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The COLE PORTER Song Book

THE COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC OF FORTY OF COLE PORTER'S BEST-LOVED SONGS

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FOREWORD

by

Moss Hart

TIME FLIES. It is just twenty-seven years ago that I watched Cole Porter swing through the doors of the Ritz Bar in Paris and survey the room, his eyes searching the tables for the young man who had a letter of introduction to him. Though I had never seen him before, I knew that the man standing in the doorway was unmistakably Cole Porter; he looks, I thought quickly, exactly like one of his songs. The small, lithe figure beautifully turned out, the intensely alive face, the immense dark eyes wonderfully set off by the brilliant red carnation in the lapel of his suit—it could not possibly be anyone else. I waved toward him, and as he caught the gesture he smiled back and made his way to my table.

That dazzling smile was quite the best thing I had seen of Paris to date. I am aware that it is heresy not to be enamored of this jewel of cities at first glance and to remain forever afterward her willingly indentured slave, but I seemed to be impervious to the beauty and charm of Paris on this, my first trip, and I have remained so ever since. Indeed, Paris—the Paris that had escaped me—now seemed suddenly to blossom and come alive for the first time as Cole Porter talked, though I knew well enough that Cole Porter was as American as Peru, Indiana, where he was born. He had the gift, I was to learn later, of making any city singularly his own. Wherever he happens to be—London, New York, Venice, Hollywood—there the essence of the city seems to be caught, the secret of the city captured. Paris was his monarchy at the moment, and just before we parted he made a gesture so regal and at the same time so Parisian that to my Brooklyn-bred eyes it had the effect of making me feel that I was seeing the Paris of my imagination at last.

Along with the letter of introduction from Irving Berlin, I had brought with me a small package as well, which I had been asked as a favor to deliver to Cole Porter, since I would be in Paris the week before Christmas and the transatlantic mails at that time of year were somewhat uncertain. "George Hale asked me to bring this to you," I said, handing the package over.

"Doesn't say a word about not opening it until Christmas, does it?" he said, and tore at the wrapping eagerly.

Inside the paper, a small, red leather box with the jeweler's name—Cartier—stamped on it lay exposed. He opened the box, glanced at the contents and smilingly turned the box
around for me to have a look. Two long, thin slabs of gold with the initials "C. P." engraved on each lay somewhat nakedly on the white satin inside the box.

I stared at them, puzzled for a moment, and then asked, "What are they?"

"Garters," he replied, and lifted them out. I watched, astonished, as he lifted each of his trouser legs, revealing a gold garter on the sock above each leg, removed the old ones from each and put the new ones on, and in further astonishment I heard him call, "Hey, Jimmy!" to the barman and toss the old gold garters across the bar.

Before this moment I had not known such a thing as gold garters existed. Now I had seen an old pair of gold garters blithely tossed across a bar and new ones installed. My face must have mirrored the amazement and wonder I felt, for Cole Porter, turning back to me, looked at me and burst into laughter. "It's the way Christmas always ought to start, isn't it?" he said. I could only nod dumbly in reply. "Will you dine with us one night while you're here?" he asked. "I know Linda would like to meet you. I'll have my secretary call you at the hotel." He glanced at his watch and sighed. "Late. Late again," he said, quite like the White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland, and then held out his hand to me and smiled, the same dazzling smile that seemed to light up the entire Ritz Bar. I shook his hand and watched him swing through the doors once more and out into a Paris that seemed peculiarly his.

I have set down my first meeting with Cole Porter because it seems to me to contain some of the gaiety, the impishness, the audacity and the wonderful insouciance of some of his songs. It is hard now to remember the original impact of Cole Porter on the musical theater of the middle and late nineteen twenties. He burst upon that moribund world with the velocity of a meteor streaking across the sky. His words and his music had an abandon, a stunning freshness, a dash and a lyrical agility that were completely new to our ears. The verve of "Let's Do It," the brisk ardor of "You Do Something to Me," the sultry boldness of "Love for Sale," the mordant glow of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" seemed to blow the winds of a graceful and polished world across the musty musical theater of those days and make the majority of the songs we had been singing sound downright provincial. The great ballads—"Night and Day," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Easy to Love"—and all the others that were to run riot down the years were to come later, but in the late twenties we were suddenly aware that a new musical voice of immense vigor and freshness was making itself heard—a forcible talent that was racy and slashing and bold, but a talent that had great elegance and a curious kind of purity. One thing was certain even then: no one could write a Cole Porter song but Cole Porter. Each song had a matchless design and a special felicity of its own that stamped it as immediately and uniquely his.

I dined twice with the Porters during my ten-day stay in Paris and fell in love, as everyone did, with Linda Porter. To fall in love with Linda Porter was as much a part of a young man's first trip to Paris as eating snails at Fouquet's or climbing the Eiffel
LINDA PORTER

Tower. They were a wonderful pair, the Cole Porters. They were rich, they were gifted, and they moved about with infinite ease and lightheartedness in two worlds—the world of fashion and glitter and the pantaloon world of the theater. Their house in Paris was exquisite, one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen, and Linda Porter, a legendary beauty herself, lent something of her own radiance and splendor to their life together so that everything and everyone in their house seemed to shine and sparkle with a little of her own special grace. She was a woman of immense delicacy, with an enchanting turn of mind, as easily beguiled by a chorus girl as by a duchess and equally at home with both. Together, the Porters bloomed in a scintillating world that seemed uncommonly festive, and I thought to myself on my last evening with them, What fun it would be to do a musical with Cole Porter. I dismissed this conceit from my mind quickly enough. I was a mere neophyte—barely out of Brooklyn and my first play—and Cole Porter was already one of the most sought-after of all composers. Yet less than two years later, that is exactly what happened. We did do a musical together. Moreover, we sailed around the world to write that musical, and I learned to my chagrin that the jaunty and debonair world of Cole Porter disappeared completely when he was at work, and that Linda Porter, who accompanied us, was as stern and jealous a guardian of that work as Cole Porter himself.

The enterprise—an enterprise that was ultimately to emerge as the musical called *Jubilee*
—began innocently enough. This time, I was lunching with Cole Porter some eighteen months or so after my Paris trip, in New York—a New York that was, in spite of the depression and the New Deal, almost convulsively singing "You’re the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You" and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" from Anything Goes, which had opened at the Alvin Theatre three nights before. The clientele of the restaurant where we were lunching seemed to be composed almost exclusively of people who had been part of that opening-night audience, and they streamed over to our table making congratulatory sounds and cooing admiration in two or three different languages and a variety of accents. It made any kind of conversation between us difficult if not impossible, but somewhere or other in the middle of lunch I tossed out an idea for a musical I had recently had and then brushed it aside with something else that was very much on my mind that day.

"I think I came to a decision this morning," I said. "I'm going to drop work completely for a while. There are always ideas—there are always plays to be written—but always at the expense of something else. I don't want to settle for that quick trip to Europe wedged in between work and rehearsals. I want to see the whole damn world and I want to see it now. I'm going to take a year off and racket around the world."

Cole Porter looked at me soberly for a full moment before he spoke. "Why not do both?" he said. "I like that idea of yours for a musical. Why don't we do it and go around the world at the same time?"

Again I looked at him with the same mixture of astonishment and wonder that had made him burst into laughter as I watched him put the new gold garters into place.

"Why not?" he persisted. "I could leave next week. Couldn't you?" He was already up from the table and making his way toward the door. "Let's stop by Cook's and find the first round-the-world sailing," he said, "and then go back to the hotel and tell Linda." It was all very matter-of-fact and somehow absurdly fait accompli.

The day of our luncheon was a Wednesday, and the first boat that sailed around the world happened to be for the following Tuesday. We were on it. Another thing I was to learn about Cole Porter was that when he wanted something, mountains moved and the earth shook. Very few people ever said "no" to him. Abject surrender was the general rule. That dazzling smile could disappear with frightening rapidity and a glacial mask could take its place.

The first ten days of the trip were given over to a detailed discussion of the general architecture of the show—lazy, pleasant, sunny days marred only by the ship's orchestra, which promptly broke into "You’re the Top" or "I Get a Kick Out of You" each time our party entered the dining room or the ship's lounge. The first strains of music were always accompanied by loud, wild moans from Monty Woolley and more civilized ones from Howard Sturges, two old friends of the Porters' who had come along for the trip and who found the constant playing of Cole Porter songs almost as unbearable as did Cole Porter himself. He quite literally hated to hear his music played or sung under any
other conditions but his own precise and exacting ones. It was his fate and ours, however, to be plagued by hotel orchestras hidden behind potted palms manfully blaring out "You're the Top" in Bombay, in Zanzibar, in Rio, and even—by what miracle of communication no one of us could fathom—in Tahiti and Bali. It was, as Monty Woolley phrased it, "the white man's burden," and there was little to do but sigh and bear it.

Within two weeks I had developed enough of a rough outline for Cole to begin to think of songs, and almost immediately a great change took place. Cole Porter "worker" and Cole Porter "playboy" were two different beings. The change in him was as remarkable as it was revealing. The secret of those marvelously gay and seemingly effortless songs was a prodigious and unending industry. He worked around the clock. I had, and have always had, a fixed schedule of work. A writer of plays or prose is usually good for two or three hours of consecrated work a day and no more. He must choose the hours of the day that suit him best and use those hours to the full. Then it is over. Some writers work best at dawn, some choose even the small hours of the night, but my best hours have always been the late-morning ones. As a consequence, I would emerge from my cabin shortly before lunch ready, eager and waiting for the wonderful world of the Porters to begin, but the wonderful world of the Porters had completely disappeared.

From the time I handed him the outline with the first two or three songs indicated, Cole Porter seemed to withdraw not only from our party but from the human race as well. Indeed, I sometimes suspected that he used work as a weapon to shield himself from a boredom whose threshold was extremely low; he could withdraw and disappear before one's eyes with an almost sinister facility. His withdrawals were not confined to the moment when he entered his cabin to sit at the small upright piano; they spilled over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and even onto some of the sightseeing tours when the boat docked.

