The Golden Era Of ROCK & ROLL
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THE ANIMALS

The Animals formed a stern contrast to all the pretty little English groups they knocked over to get into the Top Ten. Their music didn't sound sweet and catchy -- it was mean, gritty, with Alan Price's complex organ runs, Hilton Valentine's harsh lead guitar, and the grating vocals of that sullen front man, Eric Burdon. The Animals were, well, different. Others might acknowledge U.S. blues influences back in the hinterlands of an LP. The Animals put their feelings up front.

Originally called the Alan Price Combo, the Animals hailed from the far northern industrial city of Newcastle and found parallels in Black American blues as relating to the slums in which they grew up. They released a blues single and an EP disc in 1963 and early '64, but what put them on the map in America and England was a traditional Southern brothel song called "House of the Rising Sun." Disc jockeys were fascinated by the record, and by the band -- they didn't sound like anything Top 40 had ever heard. Observers watching the group play their songs in Britain's sweaty little clubs remarked that they did indeed resemble a bunch of wild animals, ferocious and intense.

The succession of mid-60's Animals hit singles was a unique combination of an occasional in-group composition ("I'm Crying") and freewheeling adaptations of American blues. They were most adept with a punchy version of John Lee Hooker's "Boom Boom" and "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" (later recorded by Nina Simone), and even transformed a Barry Mann-Cynthia Weil number, "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place," into a brooding mood piece. Animals records struck responsive chords in every kid with a problem. They stood their ground... "It's my life and I'll do what I want, Don't push me!" Other British bands sucked up the hysteria they received -- The Animals dispensed with all that as trivial, having nothing to do with real music-making.

Eric Burdon moved into lead billing with the Animals in 1966 and carried the group into a psychedelic heyday for the following two years, pushing the virtues of LSD as intently as he had pressed for blues. They made the charts with "Monterey" and "San Franciscan Nights," but Burdon's message music grew increasingly overblown, and the group split up in 1969. Eric Burdon remains a perennial figure in rock, first as the leader of War, and now periodically releasing LPs and giving action-packed performances. Former Animal Alan Price has done well as a solo artist and actor, and bassist Chas Chandler evolved into a well-respected manager of artists such as Jimi Hendrix and Slade.

The House Of The Rising Sun / 191
Boom Boom / 226
LITTLE ANTHONY AND THE IMPERIALS

The scene is a high school dance, where couples sway back and forth to "Tears On My Pillow" by Little Anthony and the Imperials, encased in a cloud of emotion. Anthony Gourdine's nasal vocals, shaming his dream girls with his lonely memories, were favorites for cheek-to-cheek box-stepping from coast to coast. Unlike either the one-shot Top Ten hitters who vanished or the early '50's crooners who faded away, Anthony and the Imperials found favor in the charts even at the height of the British onslaught. Sentiment was their cup of tea.

The New York born and bred quartet was formed in 1958 by the 17-year-old Anthony, with fellow 17-year-old baritone Clarence Collins, and 16-year-olds second tenor Ernest Wright and first tenor Sam Strain. The group's personnel has changed over the years, but Anthony remains, ensuring the distinctive, emotive sound associated with the band. Anthony had played with vocal groups even in his early teens, and was brought together with the other Imperials by Richard Barrett, today manager of the Three Degrees.

Little Anthony and the Imperials' debut release was a lively, Latin-flavored tune called "Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Pop," but the next one up, and to date their biggest seller, was "Tears On My Pillow." Nothing the band released could match that song for "instant classic" status until the group took over the charts with a string of hits in 1964-65. Of course, it was the ballads that returned them to the top as, one after another, they released "I'm On The Outside (Looking In)," "Goin' Out Of My Head" and "Hurt So Bad."

Within a year, they were renamed Anthony and the Imperials, minus the "little." They were at the stage of choosing their audience and opted for the adult marketplace of plush hotel rooms, Las Vegas casinos and many television variety shows. A decade after they formed, Anthony and the Imperials sang their adolescent ballads to the parents, aunts and uncles of their early fans. It was a decision that keeps them active on the hotel circuit.

Goin' Out Of My Head / 48
I'm On The Outside
(Looking In) / 86
Hurt So Bad / 166
Out Of Sight,
Out Of Mind / 216
BROOK BENTON

President Jimmy Carter might consider having Brook Benton sing for the White House -- Benton's moving recording of "A Rainy Night In Georgia" makes a fine testimony to his home state. The smooth balladeer was South Carolina born and raised, and his many classic records have brought Southern warmth to every part of America.

Brook Benton was born on September 19, 1931 in the town of Camden. He started singing in his church choir, and made a natural transition to a series of gospel groups, which sustained him through his teens, and also cultivated an interest in popular tunes. Benton's sound eventually blended the two forms to create commercially successful ballads without a plastic gloss. Benton was determined to make a name for himself as a singer and moved to New York in the early 1950's.

Menial jobs during the day provided Benton with the time to write his own songs and hang out in the city's many night spots. He started getting work as a singer and had several songs recorded by such greats as Nat "King" Cole and Clyde McPhatter. It was inevitable that he would eventually be signed to record, and Benton hooked on to two labels before going to Mercury in 1959. His first release for them was the chilling "It's Just A Matter Of Time," which brought him nationwide acclaim and led to 16 top-twenty hits in four years, several duetting with Dinah Washington. Benton swept over the watered-down pop audience which existed at the late 50's-early 60's, as well as consistently topped the r&b charts. Other performers rushed to record his songs, which are adaptable for any style from guitar blues to country and western. It is estimated that, by the end of 1962, Benton sold 15 million records (including other artists' covers of his songs).

The late 1960's found Benton a successful record producer and songwriter, though his output on record had diminished. He punched back with the 1970 "A Rainy Night In Georgia," and seemingly, has the enviable ability to become a national star whenever he happens to write and record another excellent song.

Endlessly / 107
Baby (You've Got What It Takes) / 133
CHUCK BERRY

Despite all the trends that rock has experienced in its two and a half decades, regardless of all the “superstars” who have been and gone, no one can top the bill over Chuck Berry. The importance of this man could be observed in small part on Dick Clark’s “American Bandstand” anniversary TV show, where players from Gregg Allman to Booker T. Jones to Doc Severinson formed an immense backing band behind Chuck Berry, closing the program with “Roll Over Beethoven.” The Beatles recorded “Roll Over Beethoven” on their third album. The Rolling Stones recorded “Carol” on their first album. The Who stood in the wings of the Fillmore East in 1968, watching Chuck Berry headline over a set they had just played, saying they felt honored to be on the same stage with this man. Chuck Berry, from his songwriting to his guitar style to his stage presence, may just be rock ‘n’ roll’s most important figure.

Charles Edward Berry, who is 45 years old and still rockin’, learned to play guitar when he was in high school. In 1955, he signed with Chess Records of Chicago and proceeded to make that label world famous for its “Chuck Berry sound.” His first release, “Mabellene,” got him his first gold record. Even if a specific disc didn’t sell that much, it was bound to be critically acclaimed for its rock spirit. Chuck Berry wrote about the pleasures of being young — enjoying snazzy cars, surviving the school cafeteria, celebrating rock ‘n’ roll itself. Berry may not have been a deliberate apologist for rock, but his songs like “Sweet Little Sixteen” and “Rock And Roll Music” passed the message loud and strong that rock was unstoppable, worthy of adulation.

Ironically, Berry now receives more open audience adulation than he did in the 1950’s, when he was writing those much-copied songs and perfecting his onstage duck walk. Berry couldn’t be easily confined to the R&B market which encapsulated most black performers. Many young people who knew about Chuck Berry’s twangy, chordy guitar style and can sing the words of “Johnny B. Goode” learned them not from Chuck’s originals but from the many British and American groups who covered his songs. Genius will find its way, however, sooner or later, and thanks to the efforts of the ’60’s most famous artists, Chuck Berry is today revered as the definer of the sound of rock ‘n’ roll.
FREDDIE CANNON

New Jersey’s hanging cliffs of grey rock, the Palisades, never knew what hit them the day “Palisades Park” was released. A brash young man who sounded as if he was charged with 1000 volts made history with a series of geography lessons set to rock ‘n’ roll. His real name was Fred Pocariello, but perhaps it’s because he hopped like he was shot out of a cannon that they called him Freddie Cannon.

Freddie Cannon gained his immense popularity at a time when the initial burst of rock ‘n’ roll creativity had given way to a never-ending series of ditties that satisfied teenage demands for fun and frolic. By 1959, what charted on “Bandstand” was pop, not rock -- musically, it dared not compare to the Presley before or Beatles following, but if it “hadda good beat, ya can dance to it,” that was sufficient. Cannon’s string of top-teeners, some co-written by himself, others from the pens of master entrepreneurs Bob Crewe and Chuck Barris, fit neatly into the set formula.

Swan Records signed Cannon in 1959, after he had built a following among teenagers in his home town of Lynn, Massachusetts, outside Boston. His first hit, “Tallahassee Lassie,” loaded with horns, energy and an exhilarating “whooh!” sold over a million copies in the U.S. and overseas. He immediately toured America, following with appearances in England, Europe, South Africa, Japan and Australia. By the end of his first year’s recording, Cannon got another million seller by covering a 1922 jazz hit, “Way Down Yonder In New Orleans.”

Place names, old ragtime songs, and teenage pursuits continually translated into gold when Cannon put them on disc. Besides the worldwide smash “Palisades Park,” he went to the hearts of fans with “Musk Rat Ramble,” “Transistor Sister,” “Abigail Beecher” and “Action,” lasting until 1965. Trivia could only repeat itself for a limited time, and with his career waning, Cannon packed in his years as a teenage idol and became a record company promotion man.

Palisades Park / 50
Tallahassee Lassie / 242
CHUBBY CHECKER

Once upon a time, there were no discotheques, and plenty of dances. Teenagers learned new steps and practiced them by watching the Bandstand crowd. Then, in 1960, a rotund young man named Ernest Evans was re-christened Chubby Checker by Mrs. Dick Clark, who thought he resembled Fats Domino. Checker was befriended by Clark and left his job as a chicken plucker to record a Christmas record for him. The next song he recorded was an r&b tune written by Hank Ballard called “The Twist.” Chubby Checker lip-synced the song on television, doing a little hip-swiveling dance to the beat. One, two, three and America was Twisting -- in discotheques, in living rooms, at high school prims, at bar mitzvahs. It was a dance that kept trim teens trimmer and sent their parents to the chiropractor. It was a sensation.

Checker hit number one with “The Twist” twice, in 1960 and 1961. People could not get enough of this new dance craze and turned on the late news to watch Jackie Kennedy or Judy Garland Twisting at the Peppermint Lounge in Times Square, the hippest place of ’em all. Checker gained a reputation as young America’s dance master and led them through a dizzying series of steps, which resulted in his not staying “chubby” for long. There was the “Hucklebuck,” “Pony Time,” “The Fly” and, lots of fun to watch at parties, “The Limbo Rock,” with its immortal line, “how low can you go?”

Chubby Checker led the pack up until the Beatles wiped the American slate nearly clean in 1964, and hysteria replaced the Saturday night hop. He issued Twist tune after tune -- most sold well for awhile, particularly as long as the in-crowd glorified the sleazy Twist clubs. Checker didn’t have very much to do by the mid-60’s and settled back to watch his dance become a footnote in social history books. He has recently turned up on the revival circuit, slim and still appealing to watch, and still Twisting. The habitudes of the disco circuit of today can thank Chubby Checker for making rock dancing a national pastime.

Let’s Twist Again / 146
SAM COOKE

It is impossible to determine the impact that Sam Cooke might be having on contemporary music. He was shot to death in 1964, at the height of his career. But on the basis of his recorded legacy, one may safely say that Cooke’s influence was enormous, unfettered by the color, locale or musical style of the many performers who sing his songs. The name of Sam Cooke has become identical with the term “sweet soul music.” His honey-dripping voice has ensured that his many recordings have not dated to this day.

Like many of the top black performers, Sam Cooke began singing with his church choir in his Chicago home. Cooke found his outstanding lead vocals bringing him to the attention of the Soul Stirrers, a major gospel quartet. He sang lead with the group for six years, perfecting his style, which blended soul and pop, flattering both. In 1956, Cooke was encouraged to record some popular tunes. He complied, and several ballads, notably “I’ll Come Running Back To You,” found recognition and healthy sales.

In late 1957, Cooke switched labels, and his first release for Keen, “You Send Me,” sold a phenomenal 2½ million copies. Sam Cooke was on his way -- he followed that song with “Only Sixteen,” “Wonderful World” (brought into the Top 10 by Herman’s Hermits), “Twisting The Night Away” (a favorite of Rod Stewart, who claims Cooke as a major influence), “Little Red Rooster” (a number one hit for the Rolling Stones in England) and the partying “Shake” (closely associated with the late Otis Redding). Cooke is widely acknowledged to have largely determined Redding’s style -- one giant leading another.

Sam Cooke’s material was appealing to a wide variety of performers. Although none could equal his sweet lilting tenor, many copied the oo-wah-wah backgrounds which pervaded his songs. Cooke used his fame to found his own record company, Sar Records, at the close of the 1950’s, which issued a series of hits that flavored rhythm & blues foundations with gospel overtones. He again switched labels in 1960, going to RCA, and found his power to make quality, yet commerical songs undiminished. “Chain Gang” and “Cupid” illustrate that period of his career. Cooke was on the verge of writing songs with social messages when he tragically died. No one can know what’s been missed, but all can only regret the loss.

I’ll Come Running Back
To You / 174
BOBBY DARIN

Towards the end of his years, he recorded an album under his real name, Walden Robert Cassotto, but he was known throughout the world as Bobby Darin. Darin stands out as a figure who radiated cool and control in an era of frenzy -- he never seemed old-fashioned, however, or square. He just stood onstage in a sharkskin suit, snapping his fingers, while "Mack The Knife" slid out like spun gold. Darin's image came to him naturally. No matter what kind of song he sang, it sounded right, stretching from the early teen-dream scenes through mature, sophisticated ballads, into the years of folk-rock.

