheek.

Oh, I'd dancin' cheek to cheek.

Dance with me,

I want my arm about you, the charm
I'll carry me through

To Coda

I'm in

And my heart beats so that I

I can hardly speak,
I seem to find the happiness I seek.

when we're together dancing cheek.

to cheek.

heaven. I'm in heaven.
and my heart beats so that I can hard
ly speak, and I seem to find the hap-
pieness I seek
when we're out together dancin' cheek
to cheek. Out to gether,

I danc-in' cheek to cheek.

Out to gether, danc-

Out to gether, danc-

in' cheek to cheek.
EASY TO LOVE
(You'd Be So Easy to Love)

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Rubato

I know too well that I'm just wasting precious time, and thinking such a thing could be that you could ever care for me.

I'm sure you hate to hear that I adore you, dear, but grant me just the same, I'm not en-

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tire-ly to blame, for you'd be so easy to love,

so easy to idolize

all others above,
I so worth the yearning for,
so swell to keep ev'ry home fire burning for.

We'd be so
grand at the game,
so

I care free together,
that it does seem a shame-

care free together,
that it does seem a shame-

that you can't

see your future with me,
'cause you'd be oh, so easy to

love.

oh, so easy to
EMBRACEABLE YOU

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato

Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you.

Slowly

Embrace me, you ir - re -
place - a - ble you.

Just one look at you,

my heart grew tip - sy in me.

You and you a - lone bring out the gyp - sy in me.

I love all the man - y

a tempo
charms about you.
Above all,

I want my arms about you.

Don’t be a naughty baby,
come to Mama,
come to

Ma-ma, do,
my sweet embraceable
Moderate Ballad

**Ev’ry Time We Say Goodbye**

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Ev’ry time we say good-bye, I die a little.

Ev’ry time we say good-bye, I wonder why a little.

Why the gods above me, who must be in the know,
When you're near there's such an air of spring about it.

I can hear a lark somewhere begin to

There's no love song finer, but
how strange the change from major to minor, every time we say good-bye.

CODA

slowly

every time we say good-bye.

molto rit.
I could cry salty tears.
There were chills up my spine,
Where have I been all these years?
and some thrills I can't define.
I tell me now, how long has this been goin' on?
I repeat, how

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Ballad
B♭6/9
F7
Fdim7

I could cry salty tears.
There were chills up my spine,

With pedal

F9
Bb13
Eb Maj13
Ab9
B♭6/9
Db Dim7

Where have I been all these years?
and some thrills I can't define.

Listen sweet,
How long has this been goin’ on?

I feel that

I could melt. In to heaven I’m hurled.

I know how Columbus felt, finding another world.

Let me dream that it’s true.

Kiss me once, then once more.
Kiss me twice, then once more.

Più mosso
What a dunce
That makes thrice,
I was before.

let's make it four. What a break,

for heaven's sake,
how long has this been going on?

long has this been going on?
I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AIN'T GOOD

Words by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

Rubato

Bb6  F+  Bb6  F+  F7sus

The

po-ets say that all who love are blind,
but I'm in love and I know what time it is.
The good book says "go seek and ye shall find."
Well.
I have sought and my what a climb it is.

My life is just like the weather, it changes with the hours.

When he's near, I'm fair and warmer,

when he's gone, I'm cloudy with showers. In emotion, like the ocean, it's

either sink or swim when a woman loves a man like I love
Ballad

Nev-er treats me sweet and gen-tle,

the way he should.

My poor heart is sen-ti-men-tal.
To Coda

I got it bad, and that

Instrumental ends

ain't good.

But when the week end's

over

and Monday rolls a-

round,

I end up like I start
out, just cryin',

my lil' heart out.

He don't love me like I love him.

No, no-

I got it bad, and that

ain't good.

D.S. al Coda
CODA

I got it so bad, so bad.

Though folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears, I'm glad I'm mad about him, I can't live without him.
bove me, make him love me the way he should.

Like a lonely weeping willow lost in the wood, the things I tell my pillow, no woman should. I got it bad, bad. So

bad, and that ain't good.
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT

Words and Music by DON GEORGE, JOHNNY HODGES, DUKE ELLINGTON and HARRY JAMES

Moderate Swing

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I nev-er cared much for moon-lit skies, or
I nev-er went in for af-ter-glow,

I nev-er winked back at fire-flies,
but now that the stars are in-
can-dle-light on the mis-tle-toe,

your eyes, I'm be-gin-ning to see the light.
I'm beginning to see the light.

