VERSES

1. And if one day I should be - come A sin-ger with a Span - ish bum Who sings for wo - men of great
virtue
del - los
I'd sing to them with a gui - tar I bor - rowed from a coffee bar Well what you don't know does - n't:
My re - cord would be num - ber one And I'd sell re - cords by the ton All sung by ma - ny oth - er
hurt you
fell - lows
My name would be An - to - ni - o And all my brid - ges I would burn And when I gave them some they!
My name would then be Handsome Jack And I'd sell boats of opium Whisky that came from Twicken-

Copyright © 1967 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc., New York, U.S.A.
International Copyright Secured.
CARLIN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W. 1. for the territory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Eire, and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand). THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED
I'd have to get drunk every night And talk about virility With some old grandmother who might be decked out like a X-mas tree finger A finger in every country and all the countries ruled by me I'd still know where I'd want to be

And though pink elephants I'd see Though I'd be drunk as I could be Still I would sing my song to
Locked up inside my plum den Surrounded by some Chinamen I'd sing my song that I sang

CHORUS

me About the time they called me Jack-ie If I could be for only an hour If I could

know I'd expect something in return

Au-then-tic queers and phony virgins
be for an hour ev-ry day If I could be for just one lit-tle hour Cute cute in a stu-pid ass

G Gmaj7 Am7 D7 Am Am(#7) Am7 D7

way

Gm

3. Now tell me wouldn't it be nice That if one day in paradise
I'd sing for all the ladies up there And they would sing along with me
We'd be so happy there to be 'Cause down below is really nowhere
And if my name were Juniper Then I would know where I was going
And then I would become all knowing And my beard so very long and flowing
If I became deaf dumb and blind Because I pitted all mankind
And broke my heart to make things right I know that every single night
When my angelic work was through The angels and the devil too
Would sing my childhood song to me About the time they called me Jackie
(To Chorus)
AMSTERDAM

Original Lyrics by JACQUES BREL

Music by JACQUES BREL

Words by MORT SHUMAN

Bright Waltz Tempo

In the port of Amsterdam, There's a sailor who sings of the dreams that he brings from the wide open sea. In the sail or who eats only fish heads and tails, He will show you his teeth, That have rotted too soon, That can

Copyright ©1967 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc., New York, U.S.A.
International Copyright Secured. Made in England. All Rights Reserved.
CARLIN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W.1, for the territory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Eire, and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand).
THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED
rivers bank weeps with the old willow tree. In the
swallow the moon, that can haul up the sails. And he

F E7 Am

port of Amsterdam, There's a sailor who dies full of
yells to the cook, With his arms open wide

C E7

beer, full of cries, in a drunken down fight. But in the
"Bring me more fish, set it down by my side", And he

Am E7

port of Amsterdam, There's a sailor who's born on a
wants so to belch, But he's too full to try, So he

Am Em
muggy hot morn, By the dawn's early light.

2. In the port of Amsterdam, you can

stumbles outside.

see sailors dance, Paunch-es bursting their pants, grinding

sail or who drinks, and he drinks, and he drinks, and he

woman to paunch; They've forgotten the tune that their

drinks once again; He drinks to the health of the
whiskey voice croaks, splitting the night with the girls of Amsterdam, who have promised their love to a roar of their jokes. And they turn and they dance, and they laugh and they lust, till the rancid sounds of the accords busts. Then out to the night, with their
pride in their pants, and the slut that they tow under-

D.S.al © 8

neath the street lamps. (3) In the thou-sand oth-er men. They've

bar-gained their bod-i-es, and their vir-tue long gone for a

few dir-ty coins, And when he can't go on, He plants his
nose in the sky, And he wipes it up above, and he

kisses like I cry, for an unfaithful love, in the

port of Amsterdam, in the port of Amsterdam.

molto rall.

Am  E7  Am
MATHILDE

Original Lyrics by Jacques Brel

Music by GERARD JOUANNEST

Words by MORT SHUMAN

Moderato

Em Em(7#) Em7 A9
Ma-ma, do you see what I see? On your knees and pray for me,

Am7 D9 G B7
Mathilde's come back to me.

Em Em(7#) Em7 A9
Charlie, don't want another beer to-night I'm gonna drink my tears,
Mathilde's come back to me.

Go ask the maid if she heard what I said,
Tell her to change the sheets.

_on the bed, Mathilde's come back to me.

Fellas, don't leave me to-night__ to-night I'm going back to fight,
wretched Mathilde's in sight.

My heart, my heart stop beating so just hands, you'll start to shake again when

make as if you didn't know, Mathilde's come back to you remember all the pain, Mathilde's come back to

me. My heart I don't want you to say she's me... You'll want to beat her black and blue, but
lovelier than when she went away, Mathilde's come back to me... My heart stopped being overjoyed, remember you were once destroyed by Mathilde, who's come back to remember when you caught my tears, Mathilde's come back to me...

Fel-las, please don't go away, My hands, you want to touch her now, but
Tell me that I mustn't stay, Mathilde's coming back to please,
try and be strong somehow, Mathilde's
day.

My here, she's coming now.

Momma, can you hear me yell...your baby boy's gone
back to hell,____ Math-il-de's____ come back to me,____

Charlie, champagne right away, I know you've been sav-in' it for a

hol-i-day,____ but Math-il-de's____ come back to me,____

ask the maid if she heard what I said, Tell her to change the sheets.
on the bed, Mathilde's come back to me. My

friends don't count on me no more, I've gone and crashed thru' heaven's door,

My sweet Mathilde's here once more, once more.
MY DEATH

Music by JACQUES BREL
Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC BLAU

My death is like a swinging door, a patient girl who knows the score, whistle for her and the passing time. My death waits...
like a Bible truth at the funeral of my youth weep loud for that and the passing time.

