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Moderately Slow

Life is a moment in space, when the dream is gone, it's a lonelier place.
With you eternally mine, in love there is no measure of time.
I kiss the morn-ing good-bye, but down in-side you know we nev-er know why
We planned it all at the start, that you and I live in each oth-er's heart.

The road is nar-row and long when eyes meet eyes and the feel-ing is strong.
We may be o-cen's a-way you fed my love I hear what you say.

I turn a-way from the wall I stub-ble and fall, but I give you it all
The truth is ev-er a lie I stub-ble and fall, but I give you it all.

I am a Wom-an In Love and I'd do an-y thing to get you in to my world.
and hold you within
It's a right
I defend over and over again.

What do I do?

I am a Woman in Love and I'm talking to you. I know how you feel.
what a woman can do. It's a right I defend

over and over again.

I am a Woman In Love.

and I'd do anything to get you into my world, and hold you within.

Repeat and Fade

It's a right I defend over and over again.
SLOWLY

Mem'ries light the corners of my mind,
Mem'ries of the smiles we left behind,
Mem'ries may be beautiful, and yet,

Misty watercolor mem'ries of the way we
smiles we gave to one another for the way we
what's too painful to remember
Can it be that it was all so simple then,
or has time rewritten ev'ry line?

If we had the chance to do it all again, tell me would we?
Could we?
we simply choose to forget.
So it's the

laughter we will remember,

whenever we remember the way we were;
The way we were.
There's a place for us,
Somewhere a
place for us. Peace and quiet and open air
wait for us some - where. There's a time for us,
Fm7  Bb7  Eb7  Ab  Bb  Bb7

Someday a time for us.  Time together

Gm  Cm  Ab  Db  Bbm  Gb
time to spare.  Time to learn.  time to care.

cresc.

Fm7

Someday,  somewhere  We'll find a new way of living,

Cm  Abm6  Gb

We'll find a way of forgiving,  somewhere.
There's a place for us, A time and place for us.

Hold my hand and we're halfway there. Hold my hand and I'll

take you there, somehow, some-day, some-where, some-where...
CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN

MUSIC BY JEROME KERN. WORDS BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Rubato

Slowly, with expression

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly, I got to love one

a tempo

man till I die, Can't help lovin' dat man of
mine.

Tell me he's lazy.

tell me he's slow,
tell me I'm crazy, may-be I know,

Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.
When he goes away
dat's a rainy day,
and when he comes back
dat day is fine.

de sun will shine.
He can come home as
late as can be,
home wid-out him
ain't no home to me,

Can't help lov-in' dat man
of mine.

mine.
Send In The Clowns

Words & Music by Stephen Sondheim

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Slowly

Isn't it

Eb
Eb sus
Eb
Eb maj9
Eb

rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
you in mid-

a tempo

Ab maj9
Ab6
Bb/Eb
Ab/Eb

air...
Send in the clowns.

This arrangement includes Mr. Sondheim's revised lyrics for Barbra Streisand's recording.
Isn't it bliss? Don't you approve? One who keeps

tearing around, one who can't move...

Where are the clowns?

Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd stopped prising

opening doors, Who could foresee

Finally I'd come to
fear.
queer,
I thought you'd want what I want.
Sorry, my timing's this late.

 dear? But where are the clowns?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns.
Quick, send in the clowns.

clowns.
Quick, send in the clowns.
What a sur-

clowns.
Don't bother, they're here.
Moderately

Music by Julie Styne. Words by Bob Merrill

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People

Moderately

People, people who need people Are the luckiest people in the world.

We're children needing other children And yet,

letting our grown up pride Hide all the need inside, Acting more like children, than
Children. Lovers are very special people. They're the luckiest people in the world. With one person, one very special person, a feeling deep in your soul. Says you were half, now you're whole. No more hunger and thirst. But first, be a person who needs people. People who need people are the luckiest people in the world.
A TASTE OF HONEY

WORDS BY RIC MARLOW. MUSIC BY BOBBY SCOTT

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Rather Slow

Dm
Dm
Dm7
G6

Winds may blow
leave
may
I'll
leave
And

over the
heart
to
wear
And

sea.
my
his
so

never
came back
never
came back
fair

Dm
Dm(7)
Dm7
G6

take
with me
it
the
mind
A Taste of

may
so
she died
re
of
you
A Taste of

so

Dm
Bb
Am7

Honey,
A taste
Honey,
A taste
Honey,
A taste

much
much
much

sweeter
sweeter
sweeter
than
than
than
I will return, I'll come back for the honey and you.

I'll return, I'll come back for the honey and you.
MEMORY

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, Text by Trevor Nunn after T.S. Eliot

Freely [\( \cdot \cdot = 50 \)]

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling a
Memory. All alone in the moonlight. I can smile at the old days. I was beautiful

male voice version. Life was beautiful

Dm Gm Eb

lone. In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet. And the
then. I remember the time I knew what happiness was. Let the

Cm Gm

28
wind begins to moan. memory live a-

F Es/F Bb F Eb/F

gain. Every street lamp seems to beat a

Bb Dm Dm/Eb Cm/Eb Dm Dm/Eb Cm/Eb

fatalistic warning. Someone mutters and a

Dm Bb C F Fmaj7 Dm Gm7 poco rit.

street lamp gutters and soon it will be morning.

