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Section 1  Down Memory Lane

Avalon

In 1921, opera composer Giacomo Puccini brought suit against the publisher of “Avalon,” charging that the melody had been lifted from his aria “E lucevan le stelle” in Tosca. He walked out of the courthouse $25,000 richer. Apparently the resulting publicity only made “Avalon” more popular, and today it still exerts its siren-call appeal. The song was closely identified with Al Jolson.

Words by Al Jolson and B. G. DeSylva  Music by Vincent Rose

Moderately

pp sustained

found my love in Avalon

swingy

left my love in Avalon the bay,

I
Avalon
And sailed away.

I dream of her and Avalon
From sunset
'til dawn,
And

So I think I'll travel on
To

A - va - lon.
Tip-Toe Thru the Tulips with Me

One of the earliest color-splashed screen musicals was Gold Diggers of Broadway, a 1929 extravaganza that produced the song hit of the year, “Tip-Toe Thru the Tulips with Me.” Today, it remains a favorite.

Words by Al Dubin
Music by Joe Burke

Moderately, with a lilt

Tip-toe to the window, by the window, That is where I’ll be, Come

Tip-Toe Thru The Tulips With Me.

Tip-toe from your pillow, to the shadow of a willow tree, And
Tip-Toe Thru The Tulips With Me.

Deep in the flowers we'll stray; We'll keep the showers away. And if I kiss you in the garden, in the moon-light, Will you pardon me? Come
Lyric writer Buddy DeSylva was uncannily tuned to the public's moods and longings. The songwriting trio he formed with Ray Henderson and Lew Brown virtually dominated Tin Pan Alley between 1926 and 1931, but still each member found time to turn out hits with other writers as well. In 1924 DeSylva teamed with Spier and Conrad for one song—one dreamy, nostalgic, enduring masterpiece.
dreaming yet of the night we met

love-ly refrain.

You were so shy Say-ing “Good-by” there in the
dawn;

Only a glance Full of romance, and you were gone!

Though my dreams are in vain, My love will re-

maint Stroll-ing a-gain, Mem-ory Lane, with you.
Every new generation seems susceptible to this carefree, rhythmic charmer of a song. Perhaps it's because the lyrics, though virtually a string of non sequiturs, convey the feeling of thumbing one's nose at the whole darned complicated, oppressive world. In the year 1926, composer Henderson could afford to do this. "Blackbird" was one of five hits he had written in that year, equaling his track record of the previous year.

Words by Mort Dixon
Music by Ray Henderson

Bye Bye Blackbird

Moderato

Pack up all my steady and smooth care and woe,

Here I go singing low, Bye Bye Blackbird,

Where somebody waits for me, Sugar's sweet,
so is she,    Bye    Bye    Black-bird.

No one here can    love and    un - der - stand    me,

Oh, what hard luck    stories they all    hand    me;

Make my bed and    light the light,    I'll ar - rive    late to - night,    f

Black - bird,    Bye    Bye.    rather freely
In 1959, Jack Yellen attended the 50th anniversary of his high-school graduating class. As writer of "Ain't She Sweet" (1926) and dozens of other hit songs, he was somewhat of a celebrity. But his one-time English teacher was unimpressed. "So you're the one who wrote 'Ain't She Sweet,'" she said, "And I thought I taught you that 'ain't' is bad grammar!"
ask you very confidentially Ain't she nice? Just cast an eye

in her direction Oh, me! Oh, my!

Ain't that perfection?

I repeat, Don't you think that's kind of neat? And I

ask you very confidentially Ain't she Sweet?
If You Were
the Only Girl in the World

England's famed comic George Robey first posed this melodic hypothesis in the 1916 London musical The Bing Boys Are Here. It floundered along for about 13 years until Rudy Vallee got a bright idea: He changed its beat from a fox trot to a waltz and successfully reintroduced it in his movie debut, The Vagabond Lover.

Words by Clifford Grey

Music by Nat D. Ayer

Moderate waltz
We could go on loving in the same old way. A Garden of Eden just made for two, With nothing to mar our joy.

I would say such wonderful things to you,

There would be such wonderful things to do, If You Were The Only Girl In The World And (you) were the only boy.
The 1920s saw a profusion of songs celebrating the appeal of the Southland of the U.S. Though Kahn and Donaldson had never been in either Carolina when they penned this tribute, their adroit combination of hopping and skipping notes, internal rhymes and tongue-twisting descriptions produced an irresistible travel brochure.

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Walter Donaldson

With a lilt
sweet-ie when I meet her in the morning.

Where the morning glo-ries twine a-round the door,

Whis-per-ing pret-ty sto-ries

I long to hear once more.

Stroll-ing with my girl-ie where the dew is pearl-ly ear-ly in the morning,
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawn.

If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day,
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning.
Moonlight Bay

Words by Edward Madden
Music by Percy Wenrich

In 1912, just one year after “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” had stirred up America, Messrs. Madden and Wenrich helped lull it back to the calm waters of “Moonlight Bay.” Two other imperishables from Wenrich: “Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet” and “When You Wore a Tulip.”

Moderately

We were sail-ing a-long

On Moon-light Bay,
We could hear the voic-es

ring-ing,
They seemed to say:
“You have sto-len my

heart,
Now don’t go ‘way!”
As we

sang Love’s Old Sweet Song On Moon-light Bay.
I Wonder
What's Become of Sally

Many popular songs have begat other popular songs. After "Sally, Won't You Come Home" had scored a hit in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1921, Yellen and Ager were inspired to write their own ballad about the much-missed lady. "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." They even got the same singer, Joe Schenck of Van and Schenck, to introduce their song. The new "Sally" not only eclipsed the first, it sold over a million copies of sheet music.

Words by Jack Yellen
Music by Milton Ager

Moderate waltz

\[ \text{p dolce and rather freely} \]

I Wonder What's Become Of

Sal - ly, That old gal of mine?

The sunshine's missing from our al - ley
Ever since the day Sally went away,

matter what she is, Wherever she may be,

no one wants her now Please send her home to me. I'll

always welcome back my Sally, That

old gal of mine!
Though four annual editions had preceded it on Broadway, The Passing Show of 1916 became the first revue of the series to produce a genuine song hit: “Pretty Baby.” Actually, this Kahn-Jackson-Van Alstyne number was an interpolation, since the nominal composer for the revue—as he was for seven of the 14 annual Passing Shows—was Sigmund Romberg. But Romberg never managed to produce even one hit song for the series.

Words by
Gus Kahn

Music by Tony Jackson and Egbert Van Alstyne

Moderately

Everybody loves a baby that’s why

I’m in love with you, Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby. And I’d
like to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too, Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby. Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love, And we'll cuddle all the time.

Oh! I want a lovin' baby and it might as well be you, Pretty Baby of mine.
When the great Al Jolson was in a Broadway show, audiences didn't care a bit about the story of the musical. The all-important attraction was their beloved Jolie singing and clowning to his—and their—hearts' content. So it was with Bombo, a 1921 hit that opened at a spanking new theater named in Jolson's honor. The nightly showstopper, which Jolson sang from a platform jutting right into the audience, was "April Showers."

Words by B. G. DeSylva
Music by Louis Silvers
Because it isn't raining
You soon will see clouds
You are looking for a blue-bird
And ever April Showers come along.
If the name Kenbrovin seems a bit unusual it's only because it was the pseudonym of no less than three writers—James Kendis, James Brockman and Nat Vincent. Contracting their first names may have presented a problem, but their last names lent themselves equitably and smoothly to the abbreviations of "Ken," "bro" and "vin." In their song celebrating the pleasures of idling away one's time on daydreams and fantasies, the writers deliberately created a theme similar to a hit of the previous year, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

Words and Music by Jaan Kenbrovin and John William Kellette
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my

dreams they fade and die. Fortune's always

hiding, I've looked everywhere,

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty

bubbles in the air.
Composer Roberts got the happy notion to write a song about smiles after hearing a lecture on the subject at a music-dealers’ convention. Unveiled in 1917, it became a perfect morale booster for both soldiers and civilians, possibly all the more welcome because it avoided pointless optimism. “Smiles” was interpolated in The Passing Show of 1918.

Moderately, with spirit

There are smiles—
that make us happy,
There are

smiles—
that make us blue;
There are

Words by J. Will Callahan

Music by Lee S. Roberts
smiles that steal away the tears
As the sunbeams steal away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning.
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.
There's a Long, Long Trail

Words by Stoddard King
Music by Zo Elliott

Evenly, with much expression

There's A Long, Long Trail winding into the land of my dreams, Where the night-ingesales are
Despite its close identification with World War I, this song was actually composed the year before war was declared. Elliott and King were then Yale undergraduates and treated it as nothing more than a sentimental piece to be sung at a college banquet. First published in England, it was sung and marched to by British Tommies well before being picked up by American doughboys when they went to fight in Europe in 1917.
My Buddy

While there has always seemed to be something redolent of World War I about "My Buddy," the tender waltz was actually not written until 1922, the year in which lyricist Kahn first began his fruitful collaboration with composer Donaldson. Created in the traditional 32-bar form, the song was made up of two 16-bar sections identical in melody except for the closing bars.

Words by Gus Kahn  Music by Walter Donaldson

Moderate waltz
Buddy, My Buddy, No
Buddy quite so true. Miss your
voice, the touch of your hand, Just long to know that
you understand, My Buddy, My Buddy,
Your Buddy misses you.
I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

First offered in 1927, this song was pretty well overlooked until 1948, the year bandleader Art Mooney recorded it in a razzmatazzzy arrangement. When, through a whim, disc jockey Al "Jazzbo" Collins decided to play it continuously one afternoon over a Salt Lake City radio station, the event generated enough front-page publicity throughout the U.S. to boost both the record and sheet-music sales to best-seller status.

Words by Mort Dixon
Music by Harry Woods

Moderately, with a lift

---

One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the lane,

No need explaining, the one remaining is

somebody I adore.

I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover that I over-

looked before.
The dance sensation that best typified the flamingly youthful spirit of the 1920s was the high-kicking Charleston, which also happened to be the name of a song. Introduced in the 1923 all-Negro revue Runnin' Wild, it very soon replaced the shimmy as the favorite dance in ballrooms around the world.

Words and Music by
Cecil Mack
and Jimmy Johnson
It's a la-pa-zoo, Buck dance, Wing dance,

Will be a back number, But the Charleston, The new Charleston,

That dance is surely a comer. Some-time, You'll dance it

one time, The dance called the Charleston Made in South Carolina!
In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town

In 1932, when this paean to poverty was written, there were many shanties in many shanty towns throughout the U.S. For the country was then in the depth of the Depression and receptive to a lyric celebrating the pleasure of a far from luxurious abode. Co-composer Little Jack Little, who was primarily a pianist and bandleader, introduced the number on his radio program in his intimate half-singing, half-talking style.

Words by Joe Young

Music by Little Jack Little and John Siras

Moderate waltz

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town, The roof is so slanty it touches the ground. But my
tumbled down shack By an old railroad track, Like a
millionaire's mansion is calling me back. I'd give up a
palace if I were a king; It's more than a palace it's
my everything. There's a queen waiting there with a silverly
crown, In A Shan-ty In Old Shan-ty Town.
"For You" was a mere Hit Parade bystander until it was added to the repertoire of Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Kenny Sargent's almost ethereal delivery made it one of the band's most in-demand selections, and subsequent recordings, such as Rosemary Clooney's and Nat "King" Cole's, helped to keep its popularity aloft. In addition to "For You," Dubin and Burke were responsible for such perennial favorites as "Tip-Toe Thru the Tulips With Me" and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes."