Darin carved out his stratospheric career fighting against a rheumatic heart which would plague him, and ultimately end his life. He formed an early association with music mogul Don Kirshner, and the twosome made a living writing songs and jingles together. By the late 1950's, Darin was recording, at first not too successfully with songs like the traditional "Rock Island Line." But when he moved to Atco Records in 1958, his first release (which he co-wrote), "Splish Splash," was a million seller.

The seven years which followed were bountiful feasts of Bobby Darin hits. He easily made the transition from a teenage "Dream Lover" to a star for all ages with the Brecht-Weill classic "Mack The Knife" and his contemporary renditions of "Beyond The Sea," "Bill Bailey" and "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby." Darin's appealing boundary-crossing made him a natural for every top television show in America and all the most prestigious nightclubs. He proved as clever at business as he did at stardom, forming his own music publishing and recording company, T. M. Music, Inc., in 1963.

When Bobby Darin released his version of Tim Hardin's "If I Were A Carpenter" in 1966, he scooped up a new generation of young people who reacted to the sensitivity conveyed by his tender vocal. Darin was able to play both sides of the fence, bring his current interests in late 1960's rock music to his traditionally-oriented adult audiences. He hosted his own television summer series and started taking on comedy and dramatic roles with the same adeptness he brought to music. Tragically, his weak heart required him to undergo a series of operations, and he died during open-heart surgery on December 20, 1973.
BO DIDDLEY

Bo Diddley looks like a mean man, and can he ever play a mean guitar. The blues wailer with the wild-looking guitar collection is a long-standing idol of many current guitarists who are themselves revered. The story of "Bo Diddley," as expressed in the song he wrote about himself, is a tale of a man, a legend and a sound all rolled into one.

Bo Diddley was born Elias McDaniel in the town of McComb, Mississippi on December 30, 1928. If Bo has not written any major songs since the mid-1960's, it's because, as of 1968, he had been playing guitar for over 30 years. The enterprising lad gave his first public performance on the streets of Chicago, where he was raised, at age 10, together with two other boys. The 1940's saw McDaniel observing the rapidly developing electric r&b clubs in Chicago, teaching himself more guitar, but making his living at unskilled jobs. In 1951, he finally broke through as a music professional, winning a regular job in a night club. His style was a curious blend of r&b and stone blues, which, when infused with rock 'n' roll, would make him a major influence on many British bands.

Leonard Chess, one founder of Chess-Checker Records, Chicago's well-known blues label, gave McDaniel the stage name "Bo Diddley," because it meant "funny story-teller." The men at Chess were impressed with Bo's deep voiced song-stories and signed him the day he auditioned. "Bo Diddley," his first single, was a hit, and the "Bo Diddley riff" was born. Bo's playing emphasized his tale telling, setting it to the tune of an endlessly repeated sequence of notes, a rhythm which proved both danceable and hypnotic to listeners.

Diddley followed his first smash with the low-down blues "I'm A Man" (recorded by The Yardbirds) and "Mona" (recorded by The Rolling Stones). Diddley was frequently paired on disc with Chuck Berry, his colleague at Chess, the two classic guitar styles set to reinforce one another. He has had a lengthy career playing rock clubs and rock 'n' roll revivals, where the songs may be old, but the impact of his sound remains as important as the day it was conceived. Young Britshers didn't spend their food allowances on Bo Diddley imports for nothing.

Bo Diddley / 126
FATS DOMINO

When credit is handed out to the artists who built the foundations of rock ‘n’ roll, “The Fat Man,” Fats Domino, deserves a place at the front of the line. This New Orleans born singer, songwriter and boogie-woogie piano player was writing rock tunes before the movement got its name. His major rock ‘n’ roll hits appeared in the early years of the music’s popularity, but Fats can still write them, and more importantly can still play them, flawlessly and with grace.

Antoine Domino started practicing piano at the age of five, spending hours a day at the beat-up machine a relative left him. His uncle had played with several of the earliest New Orleans jazz bands, and Fats (always his nickname) started young, following the family tradition. He formed his first band at 10. Despite a serious hand injury suffered at the factory he worked in, Domino refused to abandon his desire to play music and forced his recovery. Local clubs offered him work, and his reputation brought in fans from hundreds of miles away.

News about this excellent funky pianist reached a&r desks, and Dave Bartholomew first signed Domino to Imperial, then co-wrote “The Fat Man” with him. That first release, as far back as 1950, went top 10 on the r&b chart, and soon his name was familiar to many new audiences. By 1953, he was having hits on the pop charts too, and fortunately he was not ghettoized by many mass market disc jockeys, who often experienced opposition when they broadcasted black performers.

By 1955, the country was rocking, and so was Fats, with “Ain’t That A Shame,” and the following year brought “Blueberry Hill,” which the censors went wild over, as well as a jolly version of the 1930's vintage “My Blue Heaven.” Domino closed out the 50’s with “Be My Guest,” “Walkin’ To New Orleans” and “Let The Four Winds Blow” and faded from the spotlight for most of the ’60’s. He did cut a mean version of the Beatles’ “Lady Madonna,” reversing the many times British artists had covered their American idols.

I Want You To Know / 103
Blue Monday / 118
Blueberry Hill / 122
Let The Four Winds
Blow / 129
Ain’t That A Shame / 140
Bo Weevil / 168
I’m In Love Again / 186
I’m Walkin’ / 214
THE DRIFTERS

If the sound was romantic, and the rhythm made you want to steal away with a favorite date, the song had to be one by the Drifters. A lot of sand has slipped back to the sea since the Drifters provided an outlet for summer madness in 1964 with “Under The Boardwalk,” but that tune, like many of their other hypnotic melodies, sounds better each time its revived. The Drifters still exist today, albeit without their original lineup and usually on the oldies circuit, but they are one group for whose songs time has always stood still.

The original Drifters were formed by the late r&b-gospel singer, Clyde McPhatter. He brought together three colleagues who had been “drifting” from one group to another, all veterans of gospel bands. Their first year together brought a major hit on the young Atlantic label, “Money Honey,” and several r&b hits through 1954 and '55, when McPhatter went into the army. Thereafter, numerous members passed through the group which had some recorded success and was immensely popular on several rock package tours. Finally, the first Drifters split in 1958.

However, to fulfill a contract for the group at New York’s Apollo Theatre, the Drifters' manager talked another r&b group, The Five Crowns, into becoming the Drifters, which they agreed to in 1959. Ben E. King sang lead, Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller were assigned to write for the group, and the result was the lovelorn “There Goes My Baby,” which neatly sold into the millions. Far more than an r&b-limited band, the newly made Drifters were a first class pop act, gathering hits as fast as teams like Lieber-Stoller and Doc Pomus-Mort Shuman could write them. Ben E. King earned the group another step up the ladder in 1960 with “Save The Last Dance For Me,” its swaying Latin rhythms complementing his smooth delivery.

King was soon off the stardom as a soloist, and Rudy Lewis took over leads for the quintet from 1960 until his sudden death in 1963. Each song was more gemlike than the one preceding it -- “Some Kind Of Wonderful,” “Sweets For My Sweet,” the much-recorded “On Broadway” and the classic “Up On The Roof,” all in 1962. Artists as diverse as the Rolling Stones and Eric Carmen have recorded the Drifters’ songs, and their influence certainly led millions of teenagers to dream the sweet thoughts of perfect love and great escapes.
THE FLEETWOODS

The mysterious, veiled harmonies of The Fleetwoods found immediate acceptance from the soft-rock oriented audience who closed out the 1950’s. The success of this trio, although brief, was almost effortless, and to this day the sound of The Fleetwoods is instantly recognizable.

Three teenagers from the Seattle, Washington suburb of Centralia made up the group. Gretchen Christopher and Barbara Ellis, born nine days apart in February, 1940, linked up with Gary Troxel, three months older, while in high school. Local audiences remarked on their engaging three-part harmonies and the group decided to turn professional. A local label, Dolton, took them on and found itself with two #1 songs in a row, “Come Softly To Me” (released by Dolphin as well as Liberty Records) and “Mr. Blue.”

“Come Softly To Me” was a sensuous forerunner of such breathy tunes as “Je T’Aime” and even “Love To Love You Baby.” While the two girls sang the song’s few lines over and over, building in intensity, Troxel whispered a stream of “dom-dom-dom-be-do-be-do’s” behind them. Harmless on the surface, the song was genuinely erotic at a time when censors watched rock like hawks. The group’s follow-up, “Mr. Blue,” clung to a more traditional approach, telling a story of rejected love in ballad form, with the girls’ harmonies adding the appropriate dimension of mournfulness.

The Fleetwoods clicked into the top ten two years later, in 1961, with the depressing “Tragedy,” but soon slid into oblivion. Their sound has never been duplicated.

Come Softly To Me / 178
Mr. Blue / 222
BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS

It's far from coincidental that the song which opened the "Happy Days" show was Bill Haley and His Comets' "Rock Around The Clock." If you want to recall the spirit of the '50s, or think about the first time everyone visualized rock 'n' roll, imagine jitterbugging teenagers dancing to that song, crinolines flying high over bobby sox and pegged pants. The jovial-looking spit-curled former country picker has become synonymous with the birth of rock. His records, which pale by comparison to Presley's brash early discs, kept saying "rock, rock, rock!," and the more that the 16-year-olds rocked, the closer they grew to defining an entire lifestyle based on rock. That lifestyle is today a self-sustaining part of our culture. Haley gave the whirlwind a name.

Bill Haley had been making a living with his guitar for many years before he became a universal sensation. Haley picked countryish tunes in pubs and honky-tonks, but as early as 1951 he experimented with the combination of Dixie, rhythm & blues, country & western and pop influences, resulting in some formative rock. In 1953, he formed a backing band to play his newly written tunes, calling them The Comets. One year later, he recorded both "Rock Around The Clock" and Crazy Man Crazy," which were minor hits, nothing special.

Then came 1955 and the film "Blackboard Jungle." "Rock Around The Clock" was used as the movie's theme song, and, set against the plot of teenage rebellion, the tune became a rallying cry. It went to #1 in the U.S. and England, and re-enters the British chart every few years, whenever it is reissued. Haley and His Comets followed up their million selling smash with his own version of Joe Turner's "Shake, Rattle And Roll," and occupied the top ten with that 1950's catch phrase, "See You Later, Alligator." The group starred in a movie called "Rock Around The Clock" and "Don't Knock The Rock."

Bill Haley, who by the time he found fame was approaching 30, defined the teenage hue and cry that time has hardly diminished. Bill Haley sporadically turns up at oldies shows these days and will always be remembered as one of the kings of rock 'n' roll.

Shake, Rattle And Roll / 150
See You Later,
Alligator / 164
HERMAN'S HERMITS

Peter Blaire Denis Bernard Noone, otherwise known as Herman, is today an engaging, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, gap-toothed man of 29. He still looks like a teenage idol, and indeed for most of the frenetic 1960's that's exactly what he was, as leader of Herman's Hermits. One of the longest-running first wave British bands, the Hermits were far from great innovators, but their songs were immediately recognizable and catchy. They behaved themselves, wore suits and generally were the kind of band who wouldn't lead a young female into rebellion, or worse.

Herman's Hermits were several years younger than The Beatles, and as they watched the Fab Four from just down the road in Manchester, England, the quintet set out in search of fame, fortune and adulation. Their original name of The Heartbeats was shed in favor of Herman's Hermits, and before 1964 was out, they had a number one record in America with "I'm Into Something Good." Herman was pleasantly nasal, and the group's material was about as easy to remember as a nursery rhyme. The mid-60's was a time when anything adolescent latched on to anything English, and before their chart run ended in America in 1967, the Hermits had three top sellers and a total of 14 singles in the top twenty, many of them Vaudevillian cuties like "I'm Henry VIII, I Am" and "Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter." To the chagrin of "serious" British beat musicians, Herman's Hermits were almost as hot in their native land, and in fact chung to the British charts for an additional three years, up to 1970.

Peter Noone was specifically in demand as a solo performer, and resulting difficulties led to the disbanding of Herman's Hermits in 1971. The other Hermits occasionally play cabarets in Britain billed as The Hermits, and Noone consented to appear with the group for a "British Invasion" revival tour in 1973. However, Noone's own career has prospered on a variety of fronts. He did very well in England, recording a David Bowie song, "Oh, You Pretty Things," and has done sporadic recording in America. Noone has guested on several television shows, hosted a teen-oriented series and made wise investments. He is most un-"Hermit"-like, but, rather, dresses, well and lives with his wife Mireille in California, England and France.

Silhouettes / 114
BRENDA LEE

She was described as “the little girl with the big voice.” Brenda Lee, who outshone her diminutive stature with a razz-ma-tazz robust voice, sparked the early ’60’s with a lengthy string of hits. She was among the most demanded entertainers at a time when warbling women held their own on the airwaves. Brenda could equally emote a mournful ballad or belt out the healthy animalism contained in a rocker like “Sweet Nothin’s.” Sure, she was thought of as cute, petite, adorable and the rest, but Ms. Lee has proven her staying power musically right up to the present.

Brenda Lee Tarpley was born on December 11, 1944 in the small town of Lithonia, Georgia and was educated in Nashville. At the age of 12, she entered a talent contest in Augusta, Ga., and was spotted by country star Red Foley. He was so impressed by her performance that he arranged her TV debut -- March, 1956, on the Ozark Jubilee Show. Brenda Lee's success story is an enviable, almost immediate one. Her showcase led to many similar offers, and eventually she was signed to record.

“Jambalaya” was her first release and her first hit, though mainly on a local basis. National and European recognition followed her early 1960 release, “Sweet Nothin’s.” Now, the audiences of American Bandstand, Perry Como and Steve Allen’s TV shows had the chance to be won over by this youthful talent, who at age 16 was already a polished professional. Her next record, “I’m Sorry,” showed the Brenda Lee who could beg for forgiveness in a totally captivating way. It went straight to the top, as did “I Want To Be Wanted” later that same year.