C7 Fmaj7 Dm G7 C poco rit.
Day-light. I must wait for the sunrise,
I must think of a new life—And I mustn't give

a tempo

in.

When the dawn comes to-night will be a memory too—And a

new day—will begin.

Instrumental
Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning. The street lamp dies, another night is over, another day is dawning.
Stoney End

Words & Music by Laura Nyro

With a beat

I was born from love, and my poor mother worked the mines. I was

raised on the Good Book Jesus, till I read between the lines. Now I

don't believe I want to see the morning!

Going down the Stony End, I never wanted to go down the Stony
C  G7  C  G7  F  Em7  Dm7  Em7

End... Mama let me start all over. Cradle me, ma-

Dm7  Em7  Fmaj7  Em7  Fmaj7

ma, cradle me again. I can still re-

A7  Dm7  G7

member him with the love-light in his eyes. But the

member him with the love-light in his eyes. But the

C  G7  C  A7  Em7  A7

light flickered out and parted as the sun began to rise. Now, I

fury and the broken thunder's come to match my ragin' soul. Now, I
Dm7 A7 Dm7 D7

Don't believe I want to see the morning!

Dm7

I never wanted to go down the Stoncy world.

F Em7 Dm7 G9 C G7

Mama, let me start all over. Cradle me, mama, cradle me.
Comin' to me!

Refrain (with rhythmic excitement)

Could it be?
With a click,

Yes, it could
With a shock,

Something's comin',
Something good
Phone will jingle,
Door will knock.
If I can wait...

Something's coming, I don't know what it is, but it is gonna be great.
coming, don't know when but it's soon:
catch the moon one-handed catch.
around the corner,
or whistling down
the river
Come on.
F6  F7sus  Bb9
pp dolce

to me...

Will it be?

Yes, it will. Maybe just by
holding still
it'll be there.

Come on, something,

Come on in. Don't be shy,
meet a guy.

Pull up a chair.
Cmaj7
Gmaj7
Gm7

The air is humming.

Gmaj7
C7sus
C6
Ab/C

And something great is coming.

C6
Gmaj7
Gm7

G7
C
C/D
C
C/D
C
C/D

p marc.
C | C/D | C | C/D | C | C/D | C
---|---|---|---|---|---|---
Who knows?

C | C/D | C | B | C | C/D | C | D
---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---
It's only just out of reach. Down the block.

C | C/D | C | Bb/D | C | C/D | dim |
---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
On a beach. Maybe tonight...

C | C/D | C | (ad lib. fade)
---|---|---|---|
(ad lib. fade)
NEW YORK STATE OF MIND

WORDS & MUSIC BY BILLY JOEL

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Moderately slow

\[ D \]
\[ F\#7-5 \]

Some folks like to get away, take a

\[ Bm7 \]
\[ Am7 \]
\[ D7 \]
\[ G \]
\[ B7 \]

Seen all those mov-ie stars and their

hol-i-day from the neighbor-hood,

\[ Em \]
\[ C9 \]
\[ D \]
\[ A \]
\[ Bm \]
\[ A \]

fancy cars and their lim-o-sines,

\[ Em \]
\[ C9 \]
\[ D \]
\[ A \]

hop a flight to Mi-a-mi Beach or to

\[ E \]
\[ G \]
\[ Bm \]
\[ A \]

been high in the Rock-ies un-der the

Holly-wood ever-greens.

\[ Em \]
\[ C9 \]
\[ D \]
\[ A \]
\[ Bm \]
\[ A \]

But I'm tak-in' a Grey-hound on the

\[ E \]
\[ G \]
\[ Bm \]
\[ A \]

But I know what I'm need-in' and I

\[ E \]
\[ G \]
\[ Bm \]
\[ A \]
Hudson Riv - er line,
I'm in a New York state of
don't wanna waste more time,
I'm in a New York state of

mind.

It was so eas - y livin' day by day,
out of touch with the rythm and

blues.

But now I need a lit - tle give and take, the
New York Times and the Daily News

Comes down to reality and it's fine with me 'cause I've let it slide,

I don't care if it's Chinatown or up on Riverside

I don't have any reasons I've left them all behind,
I'm in a New York state of mind.

I don't have any reasons, 'cause I've left them all behind.

I'm in a New York, I'm in a New York state of mind.
EVERGREEN

Words by Paul Williams, Music by Barbra Streisand

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Moderately, with feeling

with pedal throughout

Ah.

Love, soft as an easy chair;
love, fresh as the morning air.

One love that is shared by two,

I have found with you.

Like a rose under the April snow.
I was always certain

love would grow.

Love,

ageless and evergreen.

seldom seen by two.

cresc.
You and I will make each night a first,

every day a beginning.