Words by Al Dubin

Music by Joe Burke

For You

Slowly, with expression

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{For You} & \quad \text{C major 7} \\
\text{blue} & \quad \text{Dm7} \\
\text{For You} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\text{for} & \quad \text{Dm7} \\
\text{You} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\text{Boy} & \quad \text{G9+5} \\
\text{girl} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\text{I'll make} & \quad \text{C major 7} \\
\text{a string of} & \quad \text{C major 7} \\
\text{pearls} & \quad \text{C major 7} \\
\text{out of the} & \quad \text{C major 7} \\
\end{align*}
\]
Over the highway and over the street,
A little faster

Car-pets of clo-ver I'll lay at your feet. Oh, there's

nothing in this world I wouldn't do

For you,

For you.
In writing the score for the 1916 Hippodrome spectacle, The Big Show, American lyricist Golden thought the star would be Tamaki Miura, who had sung in Madame Butterfly. So he wrote a ballad for her about the opera—only to discover another soprano had been signed for the show. Undaunted, he mated his lyrics to a melody by composer Hubbell and, in his words, “Two months later the entire country was Butterfly-mad.”

Words by John Golden
Music by Raymond Hubbell
pass into years, And as she smiles through her tears, She murmurs

low: The moon and I know that he be

faithful, I'm sure he come to me bye and bye.

But if he don't come back Then I never sigh or cry

I just mus' die. Poor Butterfly.
If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight

Words and Music by Henry Creamer and Jimmy Johnson

Apart from the song's unusual brevity (only 16 bars) and odd construction, "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight" offers a rare example of a song whose complete title is sung only once—and then not at the anticipated beginning of the refrain. Composer Johnson—also known as James P. Johnson—was a brilliant jazz pianist as well as writer of such standards as "Charleston," "Old-Fashioned Love" and "Runnin' Wild."

Moderately

[Music notation]

If I Could Be with You I'd love you strong, If I Could Be with You I'd love you long, I want you to know, I wouldn't go Un-
(No Chords)

-till I told you, Hon-ey, why I love you so. If I Could

Be With You One Hour To-night, If I was free to do the

things I might, I'm telling you true I'd be

an-thing but blue, If I Could Be With You.
Till We Meet Again

Though “Till We Meet Again” was to become the most popular ballad of World War I, composer Whiting and lyricist Egan thought so little of its commercial chances that they threw the manuscript in a wastebasket. Mrs. Whiting, however, had other ideas. She fished it out and, unknown to her husband, took it to publisher Jerome Remick. Her faith in the song was soon confirmed. Even before the sheet music was off the presses, Remick got the first inkling of the song’s future success when it won a war-song contest sponsored by a Detroit movie theater.

Words by Raymond B. Egan    Music by Richard A. Whiting

Slowly, with sentiment

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,

When the clouds roll by I’ll come to you;

\[\text{Music notation}\]
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie. Wedding bells will ring so merrily, Every tear will be a memory. So wait and pray each night for me,

Till we Meet Again.
Although composer Katcher had written operettas in his native Vienna and later spent more than ten years in Hollywood, his only durable work was "When Day Is Done." Titled "Madonna" when published in Vienna in 1924, it received its English title and lyrics years later.

Softly and gently

When Day Is Done and shadows fall, I

dream of you; When Day Is Done I think of all the joys we

knew. That yearning, returning, to hold you in my arms, Won't

go love, I know love, Without you night has lost its charms. Whe...
When Day Is Done and grass is wet with twilight's dew,
My lonely heart is sinking with the sun.

though I miss your tender kiss the whole day through,
I miss you most of all When Day Is Done.

(chime effect)
In 1929, as part of their score for an early “talkie” called Chasing Rainbows, Yellen and Ager wrote “Happy Days Are Here Again” to be sung by a group of American doughboys upon receiving news of the armistice. On the night of the Wall Street crash, before the film was released, the writers took the music to George Olsen, then leading his dance orchestra at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. As the vocalist sang, the dispirited diners, according to Yellen, stopped what they were doing and “joined in sardonically, hysterically, like doomed prisoners on their way to the firing squad.” The song was quickly picked up as a genuine rallying cry of the Depression years and, in 1932, became the official theme of Franklin D. Roosevelt’s victorious campaign for the Presidency.

Happy Days Are Here Again

Words by Jack Yellen
Music by Milton Ager

With a lift

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{G} \\
\text{Here A - gain!} & \quad \text{The skies a - bove are clear a - gain.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C dim} & \quad \text{G 7} \\
\text{Let us sing a song of cheer a - gain, Hap - py}
\end{align*}
\]
Days Are Here Again!
All together

Gaug.

shout it now! There's no one who can
doubt it now, So let's tell the world about it now,

Happy Days Are Here Again!
Your cares and troubles are gone;

There'll
Happy Days Are Here Again!

The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy Days Are Here Again!
“The Man I Love” had the odd distinction of becoming a recognized standard despite its having been (1) thrown out of the musical for which it had been written (Lady, Be Good! in 1924); (2) sung in a show that flopped on the road (the 1927 Strike Up the Band); (3) added and then cut from a third musical (Rosalie); and (4) rejected when Strike Up the Band was successfully revised in 1929. The reason for the last situation was ironic; the song had become too well known!

Words by Ira Gershwin

Music by George Gershwin
And when he comes my way, I'll do my best to
make him stay.
He'll look at me and smile,
I'll understand;
And in a little while he'll take my hand;
And though it seems absurd, I know we both won't say a
word.
Maybe I shall meet him on Sunday, maybe
Monday, maybe not; still I'm sure to meet him

One day; maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.

He'll build a little home, just meant for two,

From which I'll never roam, who would, would you? And so all else above,

I'm waiting for the man I love.
Embraceable You

Though written in 1928 for an unproduced operetta called East Is West, the Gershwin brothers' "Embraceable You" was not sung in public until two years later when 19-year-old Ginger Rogers did the honors in Girl Crazy. Note the way brother Ira managed to write three sets of four-syllable rhymes in a slow-tempo ballad without jarring the romantic mood so beautifully set by brother George.

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Moderate ballad
You and you alone bring out the

I love all the many

Above all I want my

charms about you;

arms about you.

Don't be a naughty baby,

Come to papa. Come to

p subito cresc.

pa-pa, do! My sweet Embrace-able You!
'S Wonderful

Here lyricist Gershwin's aim was to achieve the amusingly sibilant sound caused by dropping the “it” from the contraction “it’s,” and slurring the remaining “s” as part of the following word. The result: 's lovely to play and 's fun to sing. Fred Astaire's sister, Adele, first introduced the song in the 1927 musical Funny Face.

Words by Ira Gershwin

Music by George Gershwin
Someone to Watch Over Me

When forlorn Gertrude Lawrence, clutching a rag doll, sang this gentle plea in the 1926 musical Oh, Kay!, a Broadway critic confessed that the Gershwins had "wrung the withers of even the most hard-hearted of those present." Composer George had originally written the melody in up tempo but soon realized that it sounded far better as a slow romantic ballad.

Words by Ira Gershwin  Music by George Gershwin

Moderate ballad

There's a somebody I'm longing to see, I hope that he turns out to be someone who'll watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's
lost in the wood,  I know I could  Always be good  To one who'll
watch over me.    Although he may not be the man some girls

think of as handsome, To my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed, Follow my lead,

Oh, how I need Someone To Watch over Me.
"Fascinating" is the proper term for this combination of words and music. After receiving the melody from his brother, lyricist Gershwin faced an enormous task: the jagged, syncopated tune with its tricky accents hardly lent itself to a boy-girl expression, either amorous or humorous. So he simply hit upon a lyric describing the effects of a nagging, insinuating, fascinating rhythm. Fred and Adele Astaire first sang about it in the 1924 Broadway musical Lady, Be Good!

Words by
Ira Gershwin

Music by
George Gershwin

*Performing note: Keep the right hand in a fixed position on this and similar passages.
What a mess you're making! The neighbors want to know why I'm quivering.

Always shaking just like a flivver. Each morning

I get up with the sun, (Start a-hopping, never stopping)

To find at night, no work has been done. I know that

once it didn't matter, But now you're doing wrong; When you
Won't you take a day off? Decide to run along somewhere far away off, And make it snappy!

Oh, how I long to be the man

my Fascinating Rhythm, Oh, won't you stop picking on me!

ppp subito
“Night and Day” was created to fit the limited singing range of Fred Astaire, who introduced it in the 1932 musical Gay Divorce. As a lyricist, Cole Porter showed his great skill at depicting opposites: "night and day," "near or far," "traffic's boom" and "lonely room." As a melodist, he composed a compelling theme spun out to 16 bars, repeated, and brought back, somewhat abridged, within the final eight.

Words and Music by Cole Porter
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 long-

-ing 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.

Day
under the hide of me
There's an

Oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside of me.
And its

Till you let me spend my life making love to you,
What Is
This Thing Called Love?

It was while listening to native chants in Marrakesh, Morocco, that Cole Porter got the inspiration for this dark, brooding melody of despair. Introduced in London in the 1929 revue Wake Up and Dream!, the song became so well known that by the time the show moved to New York the following year audiences greeted it as an old favorite.

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Slow blues (but not draggy)
Why should it make a fool of me?

Swing out a bit

I saw you there one wonderful day,

That's why I

I took my heart rather sustained

and threw it away.

What

Is This Thing Called Love?
To get into the proper creative mood for his 1935 Broadway musical Jubilee, Cole Porter hied himself off on an around-the-world cruise. Many exotic locales obligingly furnished the inspiration for some of his creations, most notably the Indonesian island of Kalabahi where a native war dance inspired the theme for "Begin the Beguine," once described by Time magazine as being "structured as artfully as a classical sonata, the theme elaborated and subtly expanded each time it returns, developed until it finally crests and crashes. . . ."

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderate beguine tempo
It brings back a night of tropical splendour,

brings back a memory everlasting 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 Beguine.

To

live it again

is past all endeavour,

except when that tune clutches my heart,

there we are, swearing to love forever,

never, never to part.

And promising

What
moments divine, what rapture serene,
Till

clouds came along to disperse the joys we had 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
Let it
love that was once a
fire re-main an
em- ber;

sleep like the dead
de-sire I on-ly re-
mem-ber

When they Be-gin
The Be-
guine.

Oh yes,

let them Be-gin The Be-
guine, make them play

Till the

stars that were there be-
fore re-turn a-
bove you,
whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you!"

And we

suddenly know

What heaven we're in,

When they Begin

The Beguine,

When they Begin

p cresc.
You Do
Something to Me

The release, or middle part, of a standard popular song has seldom been more excitingly constructed than in "You Do Something to Me." Here the melody seems to take wings on a flight of pure ecstasy as it punches out the message with those infectious interior rhymes: "Do do that voo doo that you do so well." The song, a product of 1929, was introduced in Cole Porter's first Broadway success, Fifty Million Frenchmen.