Through 1961-63, it took an Elvis Presley disc or the latest dance craze to knock Brenda Lee records off the top. Her versions of “Emotions,” “Dum Dum” and “All Alone Am I” helped forge the chain of hits, while “Rockin’ Around The Christmas Tree” has become a holiday perennial. When Brenda found a diminishing pop audience for her down-home style, she very sensibly went back to her roots and the places she was raised. Today, as effervescent as always, Brenda Lee is one of the top female country singers – just in time for country music to be accepted all over the world.
JERRY LEE LEWIS

If a piano bench went flying across the stage, thrown with a whoop and a holler, and a long slather of wavy blond hair, the perpetrator had to be none other than Rock’s original “bad boy,” Jerry Lee Lewis. Southern-born Lewis was raised on a mix of Louisiana bayou, downhome country, and boogie-woogie, which he fused together and sparked with a charge of rock ‘n’ roll. He was Sun Records’ most consistent hitmaker next to Presley, and the classic rockers he created in the mid-50’s are still considered amongst rock’s finest songs.

Lewis was born to the idea of star quality, and his life is a prime example of a constantly enlarging legend. It’s an archetypal tale about Jerry Lee that his parents mortgaged their home to buy him a $900 piano when he was 8, then couldn’t meet the payments. The young bopper took a brief foray into ministry school, but returned to Ferriday, Louisiana with a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint that he could meld into his piano style. When Lewis heard about how the Phillips brothers had made Elvis Presley a star on Sun Records, he traveled to Memphis, auditioned, and found the audition tape turned into his first release, “Crazy Arms.”

The songs which ensure Lewis’ membership in rock’s Hall of Fame are two tempestuous numbers, “Great Balls Of Fire” and “Whole Lotta Shakin’ Goin’ On.” They leave no room for one to catch a breath, but stand as monuments to the energy rock breathed to its fans throughout the early years. Lewis guested in the rock movies “Disc Jockey Jam-boree” and “High School Confidential,” gaining a hit with the latter film’s title song. By 1958, he was in demand all over the U.S. and Europe, but ran straight into a morality hotseat when he married his 13 year old cousin, Myra. The marriage lasted 15 years, but Jerry Lee was, for all intents, blacklisted on two continents until the changing times made his decision seem far less sinful.

Lewis, in no way toning down his style, chose to apply his energies to the country music on which he was raised. He found renewed success with songs like “What Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made A Loser Out Of Me)” and often capped his performance with a medley of his rock ‘n’ roll hits. Lewis has since returned to featuring rock in his frequent live performances, proving his versatility at complementary musics, still kickin’ that old piano around, and shaking his long curls.
RICKY NELSON

Television idolatry and rock 'n' roll fused neatly together in the case of Ricky Nelson. The sweet-faced teenager whose songs were sympathetic to adolescent plights of lost love and too-late dates, began his lengthy stint at the top of his parents' radio show, "The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet," at age 8. When the program was transferred to television in the mid-50's, Ricky, already the favorite, increased the sacks of fan mail arriving at the studio every time he sang a song to close the show.

Although Ricky, who had smoldering good looks, was lumped with a raft of other Elvis "lookalikes," the fact is that he did not present the same challenge to the family. Anyone watching that TV show, typical of the '50's programs in its wide-eyed innocence, could see that the youngest son Ricky was a good boy. No pelvis-wiggling here, and none needed, since one glance from his pleading eyes could melt the coolest cutie's heart. After a while, with each of Ricky's releases heading straight for the top, the Ozzie and Harriet show frequently resembled an excuse to get Ricky into the hop, or at the prom, or anywhere he could sing, accompanied by female frenzy. Still, the Nelsons never hid their pride in their son's success, and Ricky (later Rick) Nelson was the first major idol to be respectable.

His songs were not threats, either. "Poor Little Fool," his first number one disc, cast himself as the victim of a two-timing girlfriend, something the macho-rockers would never have accepted. Nelson's delivery was similarly gentle, almost crooned over a background which could be harmonized by a barbershop quartet. It was a winning formula, and worked for almost a decade.

In 1972, Rick Nelson left off making the films which had carried him through the late 1960's and started recording again. His style is country-rock, best known for the single "Garden Party." A masterpiece of cynicism, the song describes Nelson's frustration at not finding an "oldies" audience receptive to his current musical direction, wanting him to remain "Ricky" in the past. Nelson, like many other early rockers who have broken new ground, has found it an uphill battle to shake free of the stereotype which originally made him a star.
THE PLATTERS

There are times when the writer of a song must offer thanks that an artist has interpreted his creation to perfection. Such should be the feelings of the author of “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes,” as performed by The Platters. The four men and one woman who made up this 1950’s vocal group are today still remembered for their outstanding harmonies, which combined to send chills up one’s spine whenever a Platters song was played on the radio.

The first five years of the rock era saw the Platters overwhelm other vocal groups with a string of top hits, both in the United States and abroad. The group had actually been recording within the rhythm & blues market for several years previous to their across-the-board conquest. First tenor Tony Williams had sung in church choirs, gospel groups and even with the company band in his Air Force unit. He left for the West Coast, trying for a career in show business, when talent scout Buck Ram pulled him out of a car wash job and signed him to a contract. The other members of The Platters similarly caught the ear of Buck Ram -- second tenor David Lynch, baritone Paul Robi, bass player and band comedian Herbert Reed, and female vocalist Zola Taylor, who was picked out of a talent contest.

The Platters first released a slew of “boogie-woogie”-type tunes in the early ’50s, but when they signed to a major record label, Mercury, their first release, “Only You,” catapulted to number one. The Platters, with their tingling high notes set against fervent lead lines, knew how to pick the songs just right for them. “The Great Pretender,” “My Prayer,” “Twilight Time” and of course, “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes” proved their consistency in a way that only The Drifters, who were more rock oriented, could match.

Early rock movies hustled to sign The Platters for guest sequences, and the quintet can be seen performing in “Rock Around The Clock,” and “The Girl Can’t Help It” among others. They did concerts in South America, the Far East and Australia and were feted across Europe. By 1961, Tony Williams had left the group, and although The Platters had success in 1967 with the single “With This Ring,” their golden era had passed into memory.
ELVIS PRESLEY

Spanning over two decades of rock history, King Elvis has placed more records into the Top 20 than any other artist who emerged before or after him. Presley was undeniably rock's first superstar, the man who proved that rock could have its own mythology. Elvis' staggering success forced rock's opponents to reckon with a music that was absolutely here to stay. For his millions of fans, rock became more than the song, or even Elvis, the man -- it was a way of standing, talking, behaving, an entire modus operandi, punctuated by the look of dark hair, a sneer on the lips and tight pants surrounding wiggly hips.

Presley's earliest records for Sun, now worth hundreds of dollars in their original form, were almost countryish in tone. The former truck driver from Tupelo, Mississippi incorporated fillips of many Southern style-points into his delivery, blending black boogie, country crooning and a lonesome twang. When he signed with RCA in 1956, that label honed Presley's delivery to a straight rock edge, which carried through both in ballads like “Heartbreak Hotel” and the thundering “All Shook Up.” Elvis' voice was rich and downright sexy, and when coupled with his hip swivels, it proved irresistible to teenage women, was a role to copy for their boyfriends and gave moralizers plenty to stew over.

When Presley's movie career supplanted his recordings, going into the progresive 1960's, he was long since legendary, impossible to tarnish. No matter that the records might not rock as before or that the movies were candy floss, Elvis had a decade of ruling behind him which the fans would not relinquish. And when he released genuinely fine singles, like “In The Ghetto” and “Suspicious Minds,” every rock follower, fan or not, was secretly pleased. Elvis' aging has been simultaneous with the advancing years of rock's maturity, and one burst from the Pelvis has always been enough to dispell all the "rock is dead" doomsayers.

Presley hit the concert trail at the close of the '60's, on the wave of praises for a lively, well-produced television special. Despite a bout with overweight that led to hospitalization, he is today out there giving the country what it wants, a chance to get a shiver of memory, to recall the man who gave the raucous sound a tangible hero, the first indication that there was definitely heaven in the land of rock.

Hound Dog / 60
All Shook Up / 83
Love Me Tender / 138
Don't Be Cruel / 156
The Promised Land / 240
LLOYD PRICE

"Look out now, Go, go Stagger Lee. Go, go Stagger Lee. Go, Go!"
Lloyd Price's hot firing of that folklorish ballad "Stack-o-Lee" is a favorite
show stopper for rock fans like Bruce Springsteen, who has incorporat-
ed it into his own show. Price seemingly whizzed into the national eye
all at once, and was gone not much later, but he wrote several out-
standing songs and sang them all with the glow of conviction.

Price was born on March 9, 1935 in New Orleans, into a family
devoted to music. His father had been a professional guitarist, his
mother was actively involved in gospel music, and every one of his ten
brothers and sisters played an instrument. Price gained a local
reputation for his proficiency on trumpet and formed a dance band
which played on a local radio station at the end of the '40's. He wrote
music for the band and commercial jingles for the station, and one day
in 1951 he played a song of his, "Lawdy Miss Clawdy," on the air. The
song was a listener smash and led to Price's recording that tune, as well
as many others which would be successful in the r&b market.

A hitch in the army found Price forming a band on his base, and
when he returned, he led a new 9-piece group to international
prominence with the rocketing "Stagger Lee" and the captivating sing-
along "Personality." Five times in 1959 alone saw Price in the Top 20,
selling a million and picking up another gold record with almost every
new release. Far from being only a wonder of the studios, Price was
able to recreate his hit-making sound on the road and was sought after
in the U.S. and abroad as the 1960's began. He offered a dynamic live
show, enthusiastically showing his vocal and instrumental abilities.

When Price found his hit-making streak quickly tapering off, he
switched his energies to the operation of his own record label, Double
LL, where he was responsible for starting Wilson Pickett on his
recording career.

Stagger Lee / 89
LITTLE RICHARD

Outrageous! In rock 'n' roll there are many contenders to that title, and all of 'em would have to fight Little Richard Penniman for the honors. For over 20 years, this madman, satin-sheathed painted-up piano pumper has devoted his performances to giving the audience something to remember, the catharsis of an unabated rock show. Richard invented phrases that are classics of rock jabberwocky, and in a way he patented style. It would be awfully hard for anyone to follow Little Richard and sing standing still.

Richard, born on Christmas Day 1935, sang in his church choir as a boy, and began learning piano as he started into his teens. By the late 1940's, the increasing popularity of rhythm & blues and boogie-woogie had pervaded his hometown of Macon, Georgia, and he started writing his own songs modeled after those two forms. Determined to make music his livelihood, Richard washed dishes in a bus station until he got a contract after winning a local talent show. He first recorded at age 15, sticking to blues forms, although within a few years his writing was obviously rock 'n' roll.

Armed with songs like "Long Tall Sally" and "Lucille," which 20 years on rank as some of the most creative rock ever recorded, Richard changed labels. He didn't tell Specialty Records about his rock songs, knowing his club audiences had only wanted blues. The staff heard him playing "Tutti Frutti" on a break, told him to record it, and watched as the song remained on the charts for a solid six months in 1956. No more apologies for the rock, said Richard as he carried through the remainder of the decade recording infectious boppers and tearing up concert halls in his pomaded hair, whooping across the piano and hollering for all he was worth. English kids like Lennon and McCartney went wild over him, as did fans across America. He was constantly cited as a prime example of "degenerate" rock 'n' roll.

Abruptly, Richard stopped rocking and entered the ministry, following a narrow escape on an overseas flight. He was back on the road by 1963, playing Europe with the just-beginning Beatles and Rolling Stones. His foreign fans encouraged Richard to tour the rock revival circuit at the close of the '60's, which he has successfully done many times in Europe and the U.S. Richard was featured in the early rock films and the revival "Let The Good Times Roll." His talent and his vitality easily span rock's diverse spectrum.
THE FOUR SEASONS

Various things have been claimed about Frankie Valli's falsetto — that it can summon dogs ultrasonically, that it can shatter glass, that it can make teeth chatter, not to mention heads ache. Whatever one's personal reactions to that unique sound, the facts remain that behind it lies a run of top-selling records almost unparalleled in American popular music. The Four Seasons were born out of an unsuccessful group called The Four Lovers from New Jersey, in 1962. To Frankie Valli, Nick Massi and Tommy de Vito, record producer Bob Crewe introduced the considerable writing talents of Bob Gaudio. Crewe also suggested the group change its name, which they did, and became The Four Seasons.

Crewe's advice worked wonders. Gaudio's first contribution was "Sherry," which made ample use of Valli's impossibly high shriek. Needless to say, it went straight to number one and gold status, followed in similar fashion by their next two outings, "Big Girls Don't Cry" and, starting 1963 with a flourish, "Walk Like A Man." The Four Seasons were unchallenged East Coast champions of pop, rivaled only by the Beach Boys with their California stronghold. Even at the height of Britain's takeover of the American charts, The Four Seasons held their own, racking up million sellers with "Dawn," "Rag Doll," "Let's Hang On" and "I've Got You Under My Skin," several of which proved equally powerful among English kids who wanted to try something different. Whether the Four Seasons wept or wailed, they were irresistible and continued the pattern unabated even at the time of "progressive" music. They ventured into the mysterious territory of Bob Dylan in a great show of nerve, recording his "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" as the Wonder Who? Of course, no one had to guess.

Valli embarked on a solo career in 1967 with the top-ranking "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" and managed to work his own songs and The Four Seasons material simultaneously. Except for a brief slowdown in the early '70's, both recording acts are as strong as ever, and in their rare concerts, the Seasons pack 'em in. Despite severe hearing difficulties, Valli has recorded recent smashes with "My Eyes Adore You," and a largely new-personnel Four Seasons entered the top ten in 1975 on the disco front with "Who Loves You." A decade and a half has not dimmed the luster of a group whose fans find them right for playing every season of the year.
BOBBY VINTON

Bobby Vinton will be 42 years old on April 16, 1977, and growing older hasn't seemed to have affected the curly-blond-haired, blue-eyed balladeer one bit. Vinton has never been taken seriously by the music critics, and he can ignore them at his leisure -- for a decade and a half, he has been recording hits. It's one of life's little ironies that the "schlock-rocker," as he is often cynically styled, should enjoy success in many media -- on record, as a live entertainer, and recently, hosting his own television series.

