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Introduction

In all childhood, there is no moment quite like the discovery of the past. A family attic, an old trunk or chest full of photographs and memories and scents of times gone by—enough to awaken imagination, form a bond, uniting a new generation with all those now departed. They live again, forever young, under tomorrow’s gaze.

So it is with songs. They are the flavors and fragrances of times otherwise soon lost to memory. A world of feeling and experience, a moment quickly slipping out of reach, can remain in a phrase or scrap of melody. Our songs are fragments of our lives: a college dance and the magic of unexpected romance; times of crisis and peril, companionship or pride. Songs mark the stations of a lifetime and the people who make the memories: Bing Crosby singing “Dinah, is there anyone finer” on a scratchy old record; carefree summers on Cape Cod evoked anew by a song about “sand dunes and salty air”; that night we cried for Piaf at Carnegie Hall as she rebuffed tragedy with “La Vie en Rose”; or affectionate smiles at the thought of Great-Grandfather wooing Great-Grandma to the strains of “When You Wore a Tulip (and I Wore a Big Red Rose).”

A book of old songs, such as Unforgettable Musical Memories, is just that kind of direct appeal to the imagination and emotions. At a time in our history when we are constantly required to mask our softer feelings, to deny the more sentimental side of ourselves, such music is vital. We play and sing, enjoy the closeness of others — and we dream of “Japanese sandmen,” “sheltering palms,” “good old ‘frivolous Sal’ and ‘Sweet Georgia Brown.’”

Such a book grants eternal life to all our yesterdays — and our tomorrows as well. There will always be a new generation, all wonder and delight, to climb into the attic or open the family treasure chest. And, too, there will always be songs like the 96 musical memories that follow to nourish the heart and renew the spirit. Without them, we would be poor indeed.

HOW TO USE THIS SONGBOOK

Dan Fox, arranger for our eight previous Reader’s Digest music books, once again has made favorite songs easy to play but always musically interesting and gratifying. For players of any treble clef instrument, the melody is on top, clear and uncluttered, with the stems of the notes turned up. However, if one is to play in tandem with a piano or organ, it must be on a “C” instrument, such as a violin, flute, recorder, oboe, accordion, harmonica, melodica or any of the new electronic keyboards. Guitarists also can play the melody as written, or they can play chords from the symbols (G7, Am, etc.) or from the diagrams printed just above the staves. Organists whose instruments have foot pedals may use the small pedal notes in the bass clef (with stems turned down). But these pedal notes should not be attempted by pianists; they are for feet only! For the sake of facility, the pedal lines move stepwise and stay within an octave. Players who improvise in the jazz sense can “take off” from the melody and the chord symbols.

The chord symbols also are designed for pianists who have studied the popular chord method; players can read the melody line and improvise their own left-hand accompaniments. The chord symbols may be used, too, by bass players (string or brass); just play the root note of each chord symbol, except where another note is indicated (for example, “D/F# bass”). And accordionists can use the chord symbols for the left-hand buttons while playing the treble portions of the arrangement as written.

Like our other music books, this one is arranged to serve a soloist, an entire ensemble or an old-fashioned sing-along. (In any song with more than two stanzas, a tinted band runs through each alternate line, making it easy to keep your eyes on the proper place when singing.) The collection will prove a constant, enduring source of entertainment for clubs, schools, senior citizen groups and, of course, for yourself and your family.

Enhancing the music are the introductory notes to each song — background material written by leading, recognized authorities in the categories defined by the section titles.

For all those involved, this collection of nostalgic popular “classics” was a labor of love. We hope that Unforgettable Musical Memories will give you as much pleasure as it gave us in putting it together.

The Editors
Moonlight Serenade

Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" became the theme of his new band in 1937. Set to be released on a 1939 recording with "Sunrise Serenade," it had no lyrics that satisfied Miller. So he asked Mitchell Parish of "Stardust" fame for lyrics about a moonlight serenade to go with the sunrise one. The result: one of the Miller band's most enduring hits.

Words by Mitchell Parish; Music by Glenn Miller

Moderately slow

C7 F6 Fdim7

Gm7 C7 F

F6 Fmaj7 F9 D7 Gm7-5

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Let us stray till break of day
In love's valley of dreams,
Just you and I, a

summer sky, A heavenly breeze
kissing the trees. So

roses are bring you
sighing A
moon-light serenade. The
Moonlight Serenade

L.H. vocal melody

R.H.

L.H.
Serenade in Blue

Words by Mack Gordon
Music by Harry Warren

"Serenade in Blue," written by two of Hollywood's most prolific composers, Harry Warren and Mack Gordon, was the big love song in Glenn Miller's 1942 film Orchestra Wives. Moviegoers saw (but did not hear) Jackie Gleason as a bass player, George Montgomery as a trumpeter and Cesar Romero as pianist in a band which was then at the height of its popularity and which featured in person and in the movie Ray Eberle as its romantic singer.

Slow blues (played as \( \frac{3}{4} \))

When I hear that Serenade in Blue,
Once again your face comes back to me,
I'm Just with a light foot!

somewhere in another world a lone with you,
lke the theme of some forgotten melody
very smoothly

Sharing all the joys we used to know,
In the album of my memory,
Many Serenade
Serenade in Blue

moons
dade

in
go.

Blue.

It

seems like only yesterday. A small café, a crowded floor, And

as we danced the night away, I hear you say "Forevermore"; And

then the song became a sigh, Forevermore became goodbye, But
you remained in my heart. So tell me, darling, is there still a

spark, Or only lonely ashes of the flame we knew;

Should I go on whistling in the dark? Ser-

nade in Blue.
Saxophonist Joe Garland first brought his arrangement of his song "In the Mood" to Artie Shaw, who found it too cumbersome to record. So Garland took it to Glenn Miller, who compacted it into a catchy instrumental that featured a repetitious eight-bar riff, a saxophone battle and a teasing fade-out that turned the 1939 Miller recording into the band's biggest hit as well as one of the Swing Era's most evocative favorites. This keyboard arrangement by Dan Fox follows Miller's band version as closely as possible.

Music by Joe Garland

Medium bounce tempo (\(\frac{7}{4}\) played as \(\frac{16}{8}\))

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In the Mood

First time \( f \)
Second time \( mf \) (softer)
Third time \( pp \) (softer still)
\( \text{N.C.} \)

\( f \) \( p \) cresc. little by little

---

\( ff \)

\( fff \)
I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You

This haunting ballad by Boston Conservatory graduate George Bassman and 12-time Academy Award nominee Ned Washington served for 21 years as the theme song of Tommy Dorsey, The Sentimental Gentleman of Swig, who was sometimes sentimental but often feisty and who played the sweetest trombone in big-band history.

Words by Ned Washington; Music by George Bassman

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Now I must admit Love is all I'm thinking of.

Won't you please be kind And just make up your mind That

you'll be sweet and gentle, Be gentle with me, Be-

cause I'm sentimental over you, slower
This Love of Mine

As a singer, Frank Sinatra has had dozens of big hits. As a songwriter, he has had just one, this tender, sensitive ballad which he recorded with Tommy Dorsey's band in 1941 and for which he wrote the lyrics to a melody by his close friend Hank Sanicola and Sol Parker. In fact, "This Love of Mine" became such a big hit that it was on radio's Your Hit Parade for 12 weeks as one of America's most popular songs.

Words by Frank Sinatra
Music by Sol Parker and Henry Sanicola

Slowly, but in 2 (j=1 beat)

A7-9 Dm7 G7 Em7 Am7 C7+5

This love of mine Goes on and on. Though life is empty

F\# G7 G7+5 Cmaj7 Fmaj7 Bb9-5 A7 Dm

Since you have gone. You're always on my mind.

Though out of sight; It's lonesome through the day. And, oh, the

G7 G7+5 Cmaj7 Dm7 Em7 Cm/Eb D7 C6/E D7/F# D7+5

Copyright © 1941 Embassy Music Corp. Copyright © 1968 by Henry Sanicola and Frank Sinatra. Assigned to Barton Music Corp. Copyright © 1968 by Sol Parker. Assigned to Embassy Music Corp.
night. I cry my heart out; It's bound to break.

Since nothing matters, Let it break. I ask the

sun and the moon, The stars that shine; What's to be-

come of it, This love of mine?
There Are Such Things

Words and Music by Stanley Adams, Abel Baer and Geo. W. Meyer

Moderately slow

A heart that's true.
There are such things.
A dream for two.
There are such things.
Someone to whisper,
"Darling, you're my guiding star."
Not caring what you own.
But just what you are. A peaceful sky.

There are such things. A rainbow high. Where heaven sings. So have a little faith and trust in what tomorrow brings; You'll reach a star. Because there are such things.
Satin Doll

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn

Duke Ellington, with an assist from Billy Strayhorn, wrote the melody to “Satin Doll” in 1953 and recorded it at an easy, relaxed tempo. Musicians soon latched on to the tune, and it became so popular that the Duke decided it needed lyrics, so in 1958 he asked Johnny Mercer to write some. The result: one of the most charming and, alas, the last of many big song hits from the Duke, who thereafter turned his composing attention and talents to suites and religious works.

Moderate swing (\(\text{\(\frac{4}{4}\)}\) played like \(\text{\(\frac{3}{4}\)}\))

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Dm7    G7    Dm7    G7    Em7    A7

Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7  Em7  A7

Ba-by, shall we_go out skip-pin': Care-ful, a-mi-go.

Em7  A7  F6

Em7  A7  F6

you're flip-pin'. Speaks Lat-in that Sat-in Doll.

D9  D6+9  C6

D9  D6+9  C6

She's no-bod-y's fool, so I'm

Gm7  C7

Gm7  C7

play-ing it cool as can be:

Fmaj7  F6  Fmaj7  F6

I'll
Satin Doll

give it a whirl, but I ain't for no girl catching me.

switch - e - roo - ney

Telephone numbers, well, you know,

Doing my rhum bas with uno, And that 'n'

my Sat in Doll.
"Day In — Day Out," by Rube Bloom who played piano with the jazz greats and Johnny Mercer who sang with them, became so popular in 1939, partially because of recordings by Tommy Dorsey (with a vocal by Jack Leonard) and Artie Shaw (vocal by Helen Forrest), that it remained on Your Hit Parade for 10 consecutive weeks, reaching the coveted No. 1 spot in September.

Moderately

C        C/E
Dm7  Gaug  C        Dm7  D#dim7  C/E

mf very smoothly throughout

D7/F#  Fm6  C/E  D#dim7  G7

The same old hoo-doo follows me about,

F/A  Bbm6  G7/B  Bbm6  Am6  Fmaj7/G  F9  Em7-5  A7-9

The same old pounding in my heart whenever I think of you,

And, darling, I think of you Day in and day out.
Day In — Day Out

Dr) In —

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dm7</th>
<th>G7-9</th>
<th>D&gt;9</th>
<th>C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Dm7    Gaug C Dm7

Day out,    day in.    I need'n't tell you

Ddim7 C/E Cm7 Cm6 G(2)

how my days be-\(\text{gin}\)    When I a-\(\text{wake}\), I a-\(\text{wak-}
\en\) with a

Dm7/G G(2) Dm7/G G(2) Bm7 Bb7

tin-gle,    One pos-si-bil-i-ty in view,    The pos-si-bil-i-ty of

Am7 A\(^b\)7 Dm7/G Gaug C Dm7

may-be see-ing    you.    Come    rain,    come    shine,

Gaug C Dm7 Ddim7 C/E Fm7\(^{13}\) E7 Em7-5 A9

I meet you and to me the day is fine; Then I
Kiss your lips——And the pounding becomes——The ocean's

A thousand drums;——Can't you see it's love,

Can there be any doubt,——When there it is Day in, day

out?
SKYLARK

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Hoagy Carmichael

"Skylark" with its unique chord progressions was originally a movie theme by Hoagy Carmichael, who proudly admitted the influences of jazzman Bix Beiderbecke's melodies and cornet improvisations. It became a full-fledged song in 1942 when Johnny Mercer added lyrics and turned into a big hit, thanks in part to recordings by Woody Herman, Earl Hines with Billy Eckstine, Harry James with Helen Forrest, and Gene Krupa with Anita O'Day.

Moderately, with a free feeling throughout

Have you anything to say to me?
Have you seen a valley green with spring?

Won't you tell me where my love can be?
Is there a meadow in the morning mist?

Where someone's waiting to be kissed?
To a blossom-covered lane?

And in your lonely flight,
Have’t you heard the music in the night? Wonderful music,

Faint as a will-o’-the wisp, Crazy as a loon, Sad as a gypsy serenade

I don’t know if you can find these things, But my heart is riding on your wings;

So, if you see them anywhere, Won’t you lead me there?
Originally it was strictly a Rube Bloom instrumental piece called "Shemzen-La." But then, in 1940, Johnny Mercer added some lyrics to it and suddenly "Fools Rush In" became a big favorite among the hit singers. Mildred Bailey recorded it. So did Ray Eberle with Kay Kyser and young Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey. It hit the No. 1 spot on Your Hit Parade in July of that year. Today singers who love literate lyrics still relish the song about "where angels fear to tread."