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

\[\text{P (Quasi Tom-Tom)}\]

\[\text{F} \quad \text{E/F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C9} \text{ G7} \]

Some-thing To Me,
Some-thing that sim-ply mys-ti-fies me.

\[\text{Gm} \quad \text{D7/G} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{D7/G} \quad \text{G7} \]

Tell me, why it should be You have the
OF

C'tt

- a

poivtr to hyp - no - tize

me?

Let subito

me

live 'neath your spell,

Do do that voo - doo that

you do so well. For You Do

Some-thing To

Me That no - bod - y else could do.
I Get a Kick Out of You

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Cole Porter's lighthearted but basically torchy ballad at first appears to fall into the familiar A-A-B-A pattern, with each section consisting of 16 bars. Yet both times the “A” theme is repeated, only the first six bars remain constant, the rest indulging in some compelling variations. This is particularly true in the final section in which the tones rise higher and higher with the plane's ascent, only to descend as the words express total indifference to the flight. “I Get a Kick Out of You” was first sung in 1934 by Ethel Merman in the musical Anything Goes.
Tell me why should it be true. That

I get a kick out of you?

Some like a bop type refrain.

I'm sure that if I heard even one riff

That would bore me terrifically.
Yet I Get A Kick Out Of

with a jazz feeling

I get a kick every time

I see. You're standing there before me. I get a kick tho' it's clear.

You obviously don't adore.

You, standing there. It's clear to me.
With a Latin feeling

I get no

kick in a plane,

Flying too high with some guy in the sky is my

idea of nothing to do.

Yet

I Get A Kick Out Of You.
My Heart Stood Still

No lyric writer has ever enjoyed a greater reputation for intricate, polysyllabic rhyming than Lorenz Hart. Yet Hart could also be both eloquent and simple, which he proved conclusively in his words for "My Heart Stood Still." Here not only do we get so meaningful a line as "That unfelt clasp of hands," but the entire lyric—with the exception of just six words—was put together with words of only one syllable. First sung in a London revue in 1927, the ballad was later heard in the Broadway musical A Connecticut Yankee.

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately and a trifle freely

I took one look at you,

That's all I meant to do; And then My Heart Stood Still!

My feet could step and walk, My lips could move and talk,
And yet My Heart Stood Still!
Though not a single word was spoken, I could tell you knew, That un-said clasp of hands Told me so well you knew.
I never lived at all Until the thrill of that moment when My Heart Stood Still.
Thou Swell

Words by
Lorenz Hart

Music by
Richard Rodgers

The mating of Olde Englishe with 1927 slang was accomplished with great style in Rodgers and Hart's "Thou Swell." Surprisingly, when first sung in A Connecticut Yankee during the show's Philadelphia tryout, the number left audiences so cold that the producer wanted it taken out of the score. Rodgers fought to keep it in and won vindication when it became one of the musical's most durable treasures.

Moderately, with a bounce

Thou Swell! Thou witty! Thou sweet! Thou grand! Wouldst kiss me pretty? Wouldst hold my hand? Both thine eyes are cute too! What they do to me. Hear me
hol-ler, I choose a sweet lol-la - pa-loo-sa in thee. I'd...

feel so rich in a hut for two; Two rooms and kit-chen I'm sure would do. Give me...

just a plot of, Not a lot of land. And Thou... Swell! Thou witty! Thou grand!
Dancing on the Ceiling

Had Florenz Ziegfeld not taken such a strong dislike to "Dancing on the Ceiling," the song would have been unveiled in his Broadway musical Simple Simon, early in 1930. But Rodgers and Hart didn't have long to wait for a spot to be found for it in their next musical, Ever Green, which opened in London later the same year. Sung by Jessie Matthews, the lilting air became the showstopper of the production.

Words by Lorenz Hart      Music by Richard Rodgers
Underneath my counterpane; There's my love

Up above! I whisper, "Go away, my lover,

It's not fair,"

But I'm so grateful to discover

He's still there. I love my ceiling more Since it is a

dancing floor Just for my love.
With a Song in My Heart

The appearance of movie-star Glenn Hunter in the 1929 musical Spring Is Here presented a problem: He couldn't sing. Unfazed, Rodgers and Hart gave "With a Song in My Heart," to his more vocally gifted "rival," John Hundley.

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers
It tells that you're standing near,
and decreas.

At the sound of your voice
Heaven opens its portals to me.

Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be?

But I always knew
I would live life through

With A Song In My Heart for you.

ff

rit.
The Blue Room

Words by Lorenz Hart

This tender ode to domestic tranquility was first sung in the 1926 musical The Girl Friend. Note how skillfully the key word "room" is emphasized in the first and second eight-bar sections: Everytime it is sung it is preceded by the rhyme falling on "C," with the word itself raised one tone higher.

Moderately, with style

We'll have a blue room, A new room, For two room, Where ev'ry day's a holiday Because you're married to me.

Not like a ball-room, A small room, A hall room, Where
You can smoke pipe away, With my wee head up on my knee.

We will thrive on, keep alive on Just nothing but kisses,

With Mister and Missus On little blue chairs.

You'll sew your trousers, And Robinson Crusoe is

not so far from worldly cares As our blue room far away upstairs!
"A dummy lyric" is a temporary set of words put together to help lyricists work out a song's metric form and rhyme scheme. “Tea for Two” may be a classic, but it still uses the dummy lyric Caesar dashed off hurriedly one night. The cheerful number was added to the 1924 musical No, No, Nanette.

Words by Irving Caesar

Music by Vincent Youmans
we own a telephone, dear. Day will break and

you'll a-wake And start to bake a sugar cake For me to take for

all the boys to see.

We will raise a family, A boy for you, A girl for me, Oh

can't you see how happy we would be?
You and the Night and the Music

This smoldering confession was first uttered by Libby Holman in the 1934 musical Revenge with Music. Although it won acclaim on Broadway, radio censors frowned on the line, “fill me with flaming desire,” and barred the song from the air.

Words by Howard Dietz
Music by Arthur Schwartz
After the night and the music are done?

Until the

pale light of dawning and daylight, Our hearts will be throb-bing gui-tars;

Morning may come without warn-ing, And take a-way the stars.

If we must live for the mo-ment, Love till the mo-ment is through!

After the night and the music die will I have you?
When first sung in a 1929 London musical, this melody had a snappy beat and was mated to a comic verse called "I Have No Words." Later, lyricist Dietz came up with the present title and composer Schwartz slowed down the melody.

Words by Howard Dietz
Music by Arthur Schwartz
No matter where you chance to be, Though I’ll
cresc. poco

pray for you, Night and day for you;
It will

see me through Like a charm,
Till you’re returning.

So give me Something To Remember You By,

When you are far away from me.
“Dancing in the Dark” was a product of sheer inspiration. While working on the score for the 1931 Broadway revue The Band Wagon, composer Schwartz was groping for—in his words—“a dark song, somewhat mystical, yet in slow, even rhythm.” For days nothing would satisfy him. Then one morning he awoke with this melody so fixed in his head that all he had to do was jot down the notes.

Words by
Howard Dietz

Music by
Arthur Schwartz
Time hurries by, we're here and gone rit.
molto dim.

Looking for the light Of a new love to

brighten up the night, I have you, love, and We can face the
cresc.

music together,

Dancing In The

Dark.
In 1928 in Berlin, on the day before the dress rehearsal of his new work, Die Dreigroschenoper, Kurt Weill became convinced that an additional song was needed to provide thematic unity to the story. Overnight he and collaborator Brecht devised a 64-bar piece consisting of two eight-bar themes, each one repeated three times, in imitation of a ghoulish form of 17th-century ballad called a Moritat (literally, "murder deed"). Though the song became popular throughout Europe, it wasn't until 1952, in Marc Blitzstein's English version, that both The Threepenny Opera and its theme, "Mack the Knife," found a receptive public in English-speaking countries.

German words by Bert Brecht
Music by Kurt Weill

Moderato, with a beat

English lyrics by Marc Blitzstein

Mack the Knife

And he shows them pearly teeth, dear,
When the shark bites with his teeth, dear,
Scarlet billows start to spread.
Fancy gloves, though, wears MacHeath, dear,
So there's not a trace of red.

From a tugboat by the river
A cement bag's dropping down;
The cement's just for the weight, dear,
Bet you Mackie's back in town,

Louie Miller disappeared, dear,
After drawing out his cash;
And MacHeath spends like a sailor.
Did our boy do something rash?

On the sidewalk Sunday morning
Lies a body oozing life;
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner.
Is the someone Mack the Knife?

Sukey Tawdry, Jenny Diver,
Polly Peachum, Lucy Brown,
Oh, the line forms on the right, dear,
Now that Mackie's back in town.
April in Paris

Words by E. Y. Harburg    Music by Vernon Duke

“Oh, to be in Paris now that April’s here!” boomed a nostalgic Monty Woolley at a Manhattan bistro one day in 1932. “April in Paris,” announced composer Vernon Duke dramatically. “What a title!” And he promptly composed this lovely song.
No one can ever reprise.

I never knew the charm of spring, never met it face to face.

I never knew my heart could sing, never missed a warm embrace, till

April In Paris,

Whom can I run to?

What have you done to my heart?
The Birth of the Blues

In the 1926 edition of the George White's Scandals, the first-act finale depicted a blues-vs-classics battle. The issue: whether the blues were worthy to enter musical Valhalla. When Harry Richman related the genesis of the musical form via "The Birth of the Blues," those in charge became convinced of the music's worth, the gates opened, and the curtain fell on a glimpse of indigo-spotlighted angels trilling the final notes.

Words by B. G. DeSylva and Lew Brown
Music by Ray Henderson

Moderate blues tempo

No Chord

They heard the breeze in the trees Singing weird melodies,

And they made that The start of the blues.

And from a jail came the wail Of a down hearted frail,

As part of the blues.
They took a new will out on a hill,

Pushed it through a horn 'Til it was worn

In to a blue note!

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it, And gave out the news That the South-

land gave birth to the blues!
I'm Just Wild About Harry

A musical comedy called Shuffle Along came down from the Harlem district of New York in 1921 to become the first all-Negro production ever to achieve a lengthy run on Broadway, thus setting the vogue for many such attractions in the 1920s. Among the ragtime pleasures was the strutting "I'm Just Wild About Harry," whose irresistible beat and easy-to-remember words have kept it an all-time favourite.

Words and Music by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake
of his kisses
Fill me with ecstasy.
He's

sweet just like choc'late candy, And just like honey

- ey from the bee.
Oh, I'm Just Wild About

Harry And he's just wild about, cannot do_

without, He's just wild about me.
Noel Coward's operetta *Bitter Sweet* (London, 1929) offered the touching romance between a Victorian English girl and her Viennese music teacher whom she marries and who is later killed in a duel. The recurring waltz theme, “I’ll See You Again,” which, according to Coward, “just dropped into my head, whole and complete” during a taxi ride, was first sung in the guise of a musical exercise by the hero and heroine.

Words and Music by Noel Coward
tween, But what has been is past forget-
ing. This sweet memory A-cross the years will come to me;

Tho' my world may go awry, In my heart will ev-er lie

Just the ech-o of a sigh, good-by!
Body and Soul

Music by
John Green

Slowly, with expression

Radio, sensitive in 1930, refused to allow this song on the air because of its suggestive ending, so a new lyric was written, with the last line laundered to “My castles have crumbled, but I am his, body and soul.”

