FOREWORD

By DOROTHY RODGERS

Dick and Larry wrote a prodigious number of songs between 1925 and 1943, the years of their collaboration, and the greatest output was in the decade of the thirties. I remember so well coming home in the late afternoons and knowing, from the moment I stepped out of the elevator into our small private entrance hall, that the all too-pervasive scent of Larry's Uppmann cigar meant that Dick and Larry had been, or possibly still were, working. They never seemed to mind my interrupting them to let them know I was home, and sometimes if they were excited about a new song that they had just finished, Dick would play the melody while Larry sang the lyric. Larry's voice was not musical, but there is always something special about the way a composer or lyricist presents his own work, and Larry could make the listener aware of the feeling and mood of the song. If Larry wasn't around, Dick liked to play the accompaniment while he whistled the tune, and he would have me follow the lyric by reading it silently. Since I have, what Dick in his wonderfully understated style of humor would refer to as, "a small but disagreeable voice," I was pleased when he would let me recite the lyric while he played the song for friends. I cared so much about getting the lyrics across that Dick claimed he actually liked my rendition!

In my mind's eye, I can see Larry, leaning against the wall of our living room, scribbling the lyric in soft black pencil on yellow foolscap. His head, the paper and the lyric were all slanted uphill. One day I walked into the room to find Larry standing in front of the huge studio window with a large lighted cigar in his mouth, totally unaware that he was burning an enormous hole in the curtain. Whenever anything of that kind happened, Larry's apologies were so abject that I usually ended up feeling that it was somehow my fault.

The question most frequently asked of Dick and Larry — and, I suspect, of all song-writing collaborators — was, "Which comes first, the words or the music?" Dick always felt it was a most sensible question, and there were several serious answers to it, depending on the circumstances. With Larry, Dick always had to write the music first because it was the only way he could get Larry to work. (And even then he had to stay in the room while Larry was writing to make sure he didn't disappear!) In Dick's collaboration with Oscar Hammerstein II, the situation was quite different. Oscar liked the freedom of being able to write the lyric first, and he would work in his home either in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, or in New York. He worked carefully, slowly and meticulously, and only after he and Dick had fully discussed exactly what they wanted to accomplish with a particular song, was the neatly typed manuscript delivered to Dick who would attack it eagerly and set the words to music. Dick found it just as simple to write either way, and when he wrote both music and lyrics for "No Strings" after Oscar died, he used both methods — and sometimes even wrote music and lyrics simultaneously.

This songbook has many of my favorite Rodgers and Hart songs, and if they should turn out to be among your favorites, too, I'm sure you will enjoy hearing them again. For those of you to whom the songs will be new, I hope you will become new Rodgers and Hart fans.

Dorothy Rodgers

May, 1984
AMERICA'S SWEETHEART
   6  I've Got Five Dollars

BABES IN ARMS
  10  I Wish I Were In Love Again
  26  Johnny One Note
  14  The Lady Is A Tramp
  18  My Funny Valentine
  22  Where Or When

BETSY
  31  Come And Tell Me
  34  This Funny World

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE
  42  Falling In Love With Love
  38  Sing For Your Supper
  45  This Can't Be Love
  48  Who Are You?

BY JUPITER
  51  Ev'rything I've Got
  56  Jupiter Forbid
  60  Nobody's Heart
  64  Wait Till You See Her

CHEE-CHEE
  68  Moon Of My Delight

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
  90  Can't You Do A Friend A Favor?
  72  My Heart Stood Still
  76  On A Desert Island With Thee
  82  Thou Swell
  86  To Keep My Love Alive

DEAREST ENEMY
  93  Bye And Bye
  96  Here In My Arms

EVERGREEN
  102  Dancing On The Ceiling

FLY WITH ME
  99  College On Broadway

GARRICK GAIETIES
  106  Manhattan
  114  Mountain Greenery
  110  Sentimental Me

THE GIRL FRIEND
  126  Blue Room
  121  The Girl Friend

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (film)
  130  I Gotta Get Back To New York
  134  You Are Too Beautiful

HEADS UP!
  138  A Ship Without A Sail

HIGHER AND HIGHER
  142  Disgustingly Rich

152  It Never Entered My Mind
147  It's A Lovely Day For A Murder

I MARRIED AN ANGEL
  168  At The Roxy Music Hall
  176  I Married An Angel
  172  Spring Is Here

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT
  156  Ev'rybody Loves You
  160  Have You Met Miss Jones?
  164  I'd Rather Be Right

JUMBO
  184  Little Girl Blue
  179  The Most Beautiful Girl In The World
  186  My Romance

A LONELY ROMEO
  204  Any Old Place With You

LOVE ME TONIGHT (film)
  192  Isn't It Romantic?
  189  Love Me Tonight
  196  Lover
  201  Mimi

MISSISSIPPI (film)
  208  It's Easy To Remember
  211  Soon

ON YOUR TOES
  214  Glad To Be Unhappy
  222  It's Got To Be Love
  216  Quiet Night
  218  There's A Small Hotel

PAL JOEY
  234  Bewitched
  244  Happy Hunting Horn
  238  I Could Write A Book
  242  You Mustn't Kick It Around

PEGGY-ANN
  230  A Tree In The Park
  225  Where's That Rainbow?

PRESENT ARMS
  248  You Took Advantage Of Me

SIMPLE SIMON
  252  He Was Too Good To Me
  255  Ten Cents A Dance

SPRING IS HERE
  260  With A Song In My Heart

TOO MANY GIRLS
  268  'Cause We Got Cake
  284  Give It Back To The Indians
  272  I Didn't Know What Time It Was
  276  I Like To Recognize The Tune
  280  You're Nearer

260  Blue Moon
204 Any Old Place With You — A Lonely Romeo
168 At The Roxy Music Hall — I Married An Angel
234 Bewitched — Pal Joey
264 Blue Moon
126 Blue Room — The Girl Friend
93 Bye And Bye — Dearest Enemy
90 Can't You Do A Friend A Favor? — A Connecticut Yankee
268 'Cause We Got Cake — Too Many Girls
99 College On Broadway — Fly With Me
31 Come And Tell Me — Betsy
102 Dancing On The Ceiling — Evergreen
142 Disgustingly Rich — Higher And Higher
156 Ev'rybody Loves You — I'd Rather Be Right
51 Ev'rything I've Got — By Jupiter
42 Falling In Love With Love — The Boys From Syracuse
121 Girl Friend, The — The Girl Friend
284 Give It Back To The Indians — Too Many Girls
214 Glad To Be Unhappy — On Your Toes
244 Happy Hunting Horn — Pal Joey
160 Have You Met Miss Jones? — I'd Rather Be Right
252 He Was Too Good To Me — Simple Simon
96 Here In My Arms — Dearest Enemy
238 I Could Write A Book — Pal Joey
272 I Didn't Know What It Was — Too Many Girls
276 I Like To Recognize The Tune — Too Many Girls
176 I Married An Angel — I Married An Angel
 10 I Wish I Were In Love Again — Babes In Arms
164 I'd Rather Be Right — I'd Rather Be Right
 6 I've Got Five Dollars — America's Sweetheart
130 I Gotta Get Back To New York — Hallelujah, I'm A Bum (film)
192 Isn't It Romantic? — Love Me Tonight (film)
152 It Never Entered My Mind — Higher And Higher
147 It's A Lovely Day For A Murder — Higher And Higher
288 It's Easy To Remember — Mississippi
222 It's Got To Be Love — On Your Toes
26 Johnny One Note — Babes In Arms
56 Jupiter Forbid — By Jupiter
14 Lady Is A Tramp, The — Babes In Arms
184 Little Girl Blue — Jumbo
189 Love Me Tonight — Love Me Tonight (film)
196 Lover — Love Me Tonight (film)
106 Manhattan — Garrick Gaieties
201 Mimi — Love Me Tonight (film)
68 Moon Of My Delight — Chee-Chee
179 Most Beautiful Girl In The World, The — Jumbo
114 Mountain Greenery — Garrick Gaieties
18 My Funny Valentine — Babes In Arms
72 My Heart Stood Still — A Connecticut Yankee
186 My Romance — Jumbo
60 Nobody's Heart — By Jupiter
76 On A Desert Island With Thee — A Connecticut Yankee
216 Quiet Night — On Your Toes
110 Sentimental Me — Garrick Gaieties
138 Ship Without A Sail, A — Heads Up!
38 Sing For Your Supper — The Boys From Syracuse
211 Soon — Mississippi (film)
172 Spring Is Here — I Married An Angel
255 Ten Cents A Dance — Simple Simon
218 There's A Small Hotel — On Your Toes
45 This Can't Be Love — The Boys From Syracuse
34 This Funny World — Betsy
82 Thou Swell — A Connecticut Yankee
86 To Keep My Love Alive — A Connecticut Yankee
230 Tree In The Park, A — Peggy-Ann
64 Wait Till You See Her — By Jupiter
22 Where Or When — Babes In Arms
225 Where's That Rainbow? — Peggy-Ann
48 Who Are You? — The Boys From Syracuse
260 With A Song In My Heart — Spring Is Here
134 You Are Too Beautiful — Hallelujah, I'm A Bum
242 You Mustn't Kick It Around — Pal Joey
248 You Took Advantage Of Me — Present Arms
280 You're Nearer — Too Many Girls (film)
I've Got Five Dollars

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Lightly

He: Mister Shylock was stingy; I was miserly,
She: Peggy Joyce has a business; All her husbands have too.
I was more selfish and crabby than a shellfish,
And Lilyan Tashman is not kissed by an ashman,
Oh dear, it's queer. 
But now, somehow. 
What love can do! 
Wealth leaves me cold.