Words by Johnny Mercer

Music by Rube Bloom

Slow and steady

No guitar chords till *

No pedal till indicated

Though I see

The danger there,

If there's a chance for me,

Then I don't care.
Fools rush in, Where wise men never go, But wise men never fall in love, So how are they to know?

When we met, I felt my life begin; So open up your heart and let this fool rush in.
Darn That Dream

Words by Eddie DeLange
Slowly

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

Swingin' the Dream, a 1939 Broadway musical flop based on Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, presented three top jazz stars, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman and Maxine Sullivan, but just one hit tune, this touching ballad, which Miss Sullivan sang in the show.

Darn that dream I dream each night, You say you love me and you

Darn your lips and darn your eyes; They lift me high above the

hold me tight; But when I awake, you're out of sight, Oh,

moon-lit skies; Then I tumble out of paradise, Oh,

darn that dream.

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Darn that one-track mind of mine; It can't under-stand that you don't care.

Just to change the mood I'm in, I'd wel-come a nice old night - mare.

Darn that dream and bless it too; With-out that dream, I nev-er would have you;

But it haunts me and it won't come true, Oh, darn that dream.
A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

"A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley [pronounced Barkley] Square" was written for a British revue, New Faces, by Eric Maschwitz and Manning Sherwin, a New Yorker living in London. The song became a hit over here in 1940, partly because of the country's deep affection for England, already experiencing air attacks from Germany, and partly because of recordings by Bing Crosby and Kate Smith, but mostly because of a Glenn Miller recording that was beautifully scored by Bill Finegan and sung sympathetically by Ray Eberle.

Words and Music by Eric Maschwitz and Manning Sherwin
night-in-gale sang in Berkeley Square.

I may be right; I may be wrong, but I'm like a

perfectly willing to swear, that when you turned and we were dancing

smiled at me, and a night-in-gale sang in Berkeley Square.
A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

The moon that lingered over
When dawn came stealing up all

Square.
Square.

lightening up

London Town, Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown;

Gold and blue To interrupt our rendezvous,

How could he know we two were so in love? The

I still remember how you smiled and said, "Was

whole darn world seemed that a dream or was it true?" Our home-ward step was romantically
paved with stars; It was such a romantic affair, And
just as light As the tap-dancing feet of As-taire, And

as we kiss'd and said good night, A night-in-gale sang in Berkeley
like an echo far away, A night-in-gale sang in Berkeley

I know 'cause I was like an afterthought

There That night in Berkeley Square.
When Milton Drake was writing lyrics for a movie that starred Mae West and W. C. Fields, the latter would often offer the former a drink, which she'd decline with "I love coffee, I love tea." Later, at a party, Miss West asked Drake and composer Ben Oakland to write a song starting with her phrase. In an hour they completed "Java Jive," then sent a copy to Fields, who immediately substituted his own lyrics, "I love whiskey, I love gin. I'm pretty healthy for the state I'm in." But it was the West-inspired version that became a hit in 1940 for The Ink Spots and almost four decades later for the singing group Manhattan Transfer.

Words by Milton Drake; Music by Ben Oakland

Medium swing (played as \( \frac{3}{4} \) )

\[ \begin{align*}
C & \quad C \\
F/A & \quad F/Gabdim \\
Abdim & \quad Gm7 \\
C7/G & \quad C7
\end{align*} \]

I love coffee; I love tea;
I love java, sweet and hot;
I love the Java Jive and Whoops, Mis-ter Mo-to, I'm a
it loves me.
coffeepot.

Coffeeteaand the Shoot me the pot and I'll jiv'in'and me,

pour me a shot,

N.C.

cup,acup,acup,acup,acup,acup! cup!
cup!

slipmeaslugfrom the wonderfumug,And I'll cut,

N.C.
cuta rug till I'm snug in the jug.
Java Jive

I love coffee; I love tea;

I love the Java Jive and it loves me.

Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me,

A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!
Theme from *New York, New York*

Words by Fred Ebb; Music by John Kander

Probably more songs have been written about New York than about any other metropolis in the world—all the way from "The Sidewalks of New York" ("East Side, West Side") to "In Old New York" to "New York, New York." No song of recent years, however, has become as identified with the aspirations of the city's citizens as the rousing "Theme from New York, New York." Movie audiences first heard it in that 1977 romantic saga of the Big Band Era in which it was introduced by Liza Minnelli as an aspiring singer and songwriter.

Medium bounce

```
F          Gm7          C7
Gm7
```

```
news,
I'm leav-in' to-day;
I want-na
```

```
F          Gm7          C11 N.C.
```

```
be a part-of it,
New York, New York.
These vag-a-bond
```
Then there from New York, New York.

shoes Are longing to stray And step a-

round the heart of it, New York, New York. I wanna wake up in the

city that doesn't sleep. To find I'm
cresc. king of the hill,

cresc.

Top of the heap. My little-town blues
Are melting away; I'll make a brand-new start of it!

in old New York. cresc. If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere; It's up to you, New York, New York.

York. p
Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

Words by Paul Francis Webster; Music by Sammy Fain

Moderately (poco maestoso)

Love is a many-splendored thing; It's the April rose that
don't grow in the early spring. Love is nature's way of giving
reason to be living. The golden crown that makes a man a king.
Once on a high and windy hill,

In the morning mist, two lovers kissed and the world stood still;

Then your fingers touched my silent heart And taught it how to

sing,

Yes, true love's a many-splendored thing.
TIME AFTER TIME
from It Happened in Brooklyn

Moderately

L. H. p delicately

C Am7 Dm7 G7 C Am7 Dm7 G7

Time after time, I tell myself that I'm so

Cmaj7 Bm7 Am11 Am7/G D/F# Dm6/F E7 Am

lucky to be loving you, so lucky to

Fm7-5 B7 Em Gm6/Bb A7+5 Dm

be The one you run to see In the evening when the

"The day is through. I only know what I know, The passing years will show You've kept my love so young, so new; And time after time, You'll hear me say that I'm so lucky to be loving you."
There have been many songs advocating the pleasures of the simple life, but none has ever done it with more bouncy good humor than this tune, which John Payne and June Haver introduced in the 1946 Fox film Wake Up and Dream. The lyrics were by Harry Ruby, otherwise best known for the music he composed to lyrics written by Bert Kalmar. Composer Rube Bloom was a self-taught musician with such songs to his credit as "Fools Rush In" and "Day In — Day Out."

Words by Harry Ruby; Music by Rube Bloom

Light swing feel

I don't believe in fret-tin' and griev-in'; Why mess a-round with strife—
Liv-ing I find is best when your mind is keen as a carving knife—
I was never cut out to step and strut out; Give—
I'm crazy a-bout sleep, can't do without sleep; Give—
I love to whittle and—

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-ing on pheasant; Those things roll off my knife, Just serve.

I don't

me to-ma-toes and mashed po-ta-toes; Give me the sim-ple life.

A

me to-ma-toes and mashed po-ta-toes; Give me the sim-ple life.

A

cot-tage small is all I'm af-ter, Not one that's spa-cious and wide, A

greet the dawn when I a-wak-en, The sky is clear up a-bove; A

house that rings with joy and laugh-ter, And the ones you love in-

like my scram-bled eggs and ba-con Served by some-one that I
Give Me the Simple Life

Some like the high road; I like the low road, Free-
Life could be thrill-ing with one who's will-ing To-

from the care and strife. Sounds corn-
be a farm-er's wife; Kids call-

yes, in-deed-y, Give me the sim-ple life.
make me hap-py; Give.

me the sim-ple, I said the sim-ple, Give me the sim-ple life.
YOU’LL NEVER KNOW
from Hello Frisco Hello

“You’ll Never Know,” the 1943 Academy Award-winning song, was written for a Twentieth Century-Fox musical, Hello Frisco Hello, in which it was introduced by Alice Faye from the stage of a turn-of-the-century San Francisco beer hall. While the song was appropriate for both the scene and the period, composer Harry Warren once said that he also wanted the ballad to be an expression that could apply to the loneliness felt by both soldiers and civilians during World War II because their loved ones were far away.

Words by Mack Gordon; Music by Harry Warren

You’ll never know just how much I miss you;

And if I tried, I said goodbye,
You said goodbye, now
You'll Never Know

You ought to know, for have'n't I told you
Take it from me, it's no fun to be a

still couldn't hide my love for you;
stars in the sky refuse to shine;

You went a-way and my heart went
mil-lion or more times?
moon-light and mem'-ries.

with you.

I speak your name in my
I know, I love You, I don't know you'll never know if you don't know if there is every prayer.

If there is some other way to prove that I love you, I swear I don't know how.

You'll never know if you don't know now.

1. F Dm7 Gm7 C7

2. Fmaj7 Bb9 Fmaj7

* Implied chords (no diagrams)
When You Wish Upon a Star

When a star is born,
They possess a gift or two;

One of them is this: They have the power
to make a wish come true.

Slowly, in tempo
When you wish upon a star,
If your heart is in your dream,
Makes no difference who you are,
Too extreme,

Words by Ned Washington; Music by Leigh Harline

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If there is any other way to prove that I love you, I swear I don't know how.
You'll never know if you don't know now.

*Implied chords (no diagrams)*
Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart spent about five years in Hollywood in the early 1930s turning out songs for a number of adventurous films. For the 1933 Al Jolson starrer Hallelujah, I'm a Bum, they had to deal with a tale about hoboes living in New York City's Central Park during the Depression. Most of the songs were integrated with the plot, but Rodgers and Hart did manage to create a ballad, “You Are Too Beautiful,” whose heartfelt sentiment has long been enjoyed far from the dramatic situation for which the song was written.

Words by Lorenz Hart; Music by Richard Rodgers

\[ \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7}^{+9} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7}^{+9} \]

1. \text{Dm7} \quad \text{F#m7-5} \quad \text{B7+9} \quad \text{C/E} \quad \text{A7} \\

2. \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \\

You are too beautiful, my dear, to be true, And I am a fool for beauty.

You are too beautiful for one man alone, For one lucky fool to be with,

Fooling by a feeling that because I had found you.

When there are other men with eyes of their own to see with.

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Love does not stand sharing, Not if one cares.

Have you been comparing My ev'ry kiss with theirs?

If, on the other hand, I'm faithful to you, It's not through a sense of duty.

You are too beautiful, And I am a fool for beauty.
HIGH HOPES
from A Hole in the Head

No songwriting team has ever contributed more Frank Sinatra hits than Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, with numbers such as "All the Way," "Call Me Irresponsible" and "Love and Marriage." In 1959, Van Heusen and Cahn gave Sinatra another surefire piece, the Academy Award-winning "High Hopes," which he and "son" Eddie Hodges introduced in the nonmusical film A Hole in the Head. In the scene, father and son try bucking up their spirits by taking a lesson from the dauntless optimism of the ant and the ram.

Words by Sammy Cahn; Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

Light and swingy ( played as )

Next time you're found with your
When troubles call and your
Chin on the ground, There's a

lot to be learned,
That wall could

Just what makes that
Once there was a
Thought he'd punch a
rub-ber-tree plant?

An-y-one knows an ant can't

No one could make that ram scram;

Move a rub-ber-tree plant, But he's got high hopes; He's got

He kept but-tin' that dam, 'Cause he had high hopes; He had

3. So keep your high hopes, Keep your high hopes; He had high hopes, Keep your

hopes; He's got high hopes; He had high hopes; He had high apple-pie in the-

hopes; He's got high apple-pie in the-

hopes; He had high apple-pie in the-

hopes; Keep those high apple-pie in the-

hopes. So an-y-time you're get-tin' low,

hopes. So an-y-time you're feel-ing bad,

hopes. A prob-lem's just a toy bal-loon;

cresc.
High Hopes

'Stead of let-tin' go, Just re-mem-ber that ant.
'Stead of feel-in' sad, Just re-mem-ber that ram.
They'll be burst-ing soon; They're just bound to go pop!

Oops, there goes an-oth-er rub-ber-tree plant;
Oops, there goes a bil-lion kil-o-watt dam;
Oops, there goes an-oth-er prob-lem ker-

Oops, there goes an-oth-er rub-ber-tree
Oops, there goes a bil-lion kil-o-watt
Oops, there goes an-oth-er prob-lem ker-

1.2.
plant.
dam.

3. F N.C.
plop, ker-plop!
Swinging on a Star
from Going My Way

According to composer Jimmy Van Heusen, Bing Crosby himself inspired "Swinging on a Star," an Oscar winner in 1944. One night when Van Heusen and lyricist Johnny Burke were at Crosby's home for dinner, one of the Crosby boys was acting up and Bing asked him sternly, "What do you want to be — a mule?" This turned out to be inspiration enough for the writers, whose assignment for the film Going My Way had been to come up with a song that would be the equivalent of teaching the Ten Commandments in a lighthearted, jaunty manner.

Words by Johnny Burke; Music by Jimmy Van Heusen
Swinging on a Star

mule is an animal with long funny ears; He
pig is an animal with dirt on his face; His
fish won't do anything but swim in a brook; He

kicks up anything he
ehears. His
shoes are a terrible dis
can't write his name or read a book. He's

turns brawny and his
got no manners when he

eats his food; He's fat and lazy and extremely rude. But if you

just plain stupid with a stubborn streak. And by the

thought, And though he's slippery, he

still gets caught. But then if

way if you hate to go to school,
don't care a feather or a fig, that sort of life is what you wish.