The boat stopped first at Kingston, Jamaica, and another side of his nature I had not bargained for was immediately and exhaustingly revealed. He was an indefatigable sightseer, a tourist to end all tourists. Everything held an interest for him. No ruin was too small not to be seen, particularly if it meant a long climb up a steep hill; no ride into the interior was too much or too far, if it was a broiling hot day and there was a piddling waterfall at the end of it. Even the flora and fauna fascinated him, and he would drive miles to gape at a native shrub or an animal that flourished only in a particularly disagreeable part of whatever country we were in. Yet even his insatiable tourism, it turned out, was also grist to the mill of work, which went on whether he was sightseeing, eating or, for all I knew, while he was sleeping at night. I made this discovery a few days later when I went to his cabin to hear the first song written for Jubilee. It was called, astonishingly enough, "The Kling-Kling Bird on the Divi-Divi Tree," a bird and a tree I had heard him asking innumerable questions about during our stopover in Jamaica. It did not surprise me too greatly, therefore, when, sometime after we had sailed away from
Samoa, he informed me that one of the chief ballads for the show was to be entitled “Begin the Beguine.” The beguine was a native dance we had driven endless hot miles to witness, and my reservations about the length of the song (I am somewhat ashamed to record that I thought the song had ended when he was only halfway through playing it) were overridden by my relief that one of the chief love songs of the show was not to be about a koala bear or a duck-billed platypus, one or the other of which he had found completely entrancing.

As I grew used to his method of working, however—the long, baffling silences, the sudden withdrawals—I became increasingly fascinated and admiring of the profound sense of dedication he brought to his work. I do not know if it is generally known that Cole Porter is a first-rate musician, thoroughly schooled in musical theory and harmony, with a large and cultivated knowledge of classical music at his command. It was, I know, a surprise to me. Those songs which seemed almost to cascade from the piano with infinite ease and grace, those words which were so captivatingly set to music that in combination they sounded almost as if they had written themselves, had been arrived at with immense labor and out of a solid musical background. Without that background, and in spite of his great musical gift, I do not think he could have written “Begin the Beguine,” a song that was as far ahead of its time musically in 1935 as “What Is This Thing Called Love?” was ahead of its time in 1929. Likewise, his steeplechase agility with words—words that seem to quicken the music or fill it with languor and very often with passion—spring from a real devotion to the English language. Here again his erudition is surprising, his knowledge encyclopedic and his taste impeccable. The trite, the hackneyed, the commonplace word was never settled for. The search for the right word—the unerring word that would fit the musical note with exactitude and express precisely what he wanted the song to say—was like the quest for the Holy Grail. There was something almost mystical about his constant pursuit for the explicit, tangible word that would highlight the rhyme scheme or illuminate the middle of a song and make it soar to the end. Wit and elegance he had at his fingertips, and he could write clever, smart and even brilliant lyrics by the yard, but he was scrupulous about what each particular song was to say in relationship to the score as a whole, and he polished and worried over so simple a song as “Why Shouldn’t I?” until it gleamed like the perfect little song it is.

I learned a lasting lesson from watching Cole Porter at work. It was, simply, that no artist, however gifted, can ever rely solely on his gift without a steady and relentless industry in its application. The ability to use his gift with vigor and constancy is almost as necessary a requisite as talent itself. Cole Porter is a prime example of this depressing truism. Though the most self-indulgent and the most pleasure-loving man I have ever known, indulgence and pleasure both stopped dead the moment songwriting began. Perversely enough, and to point up the exception to every rule, I suppose, he could fashion a song overnight when necessity demanded it. I was given a startling example of this shortly before rehearsals began.
MOSS HART

Both score and book had been completed by the time we returned to New York. The weekend before rehearsals were scheduled to begin, I accompanied him to Leonard Hanna’s farm in Ohio for a last respite before the frenzy that lay just ahead. On Saturday afternoon as we walked through the quiet September countryside, inevitably discussing the only topic that held any interest for either of us, I brought out into the open a nagging thought I had long held—that the score still lacked a major song in the second act. He was surprised, but quickly agreed with me. Thereafter silence fell and the withdrawal began. I might just as well have been strolling through the woods by myself. Early on, I might have mistaken this for annoyance, but I knew by now that he was already at work. Mentally I made a note that, with luck, we might have the song for the third week of rehearsal. It is unwise to count on predictability in people, more particularly in anyone as unpredictable as Cole Porter. The next morning he called me into the living room and closed the doors. He placed a scribbled sheet of note paper on the music rack of the piano and then played and sang the verse and chorus of “Just One of Those Things.” No word of either verse or chorus was ever altered. It has been played and sung through the years exactly as I heard it on that Sunday morning in Ohio, a song written overnight, thereby defying all the nice little rules I had conceived about work. The fact remains, however, that with this one exception a Cole Porter song is usually the end product of
hours and days of work such as no self-respecting longshoreman would ever accept without complaining to his union.

*Jubilee* was a pleasant enough success, and it is interesting to note that two of its songs that I have mentioned—"Begin the Beguine" and "Just One of Those Things"—were dismal failures both in the show and with the public as well. The critics were dismissive and the public uninterested in them. Not until three or four years later did either song begin to assume the characteristics of a popular "hit" or begin to achieve the acclaim that has made them two of the standard songs of the American musical theater.

*Jubilee* was also the end of our collaboration. We have never done another musical show together. I do not know quite why. Through the years we have talked of doing another one, but somehow it has never come to pass. Shows either happen or they don't happen. That is as reasonable an explanation as I can give. Meanwhile, that unending and, to me, unrivaled flow of words and music has continued to pour forth. These recollections are being written during a holiday in Jamaica, and quite accidentally two days ago some vivid memories of our collaboration and of Cole Porter were sent spinning across my mind. A river picnic was arranged for one of the final nights of our stay. Food and a little Jamaican orchestra were dispatched on ahead, and the picnickers followed in large canoes. A huge bonfire was lit, and, after the party, we fell into song in the way common to all picnic parties. We sang Berlin, Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers and Hammerstein and Cole Porter.

In that lush jungle setting, "Begin the Beguine" seemed particularly appropriate, and I suddenly recalled the time I had first heard it sung by Cole Porter himself, sitting at the upright piano in his cabin as the boat sailed toward the Fiji Islands. I remembered, too, my first glimpse of him in the Ritz Bar, and, long afterward, my vivid memory of him when he was valiantly fighting the effects of a tragic riding accident. I do not think any memoir of Cole Porter can be written without mention of his defiance and his fortitude in triumphing over a catastrophe that would have broken and overwhelmed a lesser man. It is marvelous to think that so many of these songs—including the great score of *Kiss Me, Kate*—these blithe and sunny songs that America has danced and sung for the past two decades, have come from a man whose daily battle against pain and defeat was in itself a lesson in courage and gallantry. It is a testament to the greatness of the human spirit.

In a bleak and sometimes ugly world, to witness an act of personal heroism is to know forever what human beings can be and can do, for it does not always follow that a first-rate artist is an estimable fellow, nor does it matter, I suppose. Too often, however, the artist apart from his talent is a disappointment; he is not very much of a person and it is almost always disillusioning for the hero worshipper to come face to face with his hero. Cole Porter is one of the rare exceptions. He was an early hero of mine and he has remained a late one. He is quite as matchless as his music.

Moss Hart
The

COLE PORTER

Song Book
Let's Do It

FROM PARIS

Moderato

Semplice (not fast)

When the little blue-bird, Who has never said a word, Starts to

poco rit.  p a tempo

sing: "Spring, Spring!"

When the little blue-bell In the

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Bottom of the dell starts to ring: "Ding, ding!"

When the

Little blue clerk in the middle of his work starts a

Tune to the moon up above, it is nature, that's all, simply

Telling us to fall in love. And that's why
Refrain (brightly)

1. Birds do it, Bees do it, Even educated
2. Sponges, they say, do it, Oysters, down in Oyster
3. Flies in the reeds do it, Sentimental centi-
4. Zees in the zoos do it, Some courageous kanga-

fleas do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
Bay, do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
pedes do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
roos do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.

In Spain, the best upper sets do it,
Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
Mosquitoes, Heaven for bid, do it,
I'm sure giraffes on the sly do it,
Lithuanians and Letts do it,
Even lazy jellyfish do it,
So does ev'ry katydid do it,
Heavy hippopotami do it,

Let's fall in love.
The Dutch in old Amsterdam,
Let's fall in love.
Electric eels, I might.
Let's fall in love.
The most refined lady.
Let's fall in love.
Old sloths who hang down from.

dam do it,
add, do it,
bugs do it,
twigs do it,

Not to mention the Finns.
Though it shocks 'em, I know.
When a gentleman calls.
Though the effort is great.

Folks in Si-
Why ask if-
Moths in your-
Sweet guinea.
am do it; Think of Si-a-mese twins. Some Ar-gen-tines with-out-
shad do it? Wait-er, bring me shad roe. In shal-low shoals, Eng-lish-
rugs do it; What’s the use of moth-balls? And that’s why Chinks do it,
pigs do it; Buy a cou-ple and wait! The world ad-mits bears in

means do it, Peo-ple say, in Bos-ton e-ven beans do it,
soles do it, Gold-fish, in the pri-va-cy of bowls, do it,
Japs do it, Up in Lap-land all the lit-tle Laps do it,
pits do it, E-ven pe-kin-es-es in the Ritz do it,
cresc.

Let’s do it, let’s fall in love. 2. Ro-man-tic
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love. 3. The dra-gon-
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love. 4. The chim-pan-
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

mf un poco allarg. a tempo

16
You Do Something to Me

FROM FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

Moderato

Not fast

I was mighty blue,

Thought my life was through,

Till the heavens opened

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And I gazed at you.
Won't you tell me,
dear,
Why, when you appear,
Some thing happens to me
And the strangest feeling goes through me?

Refrain - Slowly, with expression
You do something to me,

mp a tempo
Something that simply mystifies me.

Tell me, why should it be

You have the pow'r to hypnotize me?

Let me live 'neath your spell,
Do do that voo-doo that you do so well, for
you do something to me
That nobody else could do.

Eb D Eb Ebmaj.7 Fdim
C7 F7 Fm7 Eb7(6)
Eb Fm7 Eb7 12 Eb Db7 Eb
What Is This Thing Called Love?

FROM WAKE UP AND DREAM

Moderato

1. I was a hum drum person, leading a life a-

2. You gave me days of sunshine, you gave me nights of

part, When love flew in through my window wide And

dear, You made my life an enchanted dream Till
quick-en ed my hum-dr um heart. Love flew in through my win-dow,
some-bod-y else came near. Some-bod-y else came near you,

I was so hap-py then. But af-ter love had stayed a lit-tle while,
I felt the win-ter’s chill. And now I sit and won-der night and day

Love flew out a-gain. why I love you still.
Refrain - Slow (in the manner of a "Blues")

What is this thing called love? This

fun-ny thing called love? Just who can solve

its mystery? Why should it make

a fool of me? I saw you there
You took my heart____

and threw it away. That’s why I ask the Lord____

in Heaven above, “What is this thing called

love?” What love?”
Love for Sale
FROM THE NEW YORKERS

Moderato

Semplice (not fast)

When the only sound in the empty street is the

heav y tread of the heav y feet That bel ong to a lone some cop,

I o pen shop.