Words by
Robert Sour,
Edward Heyman
and Frank Eyton

My heart is sad and lonely,
For you I sigh, for you, dear, only.

Why haven’t you seen it?
I’m all for you, Body and Soul!

I spend my days in longing
And wondering why it’s me you’re wronging;

I tell you I mean it,
I’m all for you Body and Soul!
I can't believe it, It's hard to conceive it That you'd turn away romance.

Are you pretending, it looks like the ending Unless I could have one more chance to prove, dear, My life a wreck you're making.

You know I'm yours for just the taking; I'd gladly surrender Myself to you, Body and Soul!
Section 3  Great Music from the Movies

As Time Goes By

The line “Play it again, Sam” never fails to conjure up the scene in Casablanca in which Humphrey Bogart, drunk and despondent in his deserted café, listens as Dooley Wilson plays and croons the memory-evoking strains of “As Time Goes By.” Though the film was released in 1942, the song had actually been introduced 11 years earlier by Frances Williams in a long-forgotten Broadway musical, Everybody’s Welcome.

Words and Music by Herman Hupfeld

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Slowly} & \quad \text{You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh;} \\
\text{C} & \quad \text{(No Chord)} \\
\text{Dm7} & \quad \text{The fundamental things apply, As Time Goes By.} \\
\text{Gmin7} & \quad \text{And when two lovers woo, they still say, “I love you,” On that you can rely;}
\end{align*}
\]
(No Chord)  

No matter what the future brings, As Time Goes By.

Moon-light and love songs never out of date, Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate;

cresc.

Woman needs man and man must have his mate, That no one can deny. It's

still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, A case of do or die!

The world will always welcome lovers, As Time Goes By.
Not only an Oscar winner, this evocative film theme also took home the “Grammy” honors of the American recording industry as best song of 1962. Composer Mancini put his melody together from two nearly identical 16-bar sections, while lyricist Mercer matched this effort with a poignant, poetic message that managed to say all that was needed in exactly two sentences.

Words by Johnny Mercer    Music by Henry Mancini

Moderate ballad
The door marked "Nevermore," That wasn't there before.

Just a passing breeze

Filled with memories Of the golden smile that introduced me

to

The Days Of Wine And Roses and

you.
I Found a Million Dollar Baby

In 1932, using “million dollar” as an adjective in singing about one’s beloved—and then putting her in the lowly surroundings of a five and ten cent store—was the kind of contrasting that could be well appreciated by a country caught in the grips of the Depression. First sung by Fanny Brice and other principals in the revue Crazy Quilt, the jaunty piece was later interpolated in the movie Million Dollar Baby.

Words by Billy Rose and Mort Dixon
Music by Harry Warren
baby—In a five and ten cent store.

She was selling china.

I kept buying china.

and when she made those eyes

Incidently, if you should run into a

until the crowd got wise.

Incidently, if you should run into a

showers, Just step inside my cottage door

And meet the million dollar

baby—From the five and ten cent store!
I Only Have Eyes for You

Words by Al Dubin
Music by Harry Warren

With the stars twinkling above and the island of Manhattan aglow in the distance, the poor young songwriter and his girl were seen snuggling against the rail of the Staten Island ferry. The hero was oblivious to everything but the heroine—a condition he expressed in song. And when he was finished, what did the misty-eyed girl say? “Gee, Jimmy, that was swell.” It all took place on the silver screen in 1934: Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in Dames.
I don't know if we're in a garden,

Or on a crowded avenue.

here, so am I, May-be millions of people go by, But they all disappear from view,

And I

Only Have Eyes For You.
Spurred by Broadway's hit musical western Annie Get Your Gun, Hollywood staked its own claim to similar sagebrush territory in Calamity Jane. With Doris Day as the hoydenish heroine and Howard Keel as “Wild Bill” Hickok, the bang-up saga had all sorts of explosive numbers, but only one romantic piece, “Secret Love.” The ballad became a 1953 Oscar-winner, a top-selling Doris Day recording and the most durable item in the score.

Words by Paul Francis Webster
Music by Sammy Fain

Moderately, with tenderness

Once I had a Secret Love
That lived within the heart of me.
All too soon my Secret Love
Became impatient to be free.
So I told a friendly star,
The way that dreamers often
Spurred by Broadway’s hit musical western Annie Get Your Gun, Hollywood staked its own claim to similar sagebrush territory in Calamity Jane. With Doris Day as the hoydenish heroine and Howard Keel as “Wild Bill” Hickok, the bang-up saga had all sorts of explosive numbers, but only one romantic piece, “Secret Love.” The ballad became a 1953 Oscar-winner, a top-selling Doris Day recording and the most durable item in the score.

Words by Paul Francis Webster  
Music by Sammy Fain

Moderately, with tenderness

Once I had a Secret Love 
That lived within the heart of me. All too soon my Secret Love became impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star, The way that dreamers often
do, Just how wonder-ful you are, And
why I'm so in love with you. Now I shout it from the
high-est hills, Even told the gold-en da-
diis; At last my heart's an o-pen door, And
my se-cret love's no se-cret an-y more.
Could the dictionary be at a loss for words? The song's thoroughly smitten swain thinks so after searching in vain to find the "magical adjectives" to describe his beloved. The number emanated from a 1937 film called Ready, Willing and Able, whose only other distinction was that it starred Ruby Keeler without Dick Powell.
say e-nough,   tell e-nough, I mean, they just aren't swell e-nough, You're much too much, And just too ver-y ver-y! To

ev-er be in Webster's Dic-tion-a-ry, And

so I'm bor-row-ing A love song from the birds, To

tell you that you're mar-vel-ous, Too Mar-vel-ous For Words.
No song was ever more important to a singer's career than "It's Magic" was to the career of Doris Day. In 1948 the former band singer was signed by Warner Brothers for her first starring role in Romance on the High Seas. Her debut inspired Cahn and Styne to fashion the song establishing her both as movie star and recording artist. It wasn't long before the ballad became even more well known than the film; as a consequence, when it was shown in England, the title of the film was changed to It's Magic.

Words by Sammy Cahn
Music by Jule Styne

Slowly, with feeling
You sigh, the song begins, you speak and I hear violins, It's Magic.

The stars desert the skies and rush to nestle in your eyes, It's Magic. Without a golden wand or mystic charms,

Fantastic things begin when I am in your arms.
When we walk hand in hand the world becomes a wonder-land, it's magic.

How else can I explain those rainbows when there is no rain, it's magic.

Why do I tell myself these things that happen are all really true?

When in my heart I know the magic is my love for you.
IT CAN'T BE WRONG

Max Steiner was the acknowledged dean of film background composers during the 1930s and '40s. His compelling theme for star-crossed lovers Bette Davis and Paul Henreid in Now, Voyager stirred so many hearts that, well after the film had been released, it was refashioned into a song with a suitably guilt-plagued lyric. The broad and beautiful melody was typical of the romantic sound Steiner put into all of the many Bette Davis films he scored.

Words by Kim Gannon

Music by Max Steiner

Moderately and sustained

Would it be wrong to kiss,

Wrong, Would it be wrong to try?

Wrong, Would it be wrong to stay

Here in your arms this
way, Under this starry sky? If it is wrong,
Then why were you sent to me, Why am I content to be
With you forever? poco rit. a tempo So,
When I need you so much And I have waited so long, It must be
right, It Can't Be morendo Wrong.
Lulu’s Back in Town

Minus dancing girls or Busby Berkeley spectacles, the 1935 movie musical Broadway Gondolier had only a slender plot line about a radio crooner (Dick Powell) upon which to string along a collection of engaging tunes. This one tells of the impecunious Mr. Otis gaily preening for his date with the long-absent Lulu.

Words by Al Dubin
Music by Harry Warren

Got-ta get my old tux-e-do pressed, Got-ta sew a but-ton
on my vest, ’Cause to-night I’ve got-ta look my best,

Lu-lu’s Back In Town, Got-ta get a half-a-buck some-where,

Got-ta shine my shoes and slick my hair, Got-ta get my-self a
bou-ton-niere, Lulu's Back In Town. You can tell all my

pets, All my Harlem coquettes, Mister Otis re-

greets That he won't be around? You can tell the mail-man

not to call, I ain't com-in' home un-till the fall. And I

might not get back home at all, Lulu's Back In Town.
Blues in the Night

Words by Johnny Mercer

Written for a film called Hot Nocturne, this song became so popular that the picture was retitled Blues in the Night.

Music by Harold Arlen

Section 4: The Swing Years
The sheet music and lyrics are as follows:

**Wor-ri-some thing who'll leave ya t' sing the Blues In The Night!**

Now the rain's a fall-in', Hear the train a-call-in', Whoo-ee, (My ma-madonetol'me,)

Hear that lone-some whis-tle Blow-in' cross the tres-tle, Whoo-ee, (My ma-madonetol'me,) A

whoo-ee-duhwho-ee, Ol' click-e-ty clack'sa-ech-o-in'back th' Blues In The Night. (Hum.

My ma-ma was right, there's Blues In The Night.
"You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby" was first sung by Dick Powell to Olivia De Havilland in an all-but-forgotten epic of 1938 called Hard to Get. A musically compact song with an engaging offbeat construction, it also benefited from lyricist Mercer's unique notion of romancing a girl by imagining how beautiful she had been as a child.

Words by Johnny Mercer     Music by Harry Warren

Moderately, with a lilt

You Must Have Been A Beau-ti-ful

Ba-by, You must have been a won-der-ful child. When

you were on-ly start-in' to go to kin-der-gar-ten, I bet you drove the lit-tle boys
wild. And when it came to winning blue ribbons, You
must have shown the other kids how. I can see the judges' eyes as they

hand ed you the prize, I bet you made the cut est bow, Oh! You

Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby, 'Cause baby look at you

now.

P cresc.
In "Jeepers Creepers" lyricist Mercer put together a lyric based primarily on a collection of teen-age slang of the '30s, including the rhyming of "jeepers creepers" with "peepers" and "weepers," and "heaters" with "cheaters." This swinging tribute to a young lady's ocular attractions was written especially for Louis Armstrong, whose mellow growl presented it first on the screen in Going Places and then on a best-selling record.

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harry Warren
Gosh all git up! How'd they get that size?  
How'd they get that size?  

Golly gee!  
When you turn those heat-ers on, Woe is me!

Got to put my heat-ers on.  Jeep-ers

Creep-ers! Where'd ya get those peep-ers? Oh! Those

weep-ers! How they hyp-no-tize! Where'd ya get those eyes?
From 1932 to 1938, Dubin and Warren were the most prolific and successful song-writing team in Hollywood. Their fond description of a memorable — if watery — autumnal romance was first sung by James Melton in the film Melody for Two. Both Guy Lombardo and George Shearing have helped maintain its undimmed popularity.

Words by Al Dubin          Music by Harry Warren

Moderately

leaves of brown came tumbling down, remember? In September,

sun went out just like a dying ember, That September
In The Rain,

Every word of love I heard you whisper,
The raindrops seemed to play a sweet refrain.

Spring is here, to me it's still September,

That September,

In The Rain.
"Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" was a Yiddish song discovered in Harlem and made famous by three girls from Minneapolis. After hearing it belted out by a Negro trio at the Apollo Theater, Sammy Cahn became so excited about the number that he persuaded the Andrews Sisters to record it — even though they had no idea what the words meant. It was only when the record company insisted on an English lyric that Cahn and partner Chaplin batted out the appropriate lines.