You may grow up to be a

You may grow up to be a

You may grow up to be a
mule. Or would you like to swing on a star, Carry pig. Or would you like to swing on a star, Carry fish. And all the mon-keys aren't in the zoo; Ev-'ry

moon-beams home in a jar And be better off than you are, Or would you rather be a pig? A
moon-beams home in a jar And be better off than you are, Or would you rather be a fish? A
day you meet quite a few; So you see it's all up to you; You can be better than you are; You could be swing-ing on a star.
It Could Happen to You

from And the Angels Sing

"It Could Happen to You" is both a warning to guard against romantic involvement and an admission that the singer is unable to heed the advice. The song dates back to 1944 and the Paramount musical And the Angels Sing, in which Dorothy Lamour sang it to Fred MacMurray while they were sitting at a table in a restaurant. The prolific songwriting team of composer Jimmy Van Heusen and lyricist Johnny Burke flourished in Hollywood for some 13 years — from 1940 to 1953 — during which time they fashioned 200-odd songs for about two dozen movies, mostly at Paramount and mostly for Bing Crosby.

Words by Johnny Burke; Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly

Hide your heart from sight; Lock your dreams at night; It could happen to you. Don't count stars or you might stumble.
someone drops a sigh and down you tumble. Keep an eye on spring; Run when church bells ring: It could happen to you.

All I did was wonder how your arms would be, And it happened to me.
I'LL REMEMBER APRIL from Ride 'em Cowboy

Although Gene de Paul and Don Raye did not write “I'll Remember April” for the 1942 movie Ride 'em Cowboy, the producer put the song in anyway, with little attempt to make it fit the situation in which it was sung. In the scene, Dick Foran takes Anne Gwynne for a horseback ride at midnight. After reaching the top of a hill, they dismount and Dick sings the heartfelt — if puzzling — line, “This lovely day will lengthen into evening.”

Words and Music by Don Raye, Gene de Paul and Pat Johnston

Performing note: It's crucial to play the introduction and first eight measures of the chorus very softly, with pedal as indicated, for the desired impressionistic effect.

 Moderately

This love-ly

The fire will

dwin-dle in-to

glow-ing

We'll sigh good-

bye to all we've

love live such a

ev-er had.

A-

lone, where

we have walked to-

Bm7-3

E7-9

Am7

To Coda

Am7/D D7-9 G

gath-er.

I'll re-

mem-ber A-pril

And be

geth-er.

I'll re-

mem-ber A-pril

And be

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be content you loved me once in April; Your lips were warm—

And love and spring were new. But I'm not afraid of autumn and her

sorrow, For I'll remember April and you.

as though from far away

And I'll smile.
You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me

from Forty-Second Street

Words by Al Dubin

Music by Harry Warren

Freely

Moderately, with a lilt

Ev'ry kiss, ev'ry hug Seems to act just like a drug; You're

get-ting to be a hab-it with me.  Let me stay in your arms, I'm ad-

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dicted to your charms; You're getting to be a habit with me.

I used to think your love was something that I could take or leave alone,

But now I couldn't do without my supply; I need you for my own.

Oh, I can't break away, I must
You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me

You've got me in your clutches, And I can't get free; You're getting to be a habit with me, (Can't break it); You're getting to be a habit with me.
"Shadow Waltz" provided choreographer Busby Berkeley with one of his most memorable creations for the musical Gold Diggers of 1933. Featured as part of an elaborate Broadway revue, the song is first introduced intimately enough by Dick Powell, in white formal attire, singing it to Ruby Keeler, wearing a blonde wig and a white evening gown. Soon the scene expands and we are transported to a stageful of girls all wearing blonde wigs and white gowns, seemingly playing white violins as they glide up and down, over and under a series of ramps and platforms.

Words by Al Dubin; Music by Harry Warren

Gracefully, with artful hesitations
Take me in your arms and let me cling to you; Let me linger long; Let me live my song.

In the winter, let me bring the spring to you;

Let me feel that I mean every thing to
Love's old song will be new,
In the shadows when I come and sing to you.

In the shadows when I come and sing to you.
Thanks for the Memory from The Big Broadcast of 1938
Words and Music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger

Comedian Bob Hope made his screen debut in The Big Broadcast of 1938 in the typical role of a glib, wisecracking master of ceremonies aboard a huge ocean liner. But one scene, at the ship's bar, gave him and Shirley Ross, as his former wife, the chance to introduce this wistful, conversational recollection of some of their most fondly shared moments. One line of the original lyrics, however, ran into censorship trouble. Because “That weekend at Niagara when we never saw the Falls” was deemed off-color, lyricist Robin obliged by changing the word “never” to “hardly.”

Moderately, with a lazy lilt

Thanks for the memory
Of candle-light and wine,
Of sentimental verse,

Cas-tles on the Rhine,
The Par-then-on and moments on the chuck-les when the preach-er said “For

Hudson Riv-er Line. How love-ly it was!
Thanks for the
memory memory
Of Of
rainy afternoons, Swing-y Harlem tunes, And
lingerie with lace, Pils-ner by the case, And

motor trips and burning lips and burning toast and prunes. How
how I jumped the one and only ace. How
day you trumped my love-ly it

was! was!
Many's the time that we feast-ed, And
We said good-bye with a many's the time that we
high-ball; Then I got as high as a

fast-ed. Oh, steeple. But well, it was swell while it
we were in-tel-li-gent last-ed; We

Thanks for the Memory

no harm done. And thanks for the memory of sun-burns at the shore,

Nights in Sing-a-pore. You might have been a head-ache, but you never were a bore; So

thank you so much. never did come true?

Aww'ly glad I met you, Cheerio and too-dle-oo, And thank you so much!
ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?
from Love Me Tonight

In Paramount's 1932 release Love Me Tonight, "Isn't It Romantic?" was not merely presented as a duet for the film's leads, Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, but as the means by which the movie changed locations. After Chevalier sings it to a customer in his Paris tailor shop, the ballad is repeated by various people in a taxi and on a train, by soldiers marching in the country and eventually by Princess Jeanette who hears it and sings it leaning out of a window of her château.

Words and Music by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers

Moderately and somewhat freely

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Isn't It Romantic?

G7    E7    Am    E+5/G#    Am/G    C7-5/G7

hear the breezes playing,           in the trees above,
in the breezes playing,           or she'll get the sack.

Fmaj7    A7    Dm6    G7    G#dim7    Am7    D7

While        And
all the world is saying,           you were meant for
all the world is saying,           you were meant for

E+5/A7    G7    C6    G7    Ab7    G7

love. Isn't it romantic?           Mere-ly to be young on
back. Isn't it romantic?           On a moon-light night, she'll

C    G+5    Cmaj7    G7    C6

such a night as this?               Isn't it romantic?
cook me on ion soup.               Kid-dies are romantic,
Every note that's sung is like a lover's kiss.

And if we don't fight, we'll have a troupe!

Symbols in the moonlight, help the population;

Do you mean that it's a duty

I that will fall in love per chance?

Isn't it romance?
All the Way

from The Joker Is Wild

When, in 1957, Frank Sinatra was cast as nightclub comedian Joe E. Lewis in the film biography The Joker Is Wild, the part was altered to make Lewis more of a singer than a comic. Most of the songs were standards, but Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn did supply Sinatra with a new tailor-made and memorable ballad, “All the Way,” which won an Oscar for Best Song that year. Actually, the song served an important function in the plot, since it was written to dramatize Lewis’s loss of voice. According to Van Heusen, “The big jump musically at the end of the second bar to the middle of the third bar was specifically designed to be difficult to sing.”

Words by Sammy Cahn; Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly, but with a lilt (♩ played as ♩♩)

Copyright © 1957 by Mariwake Music
All the way.
Tall-er than the tall-est tree is.

That's how it's got to feel;
Deep-er than the deep blue sea is,

That's how deep it goes if it's real.
When some-bod-y needs you, It's no

good un-less he/she needs you
All the way.
All the Way

Through the good or lean years And for all the in-be-tween years, Come what may.
Who knows where the road will lead us? Only a fool would say. But if you let me love you, It's for sure I'm gonna love you

All the way, All the way.
John Murray Anderson, one of Broadway’s leading directors of revues, firmly believed that the best songs are created under pressure. In 1929, when he was preparing the show called Murray Anderson’s Almanac, he put his theory into practice by locking composer Henry Sullivan in a room with a piano and threatening to keep him there until he had come up with a song with hit potential. In this case, the drastic measure worked: “I May Be Wrong (But I Think You’re Wonderful!),” which was introduced by Trixie Friganza and Jimmy Savo, turned out to be the most popular number in the show.

Words by Harry Ruskin; Music by Henry Sullivan

I May Be Wrong
(But I Think You’re Wonderful!)
from Murray Anderson’s Almanac

Light and swingy

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I May Be Wrong (But I Think You're Wonderful!)

I like your style; Say, I think it's marvelous.
I like your style; Say, I think it's marvelous.

I'm always wrong, so how can I
But I can't see, so how can I

tell? All of my shirts are unsightly.
tell? Deuces to me are all accessible.

All of my ties are a crime.
Life is to me just a bore.

If, dear, in you I've picked
Faces are all open
It's the very first time. You might be John Barry more.

You came along, Say, I think you're wonderful. I think you're grand, But

I may be wrong.
I Guess I’ll Have to Change My Plan
from The Little Show

Though this was a hit for Clifton Webb in the 1929 revue The Little Show, the melody dated back to 1924, when Arthur Schwartz and his fellow summer-camp counselor Lorenz Hart wrote songs for a revue at the camp. One of them began, “I love to lie awake in bed / Right after taps/I pull the flaps/Above my head.” Later, when Schwartz’s music was mated to a lyric by Howard Dietz, the song became a jaunty acceptance of the end of a love affair.

Words by Howard Dietz; Music by Arthur Schwartz

With a lilt, but not fast

I guess I’ll have to change my plan; I should have

re-al-ized there’d be an-o-th-er man. I o-ver-looked that point com-
ple-ly. Un-til the big af-fair be-
ja-mas. Be-fore the big af-fair be-

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fore I knew where I was boiling point is much too

at, I found my-

low For me to try to be a sly Lo-thar-

that. I tried to reach the moon, but when I got there,

I think I'll crawl right back and in to my shell,

All that I could get was the air. My feet are back up-on the

Dwell ing in my personal hell. I'll have to change my plan a-

ground; round; I've lost the one girl I found.

(D.C. for 2nd lyric)
Love Me or Leave Me
from Whoopee

With a lilt ($\frac{7}{4}$)

Love me or leave me and let me be lone-ly;
right time for kiss-ing, But
night-time is my time for

I love you on-ly. I'd just re-m i-nis-cing, Re-
rath-er be lone-ly than hap-py with some-bod-y
get-ting in stead of for-

1. G   N.C.  C7 B7

2. G   N.C.
There'll be no one unless that someone is you;
I intend to be independently blue.
I want your love, but I don't want to borrow, To have it today and to give back tomorrow, For my love is your love; There's no love for nobody else.
MY ROMANCE
from Jumbo
Words by Lorenz Hart; Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately slow and rather freely throughout

Jumbo was a gargantuan hybrid — one part musical comedy, one part circus — that Billy Rose produced at New York’s Hippodrome. Featuring Jimmy Durante and Paul Whiteman’s orchestra, it offered spectacle to dazzle the eye and a melodious Rodgers and Hart score to enchant the ear. Among the musical pleasures was this sincere but sensible view of romance, which was sung by Gloria Grafton and Donald Novis.

Players with smaller hands use small notes instead of bass notes throughout.
mance doesn't need a castle rising in Spain
Nor a
dance to a constantly surprising refrain. Wide a-

wake. I can make my most fantastic dreams come true. My ro-

mance doesn't need a thing but you.
The Most Beautiful

From Jumbo

Words by Lorenz Hart

Music by Richard Rodgers

Bright, lilting waltz tempo

The most

Fmaj7

E/F

Beautiful girl in the world

Picks my ties out

G7/C

Fmaj7

Ab dim

Gm7

C7

Eats my candy, Drinks my bran - dy, The most

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The most beautiful girl in the world. Isn't Garbo,

Isn't Dietrich, But the sweet trick Who can

make me believe it's a beautiful world.
The Most Beautiful Girl in the World

So - cial, not a bit,

Nat - ral kind of wit,

where,

And she with mock seriousness

The most beau - ti - ful house in the world. Has a
Fmaj7  G7/C  Fmaj7  Abdim  Gm7

C7  Am7-5
When my slippers are next to the ones that belong

D7  Dm7  G7  Gm7
To the one and only beautiful

Bb9  F9  Gm7/C  F
girl in the world!
Little Girl Blue
from Jumbo

Words by Lorenz Hart; Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately

Sit there and count your fingers; what can you do? Old girl, you're it's time you

Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you. All you can count on is the raindrops that fall on little girl

Through knew, that lucky little girl, you're blue. No use, old girl, you're blue.