When the moon so long has been
gazing down On the way ward ways of this way ward town That her smile be comes a
smirk, I go to work.

Refrain (with swinging rhythm and not fast)

Love for sale. Appetizing young love for sale.

Love that's fresh and still unspoiled, Love that's only slightly soiled, Love for sale.

Who will buy? Who would like to
sam-ple my sup-ply? Who's pre-pared to pay the price For a trip to par-a-dise? Love for sale. Let the po-ets pipe of love

In their child-ish way. I know ev'-ry type of love Bet-ter far than they.

If you want the thrill of love, I've been thru the mill of love; Old love, new love,
Ev'ry love but true love. Love —— for sale. ——
Appe-tiz-ing
rall. più rit. f a tempo

young love for sale. If you want to buy my wares, Follow me and climb the stairs,
molto cresc.

ff broadly dimin. p

for sale.

P dim. e morendo a tempo pp

28
Night and Day
FROM GAY DIVORCE

Moderato

(mp poco a poco cresc.)

(not fast)

Edim

Bb7

Eb

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the tick, tick, tock of the state-ly clock, as it stands against the wall,
Like the drip, drip, drip of the rain-drops, When the sum-mer show'r is

Ebm

Bb7

Edim

Bb7

Eb

Ebm
through; So a voice within me keeps repeating, "You, you, you."

Refrain

Night and day, you are the one. Only you, beneath the moon and under the sun. Whether near to me or far, It's no matter, darling, where you are, I think of you.
night and day, Day and night, Why is it

so That this longing for you follows wherever I go?

In the roaring traffic's boom, In the silence of my lonely room, I

think of you, night and day. Night and day
under the hide of me, There's an oh, such a hungry yearning

- ing burn- ing in- side of me. And its tor- ment won't be

through Till you let me spend my life mak- ing love to you, day and night,

night and day. Night and day.
un-der the hide of me, There's an oh, such a hun-gry yearn-
ing burn-ing in-side of me. And its tor-ment won't be

through. Till you let me spend my life mak-ing love to you, day and night,

night and day... Night and day...
I Get a Kick Out of You

FROM ANYTHING GOES

Moderato

My story is much too sad to be told,

But practically everything leaves me totally cold.

The only exception I know is the case

When I'm out on a quiet spree,

Fighting vainly the old ennui.

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And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

Refrain
I get no kick from champagne. Mere alcohol doesn't

thrill me at all, So tell me why should it be true That

I get a kick out of you? Some get a kick from co-
caine. I'm sure that if I had even one sniff it would bore me terrificly too. Yet I get a kick out of you. I get a kick ev'ry time I see you're standing there before me. I get a kick tho' it's
clear to me You obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a plane. Flying too high with some

gal in the sky Is my idea of nothing to do. Yet

I get a kick out of you.
All Through the Night
FROM ANYTHING GOES

Moderato

F Fm F Fm F Fm

The day— is my en-e-my,— The night— my friend,

F Fm F Fm F Fm

For I'm al-ways

Pleggiero

C7 F Fm F Fm F Fm F

so a-lone. Till the day draws— to an end,

F Fm Bbm7 Eb7 Abmaj7 Bbm7 Eb7 Cm7 Ab

But when the sun goes down

And the moon comes through,

To the mon-o-tone of the eve-ning's drone

I'm
Fm7  Bbm  Fm  Bbm  C7  F  C9  C7
all a lone with you.

Refrain (not fast)

F  A7  Dm  F#dim  F7  Bb
All through the night I de light

mp legato

Eb7  Ab  Gaug.7  G7  C7(b9)
in your love. All through the night

C7  F6  Gm7  C7
you're so close to me.
All through the night, from a height far above,
You and your love bring me ecstasy.
When dawn comes to awaken me,
You're never there at all.
I know you've forsaken me
Till the shadows fall;
But then once again I can dream
I've the right to be close to you
All through the night.
You're the Top

from Anything Goes

Moderato

\( E_b \quad F\#dim \quad C_7 \quad Fm \)

At words poetic I'm so pathetic that I always have found it best, instead of getting 'em off my
chest, to let 'em rest un-expressed.

hate parading my serenade As I'll

probably miss a bar, But if this dit ty Is

not so pretty, At least it'll tell you how great you are...
1. You're the top!
2. You're the top!
3. You're the top!
4. You're the top!

Colosseum,
hatma Gandhi,
Ritz hot today,
Waldorf salad,

You're the top!
You're the top!
You're the top!
You're the top!

You're the Louvre Museum,
You're Napoleon brandy,
You're a Brewster body,
You're a Berlin ballad,
melody From a symphony by Strauss, You're a
purple light Of a summer night in Spain, You're the
boats that glide On the sleepy Zuider Zee, You're a
nimble tread Of the feet of Fred Astaire, You're an

D Gm C9 F7(6)

Bendel bonnet, A Shakespear sonnet, You're
National Gallery, You're Garbo's sal'ry, You're
Nathan panning, You're Bishop Manning, You're
O'Neill drama, You're Whistler's mamma, You're

Bb9 Edim Bb7 Bb9(B9)

Mickey Mouse You're the
cellophane You're sub-
broccoli You're a
Camembert You're a
Nile, lime, prize, rose,
You're the Tow'r of Pi-sa,
You're a tur-key din-ner,
You're a night at Co-ney,
You're In-fer-no's Dan-te,

You're the smile on the time the eyes
You're the nose on

Mo-na Lis-a.
Der-by win-ner.
re-ne Bor-do-ni.
great Du-ran-te.
I'm a worth-less check, a
toy bal-loon that is
just in the way as the
la-zy lout who is

47
to-tal wreck, a flop,
fat-ed soon to pop,
French would say, "De trop!"
just a-bout to stop,

But if,

Ba-by, I'm the bot-tom, You're the top!

top!
Anything Goes
FROM ANYTHING GOES.

Moderato

Cm  Ab  Cm

Times have changed.  And we've often re-

P a tempo

G7  Cm  Db

wound the clock.  Since the Pu-ri-tans got a shock.

G7

When they landed on Plym-outh Rock.

Dm7  G7  C7

If to-

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Any shock they should try to stem,

'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock would land on them.

Refrain (brightly)

1. In olden days a glimpse of stocking Was looked on as something shock-

(2. When) mothers pack and leave poor father Because they decide they'd rather-

(3. When you) hear that Lady Mendel, standing up, Now does a hand-spring land-

50
— ing, But now, God knows,
— er Be tennis pros,
— ing up On her toes,
— y thing goes.
— y thing goes.
— y thing goes.

Good authors, too, who once knew better words
When Missus Ned McLean, God bless her, Can get Russian Reds to "yes"
When Sam Goldwyn can with great conviction instruct Anna Sten in
different words, writing prose,
her, Then I suppose
— tion, Then Anna shows
— y thing goes.
— y thing goes.
— y thing goes.
The world has gone mad today. And good's bad today. And black's
If driving fast cars you like. If low bars you like. If old
Just think of those shocks you got. And those knocks you got. And those

white today. And day's night today. When most guys today. That woman
hymns you like. Or bare limbs you like. If Mae West you like. Or me un-
blues you got. From that news you got. And those pains you got. (If any

prize today. Are just silly gigglos. So
dressed you like. Why, no body would oppose. When
brains you got. From those little radios. So
though I'm not a great romancer I know that you're bound to answer

every night the set that's smart is indulging in nudist par

Missus R., with all her trimmings, can broadcast a bed for Sim

C7

C F6 C F6 C Fdim G7

F6

2. When you goes.

G7

3. When you goes.

F6

C
Blow, Gabriel, Blow

Poco agitato
uns.
(Spoken)

Do you hear that play-in? Yes, I hear that play-in!

(Sung)

Do you know who's play-in? No, who is that play-in? Why, it's

Ab

Gabri-el, Gabri-el play-in', Gabri-el, Gabri-el say-in',

Abm6

"Will you be read-y to go when I blow my horn?"

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Refrain (vigorously)

Blow, Gabriel, blow! Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!

I've been a sinner, I've been a scamp, But

now I'm willin' to trim my lamp, So blow, Gabriel, blow!

I was low, Gabriel, low, mightily low, Gabriel, blow!
- bri- el, low. But now since I have seen the light, I'm

good by day and I'm good by night, So blow, Ga- bri- el, blow.

- Once I was head- ed for hell, - Once I was head-

- ed for hell; - But when I got to Sa- tan's door I
heard you blowin' on your horn once more, So I said, "Satan, farewell!"

And now I'm all ready to fly, Yes, to fly higher and higher! 'Cause I've gone through brimstone:

and I've been thru the fire, And I've purged my soul and my heart too, So
climb up the mountain top— and start to blow,— Gabriel.

blow! Go on and blow,— Gabriel, blow!

I want to join your happy band. And play all day in the

Promised Land, So blow,— Gabriel, blow! — Oh,
Miss Otis Regrets

1934

Andantino

Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today, Madam. Miss

Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today. She is
sor-ry to be de-layed, But last eve-ning down in Love-er’s Lane she strayed,

Ma-dam... Miss O-tis re-grets she’s un-a-ble to lunch to-day.

Refrain

When she woke up and found that her dream of love was gone,
(When the) mob came and got her and dragged her from the jail,

Ma-dam, She ran to the man who had led her so far a-
Ma-dam, They strung her up-on that old wil-low a-cross the
stray, And from under her velvet way, And the moment before she
gown died She drew a gun and shot her lover

down, Madam. Miss Otis regrets she's un-
cried, Madam, "Miss Otis regrets she's un-

able to lunch today." When the

poco rit.
Why Shouldn't I?

FROM JUBILEE

Moderato

C    G7          C    G9          C          Dm7          C          G7

All my life I've been so secluded, Love has eluded me.

p a tempo

C          Dm7          G7          C

But from knowing second hand what I do of it, I feel certain I could stand a closer view of it.

Dm7          G7          C          Am          Em          Am

Till today I
studied love discreetly, But now that I'm completely free, I must

find some kind persona gratia To give me
da ta personally.

Refrain (Slowly, with tender expression)

Why shouldn't I take a chance when romance passes by?
Why shouldn't I know of love?