Used to ramble through the park,
shadow-boxing in the dark,

then you came and caused a spark
that's a four-alarm fire

now. I never made love by lantern shine.
I never saw rainbows in my wine, but now that your lips are burning mine, I'm beginning to see the light.

I never cared much for moonlit skies, I

never winked back at fireflies, but now that the stars are
in your eyes, I'm beginning to see the light.

never went in for afterglow, or candle-light on the

mistletoe, but now when you turn the lamp down low, I'm

beginning to see the light. Used to ramble through
the park, shadow-boxing in the dark,

then you came and caused a spark— that's a four-alarm fire now.

I never made love my lantern shine, I

never saw rainbows in my wine, but now that your lips are burn-
Now that the stars are in your eyes, I'm beginning to see the light.
They you came and caused a spark that's a four-alarm fire now.

Wee yow.
Now that your lips are burning mine, I'm beginning to see the light. I'm beginning to see the light.
I'M PUTTING ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET
from the Motion Picture FOLLOW THE FLEET
Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Ballad
Eb7 Abmaj7b5 Eb7 Ab6/Eb

I've been a roaming Juliet, my Romeros have been many,

but now my roaming days have gone.

Too many irons in the fire is worse than not having any.
I've had my share and from now on, I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.

I'm betting everything in one basket.
I've got everything I've got on you.

I'm giving all my love to one baby.

Lord, help me if my baby don't come through.
I've got a great, big amount saved up in my love account, honey, and I've decided love divided in two won't do, so

I'm putting all my eggs in one bas-
Ab6/9  Abm11  Gm11  Gbdim7

I'm betting every thing I've got on you.

Abm(maj7)  Bb13b9  Eb6  Bb9sus  Ebmaj7

I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.

Bbm7/Eb  Ab6  Abm(maj7)  Eb6/Bb  Cm7

I'm betting every thing I've got on you.
I'm giving all my love to one baby

Lord, help me if my baby don't come through.

I've got a great, big amount.
I've decided love divided in two won't do,
so I'm putting all my love in one basket.
I'm betting everything I've got on you.
I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM
from the 20th Century Fox Motion Picture ON THE AVENUE

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN

Bright Swing

F9sus

Edim7/F

The snow is snow-ing, the wind is blow-

F9sus F13b9 Bb6 Dbdim7 Cm7

Instrumental

F7sus F7b9 Em7b5 A7 Bbdim7

- ing, but I can weather the storm.

Cm7 F7sus

What do I care how much it may storm,
I've got my... to keep me warm. I can't remember a worse December. Just... watch those icicles form. What do I...
I care if icicles form,
I've got my love to keep me warm.
Instrumental ends
Off with my overcoat,
I need no overcoat,
I'm burning with love. My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher, so will weather the storm, storm, storm.

What do I care how much it may storm,
I've got my love to keep me warm.

Coda:

I've got my love to keep me warm.
IF YOU CAN'T SING IT
(You'll Have to Swing It)
from the Paramount Picture RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

Words and Music by SAM COSLOW

Rubato

Cm7 F7#9 Bbm7 Eb Ab3 Fm Bbm7 Eb7

The concert was over in Deutschlandhalle, the

Abmaj9 Fm7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab9 G93 C7 F9

maestro took bow after bow. He said, "My dear friends, I have given my all. I'm

Dm7b5 G7b9 Cm9 Bm7 Bbm7 Cm7 Fm7

sorry, it's all over now." When from the balcony, way up high, there

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suddenly came a mournful cry...

Ballad (12/8 feel)
(Double-time feel on repeat)
Mister Paganini, please play my rhapsody.

And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it?

And if you can't sing it, you'll simply have to
bru-dit-n-didoodleya-doodridubibow,ool-

y-o-aal-yaal-yaahh...Listen, Paga-ni-ni,

we breath-les-syl a-wait your mas-ter-ful bat-on.