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During the 1930s, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart—who had been spending their time in near-obliteration in Hollywood—were goaded into returning to New York by a newspaper column item that asked "Whatever happened to Rodgers and Hart?"

As soon as their MGM contract ended, they were on the next train heading East. Their first assignment there: Jumbo, for which "Little Girl Blue," sung by Gloria Grafton, provided the musical setting for a bluettined first act finale.

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad A7 \\
A7 & \quad A7+5 \\
A7 & \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
Cm6 & \quad D7^{+5} \\
G7^{-5} & \quad C13-9 \\
Bm7-5 & \quad B\flat m7 \\
Bb\flat m6 & \quad Am7 \\
D7 & \quad Gm7 \\
C7^{\flat 9} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

may as well sur-
ren-der; Your hope is get-
ing slen-
der. Why won't some-
bod-

\[
\begin{align*}
Cm6 & \quad D7^{+5} \\
G7^{-5} & \quad C13-9 \\
Bm7-5 & \quad B\flat m7 \\
Bb\flat m6 & \quad Am7 \\
D7 & \quad Gm7 \\
C7^{\flat 9} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

send a ten-
der blue boy To cheer a lit-
tle girl

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad Gm7 \\
F & \quad F^{6} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad Gm7 \\
C7 & \\
F & \quad Dm7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

When I was ver-
young, The world was young-
er than I, As

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad Gm7 \\
C7 & \\
F & \quad Dm7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

When I was ver-
young, The world was young-
er than I, As
Little Girl Blue

Gm7
C7
F

mer - ry as a car - ou - sel. The cir-cus tent was

Gm7
C7
F
Ab7
Gm7

strung With ev - ry star in the sky Above the ring-

C7
F

N.C. very freely

I loved so well Now the young world has grown

G9

N.C.

old, Gone are the tinsel and gold.

C7
C7-9
D.S. al Fine

96
This immortal torch song, which Helen Morgan introduced in Show Boat in 1927, was originally written by Jerome Kern and P. G. Wodehouse for a 1918 musical called Oh, Lady! Lady!! But it proved inappropriate since the play's Bill was not the unattractive nonentity it described. When Kern needed a tear-stained number for Show Boat, he pulled “Bill” out of his “trunk” of unused songs, and Oscar Hammerstein gave a helping hand with the words.
Bill

one of the god-like kind of men, With a
dresses far worse than Ted or Jim, And I
can't ex-plain why he

no-b-le head Like the he-ros bold in the books I read.

Chorus

But a-long came Bill, who's not the type at all. You'd
He's just my Bill, an or-di-nar-y boy; He

meet him on the street and nev-er no-tice him. His
has-n't got a thing that I can brag a-bout. And
form and face, His

Up
manly grace Are not the kind that you find in a statue. And I
on his knee So comfy and roomy feels natural to me. And I

can't explain, It's sure not his brain That makes me thrill. I

love him because he's wonderful, Because he's just old

1. Bb Bdim7 C7 F7-9 Bb N.C.

2. Bb Dm7 Bb6 Bdim7 C7 F7-9 Bb6 9

Bill. He can't play Bill. delicately
Can’t We Be Friends?
from The Little Show

When composer Kay Swift first played for Libby Holman the music of what would later become “Can’t We Be Friends?,” the singer was so enthusiastic about it that a lyric was soon added by Miss Swift’s husband and songwriting partner, Paul James (who was better known in banking circles as James Paul Warburg). Miss Holman introduced the torch ballad in her next appearance, the 1929 revue The Little Show, wearing a then-daring strapless red evening gown. According to Howard Dietz, who helped organize the revue, the number stopped the show at every performance.

Words by Paul James; Music by Kay Swift

I thought I’d found the man of my dreams—
I thought for once it couldn’t go wrong—
Now it seems—
Not for long—

This is how the story ends:
He’s goin’ to turn me down—
He’s goin’ to turn me down—and say—

"Can’t we be friends?"
"Can’t we be friends?"

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I could trust.

Through with love. Through with men. They play their game without shame. And who's to blame?

I thought I'd found a man I could trust.

What a bust! This is how the story ends:

He's goin' to turn me down... and say, "Can't we be friends?"
If I Loved You
from Carousel

No more ardent duet has ever been written for the Broadway theater than “If I Loved You” — yet at no time do the words express directly how the two people really feel about each other. John Raitt and Jan Clayton introduced the Rodgers and Hammerstein song in 1945 in Carousel, an adaptation of the celebrated Hungarian play Liliom, by Ferenc Molnár.

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II; Music by Richard Rodgers

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I'd let my golden chances pass me by. held back

Soon you'd leave me,

in tempo with mounting excitement

Never, never to know

How I loved you, If I loved you...
Sometimes I’m Happy
from Hit the Deck

“Sometimes I’m Happy” became a standard through a somewhat circuitous route. The melody, though with a snappier tempo, was first composed by Vincent Youmans in 1923 to a lyric co-written by Oscar Hammerstein II and called “Come On and Pet Me.” But the song was never used in the musical for which it had been intended, and two years later, with a new lyric by Irving Caesar, it turned up under its current title in another show. This production, however, never got any closer to New York than Philadelphia. “Sometimes I’m Happy” finally made it to immortality in 1927, when, as sung by Louise Groody and Charles King, it became the hit of Hit the Deck.

Words by Irving Caesar; Music by Vincent Youmans

Moderately

Sometimes I’m happy;
Sometimes I love you;
Sometimes I blue;
Sometimes I hate you.

My disposition;
It’s ’cause I love you.

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I nev-er
That's how I
mind the
So
rain from the skies
am, what can I
do?

If I can
find the sun in your

eyes.
I'm happy when I'm with

you.

(vocal only)
I Got Rhythm
from Girl Crazy

When on October 14, 1930, the opening night of Girl Crazy, Ethel Merman stepped to the footlights and belted out the Gershwin brothers' compelling announcement "I Got Rhythm," there was no question that a new Broadway star had been born. As the singer recalled, "On the second chorus I just held the 'I...one long note... while the orchestra played the tune. The audience started clapping after about four bars, clapping, clapping, clapping, and they didn't stop till I'd done I don't know how many encores. It was like electricity."

Words by Ira Gershwin; Music by George Gershwin

Brightly

mf with humor

I got rhythm; I got daisies
In green pastures; I go:

my man; Who could ask for anything more?

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I got sweet dreams; I got my man; Who could

ask for anything more? Who could ask for anything more?
Broadway revues were once a great training ground for composers and lyricists who later went on to create complete scores for book musicals. The series of annual George White’s Scandals, which began in 1919, enjoyed the services of George Gershwin, who composed songs for five editions, three of them with lyricist B. G. DeSylva. For the 1924 production, Gershwin’s last, he and DeSylva (with co-lyricist Ballard Macdonald) contributed “Somebody Loves Me,” which was introduced by Winnie Lightner.

Words by Ballard Macdonald and B. G. DeSylva; Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

Somebody loves me, I wonder who;

I wonder who she can be.

Somebody loves me, I wish I knew;

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Who can she be worries me.
For ev'ry girl who passes
me, I shout, "Hey, maybe,
You were meant to be my loving
baby."
Somebody loves me,
I wonder
who;
May be it's you.

Bm
C#7-9 F#7 Bm
E7-9 Am Am+5

Am6 Am+5 Am
Em Em+7 Em7 Em6

Am7 Eb9-5 C/D D7-9 Gmaj7 Am7 Bm7 Cm7 F7 G
3fr. 3fr. 5fr. 4fr. 5fr. 7fr. 8fr. 8fr. 3fr.

C9 Bm7-5 Em7-5 Am7 D7-9 G6
8fr. 5fr. 4fr. 5fr.

8va lower
SOON
from Strike Up the Band

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately and somewhat freely

Strike Up the Band is one of the rare Broadway musicals to have received a second chance. When the anti-war satire was first tried out in 1927, it was considered too bitter, and it didn't get beyond its tryout date in Philadelphia. But the show was then revised, rescored and recast, and it went on to enjoy a successful Broadway run in 1930. "Soon," which was written for the new production but based on a theme from the original show, was a romantic duet for juveniles Margaret Schilling and Jerry Goff.
Who Cares?
from Of Thee I Sing

The 1931 production Of Thee I Sing was a strikingly
new kind of Broadway musical. In addition to poking
at presidential politics, it did so in the manner of a
Sondheim Satyr, with all the musical
numbers evolving naturally from the plot. Thus when
president John P. Wintergreen (William
Phipps) about a girl he'd jilted, Wintergreen and his wife
Mrs. Lois Moran) expressed their love in "Who Cares?" by
turning indifference to calamities such as the sky falling
down and banks failing in Yonkers.
Words by Ira Gershwin; Music by George Gershwin

Brightly

Who cares
If the sky
Cares to

fall
In the sea?

Who

cares
how his
cares
what banks
to try
rates

in

Yonkers,

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Long as your kiss intoxicates me? Why
Long as you've got a kiss that conquers? Why

should I care?
Life is one long jubilee,

So long as I care for you
And you care for me.
How Long
Has This Been Going On?
from Rosalie

Rosalie is generally recalled as a spectacular MGM musical with songs by Cole Porter. Actually, the movie was based on a 1928 musical of the same title with a score written in part by George and Ira Gershwin, and it was in that production that this ballad was first sung on Broadway. The song, however, dates back to the previous year, when it was written for Funny Face. Though introduced by Adele Astaire and Stanley Ridges during the out-of-town tryout, it was replaced—for some unaccountable reason—by “He Loves and She Loves.”

Words by Ira Gershwin; Music by George Gershwin

Slowly

I could cry salty tears; Where have I been
I could cry salty tears; Where have I been
I could cry salty tears; Where have I been

all these years? Little wow,
all these years? Listen, you,
all these years? Tell me now, How

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I've been going on? long has this been going on?

There were chills What a kick!

And some thrills I can't define. 
Boy, you click as no one does!

Listen, sweet, 
Hear me, sweet,

I repeat: How long has this been going on?

I repeat: How long has this been going on?

Oh, I feel that I could melt; 
Dear, when in your arms I creep, 
That divine rendezvous.

Verbatim
How Long Has This Been Going On?

I know how Columbus felt.
Don't wake me if I'm asleep;
Let me dream that it's true.

Kiss me once,
then once more;
What a dunce I was before.

Kiss me twice,
then once more;
What a break! For heaven's sake!

Kiss me thrice;
That makes thrice;
How long has this been going on?

Find another
Let me dream it's true.

Let's make it four.
What a break! For heaven's sake!

Let's make it four.
What a break! For heaven's sake!

How long has this been going on?
It's a continuing wonder that Cape Cod, that "bared and bended arm of Massachusetts," in Henry Thoreau's words, can mean so many different things to those who know it from generation to generation. Retreat and tourist center, sandbar and sanctuary, it can fire the imagination and spirit as can few other North American seacoast sites. "If you're fond of sand dunes and salty air," says this 1956 hit, a milestone in the career of singer Patti Page, "you're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod." It's as true as it ever was, as thousands of visitors crossing Cape Cod Canal every summer will happily attest.

Words and Music by Claire Rothrock, Milt Yakus and Allan Jeffrey
Old Cape Cod

If you like the taste of a

lob-ster stew,

Served by a win-dow with an o-cean view,

You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod.

Wind-ing roads that seem to beck-on you,

Miles of green be-neath the
skies of blue; Church bells chiming on a Sunday morn

mind you of the town where you were born. If you spend an evening, you'll

want to stay, Watching the moonlight on Cape Cod Bay;

You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod.
Johnny Mercer, one of the greatest of all lyricists, wrote both words and music to this enduring hit. According to bandleader-arranger Paul Weston, who snapped it up as the theme song for his popular radio show, Mercer had reservations about it — or at least one note of it: the sixth note of the melody, falling on the word "blue." "I think that note almost 'makes' the song," said Weston, "and I convinced Johnny to let it stay." It was fortunate for us all — and, as Dan Fox's rich voicing over a loping bass figure shows, helps give Mercer's classic its extra poignancy.
memories there. So dream When the day is through:

Dream and they might come

ture.

Things never are as bad as they seem.

So dream, dream, dream.
"A" YOU'RE ADORABLE
(The Alphabet Song)

Words and Music by Buddy Kaye, Fred Wise and Sidney Lippman

This lover's tour of the alphabet was an instant hit when it appeared in 1949 and has endured — not just because it's a clever novelty but also because it's a well-crafted love song expressing sentiments that never go out of fashion. Its writers had plenty of practice: composer Sidney Lippman had turned out "My Sugar Is So Refined" and "Chickery Chick," and lyricist Buddy Kaye had produced "Don't Be a Baby, Baby" and "A Penny a Kiss, a Penny a Hug."

Moderately

"A" you're a - dor-a-ble; "B" you're so beau-ti-ful; "C" you're a cu-tie full of charms.
"D" you're a dar-ling And "J" we're like Jack and Jill;
"E" you're ex-cit-ing And "K" you're so kiss-a-ble;
"F" you're a feath-er in my arms.
"L" is the love light in your

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I could go on all day.

you're o-kay!

Double "U," "X," "Y," "Z."