Spirits rise and their dance is un-rehearsed.

They warm and excite us 'cause we have the brightest
I Won't Last A Day Without You

Words by Paul Williams, Music by Roger Nichols

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Moderately

G
Bm7

Day after day I must
So many times when the

C C/D Em9 Am7 Am7/D D

face a world of strangers where I don't belong.
I'm not that strong,

city seems to be without a friendly face,
a lonely place,

G Bm7 C C/D

it's nice to know that there's someone I can turn to who will
it's nice to know that you'll be there if I need you and you'll

56
always care, you're always there, When there's no getting over that
always smile, it's all worth while, I can
rainbow, when my smallest of dreams won't come true.

take all the madness the world has to give, but I

won't last a day without you.
you. Touch me and I end up singing.

troubles seem to up and dis-appear, you touch me with the love you're

bring-ing, I can't real-ly lose when you're near, When you're

near my love, if all my friends have for-
gotten half their promises they're not unkind, just

hard to find, One look at you and I

know that I could learn to live without the rest, I

found the best, When there's no getting over that rainbow When my
smallest of dreams won't come true. I can take all the madness the world has to give, but I
won't last a day without. When There's Won't last a day
without you.
GUilty

Words & Music by Barry Gibb, Robin Gibb & Maurice Gibb

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Moderately

Shadows falling baby We stand alone.

Out on the street anybody you meet got a heartache of their own.
Make it a crime to be lonely or sad

You got a reason for living, you battle on with the

love you're livin' on, you gotta be mine. We take it away

It's gotta be night and day just a matter of time. And we got nothing to be
byes... 

Pulses racing daring how grand we are... 

Little by little we meet in the middle there's danger in the dark.

Make it a crime to be out in the cold.
You got a reason for livin' you battle on with the love,

you're buildin' on you got to be mine. We take it away.

It's gotta be night and day just a matter of time. And we got nothing to be

bye. Don't wanna hear your good
WHAT NOW MY LOVE

ENGLISH WORDS BY CARL SIGMAN. FRENCH LYRIC BY PIERRE DELANGE. MUSIC BY GILBERT BECAUD

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Moderate Bolero Tempo

What Now My Love
Now that you left me
How can I feel the

What Now My Love
Now that it's over
I feel the

live through another day
Watching my
Here come the

simile
dreams
  stars
  Tumbling around me
  And my
  There's the

hopes
  sky
  into bits of clay
  Once I could
  What Now My

see
  Love
  Once I could feel
  Now I am
  I'd be a

Once I could feel
Now that you're gone
Now I am
I'd be a
n umb
t fool
I've be - come
t to go on
t and
un - real
real
I walk the
No one would

night

care
With - out a
goal
No one would

cry
If I should

heart,

live

my

soul.

or

die,

What Now My
What Now My Love
Now there is

nothing
Only my last good

bye.
Moderately slow

I got the feelin' the feelin's gone, my heart has gone to sleep.

One of these mornin's I'll be gone, my heart belongs to me.

Can we believe in fairy tales? Can love survive when
all else fails? Can't hide the feelin', the feelin's gone.

my heart belongs to me. But now my love, hey didn't I

love you, but we knew what had to be. Somehow my

love, I'll always love you, but my heart belongs to
Put out the light and close your eyes,
come lie beside me, don't ask why.
Can't hide the feeling the feeling's gone,
my heart belongs to me. (Chorus: But now my love, hey didn't I love you?
Did-n't I love you? Did-n't I love you? Did-n't I love you, ba-
Don't cry my love, I'll always love you, but my heart belongs to me, my heart belongs to me.

I got the feelin' the feelin's gone, my heart belongs to me.

(Refrain: Didn't I love you? Didn't I love you?)
Moderately slow

G7        Cmaj7       Dm7       G7
What kind of fool am I? Who never fell in love, It seems that

Cmaj7    A7         Dm7       G7
I'm the only one that I have been thinking of, What kind of

C         Am7       G7       G/B    Em7
man (life) An empty shell, A lonely cell in which an
YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS

Words by Neil Diamond, Marilyn Bergman & Alan Bergman.
Music by Neil Diamond

Slowly and freely

You don't bring me flowers;

you don't sing me love songs.

You hardly talk to me anymore

when you come through the door at the end of the day.

I remember when
you couldn't wait to love me, used to hate to leave me.

Now after lovin' me late at night when it's good for you and you're feelin' all right, well, you just roll over and turn out the light,
and you don't bring me flowers anymore.

It used to be so natural to talk about forever,

but used-to-be's don't count anymore... They just lay on the floor till we sweep them away.

And baby, I remember all the things you taught me:
I learned how to laugh and I learned how to cry. Well, I
learned how to love, even learned how to lie. So you'd
think I could learn how to tell you goodbye,
'cause you don't bring me flowers anymore.
Well, you'd think I could learn how to
tell you goodbye, 'cause you don't say you need me;
you don't sing me love songs; you don't bring me flowers any more.