Original lyrics by Jacob Jacobs
English version by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin
Music by Sholom Secunda

Moderate swing

Schön means that you're grand.
-gain I'll explain, Boy: It means you're the fairest in the land.

Girl: It means that my heart's at your command.

I could say "Bella, bella," even say "Voon-der-bar," Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are. I've tried to explain bei Mir Bist Du Schön, So kiss me and say you understand.
Although bandleader-composer Isham Jones wrote this perennial hit with Gus Kahn in 1924, it became a "current" hit again in 1944 after appearing in the Eddie Cantor–George Murphy movie Show Business. There was a ban on new recording that year, but RCA reissued an Earl Hines recording that had been made in 1941, and it became a best-seller. The song has been used in no less than 40 feature-length films plus dozens of shorts!

Words by Gus Kahn Music by Isham Jones

Moderate swing
glad, just to be sad, thinking of you. Some others I've seen
might never be mean, Might never be
cross or try to be boss, but they wouldn't do. For nobody
else gave me a thrill, With all your faults I love you still, It Had To Be
You, wonderful you, had to be you.
What's New?

In 1938, Bob Haggart, the bassist in Bob Crosby's orchestra, composed a soaring instrumental piece called "I'm Free," which spotlighted the band's trumpeter, Billy Butterfield. Its success prompted lyricist Burke to give it words and rename it "What's New?" Note that the third eight-bar section repeats the basic melody in a higher key.

Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Bob Haggart
then,  Gee! but it's nice to see you again.  What's

New?  Probably I'm boring you,  But seeing you is

grand,  And you were sweet to offer your hand;  I understand.  A-

dieu!  Pardon my asking what's new.  Of course you couldn't

know,  I haven't changed, I still love you so...
When My Dream Boat Comes Home

Words by Dave Franklin
Music by Cliff Friend

Moderately, with a bounce

In “When My Dream Boat Comes Home,” Messrs. Franklin and Friend created an especially seaworthy ballad out of a familiar bugle call pattern, and then turned it over to Guy Lombardo to steer lovingly over the starlit waters. During the 1930s the authors wrote such well-remembered items as “The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down” and “You Can’t Stop Me from Dreaming.”

For easier version, play downbeats only.
Hold you closely,

My own.

Moon-lit waters will sing

Of the

tender love you bring,

We'll be

sweethearts forever,

When My

Dream Boat Comes Home.
Heaven Can Wait

The “you’ve-made-a-heaven-for-me-on-earth” theme, a longtime favorite with popular-song poets, was given a new twist in this affectionate vow of fidelity. Here the singer even anticipates entering the realm of heaven with his beloved. With Jack Leonard on the vocal, Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra introduced the ballad in 1939, and it remained high on the Hit Parade popularity charts for 11 weeks.

Words by Eddie DeLange

Music by James Van Heusen

Moderate ballad

Heav-en Can Wait, this is para-dise,

just be-ing here with you And breath-ing the air you do, Heav-en Can Wait.

Dar-ling it’s true, this is para-dise,

gaz-ing at all your charms; It’s heav-en-ly in your arms, Heav-en Can
Wait. You must be an angel on a

visit from the skies;

Now I look at

heaven when I look into your eyes.

Heaven Can Wait, this is paradise, loving the way we do,

until I go there with you, Heaven Can Wait.
You
Go to My Head

It took this song some two years before finding a publisher in 1938. American radio stations at that time had a strict ruling against any reference to an alcoholic beverage and here was a lyric dealing with the heady effects of no less than three! The ballad was closely identified with the big bands of Glen Gray, Larry Clinton and Mitchell Ayres.

Words by Haven Gillespie
Music by J. Fred Coots

You
Go To My Head
and you linger like a haunt - ing re-frain,

And I find you spinning 'round in my brain

Like the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

You

Go To My Head
like a sip of sparkling Burgundy brew,
And I find the very mention of you
Like the kicker in a
ju-lep or two.

The thrill of the thought that you
might give a thought to my plea casts a spell over me;
Still I

say to my-self, "Get a hold of yourself, can't you see that it never can

be?"

You Go To My Head
with a smile that makes my
Fmaj7  -4 fr.          G7               C7               Fm6

Temperature rise,

Like a summer with a thousand Julys.

G7               C7

You intoxicate my soul with your eyes.

Am7

Certain that this heart of mine

Hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy romance,

You Go To My Head.
**Kiss Me Again**

Fifi, the leading character in Victor Herbert's frothy operetta *Mlle. Modiste*, works for a Parisian milliner but dreams of someday becoming an actress. To demonstrate her theatrical versatility, she devises a lengthy routine called *If I Were on the Stage* in which she attempts three different types of songs. First there is a gavotte for a country maid, second a polonaise for a lady of history. To introduce her final selection, she explains that her favorite role would be "emotional and full of soul" and glides into the sensuous waltz "Kiss Me Again."

Words by Henry Blossom  
Music by Victor Herbert

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**Slow waltz**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>F</th>
<th>B♭</th>
<th>D♭</th>
<th>Gm</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

- Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees, Stars shining
- soft ly a bove; Roses in bloom,
wafted perfume, Sleepy birds dreaming of love.

Safe in your arms, far from alarms,

Daylight shall come but in vain.

Tenderly pressed close to my breast,

Kiss me, Kiss Me Again.
Gypsy Love Song

Words by Harry B. Smith
Music by Victor Herbert

Victor Herbert, the most celebrated composer of operetta America has ever known, wrote the musical scores for no less than 41 productions. The Fortune Teller, presented in 1898, featured “Gypsy Love Song.”

Andante

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweet-heart, dream of the field and the grove.

Can you hear me, hear me in that dream-land, where your fancies rove?

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweet-heart, wild little woodland dove.

Can you hear the song that tells you all my heart’s true love?
I'm Falling in Love with Someone

By the middle of the second act of Victor Herbert's Naughty Marietta, it is obvious to all that the friendship between Captain Dick Warrington and Marietta D'Altena has ripened into a far stronger emotion, a condition our hero fervently reveals in the beautiful, soaring "I'm Falling in Love with Someone." Note the composer's daring leap of a ninth in order to accentuate those all-important words "one girl" (and later "to see").

Words by Rida Johnson Young
Music by Victor Herbert

Slow waltz

For I'm

Falling In Love With Someone, Some

one, girl; I'm Falling In Love With
C/Gbass

Some - one, Head

C7

whirl;  Yes! I'm Falling In Love With Some -

c7

one, Plain to see, I'm

Gm

sure I could love some - one mad - ly, If

Gm7-5

F/Cbass

some - one would only love me!
Ah!

Sweet Mystery of Life

The Victor Herbert score for Naughty Marietta is universally accepted as his greatest, topped by the cascading duet "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life." The song is used throughout the operetta as a romantic motif since the coquettish Marietta, unable to recall more than fragments of this mysterious "Dream Melody" (originally the alternate title), vows to give her heart only to the man who can complete it. No problem at all when it turns out to be none other than dashing Captain Dick.

Words by Rida Johnson Young
Music by Victor Herbert

Andante

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, at last I've found thee, Ah, I know at last the secret of it all. All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning, The burning

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Dm7} \]

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

\[ \text{Cm6} \quad \text{G} \]
the joy and idle tears that fall!

For 'tis

love and love alone, the world is seeking;

And 'tis

love, and love alone, that can repay!

'Tis the

answer, 'tis the end and all of living,

For it is

love alone that rules forever!
Indian Summer

Words by Al Dubin

Victor Herbert composed “Indian Summer” in 1919 as a piano piece subtitled “An American Idyll,” and exactly 20 years later lyricist Dubin furnished the words that turned it into a song. “It was particularly difficult,” Dubin once said, “because I couldn’t change even one note of a melody that was never intended to be sung. It took me two weeks to finish it.”

Music by Victor Herbert

Slowly, with feeling
You are here to watch

Some heart that is broken

By a word that some-

bod-y left un spoken.

You're the ghost of a

ro-mance in June going a-stray,

Fading too soon,

that's why I say, poco rit.

"Fare-well to you In-dian Summer."
A well-nigh irresistible recruiting call for stout-voiced singers, "Stouthearted Men" performs a similar function for a male chorus of bond servants in the operetta The New Moon. Through the first 12 bars the leading baritone makes his lofty appeal in a thumping march rhythm; then, with the men primed and ready, he rallies them in two-four time to a vision of what so valorous a group might achieve. In the musical, at least, it's quite a lot. The men stage a mutiny aboard the good ship New Moon and sail away to a Caribbean island where they set up their own colony.

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Sigmund Romberg

March tempo

Give me some men who are

Stouthearted Men who will fight for the right they adore.

Start me with ten, who are Stouthearted Men and I'll
soon give you ten thousand more, Oh! Shoul-der to shoul-der and

bolder and bolder they grow as they go to the fore!

Then there's nothing in the world can halt or

mar a plan.

When Stout-heart-ed

Men can stick to-geth-er man to man!
The New Moon, a Hammerstein-Romberg operetta of 1928, was one of the few musicals ever to close down completely and then, rewritten and restaged, become a standing-room-only attraction on Broadway. Unquestionably, much of the credit must go to the songs that were added, including the burning, yearning "Lover, Come Back to Me," sung by the show's prima donna, Evelyn Herbert.

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by Sigmund Romberg

Lover, Come Back to Me

The sky was blue,  
And high above  
The moon was new  
And so was love.

This eager heart of mine was singing:  
"Lover, where can you be?"

You came at last,  
Love had its day,  
That day is past,  
You've gone away.
This aching heart of mine is singing:

"Lover, Come Back To Me!" When

I remember every little thing you used to do, I'm so lonely,

Ev'ry road I walk along I've walked along with you, No wonder I am lonely.

The sky is blue, The night is cold, The moon is new, But love is old,

And while I'm waiting here, This heart of mine is singing: "Lover, Come Back To Me!"
That stirring vow of fidelity, "One Alone," from The Desert Song, is part of a three-way musical discussion called "Eastern and Western Love." Representing the "eastern" points of view, one Moroccan tribesman advises treating love as a passing pleasure, while another advocates a "harem of blossoms." But the Red Shadow, a Frenchman in disguise, rejects both ideas. He pledges his undying devotion to "one alone to be my own."

Words by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Sigmund Romberg
Although The Student Prince had the longest Broadway run of any Sigmund Romberg operetta, its chances looked so bleak at the beginning of its out-of-town tryout that the producer insisted on making drastic changes. Among them, the elimination of “Serenade,” Romberg’s favorite song in the score. The composer, conceding other alterations, held firm on “Serenade,” and it stayed in—only to receive the show’s biggest ovation.

**Serenade**

Words by Dorothy Donnelly  
Music by Sigmund Romberg

Andante, molto tranquillo

Could my heart but still its beat ing,  
Only you can tell it how, Beloved!

From your window give me greeting, I swear my eternal love.
Jacob Gade was a Danish violinist who at one time was a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra. After returning to Copenhagen, he wrote, among other light compositions, a “Gypsy tango” called “Jalousie,” which he published himself. Imported in 1931, the melody was outfitted with words by the daughter of New York Congressman Sol Bloom. Arthur Fiedler’s recording with the Boston “Pops” Orchestra became the first “light classic” to reach a sale of one million records.

