The Fats Waller story...

THOMAS WRIGHT WALLER was born in May 1904 – a big happy baby who grew into a fat happy boy and so was always called “Fats” by his school-friends. His parents disliked this nickname but were eventually forced to accept that this was what everybody was going to call him for the rest of his life. It certainly suited him more than the sedate ‘Thomas’ which they preferred.

Fats’ father, EDWARD MARTIN WALLER, was born in Virginia. When he was young he had a severe stammer but, with great strength of mind, he gradually cured himself of this. Fats’ mother, ADELINE LOCKETT, was a very lively young woman and very religious, as was his father.

EDWARD WALLER did not want his children to be brought up in the South where there were no opportunities for them, and so he went to New York where he soon got a good job in a stables. He went back to fetch Adeline, they were married and both returned to New York where they first lived in Greenwich Village. Adeline was seventeen and Edward a couple of years older.

Their first child was born in 1890 but died in infancy – indeed, of the twelve children which were born to them, seven died in infancy. The survivors were Edward Lawrence and William Robert, born in 1891 and 1892. May Naomi was the first girl to survive, Thomas Wright (Fats) arrived in 1904 and the final child to be born was Edith Salome, born in 1910.

Fats and Naomi became inseparable; there was quite a gap between them and their two elder brothers and Edith was sent to Virginia to live with an aunt and seldom came home. The two children did not often play in the Haarlem streets as their parents did not approve of the lives their neighbours lived and feared that the other children would have a bad influence on them. Each day in the Waller household began with readings from the Bible and all the children knew many passages from it by heart. Both Edward and Adeline took a great interest in the local Church life, Adeline was leading soloist in the Church Choir and played both organ and piano.

Fats was also interested in the piano and at the age of six pretended to play one on two chairs placed together. This interest persisted and eventually the whole family, together with several relatives, got together to buy one. However, as they had spent all their money buying the piano there was, at first, none left for piano lessons and Fats would sit for hours gazing at the keyboard, longing to play.

In church he would try to accompany the hymns on a small portable harmonium and eventually his parents arranged for him and sister Naomi to have piano lessons, believing at that time that Naomi was the more musically gifted of the two. But the business of playing scales and exercises and learning the value of notes interested neither of them and Fats soon discovered the delights and difficulties of playing by ear – which was how he continued to play for a long time after the piano lessons had ended from lack of interest.

However, as he grew older he realised that he would have to learn to sight-read in order to play in the school orchestra. He had a few violin and string bass lessons but soon returned to the piano and began playing the music for morning assembly, as well as joining the school orchestra. His father hoped he would be a classical musician and took him to hear Paderewski play. Fats was enthralled by the performance and all his life had a great interest in, and knowledge of, classical music, particularly that of Bach, but his real preference was for popular music, to his parents’ distress.

He had a happy and protected childhood and when he was old enough did a few odd jobs in the neighbourhood but his only real interest was music. He spent all his free time at the local cinema, not watching the film but watching and listening to the pianist who accompanied the silent films of those days. Eventually he got to know the pianist, proved to her how well he could play and was allowed to take over while she took a break. When she fell ill he took her place for a couple of weeks and the audience greatly appreciated his playing. This led to his first real musical job – as organist at the cinema which was called the Lincoln Theatre. He played in the intervals but would also take over on the piano as often as he could.

Through his playing at the cinema he met several other musicians and was invited to join a small band. He also spent as many evenings as possible hanging about outside nightclubs, listening to the jazz musicians who played in them, learning as much as he could.