Vinton followed in the footsteps of his father, bandleader Stan Vinton. At the age of 15, Bobby was leading a dance band -- he was the youngest professional bandleader in the U.S. at the time. As if that wasn't enough to keep the young man busy, he also played clarinet and doubled on saxophone, trumpet and other instruments. Vinton released several albums of band music before turning to solo singing, where he became a fixture in the Top Ten.

One of his first records, "Roses Are Red (My Love)," was also his biggest hit. In addition to being #1 in America, it marked Bobby's only foray into the British charts. After that smash, nothing could hold him back. He hit the top with "Blue Velvet" and "There! I've Said It Again" in 1963 and with the mournful "Mr. Lonely" in 1964. Those hits are the tip of the Vinton iceberg, which counts no less than 14 singles in the top twenty between 1962 and 1972.

Vinton's decidedly non-threatening demeanor and pleasant if cajoling voice found favor with more 1970's adults than teenagers. His songs have often centered on the problems of loneliness and the delights of falling in love, but did not portray the aggressive treatment given to these themes by hard-core rock 'n' rollers. Vinton's television show neatly fits into the early evening hours, with guests like his 1960's hitmaking colleague Lesley Gore bridging the past decade. Bobby Vinton stuck with the standards, and his non-trendiness has proved a saving grace.
My girl said goodbye, My, oh my,

Baby, I was true, I was true,

My girl didn't cry. (I wonder why)
Baby, I'm a fool. (I'm such a fool)

Told my girl we had to break up, (Silly boy)
Shame on you, your mama said, (Silly girl)

Thought that she would call my bluff; (Silly boy)
Then she said to my surprise,
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.

CRY, they don't cry.

CRY. (Who said they don't cry.)
CRY. (That's just an alibi.)

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.
ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN

Well I'm a write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local D. J._

Yes, it's a jumpin' little record I want my jockey to play, ROLL O-

VER BEE-THO-VEN, I gotta hear it again today. You know my

temperature's risin' and the juke box blowin' a fuse, My heart's beatin' rhythm and my
ROLL OVER, BEE THO VEN and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

I got the rockin' pneumonia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.

I caught the rollin' arthritis, sittin' down at a rhythm review.

ROLL OVER, BEE THO VEN, they're rockin' in two by two.

Well, if you feel you like it, go get your lover, Then reel and rock it, roll it over, Then
move on up just a trifle further, Then reel and rock with one another, ROLL O-
VER, BEE-THO-VEN. Dig these rhythm and blues. Well, early in the mornin' and I'm
givin' you my warnin', Don't you step on my blue suede shoes; Hey, diddle diddle, I'm a playin' my fiddle,
Ain't got nothin' to lose; ROLL O-VER, BEE-THO-VEN and tell Tchaikowsky the news.
---
You know she wiggles like a glow-worm, Dance like a spinin' top,
She got a crazy partner, You ought-a see 'em reel an rock; Long as she's got a dime, the music won't ever stop. Roll over, Beethoven, Roll over, Beethoven, Roll over, Beethoven, Roll over, Beethoven, Roll over, Beethoven and dig these rhythm and blues.
HUSHABYE

Words and Music by
DOC POMUS
MORT SHUMAN

Moderately

VERSE

A

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye; oh, my dar-ling, don't you cry.
Guardian an-gels up a-bove, take care of the one I love.

CHORUS

B

Ooh. ooh.

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED including public performance for profit Made in U.S.A.
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Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye; oh, my darling, don't you cry.
Guardian angels up above, take care of the one I love.

Ooh. ooh.

Pillows lying on your bed; oh, my darling, rest your head.
Sandman will be coming soon, singing you a slumber tune.

Ooh. ooh. Ooh.
Lullaby and goodnight.

In your dreams I'll hold you tight.

Lullaby and goodnight.

Till the dawn's early light.
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

Words and Music by
JACK HAMMER
OTIS BLACKWELL

Bright Rock Tempo

Chorus

You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain
Too much love drives a man insane.
You broke my will, but what a thrill.
Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!

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You came along and moved me, honey. I changed my mind;

c7
this love is fine. Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!

Kiss me, baby, Oh, yo! It feels good.

C7
Hold me, baby. I want to love you like a lover should.
You're fine, so kind, I'm gonna tell the world that you're mine, mine, mine, mine.

I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumbs. I'm real nervous but it sure is fun!
Oh, baby, you're drivin' me crazy.

Goodness gracious, great balls of fire! balls of fire!
CHORUS

Johnny Angel How I love him, He's got something that I can't resist. But he

doesn't even know that I exist.

Johnny

Angel How I want him, How I tingle when he passes by. Every-

time he says, "Hello" my heart begins to fly. I'm in.
heaven. I get carried away. I dream of him and me. And
how it's gonna be. Other fellas call me up for a date. But
I just sit and wait. I'd rather concentrate for Johnny Angel. 'Cause I love him, and I
pray that someday he'll love me. And together we will see how lovely heaven can
be. Johnny be.
GOIN' OUT OF MY HEAD

Slowly with a beat

Well I think I'm going out of my head
(And I) think I'm going out of my head
'Cause I

can't explain the tears that I shed
over you

you

I want you to want me

But

need you so badly,
you just walk past me

don't even know that I exist

Go-in' Out Of My Head

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head over you Out of my head day and night,

Night and day and night wrong or right, I must think of a way into your heart,

There's no reason why my being shy should keep us apart,

And I think I'm going out of my head. Yes I repeat and fade out.
Recorded by FREDDIE CANNON on SWAN Records

PALISADES PARK

Words and Music by
CHUCK BARRIS

Moderate twist

Chorus F

Last night I took a walk after dark,
A swing-in' place called

PALISADES PARK;
To have some fun and see what I could

see,

That's where the girls are.
I took a ride on the
"Shoot-the-shoot",

The girl I sat beside was awful cute;

And when we stopped she was holdin' hands with me,

My heart was flyin' up a-like a rocket-ship,

Down a-like a roller-coaster, Fast a-like a "Loop-the-loop"

And a-

round a-like a merry-go-round. We ate and ate at a hot dog stand,
We danced around to a rock-in' band; And when I could I
gave that girl a hug, In the "Tunnel of love".

You'll never know how great a kiss can feel, When you've stopped at the top of the

"Ferris Wheel," Where I fell in love, Down at PAL-I-SADES.

PARK. PARK. Down at PAL-I-SADES.

Repeat - fading out.
MORE TODAY THAN YESTERDAY

Words and Music by
PAT UPTON

I don't remember what day it was;
I didn't notice what time it was.
All I know is that I fell in love with you.

And if all my dreams come true, I'll be spending time with

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you. From this point
the song may be
sung an octave lower.

Ev'-ry day's— a new day in love with you. With
mor-rows-date— means spring-times just a day a-way.

Fmaj7

each day comes a new way of loving you.
Cupid, we don't need you now, be on your way.

Fmaj7

Ev'-ry time I kiss your lips my mind starts to wander. If
thank the Lord for love like ours that grows ever stronger. And I

Am Bbmaj7

every dream comes true, I'll be spending time with you, Oh!
always will be true, I know you feel the same way too, Oh!
I love you more today than yesterday,
But not as much as tomorrow.
I love you more today than yesterday.
But darling not as much as tomorrow.

Every day's a new day,
Every way's a new way,
Every time I love you.
SPLISH SPLASH

Moderately, with a beat

Splish splash, I was tak' in' a bath
Long a-bout-a Sat-ur-day night, rug. (Vocal)

Bing bang, I saw the whole gang
Danc'in' on my liv-in' room a rub dub, just re-lax-in' in the tub

Danc'in' on my liv-in' room, All the teens had the danc-in'

Well, I stepped out the tub, put my feet on the floor, I

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wrapped the towel around me and I opened the door. And then a
splosh splash, I got

jumped back in the bath. Well, how was I to know there was a party going on?
I went and put my dancing shoes on. I was a-

sploshin' and splashin', I was a-rollin' and a-strollin', I was a-

movin' and groovin', I was a-reelin' with the feelin' I was a-
YOU TALK TOO MUCH

With a beat

Refrain

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, you worry me to death, YOU TALK TOO MUCH, you even

worry, my pet, You just talk, TALK TOO MUCH.
You talk about people that you don't know.

You talk about people wherever you go, You just talk.

TALK TOO MUCH.

You talk about people that you've never seen. You talk about people, you can make me scream. You just talk.

TALK TOO MUCH...

YOU
CHORUS (tacet)

You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog, cryin' all the time.

Well, you ain't nev-er caught a rab-bit and you ain't no friend of mine.
(tacet)  

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of

1.  Bb  

(tacet)  

mine.  

You ain't nothin' but a mine.
POETRY IN MOTION

With a beat

When I see my baby, What do I see?

Poetry, POETRY IN MOTION.

Refrain—with a beat

POETRY IN MOTION, Walking by my side;— Her lovely locomotion
Keeps my eyes open wide— POETRY IN MOTION,
See her gentle sway—
A wave out on the ocean
Could never move that way.
I love every movement,
There's nothing I would change;
She doesn't need improvements,
She's much too nice to rearrange.

Poetry in Motion,
(1. Dancing close to me;
A flower of devotion,
Awaying gracefully.
Number Nine love potion
Could make me love her more.)
Allegretto grazioso

I make up things to say on my way to you,

On my way to you I find things to say.

I can write poems too When you're far a -
way.
When you're far away
I write poems

But when you are near
my lips go piu espr.

dry.
When you are near
I only

sigh,
Oh, dear.
poco deliberato e marcato
I've told every little star just how sweet I think you are,

Why haven't I told you?

I've told

ripples in a brook, Made my heart an open book, Why haven't I told you?

Friends ask me: Am
I'm in love? I always answer "Yes," Might as well confess,
If I don't, they guess. Maybe you may know it too,
Oh, my darling, if you do, Why haven't you told me?
TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU
(To Know Him Is To Love Him)

Words and Music by
PHIL SPECTOR

Moderately

know, know, know (him) is to love, love, love (him).

just to see (him) smile.

Makes my life worthwhile. To know, know, know (him) Is to love, love, love (him). And I

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(I'll) bring love to (him)

Ev'ry one says there'll come a day

When

I'll walk along side of (him)

Yes, yes, to know (him)

Is to love, love, love (him)

And I

do

Why

can't (he) see

How blind (he can) be?

Some day (he'll) see

That
he was meant for me. To know, know, know him. Is to love, love, love him. Just to see him smile. Makes my life worth while. To know, know, know him. Is to love, love, love him. And I do.

To do.
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Words by
OTTO HARBACH

Music by
JEROME KERN

Andante moderato

They asked me how I knew
My true love was true?

I of course replied, "Something here inside,
Cannot be
decoded.

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They said someday you'll find. All who love are blind. When your hearts on fire, You must realize Smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gayly laughed, to think they could doubt my
Yet today, my love has flown away, I am without my love. Now laughing friends demand a ride, tears I cannot hide, so I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."
ONLy YOU (And You Alone)

Slowly, with feeling

ONLY YOU can make this world seem right.

ONLY YOU can make the darkness bright.
ONLY YOU and you alone can

thrill me like you do and fill my heart with

love for ONLY YOU.

can make this change in me, for it's
true you are my destiny. When you

hold my hand, I understand the magic that you

do. You're my dream come true, my one and only

YOU. ONLY YOU.

Ped.
Tell me, tell me, tell me, Oh, who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE? I've got to know the
answer, Was it someone from above? I wonder, wonder who,
who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE? I love you,
darling, Baby, you know I do, But I've got to see this
BOOK OF LOVE, Find out why it's true; I wonder, wonder who,

Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE

Chapter One says to love her, To love her with all your heart, Chapter Two you

tell her You're never, never, never, never, ever gonna part. In

Chapter Three remember the meaning of romance, In Chapter Four you
break up, But you give her just one more chance. Oh, I wonder, wonder who, who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE?

Baby, baby, baby, I love you, yes, I do; Well, it says so in this BOOK OF LOVE; Ours is the one that's true. I wonder, wonder who, who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE?
SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME

Words and Music by
DOC POMUS
MORT SHUMAN

Moderately

Chorus

You can dance every dance with the guy who gave you the eye; let him know that the music is fine, like sparkling wine; go and hold you tight.

You can smile every time you have your fun.

Laugh and sing, but while we're apart don't give your heart to anyone.

smile for the man who held your hand 'neath the pale moonlight.

But don't forget who's taking you home and in whose arms you're

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gon-na be... So dar-lin', save the last dance for me.

Oh, I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?

(Tacet)

I will nev-er nev-er let you go... I love you, oh, so much.

You can dance, go and car-ry on till the
night is gone_ and it's time to go._
If he asks if you're all alone_, can he take you home_, you must
tell him no_.
'Cause don't forget who's taking you home and in whose arms you're
gonna be_.
So, darlin', save the last dance for
me.
You can me.
All Shook Up

Recorded by ELVIS PRESLEY on RCA Records

Medium Shuffle Rhythm

A-well-a, bless my soul,. What's wrong with me? I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree. My friends say I'm act-in' queer as a bug. I'm in love. I'm ALL SHOOK UP! Mmm, mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

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hands are shak-y and my knees are weak._ I can't seem to stand on my

own two feet._ Who do you thank when you have such luck? I'm in love! I'm

ALL SHOOK UP!_ Mm_ mm_ oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

1. Please don't ask what's on my mind._ I'm a little mixed up but I'm feelin' fine._ When I'm
2. Tongue gets tied when I try to speak._ My insides shake like a leaf on a tree._ There's.

near that girl that I love best._ My heart beats so it scares me to death! She

only one cure for this soul_ of mine._ That's to have the girl that I love_ so_ fine!
touched my hand, What a chill I got, Her kisses are like a vol-
ca-no that’s hot! I’m proud to say she’s my buttercup, I’m in love! I’m

ALL SHOOK UP! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! 2. My

yeah! I’m All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I’m

All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I’m All Shook Up!
I'M ON THE OUTSIDE  
(Looking In)

Slowly

Chorus

I'M ON THE OUT-SIDE LOOK-ING

Eb  Gm7
IN,
And I wan-na be, and I wan-na be back on the

in-side with you, You are with some-bod-y new and I don't know what to

do, 'Cause I'm still in love with you. I'M ON THE OUT-SIDE LOOK-ING

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IN,
I don't wanna be, I don't wanna be left on the
outside all alone, Well I guess I've had my day, and you let me go my
way, Now it's me who has to pay.
never should have gone away, I never should have gone away and left you like I did
with tears in your eyes, I thought you'd take me back.