Why wait around, When each age has a sage who has found
That upon this earth love is all that is really worth thinking of?

It must be fun, lots of fun, To be
sure when day is done That the hour is coming when You'll be

poco a poco cres.

kissed and then You'll be kissed again! All debutantes say it's
dim.

good, And ev'ry star out in far Hollywood seems to give it a try, So

mf più espres.

why shouldn't I?
Moderato

When they begin the be-guine

It brings back the sound of music so tender,

It brings back a memory ever green.
I'm with you once more under the stars. And

down by the shore an orchestra's playing, And even the palms

-- seem to be swaying When they begin the be-

To live it again is past all endeavor,
Except when that tune—clutches my heart. Then

there we are, swearing to love forever,—And promising

never, never to part.—What moments divine,—

dim.

what rapture serene! Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had

C6  Cmaj.7  C6  C  C7
tasted, And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted,
I know but too well what they mean. So don't let them begin the beguine! Let the love that was once a-fire remain an ember. Let it
f molto espr.
sleep like the dead desire I only remember
When they begin

the be-guine.

Oh, yes, let them begin the be-guine, make them

play

Till the stars that were there before return a-

bove you,

Till you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you!"
And we suddenly know what heaven we're in,

When they begin the be-guine.

When they begin the be-

guine.
Just One of Those Things

FROM JUBILEE

Allegretto

As Dorothy Parker once said to her boyfriend, "Fare thee well!"

As Columbus announced when he knew he was bounced, "It was swell, Isabella, swell!"

As Abelard said to Heloise.
"Don't forget to drop a line to me, please." As Juliet cried.

in her Romeo's ear,

"Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?"

Refrain (brightly)

It was just one of those things,

Just one

of those crazy flings,

One of those bells that now and then rings,
Just one of those things.
It was just one of those nights.
Just one of those fabulous flights, A trip to the moon on gossamer wings.
Just one of those things. If we'd thought a bit of the end of it—When we started painting the town,
We'd have been aware that our love affair was too hot not to cool down. So good-bye, dear, and amen!

Here's hoping we meet now and then. It was great fun, but it was just one of those things.

It was
It's De-lovely
FROM RED, HOT AND BLUE

Allegretto

He: I feel a sudden urge to sing—The kind of ditty that in-

vokes the Spring. So control your desire to curse while I crucify the

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verse.
She: This verse I've started seems to me the
Tin Pan - ti - thes - is of mel - o - dy, So to spare you all the
pain I'll skip the darn thing and sing the re-frain.

He: Mi mi mi mi, Re re re re, Do sol mi do la si. She: Take it a-way!
Refrain (very rhythmically)

1. The night is young,— the skies are clear, And if you want to go
(2. Time) marches on, and soon it's plain, You've won my heart, and I've
(3. The) knot is tied, and so we take a few hours off to eat
(4. We) settle down as man and wife, To solve the riddle called

walk-ing dear,
lost my brain,
wed-ding cake,
"mar-ried life,"

It's de-light-ful, it's de-li-cious, it's de-

I un-der-stand the
Life seems so sweet that
It feels fine to
We're on the crest, we
reason why you're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
we decide it's in the bag to get unified,
be a bride, and how's the groom? Why, he's slightly fried!
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's lovely.

Gm6                      Gm
G7

You can tell at a glance.
See that crowd in the church.
To the pop of champagne.
All's as right as can be.

What a
See that
Off we
Till one
swell
proud
hop
night
this
son
our
lit-tle
my
is
for
plush
plane,
win-
dow
rom-
cance,
perch,
sweet
be
till
light
ab-
surd
bird
with
Na-
ture
or-
peel-
ness
bun-
low,
doom,
calls,
hung
mur-
mur-
ing
ing
ing
our
ly
on
"Let
your-
self
"Here
go!
the
goes
"Bo-
"All's
"Get
baby
murying
ning
our
calls,
on
nose.
self
go!"
"Go-
the
"Bo-
"All's
"Get
baby
clo'es!"
Those
please
be
sweet,
and
how
our
day's
filled
my
chick-
ame,
smile,
your
day's
with
And
when
And
just
gal-
lop-
ing
ful
and
eyes
of
when
Nurse
appears
cries,
say to me, "It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delightful, it's delightful,
down the aisle, It's divine, dear, it's di-veen, dear, it's duh-
bridal suite, It's dreamy, it's dr-rousy, it's de-
"It's a boy!" He's appalling, he's appeal-
ing, he's a

le-c-ta-ble, it's de-lir-i-ous, it's di-lema, it's de-
vun-der-bar, it's duh vic-to-ry, it's duh val-lap, it's duh vin-ner,
re-ve-rie, it's de-rhap-so-dy, it's de-re-gal, it's de-roy-al,
pol-ly-wog, he's a par-a-gon, he's — Pop-eye, he's a pan-
ic,
poco a poco crescendo

it's *de-luxe, it's de-love-ly.*
it's duh voiks, it's de-love-ly.
it's de-Ritz, it's de-love-ly.
he's a pip, he's de-love-ly.

*Pronounced "delukes!"
Ridin' High
FROM RED, HOT AND BLUE

Allegro non troppo

f deciso

Cm

G7

Love had rocked me, simply knocked me for a loop.

mf

melody

Cm

G7

Cm

Luck had dished me till you fished me from the soup.

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Now together We can weather anything.

So please don't sputter If I should mutter.

Refrain (brightly)

Life's great, life's grand.

Future all planned.
No more clouds in the sky,

How'm I rid'in'? I'm rid'in' high.

Someone I love,

Mad for my love, So long,
Am Dm7 B C Em7 A7 C#dim7

Jo-nah, good-bye. How'm I rid-in'? I'm

Fm6 G7 C Bb7 Eb Bb7

rid-in' high. Float-ing on a

Eb Bb7

star-lit ceil-ing, Dot-ing on the cards I'm deal-ing,

Bbm6 C7 Caug.7 C7 Edim Fm unis. B7

Gloat-ing be-cause I'm feel-ing so hap-hap-

89
-hap-py, I'm slap-hap-py. 
So ring bells,

sing songs,-
Blow horns,-
beat gongs,-

Our love never will die.

Howin' I rid-in'? I'm rid-in' high.
Easy to Love

from Born to Dance

Andantino

\( B^b \) (with tender expression and not fast) \( Gm \)

I know too well that I'm just wasting precious time in

\( P \) dolce e semplice

\( Cm7 \) \( F7 \) \( B^b \) \( Cm7 \)

thinking such a thing could be, That you could ever care for me.
I'm sure you hate to hear — That I adore you, dear, but

grant me, just the same, — I'm not entirely to blame, For

Refrain (slowly, with much expression)

You'd be so easy to love, So easy to idolize all others above, So worth the yearning for,
So swell to keep ev'-ry home fire burn-ing for.  
We'd

be so grand at the game, So care-free to-gether that it does seem a

shame That you can't see Your fu-ture in me 'Cause you'd be

oh, so eas-y to love.
I've Got You under My Skin

*FROM BORN TO DANCE*

Allegretto sostenuto

Refrain (Beguine tempo)

I've got you under my skin,

I've got you deep in the heart of me,

So deep in my heart, You're really a part of me, I've
got you under my skin.

tried so not to give in,

said to myself, "This affair never will go so well."

why should I try to resist when, darling, I know so well

I've
got you under my skin. I'd
sacrifice anything, come what might, for the sake of having you near, In spite of a
poco a poco cresc. ed appassionato

warning voice that comes in the night And repeats and repeats in my ear: “Don't you

know, little fool, you never can win? Use your men-

f molto espressivo
tal-i-ty, Wake up to re-al-i-ty."

But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop
Before I be-gin, 'Cause I've got you un-der my skin.

I've
In the Still of the Night

from ROSALIE

Andantino (in a steady movement, but not too fast)

Mysteriously

\[ \text{In the still of the night,} \]

\[ \text{As I gaze from my window} \]

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At the moon in its flight, My thoughts all stray to you.
In the still of the night,
While the world is in slumber,
Oh, the times without number, Darling, that I

\textit{molto crescendo}
Am C7
say to you:

C7

"Do

mf

Gm7 C7
you love me
As I love

espressivo

C7

F Aug. Bb
you?

F Aug. Bb
Are you my life to

F Aug. Bb

C7 Cm6
be,
My dream come true?"
Or will this dream of mine fade.

out of sight. Like the moon growing.

don the rim of the hill.

in the chill. Still of the
night?

Fm6

night?

Fm6

F6

morendo

ppp
Rosalie
FROM ROSALIE

Allegretto con moto

When knight-hood was in flow'r— and a man wooed a maid,

Beneath her sacred bow'r—

he sang a serenade.
I date, I suppose, it's poco a poco cresc.
late, Heaven knows, it blows piu cresc.
and it snows, But any way, here

Slowly

D Em7 Fdim D Cm7 F7 Eb F7

goes:

p crescendo poco a poco rall.
Refrain (in slow, strict tempo)

A7  Adim7  A9  D

Rosa-lie,  my  dar-ling,  Rosa-lie,

mf  a tempo

Eb7  D

my  dream!  Since  one  night,  When

A7  Ab7

stars  danced  a-bove,  I'm  oh,  oh,  so  much  in

Em7  A7  D  Dmaj.7

love.  So,  Rosa-lie,  have  mer-cy!
C#7   F#7   B7
Rosalie, don’t decline. Won’t you make my life

Ddim   Em   Fdim   D   Bb7   Ebm6   B7   Bb7   B7   E7   G6   A7
thrill-ing, And tell me you’re willing to be mine, Rosalie,

1. D   F7
mine!

2. Allegretto con moto

D   F   A7   D
mine!

F   A7   Bb   C#   A7   D
At Long Last Love

from You Never Know

Con moto

I'm so in love, and though it gives me joy in

tense, I can't decipher. If I'm a lifter, or if it's

just a first offense.

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love, I've no sense of values left at all. Is this a

play-time affair of Maytime? Or is it a windfall?

Refrain (slowly, with warm expression)

Is it an earthquake or simply a shock?

---

Is it the good turtle soup or merely the
mock?

Is it a cocktail, this feeling of joy?

Or is what I feel the real M-

Coy?

Is it for all time,

or simply a lark?

Is it Gra-
I see or only Asbury Park?
Is it a

fancy not worth thinking of?

Or is it at last

love?