My death waits like a witch at night, As surely as our love is bright, Let’s laugh for us and the
passing time. But whatever is behind the door. There's nothing much to do.

Angel or devil, I don't care for in front of that door there is you. for in front of that door there is you.

My death waits like a beggar blind who sees the world with an unlit mind, Throw him a dime for the passing time my death waits to allow my friends a few good times before it ends - let's drink to that and the passing time. My death waits in your arms your thighs - your cool fingers Will close my eyes, let's not talk about the passing time. (to Chorus)

My death waits among the falling leaves in magicians mysterious sleeves Rabbits, dogs, and the passing time. My death waits among the flowers Where the blackest shadow cowes let's pick lilacs for the passing time. My death waits in a double bed, sails of oblivion at my head, haul up the sheets against the passing time. (to Chorus)
THE BRIDGE

Words & music by SCOTT ENGEL

I've watched her from the river banks,

knew her when she danced with trees, white doves were there to

dress her hair and so was Madeleine.

International Copyright Secured.
Made in England.
THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED

All Rights Reserved.
night the people's faces danced like pearls colliding

on the breasts of "Fat Marie" who's thunder laugh was

just a thread from cryin', Her sailor stained her

cobbled stones with wine and piss and death desire; And
sometimes proud for Madeline who's laughter was the night.

Girls would lift their dresses high and breathe the stars and

Kiss the sky, She'd smother them with whispers, then embrace them with her

sighs.

Before the bottle dulled my eyes and made me so
I couldn't stand, I'd over-act and play the clown when

Mad-e-laine would cry, And now I watch from riv-er banks, I

watch it weep its mem-or-ies; White doves turn grey and flew a-way and

so did Mad-e-laine.
1. Mist falls and his voice cracks from the morning.
2. Her face

and a trace of blue-grey morning.

flowers and my body feels like lead;

her eyes

pregnant pools produce a tear;

Some-one should have stopped the birds from

Some-one should have shouted you are
singing today,
gone, in her ear
that summer was

striking nails into clay.

Such a small love,

little tear,

You would laugh so loud

Is this all that's left
if you could see us here, with my
on your cheek so pale, his shal-low,

Dm7

one suit badly pressed and worn,
 hap- py eyes, His rot- ted teeth grow on,

C

al  

like a child left in the world a-
our drunk and mad-ning nights end-ing

Em

D. S. al Coda

Coda

D

- lone.

no repeats

up in jail.
Midnight mornings drenched in Dago red,

words collided, things we left unsaid.

Perfumed pillows, girls that clung so near,

Such a small love, such a little tear.

He speaks, I don't hear a word he's saying
Hang on to the pine trees and the snow
Reach out, grab the memories that are left for your hand
They'll help you get by for a while.
THE PLAGUE

Words and Music by SCOTT ENGEL

Moderato

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, the lyric is not present in the image.
for the dawn to pierce the crack in the ceiling,
an - guish tracks me like a fist my naked ness ex -

Hang - ing from the sky, An' I en - vied the boy who
- posed till I can't stand, Still I try to re - mem - ber

grabbed the toy and ran a - way and found the joy while
lips on lips and hips on hips and ice on fire and

I stood in the shad - ows wond'ring why.
gloom and glow when did they leave the man.
Flying towards me that laughing woman's face,
In the river of the night I see a face that shimmers
terrible taste of the morning after kisses and good-byes,
don't on me. But like a falling star, it burns itself out,
I can never seem to catch my footsteps
Like a dead leaf scrapes across the ground
have desires they fly away and every day I
voice cries out a gravelled sound, But no one's there to
1. have to fight the plague.

2. How

Strain ing hard to see
But it's all so vague
La, la, la, la, la,

run ning af ter me,
when you meet the plague,
I keep I keep
La, la, la, la,

pound ing on the door.
com ing back for more.
la, la, la, la, la,

D

Em
THE AMOROUS HUMPHREY PLUGG

Words and Music by SCOTT ENGEL

1. Hello Mister big shot, Say, you're lookin' smart,
2. I've become a giant, I fill ev'ry street,

I've had a tire day, I hunch back the moon, stars dance at my feet,
I dwarf the rooftops, I took the kids long to the park.

You've become a stranger, Ev'ry night,
Leave it all behind me, Screaming kids.

Copyright ©1968 by MIRACLE SONGS LIMITED, 17, Savile Row, London, W.1.
International Copyright Secured.
Made in England.
THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED
All Rights Reserved.
with the boys, got a new suit, That old smile's come back, and I
on my knee, and the "tel-e" swallow ing me and the

kiss neighbours children good-night and I slip a-

way on the newly waxed floor.
trembling the roller-skate floor.

CHORUS

I see the buildings blazing with moon-light, enchanting way...
their very eyes seem to suck you in with their laughter. They seem to say... You're all right now, so stop awhile... behind a smile enchanting way...

Coda

enchanting ways.

3 Oh to die of kisses, ecstasies and charms
Pavements of poets will write that I died in nine angels arms,
And they all were smiling, still seductive as sin in their eyes,
The man I had been, no more hard-luck stories to wear,
Nothing left to give, why the hell should I care.

Chorus
Anna's my smile and Mary's my shadow, enchanting way
And with her cellophane sighs Doreen of the candles
Beg me stay
You're alright now, so stop awhile behind a smile
Enchanting way.