I'd give all my possessions for you: 
Though you're poor as a church mouse I'm sold!

Refrain (leisurely)

He: I've got five dollars; I'm in good condition; And I've got ambition; That belongs to

She: I've got five dollars; Eighty-five revisions; Two lace combinations; They belong to
you, you!
Six shirts and collars,
Debts beyond en-
Two coats with collars,
Ma and Grandma

durance wore 'em;
On my life insur-ance,
That belongs to
All the moths adore 'em,
They belong to

you; you;
I've got a heart
That
I've got two lips
That

must be care for
spurtin'!
Just be certain
mat- ing,
Therefore waiting
I'll be true! Take my five dollars!
will not do! Take my five dollars!

Take my shirts and collars! Take my heart that hollers,
Take my coats and collars! Take my heart that hollers,

"Ev'rything— I've got belongs to you!"
"Ev'rything— I've got belongs to you!"

you!" you!"

L.H. s"
Moderately

You don’t know that I felt good
When we up and parted,

You don’t know I knocked on wood,

Gladly broken hearted.
Worrying is through,

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sleep all night,  
A-pe-tive and health re-stored.
You don’t know how much I’m bored!
The sleep-less nights, 
The dai-ly fights, 
The quick to-bog-gan when you
reach the heighths; 
I miss the kiss-es and I miss the bites, 
I
wish I were in love again. The broken dates, The endless waits, The

loveliness, the loving and the hateful hates, The conversation with the

fainting aroma of performing seals, The double crossing of a

flying plates, heels wish I were in love again!

No more pain, No more strain, No despair.
The Lady Is A Tramp

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

I get too hungry for dinner at eight,
I like the theatre but never come late, I never
both - er with peo - ple hate,

That’s why the la - dy is a tramp.

I don’t like crap - games with Bar - ons and Earls,

Won’t go to Har - lem in er - mine and pearls.
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls,

That's why the lady is a tramp. I like the free fresh wind in my hair,

Life without care. I'm broke, it's oke.
Hate California, It's cold and it's damp,

That's why the lady is a tramp,

lady is a tramp.
My Funny Valentine
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Cm

Be - hold the way our

rit.

p

a tempo

fine-feathered friend his virtu - tue doth pa - rade. Thou

Cm

G7

Bb

knowest not, my dim-witted friend, The pic - ture thou hast made, Thy

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vacant brow and thy tousled hair conceal thy good intent. Thou
no-ble, up-right, truth-ful, sin-cere and slight-ly dop-ey gent, you're

Refrain (slowly, with much expression)
My fun-ny Val-en-tine, Sweet com-ic Val-en-tine,
You make me smile with my heart.
Your looks are laughable, Unphotographable,

Yet you're my favorite work of art. Is your

figure less than Greek, Is your mouth a little weak, when you

open it to speak, Are you smart? But
don't change a hair for me, Not if you care for me,

Stay, lit- tle Val- en-tine, stay!

Each day is Val- en-tine's day.
Where Or When

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

In moderate tempo

When you're awake the things you think come from the dreams you dream. Thought has wings, and lots of things are seldom what they seem. Sometimes you think you've lived before.
All that you live today. Things you do come back to you,

As though they knew the way. Oh, the tricks your mind can play!

*Refrain (slowly, with very much sentiment)*

It seems we stood and talked like this before, We

looked at each other in the same way then, But I can’t remember where or
when.
The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore.
The smile you are smiling you were smiling then,

But I can't remember where or when.

Some things that happen for the first time,

Seem to be
happening again.

And so it seems that we have met before, and laughed before, and loved before. But who knows where or when!

when!
Johnny One Note

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Johnny could only sing one note And the note he sang was

thus:

Ah

Poor Johnny One Note sang out with August In

just a great chance to be brave.
class mute,
By him self, by gum!

f lone.
Cats and dogs stopped yap ping,

Li ons in the zoo all were jealous of Johnny's big

trill.
Thunder claps stopped clapping,
Traffic ceased its roar, and they tell us Niagara stood

still. He stopped the train whistles, boat whistles, steam whistles,

Cop whistles; all whistles bowed to his skill

Sing Johnny One Note sing out with gusto. And

just overwhelm all the crowd.
F
Eb  C7  F  C7

Ah!

F  C7  D7  Gm7

So

F  Gm7  C7  F  Gm7  C7

sing,  Johnny  One  Note,  out  loud!

F  Gm7  C7  F  Gm7  C7

Sing,  Johnny  One  Note!

F  Gm  C7  F

Sing,  Johnny  One  Note,  out  loud!

cresc.  e  rit.  f  marcato
**Come And Tell Me**

By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

**Moderately**

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G7sus} & & \text{G7} & & \text{Cm9} & & \text{Cm} & & \text{G7sus} & & \text{G7} & & \text{Cm9} & & \text{Cm} \\
&\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{poco rall.}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
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\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
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\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{a tempo}
\end{array}
\end{align*} \]

**Guy:** I've a most obliging nature doing favors is my fun!

**Peggy:** Sentimental, though the phrase is all you ask of me I'll do.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Bb7sus} & & \text{Bb7} & & \text{Eb} & & \text{Bb7sus} & & \text{Bb7} & & \text{Eb} & & \text{Eb+} \\
&\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
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\text{p} \\
\text{p}
\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{p}
\end{array}
\end{align*} \]

All you have to do is state your slightest wish and it is done. You'll no

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Ab} & & \text{Eb9+5} & & \text{Ab} & & \text{Bb7} & & \text{Eb} & & \text{Bb9+5} & & \text{Eb} \\
&\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
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\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
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\end{array} & & \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{p}
\end{array}
\end{align*} \]

always find me ready and glad to help you out. So you
let only be your steady, and shout, "Boy to Scout!"

If you want someone to run down to your parlor after sundown,

only come and tell me. If you feel you

need a tender person of the other gender, only come and
Tell me, tell me, if you're blue and sobby, what a help I'll be.

You can play some hobby horsy on my knee.

If you're open to suggestion on life's most important question, just come and

tell it to me.
This Funny World
By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Moderately Slow

Very slowly

Edim    Em    Em(+7)    Em    Am7

mop!    a broom!    A    pail!    The stuff my

Am7    B7    Em    Edim    Em    Em(+7)    Em

dreams are made of!    You hope: you strive, you
Am    D7-5    Gdim    G
The world's a place you're not afraid of.

Bm    Em    A7sus    A7    Am    Em
But soon you are brought down to earth, And you

Em    A7    D7sus    D7    Am7/D    D7
learn what your dream was worth.

Very slowly and tenderly

G    D7    G
This funny world, makes fun of the things that you strive for.
This funny world, can laugh at the dreams you’re alive for;

If you’re beaten conceal it! There’s no pity for you.

For the world cannot feel it Just keep to yourself

Weep to yourself This funny world can turn right around and for
get you. It's always sure to roll right along when you're through.

If you are broke you should'n't mind

It's all a joke for you will find This funny world is making fun of

you. you.

a tempo p rall. pp
Sing For Your Supper

Moderate and Graceful

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Hawks and crows do lots of things, But the canary only sings.

She is a courtesan on wings, So I've heard.

Eagles and storks are twice as strong, All the canary knows is song.

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But the canary gets along, Gilded bird!

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast, Songbird always eat
If their song is sweet to hear.

Sing for your luncheon And you'll get dinner,
Dine with wine of choice
If romance is in your
voice.

I heard from a wise canary,

Trilling makes a fellow willing; So,

swallow, swallow now.
Now is the time to
sing for your supper
And you'll get breakfast,
Songbirds are not dumb.

They don't buy a crumb of bread,
It's said,
So sing and you'll be fed.
Falling In Love With Love

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderate Waltz

Falling In Love With Love Is falling for make be-
lieve.

Falling In Love With Love Is

playing the fool;

Caring too

much is such a juvenile fan-
cy.

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Learning to trust is just for children in school.

I fell in love with love one night when the moon was full, I was unwise with eyes unable to see.
B\(AP 6\( Bm\AP maj7\( B\AP 6\( Bm\AP maj7\( B\AP 6\( Bm\AP maj7\( B\AP 6\( B\AP 6\)

fell in love with love. With love ever-

D7sus\( D7\( Gm\AP maj7\( G7\( Cm\( D\AP dim\( last ing. But love fell

cresc.

Cm7\( F7\( Bb\( F7\( Cm7\( F7\( Bb\( F7\( Cm7\( F7\( Bb\( F7\( Cm7\( F7\( Bb\( F7\)

out with me.

Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\( Bb\( Bb\AP 6\AP (
Refrain (smoothly)

This can’t be love because I feel so well.

No

sobs, no sorrows, no sighs.

This can’t be love, I get no dizzy spell.

My head is not in the skies.

My heart does not stand still.
Em
beat!
Bb
This is too sweet to
Eb
be love.
C7
This can't be love because I
G6
feel so well.
G6
But still I love to look in your
C7dim7 Am7
eyes.
G
Am7
D7
G C7 Am7
G
eyes.
Who Are You?

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Look into the pupils of my eyes and you will see what a pretty picture

luck has sent to me. Now my life's beginning as I

bathe in your reflection. Thank you, luck, for guiding me in the right direction!
Who are you to give this world of mine
A light and brighter shine?
I wonder who are you to make a vacant room
A place where flowers bloom,
And tell me who am
that when I think of your face I dance into space so happy and graceful too If that's what you can do I wonder who are you?
Ev'rything I've Got
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Don't stamp your foot at me, That's im - po - lute.