Words by Vera Bloom  
Music by Jacob Gade

Jalousie

Tango tempo

Jealousy, Night and day you torture me! I sometimes wonder, If this spell that I’m under Can be only a melody, For I know no one but me Has won your
heart but, When the music starts, My peace de-
parts from the moment they play that languorous strain,
And we surrender to all its charm once again.

This jealousy That tortures me
Is ecstasy, Mystery, pain!
We dance to a tango of love,

Your heart beats with mine as we sway.

Your eyes give the answer I'm dreaming of,

That soft word your cruel lips will never say!
music will

fear that the music will end,

And shatter the spell it may lend,

To make me believe,

lieve, When your eyes just deceive, And it's

only the tango you love.
Moderately, but not too fast

Yours Is
My Heart Alone

Original text by Ludwig Herzer and Fritz Lohner
English version by Harry B. Smith
Music by Franz Lehár

You life holds no charm;

Yours ev'ry
In 1929, Viennese composer Franz Lehár's operetta The Land of Smiles was a resounding hit for two main reasons: the aria, "Yours Is My Heart Alone," and the tenor voice of Richard Tauber to sing it. This rich, melodic outpouring occurs in the story soon after the leading character, a Chinese prince, has revealed to his Viennese bride that, according to custom, he must also take four Chinese wives. Insisting that this is a mere formality, he tries with desperate urgency to convince his beloved Lisa that his heart is for her alone.
Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses

Words by Leslie Cooke
Music by John Openshaw

Slowly, with expression

D

E♭7

Em

Love Sends A Little Gift Of

Ros - es,

Breathing a pray'r unto my pos - sies,

D

F♯7

G

Gm

A7

Torn from my heart as twilight closes, Asking this,
More than any other flower, the rose has flourished in the creative gardens of the world's foremost poets and melodists. It may be the yellow rose of Texas or a shining one in Picardy, that wild one in Ireland or the last of the summer. Yet no matter what color or origin, the rose is always something special as a fragrant symbol of love.
Section 6 - Gaslight Varieties

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

Words by Edward Madden
Music by Gus Edwards

Slowly, in barbershop style

Moderately with a lilt

By The Light Of The Silvery Moon,

I want to spoon,
Apart from "beams" and "dreams," the entire rhyme scheme of the refrain describing this appealing summertime tryst is confined to the "oon" sound, possibly the most delightful example of rhyming frugality to be found. The number, long a barbershop quartet favorite, was introduced in 1909 by child singer Georgie Price, planted in theater audiences as part of Gus Edwards' vaudeville sketch School Boys and Girls. Later the same year it helped brighten the Ziegfeld Follies.
Love's Old Sweet Song

Little is known about the origin of this simple yet unforgettable song except that it was first published in London in 1884 and that its melody was created by an Irish barrister turned composer.

Words and Music by J. L. Molloy

Moderately

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low;

And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,

Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, comes Love's Old Sweet Song.
Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine

Although this piece was originally created for a vaudeville act, it was only when the writers didn’t get paid that they added it to the score of their first Broadway show, Three Twins.

Words by Otto Harbach
Music by Karl Joschna

Slowly, but with ragtime feeling (♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♫
There Is a Tavern in the Town

Originally “There Is a Tavern in the Town” had been a drinking ballad sung by ale-swigging miners of Cornwall, England, with the opening line, “There is an alehouse in our town.” But it was first published in the United States in 1883 in a collection called Students’ Songs. Ever since, it has been primarily identified with bibulous collegians.

Cornish Folk Song

There is a Tavern in the Town, And my true love sits him down (Sits him down), And drinks his wine 'mid
laugh-ter free, And nev-er, nev-er thinks of me. Fare thee well, for I must leave thee. Do not let the part-ing grieve thee. And re-mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, a-dieu kind friends a-dieu (Say a-dieu). I can no long-er stay with you (Stay with you). I'll hang my harp on a weep-ing wil-low tree, And may the world go well with thee.
Two struggling songwriters were ambling through New York's Central Park one sunny day in 1905. Their inability to find even one apple tree started them longing for their midwestern boyhood homes so bountiful with apple trees. Sufficiently inspired, they dashed back to the publishing firm for which they worked and created their timeless ode to the simple joys of country living.

Words by Harry Williams    Music by Egbert Van Alstyne

Slow waltz

In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree, Where the love in your eyes I could see; When the voice that I heard, Like the
The song of the bird, Seem’d to whisper sweet music to me.

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee In the blossoms as you said to me, “With a heart that is true, I’ll be waiting for you, In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree.”
In My Merry Oldsmobile

Words by Vincent Bryan
Music by Gus Edwards

Gay waltz tempo

Come a-

way with me Lucile,
In My Mer-

Olds - mo - bile,
Down the road of life we'll fly
Transportation songs were clogging the market during the century's first two decades, but few managed to achieve the musical mileage of the rollicking waltz "In My Merry Oldsmobile." Inspiration was supplied by a well-publicized trip made in 1905 by two Oldsmobiles. It took them 44 days to make their way from Detroit to Portland, Oregon, thus marking the first cross-America journey ever accomplished by automobile.
The Band Played On

Words by John F. Palmer
Music by Charles B. Ward

Bright waltz

Casey would waltz with a strawberry

blonde, And The Band Played On. He'd

glide cross the floor with the girl he ador'd, And The Band
One morning in the late 1800s, John Palmer, a young American actor, was listening to a German street band outside his window. Distracted by sister Pauline's call to breakfast, he cried out dramatically, "One moment. Let the band play on." Pauline's comment—need it be noted?—was, "That's a good title for a song." Suitably goaded, Palmer penned the now legendary musical tale. However, he was unable to find a publisher until years later when vaudevillian Charles Ward expressed interest. Ward also made some minor alterations, and thereby took solo credit as composer.
Contrary to a common misconception, this was not a ballad born in the Emerald Isle. In 1876, composer Westendorf, a school teacher living in Plainfield, Indiana, penned this affectionate love song when temporarily separated from his wife—only her name was Jennie. The piece was written in the form of an "answer" to a popular ballad, "Barney, Take Me Home Again."

Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf

Slowly, with expression
The roses all have left your cheek,

I've watched them fade away and die.

Your voice is sad when e'er you speak

And tears be-dim your loving eyes.

I will take you back, Kathleen,

To where your heart will feel no pain,

And when the fields are fresh and green,

I'll take you to your home, Kathleen.
My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott, the leading American-born Irish tenor at the turn of the century, won his fame primarily as the star of a series of sentimental plays about the old sod which were always embellished by at least five suitably Celtic airs. The perennially blooming "My Wild Irish Rose," from A Romance in Athlone (1899), became the first Irish-flavored song success to emanate from a Broadway show.

Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott

Moderately

* Melody may be doubled an 8\textsuperscript{th} higher.
none can compare With My Wild Irish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose,

dearest flow'r that grows,

And some day for my sake, She may let me take The

day for my sake, She may let me take The

bloom from My Wild Irish Rose.
Once composer Ball discovered early in his career that he had a special gift for creating heart-tugging ballads, he never risked writing anything else. “People like songs they can take home to themselves,” he said, and obliged by turning out such durable take-home pieces as “Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?,” “Mother Machree,” “A Little Bit of Heaven” and “Love Me and the World Is Mine.” Ball’s lilt ing favorite, “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” was first sung by the popular singing actor Chauncey Olcott, in the 1912 musical play The Isle o’ Dreams.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Words by Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr.

Music by Ernest R. Ball

Moderate waltz
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish Eyes Are Smiling,
That's an
Irish Lullaby

Words and Music by J. R. Shannon

It was in the 1914 play Shameen Dhu (Gaelic for “Black Jamie”) that Chauncey Olcott introduced this touching air. Modern audiences are more likely to associate it with the too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral-ling of Bing Crosby in Going My Way.

Moderately, with expression
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet

Words by Stanley Murphy

Music by Percy Wenrich

Originally called “Put on Your Old Sunbonnet,” this Wenrich-Murphy song, which sold over a million copies of sheet music, was renamed after the publisher had mistakenly substituted “grey” for “sunt” in singing the first line.

Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet with the blue ribbon on it, While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay, And through the fields of clover, We'll drive up to Dover on our golden wedding day.
The career of composer Van Alstyne parallels that of many songwriters during the early days of the century: musical prodigy, vaudeville pianist, staff pianist for a New York publishing house, then, after years of struggling, eventual success. A decade after his first hit, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," Van Alstyne created another timeless masterpiece, "Memories," one of his first works to be written with lyricist Kahn.

Words by Gus Kahn  
Music by Egbert Van Alstyne

Moderate waltz

Dreams of love so true.

Memories, Memories, Memories,
O'er the sea of memory I'm drifting back to you. Child-hood days,

Wild-wood days, Among the birds and bees,

You left me a-lone But still you're my own! In my beau-ti-ful Mem-ories.
Oh, Promise Me

Had it not been for a show of temperament by actress Jessie Bartlett Davis, many of today's weddings might well be minus the majestic strains of "Oh, Promise Me." Following the Chicago premiere of Robin Hood in 1890, Miss Davis, who played the male role of Alan-a-Dale, threatened to quit the company if she were not given a new aria which would show off her deep contralto tones. Desperate, composer De Koven recalled a piece he had written some time before, but which had never been sung in public. The actress rehearsed "Oh, Promise Me" the next day, sang it that night, and scored the biggest success of the production.

Words by Clement Scott

Music by Reginald de Koven
new, And find the hollows where those flowers grew; Those
poco rall.

first sweet violets of early spring, Which come in whispers, thrill us

both, and sing Of love unspeakable that

cresc.

is to be; Oh, Promise Me, Oh, Promise Me! decresc.

rall.
I Love You
Truly

Words and Music by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

Slowly

I Simply Love You

Truly, truly, dear.

Life with its sorrows,
After the tragic death of her husband, the need to earn a living obliged Carrie Jacobs-Bond to become a one-woman music business—composer, lyricist, publisher, song plugger and even sheet-music cover designer. Today her fame rests primarily on two songs, “I Love You Truly” and “A Perfect Day,” both of which had to overcome public apathy before at last winning their places among America’s best-loved songs.
While touring in vaudeville in 1899, Joe Howard overheard a Negro porter in a Scranton, Pennsylvania, hotel talk to his girl on the telephone. His conversation gave Howard the idea for his cake-walking, ragtime telephone number, "Hello! My Baby," which he wrote with his wife. Two weeks later Howard introduced it on stage to enthusiastic acclaim.

Words and Music by Joseph E. Howard and Idá Emerson
Section 7  Greensleeves and Other Folk Song Favorites

Black Is the Color

Many American folk songs, particularly those sung for generations in the southern Appalachian region, such as the wistful "Black Is the Color," have a marked kinship with the love songs of Elizabethan England.

American Folk Song

Slow ballad

\[ E_m \quad A \quad E_m \quad B_m7 \]

\[ C \quad A_m \quad E_m \quad C_maj7 \]

\[ D \]

\[ E_m \quad A_m \quad E_m \quad C_maj7 \]

\[ A \quad A_m \quad E_m \quad D \]

\[ C \quad A_m \quad E_m \quad C_maj7 \]

Hair; Her lips are something wondrous fair; The bluest eyes and the
daintiest hands; I love the grass on where she stands.
Greensleeves

The words of “Greensleeves” probably date back to 1580, but the music went unpublished until the late 17th century. In The Merry Wives of Windsor Shakespeare has Falstaff boom out, “Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of ‘Greensleeves.’”