This happy period of his life lasted until 1920 when his mother died of diabetes and his cozy comfortable world was shattered. By this time his elder brothers were married with homes of their own and Fats felt uncomfortable living in the cold quiet house which had been so warm and full of love and life. He began living with the family of a friend, Wilson Brooks, in whose house he was delighted to find a player-piano, from which he tried to learn to play in the style of his idol, the famous James P. Johnson, whom he longed to meet. This was eventually arranged and Johnson was sufficiently impressed with young Fats’ playing to take him out that evening to the club he worked at – Leroy’s. There Fats really heard the blues for the first time and was enchanted, and next day he played blues on the organ at the Lincoln, much to the surprise of the patrons. James P. Johnson then introduced Fats to another of his great heroes, Willie ‘The Lion’ Smith who was also playing at Leroy’s. Johnson arranged for Fats to play and although Willie pretended not to be interested he eventually went over to Fats and told him he played ‘pretty good’, which was praise indeed for a sixteen year old from such a famous pianist.
Soon after this Fats, still feeling lonely after his mother's death remembered a pretty young girl he had met when he was playing with his first little band. Her name was Edith Hatchett and at the time he had taken her home to meet his mother and as she was a quiet gentle church-going girl, Adeline had approved of her and invited her often to the house. They had rather lost touch after Adeline died but now Fats looked her up again and a few weeks later they were married and went to live with Edith’s family.

Fats soon began playing at 'parlour socials'. These were parties held in private houses, for which a small admission fee was charged to cover the music and dancing. Food and drink were sold at modest prices. Many great pianists began their playing life at these socials.

Then Willie 'The Lion' Smith walked out of the Leroy and Fats took his place. He also began making piano rolls which at that time was a very lucrative business. His first piano roll was called “GOT TO COOL MY DOGGIES NOW”, and over the next few years he made many more and made a great deal of money out of them, which slipped straight through his fingers as it was to do all through his life.

Soon he was playing at parlour socials most nights and doubling at the Lincoln and the Leroy. His prodigious piano playing was only matched by his capacity for drink and already Edith was becoming uneasy and although young Thomas Waller Junior was born in that summer, 1921, things did not improve.

In 1922 Fats made his first record. It was called MUSSEL SHOALS BLUES and did fairly well and he followed it up by making several records accompanying a young singer called Sara Martin.

He had been writing and composing for some time now. He wrote very quickly, practically playing the pieces straight on to the piano, but up to now none had been published. He now started publishing numbers he had written, the first being WILDCAT BLUES. He was greatly helped in this new activity by Clarence Williams, a publisher and pianist, and over the five years they worked together Clarence accepted over seventy songs from Fats, although many of these were never published.

As Fats became more and more involved with the music world he was completely happy; as long as he had plenty to eat and drink he was content. But Edith was unhappy about his continual absences from home at the clubs and and all-night parties he enjoyed so much. Eventually their marriage broke up with Edith keeping young Thomas and moving out. Fats agreed to pay a settlement for the keep of Edith and young Tom but for the rest of his life he was harrassed by this, eventually going to prison for non-payment of it.

But his life in music progressed smoothly. He formed a very fruitful song-writing partnership with Andy Razaf who wrote lyrics to Fats’ music and used to sing the songs to demonstrate them to publishers while Fats played, until one day when Andy urged Fats to sing instead. The result was so encouraging that from then on Fats sang as well as playing piano. His partnership with Andy was carefree. They thought nothing of selling a song to one publisher and then taking a cab down the street and selling a variation of it to another publisher. They would sell the complete rights in a song for a very small amount when they needed money quickly. Occasionally they even made up the song on the piano as they sat in the publishers office.
Fats also collaborated with J. C. Johnson, Edgar Dowell and Spencer Williams and there are about five hundred published Fats Waller numbers as well as much written by him but not published under his name.

But while Fats was enjoying himself hurrying from publisher to publisher and playing and singing until the small hours, Edith's patience was becoming exhausted and finally she served an order on Fats to appear in court. He was very upset about this and refused to give in—he felt that he was working hard for hours every day making money only to have to pay much of it over to Edith since according to the settlement, the more he earned the more he had to pay. Luckily this time he got off lightly as his friends all gathered round to help him pay off what he owed.