To stamp your foot at me, Is not quite right.

All I dis - cov - er is, You're not so
fine.

I fear my lover is a swine.

(Brightly)

I have eyes for you to give you dirty looks,

words that do not come from children's books,

trick with a knife,

I'm learning to do,

And
everything I've got belongs to you.

powerful anaesthesia in my fist,

perfect wrist to give your neck a twist.

There are hammer-lock holds I've mastered a
few.
And every thing I've got belongs to you.
Share for share, Share a - like,
You get struck each time I strike,
You for me, Me for you,
I'll give you plenty of nothing,
I'm not yours for better but for worse,
And I've learned to give the well-known witch-es curse.

I've a terrible tongue, A temper for two,

And everything I've got belongs to you.

I have you.
You ought to be proud, ticked to death go get a breath of this good atmosphere,

You're one of a crowd, all on parade all unafraid and no one that must fear,

Just look around and you'll kiss your native
May be there's a place where people
never laugh.
where kids don't
never sing.
May be there's a place where they have a sign "Keep just off the
Where you have to hide each thing you
kid.
did.
May be there's a place for Jupiter for
Grass" in half,
Not here
bid.

we
dance if we see
fit.

it’s
fun.

light as a
dancer,

For we must an-
swer
to
Maybe there's a place where you're afraid to kiss.
You could only do it if you hid.
That will never happen in a place like this.

Not here.
No-bod-y's heart be-longs to me, Heigh-ho! Who cares?

No-bod-y writes his songs to me, No one be-longs to me, That's the least of my cares. I may be sad at times, And dis-in-
clined to play; But it's not bad at times, To go your own sweet way—

No-body's arms belong to me, No arms feel strong to me,

I admire the moon, As a moon, Just a moon, No-body's heart longs to me today.
Trio (much faster)

Ride Amazon ride.

Hunt your stags and bears.

Take life in its stride.

Heigh-ho! Who cares?
G0
hunt - ing with pride,

A9  Em7  Cm6  A7  Dm  D  D(G)  D
Track bears to their lairs.

Eb  Gm6
Ride, "Am - a - zon ride!

A7  A7  D7(b9)  D7  G7+5  G7  C7(b9)  C7  C
Heigh - ho, Who cares? Dal segno Fine
Wait Till You See Her

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderate waltz tempo

My friends who knew me, Never would know me,

They'd look right through me, Above and below me and

ask "who's that man? Who is that man?"
That's not my light hearted friend!
Meeting one girl was the start of the end. Love is a

simple emotion a friend should comprehend.

poco a poco cresca
Refrain (in spirited tempo)

Wait till you see her, see how she looks, wait till you hear her laugh. Painters of paintings,

Writers of books, never could tell the half.

Wait till you feel the warmth of her glance,
Pensive and sweet and wise.
All of it lovely.

All of it thrilling; I'll never be willing to free her.

e crescendos

When you see her, You won't believe your eyes.

1 E♭
2 E♭
Moon Of My Delight
By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Lightly

Moon of my moons, when you are mine earth,
Bless me with your gaze;

But what are love-ly evenings worth
If I lose your...
mel - rays?

Moon of moons, be mine a lone,

Mine would be a laugh. moon!

If you leave me,

care then to own heart A quarter or a half green moon.

Moon of my de light, I'm going to put a ring a -
round you, You’ll stay home tonight!

Scintillating where I found you When you were a little
crescent, Your manners were as soft as wool,

Now you’re getting effervescent; But, maybe, that’s because you’re
Moon of my delight,

If you'd only treat me right,
We could have a satellite

lite or two,

Moon of my delight!

D.S. al Fine
(with repeat)
Moderately

leisurely

He: I laughed at sweet hearts
She: Through all my school days

I met at schools;
I hated boys;

All indiscreet hearts
Those April Fool days

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Seemed romantic fools.
Brought me loveless joys.
A house in
I read my

Iceland
Plato,
Was my heart's domain.
Love, I thought a sin;
But

saw your eyes; Now castles rise in Spain!
since your kiss, I'm reading Missus Glyn!

Refrain (slow but liltingly)
I took one look at you, That's all I meant to do;
And then my heart stood still!

My feet could step and walk, My lips could move and talk,

And yet my heart stood still! Though not a

singleton word was spoken, I could tell you knew,
That un - felt clasp of hands—Told me so

well you know—I nev- er lived at all

Un - til the thrill of that mo - ment when my heart stood

1. F Dm6 Am C7
still.

2. F
still.
On A Desert Island With Thee

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately

He, Come, sit thee near, Place thyself upon my knee, Make an end of thy fear, For I love but thee in Camelot.

She, Oh, no not here Where observed of all we'll be. Should thy
father appear, He would surely scold and damn a lot.

He care not a jot, Hearken to my plot:

Soon we'll retreat to a sweet spot!

Refrain (gracefully)

Oh for a year on a desert island with thee,
Out in the sheer middle of the sea.

We'll sing train; wouldn't we be happy and gay,

With thy mamma many miles away? In the morning air

Murmur a blessing; First we'll eat, Then we will dress. If it's fair,
We'll be caressing, if it rains we'll caress! Who knows next year what the population will be; out in the middle of the sea?

She'll pack each little thing for thee. What ten books shall I
bring for thee? (We'll need some books to read.)

He: Thou needst not bring ten books along, If thou wilt bring thy looks along, 'Twill be enough for me.

If the heat begins to swelter,

We won't have to fear the sun.

We will lie beneath a shelter
Only big enough for one.  
Ske: Let the prud-ish peo-ple quar-rell;

We'll for-get them for the nonce.  
If they think our love im-mor-al,

Hon-i soit qui mal y pense!  
He: I'll dress the way that A-dam did.  
Ske: And I the way his

Mad-am did.  
He: I'll see e-nough of thee!  
D.S. al Fine
Thou Swell

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by LORENZ HART

In a jolly tempo

B♭7  Eb9  Fm7  D7

He: Babe, we are well met,  As in a spell met,  I lift my helmet,
She: Thy words are queer, Sir,  Unto mine ear, Sir,  Yet thou're a dear, Sir,

Eb  D7  Fm7  Eb9  Ebdim  D7

Sandy, You're just dandy, For just this
to me, Thou couldst woo me, Now couldst thou

Eb  Eb6  Eb  D♭7  Eb9

here lad. You're such a fistful, My eyes are mistful,
try, knight. I'd murmur "Swell" too, And like it well too;

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Are you too wistful to care,
More thou wilt tell to Sandy,
Do say you care to
Thou art dandy, now

say,
"Come near lad!"
art thou my knight.
Thine arms are martial,
dim.

have you wings?
Thou hast grace;
You have a face full of nice things,
My cheek is partial to thy face;

You have no speaking voice, dear,
And if thy lips grow weary,
With every word it sings,
Mine are their resting place.
Refrain (slowly, with grace)

Thou swell! Thou wit-ty! Thou sweet! Thou grand! Wouldst

kiss me pret-ty? Wouldst hold my hand? Both thine eyes are cute too,

What they do to me. Hear me hol-ler I choose a Sweet

lol-la-pa-loo-sa in thee. I'd feel so
rich in a hut for two; Two rooms and kitchen. I'm sure would do; Give me just a plot of, Not a lot of land, And Thou swell! Thou witty! Thou grand! Thou grand!
To Keep My Love Alive

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately

I've been married and married, and often I've sighed,

I'm never a bridesmaid, I'm always the bride,

I never divorced them, I hadn't the heart,
Yet, remember these sweet words, "Till death do us part."

Refrain (with care and elegance)

I married many men, a ton of them, because I was untrue to
I thought Sir George had possibilities, but his flirtations made me

none of them, because I bumped off every one of them to
ill at ease, and when I'm ill at ease, I kill at ease to

keep my love alive. Sir Paul was frail, he looked a
keep my love alive. Sir Charles came from a san-a-
wreck to me. At night he was a horse's neck to me, so

I performed an appendectomy, to keep my love alive!

Sir

mixed one drink, he's in memoriam, to keep my love alive!

Sir

Thomas had insomnia, he couldn't sleep at night.

Francis was a singing bird, a nightingale, That's why

I

bought a little arsenic, he's sleeping now all right.

tossed him off my balcony to see if he could fly

Sir

Sir
Philip played the harp, I cussed the thing. I crowned him with his harp to
Athelstane indulged in fratricide, he killed his dad and that was

bust the thing, and now he plays where harps are just the thing, to
patriicide. One night I stabbed him by my matress side, to

keep my love alive, to keep my love alive.
keep my love alive, to keep my love alive.

I keep my love alive.
Can't You Do A Friend A Favor?

By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Moderately

You can count your friends on the fingers of your hand, If you're lucky you have two, I have just two friends, that is all that I demand, only two, Just me and you. And a good friend needs a friend, when a good friend needs a
friend. Can't you do a friend a favor?

Can't you fall in love with me?

Life alone can lose its flavor.

You could make it sweet, you see!
I'm the dish you ought to savor.

Something warm and something new; I could do my

friend a favor, I could fall in love with

you.
Bye And Bye

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

If you'll only bide the time And fortiy your heart,
Why should we be sorrowful When just ahead we see
Fortune will decide the time When sorrows will depart.
Morrow full, Of things that ought to be?
Let's put heads together.
We won't know a care.
And be fancy free.

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Bdim F/C Dm Gm7 G7 C11 C7

see fair While we dream of all we'll have to be...