It's fun to wan-der through the al-pha-bet with you. To tell you what you mean to me!
UNT"ORGEITABLE

Nat King Cole's lasting success as a popular ballad singer cost the world of jazz one of its most extraordinary pianists. But as the list of hits grew longer, there seemed less time for Cole the keyboard wizard. "Unforgettable" was released in 1951 and became one of Cole's biggest songs. It's the work of Irving Gordon, whose other credits include "Me, Myself and I," "Be Anything (But Be Mine)" and, in collaboration with Duke Ellington, the immortal "Prelude to a Kiss." Dan Fox's graceful arrangement here has a lilting quality that will evoke in many listeners the beloved spirit of Nat King Cole.

Words and Music by Irving Gordon

Moderately—a la Shearing (\( \text{♩} \) played as \( \text{♩}^{3/4} \))

\[
\begin{align*}
G\text{maj7} & \quad \text{Gdim}^7 \\
\text{Unforgettable,} \\
\text{Unforgettable,} \\
\text{In ev’ry way,} \\
\text{That’s what you are,} \\
\text{That’s how you’ll} \\
\text{Though near or far} \\
\text{And forever more,} \\
\text{Unforgettable.}
\end{align*}
\]
Like a song of

That's why, darling,

How the thought of

unforgettable

Never before

has someone been more

Thinks that I am

unforgettable too.
much slower
The history of popular song teems with partnerships that turned out hits, sometimes by the dozens — yet are almost forgotten by the public. Canadian-born Alex Kramer and his wife, Joan Whitney, gave the world such standards as “Far Away Places,” “High on a Windy Hill,” “You’ll Never Get Away” and the haunting “My Sister and I.” Yet their most enduring song is this simple upbeat declaration of love — made all the more memorable by lyricist Mack David’s catchy opening line.

Words and Music by Mack David, Joan Whitney and Alex Kramer
handy
Candy
When I need sympathy,
And make her mine, all mine.

I wish that there were four of
him, her, So

I could love much more of
him, her;

He has taken
my complete heart.

Got a sweet tooth
for my sweetheart.
When this boogie-woogie cowboy song became a hit in 1942, no one was more surprised — or dismayed — than the artist, pianist Freddie Slack. He had played boogie with Will Bradley's band but launched his own group to play smoother, sweeter music. “Cow-Cow Boogie” put an end to those plans — and shaped the rest of Slack's career and that of his vocalist Ella Mae Morse. The tune was a special favorite in the Southwestern states and during the war brought memories of home to countless servicemen who hailed from those “wide open spaces.”

Words and Music by Don Raye, Gene De Paul and Benny Carter

Slow boogie blues (played as  \( \frac{2}{3} \))

Out on the plains
Down near Santa Fe,
I met a
cow-boy
Rid-in' the range one day.
And as he jogged a-long,

*More skillful players may keep the bass figure from the intro going throughout the song.
I heard him singing—A most peculiar cowboy song. It was a ditty. He learned in the city. "Cum-at-yi-yi-ay, Cum-at-yi-yi-ay." Git along, Git hip little dogies, Git along, Better be on your way.—Git along, Git
Corv-Cow Boogie

hip little dogies. And he trucked 'em on down the ol' fair-way, Sing-in' his

cow-cow boogie in the strangest way, "Cum-a-ti-yi-yi-ay, Cum-a-ti-

yip-it-tle-yi-ay." Sing-in' his cowboy songs, He's

just too much; He's got a knocked-out Western accent With a Harlem touch.
He was raised on loco-weed; He's what you call a

"swing half-breed," Sing-in' his cow-cow boogie in the strangest way, "Cum-ati-

yi-yi-yi-ay, Cum-ati-yip-ittle-yi-ay." Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk,

Tsk, tsk, Yip-pee-e-e-e-e-e.
Day by Day

Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl, friends since their days with Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra, wrote this love song as a follow-up to their first collaboration, “I Should Care.” On a recent trip to the Far East, Weston had dinner with friends at the restaurant atop Tokyo’s Imperial Hotel. As they walked in, the Japanese pianist was playing and singing “Day by Day.” “It reminded me again of what a wonderful, underappreciated musician Axel was,” Weston said. “Not the kind of guy to put himself forward—but I don’t think anybody has ever written for strings the way he did. And if you need more proof, just listen to ‘Day by Day.’ It’s full of little touches only he could have devised.”

Words and Music by Sammy Cahn, Axel Stordahl and Paul Weston

Slow and smooth

Freely, like a cadenza

There isn’t any end to my devotion; It’s

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deep-er, dear, by far than an-y o-cean. I find that day by day.

You're mak-ing all my dreams come true; So come what may, I want you to know.

I'm yours a- lone. And I'm in love to stay, As we go through the years Day by day.
That’s All

Words and Music
by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes

Slowly, but with a lilt (\(\text{\textfrac{2}{4}}\) played as \(\text{\textfrac{3}{4}}\))

The record hadn’t stopped when the switchboard at New York’s WNEW radio began lighting up. The disc jockey, pianist-singer-songwriter Bob Haymes, picked up the first call. “This is Nat Cole,” said a familiar voice. “I love that song. Does it have words?” It didn’t. Its title was “C’est Tout,” and Haymes had written it for an album of orchestral music. But he and friend Alan Brandt whipped up a lyric in a hurry — and Cole recorded it, starting the ascendance of a lovely song into the pantheon of all-time standards.
Told you
They would give you the world for a toy.

Have are these arms to enfold you
And a love time can never destroy.

If you're wondering what I'm asking in return, dear,
You'll be glad to know that my demands are small.

Say it's me that you'll adore
For now and ever-more, That's all.
(I Got Spurs)
JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

In 1942, thousands of servicemen on battlefields overseas longed for just an echo, a taste, of home and loved ones left behind. Among the best reminders were pop songs — and few were more popular that year than this lighthearted ditty about the bachelor life, footloose and fancy-free, in cowboy country. It was a collaboration between Frank Loesser — whose “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition” was one of the war’s lasting hits — and music composer Joseph Lilley. It jingled and jangled on the Hit Parade for 14 weeks, thanks to recordings by bandleader Kay Kyser and The Merry Macs vocal group.

Words by Frank Loesser; Music by Joseph J. Lilley

Bright “loping along” tempo

\[
\text{\textbf{F}}
\]

As I go rid-in’ merrily along.

\[
\text{I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle,}
\]

\[
\text{simile}
\]
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"

And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

Swing out N.C.

Oh, Lil-lie Belle,
Oh, Mar-y Ann,

Though I may have done some fool-in',
This is why I nev-er
Though we done some moon-light walk-in',
This is why I up and

more broadly
I Got Spurs) Jingle Jangle Jingle

A shade slower than 1st tempo

As I

fell, ran,

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle.

As I

A7+  D7-9  Gm7  C11  F6

And they sing, "Oh:

god rid-in' mer-ri-ly a-long.

And they sing, "Oh:

A7+  D7-9

ain't you glad you're single!"

And that song ain't so

ver-y far from wrong; So I'll jingle on a-long.

8va bassa-
I Cover the Waterfront

Johnny Green's life in music got off to a fast start: as a student at Harvard, he dashed off a light little tune, "Coutette," that became a major hit. Not long after, in partnership with lyricist Ed Heyman, he turned out "Body and Soul" and "Out of Nowhere," two all-time classics of American popular song. By 1933, when the next Green-Heyman gem, "I Cover the Waterfront," appeared, Green was riding high: he had his own band, an offer for his own radio show, a contract to write music for the movies. This song proved an unexpected hit for Louis Armstrong, whose urgent phrasing and gravelly voice lent it an earnest, haunting quality.

Words by Edward Heyman; Music by Johnny Green

Freely

Verse

A way from the city that hurts and mocks, I'm standing alone by the desolate docks

In the still and the chill of the night, I see the horizon, the great unknown; My heart has an ache; it's as
I Cover the Waterfront

Dm/F E7 Cm/Eb D7 G

heavy as stone. Will the dawn coming on make it light?

Slow and bluesy
A7 D9 D7-9 Gmaj7 Am7 Bm7 Bbdim

I cover the waterfront; I'm watching the sea.
Will the

Am7

one I love be coming back to me?

2.
G Dm7/G G
Am7 D7 Bm7 Bb7-5

Here am I patiently waiting.
hop-ing and long-ing. Oh, how I yearn! Where are you? Are you for-get-ting?

Do you re-mem-ber? Will you re-turn? I cov-er the wa-ter-front; I'm watch-ing the sea. For the

one I love must soon come back to me.
One recent night in a Manhattan night spot, a young singer announced this hallowed 1930 standard, then went into a note-perfect reproduction of Billie Holiday’s famed recording. Asked later whether she realized how far from Maceo Pinkard’s original melody the Holiday version had strayed, she expressed astonishment. She’d thought the song went that way! In its unaltered form, “Them There Eyes” is a catchy little ditty by the man who contributed such all-time standards as “Sweet Georgia Brown,” “Sugar” and “Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya Huh?” to American pop music. It remains a perennial favorite.

Words and Music by Maceo Pinkard, William Tracy and Doris Tauber

Them There Eyes

I fell in love with you first time I looked into Them there eyes.

You've got a certain lil' cute way of flirtin' with Them there
eyes. They make me feel happy; They make me

blue. No stall-in'; I'm fall-in', Going in a big way for

sweet little you. My heart is jump-in'; you sure started some-thin' with

Them there eyes. You'd better watch them if you're
Them There Eyes

They sparkle; They bubble:

They're gonna get you in a whole lot of trouble.
You're overworkin' 'em:

There's danger lurkin' in Them there eyes.

1. D7
g7
C

N.C.

2. D7
g7
c6

N.C.
"Try a Little Tenderness" appeared in 1932 and struck a responsive chord in Depression-weary North Americans. Morale was low, money and jobs scarce. In many cases, all that a man and woman had was each other. A song urging them to be kind and loving to one another was a medicine for the melancholy of those times — and for ours as well.

Slowly
Try a Little Tenderness

She may be weary; Women do get weary, Wearing the same shabby dress.

And when she's weary, Try a little tenderness.

You know she's waiting, Just anticipating Things she may never possess.

While she's without them, Try a little tenderness. It's
not just sentimental; She has her grief and care, And a

word that's soft and gentle Makes it easier to bear.

You won't regret it; Women don't forget it; Love is their whole happiness.

It's all so easy, Try a little tenderness.
That Old Feeling

Sammy Fain can lay just claim to being among the best and least known of all the great American songwriters. He ranks with Irving Berlin and Harry Warren in sheer numbers of lasting hits — "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "I Can Dream, Can't I?," "I'll Be Seeing You," "Secret Love" and dozens more among them. Yet somehow the public doesn't always link his hits with his name. "Did he write that, too?" is a frequently asked question. It's certainly true of this reminder of enduring love, a collaboration with Lew Brown for the movie Vogues of 1938.

Words and Music by Lew Brown and Sammy Fain

Slow and sentimental

I saw you last night and got that old feeling. When you came in sight, I got that old feeling. The moment that you danced by, I felt a thrill, And when you caught my eye,
My heart stood still. Once again I seemed to feel that old

yearning, And I knew the spark of love was still burning.

There'll be no new romance for me, It's foolish to start,

old feeling Is still in my heart.
Exactly Like You

The songwriting team of Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh was a natural from the start: their first collaboration, Lew Leslie's Blackbirds of 1928, gave the world such classics as "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "I Must Have That Man." As Alec Wilder put it, the Fields lyrics "often swung, and their descriptive ease gave a special luster to McHugh's music." That's nowhere as apparent as in this easy-swinging favorite, part of Lew Leslie's International Revue of 1930, which yielded another hit for the team, "On the Sunny Side of the Street."

Words by Dorothy Fields; Music by Jimmy McHugh

Moderately, with a lilt

I know why I've waited,
Why should we spend money

Know why I've been blue,
On a show or two?

Prayed each night for some-one
No one does those love scenes

1. C

act-ly like you.

2. C

act-ly like you. You make me
I want to hand the world to you. You seem to feel so grand.

Each foolish little scheme I'm scheming, Dream I'm dreaming.

Now I know why Mother Taught me to be true.

She meant me for someone Exactly like you.
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie

Words and Music by Billy Mayhew

Fats Waller recorded this evergreen in 1936, delivering the sentimental lyric in boisterous, mocking good humor—all the while swinging things mightily from the piano. Since then, no one has been able to think of the song without being reminded of Fats. Recently, when a prominent actress recorded "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" for an album, she incorporated Waller's "...if you break my heart, I'll break your jaw" into her routine—and was shocked to learn that it wasn't part of the song. Fats had done his handiwork well indeed!

With a lilt
spoken. I love you, Yes I do, I love

you: If you break my heart, I'll die.

So be sure it's true When you say "I love

you." It's a sin to tell a lie.
Please Don’t Talk About Me
When I’m Gone

This old favorite is deceptive: it sounds as if it could be a very old favorite, perhaps dating from the Gay Nineties, or at least from the last golden age of vaudeville, the years just before and after World War I. But no — despite its old-timey melody and sentiments, this one went into circulation in 1931. It comes as no surprise, though, to learn that composer Sam Stept had worked in vaudeville, as pianist for such stars of the day as Jack Norworth, Esther Walker and the incomparable Mae West.