Is it an love?
Get Out of Town

FROM LEAVE IT TO ME

Moderato

mp

G slowly and pensively Dm6 E7 Cm6 D7 G D7

The farce was ended, The curtains drawn,

P a tempo

G Bb aug. D Em A7 D

And I at least pretended That love was dead and gone.
But now from nowhere you come to me as before

To my piu espr.

take my heart and break my heart once more.

Refrain (in steady slow tempo, with increasing expression)

Get out of town, Be before it's too late, my love!

Get out of town, Be good to me, please.
Why wish me harm?
Why not retire to a farm?

And be contented to charm.
The birds off the trees?

Just disappear, I care for you much too much.
And when you are near,
Close to me, dear, we touch too much.

The thrill when we meet is so bitter sweet That, darling, it's getting me down.

So on your mark, get set, Get out of town!
My Heart Belongs to Daddy

From Leave It To Me

Slowly

C\ Cdim\ C\ F

I used to fall— In love with all—

G7\ C\ Cm6\ Ab7\ G7

Those boys who maul— Re-fined la-dies.

C\ Cdim\ C\ D7

But now I tell— Each young gazelle—

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To go to hell — I mean Hades.

since I've come to care — For such a sweet millionaire.

Refrain (slow Rumba tempo)

1. While tearing off— A game of golf— I may make a play for the
(2. Saint) Patricks Day— Although I may— be seen wearing green with a

caddy, But when I do— I don't follow through 'Cause my heart belongs to
paddy, I'm always sharp When playing the harp— 'Cause my heart belongs to

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Daddy. If I invite a boy some night to
dine on my fine finnan haddie,
I just adore his
ask for more. But my heart belongs to Daddy.
heart belongs to Daddy, So I simply couldn't be bad.

Daddy. Though other dames at foot ball games may
long for a strong under grad dy, I never dream of
making the team. 'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy.
heart belongs to Daddy, So I simply couldn't be bad.

Yes, my
Yes, my

Espressivo
heart belongs to Daddy, Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-daddy-ad! So I
heart belongs to Daddy, Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-daddy-ad! So I

G7  C  
want to warn you, lad-die,
want to warn you, lad-die,

Though I know you're perfectly
Though I simply hate to be

F  Fm  C
swell,
frank,

That my heart belongs to Daddy
That I can't be mean to Daddy

'Cause my

Fm6  G7
Daddy, he treats it so well. 2. Saint
Daddy-daddy might

spank.
Friendship
FROM DUBARRY WAS A LADY

Moderato

1. If you're ever in a jam,
Here I am.

2. If you're ever up a tree,
Phone to me.

3. If they ever black your eyes,
Put me wise.

If you're ever in a mess,
S. O. S.

If you're ever down a well,
Ring my bell.

If they ever cook your goose,
Turn me loose.

If you ever feel so well,

If you ever lose your well,

If they ever put a well,
happy you land in jail,  
I'm your bail.  
It's

teeth and you're out to dine,  
Borrow mine.  
It's

bullet through your brain,  
I'll complain.  
It's

friendship,  
friendship,  
Just a perfect blend. When
friendship,  
friendship,  
Just a perfect blend. When
friendship,  
friendship,  
Just a perfect blend. When

other friendships have been forgot  
Ours will still be hot. Lah-dle
other friendships go up in smoke  
Ours will still be "oke." Lah-dle
other friendships have been forgot  
Ours will still be it. Lah-dle
ah-dle-ah-dle, dig, dig, dig.
ah-dle-ah-dle, chuck, chuck, chuck.
ah-dle-ah-dle, hep, hep, hep.

2. If you're
3. If they
4. If you
(5. If they)

ever lose your mind, I'll be kind.
ever crack your spine, Drop a line.

If you ever lose your shirt, I'll be hurt.
If you ever catch on fire, Send a wire.

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If you're ever in a mill and get sawed in half,
If you ever take a boat and get lost at sea,
I won't laugh! Write to me.
It's just a perfect friendship,
I Concentrate on You
FROM BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

Andantino espressivo

Refrain - Molto cantabile (but in rhythm)

E₅
Ebmaj.7 Eb6 B⁷

Whenever skies look gray to me

Ebm
Bb⁷
Ebm Abm₆

And trouble begins to brew.
Whenever the winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.

When fortune cries "nay, nay!" to me,

And people declare "You're through!"
When ever the blues be come my only song,

I con cen - trate on you. On your

smile so sweet, so ten - der, When at

first my kiss you I de - line. On the
light in your eyes, When I surrender, And once a-
cresc.

gain our arms interwine.

And so when wise men say to me

That love's young dream never comes true,
To prove that even wise men can be wrong,

I concentrate on you.

I concentrate and concentrate

on you.
Ev'rything I Love

FROM LET'S FACE IT

Moderately and smoothly

\begin{align*}
\text{Eb} & \text{m} & \text{A} & \text{bm} & \text{6} & \text{B} & \text{b} & \text{7} \\
\text{If I were Lord Byron,} & \text{I'd write you, sweet sirens,} & \text{A poem in spirin',} & \text{A killer diller oo.} & \text{Too bad I'm no poet,}
\end{align*}

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I happen to know it, But anyway, Here's a roundelay That I wrote last night about you.

Refrain (slowly, with expression)

You are to me every thing, My life to be, every thing,

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thing.

When in my sleep you appear,

Fair skies of deep blue appear.

Each time our lips touch again,

I yearn for you oh so much.
You are my favorite star,
My haven in heaven above.
You are everything I love.
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To
FROM SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Allegretto commodo

It's not that you're fairer than a lot of girls just as pleasing, that I
doff my hat as a worshipper at your shrine. It's
not that you're rarer Than asparagus out of season, No, my darling, this is the reason Why you've got to be mine:

Refrain (rather slow with feeling)

You'd be so nice to come home to,

You'd be so nice by the fire.
While the breeze on high sang a lullaby. You'd be all that I could desire. Under stars chilled by the winter, under an August moon.
Burning above, You'd be

so nice, You'd be paradise to come

home to and love. You'd be

home to and love.
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye
FROM SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

Moderato

Allegretto (but not fast)

We love each other so deeply That I ask you this, sweet-

heart, Why should we quarrel ever,

Why can't we be enough clever, never to part?

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Refrain (Very slowly and pensively) (four beats)

Every time we say goodbye I die a little.

Every time we say goodbye I wonder

why a little. Why the gods above me, Who

must be in the know, Think so little
of me They al - low you to go.

When you’re near there’s such an air of

Spring a - bout it, I can hear a lark some -

where be - gin to sing a - bout it. There’s no love song
fin - er, Yet how strange the change from ma - jor to mi - nor

subito p

Ev - 'ry time we say good - bye.

Ev - 'ry sin - gle time we say good - bye.

say good - bye.
Con moto

Fm
(Db)

(rather lightly and not slowly)

Fm6
C7
Fm

If a love song I could only write,
A song with words and

Bbm
C7
Bbm6
C7

music divine,
I would serenade you every

night
Till you’d relent and consent to be mine.
But a-

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just an amateur am I
And so I'll not be surprised, my dear, If you smile and politely pass it by. When this, my first love song, you hear:

(Four beats)
Refrain (in warm movement)  C7(b9)  Fdim  F

"I love you,"       hums the April breeze.

Gm7  C7

"I love you;

D7  Bbm6

hills.          "I love you,"

C7  Fdim  F

the golden dawn agrees        As once
more she sees daffodils.

poco a poco cresc.

It's spring again

And birds on the wing again

Start to sing again

The old melody.

"I
"love you," That's the song of songs, And it all belongs to you and me. "I me. And it all belongs to you and delicato poco sostenuto a tempo
Why Can’t You Behave

Molto moderato

From KISS ME, KATE

Refrain (Slowly)

Eb\nF(b9) Bb7 Eb\nBb7

1. Why can’t you behave? Oh,

Eb G7(b5) C7(b9) F7 Bb

why can’t you behave? After

Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Ab (bb-sus.) Ab G7 G7(b5) Caug7 C7 F7 Fm7 Bb7

all the things you told me And the promises that you gave, Oh,

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why can't you behave? — — — — — — — — — — — — Why

can't you be good — — And do just as you

should? — — — — — — — — — Won't you turn that new leaf o-ver, So your ba-by can be your

slave? Oh, why can't you behave? — — — There's a
farm I know near my old home town. Where we two can go and try settlin' down. There I'll care for you forever. Well, at.

least till you dig my grave, Oh, why can't you be-

all in the world I crave, But why can't you be-

have?
Wunderbar
FROM KISS ME, KATE

Tempo di Valse (lively)

Gazing down on the Jung-frau
From our secret chalet for two,
Let us drink, Liebchen

Mein, In the moonlight benign,
To the joy of our

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dream come true.

Refrain

Wunderbar! Wunderbar! What a

perfect night for love! Here am I,

here you are, Why, it's truly wunder-
bar! Wun - der - bar! Wun - der - bar!

We're a - lone and hand in glove, Not a

cloud near or far, Why, it's

more than wun - der - bar! Oh I
care, dear, for you madly, And I

long, dear, for your kiss. I would

die, dear, for you gladly! You're divine, dear,
cresc.

And you're mine, dear! Wunderbar! Wunder-

subito p e rall. mp a tempo
bar! There's our fav'rite star above.

What a bright shining star! Like our

love, it's wun - der - bar! Wun - der -

love, it's wun - der - bar!
So in Love
FROM KISS ME, KATE

Moderato

Refrain (in steady moderate tempo, not slowly)

Fm

C7

Strange, dear, but true, dear, When I'm close to

P (always with great warmth)

Bbm

Eb

Eb7

Ab

Ab7

you, dear, The stars fill the sky, So in
love with you am I.

Even with-

out you
My arms fold about you, You

know, darling, why, So in love with you am

I.
In love with the night mysterious, The
night when you first were there. In love with my joy d-

cresc. piu espr.

lir-i-ous When I knew that you could care. So

poco marc.

taunt me and hurt me, Deceive me, De-

I'm yours till I die. So in

cresc. f passionately
love,
So in love,
So in love with you, my

dim.

love,
I am I.

f

poco allarg.
Were Thine That Special Face

Andantino con moto

I wrote a poem in classic style.

I wrote it with my tongue in my cheek And my lips in a smile.
But of late my poem has a meaning so new, For, to my surprise, it suddenly applies to my darling, to you.

Refrain - Slow Fox-trot tempo
Were the the special face, The face which fills my dreaming.