F F6 Fmaj7

Bye and bye Not now but bye and bye Some how we'll try and buy

F6 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C Gm

A little rest Scheme a while when lonely

C7 F

Dream a while Twill only seem a while And love will do the rest.
Our happy days will come
Though slight delays will come
The bright sun's rays will come
From out the sky
Ev'ry cloud just flies on,
Love is on the far horizon,
You'll be my sweet-heart Bye and
poco rit.

1 F C7
bye.
2 F6
bye.

p a tempo

Ped.
Here In My Arms

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately and leisurely

\[\text{F} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Dm}\]

I know a merry place
I know a pretty place

\[\text{mf} \quad \text{P} \quad \text{dolce}\]

Far from intrusion.
It's just the very place
For your separation.

At your command, sir;
It's not a city place,
Yet near at hand, sir;
There you can while away

Days as you may.
Here, if you loll away,
Two hearts can
smile away, It's not a mile away, But it's new to you

toll away. You'd never stroll away, If you only knew!

Refrain (tenderly)

Here in my arms it's adorable! It's dear

dearable That you were never there. When little

lips are so kissable. It's permissible
For me to ask my share, Next to my heart it is ever so lonely, I'm holding only air.

While here in my arms it's adorable! It's adorable. That you were never there. there.
College On Broadway

Music by RICHARD C. RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ M. HART

March Tempo

On high O - lym-pus, might - y Jove all pow-er - ful

Once asked Min - er-va, "Where's your ho-ly shrine on earth?" A -

pol - lo, Mars, and Mer - cu - ry cried "Dad,"

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Minnie dear, the same old shrine we've had:

Bulldogs run around New Haven;

Harvard paints old Cambridge red;

poor old Philadelphia really has a college
it is said; And Williams town belongs to Wil-

liams; Princeton's tiger stands at bay, But

old New York won't let the world forget that there's a

college on Broadway.
Dancing On The Ceiling
(He Dances On My Ceiling)

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately

The world is lyrical

Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me!

Though he's some other place,

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face I see. At night I creep in bed.

And never sleep in bed, But look above in the air.

And to my greatest joy, my boy is there!

It is my prince who walks into my dreams and talks.
He dances overhead on the ceiling, near my bed,

In my sight, Through the night.

I try to hide in vain Underneath my counterpane,

There’s my love up above!
I whisper "Go away, my lover, it's not fair."

But I'm so grateful to discover He's still there.

I love my ceiling more Since it is a dancing floor Just for

my love. love.
Manhattan
(From the Broadway Musical “GARRICK GAITIES”)

Lyric by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Brightly

Sum-mer jour-neys to Ni-ag-ra, And to oth-er plac-es ag-gra-vate all our
cares; We’ll save our fares; I’ve a co-zy lit-tle flat in
what is known as old Man-hat-tan, We’ll set-tle down right here in town.
Refrain (gaily, but not fast)

Fdim Gm7 C7 Fmaj7

We'll have Man-hat-tan, The Bronx and Stat-en Island too;
We'll go to Green-wich Where mod-ern men itch To be free;
We'll go to Yonk-ers Where true love con-quers In the wilds;
We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Island too;

F Fdim Gm7 C7 C+ F Gm7 C7

It's love-ly go-ing through the Zoo;
And Bowl-ing Green you'll see with me;
And starve to-geth-er, dear in Childs';
We'll try to cross Fifth Av-en-ue;

F Fdim Gm7 C7 Edim Dm

It's ver-y fan-cy On old De-lan-cy Street, you know;
We'll bathe at Bright-on, The fish you'll fright-en When you're in;
We'll go to Coney And eat bo-logn-y on a roll;
As black as on-yx We'll find the Bron-nix Park Ex-press;
The subway charms us so,
When balm-y breezes blow

Your bathing suit so thin,
Will make the shell-fish grin

In Central Park, we'll stroll,
Where our first kiss we stole,

Our Flat-bush flat I guess
Will be a great success.

To and fro,
And tell me what street compares with Mott Street

Fin to fin,
I'd like to take a sail on Jamaica

Soul to soul,
Our future babies we'll take to Abie's

More or less,
A short vacation On Inspiration

in July,
Sweet push carts gently gliding

Bay with you,
And fair Canarsie's Lake we'll

Irish Rose,
I hope they'll live to see it

Point we'll spend
And in the station house we'll
by; The great big city's a wondrous toy
view; The city's bustle can not destroy
close; The city's clamor can not spoil
end; But Civic Virtue can not destroy

made for a girl and boy,
dreams of a girl and boy,
dreams of a boy and girl,
dreams of a girl and boy,

We'll turn Man-hat-tan into an isle of
We'll turn Man-hat-tan into an isle of
We'll turn Man-hat-tan into an isle of
We'll turn Man-hat-tan into an isle of

joy. joy. joy.
Lightly

C Gdim G7 Cdim C

Look at me again, dear;
Darling you're so handsome,
Let's hold hands and then, dear,
Strong and clever and sometimes you

D7 G7 C

chorus; It won't bore us, to be sure;
seem, dear, Like a dream, dear, that came true.
There's no meaning to it,
That's why I picked you out;
With a
Better men I threw out
Of my

relish that is hellish to endure;
Living room while giving room to you;

I am not the kind that merely flirts;
I would rather read of love in books;

I just love and love until it hurts.
Love is much more painful than it looks.
Refrain (gracefully)

Oh, sentimental me and poor romantic you,

Dreaming dreams is all that we can do;
We hang around all day and ponder,
While both of us grow fond.
The Lord knows where we're wandering to!
I sit and sigh, you sigh and sit up.

on my knee,
We laugh and cry, and never disa-
gree;
A million kisses we'll make the theft of Un-
til there's nothing left of Poor romantic you and sentimental

1. C C G F C G7
2. C C F C G Fm7

me. Oh, me.
Mountain Greenery

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately

C   C+    F6  B3  G7   C

On the first of May
Simple cooking means

It is moving day,
More than French cuisines.

p' a tempo
grazioso

E m7  E m    A m   F  D7  G  G+  C  A m9  A dim

Spring is here, so blow your job,
I've a banquet planned which is

Throw your job away,
Sandwiches and beans,

G   G+    C    F  D7  G2

Now's the time to trust
Coffee's just as grand

To your wanderlust
With a little sand.

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In the city's dust you wait,
Eat and you'll grow fatter, boy,
Must you wait? Smarter, boy? 
Just you wait: 
Ain'ta boy!

Refrain (Cheerfully)
In a mountain greenery, Where God paints the scenery,
In a mountain greenery, Where God paints the scenery,
P-f a tempo

Just two crazy people together;
Just two crazy people together,

While you love your lover, let Blue skies be your cover-let,
How we love sequestering Where no pests are pestering,
When it rains we'll laugh at the weather.
No dear mamma holds us in tether!
Mosquitoes here.

I'll search for wood.
Won't bite you, dear:
So you can cook.

While I stand looking,
Me on the finger.

Beans could get no keener reception in a beanery,
We could find no cleaner retreat from life's machinery.
Bless our mountain green-ery home!

home!

He: When the world was young, Old Fa-ther Ad- am with sin would grap-ple, So we're en-titled to just one ap-ple, I mean to
make apple sauce. She: Underneath the bough We'll learn a lesson from Mister Omar; Beneath the stace.

eyes of no Pa and no Ma Old Lady Nature is boss.

He: Washing dishes, Catching fishes
In the running stream, We'll curse the smell o' Citronella.

Even when we dream. Skye: Head up on the ground. Your downy pillow is just a boulder. He: I'll have new dimples before I'm older.

But life is peaches and cream. And if you're good,
I'll search for wood,
So you can cook.

While I stand looking,
Beans could

get no keener reception in a beanery. Bless our

mountain greenery home.
The Girl Friend

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Joyously

He: My girl's the kind of girl for steady company.
She: He's very short on looks but long on decency,

It's steady company, That I prefer.
He's very tame.

When
But

in the Charleston dance I want to bump a knee,
he has made an awful hit with me since he,
I want to
A hit with

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bump a knee with her. Home-
me since he first came. ly.

wrecks ap-pear seen so well,
When their checks ap-pear, He won't screen so well,
But she has But that boy

sex-ap-pear, means so well,
Yes, sir! He's game!

Refrain (a little faster and rhythmical)
He: Is - n't she cute! Is - n't she sweet! She's
She: Is - n't he cute! Is - n't he sweet! He's
gentle and mentally nearly complete. She's
gentle and mentally nearly complete. It's

knock-out, she's regal, her beauty's illegal. She's the
strange that this goil can adore such an oil-can, I'm the

girl friend! girl friend! Take her to dance,

Take her to dance,

take her to tea! It's stunning how cunning this
take her to tea! It's stunning how cunning this
lady can be. A look at this vision will
lady can be. She ain't got no culture, she's

cause a collision, She's the girl friend!
keen as a vulture, She's the girl friend!

She is smart, She's refined,
She: He is smart, He's refined,
How can she be
How can he be

real?
real?