Words by Sidney Clare; Music by Sam H. Stept

Moderately

Please don’t talk — about me when I’m gone, Oh, honey,

though our friendship ceases from now on; And, listen,
if you can't say anything real nice, It's better not to talk at all is my advice. We're parting;

You go your way; I'll go mine; it's best that we do.

Here's a kiss; I hope that this brings lots of luck to
Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

G7

you.

C

Makes no dif'rence how I car-ry

E7

on;

A7

Re-mem-ber, please don't talk a-

D9

bout me,

G9

Please don't talk a-

C7

bout me,

B7

Please don't talk a-

Bb7

bout me,

A7

G9

Please don't talk a-

C

about me when I'm gone.
This ballad of love and heartbreak became a hit in 1933 via a recording by Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra, with a vocal by Kenny Sargent. It also decided a young dance-band pianist named Jerry Levinson, its composer, on a career as a songwriter. Levinson, who eventually became Livingston, went on to such standards as “Under a Blanket of Blue,” “A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes” and such lighter fare as “Mairzy Doats.” His long career spanned both films and TV: he wrote the title songs for such shows as 77 Sunset Strip and even penned the theme that heralds the zany cartoon exploits of Bugs Bunny.

Words by Marty Symes and Al. J. Neiburg; Music by Jerry Livingston

Slowly and rather freely

It's the Talk of the Town

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It's the Talk of the Town

It can't show my face,
Ev'ry time we meet,
My heart skips a beat;
We don't stop to speak,

It's so hard to bear.
Though it's just a week.
Ev'ry body knows you left me,

It's the talk of the town.
It's the talk of the town.

sent out invitations to friends and relations, Announcing our wedding
day. Friends and our relations gave congratulations.

How can you face them? What can you say? Let's make up sweet-heart;

We can't stay a-part. Don't let foolish pride Keep you from my side.

How can love like ours be ended? It's the talk of the town.
I Surrender, Dear

Slowly (\( \text{dotted quaver} \))

We've played the game of stay a-way, I may seem proud; But it costs more than I can pay. I'm not that way,

I may act gay. It's just a pose;

With-out you I can't make my way, 'Cause deep down in my heart I say,

I sur-ren-der, dear. Lit- tle mean things. we were

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Must have been part of the game,

Lending a spice to the wooing, But I don't care who's to blame.

When stars appear and shadows fall,

Why then you'll hear my poor heart call,

To you my love, my life, my all,

I surrender, dear.

Traditional ending
Cmaj9

Optional ending
Freely
N.C.
Missouri-born Willard Robison was a singular kind of songwriter. He wrote of country life, small-town scenes remembered from childhood: sharecroppers, itinerant preachers, harvests and (with a lyric by Dedette Lee Hill) such characters as “Old Folks,” beloved by all in his small hometown. No composer, save perhaps Hooey Carmichael and Johnny Mercer at times, has captured this part of the American past as vividly as Robison.

**OLD FOLKS**

Words by Dedette Lee Hill; Music by Willard Robison

Slow and bluesy ($\text{\textit{\$}} = \frac{3}{2}$)

![Musical notation]

---

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leav-in' his spoon in his coffee, Puts his napkin up under his
meets the late train at the station, Sits and whit-tles when it's over-

chin, And that yel-low cob pipe, It's so mel-low it's ripe, But
due. While they're sort-in' the mail, Ev'ry night with-out fail, He's

you needn't be a-shamed of sneak-in' a lit-tle nip or him. In the evening after sup-per, What
sneak-in' a lit-tle nip or two. Ev'ry Fri-day he'll go fish-in' Way

stor-ies he would tell: How he held the speech at Get-tys-burg, for
down on Buzz-ards Lake, But he only hooks a perch or two: a
Old Folks

Lincoln that day, one day they took the whale got away.

I know that one so well.

So we warm up the steak.

Don't Oh.

quite understand about some day there'll be no more.

Old Folks, Did he fight for the Blue or the lonely old town this will

Gray? be.

For he's so diplomatic and so democratic.

Children's voices at play will be stillied for a day. The

We always let him have his way. We

way. 2nd time, slower
THE DESERT SONG
from The Desert Song

One of the box-office smashes of 1926, Sigmund Romberg’s classic The Desert Song remains a perennial favorite of performers and audiences alike. Its exotic setting in old French Morocco gave the composer an opportunity not only to write lovely waltzes and romantic ballads in the traditional vein but also to introduce melodies bathed in the sultry colors of North Africa and the Near East. Among the gems from the thrilling score are the stirring “Riff Song,” the moving ballad “One Alone” and this dreamy title number. In 1929, The Desert Song became the first all-talking, all-singing screen operetta, with John Boles and Carlotta King as the lovers. Dennis Morgan and Irene Manning starred in the 1943 remake, followed by Gordon MacRae and Kathryn Grayson 10 years later.

Words by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein; Music by Sigmund Romberg

Freely, but without dragging

My desert is waiting; Dear, come there with me.
I'm longing to teach you
The Desert Song

Love's sweet melody, I'll sing a dream song to you,
Painting a picture for two.

Slowly, with expression

Refrain

Blue heaven and you and I, And sand

kissing a moonlit sky, A desert breeze whispring a
lullaby, Only stars above you To see, I love you.

Oh, give me that night divine, And let

my arms in yours entwine. The desert song calling, Its

voice entralling Will make you mine.
Song of the Vagabonds
from The Vagabond King

A full-blooded operetta in the grand manner. The Vagabond King brought down the house at its premiere in 1925. With such magnificent numbers as “Only a Rose,” “Some Day,” “Huguette Waltz” and “Love Me Tonight,” many consider it to be Rudolf Friml’s finest score. Dennis King created the title role of François Villon, the beggar-poet who defends medieval Paris against the forces of the Duke of Burgundy. When he sang this stirring number, it was hard for many listeners not to rush onto the stage and join the chorus.

Words by Brian Hooker; Music by Rudolf Friml

Spirited march, but not too fast

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Dm} & \quad \text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm} \\
\text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C} \\
\text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C} \\
\text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C}
\end{align*}
\]

Sons of toil and danger, Will you serve a stranger And bow down to Burgundy?

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Dm} & \quad \text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C} \\
\text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C} \\
\text{Bb7-5 A7+5 A7 Dm Am C}
\end{align*}
\]

Sons of shame and sorrow, Will you cheer tomorrow For the
crown of Bur-gundy? cresc. On-ward! on-ward!

swords a-against the foe; For-ward! for-ward! the lil-y ban-ners

[Sonists: Play right hand 8va higher till the end.]

go! Sons of France a-round us Break the chain

that bound us, And to hell with Bur-gundy!
Only a Rose from The Vagabond King

Rudolf Friml’s universally enjoyed operetta The Vagabond King, which was produced on Broadway in 1925, was based on Justin Huntly McCarthy’s novel If I Were King. This lovely song from the show resulted in some unintentional humor when The Vagabond King was filmed in 1930. Reluctant to be off camera while playing the scene opposite Jeanette MacDonald, star Dennis King, who also starred and sang “Only a Rose” in the original production, made sure that some part of his anatomy was on screen at all times. As a result, when Jeanette saw the finished scene in the movie, she dubbed it “Only a Nose.”

Words by Brian Hooker

Moderately, in 2 (\( \frac{3}{4} \) beat)

Music by Rudolf Friml
On-ly a rose To whis-per,

Blush-ing as ros-es do,

I'll bring a-long a smile or a song for an-y-one,

On-ly a rose for you.
My Hero

from The Chocolate Soldier

The delicious Chocolate Soldier, adapted from George Bernard Shaw's 1894 comedy Arms and the Man, is the best known of Oscar Straus's operettas, which also include A Waltz Dream and The Last Waltz. Straus was undeniably Viennese to the core! The title refers to the operetta's hero, a peace-loving soldier who prefers romance and chocolates to war—rather a sensible chap. This lovely song has always been the favorite number in the score, and, indeed, its smooth, emotional melody makes it a joy to sing.

Words by Stanislaus Stange; Music by Oscar Straus

Smooth and flowing

C

I have a true and noble lover; He is my sweetheart, all my own.

Am C D7

His like on earth who shall discover? His heart is mine and mine alone.

G/B Am/C D7 G G/B Am/C

We pledged our troth each to the other, And for our

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ness_ I pray. Our lives_ belong to one_ an-oth-er, Oh, hap-py, hap-py

wed-ding day, Oh, hap-py, hap-py wed-ding day.

Come, come, I love you on-ly; My heart is true.

Come, come, My life is lone-ly;
My Hero

I long for you. Come, come,

Naught can efface you; My arms are aching now to embrace you.

Thou art divine. Come, come,

I love you only, Come, hero mine.
Victor Herbert once was asked why he didn’t write another waltz like “Kiss Me Again” (from the 1905 Mlle. Modiste). Crushed by the recent failure of Orange Blossoms (1922), he replied sadly that he’d written waltzes as good, but the public didn’t recognize them. The public certainly recognized “A Kiss in the Dark,” however, especially after it was interpolated in Florenz Ziegfeld’s Follies of 1923, for which Herbert supplied music. Since then, it has been acclaimed as Herbert’s final waltz classic. (He died in 1924.) And with good reason too!

Words by B. G. DeSylva; Music by Victor Herbert

Moderately

I recall the mad delight
That was love in all its pow’r;
Of a love - ly day,
Trembling In the dance seems
And a stroll into a night,
Like a sweet but fleeting hour
With romance, dreams.
There he told me of my charms;
There we parted in the dawn;
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A Kiss in the Dark

Am | Am7 | D9 | C/G | Adim7/G

How could I resist? Suddenly with part.

But the memory

C/G | D7 | C/G | Adim7/G | G7 | A7

In his arms, I was held and kissed. Oh, that

Chorus - Gracefully

G7 | C

kiss in the dark Was to him

just a lark, But to me 'twas a
Just a thrill
s | u | p | r | e | m | e. |

kiss in the dark,
B | u | t i | t k i

died the spark,
The a - wak - 'ning of

love's young dream.
Surprisingly, Gilbert and Sullivan’s The Pirates of Penzance received its world premiere in 1879 not in London but in New York. Due to loopholes in the copyright laws of the time, the English composers were obliged to unveil their work in the United States in order to protect themselves from American pirates who were producing previous G&S comedies without payment. The plan worked, and the authors were able to secure international protection as a result. "Poor Wandering One!," one of the highlights of the tuneful score, is a clever send-up of the elaborate waltz-arias made popular by Charles Gounod, composer of Faust. However, its beautiful melody and tricky passagework made it a favorite soprano showpiece in its own right.

Words by W. S. Gilbert; Music by Arthur Sullivan

Moderately slow waltz
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand'ring one.
slower

If such poor love as surely

Can help thee find grace,
True peace of mind.

Take heart of thine.

1. F Turn page to next strain.
2. F Fine
Poor Wandering One!

Take heart, no danger low'rs;

Take any heart but ours.

Take heart, fair days will shine; Take

an' y heart, take mine. Ah!
Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise
from The New Moon
Words by Oscar Hammerstein II; Music by Sigmund Romberg

Moderately slow, in 2 (d=1 beat)

Please turn to page 182 for information about this song.

Love came to me, gay and tender. Love came to me, sweet surrender.

Love came to me, in bright romantic splendor.

Fickle was she, faithful never. Fickle was she, and clever.

So will it be, forever, forever.
Softly. As in a Morning Sunrise

Sigmund Romberg's The New Moon (1925) is one of the last great American operettas cast in the European mold. It ran for more than a year in New York City before going on the road to become an evergreen standard. Among the score's gems are the rousing "Stouthearted Men" (which Nelson Eddy sang in the 1940 screen version), the lovely duet "Wanting You" and this heady tango of love and betrayal.

Tango tempo

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{B7} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{Am} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
& \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Em} & \quad \text{B7} \\
& \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]
 thrill love building
And lift you high to heaven
Are the passions that

kill love And let you fall to hell!
So ends each story.

Softly, as in an evening sunset,
The light that gave you

glor y Will take it all away.
Noël Coward once wrote, “I think that of all the shows I have ever done, Bitter Sweet gave me the greatest personal pleasure.” He recalled drafting Act I aboard a steamer bound for England in 1928 and writing Act II in a hospital bed, needing something to do while awaiting minor surgery. The operetta tells a story of romance tinged with sadness — Sarah, a young English girl, runs away to Vienna with her handsome music teacher, Carl, who is killed in a duel on the eve of the opening of his own operetta, Zigeuner (Gypsy). Movie buffs will surely remember Jeanette MacDonald’s beautiful performance of this lush and lovely number in the 1940 screen version of Bitter Sweet, which she made with Nelson Eddy.

Words and Music by Noël Coward

Moderate waltz, somewhat freely throughout

ZIGEUNER

from Bitter Sweet

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All I ask of life is just to listen To the songs that you sing.
My spirit like a bird on the wing,
Your melodies adoring,
soaring.