Go on, and swing it. And if you can’t swing it,
you'll simply have to boop-boop-ba-dee-da-do-boop-m-be-dee-doo-dee-dle-

deel-ta-doo-di-doo-da-doot-n-dool-ya-ow. We've heard your rep-er-toire,

and at the fi-nal bar, we greet-ed you with round ap-

But what a great ov-a-tion,
To Coda

your interpretation of "I never cared much for moonlit skies, I


never blinked back at fireflies" would do. So Paganini,

don't you be a meanie.

What have you up your sleeve?

Come on and spring it. And if you can't spring it,
you'll simply have to... eet n-deet n-doo dit n-dit doo boo booie...

D.S.

Boo dit n dit n doo dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n dit n
now, don't you be a mean-ie. What have you up your sleeve?

Come on and spring it.

And if you can't spring it, you'll simply have to swing it.
ILL WIND
(You're Blowin' Me No Good)

Lyric by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

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Go, ill-wind, go away.

Skies are oh, so grey around my neighborhood, and that's so good.

You're only misleadin' the sunshine I'm needin'. Ain't that a shame?
I troubles that creep up from out of nowhere when love's to blame.

To Coda

Let me rest today. You're blowin' me no...
吹吧，恶风，
吹吧，
IT DON'T MEAN A THING
(If It Ain't Got That Swing)

Words and Music by DUKE ELLINGTON
and IRVING MILLS

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Doo-wah-doo-wah-doo-wah-doo-wah-doo-wah-doo-wah-doo-wah-

to Coda

no difference if it's sweet or hot, just give that rhythm every thing you.
Oh, it don't mean a thing if it got that swing.

Doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah
Doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah

ain't got that swing.

Doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah
Doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah

- doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah doo-wah.

Boot - doot - dot - m - bop ba - doot - n - dee - dee - dit doot - doo - yoot
doo - ya.

Doo... w... wah...

Doot - m - bop - m - boop be - doot - n - doo - de - doot

Doot - dool yoo - da.

Doo...

wah._________

It makes no dif - f...
if it's sweet or hot, just give that rhythm every thing you've got.

Doo - yoo - doo - doot, boo - dee - yoo - doo - doot, doo - yoo - doo - doot, doo - yoo - doo - doot, doo,
makes no difference if it's sweet or hot,
give that rhythm everything you've got.
Oh, it don't mean a
thing if it ain't got that swing.

Doo wah doo wah.

Don't mean a thing...
THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Bright Swing

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

I've wined and dined on mul-ligan stew and never wished for tur-key, as I hitched and hiked and drifted too, from Maine to Al-bu-quer-que.
I missed the Beaux Arts ball, and what is twice as sad, I was never at a party where they honored Noel Cad, but social circles spin too fast for me. My "Hobohemia" is the place to
Bright Swing

D7sus  D13b9  G6  Gmaj7

be.

I get too hun-

I go to Co-

Bb6  Am7  D7b9  D9  D7b9

ry for dinner at eight,

ney, the beach is divine.

G6  Gmaj7  Bb6  Am7  D7b9

I like the theatre,

I go to ball games,

D9  D7b9  G  G7

I never both-

I follow Win-

chell, and
I hate people
every line.

That's why the lady is a tramp.

I don't like crap games with barons and earls,
I like a prize fight that isn't a fake.

I won't go to Harlem
I love the rowing on
"- mine and pearls,-
Central Park Lake.
I won't dish the dir-t-
I go to op-
with the rest of the girls.
and stay wide a-wake.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
I like the free, fresh wind in my hair.
I like the green grass under my
shoes.

What can I lose?

I'm broke, it's oke. Hate California, it's cold and it's damp.

That's why the laundry is a tramp.
CODA

I'm flat, that's that. I'm all a lone when I lower my lamp, that's why the lamp is a tramp.

CODA
JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Rubato (fast)

Cmaj7  Bbmaj7  Abmaj7  G7

As Dorothy Parker once said to her boyfriend, "fare-thee-well." As Colm announced when he knew he was bounced, "It was

Dm7  G7sus(b9)  Cmaj7  G7sus  G7  Csus  C

C6/9  Am  Am7  Am7b5
as a bell, swell."

As Ab- il- lard said to

"Don’t for- get to drop a line to me, please."

Ju- li- et cried in her Ro- me-o’s ear,  

"Ro- me- o, why not

face the fact, my dear?"

It was just
one of those things, just one of those flings. One of those bells that now and then ring, just
one of those things.

