Complete piano and vocal transcriptions of twelve classic songs, including lyrics and guitar chords.
BÉSAME MUCHO
Original Words & Music by Consuelo Velazquez.
English Words by Sunny Skylar.

Moderato

Em⁹  F₃m⁷  C₃(b₃⁹⁹)/E  D₃₃⁹⁹/C  E₃₉⁹⁹/A  F₃b⁹⁹  Bm/C  E₃/E

Orchestra

D₇⁹⁹/C  D₃₃⁹⁹/Db  G₃⁹⁹⁹/Bb  G₃₉⁹⁹⁹/A  F₃⁹⁹

poco rall.

Slightly faster (slow/medium Latin)

B₃sus⁴(b₃⁹⁹)

Flutes

(1st time only)

(Classical Guitar; 2nd time only)

© COPYRIGHT 1941 & 1943 PROMOTORA HISPANO AMERICANA DE MUSICA S.A., MEXICO.
LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.
Béseame, béseame mucho,
Como si fuera esta noche la última vez,
Béseame, béseame mucho,
Qué tengo miedo perder-te, perder-te.
Te perdí después

Que ro sin cero
te muy cerca
me en tus

(Es)

ojos, verte junto

pensa que tal vez

(Re)

6
ten-go mie-do
per-de-ter-te,

per-de-ter-te des-pués.

Quie-ro sin-cre-te, may cer-ca,
Mi-rar-me en tus

o-jos, ver-te jun-to a mi,
pien-sa que

(Original Spanish version: te-nier-te)
CRY ME A RIVER

Words & Music by Arthur Hamilton.

Soulful swing  \( \downarrow = 58 \)

\( \text{Em7(11)} \)

Now you say you're lonely,

\( \text{Bm6(b5)} \)  \( \text{Em7} \)  \( \text{Em6} \)  \( \text{Em7} \)

You cried the whole night through,

\( \text{Am11} \)  \( \text{D9} \)  \( \text{Gmaj7} \)  \( \text{F7(11)} \)  \( \text{B7} \)  \( \text{B9/G#11} \)  \( \text{Em5(sus4)} \)  \( \text{E7(#9)} \)

Well, you can cry me a river.
Cry me a river, I cried a river over you.
Now you say you're sorry for being so untrue.
Well, you can cry me a river. Cry me a river, I cried a river over you.

You drove me, nearly drove me out of my head.
While you never shed a tear.
Remember, I remember all that you said?

Told me love was too plebian
Told me you were through with me and now you say you love me.

Well, just to prove you do,

Come on and cry me a river,

cry me a river,

I cried a river over you.
slide

I cried a river over you.

I cried a river over you.
FLY ME TO THE MOON (IN OTHER WORDS)
Words & Music by Bart Howard.

Fly me to the moon, let me play among the stars...
let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars in other words hold my hand, (lazily)
in other words darling kiss me
Fill my life with song let me sing for ever more.
(swung)

You are all I long for all worship and a-

dare in other words

please be true in other words I love you.

Piano solo:

(optional bass line)
2nd time only - vocal:
(vocal)

Fly— me to the moon and let me

Guitar solo:
play 'pon the stars. Let me see what spring is like,
on Jupiter and Mars, in other words hold my hand.

In other words

darling kiss me. Fill my
FRIM FRAM SAUCE
Words & Music by Redd Evans & Joe Ricardel.

Saucy, upbeat swing \( \text{\textbf{1}} = 116 \)

\[ \begin{align*}
    E^7 & \quad E^7/G & \quad A^7 & \quad A^7 & \quad A^7 & \quad E^7/G & \quad C^7 & \quad E^7/G & \quad B^7 \\
    \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{11}}} \\
    \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} \\
    \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} \\
\end{align*} \]

I don't want

\[ \begin{align*}
    E^6 & \quad E^6 & \quad G^6 & \quad C^7 & \quad F^9 & \quad B^10 & \quad E^6 \\
    \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} \\
    \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} & \quad \text{\textbf{\textcolor{red}{1}}} \\
\end{align*} \]

French-fried pot-a-toes, Red, ripe tom-a-toes I'm never satisfied

© COPYRIGHT 1945 (R) RENewed Music Sales Corporation (ASCAP).
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
I want the Frim Fram Sauce with the oss and fay with shif-
-a-fa on the side. I don’t want pork chops and bacon. That won’t a-wak-en

my ap-pet-i-te IN-SIDE. I want the Frim Fram Sauce with the

oss and fay with shif-a-fa on the side. Well, you know, a
girl, she really got to eat, and a girl—she should eat right.

Five—

will get you ten I'm gonna feed my self right to-night. I don't want

fish-cakes and rye bread, you heard what I said. Wait—er, please, I

want mine fried. I want the Frim Fram Sauce with the oss and fay with shif—
-a- fa on the side. Shoo, doo-doo-doo-ya. doo, doo;
(foot on repeat)

(2nd time: Guitar solo)

shu-bu doo-ya doo da shee-ya did-'n' doo...
D.S. al Coda
Coda

-a-fa on the side.