English Folk Song

Rather slow, but with a lilt

I have loved you so long, Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight,

Greensleeves was my heart of gold And who but my lady Greensleeves.
Careless Love

American Folk Song

Originally sung by southern mountain whites in the U.S., this sorrowful tale was brought down to the Mississippi delta where it became identified with Negro dock workers. In 1921, famous bluesman W. C. Handy wrote his own version and called it “Loveless Love.”

Slow blues

Sorrow, sorrow, to my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, to my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, to my heart,
When me and my true love must part.

It’s a pity that we met,
It’s a pity that we met,
It’s a pity that we met,
For those good times we’ll never forget.

Now my money’s spent and gone,
Now my money’s spent and gone,
Now my money’s spent and gone,
You passed my door a-singing a song.

Love my mama and my papa too,
Love my mama and my papa too,
Love my mama and my papa too,
But I’d leave them both and go with you.

Cried last night and the night before,
Cried last night and the night before,
Cried last night and the night before,
Going to cry tonight and I’ll cry no more.

Oh, it’s broke this heart of mine,
Oh, it’s broke this heart of mine,
Oh, it’s broke this heart of mine,
It’ll break heart of yours some time.
The current popular-music scene borrows heavily from the world of folk songs. Among modern balladeers, none has made a stronger impact than Bob Dylan, whose "Blowin' in the Wind," composed in 1962, practically became the anthem of the civil rights movement in the U.S. The sensitive words, however, are equally applicable to any situation involving man's indifference to the basic rights of others. In 1964, Peter, Paul and Mary's recording of the song received "Grammy" awards both as the best performance by a vocal group and as the best folk song recording.
How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
Red River Valley

Here's a switch: a Tin Pan Alley song that developed into a folk song. In 1896, songwriter James J. Kerrigan wrote a sentimental piece called “In the Bright Mohawk Valley.” Pioneers heading westward across America picked up the tune, simplified the melody, and changed the lamenting lover to a cowboy and the locale to the Texas panhandle. With its loping four-four beat and open-air charm, “Red River Valley” sounds as authentic as any folk song that ever sprang from the sagebrush.

Traditional

Moderately
brightens our pathway a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me,

Do not hasten to bid me adieu;

But remember the Red River Valley.

And the one who has loved you so true.
Blue-Tail Fly

American Folk Song

Freely

When I was young I used to wait on master and hand him his plate; Pass down the bottle when he got dry, And brush away the Blue-Tail Fly.
Daniel Decatur Emmett may have been revered by Southerners in the U.S. as the composer of “Dixie,” but his “Blue-Tail Fly” took such merry digs at indolent plantation owners that it was adopted as an Abolitionist song during the Civil War. Derived from Negro slave jingles, the ditty was created in 1846 for a minstrel show.

And when he rode in the afternoon,  
The pony ran, he jumped, he pitched,  
I follow with a hick’ry broom,  
He threw my master in the ditch,  
The The pony being very shy  
He died, the jury wondered why,  
When bitten by the blue-tail fly. (Refrain)  
The verdict was the blue-tail fly. (Refrain)

One day he rode around the farm,  
They laid him under a ’simmon tree,  
The flies so numerous they did swarm;  
His epitaph is there to see:  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,  “Beneath this stone I’m forced to lie—  The devil take that blue-tail fly. (Refrain)  
A victim of the blue-tail fly.” (Refrain)
Puff (The Magic Dragon)

Peter Yarrow, the Peter of Peter, Paul and Mary, shares one-half the credit for writing this gossamer fable and one-third for making it one of the durable delights of 1963. “Puff” remains a special favorite of children, while their elders take pleasure in finding hidden meanings in the frolicking of Puff and Jackie Paper.

Words and Music by Peter Yarrow and Leonard Lipton

With a lilt

Verse

Puff, the magic dragon,

lived by the sea

And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Ho-nah-

Lee. Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal, Puff, And

brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff. Oh!
Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail.
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came,
Pirate ships would low'r their flag
when Puff roared out his name. Oh! (Chorus)

A dragon lives forever but not so little boys,
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And Puff that mighty dragon,
he ceased his fearless roar. Oh! (Chorus)

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain.
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave
So Puff that mighty dragon,
sadly slipped into his cave. Oh! (Chorus)
The plaintive strains of "Aura Lee," first sung in America during the Civil War, have also been heard under two other familiar titles. In 1865, with a new set of words, it became a West Point class song under the title of "Army Blues"; then, almost a hundred years after it was written, it re-emerged as the best-selling title song of Elvis Presley's movie Love Me Tender.

Words by W. W. Fosdick

Music by G. R. Poulton

As the black-bird in the spring, beneath the willow tree,

Sat and pip'd I heard him sing, singing "Aura Lee."

Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid of golden hair!

Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.
On Top of Old Smokey

American Folk Song

Though its roots were in England, "On Top of Old Smokey" first became known in America early in the 19th century when wagoneers sang it while driving their Conestoga wagons over treacherous pack trails. Today, it is possibly the most popular of all American folk songs.

Well, courting's a pleasure,
But parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief he will rob you
And take all you save,
But a false-hearted lover,
Will send you to your grave.

He'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Than crossties on a railroad
Or the stars in the skies.
Not a genuine convict song as commonly believed, "Botany Bay" was written as a theatrical parody of a real, English convict song, "Judges and Juries." It was performed in the musical Little Jack Shepherd in London in 1885 and Melbourne in 1886, and was sung by comedian David Belasco James with such popular success that it has survived to become a favorite in the current folk revival.

Traditional
2. There's the Captain as is our Commander,
   There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,
   There's the first and second-class passengers,
   Knows what we poor convicts go through.
   *Chorus*

3. 'Taint leavin' old England we cares about,
   'Taint cos we mispels what we knows,
   But becos all we light-fingered gentry
   Hops around with log on our toes.
   *Chorus*

4. For seven long years I'll be staying here,
   For seven long years and a day,
   For meeting a cove in an area
   And taking his ticker away.
   *Chorus*

5. Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove!
   I'd soar on my pinions so high,
   Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
   And in her sweet presence I'd die.
   *Chorus*

6. Now, all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
   Take warning from what I've to say,
   Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
   Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.
   *Chorus*
Now is the Hour

Words by Maewae Kaihau

Music by Clement Scott

Andante (but not too slow)

Is The Hour when we must say goodbye,
Soon you'll be sailing far away.

Cross the ka'u e.

While you're a way,
Although usually thought of as a genuine Polynesian song, "Now is the Hour" is of neither Maori nor New Zealand origin. It is believed to have been written in Australia in 1913 under another title, and to have been adopted by Maori singers some years later. The song achieved widespread popularity during World War II, when it was associated with New Zealand servicemen abroad, and Bing Crosby’s 1946 recording sent it to the top of the Hit Parade.

Haere ra
Te manu tangi pai;
E haere ana,
Koe ki pamamao.
Haere ra,
Ka hoki mai ano,
Kite tau
E tangi atu nei.
Wild Rover

Traditional

Rollicking Tempo

Chorus

No, no,

called a Wild Rover no more.

No, no,

now I've returned with a flaming great score, Never be

A7

D

D7

G

Em

Chorus
The words of this rags-to-riches tale may have a genuine Australian ring, but the music originated in the British Isles. Well known in Ireland, the song probably arrived with Irish settlers and gradually became thought of as a “bush ballad.”

I went to a shanty I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me, “Nay!”
Saying “Customers like you I can get any day.”

Chorus

I'll go home to my parents, tell them what I have done.
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they will do so, as often before,
I never shall play the wild rover no more.

Chorus
The Rabbiter

Composer Wakefield, an Englishman, came to Australia in 1923 as a young man and spent the next twenty years roaming the rugged outback of New South Wales and Queensland. He worked at everything from horsebreaking to wattle-stripping to song writing—and, as a result, his songs had the strong flavor of rural Australia. "The Rabbiter" recalls that part of his life in western New South Wales when he trapped rabbits for sale in the Sydney markets.

Words and Music by Stan Wakefield

With Spirit

C

F

C

G7

Chorus

C

G7

C

C

The rabbiter make out-back, The sporting life and the lairy tales of prices fetched at Sydney sales. So I started out across New South Wales on the roving rabbiter's track. With a
A free and independent life,  
A life of simple joys —  
I camped beneath an old belar,  
And me tucker was mostly fried galah,  
And I trapped 'em near and I trapped 'em far  
For the Sydney market boys. (Chorus)

I poisoned out at Hillston  
And I trapped at Gundagai,  
I followed 'em over creeks and bogs,  
And chopped 'em out of hollow logs,  
And tailed 'em up with yelping dogs  
Way back of Boggabri. (Chorus)
The Drover's Dream

Traditional

Moderately

Now one night when trave'ling sheep, My com'panion fast a'sleep,— No

stars, no moon did gloom the South'ern sky. Now the night was ver-y close, So I

think I must have dozed, For a ver-y strange pro-ces-sion passed me by.

First there came a kan-ga-roo With a roll of blan-kets blue, Ac-
Like many Australian bush songs, "The Drover’s Dream" is of unknown origin, its verses varying from region to region. There is no record of the song having been heard before the early 1930’s, and there is considerable evidence that it emerged from the camps of construction workers, tramps and swaggies during the Great Depression. Certainly these camps kept this and other bush songs alive.

Now the parrots green and blue
Whistled too-roo-loo-roo-loo,
Three native bears came down and formed a ring,
(And formed a ring!)
The emu standing near
With his claw up to his ear,
Amused the audience with a highland fling;
The goanna and the snake
And the adder wide awake,
Shut up the old log cabin in the dell,
(Oh in the dell!)

And the dear old bandicoot
Played a tune upon his flute,
Faith, I never heard it played before so well!

Now the pelican and the crane
They flew in from on the plain,
Their music and their tricks were quite a treat,
(Oh, quite a treat!)
I woke up with a start
When from underneath the cart,
Old Rexy yelled out “Jock, where are the sheep?”

For extra verses
For final ending
On a visit to Queensland in 1895, "Banjo" Paterson heard a grazier remark that he had just seen "a couple of blokes waltzing Matilda down by the billabong"—meaning that he had seen two men carrying their swags, or bed rolls, by a waterhole. Paterson immediately was inspired to write a thoroughly Australian song—the story of a swagman caught stealing a sheep, told in the colorful language of the Outback. Paterson's words and the irresistible rhythm of the music combined to make "Waltzing Matilda" the best-loved and most widely known Australian song.

Words by A. B. (Banjo) Paterson

Music by Marie Cowan
3. Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred
   Down came the troopers one, two, three,
   Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
   You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

4. Up jumped the swagman sprang into the billabong
   You'll never catch me alive said he
   And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
   You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong.
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
The Overlander

While there is something of the entertainer’s “song in character” about “The Overlander,” its words are so colloquial and its tone is so realistic that it may well have been the product of a literate squatter or jackaroo. The version most often sung today was first printed in 1865, and is sometimes called “The Queensland Drover.”