It was just one of those nights,

just one of those nights,

just one of those flights,

to the moon—
gsamer wings, just one of those things.

If we'd thought a bit of the end of it when we started painting the town,
we'd have been aware that our love

affair, it was too hot not to

cool down. So, good

bye, dear, and man, man, here's hop-
We met now and then. It was one of those great fun, but it was just one of those things.

If we'd
one of those things,
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato

Things have come to a pretty pass. Our romance is growing flat, for you like this and the other, while I go for this and that. Goodness knows what the end will be, oh, I

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I don't know where I'm at. It looks as if we two will never be one. Something must be done.

Moderate Swing

You say neither and you say laughter and I say neither and I say neither.

I say neither, you say neither and I say neither.
I say laughter, you say after and I say laughter.
Ether, ether, nee-ther, ny-ther, let's call the whole thing off.

Laugh-ter, lawf-ter, af-ter, awf-ter, let's call the whole thing off.

You like po-ta-to and I like po-tah-to,
You like vanil-la and I like vanel-la,

you like to-ma-to and I like to-mah-to. Po-ta-to, po-tah-to, to-
you sas-paril-la and I sas-parrel-la. Va-nil-la, va-nel-la,

ma-to, to-mah-to, let's call the whole thing off. But oh,
if we call the whole thing off—then we must

part. And oh, if we ever part, then

that might break my heart.

So, if you like pajamas and
So, if you go for oysters and

I like pajamas, I'll wear pajamas and give up pajamas. I go for oysters, I'll order oysters and cancel the oysters.
For we know we need each other, so we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off.

call the whole thing off. I say father and you.
I say pa - der, I say moth - er and you say ma - der.

Pa - der, ma - der, un - cle, ahnt - ie, let's call the whole thing off...

I like ba - na - nas and you like ba - nah - nas,

I say Ha - va - na and I get Ha - vah - na. Ba - na - nas, ba - nah - na, Ha -
va-na, Ha-vah-na. Go your way, I'll go mine.

Instrumental soli

Em7b5 A7#5 Dm6 Gm7 Gb13

G7 Gb9 F9 F13 Bb6 Gm9

Instrumental ends

So, if I go for scallops and
you go for lobster...

so, all right, no contest. We'll order lobster.

For we know we need each other, so we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off.

...
LULLABY OF BIRDLAND

Words by GEORGE DAVID WEISS
Music by GEORGE SHEARING

Rubato (slowly)

Moderate Swing

Oh, Lull-a-by of Bird-land, that's what I
Have you ev-er heard two tur-tle doves-

al-ways hear- when you sigh-

bale and coo- when they love-

Nev-er in my word-land

That's the kind of mag-

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could there be ways to reveal, how I feel.

music we make, with our lips, when we kiss.

And there's a weepy old willow.

He really knows how to cry.

That's how I'd cry in my pillow if you should tell me fare-well.
and goodbye.

Lullaby of Birdland, whisper low.

Kiss me sweet, and we'll go

flyin' high in Birdland, high in the sky up above, all because

we're in love.

Lullaby, lull
Have you ever heard two turtle doves bale and coo— when they love?

That's the kind of magic music we make with our lips— when we kiss.
CODA

Cm  Am7b5  D7b9  G7  Cm6/9  Cm9

Lull-a-by of Bird-land, whisper low.
Kiss me sweet,

Fm9  Bb13b9  Ebmaj7/G  Cm7  Fm7  Bb7b9

and we'll go fly-in' high in Bird-land, high in the sky up above,

Gm7b5  C7b9

all be

Bb13b9  Eb6  D/Eb

cause we're in love.
MIDNIGHT SUN

Words and Music by LIONEL HAMPTON, SONNY BURKE and JOHNNY MERCER

Ballad

Abmaj9

B13

Emaj9

A7#11

Emaj9

A7#11

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than

Abmaj9

[Music notation]

Db13#11

G9

Gbmaj9

the summer night. The clouds were like an alabaster

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palace rising to a snowy height, each star,

its own aurora borealis. Suddenly you held me tight...

I could see the midnight sun.

I can’t explain the silver rain that found me, or was that a
moon-lit vale? The music of the universe around me, or was that a nightingale? And then your arms miraculously found me. Suddenly the sky turned pale, I could see the midnight sun.
Was there such a night?
Solo ad lib.