But Fats was not meant to be alone for long, he always had a bevy of pretty glamorous girls round him, and soon he met Anita Rutherford. She was sixteen then and soon became his wife. Their son Maurice was born in 1927 when Anita was seventeen and this baby had only just been born when Edith came on the scene again and Fats was again arrested for non-payment of alimony. Again Fats refused to stick to the legal agreement he had made and once again his friends came to his rescue. But the following year he was not so lucky. By then the alimony he owed came to four figures, which was a large amount in those days and although his friends collected for him once again, this time they could not arrange things so swiftly and Fats was sent to jail. While he was in prison his father, Edward, died. Fats wanted to go to the funeral but he did not wish to go under police escort and so did not attend. Eventually the money was paid and he was released but from then on the Court kept in direct touch with him and received his payments and transferred them to Edith and young Thomas.

The following year, 1928, Fats' son Ronald was born and that year Fats made about 30 recordings and wrote the words and music for a new show called "LOAD OF COAL"—one of the songs being the eternally-loved HONEYSUCKLE ROSE. He soon began broadcasting in a big way too. He was originally booked for a thirteen-week series, three times a week, which was soon extended for another thirteen weeks, from which he went straight into another series. As he could not be seen while he was broadcasting Fats did not 'ham' quite as much as he did with great success in the clubs and began taking much more care with his singing.

The good life continued. Fats left Anita at home with the children and went to Paris with Spencer Williams who spent a great deal of his life there. After six weeks of continual night-clubbing both men were completely broke and had to wire home for the return fare. On his return Fats took on a manager called Phil Ponce who got him a two-year contract for a radio programme called "Fats Waller's Rhythm Club", which was extremely successful.

Then Ed Kirkeby took over as Manager and Fats' career proceeded even faster. When Ed took over Fats owed alimony to Edith, commission to Phil Ponce; he owed payments on his car, back taxes and fines levied on him by the Musicians Union. Gradually Ed straightened all this out for him and did his best to keep Fats out of trouble from then on.

By now the records which Fats was still continually making were selling in fantastic quantities—one of the most begging being the unforgettable "I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER", and Fats began appearing in films. His first, in 1935, was for RKO and was called "Hooray for Love". In it he played piano and sang two songs. In his next film he had a small part as well as singing and playing.

Then, in July 1938 came his first European tour. His first appearance was in Scotland where, at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow he wore a tartan Glengarry and dared to "swing" LOCH LOMOND. The Scots loved it and gave him ten curtain calls. He then went on to the London Palladium where he was even more successful. Fats was at his greatest, playing the Palladium, doubling with suburban theatres, doing four shows a night and in between playing at nightclubs in the West End until dawn. Whilst in London he made a record with HMV, recording FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE, MUSIC MAESTRO PLEASE and ATISKET ATASKET. The following week he again went on the HMV Studios and made six organ solos of beautiful spirituals.

From London he went to Denmark on the first part of his Scandinavian tour but after two weeks the tour was cut short by the threat of war and Fats decided he had better return to America. But before he did he returned once more to Britain and made his first ever television appearance for the B.B.C. Back in America he had a long and successful engagement at the Yacht Club in New York before returning again to London in 1939, when he composed his famous "LONDON SUITE" which he recorded immediately on an acetate. The LONDON SUITE was then recorded properly and Fats was again arrested for non-payment of alimony. The masters were destroyed in the blitz but a set of the original pressings was eventually found, almost by accident, in a music publishers office. So, twelve years later, the record was finally issued.

Fats returned to America for a series of one-night stands all over the country, which he continued up to 1942, working for many in an endeavor to pay off some of the debts which, with his happy-go-lucky attitude to money he could not help incurring. Eventually the money was paid and he was released but from then on the Court kept in direct touch with him and received his payments and transferred them to Edith and young Thomas.