She has heart,
He has heart,
She has mind,
He has mind,
C  Cdim  G7  C  Cdim
Hell, the girl's I deal! Isn't she cute,
Hell, the boy's I deal! It's isn't she cute,

G7  Cdim  C  E7  Fmaj2  Dm7
Isn't she sweet? An eye-ful you'd die full of pleasure to meet. In
Isn't she sweet? An eye-ful you'd die full of pleasure to meet. Both in

C  Cdim  G7
my funny fashion I'm cursed with a passion For the
my funny fashion I'm cursed with a passion For the

1. C   Am   Fm6   G7

2. C   D7(b9)   C   G7   C

girl friend! girl friend! boy friend! boy friend!
Blue Room
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately

He: All my future plans, Dear, will suit your plans, Read the little

Soprano: From all visitors And inquisitors, We'll keep our a-
Here's the kid-dies' room, Here's the bid-dy's room, Here's a pantry.
Here, we'll be our-selves And we'll see our-selves Do-ing all the
lined with shelves, dear, Here I've planned for us, Some-thing
tings we're schem-ing, Here's a cer-tain place, Cre-tonne
grand for us, Where we two can be our-selves, dear;
certain place, Where no one can see us dream-ing:

Refrain (slowly, with expression)
We'll have a blue room, A new room, For two room, Where
ev'ry day's a holiday Because you're married to
me.
Not like a ball-room A small room,
A hall room, Where I can smoke my pipe away, With
your) wee head up-on your knee. We will thrive on, keep a-live on
F  C7  Gm7  C7  

Just nothing but kisses, With Mister and Missus

Dm7  G7  Gm7  C7  F  C7  

On little blue chairs. You sew your trousseau, And

F  C7  F  F7  Eb  Gm7  

Robinson Crusoe is not so far from worldly cares As our

F  Gm7  C7  

blue room far away upstairs! stairs!

poco rall.
I Gotta Get Back To New York

By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Moderately, in 2

Way up north the sun 'll always shine, That lovely Hudson

Tunnel is my Mason Dixon Line.

Where the tempo races, let me be, Those great wide open
If I'm in Miami, Budapest or Rome, I'll always shout, "O.

K. New York, the prodigal goes home," I'll climb up that Woolworth and

kiss ev'ry floor, The subway makes music for me with a roar, I'm
dy-ing to feel that I'm liv-ing once more, I've got ta get back to New York. There's

only one stat-ue, I know you'll a-gree, That dame with the torch look-ing

o-ver the sea, The smell of the Bronx is perfume to me, I've

got ta get back to New York. Train, keep on go-ing. Train,
I'm riding home again.

Feet, keep on stepping.

I'll never say retreat.

New York is New York, that's all you can say.

It gets in your blood and it's in there to stay.

I'm one of six million who can't keep away.

I've gotta get back to New York.

I'll York.
You Are Too Beautiful

By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Moderately

freely

Cmaj7 F6 Am7 Dm7 C Cmaj7

Like all fools, I believed what I wanted to believe,

Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 F6 Am7 Dm7

My foolish heart conceived what foolish hearts conceive.

C F C

I thought I found a miracle, I

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thought that you'd adore me, But it was not a
miracle, It was merely a mirage before me.

Refrain (with expression and not fast)
You are too beautiful, my dear, to be true, And I am a fool for

beauty. Fooled by a feeling that because I had found you,
I could have bound you, too.
You are too beautiful for

one man alone, For one lucky fool to be with,

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

Love does not stand sharing, Not if one
cares. Have you been comparing My every 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.
**A Ship Without A Sail**

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lyric by LORENZ HART

Moderately slow tempo

Moderately slow tempo

He: I don't know what day it is, Or if it's dark or fair;
She: When love leaves you all alone, You're living in the past;

how, that's just the way it is, And I don't really
Then you feel so small alone, And oh! the world seems

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cure.

great.

You tell your grief to no girls, You

peen a-tive and well; My head is just a hat place, My

never make it known; Your smile is like a show-girl's, Your

breast an empty shell. And I've a

laughs a hollow tone. And then your

faded dream to sell. Little heart's a stone.
Refrain (not fast)

All alone, all at sea!

Why does nobody care for me,

When there's no love to hold my love?

Why is my heart so frail,

Like a ship without a sail?

Out on the ocean,

sailors can use a chart,

I'm on the ocean guided by just a
lone-ly heart.  Still a-lone, still at sea!

Still there's no one to care for me  When there's no hand to hold my hand.

Life is a love-less tale  For a ship without a sail.
Disgustingly Rich
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Hilda: Brenda Frazier sat on a wall. Brenda Frazier had a big fall.

All: Brenda Frazier's falling down, falling down, falling down. Brenda Frazier's

Fairly Bright

falling down, my fair Minnie!
Sandy: There's money in the movies,

There's money in the ads.

There's money in the old Johns,

There's money in the lads.

Minnie, Minnie, Minnie, Minnie,
Money, Money, Money, Money,
Eeny, Meeny, Money
Mo. Catch a fortune by the toe!

(Sandy) I'll buy ev'rything I wear at Sacks,

Boy: Break my ankles on the tennis courts.

I'll cheat plenty on my income tax,

Swear like a troup-er, won't be civil,

live in a stupor, Just disgust-ingly rich!
I'll make money and I'll make it quick.
Boosting cigarettes that
On my little yacht, the

make me sick.
Smoother in sables like Betty Grable's
Down in Bermuda,

Just disgustingly rich!
Zack: I'll will buy land eat salmon.

Down on Long Island,
And as a resident I will pan the President.
Byng: I'll play backgammon. Girl: Turn breakfast into lunch. Whitten: I'll take Errol Flynn to lunch.
It's A Lovely Day For A Murder

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately Bright

Have you ever heard of Saint Bartholomew's Day?
Or the day when we have our taxes to pay?

Or the day when the Trojans were fooled by Ulises?
lysses?

Well, today is a day that makes those days look like sissies.

What a lovely day for a murder.

I could spit! If there's
any day for a murder,

this is it! Oh, well

never visit the parson,

so I say, For seduction, rob'ry and
ar-son

What a day!

could choke my

grand-mother with her shawl,

could turn Republican in
the fall,
Oh, it gets absurd,
and absurd
So I say,
if you care to join me in murder,

poco a poco cresc.

Buster, it's the love-liest day!
It Never Entered My Mind

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

With tranquillity

I don't care if there's powder on my nose, I don't care if my hair-do is in place. I've lost the very meaning of repose, I never put a mud pack on my face. Oh, who'd have thought that I'd

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walk in a daze now, I nev-er go to shows at night, But just to mat-in-ees now.

I see the show and home I go.

*Refrain (slowly, with warm expression)*

Once I laughed when I heard you say-ing That I'd be play-ing sol-i-taire, Un-eas-y in my eas-y chair.
It never entered my mind. Once you told me

I was mistaken That I'd awaken with the sun

And order orange juice for one, It never entered my mind.

You have what I lack myself,
And now I even have to scratch my back myself.

Once you warned me
That if you scorned me,
I'd sing the maid-en's

pray'r again
And wish that you were there again
To get into my

hair again,
It never entered my mind.
Ev'rybody Loves You

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

I wonder what you're dreaming while you're sleeping? I'll never

know, you'll never know.

Now at last the world cannot come peeping into the thoughts you call your own.
You close your eyes and you're alone;
You're in a world that's bright and new.
And there is no one in it, but you.

Comfy and cozy.
All the world is rosy.
Ev'rybody loves you when you're alone.

Too late to start now: Taking things apart now.

Ev'ry body loves you when you're asleep.

You forget your Alphabet.
you've been counting sheep, Does my dreamer know troubles will keep. Comfy and cozy.

All the world is rosy, Ev'rybody loves you when you sleep!
Have You Met Miss Jones?

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

It happened, I felt it

happened, I was awake, I wasn't blind, I didn't

think, I felt it happened Now I believe in matter over
mind. And now, you see, we mustn't wait. The nearest moment that we marry is too late!

Refrain (gracefully and not fast)

"Have you met Miss Jones?"

Some one said as we shook hands. She was just Miss Jones to
me. Then I said, "Miss Jones,

You're a girl who understands I'm a man who must be free."

And all at once I lost my breath, And all at once I owned the
earth and sky!

Now I've met Miss Jones,
And we'll keep on meeting till we die,

Miss Jones and I.
I'd Rather Be Right

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

He: When I first got my job they paid me seventeen a week; In just five years I'm getting twenty-two.

I'll get another two buck raise When I've the nerve to
D7

G

C6

A7

B7sus

B7

speak.  

She: And if you don’t I’ll still love you.

F#m7

B7

E7

A11

A13

You’re always right no matter what you do.

Guitar Tacet

D

Dmaj7

Bm

D

Em7

A7

I’d rather be right than influential.

Em7

A7

Em7

A7

Em7

A7

I’d rather be right than wealthy and
Dmaj7       D7       Bm       D       Em7       A7       Em7       A7

wise, I don't come through, dear, where brains be-

Dm       D

long. But pertaining to you, dear,

Em7       B7+5       E7

I can't go wrong. I'd rather be

Guitar Tab

D       Dmaj7       Bm7       D       Em7       A7

right than presi- 

tial,
Let other folks fight for heights above,

What do I fight for? Just to be right for

I'd rather be right, Just right about

love! I'd rather be love!
At The Roxy Music Hall
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Gm7  C7  F  Dm7  G7
Come with this me way And you won't believe a thing you

C7  F  Gm7  Am  Gm
see, Where an usher puts his heart in what he ushers, Where the

F  Gm7  Am  Bb7
fountain changes color when they begin it Where It's a
A seats caress your carcass with their plushes,
At The The

Am Fdim Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
Rox Rox
Rox

Music Hall
Hold
Come
my

F Dm7 G7 C7
hand,
long.
Hear
them
sing
the
Volga
Boat
man
Song,
They

F Gm7 Am Gm F Gm7
up like Ali Baba from the collar
acrobats are whirling on their digits
Through the courtesy of Mister Rockefeller
Where the balcony's so high you get the
Am    Bb7   A7   Bm   C#m    G

fe - ler    Then they play the o - ver - ture from Wil - liam Tell - ler  At The

Gm7   C7   F   Bb   F7

Rox - y Mus - ic Hall    You don’t have to read the ad. It’s

Bb    Cm7  F7   Db

al - ways worth the going dough,      An - y week on their

Ab7   Bb  Am  E  C7  F7   Gm7  C7

go guard. They send a Saint Ber - nard. Don’t Come be with
If a naked statue meets your eye, Where the drinking cups are al ways free, It's a ballet, so sweet with birds and roses, That you break out in a rash before.