Call to me with some barbaric tune,
Zigeuner

Now you hold me in your pow'r;

Play to me for just an hour,
When You're Away!

from The Only Girl

Victor Herbert's hit show of 1914 was The Only Girl, which gave the "unlucky" 39th Street Theatre one of its few successes. The story concerns a romance between Alan, a librettist, and Ruth, a composer, who decide to collaborate. "We both hate things sentimental," they declare at first. "We are two machines. That's all!" Happily, their enterprise deepens into something more pleasant than mere business. Their beautiful love song "When You're Away!" gives a good idea of just how pleasant things become, for it contains one of Herbert's most enchanting melodies.

Words by Henry Blossom; Music by Victor Herbert
When You’re Away!

Gm        Gm/F      Em7-5      Gm/D
Sun          shine      seems       gray,       dear;       The
Save        to          en            dear        me          More

C7        C7+5      F          D7
fra-grance has       left       the       flow'res.       Ev
fond-ly, my          love,       to       you.         Nev

Gm        A7
er        I          hear you in    seeming,    p'ring
a-again let us      part, dear.    die         soft
out

Dm        Bdim7      Dm/C
love words to     me.        Ah,       if      I      knew 'twere
out you, my      own.        Hold      me      a
2nd time slower
dreaming, Ne'er to be.

(slow arpeggio)
heart; I love you alone.

but still very soft and sweet
Will You Remember
(Sweetheart)
from Maytime  Words by Rida Johnson Young; Music by Sigmund Romberg

Slowly, in 2 (\(\frac{\pi}{4}\) = 1 beat)

Maytime, a bittersweet tale of love and sadness in Old New York, was the undisputed hit of 1917. So successful was it that a second production was opened in a theater across the street from the original. Twenty years later, the screen version, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, gave the work a new lease on life. Hollywood made the usual plot changes, of course, but when audiences heard this duet, nothing else seemed to matter.
The thrill it knew
That day in May.
Will You Remember (Sweetheart)

When we were happy in May, My dearest one? Sweet-heart, in tempo

Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, Though our paths may

sever, To life's last faint ember, Will you re-

member Spring-time, love time, May?
From Kismet

Robert Wright and George Forrest took a 1911 extravaganza called Kismet, revamped it a bit, draped it with vast swatches of colorful melody by Russian composer Alexander Borodin and came up with an Arabian Nights confection that brightened the Broadway season of 1953-54. "Stranger in Paradise," one of the hits of the show, was adapted from the "Polovetsian Dances" in Borodin's opera Prince Igor.

Words and Music by Robert Wright and George Forrest
Stranger in Paradise

I saw your face And I ascended Out of the common place Into the rare Somewhere in space

I hang suspended Until I know There's a chance that you care Won't you answer the fervent prayer Of a stranger in held back original tempo
Don't send me in dark despair
From all that I hunger for;
But open your angel's arms
To the stranger in paradise?
And tell him that she need be
A stranger no more.
Love Me with All Your Heart
(Cuando Calienta El Sol)

Sonny Schugler, a respected band singer in the 1930s, became better known in later years as Sunny Skylar, lyricist, specializing in anglicizing foreign songs... “Bésame Mucho” and “Amor” being among his hits. Like them, “Love Me with All Your Heart” originated in Mexico— as “Cuando Calienta El Sol” (When the Sun Is Warm), a hit for Los Hermanos Rigual. Skylar’s reworking of both lyric and concept made the song a smash in the ’60s for The Ray Charles Singers and for Jim Nabors.

English words by Sunny Skylar; Spanish words by Mario Rigual
Music by Carlos Rigual and Carlos Alberto Martinoli

Very slowly

Love me with all your heart,— That's all I want, love.
Cuando calienta el sol—— Aquí en la playa

Love me with all of your heart or not at all.
Siento tu corazón vibrar cerca de mí.
Just promise me this:
Es tu palpitar,
That you'll give me all your kisses.
Ev'ry cara, es tu pelo. Son tus.

winter, ev'ry summer, ev'ry fall.
be-sos, me estremezo.

When we are far apart.
Cuan-do calienta el sol.
or when you're near me.
plaza.

Love me with all of your heart
Sien-to tu cuerpo vibrar
as I love you.
cerca de
mía.

F6 Dm6/F Em7-5 A7
Don't give me your love for a moment or an hour; Love me with all your heart.

Always as you loved me from the start, With every beat of your heart.

1. C Am7 Dm7 G7

2. A2 Bb C
Slowly, but with a lilt (♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♩♫

Non di-men-ti-car means
don't for-get you are
my dar-ling;

Don't for-get to
be mar-

Non di-men-ti-car

All you mean to

Non di-men-ti-car

Or di quest'a-mor

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Non Dimenticar

love is like a star, my darling.
Shining bright and

clear cor.

Just because you're here.

Please do not forget that our lips have met.
And I've held you

Dear.

Was it dreams ago, my heart felt this

6fr. 6fr. 6fr. 6fr.

C6  Em7  A7

G/B  Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7  G7+5

Bbdim7  G/B  Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7  G7+5

Eb9-5  D9  G  Am7
Em7  A7  Am7/D  D7  Cm6/D  D7  

G  Bm7  G6  E9  Am7  D7  

Gdim7  Am7  Cm6  

G  Am7  Bbdim7  G/B  D7/A  

G  Cm6  G  

1.  car.  mor.  3  3  3  3  3  3  3  

2.  car.  mor.  3  3  3  3  3  3  3  3
La Vie en Rose

English words by Mack David

French words by Edith Piaf

Music by Louiguy

It's impossible to hear “La Vie en Rose” without thinking of Edith Piaf, beloved “little sparrow” of the French music halls. Her lyric, her lyric, is an irony. Translated to English, it means “Life through rose-colored glasses” — precisely the opposite of Piaf’s tragic life. Abandoned in childhood, sightless for several years, she found brief happiness with boxer Marcel Cerdan — only to be plunged again into anguish with his death in a 1949 plane crash. Yet she survived, to bring warmth to the hearts of millions — as does this song by which the world will always know and love her.

Freely

I thought that love was just a word They sang about in songs I heard. It took your

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens, Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouch', Voi-là le

kisses to reveal That I was wrong and love is real.

portrait sans retouche' De l'homme au-quel j'ap-parie-s.

Slowly

Hold me close and hold me fast. The magic spell you

Quand il me prend dans ses bras Il me parle tout
This is la vie en rose.*

When you kiss me, heaven

sighs, And though I close my eyes, I see la vie en rose.

When you press me to your heart, I'm in a world a-

part, A world where roses bloom.

pronounced "la-vye en rooz."
La Vie en Rose

And when you speak, angels sing from above;
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui, dans la vie,

Ev'ry day words seem to turn into love songs.
Give your heart and soul to me,

And life will always be La vie en rose.
A-lors je sens en moi Mon coeur qui

1. C Dm7 G7 2. C Dm7 G7 Cmaj7

rose. bat. rose. bat.
Tell Me That You Love Me

English words by Al Stillman; Italian words by Ennio Neri;
French words by André de Badet; Music by C. A. Bixio

This lovely Italian melody has been a hit in many different countries under many titles. As “Le Chaland Qui Passe,” for example, it is one of France’s all-time hits. In 1935, its American publisher ran a contest to find an English lyric. Al Stillman entered and turned “Parlami d’Amore, Marìuù” (Speak to Me of Love, Maria) into “Tell Me That You Love Me.” He won, and the song, recorded by opera tenor Fan Peerce, became a hit. Stillman went on to write a procession of hits lasting into the 60s. Some landmarks: “The Breeze and I,” “Juke Box Saturday Night” and “Moments to Remember.”

Moderate spirited waltz

You’ve been concealing the way that you’re feeling toward me.

Acting discreetly, you’ve left me completely at sea.

It’s so distressing your keeping me ti-no do-

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Tell Me That You Love Me

Tell me that you love me tonight.
Par la mi d'amore, Mar-
Ne pensons à
en-
light.
end-less de-
vi-ta sei-
tu!

Fill my heart with
Tut-ta la mia
Fait de nous, tou-
Your love to
Gli occhi tuoi
Sur mon cha-
me means
bel-li
land, sau-
C'est Si Bon
(It's So Good)

This French import had been around awhile when a 24-year-old Eartha Kitt sang it and stopped the show in New Faces of 52. Its impertinent sensuality seemed ideal for her sultry treatment. Yet "C'est Si Bon" has been good for a variety of other artists as well, including the great Louis Armstrong. His recording may have sacrificed the heat of Miss Kitt's interpretation, but it more than compensated with wit and musical brilliance. The song's philosophy is eternal. Life is good, love is good. Let's not ask why, not waste time worrying. Let's just live and enjoy because C'est Si Bon — It's So Good.

English words by Jerry Seelen;
French words by André Hornez; Music by Henri Betti

*Note: This and similar measures are sung as written but played on keyboards as follows:

With a lilt

Am7

D7

G6

Lovers say that in France
Où, ser

When they thrill to romance:
It means that it’s so

Bras des-sus bras des-sus
Et puis de r'com-men-cer

En chantant des chan-
A la moindre oc-ca-


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So I say it to
De s' dire des mots
De jouer du piano

Like the French people
Des petits riens du
tout long de son
dos

Because it's, oh, so
Mais qui en disent
Tandis que nous dansons

smoothly
Ev'ry word, ev'ry
C'est l'autre
ce qu'elle

Leads to
Les pas-sons dans la
Sens par-
ler de ça
thought and it's
true, nous en
dear. It's so
good,
je n'peux pas
dire.
this.
vient.
C'est si
C'est si

Am7/D
D9
Am7/D
D7
G6
Am7/D
D7
F9
E7
Am7
Cm6
Gmaj7

Nothing else can re-
place.

Just your slight-est em-
brace.

And if you on-
ly

Quoi don-ne le fris-
ça

would
son

C'est à moi pour de

Be my
C'est si

own,

For the rest of my
days,
days,
tions.

Ces pe- tit's sen-

Et si nous nous ai-

mons.

Gm7
I will whisper this phrase,
"C'est si bon",
"I mean that it's so good",
"When I say "C'est si bon,"
"And I say "C'est si bon."
"Because it's, oh, so good.
My darling, "C'est si bon."
"Tellment, tellment c'est bon."
"C'est parce que c'est si bon."
"Gradually fading good."
"When I say "C'est si bon."
"And I say "C'est si bon."
"Because it's, oh, so good."
Two Hearts in 3/4 Time
(Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt)

Composer Robert Stolz grew up in "ewiges Wien"—eternal Vienna of wine, women and song. It was the city of the great waltzes, of the Strauss family and Franz Lehar. Of Stolz's more than 2,000 songs, none is more famous and more beloved than this one, first heard on the sound track of the 1930 German film of the same name, Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt. Stolz loved to relate how he thought of the tune one evening while dining with friends at Vienna's famed Café Sacher. Seizing a pencil from a waiter, he scribbled the melody on a menu. That menu now hangs, suitably framed in gilt, in a place of honor in the restaurant's main dining room.

English words by Joe Young; German words by W. Reisch and A. Robinson; Music by Robert Stolz
waltzing
dream
ly.
nacht!

I'll share your

Ein Vier-tel

charms till the
break of the
dawn,
Locked in your

Ein Vier-tel

arms till the

Lie-be, ver-

new day is
born. Two
hearts beat
with a

joy com-

liebt mub man
sein. Zwei
Her-zen
im Drei-

vier- tel-

plete, Waltz-ing
takt Wer braucht
um Glück-lich zu

to a
new para-
dise.

sein?
I Cried for You

This old musical friend has had more lives than the average cat. Written by bandleader Abe Lyman and his pianist Gus Arnheim (himself soon to lead a band), plus lyricist Arthur Freed, it had its first vogue in the 1920s. It turned up again in the ’30s in hit performances by trumpeter Bunny Berigan, The Casa Loma Orchestra and vocalists Billie Holiday, Helen Forrest and Judy Garland. The key to at least part of the song’s eternal appeal lies in the lyric: “I cried for you/Now it’s your turn to cry over me…” The theme of the faithless lover getting his (or her) comeuppance is as modern as today — as is this great tune.

Words and Music by Arthur Freed, Gus Arnheim and Abe Lyman

Moderately, in 2 (\( \frac{3}{4} \) beat)
Every road has a turning;

That's one thing you're learning.

I cried for you;

I used to be. Now I

What a fool
I Cried for You

I cried for you

found two eyes just a little bit bluer; I

found a heart just a little bit truer.

I cried for you;

Now it's your turn to cry over me.
Crazy Words—Crazy Tune

(Vo-do-de-o)

This 1927 confection by the composers of "Ain't She Sweet" and "Happy Days Are Here Again" was an instant hit, especially thanks to spirited performances by The California Ramblers, one of the most popular dance bands of the Roaring Twenties. It also started a craze: people sang its infectious "vo-do-do-de-o" nonsense syllables along with any convenient song. And when, later that year, The Ramblers recorded the Ager-Yellen sequel "Vo-do-do-de-o Blues," the vocalist opened the performance with a few bars of "Crazy Words—Crazy Tune"—just as a reminder.

Words by Jack Yellen; Music by Milton Ager

Fast!

Vo-do-de-o.
Crazy Words — Crazy Tune (Vo-do-de-o)

Sits a-round Washington, all night long, Sings the same words to every song:

Vo - do - de - o, Vo - do - do - de - o - de.