165
thine the rhythm'd grace, Were
thine the form so lithe and slender, Were poco a poco cresc.
thine the arms so warm, so tender, Were thine the dolce
kiss divine. Were thine the love for
Am
me,
E7 sus. a
E7
The love which fills my
Am
F

F#dim
E
F
E7
Am
Am7
dreaming.
When all these charms are
cresc.

Am6
Dm6
A
Bm7
E7
thine,
Then you'll be mine,
all
ten.
f
mp
a tempo

1. A
mine.
Dm6
E7
2. A
Were mine.

167
Where is the Life?

Allegro con fuoco

Since I reached the charming age of puberty, and began to finger feminine curls, like a...
show that's typically Shubert\text{-}y I have
al\text{-}ways had a mul\text{-}ti\text{-}tude of girls. But

Molto meno (much broader)

now that a mar\text{-}ried man at last am I, How a-
ware of my dear, depart\text{-}ed past am I.

171
Refrain *(lively)*

1.2.3. Where is the life that late I led? Where is it now? Totally dead. Where is the fun I used to find? Where has it gone? Gone with the
Dm    D7    Gm    C7    Fmaj.7
wind.*

A  married life may all be
2. The marriage game is quite all
3. I've oft been told of nuptial

D7    Gm    F6    Bb6    Bdim    C    G7
well, But raising an heir Could never compare With raising a bit of
right, Yes, during the day It's easy to play, But oh what a bore at
bliss, But what do you do, a quarter to two, With only a shrew to

subito P

C    C7    F    C7
hell. night. So I repeat what first I said,

kiss?

*pronounce: wined.

173
Where is the life that late I...
In dear Mii-
Where is Re-
la- no, Where are you, Mo-mo, Still sell-ing those pic-tures of the scrip-tures in the bec-ca, my Bee-kii wee-kio, Could still she be cruis-ing that a-mus-ing Pon-te
Duo-mo? And Ca-roe-le-na, where are you, Le-na, Still ped-dling your Vee-chio? Where is Fe-do-ra, the wild vi-ra-go? It's luck-y I
piz-za in the streets o' Ta-or-mi-na? And in Fi-ren-ze, where are you missed her gang-ster sis-ter from Chi-ca-go, Where is Ve-ne-tia, who loved to
Alice, Still there in your pretty it-ty bit-ty Pit-ti Palace? And sweet Lu-chat so, Could still she be drink-in' in her stink-in' pink palazzo? And love-ly cre-tia, so young and gay-ee, What scan-da-lous Li-sa, where are you, Li-sa? You gave a new do-ins in the ru-ins of Pom-pe-i? - Where is the mean-ing to the Lean-ing Tower of Pi-sa. - Meaning to the Lean-ing Tower of Pi-sa. -

Back to Refrain

礼仪
Always True to You
in My Fashion

FROM KISS ME, KATE

Bright and in strict rhythm

C    Dm7    G7    C
I know a boy,    my fav'rite gent,

G7
He gives me

C    G7
joy

but not a cent.

C    Am    G7
I could never love a lad more,

C    Am7    B7    Em    Em7    F#7    F#7(b5)
Yet, to be frank,    I'd be happier if he had more cash

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in the bank... Each time we try

romantic flights, He begs for my exclusive

rights. My reaction is to give in. But the risin' cost of

livin' fills my heart with fear, So I always say to him, Listen, dear...
Refrain (graceful fox trot)

1. If a custom-tailored vet
   Asks me out for something wet,
   When the vet begins to pet
   I cry "Hooray!".

2. I've been asked to have a meal
   By a big tycoon in steel,
   If the meal includes a deal,
   Accept I may,

3. There's a wealthy Hindu priest
   Who's a wolf, to say the least,
   When the priest goes too far east,
   I also stray.

4. From Ohio, Mister Thorne
   Calls me up from night 'til morn,
   Mister Thorne once cornered corn
   And that ain't hay.

But I'm always true to you,
dar-lin', in my fash-ion,

al-ways true to you, dar-lin', in my way.

I en-joy a ten-der pass By the
I could nev-er curl my lip To a
There's a lush from Port-land, Ore. Who is
From Mil-wau-kee, Mis-ter Fritz Oft-en
boss of Boston, Mass._
Though his pass is middle class__
dazzlin' diamond clip__
Though the clip meant "let 'er rip,"
rich but sich a bore__
When the bore falls on the floor__
moves me to the Ritz__,
Mister Fritz is full of Schlitz__

and not Back Bay,__
I'd not say "Nay!"__
I let him lay__,
and full of play__,

always true to you, darlin'; in my fashion, dolce

mf
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way.

There's a mad-man known as
There's an oil-man known as
Mis-ter Har-ris, plu-to-
Mis-ter Ga-ble, I mean

"Mack" Who is planning to attack, If his
"Tex" Who is keen to give me checks, And his
crat, Wants to give my cheek a pat, If the
Clark, Wants me on his boat to park, If the
mad attack means a Cadillac o kay!
checks, I fear, mean that sex is here to stay!
Harris pat means a Paris hat, *Bébé! "Oo-la-la" (spoken)
Gable boat means a sable coat, †Anchors Aweigh!

But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion,

Mais je suis toujours fidèle, darlin', in my fashion,

But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion,

Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way!

Oui, je suis toujours fidèle, darlin', in my way!

Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way!

2. I've been
3. There's a
4. From O-

*Pronounced Bigbuy
†Shouted
From This Moment On
FROM OUT OF THIS WORLD

Moderately slow

F  Gm7  Bb  F
Now that we are close, no more nights morose,

mp cantabile

C  Dm  Am  G  F  G  C  C7
Now that we are one, the beguine has just begun.
Now that we're side by side, the future looks so gay,
Now we are alibied when we say:

Suddenly lively

Refrain (lively, but not rushed)
From this moment on,
you for me, dear,
on-ly two for tea, dear,
from this moment on.
From this happy day,
no more blue songs,

only whoop-dee-doo songs,

from this moment on. For you've

got the love I need so much,
Got the skin—I love to touch,

Got the arms—to hold me tight,

Got the sweet lips—to kiss me good-night.

From this moment on,
you and I, babe,

we'll be ridin' high, babe, Ev'ry

care is gone from this moment

1. on. 2. on.
It's All Right with Me
FROM CAN-CAN

Steadily moving fox trot

Refrain
Cm
F9
It's the wrong time—and the wrong place—tho' your

Cm
Fm
face is charming, it's the wrong face, it's not

Bb
Bb7
Bbm6
C9
{her} face—but such a charming face—that it's
all right with me. It's the
wrong song in the wrong style tho' your
smile is lovely, it's the wrong smile, it's not
her smile but such a lovely smile that it's
all right with me. You
can't know how happy I am that we met,
I'm strangely attracted to you.
There's someone I'm trying so hard to forget. Don't
you want to forget someone too?

It's the

wrong game  with the wrong chips, tho' your

lips are tempting, they're the wrong lips, They're not

her lips, but they're such tempting lips that if
F9       F7       Bb9       Bb7sus.7       Bb7
some night    you're free,    dear, it's

Eb maj.7       Eb7           Eb aug.7       A7 maj.7
all right,    it's all right

cresc.

Ab7       F9       Fm7
with me.

1.
Eb       G7
It's the

2.
Eb

194
I Love Paris
FROM CAN-CAN

Moderato

Tranquillo

Every time I look down on this timeless town, whether

blue or gray be her skies,

Whether

loud be her cheers, or whether soft be her tears, more and

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more do I realize

Refrain (slow fox-trot tempo)

Cm

I love Paris in the spring-time.

I love Paris in the fall.

I love

197
Paris in the winter, when it drizzles.

I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles.

Sostenuto (jubilantly)

I love Paris every moment,
every moment of
I love Paris

why, oh why do I love Paris?

Because my love is near.

Because my love is near.
All of You
FROM SILK STOCKINGS

Fox trot tempo

(with bounce, but not too fast)

After watching her appeal from every angle,

There's a big romantic deal I've got to

wangle. For I've fallen for a
certain lovely lass,

not a passing fancy or a fancy pass.

Refrain (slowly)

I love the looks of you, the

lure of you, The sweet of you, the
pure of you, The eyes, the arms, the
mouth of you, The East, West, North and the
South of you. I'd love to gain com-
plete control of you, And han-
dle

202
even the heart and soul of you, So

love, at least, a small percent of me, do,

For I love all of you.

I love the you.

203
True Love
FROM HIGH SOCIETY

Moderate Valse tempo

Easy tempo

G
D7
G

Sun - tanned, wind - blown, Hon - ey

G
Ddim
D7
G

moon - ers at last a - lone, Feel - ing

C
Cm6
G
A7
Am7
D7

far a - bove par. Oh, how luck - y we are

While

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Refrain (Rather slow)

I give to you and you give to me

True love, true love, So,
on and on it will always be

True love, true love. For you and
I have a guardian angel on high
nothing to do
you and to give to me
true.
But to give to
love forever
true.
I
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ABOUT COLE PORTER SHOWS

SEE AMERICA FIRST

MUSICAL NUMBERS
Buy Her a Box at the Opera
Ever and Ever Yours
I've a Shooting Box in Scotland
The Language of Flowers
Lima

HITCHY-KOO, 1919
Book by George V. Hobart. Produced by Raymond Hitchcock at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 6, 1919. 56 performances. Cast, headed by Mr. Hitchcock, included Lillian Kemble Cooper, Florence O'Denishawn, and Joe Cook.