At The Rox, At The Rox, At The Rox, At The Rox.

Hall, Hall, Hall, Hall.
Spring Is Here
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Quietly

Once there was a thing called spring, when the world was writing verses like

p a tempo

yours and mine All the lads and girls would sing, When we

sat at little tables and drank May wine.
Now April, May and June are sadly out of tune.

Life has stuck the pin in the balloon.

Refrain (slowly, with expression)

Spring is here! Why doesn't my heart go dancing? Spring is here! Why isn't the waltz en...
transcend?

No desire, no ambition leads

me,

Maybe it's because nobody

needs me.

Spring is here!

Why doesn't the breeze delight me?

Stars appear...
pear

Why doesn't the night invite me?

Maybe it's because nobody loves

me,

Spring is here I hear!

hear!
I Married An Angel

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

There's been a change in me!
I have a lovely disposition.
That's very strange in me.
And life's as sweet as it can be.

I've lots of courage and ambition.
From every care my mind is free,
So I repeat, with your permission, there's been a change in me!

Refrain (with emphatic feeling)

Have you heard

I married an angel,

I'm sure that the change'll be awfully good for me.

Have you heard

An angel I married,

To heaven she's carried this
fellow with a kiss.

She is sweet and gentle,

So it isn't strange,

When I'm sentimental, She loves me like an angel.

Now you've heard,

I married an angel,

This beautiful change'll be awfully good for me.
The Most Beautiful Girl In The World

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by LORENZ HART

Moderate Waltz tempo

Dm7 G7 G+ C
Dm7 G7 G+

We used to spend the spring together before we learned to

C G7
Dm7 G7

walk;

We used to

G+ C
Dm7 G7 C

laugh and sing together before we learned how to talk.

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With no reason for the season

Spring would end as it would start.

Now the season has a reason, And there's spring-time in my heart.

Guitar tacet
Refrain

The most beautiful girl in the world
Picks my ties out,

eats my candy, Drinks my brandy,

The most beautiful girl in the world.

The most beautiful star in the world isn't Garbo, isn't Dietrich

But the sweet trick...
who can make me believe it's a beautiful world.

Social not a bit, natural kind of wit,
She'd shine anywhere and she

 hasn't got platinum hair. The most beautiful house in the
world
Has a mortgage what do I care, it's good-
bye care When my slippers are next to the ones that belong
To the one and only beautiful girl in the world!
The most world!
Little Girl Blue

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

F  Dm7  Bb Maj7  C9  F  F7-9  Bb

Sit there and count your fingers, what can you do?
Old girl you're through.

Bbm  F  Eb7  D7  Db7  Am7  Ab7  Gm7  C9

Sit there and count your little fingers, unlucky Little Girl

F  Ab  G  Gb

No use, old girl, you may as well surrender.

F  Asus  A7

Your hope is getting slender, Why won't somebody

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send a tender Blue boy to cheer a little girl blue?

When I was very young the world was younger than

l. As merry as a carousel I loved so well.

Now the young world has grown old,

D.S. al Coda

Blue?
Moderately

I won't kiss your hand, Madam, Crazy for you though I am.

I'll never woo you on bended knee, No Madam, not me.

We don't need that flow'ry fuss, No sir, Madam, not for us.
My romance doesn't have to have a moon in the sky,
My romance doesn't need a blue lagoon standing by;
No month of May, no twinkling stars, no hide away, no
soft guitars. My romance doesn't need a castle
ris - ing in Spain, Nor a dance to a con - stant - ly sur -

prise - ing re - frain. Wide a - wake I can make my most fan -
cresc.

tas - tic dreams come true, My ro - man - ce doesn' t need a thing but

mf     dim.

you. My ro - you.
Moderately

There's a glistening ring around the moon. Are you listening,

it is not too soon! Must we sleep to-night all a -

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lone? Let us keep to-night as our very own.

Your heart and my heart were made to meet.

Don’t make them wait; Love me to-night! Why should our

lips be afraid to meet? Love me to.
night!

Who knows what tomorrow bring

With the morning light.

Dear, I am here with a heart that sings. Love me

tonight.
Isn’t It Romantic?

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Calmly

I’ve never met you,    Yet never
My face is glowing,    I’m ener-

I can’t forget you,    I’ve thought you out dear,    I know your
The art of sewing,    I found poetic,    My needle

I know the way you kiss    just the thing I
punctuates the rhythm of romance!    I don’t give a
miss on a night like this. If dreams are made of imagi-
stitch, if I don't get rich. A custom tailor who has no

na-tion, I'm not afraid of my own cre-
custom, Is like a sail-or, no one will trust 'em. But there is

heart, my heart is here for you to take. Why should I quake? I'm not a-wake.

mag-ic in the mu-sic of my shears; I shed no tears. Lend me your ears!

Refrain (with simplicity)

Isn't it ro-man-tic? Music in the night, A dream that can be
Isn't it ro-man-tic? Soon I will have found some girl that I a-
heard. Isn't it romantic? Moving shadows write the oldest magic
dore. Isn't it romantic? While I sit around, my love can scrub the

word. I hear the breezes playing in the trees above.
floor. She'll kiss me every hour, or she'll get the sack.

bove. While all the world is saying you were meant for
sack. And when I take a shower she can scrub my

love. Isn't it romantic? Mere-ly to be young on
back. Isn't it romantic? On a moon-light night she'll
such a night as this?  Is - n't it ro - man - tic?
cook me on - ion soup.  Kid - dies are ro - man - tic,
And if we don't fight, we

like a lov - er's kiss.
soon will have a troupe!
Sweet sym - bols in the moon - light,
We'll help the pop - u - la - tion,

Do you mean that I will fall in love per - chance?
It's a du - ty that we owe to dear old France.

Isn't it ro -

1. E₅  A₅m  B₇
mance?
Isn't it ro -

2. E₅  A₆m₆  E₅
When you held your hand to my heart, Dear, you did

something grand to my heart, And we played the

scene to perfection, Though we didn't have
time to rehearse. Since you took control of my life
You have become the
whole of my life. When you are away it's awful
And when you are with me it's worse.
Refrain (very vivaciously and spiritedly)

Lover, when I'm near you — And I hear you

A

— speak my name —

Softly in my

Bb7

A7sus4

A7

A7sus4

Ab7

clear you breathe a flame,

G7sus4

G7

C

F

G7

Lover, when we're dancing — keep on glancing — in my

Lover, it's immoral — but why quarrel — with our
The Devil is in you.

Promise you'll always continue to be mine.

But if you didn't continue I would die!
Lover, please be tender,
Lover, please be tender,
When your tender fears depart,
Lover,
Lover,
I surrender to my heart.
I surrender to my heart.

G7 2.C  Dm  C
heart.
heart.

G7 2.C  Dm  C
heart.
heart.
Very gaily, but in moderate tempo

My left shoe's on my right foot, My right shoe's on my left. Oh!

listen to me Mimi, Of reason I'm bereft! The

buttons of my trousers Are button'd to my vest; Oh! listen to me
Mimi, Mere passion's in my breast!

Refrain
G(\(\alpha\))

G

Am\(_2\)

D\(_2\)

G\(_\text{maj2}\)

Mimi,
You funny little good for nothing Mimi,

Am I the guy?

Mimi,
You

Am\(_7\)

D\(_7\)

G\(_\text{maj2}\)

G\(_8\)

D\(_m7\)

Sunny little honey of a Mimi,
I'm aiming high!
Mi-mi, You've got me sad and dream-y,

You could free me, If you'd see me, Mi-mi,

You know I'd like to have a little son of a Mi-mi bye and bye.
Any Old Place With You

Music by RICHARD C. RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ M. HART

Brightly

There is a railroad around lover's lane
We'll madly fly over hill and down dale

And the conductor is you.
In little Cupid's express

My heart goes faster than any old train,
I'm at the throttle and I'll never fail
Right on schedule too.
If you whisper "yes?"

All is ready and
Come with me and
let me be your guide,

I've a route in view,
One plus one is one,

Our express leaves morning night and noon,
Then our headlights never can collide,
Trav - el with me please do.
Till life's long road is done.

Refrain (in strict 3/4)

We'll melt in Syr - ia, freeze in Si - be - ri - a,
From old Vir - gin - i - a, or Ab - ys - sin - i - a,

Neg - li - gee in Tim - buk - tu, In dream - y Por - tu - gal
We'll go straight to Hal - i - fax, I've got a ma - ni - a

I'm goin' to court you gal, an - cient Rome we'll paint a - new.
for Penn - syl - va - ni - a, e - ven ride in Lon - don hacks.
Life would be cheeri-er on Lake Su-per-i-or,
Will call each dude a pest, you like in Bu-dapest,

F A♭ C A Dm Cdim

How would Pe-kin do? I'm goin' to cor-ner ya
Oh for far Pe-rul! I'll go to hell for ya

C Am G7

in Cal-i-for-ni-a, An-y old place with
or Phil-a-del-phi-a, An-y old place with

1 C Cdim G7 2 C Fm C

you.
you.
It's Easy To Remember

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Slowly

With you I owned the earth.
With you I ruled creation.