Traditional

With Spirit

Verses:

There’s a trade you all know from the northern

Well, plains it’s bringing cattle over. On every track, to the

Chorus:

Gulf and back, men, know the Queensland drover. Pass the billy ’round, my
1. boys, don't let the pint pot stand there. For tonight we drink the health of every overlander. I come lander.

2. There are men from every land,
   From Spain and France and Flanders;
   They’re a well mixed pack, both white and black,
   They’re Queensland overlanders. (Chorus)

3. When we’ve earned a spree in town
   We live like pigs in clover;
   And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck
   Of many a Queensland drover. (Chorus)

4. As I pass along the roads,
   The children raise my dander,
   Shouting “Mother, dear, take in the clothes!
   Here comes an overlander.” (Chorus)

5. But I’m bound for home once more,
   On a prod that’s quite a goer;
   I can find a job with a crawling mob
   On the banks of the Maranoa. (Chorus)
The Stockman's Last Bed

Although the origin of “The Stockman’s Last Bed” is uncertain, it is thought to have been written by two sisters, Bessie and Maria Grey, in the late 1840's. The girls, aged 16 and 18, were the daughters of one Colonel Grey of Port Macquarie, NSW, and were known to be “well read, good French scholars, and the composers of poems.” While the Grey sisters may have written the words of the song, they can lay no claim to the music; the tune definitely is that of “The Boatswain’s Last Whistle,” a popular song of the day.

Slowly

Traditional

Be ye stock men or not, to my story give ear.

A - las, Jack has gone and no more shall we hear

The crack of his stock-whip, the steed’s live - ly trot, The
One day he was yarding, he was gored by a steer;
"Alas!" cried poor Jack, "It's all up with me here!"
His whip shall be silent, and his dogs they will mourn,
And his steed looks in vain for his master's return.
Chorus

Stranger, if ever in some future day,
In search of wild cattle should chance for to stray,
Tread light 'neath the wattle, where poor Jack is laid,
So far from his home where in childhood he played.
Chorus
The Wild Colonial Boy

Traditional

Moderately (in 2)

There was a wild colonial youth, Jack Doolan was his name, Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine, bushranger did roam.

He was barely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home, And through Australia's sunny clime as a boy he roamed.

He was robbed those wealthy

Traditional

Moderately (in 2)

There was a wild colonial youth, Jack Doolan was his name, Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine, bushranger did roam.

He was barely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home, And through Australia's sunny clime as a boy he roamed.

He was robbed those wealthy
Many of the incidents and the entire chorus of "The Wild Colonial Boy" have been transferred from an earlier ballad, "Bold Jack Donahoe," which relates the exploits of an Irish convict who escaped and became a bushranger in New South Wales in the late 1820's. The song became so popular that government authorities feared it might encourage rebellion among the Irish population—and for ten years it was illegal to sing the ballad in pubs.

3. In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career;
   With a heart that knew no danger, no foe man did he fear.
   He held the Beechworth mail-coach up, and robbed Judge Macoboy,
   Who trembled and gave up his gold to The Wild Colonial Boy.

4. He bade the Judge good-morning, and told him to beware
   For he'd never rob a decent judge that acted on the square,
   But not to rob a mother of her son and only joy
   Or you'll breed a race of outlaws like The Wild Colonial Boy.

5. One day as he was riding the mountain-side along,
   A-listening to the little birds their pleasant laughing song,
   Three mounted troopers came in sight, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
   And thought that they would capture him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

6. 'Surrender now, Jack Doolan! You see we're three to one.
   Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman!' But he drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy:
   'I'll fight but I won't surrender,' said The Wild Colonial Boy.

7. He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
   And in return from Davis received a mortal wound;
   All shattered through the jaws he lay still firing at Fitzroy,
   And that's the way they captured The Wild Colonial Boy.
Section 9 Music to Lift the Spirit

I'll Walk with God

Though the familiar musical highlights of Sigmund Romberg's score for The Student Prince were retained for the 1952 film version, Messrs. Webster and Brodsky were summoned to supply a suitable hymn for the grief-stricken prince as he views the bier of his dead father. "I'll Walk with God" was sung in the movie by the unseen Mario Lanza whose voice was dubbed in for actor Edmund Purdom.

Words by Paul Francis Webster

Music by Nicholas Brodszky

Moderately, with deep emotion

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<td>I'll Walk With God from this day on, His helping hand</td>
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<td>I'll lean upon; This is my prayer, my humble plea,</td>
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<td>May the Lord be ever with me. There is no</td>
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death, tho' eyes grow dim, There is no fear

when I'm near to Him, I'll lean on Him for-

ever And He'll forsake me never.

Cantabile (somewhat faster)

He will not fail me as long as my faith is strong, Whatever road I may walk a-long;
I'll Walk With God,___ I'll take His hand,___ I'll talk with God,____

He'll understand;___ I'll pray to Him, each day to

Him, And He'll hear the words ___ that I say,____ His hand will

guide my throne and rod, And I'll never walk alone while I

walk with God! accel. ___ Slower ___ r. h. ___ l. h. ___ Ped.
Augustus Toplady, a British clergyman, wrote a poem in 1776 called "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World," and the prolific American composer Thomas Hastings set it to music in 1832. Along with "Nearer My God to Thee," this hymn, "Rock of Ages," is probably the most frequently performed piece at funerals.

Rock of Ages

Words by Augustus M. Toplady
Music by Thomas Hastings

Moderato

Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone, Thou must save and Thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
It is always a bit surprising to discover that Sir Arthur Sullivan—of Gilbert and Sullivan—was the composer of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Originally, however, Rev. Baring-Gould had set his text to the accompaniment of the slow movement of the Haydn D-Major Symphony and as such it was first sung at a Children's Festival in 1864. Haydn was discarded in favor of Sullivan as soon as his stirring melody was published seven years later. Today, it remains one of the most celebrated marching hymns ever written.

Words by Sabine Baring-Gould
Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

Moderato
Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading, Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine, One in charity. (Chorus)

Onward then, ye people! Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages Men and angels sing. (Chorus)
Faith of Our Fathers

In 1849, soon after Frederick Faber had left the Church of England in favor of the Church of Rome, he expressed his devotion to Catholicism in “Faith of Our Fathers.” The text of the hymn has, however, since been revised. Now the term “faith,” rather than referring to a particular religion, is made to apply to the teaching of Christ: “Love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you.”

Words and Music by Frederick W. Faber, Henry F. Hemy and J. G. Walton
hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that
glorious word: Faith Of Our Fathers, holy
faith! We will be true to Thee till death.
hearts beat high with joy, When-ever we hear that
glorious word: Faith Of Our Fa-thers, ho-ly
faith! We will be true to Thee till death.

A Mighty Fortress
Is Our God

Martin Luther not only reformed the church, he also reformed the musical services, primarily by substituting German for the Latin text and arranging a new order for the Mass. An accomplished musician, he adapted many hymns, the most famous being his paraphrase of the 46th Psalm, “A Mighty Fortress.” It was first published in 1529 and immediately became “The Battle Hymn of the Reformation,” lifting the spirit and renewing the dedication of his followers.

Words by Martin Luther

Maestoso

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God, A

A bulwark never failing; Our helper He amid the flood Of
mortal ills prevailing. For

still our ancient foe Doth seek to

work us woe; His craft and pow'r are

great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On

earth is not his equal.
“Alice Hawthorne” was really Septimus Winner, one of the most versatile writers of the mid-19th century. Winner went from the bird calls of “Listen to the Mocking Bird” to the doggerel nonsense of “Oh, Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?” to the gentle and optimistic “Whispering Hope.”

Moderate waltz

Words and Music by Alice Hawthorne

Whispering Hope

Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard;

Hope with a gentle persuasion

Whispers her comforting word.

Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is
G

Hope for the sunshine tomorrow.

G7

row.

C

After the shower is gone.

F

Whispering Hope,

C

Oh, how well

G7

come thy voice,

G7

Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.
Abide with Me

In 1820, a young English clergyman, Henry Lyte, was visiting a dying friend who kept repeating the phrase "Abide with me." Moved by the visit, Lyte wrote the hymn but thought little about it until some 27 years later when, failing in health, he had the song published. It was not, however, until 1861 when organist William Monk added his own music to the words that the beauty of the work first became appreciated.

Words by Henry Lyte          Music by W. H. Monk

Andante moderato

Abide With Me fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens,

Lord, with me abide. When other helpers fail and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, Abide With Me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
God Save the Queen

The national anthem of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, “God Save the Queen” was first performed in London in 1745. Its origin remains a mystery.

Moderato

Nor on this land alone / But be God’s mercies known
From shore to shore; / Lord make the nations see
That men should brothers be, / And from one family
The wide world o’er.

The choicest gifts in store / On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign. / May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause / To sing with heart and voice
God Save The Queen!
Advance Australia Fair

In 1933, fiery politician Jack Lang admonished a rally crowd at Lidcombe, NSW for not removing their hats when “Advance Australia Fair” was played. The song, he claimed, was “our national anthem.” In fact, he was wrong: patriotic though it is, the song never has been officially recognized as Australia’s national anthem. That distinction still belongs to “God Save the Queen.”

Words and Music by Peter Dodds McCormick
2. When gallant Cook from Albion sail'd
   To trace wide oceans o'er;
   True British courage bore him on
   Till he landed on our shore.
   Then here he raised Old England's Flag
   The standard of the brave;
   "With all her faults we love her still,"
   "Britannia rules the wave."
   In joyful strains then let us sing
   Advance Australia Fair.

3. Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
   We'll toil with hearts and hands,
   To make our youthful Commonwealth
   Renowned of all the lands;
   For loyal sons beyond the seas
   We've boundless plains to share,
   With courage let us all combine
   To Advance Australia Fair.
   In joyful strains then let us sing
   Advance Australia Fair.
God Defend New Zealand

Words by Thomas Bracken

Music by John Joseph Woods

March Tempo

Am D7 Em D7 G B7 Em C G

G D7 Em D7 G B7 Em C G

Am A7 D G C B7 Em D G

Am A7 D G C B7 Em D G

Am A7 D G C B7 Em D G

Am A7 D G C B7 Em D G

God of nations at Thy feet! In the bonds of
E i ho wa, A tu a,
O nga I wi!

love we meet; Hear our voices, we entreat,
Ma tou ra A ta wha ka ro ngo na;

God defend our A ro ha Free land; Guard Paci fic's
Me A ro ha no a Ki a hu a
Dunedin editor Thomas Bracken wrote a patriotic poem in the early 1870's, printed it on the front page of his newspaper, and offered 10 guineas for the best musical setting. A school teacher from Lawrence, Otago, John Joseph Woods, won the prize—and “God Defend New Zealand” was the result. The song was adopted as the national hymn of New Zealand in 1940, and today is often played at state occasions.

2. Men of ev'ry creed and race,
Gather here before Thy face,
Asking Thee to bless this place,
God defend our Free land.
From dissension, envy, hate,
And corruption, guard our State,
Make our country good and great,
God defend New Zealand.

3. Peace not war shall be our boast,
But should foes assail our coast,
Make us then a mighty host,
God defend our Free land.
Lord of battles in Thy might,
Put our enemies to flight,
Let our cause be just and right,
God defend New Zealand.

4. Let our love for Thee increase,
May Thy blessings never cease,
Give us plenty, give us peace,
God defend our Free land.
From dishonor and from shame,
Guard our country's spotless name,
Crown her with immortal fame,
God defend New Zealand.