It's a thrill I still don't quite believe.

But after you were gone, there was still some stardust on my sleeve.

To Coda

The flame of it may dwindle to an
ember, and the stars forget to shine, and we may see the meadow in December. I see white

and crystalline. but oh, my darling, always I’ll remember when your lips were close to mine, and I saw
D.S. al Coda

CODA

Solo ends The flame of it may dwindle to and

ember, and the stars forget to shine, and

we may see the meadow in December. I see white and
but oh, my darling, always I'll remember when your lips were close to mine, and I saw the midnight sun, the midnight sun, the midnight sun.

midnight sun.
Look at me, I’m as helpless as a kitten up a tree, and I feel like I’m clinging to a cloud.

I can’t understand, I get misty just holding your hand.
Walk my way, and a thousand violins begin to play, or it might be the sound of your hello, that music I hear. I get misty the moment you're near.

Can't you see that you're lead -
I'm following you. Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost?

That's why I'm following you.

On my own, would I
wander through this wonder-land _ a _ lone,
right foot from my left, my hat from my glove. _ I'm too mist-y and too much in love.
OH, LADY BE GOOD!

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato
Dsus  D7sus  Gm/D  Dsus  Eb7/D  D  Ab7#11

Listen to my tale of woe, it’s terribly sad, but true:  All dressed up, no place to go, each
ev’ning I’m aw-fully blue._  I must win some handsome guy;— can’t go on like this.

I could blossom out, I know, with somebody just like you, so...  Oh, sweet and
love-ly lady, be good, oh, lady, be good

to me. I am so

aw-fly mis-un-der-stood, so, lady, be good

to me.
please have some pity,

I'm all alone in this big city. I tell you,

I'm just a lonesome babe in the wood,

so lady, be good to
Oh, please have some pity.

I'm all alone in this big city.

I tell you, I'm just alone some
babe in the wood,

so, lady, be good

F7sus  F13  Bb  Ab13

to me.

Gm7  Bb/F  E7b9  E7♯9  Ebmaj13

Oh, lady, be good

Cm7  B7♯9  C/Bb  Bb

to me.
SATIN DOLL

By DUKE ELLINGTON

Moderately slow Swing

Gm7 C9 Am7 D9 Gm7 Adim7 Bb6 C7sus

Doo -dle - oo - doo - doo.

(D.S.) Lead vocal ad lib. (scat)

Gm7 C7 Gmi1 C7

Doo -doo -doo.  Boo - doo - dee,

D7sus D9 Am11 D7 G9

Gb9

boodoo -doo.
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
-dan-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo.
Doo-die-o-oo-doo-doo,

Am7/E D9

Doo-doo. Doo-die-o-oo-doo-doo.

Am7/E D7 G9

Doo-doo. Doo-doo.

Gb9

doo-doo.

D.S. al Coda

CODA

G9

F6 F7#9 D7

(trem.)

Doo-doo,

G9

F6

doo-doot-n-doo.

Gb6/9 F6

Doo-doo.
STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

Words and Music by BENNY GOODMAN, EDGAR SAMPSON, CHICK WEBB and ANDY RAZAF

Moderately slow Swing

I
Your form, just like a clinging vine.
Your lips, so warm and sweet as wine.
Your cheeks, so soft and close to mine, divine.
How my heart is singing, while the band is
stomp-in’ with you at the Savoy. What joy, a perfect holiday.

there let me stomp a-way with you.
TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Moderate Swing

Words and Music by

BILLY STRAYHORN

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You must take the "A" train to go find Sugar Hill way up in Harlem.
You've missed the quickest way to Harlem. Hurry, get...
on, now it's coming.

Listen to those rails a-thrumming.

All 'board, get on the "A" train.

Soon
you will be on Sugar Hill in Harlem.

Boo-doot-n-yee-doot-n-da-ba-yoot-n-ba-ba-dee... You,
must take the “A” train to Sugar Hill way up in Harlem.

If you miss the “A” train, you’ve missed the quickest way to Harlem.
Hurry, get on board, it's comin'.

Listen to those rails a-thrummin'.
All aboard, get on the "A" train.

Soon you will be on Sugar Hill.
N.C.
in Harlem.

Next stop: Harlem,

Come on, get a board the "A" train.

train.
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