But now to my surprise, to my surprise, I'm ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

Got to find a way, got to find a way back to your heart, dear, once again.

Won't you take me back again, I'll be waiting here 'til then ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

I'M ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.
With a solid rock

1. TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE DEE,
2. TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE DOT,

I'm as happy as can be;
How you're gonna keep that honey you got?

Jim-ny Crick-ets, Jim-ny Jack, You make my heart go click-ity clack,
Hunk-ies, hunk-ies, piece-es, bite, I'm gonna see my honey to-night,
Tweed Lee, Tweed Lee, Tweed Lee Dee.
Tweed Lee, Tweed Lee, Tweed Lee Dot.

Give it up, give it up, give your love to me.
Give that kiss to me before you go.

Tweed Lee Dot, Tweed Lee Dee Dot.
Tweed Lee Dum, Tweed Lee Dee Dum.

Gim me, gim me, gim me, gim me, give me all the love you got.
Lookie, lookie, lookie, lookie, look at that sugar plum.
Recorded by BRENDA LEE on DECCA Records

DUM DUM

By

SHARON SHEELEY

JACKIE DE SHANNON

Moderato

C  G

1. The music's sweet, the
lights are low,

2. come on, babe, don't be so shy, ya

3. want you with me all of the time.

Play-in' a song on the

know that I love ya, let me

Tell me you love me and

ra-di-o, your

tell you why.

you'll be mine.

There's so many things that

we could do,

ma's in the kitchen, your

pa's next door,

I wanna love you just a

lit-tle bit more.

I couldn't love you any

more than I do.

So say the word and make my

dreams come true.

(dee-dle-ee dum,)

Dum dum, a

(dee-dle-ee dum,)

Dum dum, a

(dee-dle-ee dum,)

Dum dum, a

(dee-dle-ee dum,)

Dum dum, a

(Spoken)

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ROSES ARE RED
(My Love)

By
AL BYRON
PAUL EVANS

1. A long, long time ago on graduation day,
   You signed this way:
   I next to my name:
   ROSES ARE RED, my love.

   through high school and when the
   little girl?
   Some-day some boy will write
   in her book, too:

   on graduation day,
   I wrote in to your book
   Some-day some boy will write
Violets are blue, sugar is sweet my love, but not as sweet as you.

2. We dated you.

To Next Strain

Fine

Then I went far away and you found someone.
new.

I read your let-ter, dear, and I wrote back to

you: ROS-ES ARE RED, my love, Vi-lets are

blue, Sug-ar is sweet, my love Good

luck, may God bless you. 3. Is that your
(Three Voices)

Oh

(Lead) 1. 3. Little Bit-ty
2. 4. I can tell you a

Pret-ty One
Come on and talk to me

story
happened a long time ago

Lov-ey dov-ey love-ly one
Little Bit-ty Pret-ty One

Come sit down on my knee
I’ve been watch-ing you grow
Spoken: Come on everybody
Let's put our hands together and

D. S. and fade

Sing along.
A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY

Moderato

1. He took A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY and then He said, "Hey!
2. (With just A) HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY He made my life worth

Listen, I'm gonna fix this world today because I know what's
livin', And I will thank Him ev'ry day for ev'ry kiss you're

mis-sin'!" Then He rolled His big sleeves up and a brand new world began,
givin', And I thank Him ev'ry night for the arms that hold me tight,

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He created a woman and a lot of
And He did it all with just A

lov - in' for a man.

HUN-DRED POUNDS OF

CLAY.

Yes, He did! Oh, yes, He did!
Now, can't you just

see Him walk - in' 'round and 'round,
pick - in' clay up off the ground,
Knowin' just what He should do to make a living dream like you, He
rolled His big sleeves up and a brand new world began.

He created a woman and a lot of lovin' for a man.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW

I want you to know
I love her so well
And I love her so much I could

never, never tell.
Oh boy, yay, yay, yay, oh boy, whoa...

I love to love her in the morning,
Love her till the dawning, don't you

Don't you know
Don't you see

that I love her so
what she does to me?
And I'll

She

never, never,
keeps my poor heart
in misery.

Oh boy,

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I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL

With a solid rock

Refrain

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, I love you.

baby, And I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Well, come on, baby, let's go down-town

Rock, Jump, Kid around...
I love you, baby, And I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Well,

come on, baby, I love you so, I'll never, never let you go;-

Come on, baby, will you

treat me nice, Please don't put my love on ice, I love you, baby, And I

WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Come and take me by the hand, Tell me I'm your
lover man; We'll have fun, just we two, You for me, me for you. Oh,

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, I love you, baby, And I

WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL. Oh, GIRL.
ENDLESSLY

Words and Music by
CLYDE OTIS
BROOK BENTON

Brightly

Very sustained

Higher than the highest mountain

and

deeper than the deepest sea,

That's how I will love you

darling

END-LESS-LY

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Softer than the gentle breezes and stronger than a wild oak tree. That's how I will hold you darling ENDLESSLY.

Oh, my love you are my heaven. You are my kingdom you are my crown.
Oh, my love you're all I prayed for you were made for

these arms to surround.

Faithful as a morning sun rise

and sacred as a love can be,

That's how I will love you

darling END-LESS-LY.

LY. END-LESS
IT'S GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE

Slowly with a beat

Loving you so I was too blind to see You letting me go,

now that you've set me free, It's Gonna Take A Miracle ooo ooo, yes, It's

Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, to make me love someone new while I'm

crazy for you, Oh, Oh, didn't you know, it wouldn't be so easy

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letting you go
I could have told you that it's

Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, yes, It's Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, to make me

love someone new when I'm crazy for you, Oh

Though I know, I can't get thru to you,

gonna try to show you how much, you're turning me around,
saying me,
I'll never be
the same any more,
You

must realize
you took your love and left me quite by surprise

you can be sure that, now It's Gon-na Take A Mir-a-cle, ooo ooo, yes, It's

Gon-na Take A Mir-a-cle, ooo ooo, to make me love some-one new while I'm

crazy for you. Yes, It's Gon-na Take A Mir-a-cle, ooo ooo, Yes, It's
Repeat-fade out
SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS SITTING
IN THE BACK SEAT

Moderately

By

BOB HILLIARD
LEE POCKRIS

F
Bb
F
C7
F
Dm
Gm7
C7
Dm
Gm7
C7
Bb
F

1. Seven little girls sitting in the back seat,
2. Drove thru the town,
3. Seven little girls

1. Huggin' and a-kiss-in' with
2. Showed them how a motor could
3. Ev'ry one in love with

F7
Bb
F

Fred.
I said,
"Why don't one of you come up and sit beside me?"
And

Fred.
I said,
"How do you like my triple carburetor?"
And

Fred.
I said,
"You don't need me, I'll get off at my house."
And

this is what the seven-girls said:
(Paragraph)
this is what the seven-girls said:

Gm7
C7
F

Gm7
C7
Bb
F

"All together now, one, two, three! Keep your mind on your driving, keep your
hands on the wheel; Keep your sleepy eyes on the road ahead. We're havin' fun
sitting in the back seat, Kiss-in' and a-huggin' with Fred."

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SILHOUETTES

Slow beat tempo

Took a walk and passed your house late last night, All the shades were pulled and drawn 'way down tight; From within a dim light cast two silhouettes on the shade, Oh what a lovely

couple they made. Put his arms a-round your waist, held you tight, Kiss-es I could al-most
taste in the night, Wondered why I'm not the guy whose silhouette's on the shade I couldn't hide the tears in my eyes Ah,

Lost control, and rang your bell, I was sore, "Let me in, or else I'll beat down your door." When two strangers, who had
been two silhouettes on the shade said to my shock, 'You're on the wrong block.' Rushed down to your house with
wings on my feet, Loved you like I've never loved you my sweet, Vowed that you and I would
be two silhouettes on the shade All of our days, two silhouettes on the shade.

Ah,
WE BELONG TOGETHER

Words and Music by
ROBERT CARR
JOHNNY MITCHELL
SAM WEISS

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BLUE MONDAY

Rock Tempo

By
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW
ANTOINE DOMINO

BLUE MONDAY how I hate BLUE MONDAY,
Have to work like a slave all day.
Here comes Tuesday, oh hard Tuesday,
I'm so tired I've got no time to play.
Here comes Wednesday, I'm beat to my

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socks. My gal calls, got to tell her that I'm out, 'Cause Thursday is a hard working day._ And Friday I get my pay._ Saturday morning, oh Saturday morning, all my tiredness has gone away._

Got my money, and my honey And I'm
out on the stem to play. Sunday morning my head is bad.

But it's worth it for the time I have had, But I got to get my rest, 'Cause Monday is next.
GOOD TIMIN'  

Words and Music by  
CLINT BALLARD, Jr.  
FRED TOBIAS

Moderato  

1. If little, little David hadn’t grabbed that stone
   ly-in' there on the ground
   A-ly-in' there on the ground

2. Who in the world would've ever known
   al-ways knew
   ly-in' there on the ground
   A-ly-in' there on the ground

3. What would've happened if
   ever known
   ly-in' there on the ground
   A-ly-in' there on the ground

Big Go-li-a-th might've stomped on him
Queen Is-a-bel-la had n't
stomped on him
Queen Is-a-bel-la had n't

If We might've spent the rest of our lives
hocked her jewels
We might've spent the rest of our lives
hocked her jewels

Rest of the oth-er way. But he had
four-teen nine-ty two. But she had
Tim-in' a
rest of the oth-er way. But he had
four-teen nine-ty two. But she had

Walk in' down Mis-er-y Street. But we had
Tick-a tick-a tick-a, Good tim-in', a' tock-a, tock-a, tock-a, Tim-in' is the thing.
Walk in' down Mis-er-y Street. But we had
Tick-a tick-a tick-a, Good tim-in', a' tock-a, tock-a, tock-a, Tim-in' is the thing.

It's true, good tim-in' brought me to you.
It's true, good tim-in' brought me to you.

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BLUEBERRY HILL

Words and Music by
AL LEWIS
LARRY STOCK
VINCENT ROSE

Do you recall a year ago tonight?

We stood and watched the golden sun descending.
When love had just begun, Why did there have to be an ending?

Do you recall a year ago tonight?

REFRAIN (Slowly, with expression)

I found my thrill On Blueberry Hill,

On Blueberry Hill When I found
you. The moon stood still On Blue-ber-ry

Hill, And lingered un-till my dreams came

ture. The wind in the willow played

Love's sweet mel-o-dy; But all of those
vows we made Were never to be.

Tho' we're apart, You're part of me still.

For you were my thrill On Blueberry Hill.

I found my Hill.
BO DIDDLEY

Brightly (a la Calypso)

If buy baby a diamond ring,
If that diamond ring don't shine,
He's gonna take it to a private eye.
If that private eye can't see,
He better not take that ring from me.

Words and Music by E. McDANIELS

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HO DID-DL-DEY caught a nan-ny goat,
To make his pret-ty ba-by a
Sun-day coat.

BO DID-DL-DEY caught a bear-cat,
To make his pret-ty ba-by a Sun-day hat.

Instrumental Interlude

(Tacet)
Won't you come to my house and rack that bone,
Take my baby all the way from home.
Look at that bo-do, Oh, where's he been,
Up to your house and gone again.

Refrain (Repeat ad lib. gradually fading out)

BO DID-DL-EY, BO DID-DL-EY, have you heard,
Pretty baby said she was a bird.
Recorded by FATS DOMINO on IMPERIAL Records

LET THE FOUR WINDS BLOW

By
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW
ANTOINE DOMINO

Moderato

I like the way you walk,
I like the way you talk,
To tell my troubles to.

Bb7

C7

Bb7

F

Let me hold your hand,
Don't you be afraid,
Try to understand.

You heard what I said.

I want a girl like you
Let the four winds blow,
Let 'em blow, let

F

C7

Gm7

C9

'em blow
From the east to the west.
I'll love you the

best.

Let the four winds best.
TOSSIN' AND TURNIN'

Moderato

C

Am

F7

G7

Baby, baby can't you see what you're doing to me?

With a Beat

C

F

C

I could'n't sleep a wink last night just a-think-ing of

F

C

G7

you.

Ba-by things weren't right I kept on

toss-in' and turn-in' turn-in' and toss-in' toss-in' and turn-in' all
night. I threw the blankets on the floor, turned my pillow upside down,

Then I thought of you some more And I kept on tossin' and turnin'

tossin' and turnin' and tossin' turnin' and turnin' all night.

Jumped out of bed, turned on the light, Pulled down the shade went to the
kitchen for a bite. Pulled up the shade, turned off the light, I jumped back into bed it was the middle of the night.

The clock downstairs was striking four, couldn't get you off my mind.

Heard the milkman at the door but I was tossing and turning, turning and tossing all night.
BABY
(You've Got What It Takes)

Words and Music by
CLYDE OTIS
MURRAY STEIN

Medium shuffle beat

Refrain

Well, now, it takes more than a robin
To make the winter go,

(Opt. Bass)

(simile)

And it takes two lips of fire
To melt away the snow.

(Opt.)

Well, it takes two hearts a-cookin'
To make a fire grow,

And BABY,
You've Got What It Takes
You know it takes a lot of kiss-in' To make a romance sweet.

Ooh, it takes a lot of lovin' To make my life complete.

And it takes a lot of woman To knock me off my feet.

And BABY, You've Got What It Takes.
Uh-huh-huh, Mm \_\_ \_ \_ \_ \_ You know you've got just what it takes. Because it takes more than an effort To stay away from you, It takes more than a lifetime To prove that I'll be true; But it takes somebody special To make me say, "I do," And BA-BY, You've Got What It Takes... Well, now, it
KO KO MO
(I Love You So)

Moderately bright
Mambo-Blues tempo

Verse

F

Talk to me baby
heard what you told me
dimples on her elbows

whisper in my ear.
heard what you said.
dimples on her knees.

I

There's

Bb7

F

Talk to me baby
heard what you told me
dimples on her elbows

whisper in my ear.
heard what you said.
dimples on her knees.