His uk - u - le - le daily How he'll strum:

Vum vum vum! Famous speech,

Vamp - in' and stamp - in', Then he hol - lers

Fam - ous speech... Cried, "Give me!" give me Li - ber - ty or
"Black Bottom!" Crazy words, crazy tune, He'll be driving me
You all heard yesterday. What did President

Crazy soon? Coolidge say? Voo-doo-de-o, Voo-doo-de-o-

Vo-doo-de-o, Voo-doo-de-o-

Vo-doo-de-o, Voo-doo-de-o-

Vo-doo-de-o, Voo-doo-de-o-

Vo-doo-de-o, Voo-doo-de-o-

Vo-doo-de-o,
Jazz fans who bought Paul Whiteman’s 1928 record of “Lonely Melody” for a few bars of Bix Beiderbecke’s hot cornet scarcely heeded the “B” side, a waltz called “Ramona.” But the recording echoed an achievement unprecedented in the technology of the era; film star Dolores Del Rio had sung “Ramona” on the radio in Hollywood while Whiteman’s orchestra accompanied her in a New York studio 3,000 miles away. For radio, a landmark.

Words by L. Wolfe Gilbert; Music by Mabel Wayne

Allegretto (not fast)

*These melody notes are played by the left hand.
rambling rose you wear in your hair. Ramona, when day is done, you'll hear my call.

Ramona, we'll meet beside the water.

I dread the dawn when I awake to find you gone; Ramona, I need you, my own. slower
Sweet Sue—
Just You

This 1928 classic was Victor Young’s debut as a songwriter — and a source of everlasting surprise. He had written it as a romantic ballad, but almost immediately after it appeared, it became a favorite among jazz musicians, invariably played at faster tempos. One important early recording, by Paul Whiteman’s orchestra, featured melody statement and vocal in the ballad manner but achieved immortality on Bix Beiderbecke’s nonpareil chorus — up-tempo — with a derby hat hung on the bell of his cornet as a mute. Fast or slow, Young’s great melody is an eternal delight.

Words by Will J. Harris; Music by Victor Young

Moderately

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Sue, it's you. No one else it seems ever shares my dreams, and with out you, dear, I don't know what I'd do. In this heart of mine, you live all the time. Sweet Sue, just you.
SLEEPY TIME GAL

Words by Joseph R. Alden and Raymond B. Egan; Music by Ange Lorenzo and Richard A Whiting

Lazily, but with a lilt (played as)

Sleep-y time gal,

You're turning

night in- to day.

Sleep-y time gal,

You've danced the
ev-'ning a- way,

Before each sil-ver-y star.
Please give me sight,

Then let us whisper "Good night." It's getting late and, dear, your pillow's waitin'. Sleepy time gal,

When all your dancin' is through.
Sleepy Time Gal

Sleepy time gal,
I'll find a cottage for you.

You'll learn to cook and to sew;
What's more, you'll

love it, I know;
When you're a stay-at-home, play-at-home.

eight-o'clock sleepy time gal.
My Cutey’s Due  
At Two-to-Two Today

Words and Music by  
Leo Robin and Albert Von Tilzer

With a lilt (♩ to be played as ♩♩♩)
Gotta date one-fifty-eight with the one that I love best.

Cutey's due at two-to-two; She's coming through on a big choo-choo.

She's been away for months, But I haven't cheated once.

Stayed home nights, didn't dance, wasn't taking any chance.

Didn't flirt and though it hurt, I just couldn't do my cutey dirt. My
days were blue, my nights were black. But I just knew that she'd come back. For

I love her and she loves me, and say, Don't think there ain't no when I feel her

Santa Claus; I know darn well there won't let go till half past nine; My cu-ney's due at

two-to-two today.
**DINAH**

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young;  
Music by Harry Akst

Moderately

Ethel Waters holds an unparalleled place in the history of popular singing as the first performer successfully to fuse the separate concepts of jazz, popular song and the blues. Many of the songs she introduced became immediate standards — none more dramatically than this classic. Composers Akst and Young brought it to her in 1924 and demonstrated it by singing it fast and, as she said later, “corny.” She slowed it down, giving added weight to both melody and lyrics, and used it in her appearance at the Plantation Club in New York City. It proved a key step toward stardom for her.
Ev'ry night, Why do I shake with fright? Because my

Din-ah might Change her mind about me.

Din-ah, If she wan-dered to Chin-a, I would hop an o-cean

lin-er Just to be with Din-ah Lee!
Clap Hands!
Here Comes Charley!

Words by Billy Rose and Ballard Macdonald; Music by Joseph Meyer

In a bright good-time 2 ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 1 beat)

No telling at this late date who the gentleman was to deserve all the handclapping. Whatever his distinction, he enjoyed two rounds of popularity. The first was in 1925, when this song appeared and was recorded widely by bands and singers of the day, including the popular California Ramblers featuring the jazz bass saxophone of Adrian Rollini. Jazzmen, in fact, accounted for “Charley’s” second moment of celebrity: Swing Era recordings by Count Basie and, appropriately, Charlie Barnet gave the old standard a brief but rousing revival.
Char-ley take a bow.
Char-ley take a bow.
Gin-ger ale and White Rock for this all those hun- gry
See the smile on

Grab a chair, move o-ver there, And he's a buy-er
They can tell that

let him sit right next to Ma-bel.
From those wide and open spac-es.
Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley!

Clap hands! Good-time Char-ley!
Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley

1. C    2. C

now!
now!
Surely one of the most underappreciated of all major songwriters must be California-born Joseph Meyer. Many of his efforts became anthems of the '20s and '30s. They include “Californiag, Here I Come,” “If You Know Susie,” “Crazy Rhythm” and this 1922 standard, his first hit. It's been a favorite of older-generation jazzmen through the years because of its flowing chord sequence and rhythmically tuneful melody. The recording by Bing Crosby, backed by The Mills Brothers and the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra, is a landmark in jazz history.

Words by Herman Ruby; Music by Joseph Meyer

Lively

I love your lovin’ arms; They hold a world of charms; A place to

nestsle when I am lonely. A comfy, cozy chair.

Oh, what a happy pair! One caress, Happiness Seem to bless my
little honey. I love you more each day.
When years have passed away,
You'll find my love belongs to you only;
'Cause when the world seems wrong,
I know that I belong—
Right in my honey's lovin' arms.
The Japanese Sandman

Words by Raymond B. Egan

Paul Whiteman’s orchestra, featuring the mated trumpet of Henry Busse, gave this 1920 classic its first and most lasting fame — and in a way obscured its true beauty. Whiteman took the song fast, in the manner of the day. Yet a glance at Ray Egan’s words and Richard Whiting’s melody reveals that “The Japanese Sandman” is a lullaby, just played and sung softly and gently.

Music by Richard A. Whiting

It was one of several hits for the team of Egan and Whiting. Whiting’s daughter, Margaret, has had a long and varied career as a popular singer and has been responsible for keeping many of her father’s greatest hits, “The Japanese Sandman” among them, alive. It is still recorded and performed, and sounds as fresh and sweet today as it did in 1920.

Moderately

[Music notation]

Here’s the Japanese Sandman, Sneaking on with the dew.

Just an old second-hand man,

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He'll buy your old day from you.
Of the day that is through,
And he'll give you tomorrow
Just to start life anew.

Then you'll be a bit older
In the dawn when you
The Japanese Sandman

wake, And you'll be a bit bolder With the new day you make. Here's the Japanese Sandman:

Trade him silver for gold. Just an old second-

hand man, Trading new days for old. fading away--
Sweet Georgia Brown

The beloved “Of Maestro,” bandleader Ben Bernie, first popularized this rhythmic standard in the mid-'20s, and its flowing line and chord structure have been a favorite of jazz soloists ever since. Its composer was Maceo Pinkard, who also added such perennials as “Sugar” and “Them There Eyes” to the jazzman’s repertoire. “Sweet Georgia Brown” has not only been played and revived repeatedly over the years; she even had offspring, “The Daughter of Sweet Georgia Brown,” by Bernie, lyricist Ken Casey and arranger Ken Sisson, appeared in 1939 but never achieved quite the prominence of the original. Dan Fox’s arrangement here incorporates a time-honored feature of jazz performances: a Charleston beat, running throughout and kicking the melody merrily along.

Words and Music by Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard and Kenneth Casey

Charleston tempo

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They all sigh and wanna die For Sweet Georgia Brown. I'll tell you just
why: You know I don't lie, Not much!

It's been said she knocks 'em dead When she lands in Sweet Georgia
All those tips the porter slips To Brown, Since she came, why it's a shame How
They buy clothes at fashion shows With
she cools 'em down.
one dollar down.

Fel - lers
Oh, boy.

she can't get are fel - lers
she ain't met.

tip your hats:

Oh, joy,

she's the cats.

Geor - gia claimed her
Who's that mis - ter?

Geor - gia named her
'Tain't her sis - ter,

Sweet Geor - gia
Sweet Geor - gia

1. G G7 F#7 F7
Brown.

2. G Daug G
Brown.
When You Wore a Tulip (and I Wore a Big Red Rose)

Though Percy Wenrich's name may not be familiar today, at least three of his many songs are. There are no more beloved melodies surviving from the first two decades of this century than "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Moonlight Bay" and this one, written with Jack Mahoney. In addition to composing popular songs and piano rags, Wenrich had a successful vaudeville career with his wife, Dolly Connolly.

Words by Jack Mahoney; Music by Percy Wenrich

Like a march, but not too fast

G

When you wore a tulip, A

G7 C G

sweet yellow tulip, And I wore a big red rose.

C G E7

When you caressed me, 'Twas then heaven blessed me, What a
You made life a blessing, no one knows.

You called me dearie, 'Twas down where the blue grass grows.

Your lips were sweeter than julep When you wore that tulip
And I wore a big red rose.
My Gal Sal

Words and Music by Paul Dresser; Adapted and arranged by Dan Fox

Moderate bounce (\( \frac{9}{8} \))

His brother Theodore was a celebrated novelist, but Paul Dreiser had the urge to wander. After a short try at studying for the priesthood, he joined a medicine show as a singer and comedian, changing his name to Dresser to avoid embarrassing his family. His career was varied and colorful — and ended in frustration and poverty, but not before he had penned dozens of songs, at least two of them immortal. “On the Banks of the Wabash” is a barbershop quartet favorite, but the tale of “frivolous Sal,” its melody and lyric tugging at the heart, will live forever.
Your troubles.

She was always willing to share,

A wild sort of devil but dead on the level. Was my gal Sal.
(Back Home Again in)

**INDIANA**

Jazzmen have always enjoyed playing "Indiana"—early recordings by Red Nichols and Eddie Condon are collectors' items, and the song's flowing chord sequence has been the basis for many bebop lines, among them saxophonist Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee." The moon shining on the Wabash has reflected in several songs: Ballard Macdonald and James Hanley wrote of it in this 1917 classic, in the process quoting (in the next-to-last line) from Paul Dresser's 1896 "On the Banks of the Wabash"; and Hoagy Carmichael included a reference to it in his 1940 "Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind."

Moderate swing

Words by Ballard Macdonald; Music by James F. Hanley

---

Back home again in Indiana, And it seems that I can see The gleaming candle
light still shining bright Through the sycamores for

The new-mown hay sends all its

fragrance From the fields I used to roam.

When I dream about the moon-light on the Wabash, Then I

long for my Indiana home.
One such song, “Down Among the Sheltering Palms,” composers James Brockman and Abe Olman actually had the city of San Francisco in mind when they wrote the ditty in 1914. Olman followed this hit three years later with “Oh, Johnny, Oh” and continued with “Down by the O-H-I-O” and “Come Back to Waikiki.”

Words by James Brockman; Music by Abe Olman

Slowly, but with a lilt (\( \frac{4}{4} \))
we've got a date, Out where the sun goes down about eight.

How my love is burning, burning, burning; How my heart is

yearning, yearning, yearning To be down among the

sheltering palms, Oh, honey, wait for me.
Words by Irving Caesar; Music by George Gershwin

By word players objected: the two guys at the piano in the corner were making too much noise and disturbing the game. But as one of the culprits was quick to remark, it was his apartment and he’d do what he wanted to in it. And so he did. It took less than half an hour for the two songwriters, lyricist Irving Caesar and composer George Gershwin, to produce this simple, enduring standard, a hit for the great Al Jolson in his 1919 show Sinbad. For all Gershwin’s later successes, “Swanee” became his greatest commercial triumph and was a milestone in his long career as well.

Brightly, in 2 (i=1 beat)

I've been a way from you a long time. I nev-er
The birds are sing-ing it is long time,

Some-how I I know that feel
thought I'd miss you strum-min' soft and so,

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Your love was real; Near you I long to be.

Your love was Yearn for me too;

Near you I long to be.

Swanee, you're calling me.

Swanee, you're calling me.

Swanee, How I love you, how I love you, My dear old Swanee.

I'd give the world to be
Swanee

A-mong the folks in Dixie
Even now my mam-
wait-ing for me, Pray-ing for me
Down by the Swan-ee.
The folks up North will see me no more.

When I go to the Swan-ee shore.