No

you, and what's it worth?
It's just an imitation

Slowly and expressively

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Your sweet expression, the smile you gave me, the way you looked when we
It's easy to remember but so hard to forget.

I hear you whisper, "I'll always love you." I know it's over and yet, it's easy to remember but so hard to forget.

So I must dream to have your hand caress me, fingers press me.
I'd rather dream than have that lonely feeling stealing through the night. Each little moment is clear before me, and though it brings me regret, it's easy to remember and so hard to forget. Your sweet ex-so hard to forget.
Soon
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Every day that I'm without you, seems a year.
Yet I let each

fear about you disappear.
Days that part us

will be few,
And I know without a doubt you feel it

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too.
Soon, may-be not to - mor - row but soon,
There'll just be
two of us,
Soon you and I will bor - row the moon
for just the
two of us.
Sweet - ly and so dis - creet - ly we'll be com - plete - ly a -
alone;
No oth - er world, Only our own.
Now we must be contented with schemes about the two of us.

Yet we can have our sweet scented dreams, That will come true of us, for

presently and pleasantly our hearts will be in tune. So, soon, may be not to-

morrow, but soon.
Glad To Be Unhappy

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Reflectively
Gm7

Fools rush in, so here I am
Very glad to be unhappy;

Gm7

I can't win, but here I am,
More than glad to be unhappy.

C7, Gm7

Bb, F, F+, Bb

Unrequited love's a bore.
And I've got it pretty

Bb7, F

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bad,

But for some one you adore,

It's a pleasure to be sad.

Like a straying baby lamb,

With no mammy and no pap-py,

I'm so unhappy.

But oh, so glad!

With no mammy and no pap-py,

I'm so unhappy.

But oh, so glad!

With no mammy and no pap-py,

I'm so unhappy.

But oh, so glad!
Quiet Night
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Smooth 2

F

Dm7  G7  Gm7  C7  F7sus  F7

Qui - et night, and all a - round the

Bbmaj7  Dm7  G7  Gm7  C7  Gm7  C9  F

calm and balmy weather_______ Qui - et

Dm7  G7  Gm7  C7  F7sus  F7  Bbmaj7  Dm7  G7

night, no oth - er sound but hearts that beat to
Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  F  C7  F  C7  Fmaj7  Em7

gether. You can almost hear the things I'm thinking.

A7  Dm  A7  Dm  E7  A  C7-9

You can almost see my heart take flight.

F  Dm7  G7  Gm7  C7  F7sus  F7  Bb  Gm7

Whisper low, but don't say no, It's such a

G7  C7

quiet night!
There's A Small Hotel

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately bright

She: I'd like to get away, Junior, Somewhere alone with

pp a tempo

you. It could be oh, so gay, Junior! You need a laugh or

G Am7 D7 F7 Am7 D7

two. He: A certain place I know, Frankie,
Am7  E7      Gmaj7   G6  Am7  D7

Where funny people can have fun. That's where we two will go, Darling, Before you can count up One, Two, Three. For:

Refrain (leisurely)
Gmaj7   G6  Gmaj7   G6  G

There's a small hotel with a wishing well; I

Am7  D7  Gmaj7   G6  Gmaj7   G6

wish that we were there together.
There's a bridal suite, One room bright and neat, complete for us to share together.

Looking through the window you can see a distant steeple;

Not a sign of people, Who wants people?
When the steeple bell says "Good night, sleep well," we'll
thank the small hotel together.

We'll creep into our little shell. And we will
thank the small hotel together.
It's Got To Be Love

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

It's got to be love, It couldn't be tonsilitis,

It feels like neuritis, But

nevertheless it's love, Don't tell me the pickles and
pie a la mode. They served me

nerved me And made my heart

brocken down pump. It's got to be love.

isn't the morning after That makes ev'ry rafter
Go spinning around above. I'm sure that it's fatal, or why do I get That sinking feeling? I think that I'm dead. But nevertheless it's only love.

It's
Where's That Rainbow?

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

very calmly

\[\text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{G}_7 \]

She: Troubles really are bubbles, they say, And I'm
He: Fortune never smiles, but in my case It just

p a tempo

\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{G}_7 \]

bubbling over to-day! Spring brings roses to
laughs right in my face. She: If I looked for a

\[\text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{G}_7 \]

people, you see, But it brings hay fever to me!
horseshoe, I s'pose It would bop me right in the nose.
If I have ever had luck, it's
My luck will vary surely, that's

bad luck, that's sure.
purely a curse.
My Polyanna
My luck has changed, it's

stuff too, Is tough to endure!
gotten From rotten to worse!

*Refrain (slowly with tender expression)*

Where's that rainbow you hear about?
Where's that lining they cheer about?
Where's that love-nest, where love is king, ever after?

Where's that blue room they sing about?

Where's that sunshine they fling about?
I know morning will come, but pardon my laughter!

In each scenario, you can depend on the end, where the lovers agree.

Where's that Lothario,

where does he roam with his dome, vaseline as can be?
It is easy to see alright,

Everything's gonna be alright,
Be just dandy for everybody but me!

me!

poco a poco dim.
Leisurely

When the noisy town
We'll make every bough

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{p a tempo} \]

F \quad C_7

\[ \text{rit.} \]

F \quad C_7

\[ \text{p a tempo} \]

F \quad C_7

\[ \text{p a tempo} \]

F \quad C_7

When the noisy town,
We'll make every bough,

Lets its windows down,
Shake, and wonder how

Lit - tle slaves are free at night;
Two could be so nearly one.

Then we'll soon retreat
From the busy street,

Ev - 'ry blade of grass
Sad - ly sighs, "A - las!"

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Till the crowds are out of sight.
Grass can never have such fun.
There's a rendezvous for lovers,
Where we two can play;
Very near your door.
avis,
We'll love 'neath the tree;
It can't be a miss.

In the city's core,
But it seems a million miles away.
If the birds' kiss, We're as good as birds, aren't we?

Refrain (tightly):
Meet me underneath our little tree in the park!
No one else around, but you and me in the dark!

Just five minutes from your doorstep, I'll wait for your step to come along!

And the city's roar becomes a song!

While I'm waiting, I discover more in your charms.
Suddenly I turn around, and you're in my arms.

And if there's a moon above you, I'll carve "I love you" upon the bark, underneath our little tree, inside the park!
Moderately

He's a fool and don't I know it, But a fool can have his charms;

I'm in love and don't I show it, Like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensa-tion, Late-ly I've not slept a wink,
Since this half-pint imitation, Put me on the blink.

Refrain (slowly, but not dragging)

I'm wild again, Beguiled again, a simpering, whimpering

child again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am

I. Couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep, When
love came and told me I shouldn't sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewitched

withered am I.

Lost my heart, but what of it? He is cold, I am

gréé, He can laugh, but I love it, Although the
laughs on me. I'll sing to him, each spring to him, And

long for the day when I'll cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and be-

wilder am I. I'm
I Could Write A Book

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

\[\text{\textit{mf}}\]

\[\text{\textit{p a tempo}}\]

\[G \quad G_{maj7} \quad G_{7} \quad C \quad C_{m} \quad G \quad A_{7} \quad D_{7}\]

A B C D E F G I never learned to spell, at least not well.

One, two, three, four, five, six seven, I

\[G_{c}\] \[G \quad D_{m} \quad G \quad G \quad G_{maj7} \quad G_{7} \quad C\]

\[G_{m} \quad G \quad A_{7} \quad D_{7} \quad G_{c}\] \[G \quad D_{m} \quad G\]

never learned to count a great amount.
But my busy mind is burning to use what learning I've got.

I won't waste any time, I'll strike while the iron is hot.

Refrain (slowly, with expression)

If they asked me I could write a book,

About the way you walk and whisper and
Dm₇ G₇ Dm₇ G₇ C A₉ Dm₇ G₇

look; I could write a preface on

mf più espress.

C F⁹dim G C F⁹dim G E₉ Am₉ D₇

how we met, so the world would never for-

G Dm₇ G₇ C G₇

get, And the simple secret of the

mf

C Cmaj₇ C₆ G₇ C G₇

plot is just to tell them that I
love you a lot, Then the piu espress.

world discovers as my book

ends, How to make two lovers of

friends. If they friends.
You Mustn’t Kick It Around

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

G  Gm7  D7  G

If my heart gets in your hair, You musn’t kick it around,

D7  G  Gm7  D7

If you’re bored with this affair, You musn’t kick it around,

G  D7  G  D7

Even though I’m mild and meek, When we have a
Happy Hunting Horn

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

March Tempo

Don't worry, girls, I'm only on vacation, not out of circulation

Don't worry, girls. Don't worry, girls, while I still have my eyesight, you're

Going to be in my sight. Don't worry, girls. You never can e-
raise the hunter from the chase.

Sound the happy hunting horn. There's new game on the trail now,

We're hunting for quail now,

Happy little hunting horn.

Play the horn but
don't play corn, the music must be nice now.__ We're hunting for
mice now. __ Happy little hunting horn. __ Danger's easy

to endure when you're out to catch a beauty:__

Lie in ambush but be sure, When you see the whites of their
eyes, Don't shoot! Play the horn from night to morn, just

play, no matter what time Play "There'll be a

hot time" Happy little hunt (Bang! Bang!) horn!

horn!
You Took Advantage Of Me

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Gracefully

He: In the spring when the feeling was chronic And my caution was leaving you
She: When a girl has the heart of a mother It must go to someone of

flat course; It can't be a sister or brother And

fore you gave me "that!" A mental deficient you'll so I loved my horse. But horses are frequently

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grade me, I've given you plenty of data. You
silly, Mine ran from the beach of Kalu-ta. And

came, you saw and you slayed me, And that-a is that-a!
left me alone for a filly, So I-a picked you-a.