Don't

She
Come a little closer— don't have no fear.
wor-ry my-ry pret-ty— won't lose my head.
thrills and thrills me with just a lit-tle squeeze.

Chorus—let it rock

I love you so-o.

When I hol-ler hey,— hey

KO KO MO.

2nd time I MO.
3rd time There's
LOVE ME TENDER

Moderately slow

Verse

G

1. Love me tender, love me sweet;
2. Love me tender, love me long;
3. Love me tender, love me dear;

D7sus4 D7

Never let me go.
Take me to your heart.
Tell me you are mine.

You have made my
For it's there that
I'll be yours through

A7

life complete,
I belong,
all the years,

And I love you so.
And we'll never part.
Till the end of time.

2549

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Chorus

Love me tender, love me true, All my dreams full-

fill. For, my dar-lin', I love you,

And I al-ways will. And I al-ways will.

EXTRA VERSE

4. When at last my dreams come true,
Darling, this I know:
Happiness will follow you
Everywhere you go.
Recorded by FATS DOMINO on IMPERIAL Records

AIN'T THAT A SHAME!

Words and Music by
ANTOINE DOMINO
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW

Moderately

1. You made me cry when you said goodbye.
2. (You) broke my heart when you said we'll

by part Ain't That A Shame! My tears fell like rain

Ain't That A Shame! You're the one to blame.
Oh well good-bye although I'll
cry, Ain't That A Shame!
My tears fell like rain,
Ain't That A Shame!
You're the one to blame.

1. G Am7 D7
2. G
Recorded by LITTLE RICHARD on SPECIALTY Records

TUTTI FRUTTI

Words and Music by
R. PENNIMAN
D. Labostrie

Bright rock tempo

A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop bop boom!

Chorus

G

Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti

G7

Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au

C7

rut-ti, A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop bop boom! I got a gal, her name's Sue, She

G Am7 G Am7 G Verse G

I got a gal, her name's Dasiy, She
knows just what to do... I got a gal, her name's Sue, She knows just what to do... 
al-most drives me cra-z-y. I got a gal, her name's Dai-sy, She al-most drives me cra-
zy. She's a real gone cock-ie, yes-sir-ree, But pretty lit-tle Su-zy's the

I've been to the east, I've been to the west, But she's the gal I

love the best... I Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au

gal for me... I Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti

rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti Frut-ti au rut-ti, Tut-ti

Frut-ti au rut-ti, A-hop-bop a-loom-op a-lap bop boom! 2. I got a lap bop boom!
Recorded by BUDDY KNOX on ROULETTE Records

PARTY DOLL

Words and Music by
JAMES BOWEN
BUDDY KNOX

Moderato, with a beat

Verse

1. All I want is a PAR-TY DOLL, To come a-long with me, when I'm feel-in' wild. To
2. I saw a gal walk-in' down the street, The kind of a gal I would love to meet. She

be ev-er loy-in' and true and fair, To run her fin-gers a-through my hair.
had blonde hair and eyes of blue, Ba-by, I'm a-gon-na have a par-ty with you.

Refrain

Come a-long and be my PAR-TY DOLL, Come a-long and be my PAR-TY DOLL,
Come along and be my PARTY DOLL, I'll make love to you, to you,

I'll make love to you. 2. Well I'll make love to you.

Interlude

Every man has gotta have a PARTY DOLL, To be with him, when he's feelin' wild, To be ever lovin', true and fair, To

run her fingers through his hair. To run her fingers through his hair.

D.S. at Fine

D.S. at Fine
Recorded by CHUBBY CHECKER on PARKWAY Records

LET'S TWIST AGAIN

Words and Music by

KAL MANN

DAVE APPELL

Moderately Bright

Chorus

Let's twist again, like we did last summer.

Yeah, let's twist again, like we did last year.

Do you remember when things were really humming?

Yeah, let's twist again; twist in time is here,
A - round and a - round and a up and down we
  go a - gain. Oh ba - by, make me know you love me
so a - gain Let's twist a - gain like we did last
  summer. Yeah, let's twist a - gain like we did last
year. Let's year.
Recorded by STEVE LAWRENCE on ABC/PARAMOUNT Records

PRETTY BLUE EYES

Words and Music by TEDDY RANDAZZO BOBBY WEINSTEIN

Medium tempo

Thought I was in love before Then you moved in next door PRETTY BLUE EYES,

PRETTY BLUE EYES. All the guys in the neighborhood keep sayin' that you sure look good with your blue eyes,

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PRETTY BLUE EYES,

Saw you from my win-dow,

My heart skipped a beat,
Gonna sit by your door-step
So that I can

meet PRETTY BLUE EYES, Please come out to-day,
so I can tell you what I

have to say that I love you,
love you, PRETTY BLUE EYES.
SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

Words and Music by CHARLES CALHOUN

Moderately (bright bounce)

1st Verse

Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans,

Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans.

Well, roll my breakfast, 'cause I'm a hungry man.
Chorus

C6

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL,

C7

You

never do nothin' to save your doggone soul.

Segue to 2nd Verse

Segue to 3rd Verse

Fine
2nd Verse

C6

Wear-in' those dresses, your hair done up so right,

F9

Wear-in' those dresses, your hair done up so right;

Dm7

look so warm, but your heart is cold as ice.

G9

D.S. to Chorus

C6

3rd Verse

C6

I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store,
I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store;

I can look at you, tell you don't love me no more.

4th Verse
I believe you're doin' me wrong and now I know, I believe you're doin' me wrong.

and now I know; The more I work, the faster my money goes.
Moderately slow, with a beat
Repeat as required under monologue.

Y'know girls, it's hard to find a guy that really blows your mind, and you just dig everything he does, like when he gives you that great big special hug, and that, mmmhl heavy kiss.

Girls, you know the kind, the kind that's in the wrong place at the wrong time.

It happens to all of us, we had an argument, and like all, I mean all of us girls, I said some pretty dumb things like, like "Get lost, I don't wanna see you anymore!"

But he was cool, he just stood there looking so hurt, and he said, "If that's the way you want it," and he split.

And I just stood there lookin' dumb and let that man walk right out of my life, and I've been as evil as a wet hen ever since.

I told myself I wasn't gonna sweat it, but I did. Oh, he was inside of me, in my thoughts, in my dreams.

Every place I went, I saw his face, and my friends, they knew, I knew they knew.

And then one evening I was standing on the bus stop, and I heard a voice behind me say, "Hi, baby." Oh, I just fell apart inside, because I hadn't heard that voice in such a long time.

I turned around and there he was, lookin' good! Oh, I just can't tell you how good that man looked to me! And as I stood there trying to maintain myself, he asked me if I had a few minutes. I really wanted to tell him that I had a lifetime, but I couldn't blow my cool!

We stopped at a cozy little place, and I guess the shock of seeing him made me order a martini, because that's something that I've never done before, but I thought I needed something stronger than coffee to lean on.

Oh, the music was soft, and the lights were low, and that drink had started going to my head.

He hadn't said anything about us, so I knew it was my move, and it had to be now!

I could feel my nerve building, I couldn't let him go, not this time! So I took his hand, looked him straight in the eyes, and I said,

I said...
I said...

May - be, if I prayed ev'-ry night you'd come home - to
May - be, if I could hold your hand you'd un - der -
me, stand.

and ba-by, May-be, May-be, if I cried ev-ry day._

May-be, May-be, if I just kissed your sweet-lips.

you'd come back. You'd come back to stay, you'd be at my com-mand, May-be, May-be, May-be,

May-be, May-be, May-be, May-be, May-be,

May-be, May-be, May-be, May-be, May-be.

2549
DON'T BE CRUEL
(To A Heart That's True)

Recorded by ELVIS PRESLEY on RCA Records

Medium Bright (with good beat)

You know I can be found—sitting home all alone.
If you can't come a-

Baby, if I made you mad for something I might have said—
Please let's forget the

round, At least, please tel-e-phone. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true.
past The fu-ture looks bright a-head. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's

ture.___ I don't want no other love, Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.
Don't stop thinking of me, Don't make me feel this way. Come on over here and love me. You
walk up to the preacher, and let us say, "I do." Then you'll know you have me. And I'll

know what I want you to say. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. Why
I don't know I'll have you too. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true.

should we be a-part? I real-ly love you, ba-by, cross my heart. Let's
want no oth-er love, Ba-by, it's just you I'm think-ing

2.

of. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's

true. I don't want no oth-er love Ba-by, it's just you I'm think-ing of.
THAT'S ALL

By
ALAN BRANDT
BOB HAYMES

Slowly, with expression

I can only give you love that lasts for-
only give you coun-try walks in

ev-er, and the prom-ise to be near each time you call;
Spring-time, and a hand to hold when leaves be-gin to fall;
And a

on-ly heart I own, love whose burn-ing light will warm the win-ter night,
That's all, that's all. I can

all. That's all. There are those, I am sure, who have told you they would
Gm7  C9  Fmaj7  F6  Am7  D9  Gmaj7  G6

give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a

Am7  D9  Dm7  G7  C  G7

love time can never destroy. If you're wondering what I'm asking in re-

c  G7  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7

turn dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small: Say it's

Am7  D9  Dm7  Fdim  Em7  Eb7  Dm7  G7  F  Ab7  C6

me that you'll adore, for now and ever more, That's all, that's all.
HEARTS OF STONE

Words by
EDDY RAY

Music by
RUDOLPH JACKSON

Moderato (with after-beat, hand-clapping accompaniment)

Hearts made of stone will never break,
For the love you have for them,
They just won't take.
You can ask them, please,
Please, please, please break
And all of your love is there to take.

Yes, HEARTS OF STONE will cause you pain.

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Al-though you love them, they'll stop you just the same. You can ask them, please, please, please, please break And all of your love is there to take. But they'll say, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, No, Ev-ry-bod-y knows, I thought you knew —hearts made of stone. Hearts made of stone.
Recorded by LITTLE RICHARD on SPECIALTY Records

LONG TALL SALLY

Words and Music by
ENOTRIS JOHNSON
RICHARD PENNIMAN
ROBERT BLACKWELL

Bright Rock Tempo

1. Gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John, He
2. (Well,) Long Tall Sally has a lot on the ball, And
3. (Well, I) saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally, He

saw Aunt Mary comin' And he ducked back in the alley, Oh, baby,
no body cares if she's long and tall, Oh, baby,
says he has the blues, But he has a lot of fun, Oh, baby,

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Havin' me some fun to-night, yeah! 2. Well, 3. Well, I
have some fun to-night, Gonna have some fun to-night woo! We're gonna
have some fun to-night Ev'ry-thing will be all right. We're gonna
have some fun, gonna have some fun to-night!
SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR

Words and Music by ROBERT GUIDRY

1. Well, I saw my baby walking, With another man today,
   And I said, wait a minute, Alligator.

2. When I thought of what she told me, Nearly made me lose my head,
   And I said, I'm sorry, pretty, daddy,

3. She said, I'm sorry, pretty, daddy,
   You know my love is just for you,

4. I said, wait a minute, alligator,
   I know you meant it just for play.

Verse

Well I saw my baby walking,
When I thought of what she told me,
She said, I'm sorry, pretty, daddy,
I said, wait a minute, alligator,

---

When I asked her what's the matter,
But the next time that I saw her,
Would you say that you'll forgive me,
Don't you know you really hurt me,

---

This is what I heard her say. (To Refrain)
Reminded her of what she said. (To Refrain)
And say your love for me is true. (Segue to 4th Verse)
And this is what I have to say. (To Refrain)
Refrain

(Verse)

SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR,
After while, crocodile,

SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR,
After while, crocodile,

Can't you see you're in my way, now,
Don't you know you cramp my

4. When I thought of what she style?
2. She said, I'm sorry, pretty
3. I said, wait a minute,
HURT SO BAD

Words and Music by TEDDY RANDAZZO
BOBBY HART
BOBBY WILDING

Slowly

I know you

don't know what I'm go-ing through
You've been mak-in' out O. K.

Standing here look-ing at you,
She's in love, don't stand in her way.

Well let me tell you that it hurt so bad,
But let me tell you that it hurt so bad,

It makes me feel so bad,
It makes me hurt so bad,
It's gon-na hurt so bad,

to see you a-gain,

It's gon-na hurt so bad,
If you walk a-way,


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like needies and pins. People say why don't you stay.

and let me make it up to you. Stay, I'll do anything you want me to. You

loved me before, please love me again. I can't let you go back to him. Please don't go, please don't

go. It hurts so bad. Come back, it hurts so bad. Don't make it hurt so bad

I'm beggin' you please. Please don't go, please don't go.
BO WEEVIL

By
ANTOINE DOMINO
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW

Moderate beat

On sat-ur-day night, where I was born, down on the farm,

Guit-ar plink-ing and we start-ed sing-ing 'til the break of dawn. A-bout
twelve o' clock ev'ry-thing gets hot, up steps old Jones.
We started clap-pin' and he started sing-in' a sweet little country song, BO

WEE-VIL, BO WEE-VIL, where've you been all day, Your

mom-ma's been look-in', hasn't stopped look-in' since you went a-way, BO

WEE-VIL, BO WEE-VIL, where did you go and stay,

You'll get a lick-in' as sure as I'm sit-tin' on this bale of hay. On hay.
Recorded by JERRY BUTLER on VEE JAY Records

HE DON'T LOVE YOU
(Like I Love You)

Originally Recorded Under the Title
"HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART"

Words and Music by
J. BUTLER
C. MAYFIELD
C. CARTER

Moderately

VERSE

Fare thee well, I know you're leaving,
He uses all the great quotations,
And when the final act is over,

For the new love that you found.
He says things I wish I could say.
And you're left standing all alone.

The handsome guy that you've been dating,
I've got a girl to...

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feeling he's gonna put you down.

him it's just a lover's play.

I'll be there to take you home.

CHORUS

He don't love you like I love you, if he

did he wouldn't break your heart, He don't

love you like I love you, He's trying

ing to tear us apart.
A THOUSAND MILES AWAY

By
JAMES SHEPPARD
WILLIAM MILLER

Slow beat

I still have your love to remember you by; Oh, my darling, dry your eyes,

Daddy's coming home soon. On my knees ev'ry day, all I

do is pray, baby, just for you, Hope you'll always want me too,
Daddy's coming home soon.