Ooh, with shif-a-fa on the side.
HIT THAT JIVE JACK

Words & Music by John Alston & Campbell "Skeets" Tolbert.

Bright swing \( \frac{1}{4} = 110 \)

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{G7} \]

Gaddo E\(^7\) Am\(^7\) D\(^7\) Bm\(^7\) E\(^7\) A\(^7\) D\(^7\)

Hit that jive Jack, put it in your poc-ket ’til I get back,
Going down-town to see a man... and I ain't got time to shake your hand.

Hit that jive Jack put it in your pocket 'til I get back,

time and time... waits for no man... and I ain't got time to shake your hand.

Stand-in' on the corner all full of jive... but you know that
you're my boy so I'm forced to give you five, shad-ee-a-da. Hit that jive Jack,

put it in your po-cket 'til I get back. Going down-town to see a man... and I

ain't got time to shake your hand. Hit that jive... Jack and put it in your

po-cket 'til I get back. I'm going down-town to see a man... and I

37
ain't got time to shake your hand.
Hit that jive, Jack and put it in you
pocket 'til I get back.
time and time... wait for no man... and I
ain't got time to shake your hand.
Standing on the corner all fall of jive...
but you know that you're my boy... so I'm forced to give... you five,
shad-e-a-du.
Hit that jive Jack and put it in your poe ket
'till I get back, I'm

going down town to see a man... and I ain't got time to shake your hand.

2nd time - Guitar solo:

1st time - Piano solo:

(Optional bass line)
(rpt. for guitar solo)

Hit that jive

Jack ba-da-da, put it in your pocket
Hit that jive

Jack ba-da-da, put it in your pocket
Hit that jive
Hit that jive Jack, put it in your pocket 'till I get back,

going downtown to see a man... and I ain't got time,

ain't got time. I ain't got time to shake your hand, gonna

put it in your pocket 'till I get back. Hit that jive Jack.
I remember you,
you're the one who

made my dreams come true
a few kisses a go-

I remember you.
you’re the one who said
I love you too
I do, do

rat you know.
I re- mem- ber too


dis- tant bell
and stars that fell
like rain out of

the blue.
When my life is through
and the angels ask me to recall

the thrill of them all. Then I shall

tell them I remember you.
LOST MIND
Words & Music by Percy Mayfield.

Easy swing \( \frac{\text{b} = 73}{\text{b}} \)

\[ \text{G}^{13} \quad \text{F}^{7} \quad \text{G}^{13} \quad \text{F}^{7} \quad \text{G}^{13} \]

If you could be so kind, to help me find my mind...

\[ \text{F}^{7} \quad \text{G}^{13} \]

I'd like to thank you in advance.

\[ \text{A}^{13} \quad \text{G}^{13} \quad \text{C}^{13} \quad \text{G}^{13} \]

soul's been torn a-part, I lost my mind in a wild romance.

\[ \text{G}^{13} \quad \text{C}^{13} \quad \text{G}^{13} \]

My

© Copyright Venus Music Limited,
SONY ATV Music Publishing (UK) Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
future is my past... it's memory will last... I live to love... the days... gone...

by... Each day that comes and goes is like the

one before... my mind... is lost 'til the day... I die... Words... would fail me...

If I tried to describe him, though I know...
he's not what he should have been. He was
devil with the face of an angel, he was cruel and sweet, sweet and cruel as home made sin...
you could be so kind... to help me find my mind... I'd like to thank you in ad-

(swinged)
B♭6

Know this before you start my soul's

A♮6

been torn a part, I lost my mind in a wild romance.

G6

G♭6

F6

G♭6

F6

G♭6

F6

G♭6

F6

G♭6

B♭6
you could be so kind to help me find my mind, I'd like to thank you in advance.

Know this before you start, my soul's been torn apart, I lost my mind in a wild romance.

I lost my mind in a wild romance...
Each time I see a crowd of people just like a fool I stop and stare.

It's really not the proper thing to do.
but maybe you’ll be there. I go out walk-ing af-ter mid-night

’t long the lone-ly in-cough-fare,

it’s not the time or place to look for you, but may-be you’ll

be there. You said your arms would al-ways
Am\(^9\)       Dm\(^9\)       Am\(^7\)(\#5)      D\(^7\)

hold me. you said your lips were mine a - lone to

Gm\(^9\)

kiss. Now af - ter all those things you

Gm\(^9\)          G\(^13\)

told me how could it end like this?

F\(^7\)     Dm\(^9\)       Gm\(^9\)       B\(^7\)maj\(^7\)C       F\(^7\)

Some day if all my prayers are an - swered, I'll hear a foot step on the
stair. The anxious heart, I'll hurry to the door,

and maybe you'll be there. Guitar solo: (swung A)

To Coda
D.S. al Coda

CODA

Gm7

C浪漫

A tempo

N.C.

and maybe you'll be there.

rall.