MUSICAL NUMBERS
I Introduced... (Raymond Hitchcock)
Hitchy's Garden of Roses (Lillian Kemble Cooper)
When I Had a Uniform On (Joe Cook and Eleanor Sinclair)
Peter Piper (Raymond Hitchcock)
My Cozy Little Corner in the Ritz (Raymond Hitchcock)
Old-Fashioned Garden (Lillian Kemble Cooper)
Bring Back My Butterfly (Lillian Kemble Cooper)
That Black and White Baby of Mine
Another Sentimental Song
I've Got Somebody Waiting

HITCHY-KOO, 1922
(opened and closed in Boston)

MUSICAL NUMBERS
When My Caravan Comes Home
Love Letter Words
The Bandit Band
The American Punch
The Harbor Deep Down in My Heart
The Heart a' Me

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

MUSICAL NUMBERS
I'm in Love Again (Dolly Sisters)
Brittanny (George Hale)
My Long-Ago Girl (George Rasey)
Make Ev'ry Day a Holiday (Julia Silvers)
Wait for the Moon

PARIS

MUSICAL NUMBERS
Don't Look at Me That Way (Irene Bordoni)
Two Little Babes in the Wood (Irene Bordoni)
Vivienne (Irving Aaronson's Commanders)
Let's Do It (Irene Bordoni and Arthur Margeson)
Heaven Hop (Irving Aaronson's Commanders)
Let's Misbehave (Irene Bordoni)
Queuque Chose (Irene Bordoni)
Which (Irene Bordoni)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

MUSICAL NUMBERS
You Do Something to Me (William Gaxton and Genevieve Tobin)
You've Got That Thing (Jack Thompson and Betty Compton)
Find Me a Primitive Man (Evelyn Hoey)
The Happy Heaven of Harlem (Billy Reed and Lou Duthers)
You Don’t Know Paree (William Gaxton)
I’m in Love (Genevieve Tobin)
I’m Unlucky at Gambling (Evelyn Hoey)
Paree, What Did You Do to Me (Jack Thompson and Betty Compton)

Let’s Fly Away (Charles King and Hope Williams)
I Happen to Like New York (Oscar “Rags” Ragland)
Just One of Those Things (not the familiar one)

GAY DIVORCE

Book by Dwight Taylor. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman and Tom Weatherly at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, November 29, 1932. 248 performances. Cast, headed by Fred Astaire and Claire Luce, also included Eric Blote, Erik Rhodes, and Luella Gear.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

After You (Fred Astaire)
Night and Day (Fred Astaire and Claire Luce)
How’s Your Romance? (Erik Rhodes)
I’ve Got You on My Mind (Fred Astaire and Claire Luce)
Mister and Missus Fitch (Luella Gear)
You’re in Love (Fred Astaire, Claire Luce, and Erik Rhodes)

ANYTHING GOES


MUSICAL NUMBERS

I Get a Kick Out of You (Ethel Merman and William Gaxton)
All Through the Night (Bettina Hall and William Gaxton)
You’re the Top (Ethel Merman and William Gaxton)
Anything Goes (Ethel Merman)
Blow, Gabriel, Blow (Ethel Merman)
Buddie, Beware (Ethel Merman)
Waltz Down the Aisle (William Gaxton)
The Gypsy in Me (Bettina Hall)

JUBILEE

Book by Moss Hart. Produced by Sam H. Harris and Max Gordon at the Imperial Theatre, New York, October 12, 1935. 169 performances. Cast, headed by Mary Boland and Melville Cooper, also included June Knight, Montgomery Clift, Jackie Kelk, and Charles Walters.
MUSICAL NUMBERS

Why Shouldn’t It (MARGARET ADAMS)
The Kling-Kling Bird on the Divi-Divi Tree (DEREK WILLIAMS)
When Love Comes Your Way (DEREK WILLIAMS and MARGARET ADAMS)
Begin the Beguine (JUNE KNIGHT)
A Picture of Me Without You (JUNE KNIGHT and CHARLES WALTERS)
Me and Marie (MELVILLE COOPER and MARY BOLAND)
— Just One of Those Things (JUNE KNIGHT and CHARLES WALTERS)

RED, HOT AND BLUE

Book by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE. Produced by VINTON FREEDLEY at the Alvin Theatre, New York, October 29, 1936. 183 performances. Cast, headed by ETHEL MERMAN, JIMMY DURANTE, and BOB HOPE, also included GRACE and PAUL HARTMAN, and VIVIAN VANCE.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Ours (DOROTHY VERNON, THURSTON CRANE, and the HARTMANS)
Down in the Depths (ETHEL MERMAN)
You’ve Got Something (BOB HOPE and ETHEL MERMAN)
It’s De-lovely (ETHEL MERMAN and BOB HOPE)
A Little Skipper from Heaven Above (JIMMY DURANTE and chorus)
Ridin’ High (ETHEL MERMAN and chorus)
The Ozarks Are Calling Me Home (ETHEL MERMAN)
Red, Hot and Blue (ETHEL MERMAN and chorus)
Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye (ETHEL MERMAN)
You’re a Bad Influence

BORN TO DANCE

Screenplay by SID SILVERS and JACK MCGOWAN. Produced by JACK CUMMINGS for M-G-M in 1936. Cast, headed by ELEANOR POWELL and JAMES STEWART, included FRANCES LANGFORD, VIRGINIA BRUCE, BUDDY ESSEN, and UNA MERKEL.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Love Me, Love My Pekinese (VIRGINIA BRUCE)
— Easy to Love (FRANCES LANGFORD)
Hey, Babe, Hey! (JAMES STEWART, ELEANOR POWELL, UNA MERKEL, and BUDDY ESSEN)
Rap Tap on Wood (ELEANOR POWELL)
I’ve Got You under My Skin (VIRGINIA BRUCE)
Rolling Home (Chorus)
Swingin’ the Jinx Away (FRANCES LANGFORD)

ROSALE

Written and produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE, M-G-M, 1937. Cast, headed by NELSON EDDY and ELEANOR POWELL, also included RAY BOLGER and FRANK MORGAN.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

In the Still of the Night (NELSON EDDY)
I’ve a Strange New Rhythm in My Heart (ELEANOR POWELL)
Close (NELSON EDDY)
Who Knows (NELSON EDDY)
Rosalie (NELSON EDDY)
Why Should I Care?

YOU NEVER KNOW

Book by ROWLAND LEIGH, adapted from SIGFRIED GUYER’S play Candle Light. Produced by LEE and J. J. SHUBERT in association with JOHN SHUBERT at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, September 21, 1938. 78 performances. Cast, headed by CLIFTON WEBB and LIBBY HOLMAN, also included LUPE VELEZ, REX O’MALLEY, TOBY WING, and ROGER STEARNS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Maria (CLIFTON WEBB)
You Never Know (LIBBY HOLMAN)
What Is That Tune? (LIBBY HOLMAN)
For No Rhyme or Reason (TOBY WING and CHARLES KEMPER)
From Alpha to Omega (CLIFTON WEBB and LUPE VELEZ)
What Shall I Do? (LUPE VELEZ)
At Long Last Love (CLIFTON WEBB)

LEAVE IT TO ME

Book by BELLA and SAMUEL SPITZ, based on their comedy Clear All Wires. Produced by VINTON FREEDLEY at the Imperial Theatre, New York, November 9, 1938. 307 performances. Cast, headed by WILLIAM GAXTON and VICTOR MOORE, also included SOPHIE TUCKER, TAMARA, MARY MARTIN, and GENE KELLY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I’m Taking the Steps to Russia (SOPHIE TUCKER)
— Get Out of Town (TAMARA)
Most Gentlemen Don’t Like Love (SOPHIE TUCKER)
From Now On (WILLIAM GAXTON and TAMARA)
I Want to Go Home (VICTOR MOORE)
— My Heart Belongs to Daddy (MARY MARTIN)
Tomorrow (SOPHIE TUCKER and chorus)
Far, Far Away (WILLIAM GAXTON and TAMARA)


DU BARRY WAS A LADY

Book by B. G. DeSylva and Herbert Fields. Produced by B. G. DeSylva at the 46th Street Theatre, New York, December 6, 1939. 408 performances. Cast, headed by Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr, also included Betty Grable, Ronald Graham, and Charles Walters.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Ev’ry Day a Holiday (Charles Walters and Betty Grable)
When Love Beckoned in Fifty-second Street (Ethel Merman)
Come On In (Ethel Merman)
But in the Morning, No! (Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr)
Do I Love You? (Ethel Merman and Ronald Graham)
Give Him the Oo-La-La (Ethel Merman)
Well, Did You Evah! (Betty Grable and Charles Walters)
It Was Written in the Stars (Ronald Graham)
Katie Went to Haiti (Ethel Merman)
Friendship (Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

Screenplay by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer. Produced by Jack Cummings for M-G-M in 1939. Cast, headed by Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, also included Frank Morgan and George Murphy.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Between You and Me (George Murphy)
Please Don’t Monkey with Broadway (Fred Astaire and George Murphy)
I Concentrate on You (Douglas McPhail)
I’ve Got My Eyes on You (Fred Astaire)
I Happen to Be in Love

PANAMA HATTIE

Book by B. G. DeSylva and Herbert Fields. Produced by B. G. DeSylva at the 46th Street Theatre, New York, October 30, 1940. 501 performances. Cast, headed by Ethel Merman and James Dunn, also included Betty Hutton and Arthur Treacher.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Visit Panama (Ethel Merman)
My Mother Would Love You (Ethel Merman and James Dunn)
I’ve Still Got My Health (Ethel Merman)
Fresh As a Daisy (Betty Hutton, Pat Harrington and Frank Hyers)

Who Would Have Dreamed It (Larry Douglas and Janis Carter)
Let’s Be Buddies (Ethel Merman and Joan Carroll)
Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please (Ethel Merman)
All I’ve Got to Get Now Is My Man (Betty Hutton)

YOU’LL NEVER GET RICH


MUSICAL NUMBERS

Boogie Barcarolle (dance number—not sung)
Shootin’ the Works for Uncle Sam (Fred Astaire)
Since I Kissed My Baby Goodbye (Delta Rhythm Boys)
So Near and Yet So Far (Fred Astaire)
The Wedding Cake-Walk (Martha Tilton)
Dream Dancing (Fred Astaire)

LET’S FACE IT

Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, adapted from the Russell Medcraft—Norma Mitchell play Cradle Snatchers. Produced by Vinton Freedley at the Imperial Theatre, New York, October 29, 1941. 547 performances. Cast, headed by Danny Kaye, also included Eve Arden, Mary Jane Walsh, Nanette Fabray, Edith Meiser, Vivian Vance, and Benny Baker.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Jerry, My Soldier Boy (Mary Jane Walsh)
Farming (Danny Kaye, Benny Baker, Jack Williams, Sunny O’Dea, and Nanette Fabray)
Ev’rything I Love (Danny Kaye and Mary Jane Walsh)
Ace in the Hole (Mary Jane Walsh, Sunny O’Dea and Nanette Fabray)
You Irritate Me So (Nanette Fabray and Jack Williams)
Rub Your Lamp (Mary Jane Walsh)
Let’s Not Talk about Love (Danny Kaye and Eve Arden)
A Little Rumba Numba (Tommy Gleason and Marguerite Benton)
I Hate You, Darling (Vivian Vance, James Todd, Mary Jane Walsh, and Danny Kaye)
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Screenplay by LOU BRESLOW and EDWARD ELISCU. Produced by GREGORY RATOFF for Columbia in 1942. Cast included JANET BLAIR, DON AMEACHE, WILLIAM GAXTON, HAZEL SCOTT, JACK OAKIE, and GREGORY RATOFF.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I Always Knew (DON AMEACHE and JANET BLAIR)
Something to Shout About (JANET BLAIR)
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (JANET BLAIR and DON AMEACHE)
Hasta Luego (JANET BLAIR)
It Might Have Been (JANET BLAIR)
Lotus Bloom