It may be on Sunday morning, it may be on Tuesday afternoon;

But no matter what the day is, I'm gonna make it my business to get home soon. You're a thousand miles away, but I still have your love to remember you by.

Oh, my darling, dry your eyes, Daddy's coming home soon.

You're a thousand miles away, but I still have your love to remember you by.

Oh, my darling, dry your eyes, Daddy's coming home soon.
I'LL COME RUNNING BACK TO YOU

By

BILL COOK

Recorded by SAM COOKE on SPECIALTY Records

Slowly

Folks say that you
found some-one new
To do the things I used to
do for you. Just call my name, I'm not a-shamed, I'll come running back to
you. Can't sleep at night, can't eat a bite.

When you were mine - I didn't treat you right. Just call my name.
I'm not a-shamed, I'll come running back to you. Just like a king who's lost every thing, I sit all alone on my throne. I've got my pride, but deep down inside, I'm yours and yours a lone. I tried to forget, have no regrets. This love of ours could always start anew. Just call my name, I'm not a-shamed, I'll come running back to you.
LOVE IS ALL WE NEED

Introduction (Moderately Slow with a beat)

Love me, love me!

Love me, love me!

Love Is All We Need, so won't you take me in your arms and love me,

love

love

Love Is All We Need, so dar-ling, press me to your heart and

love

love

Tell me we'll al-ways have each

oth-er,

'Thank that's all I ev-er want to know.

Tell me you'll al-ways be my
'Cause I will always want you, love,

Love Is All We Need, so darling,

hold me close to you and love me, love me!

Love Is All We Need to make our every dream come true, So love me,

love me!

All we ever, ever need is love, love.
COME SOFTLY TO ME

Moderately, with a beat

Verse

Come softly, darling.

Come softly, darling.

Come softly, darling, come to me

Stay.

You're my obsession forever and a day.

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I want, want you to know, I love, I love you so.
I've waited, waited so long, For your kisses and your love.

Please hold, hold me so tight, all thru all thru the night.
Please come, come to me from one from up above.

Hear what I say, I love you always, always, always.

Come softly darling

I need, need you so much, one kiss, one touch.

Doo, dom dom
GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YA NOW

Moderately, with a beat

Got a-long with-out ya be-fore I met ya, gon-na get a-long with-out ya now, Gonna

find some-bod-y twice as cute, 'cause ya didn't love me an-y-how.

ran a-round with ev'ry girl in town and ya nev-er cared if it got me down.

lost my mon-ey and I lost my pride, didn't have much mon-ey but I real-ly tried.

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had me worried, always on my guard, but ya laughed at me, 'cause I tried too hard,

made you happy when you made me cry, and ya broke my heart so I said goodbye.

Boom-boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now.

boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now.

D. S. al Coda

boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now.

Repeat and fade
C.C. RIDER

Words and Music by CHUCK WILLIS

Moderate rock


G0         F

see what you have done, yes, yes, yes,

won't be back till fall, yes, darling,

moon is shining bright, Lord, Lord, Lord,

C. C. Rider, see what you have done.

Going away, baby, won't be back till fall.

C. C. Rider, the moon is shining bright.
Girl, you
If I could
If I could

made me love you,
Now your man
has

find me a good girl,
I won't be back
at

just walk with you.
Ev'rything will be
all

1.2.

come.
all.

2. Well, I'm

3. Well.

right.
Recorded by THE TUNE WEAVERS on CHECKER Records

HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY

Words and Music by
MARGO SYLVIA
GILBERT LOPEZ

Slow beat

(Tacet)

HAP-PY, HAP-PY BIRTH-DAY, BA-BY,

Although you're with some-bod-y new,

Thought I'd drop a line to say That I wish this hap-py day Would find me be-side you.

(Tacet)

HAP-PY, HAP-PY BIRTH-DAY, BA-BY,

No, I can't call you my ba-by;

Seems like years a-go we met On a day I can't for-get, 'Cause that's when we fell in love.
Do you remember the names we had for each other?

You were my pretty, you were my baby, How could we say goodbye? Hope I didn't spoil your birthday, I'm not acting like a foolish lady.

So I'll close this note to you, With good luck and wishes too, HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

BABY... HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY.
I'M IN LOVE AGAIN

Moderately

Yes it means
Yes it's me and I'M IN LOVE A-GAIN.
Had no lov-in' since you know when,

You know I love you, yes I do—And I'm sav-in' all my lov-in' just for you.

Need your lov-in' and I need it bad—Just like a dog—when he's go-in' mad—
Just think-in' of you makes me feel so glad—

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Hoo-ee ba-by hoo-ee,
Ba- by won't you give your
love-to me.
Ee-ny mee-ny mi-ney mo,
Told me you didn't want me
You know it's you that

'round no more
I love so
Hoo-ee ba-by hoo-ee,
Ba- by don't you let your
Ba-by won't you give your

don't bite me. dog bite me
love to me. love to me.
ALL IN MY MIND

Words and Music by
MAXINE BROWN
FRED JOHNSON
LEROY KIRKLAND

Slowly

I think that you don't care, And it's more than I can bear, I don't know, baby, Maybe it's ALL IN MY MIND.

(All in my mind!) I know that I've been

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true, But honey, sweetie, baby, what about you?

I don't know, baby, Maybe it's all in my mind.

We've been going steady so long, I never

dreamed you could ever do me wrong. I knew I was yours. And I
thought you were mine, And ev’ry little thing was so fine, Woh-woh, oh

Darling, I hate to see, Someone else with you, other than

me, I don’t know, baby Maybe it’s all in my

MIND...
THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Verse 1
1. There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one.

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mother was a tailor
only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk
My

father was a gamblin' man
only time he'll be satisfied is when he's all a-drunk.

3. Now the

4. Oh! mother, tell your children

not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
in the house of the Rising...
5. Well I've got one foot on the platform
      is a house in New Orleans
      They

other foot on the train
      I'm going back to
      And it's been the ruin of

New Orleans a poor boy,
      To wear that ball and chain.
      And God, I know I'm one.
WHAT KIND OF LOVE IS THIS

Words and Music by
JOHNNY NASH

Moderately

1. What Kind Of Love Is This - That makes me want to jump and shout? I want to
know What Kind Of Love Is This - That turns my heart inside out? What is that
know What Kind Of Love Is This - That makes me say the things I say? - Well, I
know What Kind Of Love Is This? - Yeah, my situation is sad. - Well, I

itch-y, twitch-y feeling that I have inside, - Something over-whelming that I
walking round and grinning with my head in the air, - The people think I'm crazy but I
just can't understand it, - it just ain't real - I know no one has ever felt the
just can't hide? I want to know, oh yeah, oh
just don't care. I want to know, oh yeah, oh
way I feel. I want to know, oh yeah, oh

c7  gm7  c7
What Kind Of Love Is This? What Kind Of Love Is This?
What Kind Of Love Is This? What Kind Of Love Is This?

2. To next strain

f  eb6  f
This? This?

f  f7  eb
Well I feel like a man in outer space.
I'm acting like a psycho case.

f  c7
Hey, girl,

f  c7  gm7  c7
stop this feeling. Look at me, you've got me rocking and a rolling. Yeah,

3. What Kind Of
Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Moderate bright tempo

1. Long dis-tance, in-for-ma-tion, Give me Mem-phis, Ten-nes-see;
2. Help me, in-for-ma-tion, Get in touch with my Ma-rie;
3. Help me, in-for-ma-tion, More than that I can-not add;
4. Last time I saw Ma-rie, she's wav-ing me good-bye;

Help me find the par-ty try-ing to get in touch with me. She
on-ly one who'd phone me here from Mem-phis Ten-nes-see. Her
on-ly that I miss her and all the fun we had. But
hur-ry home drops on her cheek that trick-l'd from her eye. Ma-

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could not leave her number, but I know who placed the call 'cause my home is on the south side, High up on a ridge, and we were pulled apart, because her Mom did not agree, and rie is only six years old, information, please, uncle took the message and he wrote it on the wall.
just a half a mile from the Mississippi Bridge.
tore apart our happy home in Memphis Tennessee, try to put me through to her in Memphis Tennessee.

(Long)

2D  Am7  D
ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

With a solid rock

Refrain
Just let me hear some of that ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC,

Any old way you choose it; It's got a back beat, you can't lose it,

Any old time you use it. It's gotta be ROCK ROLL MUSIC.

If you wanna dance with me.

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VERSE (Facet)

1. I've got no kick against modern jazz; —
2. I took my loved one over 'cross the tracks; —
3. 'Way down South they gave a jubilee; —
4. Don't care to hear 'em play a tango; —

Unless they try to play it too darn fast; —
So she can hear my man a-wail a sax; —
The jokyy folks they had a jamboree; —
I'm in the mood to hear a mambo; —

And change the beauty of the melody; —
I must admit they have a rockin' band; —
They're drinkin' homebrew from a water cup; —
It's 'way too early for a congo; —

Until they sound just like a symphony; —
That's why I go for that —
Man, they were goin' like a hurricane; —
That's why I go for that —
The folks dancin' got all shook up —
And started playin' that —
So keep a-rockin' that piano; —
So I can hear some of that —

DS Refrain
Brightly

Verse 1

Got a new dance and it goes like this;

Name of this dance is the PEPPER-MINT TWIST;

You'll like it like this,

The PEPPER-MINT TWIST

Chorus

Round and 'round,

Up and down,

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'Round and 'round, Up and down, It's
'round and 'round and up and down, One-two-three kick! One-two-three jump!

Verse 2
Meet me, ba-by, on Fort-y-fifth Street;

Where the PEP-PER-MINT TWIST-ERS meet;

You'll learn to do this, The PEP-PER-MINT TWIST.
Recorded by LITTLE RICHARD on SPECIALTY Records

LUCILLE

Words and Music by
ALBERT COLLINS
RICHARD PENNIMAN

Medium boogie tempo

C

G9

F9

C

C

F7

C

Oh, Lucille,
Oh, Lucille,
Oh, Lucille,

Won't you do your sister's will?
Please come back where you belong.
Baby, satisfy my heart.

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Well, you ran away and left, I love you still.
I been good to you baby, Please don't leave me alone.
I slaved for you baby, And gave you such a wonderful start.

Spoken

2. Lucille was not in sight. I asked her friends about her, But all their lips were tight, Lucille.

Please come back where you belong.
I been good to you baby,

Please don't leave me alone.
With a good beat

Refrain

{1. Oh, SUSIE Q. Oh, SUSIE Q.}

{2. Oh, SUSIE Q. Oh, SUSIE Q.}

Oh, SUSIE Q., how I love you, my SUSIE Q.

Oh, SUSIE Q., how I love you, my SUSIE Q.

I like the way you walk.

Well, say that you'll be true,
I like the way you talk; 
Well, say that you'll be true;
I like the way you walk, I like the way you talk, my SUSIE - 
true and never leave me blue, my SUSIE -

Q. 2. Oh, SUSIE - Q.
Moderate rock 'n roll

The worst person I know, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law. She

worries me so, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law. If she

leaves us alone we would have a happy home. And

Sent from down below, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

don't come back no more, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

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Law:
Sin should be her name, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law:
To me they're about the same, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law:
Every time I open my mouth, She steps in, tries to put me out.

How could she stoop so low? Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law. The Law.
Recorded by FRANKIE LYMON & THE TEENAGERS on GEE Records

WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?

Words and Music by
FRANKIE LYMON
MORRIS LEVY

With a good beat

\[ F Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \]

Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah,

\[ Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \]

(tacet)

oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah,

WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?

Verse

\[ F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \]

Why do birds sing so gay And lovers a-wait the break of day?

\[ Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \]

Why do they fall in love? Why does the rain fall from up above?
WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE? Why do they fall in love?

Refrain

1. Love is a losing game, Love can be a shame; I know of a fool, you see, For that fool is me.
2. Why does my heart skip a crazy beat? For I know, It will reach defeat.

Tell me why!

WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?
SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN

Solid shuffle beat

Chorus

(1) They're really rockin' in Boston,
(2) Cause they'll be rockin' on Bandstand,
(1) Deep in the heart of Texas,
(2) In Pittsburgh, P. A.,
In Philadelphia, P. A.

And round the Frisco Bay,
All over St. Louis,
Way down in New Orleans,

All the cats wanna dance with SWEET LITTLE SIX-TEEN.

Refrain

SWEET LITTLE SIX-TEEN,
(1) She's just got to have a half a million,
(2) She's got the grown-up blues,
Tight dresses and lipstick.

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Famed autographs. Her wallet's filled with pictures. She gets 'em one by one;
She's sportin' high-heel shoes. Oh, but tomorrow morning, She'll have to change her trend.

Becomes so excited. Watch her look at her run.
And be sweet sixteen. And back in class again.

Oh, mommy, mommy, Please may I go? It's such a sight to see.

Somebody steal the show. Oh, daddy, daddy, I beg of you,
Whisper to mommy, It's all right with you.
GRADUATION DAY

Words by
NOEL SHERMAN

Music by
JOE SHERMAN

Moderately

It's a time for joy, a time for tears, a time we'll treasure thru the years

We'll remember always GRADUATION DAY.

Senior Prom we danced till three, and then you gave your heart to me

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We'll remember always GRAD-U-A-TION DAY.