Dmaj7

F/A Dmaj9 G7 Gmaj7

padded
Never trust the moon when you're about to taste

His kiss, he knows all the lines and he knows

How to lie. Just wait...

For a night... when the
Skies are all bare and then if you still care.

Never trust your dreams when you're about to fall.

In love, for your dreams may quickly fall apart.

So...
if you're smart

really smart... only trust your heart
if you're smart, really... smart on... rail.

-ly trust... your... heart.

Only trust... your... heart.
PICK YOURSELF UP
Music by Jerome Kern.
Words by Dorothy Fields.

Medium swing  \( \text{Tempo} = 116 \)

\begin{align*}
\text{A}^\flat\text{add} / \text{D} & \quad \text{A}^\flat\text{7} / \text{E} \quad \text{B}^\flat\text{m7} / \text{G} \\
\text{A}\text{maj} / \text{C} & \quad \text{A}\text{7} / \text{G} & \quad \text{B}^\flat\text{7} / \text{A} & \quad \text{F}^\flat\text{m7} & \quad \text{E}^\flat\text{7} / \text{C} \\
\text{A}^\flat\text{add} / \text{D} & \\
\text{A}^\flat\text{7} / \text{E} & \quad \text{A}\text{maj} / \text{C} & \quad \text{D}\text{maj} / \text{G} & \quad \text{A}\text{7} / \text{G} & \quad \text{D}^\flat\text{7} / \text{C} & \quad \text{F}^\flat\text{m7} & \quad \text{B}^\flat\text{7} & \quad \text{E}^\flat\text{7} \\
\text{A}^\flat\text{add} & \quad \text{D}^\flat & \quad \text{G}^\sharp\text{maj} & \quad \text{G}^\sharp\text{7} & \quad \text{F}^\flat & \quad \text{B}^\flat & \quad \text{B}^\flat\text{7} & \quad \text{B}^\flat\text{7} & \quad \text{D}^\flat / \text{E} & \quad \text{E}^\flat / \text{D} \\
\end{align*}

Nothing’s impossible

I have found

for when my chin is on the ground,

I pick myself up,

\( \text{end of song} \)
D7sus7 G7(add9) C7(add9) F7 | Baddo

- spired... 'til the battle of the day is won, you

Cm7/B♭ Fin7/B♭ Cm7/B♭ Cm7 Fin7 B7(9) Cm7 | E7(add13)
may be sick and tired... but you'll be a man... my son.

Bm11 E7 A7 D7(add9) Cm9 C7(add13) | To Coda

Don't you remember the famous men... who had to fail... to

Fm B♭7 D7/E Cm9/7 | E7/D♯ Cm7

rise again, they picked themselves up, dust themselves off... and

72
start - ed all o - ver a - gain.

Piano solo:

Guitar solo:
D.S. al Coda

Coda

Bm11
E9
A9
Aadd9/D
Amaj7/E
Bm9
A7maj9/C

started all over again.

A9/G
Bm11/A9
Fm11
Emaj7/C
Aadd9/D
Amaj7/E
Fm7/Bb
A7maj9/C

A5sus4
D7/E9

Start all over again.
STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

Words & Music by Nat King Cole & Irving Mills.

Medium swing  \( \frac{4}{4} \)  125

N.C.

Buzz ard took a mon key for a ride in the air, mon key thought that ev ry thing was

on the square, buzz ard tried to throw the mon key off of his back, but the

© COPYRIGHT AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC INCORPORATED.
WARNER/CHAPPELL MUSIC LIMITED.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

75
mon·key turned a·round and said "Hey, lis·ten Jack. Straight·en up and fly right, straight·en up and stay right, straight·en up and fly right, cool down ba·ba, don’t you blow your top. Ain’t no use in jiv·in’, what’s the use in div·in’ straight·en up and fly..."
right, cool down ba-ba don’t you blow your top.” Well the

buzz and told the monkey “You are choking me, release you hold and I will

set you free.” Monkey looked the buzz and right dead in the eye and said

“Your story’s so touching but it sounds just like a lie.” So straighten up and
fly right, a straight-en up and stay right,

straight-en up and fly right, cool down, ba-ba don't you

blow your top.
Buzz and told the monkey "You are choking me, release your hold and I will set you free." Monkey looked the buzzard right dead in the eye and said "Your story's so touching, but it sounds just like a lie." So straighten up, straighten up, straighten up, straighten up and...
fly right, straighten up and fly right, cool

down ba-ba don't you blow your top.
WHY SHOULD I CARE?


Rubato

Was there something more I could have done? Or was

I not meant to be the one? Where's the life I thought we would
share?
And should I care?
And will someone else get more
of you?
Will she go to sleep more sure of you?
Will she
wake up knowing you’re still there?
Why should I care?
There’s always one
to turn and walk away,
and one who just wants to stay,

But who said that love is always fair?
And why should I care?

Tenor Sax solo:
Should I leave you alone here in the dark?

Holding my broken heart While a promise still hangs in the

a tempo (faster)

Why should I care? Why should I

Rubato

(Tenor Sax)