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELD. Produced by MICHAEL TOD at the Alvin Theatre, New York, January 7, 1943. 422 performances. Cast, headed by ETHEL MERMAN, included BILL JOHNSON, PAULA LAURENCE, BETTY GARRETT, BILL CALLAHAN, BETTY BRUCE, and ALLEN JENKINS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

See That You're Born in Texas (Chorus)
When My Baby Goes to Town (BILL JOHNSON)
Something for the Boys (ETHEL MERMAN)
Could It Be You? (BILL JOHNSON)
Hey, Good-Lookin' (ETHEL MERMAN, BILL JOHNSON, BETTY BRUCE, and BILL CALLAHAN)
He's a Right Guy (ETHEL MERMAN)
The Leader of a Big-Time Band (ETHEL MERMAN)
I'm in Love with a Soldier Boy (BETTY GARRETT)
By the Mississinewah (ETHEL MERMAN and PAULA LAURENCE)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE

Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELD. Produced by MICHAEL TOD at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, January 28, 1944. 481 performances. Cast, headed by BOBBY CLARK, JUNE HAVOC, and WILBUR EVANS, included GEORGE GIVOT, EDITH MEISER, and PAUL HAAKON.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Sing to Me, Guitar (CORINNA MURA)
The Good Will Movement (WILBUR EVANS)
I Love You (WILBUR EVANS)
There Must Be Someone for Me (JUNE HAVOC)
Carlotta (CORINNA MURA)
Girls (WILBUR EVANS)
Abracadabra (JUNE HAVOC)

Count Your Blessings (JUNE HAVOC, BOBBY CLARK, and GEORGE GIVOT)
It Must Be Fun to Be You

SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

Book by MOSS HART, GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, ROBERT PIRROSH, JOSEPH SCHRANK, CHARLES SHERMAN, and BEN HECHT. Produced by BILLY ROSE at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, December 7, 1944. 183 performances. Cast, headed by BEATRICE LILLY and BERT LAHR, included BENNY GOODMAN, TEDDY WILSON, RED NORVO, DOLORES GRAY, BILL TABBERT, ALICIA MARKOVA and ANTON DOLIN—the last two in a ballet especially composed for this revue by Igor STRAVINSKY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Is It the Girl? (DOLORES GRAY)
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye (NAN WYNN and JERE MCMAHON)
Only Another Boy and Girl (MARY ROCHE, BILL TABBERT, BEATRICE LILLY, and BERT LAHR)
Wow-Ooh-Wolf (NAN WYNN, DOLORES GRAY, and MARY ROCHE)
When I Was a Little Cuckoo (BEATRICE LILLY)
Fraknyee-Pahnee (BILL TABBERT)
Hence, It Doesn't Make Sense (NAN WYNN, MARY ROCHE, DOLORES GRAY, and BILLIE WORTH)
The Band Started Swingin' a Song (BILLIE WORTH)

AROUND THE WORLD

Book by ORSON WELLES, adapted from JULES VERNE's novel. Produced by MR. WELLES at the Adelphi Theatre (now 54th Street Theatre), New York, May 31, 1946. 74 performances. Cast included ARTHUR MARGETSON, JULIE WAREN, LARRY LAURENCE, STEFAN SCHNABEL, and ORSON WELLES.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Look What I Found (JULIE WAREN and LARRY LAURENCE)
There He Goes, Phileas Fogg (ARTHUR MARGETSON and LARRY LAURENCE)
Should I Tell You I Love You? (MARY HEALY)
Pipe-dreaming (LARRY LAURENCE)
If You Smile at Me (VICTORIA CORDOVA)
Wherever They Fly the Flag of Old England (ARTHUR MARGETSON)

THE PIRATE

Screenplay by ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH, based on S. N. BEHRMAN's play. Produced by ARTHUR FREED for MGM in 1948. Cast, headed by
Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, included Walter Slezak, Gladys Cooper, and Reginald Owen.

**Musical Numbers**

*Nina* (Gene Kelly)
*Mack the Black* (Judy Garland)
*You Can Do No Wrong* (Judy Garland)
*Love of My Life* (Judy Garland)
*Be a Clown* (Judy Garland and Gene Kelly)

**Kiss Me, Kate**

**Musical Numbers**

*Another Op'min', Another Show* (Annabelle Hill and chorus)
*Why Can't You Behave?* (Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang)
*Wunderbar* (Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison)
*So in Love* (Patricia Morison)
*We Open in Venice* (Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang)
*Tom, Dick, or Harry* (Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang, Edwin Clay and Charles Wood)
*I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua* (Alfred Drake and chorus)
*I Hate Men* (Patricia Morison)
*Were Thine That Special Face* (Alfred Drake)
*I Sing of Love* (Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang)
*Too Darn Hot* (Lorenzo Fuller, Eddie Sledge, and Fred Davis)
*Where Is the Life That I Led?* (Alfred Drake)
*Always True to You in My Fashion* (Lisa Kirk)
*Bianca* (Harold Lang)
*I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple* (Patricia Morison)

**Out of This World**

**Musical Numbers**

*Use Your Imagination* (Priscilla Gillette and William Redfield)

**Where, Oh Where?** (Barbara Ashley)
*I Am Loved* (Priscilla Gillette)
*Climb Up the Mountain* (Charlotte Greenwood and David Burns)
*No Lover* (Priscilla Gillette)
*Cherry Pies Ought to Be You* (William Redfield, Barbara Ashley, Charlotte Greenwood, and David Burns)
*Hark to the Song of the Night* (George Joneys)
*Nobody's Chasing Me* (Charlotte Greenwood)
*From This Moment On* (Priscilla Gillette and William Eythe)
*You Don't Remind Me* (George Joneys)

**Can-Can**
Book by Abe Burrows. Produced by Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin at the Shubert Theatre, New York, May 7, 1953. 892 performances. Cast, headed by Lilo and Peter Cookson, also included Hans Conried, Gwen Verdon, and Erik Rhodes.

**Musical Numbers**

*Never Give Anything Away* (Lilo)
*C'est Magnifique* (Lilo and Peter Cookson)
*Come Along with Me* (Erik Rhodes and Hans Conried)
*Live and Let Live* (Lilo)
*I Am in Love* (Peter Cookson)
*If You Loved Me Truly* (Hans Conried, Gwen Verdon, Phil Leeds, Robert Penn, Richard Purdy, Mary Anne Cohan, Jean Kraemer, and Beverly Purvin)
*Montmart* (Chorus)
*Allez-vous En* (Lilo)
*It's All Right with Me* (Peter Cookson)
*I Love Paris* (Pistach)
*Can-Can* (Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and chorus)

**Silk Stockings**

**Musical Numbers**

*Paris Loves Lovers* (Don Ameche and Hildegarde Neff)
*Stereophonic Sound* (Gretchen Wyler)
*It's a Chemical Reaction* (Hildegarde Neff)
All of You (Don Ameche)
Satin and Silk (Gretchen Wyler)
Without Love (Hildegarde Neff)
As On Through the Seasons We Sail
(Don Ameche)
Josephine (Gretchen Wyler)
Siberia (Leon Belasco, Henry Lascoe, and David Opatoshu)
Silk Stockings (Don Ameche)

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Note: M-G-M's film version of SILK STOCKINGS included two additional COLE PORTER songs—Fated to Be Mated and Ritz Roll and Rock, both introduced by Fred Astaire.

HIGH SOCIETY


MUSICAL NUMBERS

Little One (Bing Crosby)
Who Wants to Be a Millionaire? (Frank Sinatra and Celeste Holm)
True Love (Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly)
You're Sensational (Frank Sinatra)
I Love You, Samantha (Bing Crosby)
Now You Has Jazz (Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong)
Mind If I Make Love to You? (Frank Sinatra)

LES GIRLS


MUSICAL NUMBERS

Les Girls (Gene Kelly)
Ca, c'est l'amour (Taina Elg)
Why Am I So Gone about That Gal? (Gene Kelly)
You're Just Too, Too! (Gene Kelly and Kay Kendall)

ALADDIN

Book by S. J. Perlman. Produced on CBS Television for the DuPont Show of the Month by Richard Lewine, on February 21, 1958. Cast included Anna Maria Alberghetti, Sal Mineo, Cyril Ritchard, and Dennis King.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Trust Your Destiny to a Star (Dennis King)
Opportunity Knocks but Once (Cyril Ritchard)
Aladdin (Anna Maria Alberghetti)
I Adore You (Sal Mineo and Anna Maria Alberghetti)

COLE PORTER SONGS

NOT FROM PRODUCTIONS

1902 The Bobolink Waltz (written at the age of 8 or 9)
1910 Bridget
1910 Bingo Eli Yale (written while an undergraduate at Yale)
1911 Bull-Dog (written while an undergraduate at Yale)
1927 Hot-House Rose
1927 The Laziest Gal in Town (sung by Marlene Dietrich in 1950 in the Warner Brothers film STAGE FRIGHT)
1927 Weren't We Foos
1934 (Thank You So Much) Mrs. Lowesborough-Goody
1934 You're Too Far Away
1934 Miss Otis Regrets (Dedicated to Elsa Maxwell)

INTERPOLATED

COLE PORTER SONGS

Esmeralda in HANDS UP at the 44th Street Theatre, July 22, 1915 (52 performances)
Two Big Eyes, sung by Elsie Janis in MISS INFORMATION at the Cohan Theatre, October 5, 1915 (47 performances)
I Never Realized, sung by Wallace Eddinger in BUDDIES at the Selwyn Theatre, October 27, 1919 (259 performances)
Altogether Too Fond of You, sung by Donald Brian and Maxine Brown in BUDDIES
Washington Square, in BUDDIES
They All Fall in Love, sung by Gertrude Lawrence in the Paramount film THE BATTLE OF PARIS (1929)
Here Comes the Band Wagon, sung by Gertrude Lawrence in the Paramount film THE BATTLE OF PARIS (1929)
Don't Fence Me In, sung by Roy Rogers in the Warner Brothers film HOLLYWOOD CANTEN (1944)
Farewell, Amanda, sung by David Wayne in the M-G-M film ADAM'S RIB (1949)