Tho' we leave in sorrow all the joys we've known,

We can face tomorrow knowing we'll never walk alone. When the

Ivy Walls are far behind, no matter where our path may wind,

we'll remember always GRAD-U-A-TION DAY! It's a DAY!
I'm Walkin',—yes in-deed,—and I'm talk-in'—'bout you and me,—I'm hop-in' that you'll come back to me. (yes)—I'm lone-ly—as I can be,—I'm wait-in' for your com-pa-ny,—I'm hop-in'—that you'll come back to
What'ya gon-na do when the well runs dry? You're gon-na run a-way and hide.
I'm gon-na run right down and cry What'ya gon-na do when I say "bye-bye"? All you're gon-na do is even die dry your eye I'm Walk-in', yes indeed, I'm talk-in' 'bout you and me, I'm hop-in' that you'll come back to me. I'm me.
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

Words and Music by
IVORY JOE HUNTER
CLYDE OTIS

Solid Rock

Refrain

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND,

So the story goes, You forgot I exist, My broken heart

knows.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND, You found someone new,

But I can't change my love, The way that you do. I

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sit around wondering about your new affair, I should forget to re-
member and remember not to care! I'd forget if I could, but my heart is
blind,
You are gone out of sight, but not out of my mind.
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF mind;
sight, but not out of my mind.
With a Beat

1. You might wake up some morn - in',
   Out on the new hor - i - zon,
   sound of some - thing mov - ing past your win - dow in the wind.
   see the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.
   And if you're quick e - nough to rise, you'll catch the fleet - ing glimpse of
   And if the sleep has left your ears, you might hear foot - steps run - ning
   And if you might have e - ven called your name as I ran search - ing al - ter
   If you re - mem - ber some - thing there that glid - ed past you fol - lowed

2. You might have heard my foot - steps
do the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.
   see the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.
   see the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.
   see the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.

C

Dm

G7

Dm

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G7
C

some one's fading shadow,
through an open mound.
something to believe in,
close by heavy breathing.

Dm G7 C

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you, it's only

G7 C

me pursuing something I'm not sure of, across my dream.

G7 Dm

To Coda

with nets of wonder, I chase the bright, elusive butterfly of

C

D. S. at Coda

love.
RUNAROUND

Words and Music by CIRINO COLACRAI

Slowly

I'll never be the one to part,
You found a place here in my heart;
Go have your fun, RUN-AROUND.

I'll never leave you, I'm forever bound. The streets are noisy, I'm all alone,

I sit and wait, dear, for you to phone; Go have your fun Go have your fun, RUN-AROUND.
I've waited so long, it seems,
You vanished out of my dreams,
Maybe a new love you've found,
Settle down,
RUN-A-ROUND.
I'll never be the one to part,
You found a place here in my heart;
Go have your fun,
Go have your fun, RUN-A-

ROUND!

ROUND!
Recorded by THE FLEETWOODS on DOLTON Records

MR. BLUE

By
DeWAYNE BLACKWELL

Moderately

I'm Mister Blue,

When say you love me,
Then prove it by go-in' out on the sly

Prov'lin' your love isn't true,
Call me Mister Blue.

I'm Mister Blue,
When you say you're sorry,
Then turn a-round,
Am7          Dm          Gm7
head-in' for the lights of town, Hurt-in' me thru and thru,
Am7          Gm7
Call me Mis-ter
F          C7          Gm7          C7          F
Blue. I stay at home at night, Right by the phone at night, But
F          C7          Gm7          C7          F
you won't call and I won't hurt my pride; Call me Mis-ter. I won't tell
Am7          Bb          C7          Dm7          Am7          Bb          C7
you While you paint the town A bright red to turn it up-side down,
Am7          Dm7

Gm7          Am7          Gm7
I'm paint-ing it too, But I'm paint-ing it blue. Call me Mis-ter Blue.
F          Fdim          Gm7          F          Fdim
Repeat ad lib, gradually fading
Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

MABELLENE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY
RUSS FRATTO
ALAN FREED

Bright

MA-BEL-LENE, Why can't you be true?
Oh! MA-BEL-LENE, Why can't you be true?
You've started back doing the things you used to do.

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Verse

1. As I was motivatin' over the hill, I
2. The Cadillac pulled up ahead of the Ford, The
3. The motor cooled down, the heat went down And

saw MA-BEL-LENE in a Coup de Ville, A
Ford got hot and wouldn't do no more, It
that's when I heard that highway sound, The

Cadillac a-rollin' on the open road, I
then got cloudy and started to rain, A
Cadillac a-sittin' like a ton of lead, A

Nothin' will out-run my V. 8, Ford, The Cadillac do-in' boast
tooted my horn for a pass-in' lane, The rain water blow-in' all
hundred and ten half a mile ahead, The Cadillac look-in' like it's

ninety five, She's bumper to bumper, roll-in' side by side,
under my hood. I know that I was do-in' my motor good. MA-BEL-
sittin' still. And I caught MA-BEL-LENE at the top of the hill.}

D. S. al Fine
With a beat

1. Boom, boom, boom, boom, gonna shoot you right down;
   I like the way you talk.
   I mean right now.

Take you in my arms, I'm in love with you.
When you walk that walk, And you talk that talk.
I don't mean tomorrow, I mean right now.
Love that is true,
Boom, boom, boom, boom.
1. I like the way you
Right off my feet.
Come on, come on,
Come shake it up, baby.

(Shake it, baby)
Come on, shake, baby
Shake it up, baby
(Shake it, baby)
Come on, now, baby
I don't mean may be,

(Shake it, baby)
You're drivin' me crazy,
Come on, come on,
All right, all right.

(Shake it, baby)
Come on, and
(Shake it, baby)
Bright Rock Beat

HEY JOE where ya goin' with that gun in your hand

Hey Joe where ya goin' with that gun in your hand
I'm goin' out and find my woman now. She's been runnin' round with some other man

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1. **HEY JOE** tell me what are you gonna do
   HEY JOE tell me

2. **HEY JOE** tell me where are you gonna go
   HEY JOE tell me

Well, I guess I'll shoot my woman, that's what I'll do.
Well, I think I'll go down to my favorite place, Mexico.

Well, I guess I'll shoot 'em both before I'm through.
Well, I think I'll go down to where a man can be free.

And there ain't gonna be no hangman's ropes gonna be put around me.
NEEDLES AND PINS

Moderately, with a beat

I saw him to-day, I saw his face. It was the face I love, and I knew I had to run away.

And get down on my knees and pray. That they'd go a-way, But still they be-

gin.

Nee-dles and pins. I saw him to-day. I saw his
face, It was the face I love, I can't let go, Al-tho' I know he'll make me
cry, oh un-till the day I die, But peo-ple, I got-ta live, And Lord knows
I should for-give When they be-gin, oh, I feel those nee-dles and
pinn Some-bod-y stops 'em now Stop those nee-dles and pins!
SHERRY

Moderate beat

Voice

C    Am    Dm    G7    C    Am    Dm    G7

SHER-RY,  SHER-RY ba-by,  SHER-RY,  SHER-RY ba-by.

CHORUS

C    Am    Dm7    G7    C    Am7

SHER-RY ba-by,  SHER-RY ba-by,  can you come out to-

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night? Come, come, come out to-night. night?

Why don't you come on to my twist party? Come on where the

bright moon shines. Come on, we'll dance the night away. I'm gonna make you

mi-yi-yi-yine. SHER RY baby.
SHER-RY baby, SHER-RY, can you come out to-
	night? Come, come, come out to-night...

You better ask your

ma-ma, SHER-RY baby, Tell her ev'-rything is all

right. Why don't you come on, put your red dress on?
Come on, mm, you look so fine. Come on, move it nice and easy.

Girl, you make me lose my mind. SHER-ry

baby, SHER-ry baby, SHER-ry, can you come out to-night?

Come, come, come out to-night. SHER-ry, SHER-ry baby.

(Repeat ad lib.)
SECRETLY

Words and Music by
AL HOFFMAN
DICK MANNING
MARK MARKWELL

Slowly

Verse

Why must I meet you in a secret rendezvous?
Why must we wait until we're dancing cheek to cheek,

Why must we steal away to steal a kiss or two?
To whisper all the words of love we long to speak?

Why must we wait to do the things we want to do?
Why, oh, why, oh, why, oh, why, oh, why?

Refrain

Wish we didn't have to meet secretly, Wish we didn't have to
kiss SECRELY; Wish we didn't have to be afraid To

show the world that we're in love! Till we have the right to

meet openly, Till we have the right to kiss openly;

We'll just have to be content to be in love SECRELY!

Why, oh, why, oh, why, oh, why, oh, why?
Who makes what makes my poor heart sing?
My My My

My Love, My Love, My Love?
Who brings the joy to Whose eyes are stars on Spring?
Who else but you, my love. Who

Moderately Slow

F Gm Am Bb Am Dm7

Gm7 C7 F

Gm7 C7 Gm7

To Coda C7 Gm7 C7
love. As sweet as morning mist. Are the

lips that Heaven kissed; As endless as the

sea. Is the love that [She/He] gave to me. And

be My Love; you'll always be my love.
Recorded by ELVIS PRESLEY on RCA Records

THE PROMISED LAND

Words and Music by CHUCK BERRY

Medium smart tempo

left my home in Norfolk, Virginia, California on my mind.

straddled that greyhound and rode him into Raleigh And on across Carolina.

stopped at Charlotte, We bypassed Rock Hill, We never was a minute late.

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2nd Verse

Right away I Bought me A through train ticket.
Ridin' across Mississippi clean.
And I was on the Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham.
Smokin' into New Orleans.
Somebody helped me get out of Louisiana.
Just to help me get to Houston Town.
There are people there who care a little about me,
And they won't let a poor boy down.
Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit.
They put luggage in my hand,
And I woke up high over Albuquerque on a jet to the Promised Land.

3rd Verse

Workin' on a T. bone steak,
I had a party flyin' over to the Golden State,
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would get us at the Terminal Gate.
Swing low, chariot, come down easy,
Taxi to the Terminal Line;
Cut your engines, and cool your wings,
And let me make it to the telephone,
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk, Virginia,
Tidewater 4-10-0-0,
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land
callin' and the poor boy's on the line.
TALLAHASSEE LASSIE

With a rock

Refrain

Well, she comes from Tallahassee, She's got a Hi-Fi chassis, Maybe

looks a little sassy, But to me she's real classy, Yes, my

Tallahassee Lassie, Down in "F.L.A." Well, she's

rompin' to the drag, The cha-cha rag-a-mop, Stompin' to the shag, Rocks
_the bunn_y hop._ Ooh,— Ooh,— Ooh,— Ooh,— Well, she
dances to the hop._ She dances to the stroll._ She dances to the walk._
She can rock and roll._ She's my TAL- LA- HAS- SEE LASSIE._ Yea,— my
TAL- LA- HAS- SEE LASSIE._ She's my TAL- LA- HAS- SEE LASSIE._
Down_in "F._" "L. A._" Well, she
SEALED WITH A KISS

Words by
PETER UDELL

Music by
GARY GELD

Slowly With Solemn Expression

Tho we gotta say good-bye for the summer, Darling, I promise you

this: "I'll send you all my love every day in a letter, Sealed With A

Kiss."

Guess it's gonna be a cold lonely summer, But I'll fill the empti-

ness. I'll send you all my dreams every day in a letter, Sealed With A
Kiss. I'll see you in the sunlight, I'll hear your voice ev'rywhere.
I'll run to tenderly hold you, But, darling, you won't be there. I don't wanna say goodbye for the summer, Knowing the love we'll miss. Oh, let us make a pledge to meet in September, And seal it with a kiss. 'Tho we gotta say goodbye.
JOHNNY B. GOODE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

With a beat

1. Deep down in Lou-si-an-a, close to New Or-leans, Way back up in the woods a-mong the
car-ry his gui-tar in a gun-ny sack, Go sit be-neath the tree by the
moth-er told him, 'Some day you will be a man And you will be the lead-er of a

2. Ever-green; There stood an old cab-in made of earth and wood, Where
rail-road track; Ol' en-gineer in the train sit-tin' in the shade,
big old band; Man-y peo-ple com-in' from miles a-round, To

3. Lived a coun-try boy named JOHN-NY B. GOODE, Who'd nev-er learned to read or
Strum-min' with the rhy-thm that the driv-ers made, The peo-ple pass-in' by, they would
hear you play your mu-sic till the sun goes down, May-be some day your name'll be in

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write so well. But he could play a guitar—just like a ring-in' a bell. Stop and say—A-say-in' John-ny B. Goode to-night?" Go! Go!
Medium rock

Does she love me with all her heart? Should I worry when we're apart? It's a lover's question, I'd like to know. Oh. Does she.
need me as she pretends? Is this a

game and will I win? It's a lover's ques-
tion, I'd like to know. Oh

I'd like to know when she's not
with me, Is she still true to me?

I'd like to know when we're kissing,

Does she feel just what I feel? And how am I to know it's really real?
Oh, tell me where the answer lies

Is it in her kiss, or in her eyes?

Well, it's a lover's question, I'd like to know.

Oh,
SORRY
(I Ran All The Way Home)

By
HARRY GIOSASI
ARTIE ZWIRN

Moderato

I ran all the way home
Just to say I'm SOR-RY.
What can I say?
I ran all the way.
Yay, yay, yay.
I ran all the way home
Just to say I'm SOR-RY.
Please let me stay.
I ran all the way...
Yay, yay, yay.

And now I'm SOR-RY, SOR-RY,

SOR-RY. I didn't mean to make you cry.

Let's make a-mends of the wrong.

We're more than friends.

Yay, yay, yay.

I ran all the way home.

Just to say I'm SOR-RY.

What can I say?

I ran all the way.

Yay, yay, yay.

I ran all the way. Yay, yay, yay.
Moderato

My Boy Lollipop, You made my heart go gididy up.
You are as sweet as candy, You're my sugar dandy.

Ha, ha My Boy Lollipop, Never ever leave me,

Because it would grieve me, My heart told me so.
love ya, I love ya, I love ya so, That I want ya to know,
need ya, I need ya, I need ya so, And I'll never let you go,
You make my heart go giddy up, You set my world on fire, You are my one de-
sire,
My Boy Lollipop,
My Boy Lollipop!

(Repeat Ad Lib and Fade)
Recorded by CARL DOBKINS, JR. on DECCA Records

MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK

By
HAL DAVID
LEE POCKRISS

Moderato
F
C7
Gm7
C7
F

Look!
Look!
My heart is an open book.

C7
Gm7
C7
F

I love
My love
Is honest and no-bod-y but you.

I
love
is honest and no-bod-y but

[2. To next strain Fine]
F
F
Bb
F
C7

true.
you.
Some jealous so and so
Wants us to

F
Bb
F
G7
C7

part.
That's why he's tell-in' you
That I've got a cheat-in' heart.

F6
Fdim
C7
F
C7

Don't believe all those lies.
Darlin', just believe your eyes And

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