Refrain (sittingly)

I'm a sentimental sap, that's all. What's the use of trying
not to fall? I have no will. You've made your kill. 'Cause you
I'm just like an apple on a bough, and you're gonna shake me down somehow.

What's the use, you've cooked my goose. Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm so hot and bothered that I don't know. My elbow from my
ear; I suffer something awful each time you go—And

much worse when you're near. Here am I, with all my

bridges burned. Just a babe in arms where you're concerned. So lock the doors and

call me yours. 'Cause you took advantage of me! me!
He Was Too Good To Me

By RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Moderately

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{Bb} \]

There goes my young in-

\[ p \]

tended, The thing is ended, regrets are vain.

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{B} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{Gb} \quad \text{Ab} \]

I'll never find another half so sweet, And we'll never meet a-

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gain, I was a good sport. Told him Good-bye, Eyes dim, But why com-

Slowly with feeling

plain? He was too good to me. How can I get along now?

So close he stood to me, Ev'ry thing seems all wrong now! He would have

brought me the sun. Making me smile. That was his
fun!  

When I was mean to him He'd never say, "Go 'way now."
I was a queen to him, Who's goin' to make me gay now?

It's only natural I'm blue ooo, He was too good.

to be true.
Ten Cents A Dance

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyric by LORENZ HART

In moderate tempo

I work at the Palace Ballroom, But, gee, that palace is cheap!

I get back to my chilly hall room, I'm much too tired to sleep, I'm

one of those lady teachers, A beautiful hostess, you know, One

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that the palace features At exactly a dime a throw.

Refrain (slowly, quasi rubato)

Ten cents a dance, That's what they pay me. Gosh, how they weigh me down!

Ten cents a dance, Pansies and rough guys,

Tough guys who tear my gown! Seven to midnight, I hear drums,
Loudly the saxophone blows, Trumpets are tearing my eardrums.

Customers crush my toes. Sometimes I think I've found my hero.

But it's a queer romance, All that you need is a ticket,

Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance! ten cents a dance!
Fighters and sailors and bow-legged tailors Can pay for their tickets and rent me!

Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me. Though I've a chorus of elderly beaux, Stockings are porous with holes at the toes.
I'm here till closing time,
Dance and be merry, it's

only a dime.
Sometimes I think I've found my hero

But it's a queer romance,
All that you need is a ticket!

Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance!
With A Song In My Heart

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lively

Though I know that we meet every night
And we

Oh, the moon’s not a moon for a night;
And these

couldn’t have changed since the last time,
To my joy and delight it’s a

stars will not twinkle and fade out!
And the words in my ears will re-

new kind of love at first sight.
Though it’s you and it’s I all the

sound for the rest of my years.
In the morning I’ll find with de-
Every meeting's a marvelous pastime, You're increasing, ly sweet, So whenever we happen to meet.
Light Not a note of our music is played out, It will be just as sweet, And an air that I'll live to repeat: I greet you

Refrain (rather slow but in steady rhythm)

With a song in my heart. I behold your adorable face, Just a song at the start,

p=with great warmth
But it soon is a hymn to your grace. When the music swells

I'm touching your hand; It tells that you're standing near, and At the sound of your

voice Heaven opens its portals to me.
Can I help but rejoice

That a song such as

ours came to be?

But I always knew

I would live life

through

With a song in my heart for you.

E₇  B♭₇  B♭₉₄ (♭₃/²)

f piu espr. rall.

a tempo  mf  espr.
Calmly

Once upon a time, before I took up smiling, I hated the moonlight!
Once upon a time My heart was just an organ, My life had no mission.

Shadows of the night that poets find beguiling seemed
Now that I have you, to be as rich as Morgan is flat as the noonlight.
With no one to stay
my one ambition.

Once I awoke at
up for seven I went to sleep at ten.
Hat-ing the morn-ing light.

Life was a bit-ter cup for the sad-dest of all men.
Now I a-wake in Heav-en and all the world's all right.

Refrain (slowly, with feeling)
Blue Moon you saw me stand-ing a-lone

Without a dream in my heart, Without a love of my own;
Blue Moon — you knew just what I was there.

for — you heard me say-ing a pray'r for — some-one I rea-ly could care.

And then there sud-den-ly ap-pear-ed be-

fore me — The on-ly one my arms will ev-er hold — I heard some-
bod-y whis-ter "Please a-dore me!"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to
gold!  Blue Moon!  Now I'm no long-er a-lone.

With-out a dream in my heart,
With-out a love of my own.

1.  Eb  Ab  Eb  B♭7
  Blue

2.  Es  Ab  Eb
'Cause We Got Cake

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately bright, with a lilt

The spirit's always willing when it's fed.

When it's not fed the spirit's dead.

And if the spirit really wants to dance,
It needs a little more than bread.

To cure the spirit's ache,

Give it a little cake!

Come you all, kick up the cake walk, 'Cause we got cake,
Lady Luck finally learned to bake.

Who said bread? Kick up the cake walk, 'Cause we got pie,

Here and now, not in the by and by. Say goodbye

bye to trouble and famine, It's time to laugh.
Laugh, boys, you can examine the fatted calf.

Come you all, kick up the cake walk, We got a break.

Everyone who is awake walk, The cake walk.

'Cause we all got cake.
I Didn’t Know What Time It Was

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Once I was young, yesterday, perhaps, Danced with Jim and Paul And

p a tempo

kissed some other chaps. Once I was young, but never was naive, I

thought I had a trick or two up my imaginary sleeve.
And now I know I was native!

Refrain (slowly and tenderly)

I didn't know what time it was, Then I met you.

Oh, what a lovely time it was,

How sublime it was, too! I didn't
voice say I'm all your own!

I didn't know what year it was,

Life was no prize.

I wanted love and here it was

Shining out of your eyes.

I'm wise— and I know what time it is

1. G  Em6  D7

now!

now!
I Like To Recognize The Tune

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Some funny folks like to shoot off rockets, Others like to

pick your pockets, Some of them kill when they feel the urge.

Others go in for perjury.
I too have a passion that I can’t understand; it comes out when I hear a band.

I like to recognize the tune, I want to savvy what the band is playing, I keep saying Must you bury the
F        Gm7       C7      F6           F
          ┌─┐       ┌─┐       ┌─┐           ┌─┐
        └─┘       └─┘       └─┘           └─┘
         tune? I've got to know the answer soon, Is it a

Gm7       C7      Dm      Adim      Bs6       Bbm6
          ┌─┐       ┌─┐       ┌─┐       ┌─┐           ┌─┐
        └─┘       └─┘       └─┘       └─┘           └─┘
cat meee-oow-ing in the attic? Is it static?

F          C7          F          D7          G6
          ┌─┐               ┌─┐               ┌─┐
        └─┘               └─┘               └─┘
Must you bury the tune? A well known

D7          G6          Am7          D7          Bb6
          ┌─┐               ┌─┐               ┌─┐           ┌─┐
        └─┘               └─┘               └─┘           └─┘
drum-mer plays the drums like thunder, But the
melody is six feet under. There isn't anyone immune, They kill the Billy Roses and Puc-
You're Nearer
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Time is a healer, but it cannot heal my heart. My mind says I've forgotten you and then I feel my heart. The miles lie between us, but your fingers touch my own. You're
never far away from me, For you're too much my own.

You're nearer than my head is to my pillow,

Nearer than the wind is to the willow.

Dearer
D7    G7    E7    Am    Am7
____than the rain is to the earth be-low,

D7    Gmaj7    C    F    Fmaj7
Prec-i-ous as the sun to the things that grow.

mp

Dm7    G7-9    C    Cmaj7    C6
You're nearer____than the i-ivy

Dm7    G7    Dm7    G7    C
____to the wall is,____Near-er____
D7      G7    E7    Bm7    E7
than the winter to the fall is,

Am      Am7    D7    C
Leave me, but when you’re away You’ll

Abm6    C    Em    Dm7    G7
know You’re nearer for I love you

1 C  G7-9  2 C
so. You’re so.
Give It Back To The Indians

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Old Peter Minuit had nothing to lose, When he bought the Isle of Man...

hat-tan For twenty six Dol-lars and a bot-tle of booze And they threw in the Bronx and Sta-ten... Pete thought that he had the
best of the bargain, But the poor red man just grinned. And
he grunted "Ugh!" meaning O. K. in his jargon, For he knew poor Pete was
skinned. We've tried to run the City, But the City ran away! And
faster
now, Peter Minu-
We can't continue it!

Refrain (brightly)

Broadway's turning into Con-ey, Champagne Charlie's drink-ing gin,

Old New York is new and phon-e-y, Give it back to the In-di-ans.

Two cents more to smoke a Luck-y, Dodging busses keeps you thin-
New York is simply deck-y, Give it back to the Indians. Take all the
reds, On the boxes made for soap.
Whites, on Fifth Avenue,
Blues down in Wall Street losing hope.
Big bargain today, Chief, take it away!

Come, you bust-ed City slick-ers, Bet-ter take it on the chin.

Fa-ther Knick has lost his knick-ers, Give it back to the In-di-ans!

[Music notation image]