The following year, 1928, Fats' son Ronald was born and that year Fats made about 30 recordings and wrote the words and music for a new show called "LOAD OF COAL"—one of the songs being the eternally-loved HONEYSUCKLE ROSE. He soon began broadcasting in a big way too. He was originally booked for a thirteen-week series, three times a week, which was soon extended for another thirteen weeks, from which he went straight into another series. As he could not be seen while he was broadcasting Fats did not 'ham' quite as much as he did with great success in the clubs and began taking much more care with his singing.

The good life continued. Fats left Anita at home with the children and went to Paris with Spencer Williams who spent a great deal of his life there. After six weeks of continual night-clubbing both men were completely broke and had to wire home for the return fare. On his return Fats took on a manager called Phil Ponce who got him a two-year contract for a radio programme called "Fats Waller's Rhythm Club", which was extremely successful.

Then Ed Kirkeby took over as Manager and Fats' career proceeded even faster. When Ed took over Fats owed alimony to Edith, commission to Phil Ponce; he owed payments on his car, back taxes and fines levied on him by the Musicians Union. Gradually Ed straightened all this out for him and did his best to keep Fats out of trouble from then on.

By now the records which Fats was still continually making were selling in fantastic quantities—one of the most begging being the unforgettable "I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER", and Fats began appearing in films. His first, in 1935, was for RKO and was called "Hooray for Love". In it he played piano and sang two songs. In his next film he had a small part as well as singing and playing.

Then, in July 1938 came his first European tour. His first appearance was in Scotland where, at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow he wore a tartan Glengarry and dared to "swing" LOCH LOMOND. The Scots loved it and gave him ten curtain calls. He then went on to the London Palladium where he was even more successful. Fats was at his greatest, playing the Palladium, doubling with suburban theatres, doing four shows a night and in between playing at nightclubs in the West End until dawn. Whilst in London he made a record with HMV, recording FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE, MUSIC MAESTRO PLEASE and ATISKET ATASKET. The following week he again went on the HMV Studios and made six organ solos of beautiful spirituals.

From London he went to Denmark on the first part of his Scandinavian tour but after two weeks the tour was cut short by the threat of war and Fats decided he had better return to America. But before he did he returned once more to Britain and made his first ever television appearance for the B.B.C. Back in America he had a long and successful engagement at the Yacht Club in New York before returning again to London in 1939, when he composed his famous "LONDON SUITE" which he recorded immediately on an acetate. The LONDON SUITE was then recorded properly and Fats was again arrested for non-payment of alimony. The masters were destroyed in the blitz but a set of the original pressings was eventually found, almost by accident, in a music publishers office. So, twelve years later, the record was finally issued.

Fats returned to America for a series of one-night stands all over the country, which he continued up to 1942, working for many in an endeavor to pay off some of the debts which, with his happy-go-lucky attitude to money he could not help incurring. In 1943 he again went to Hollywood to appear, with great success, in the famous film "STORMY WEATHER".

He carried on appearing in clubs and at Army bases all over the U.S.A., travelling great distances to entertain the troops although, by then, he was not in very good health. He caught 'flu but refused to go to hospital and so doctors attended him at his hotel and persuaded him to stay in bed for a few days, but he was soon up carrying on with his dates, looking forward to spending Christmas with his family. On the train going home, on December 20th, he suddenly collapsed. The train was stopped at Kansas City and Ed Kirkeby hurried for a doctor but it was too late. Fats was dead. An autopsy found he had died of influenza bronchial pneumonia, no doubt brought on by his refusal to stay in bed as advised by the doctors.

The crowds attending his funeral stopped the traffic for three blocks around the Church, and followed the funeral procession through the streets to the Fresh Pond Cemetery on Long Island. The pall-bearers included his long-time friends, Andy Razaf, James P. Johnson and Clarence Williams.

Fats is remembered by many people who have no interest in jazz for his colourful personality and great zest for life. He is remembered by others as a great pianist, comedian and showman, and by still others by the legacy of great artists descended from his style of playing, such as Art Tatum and Count Basie. But he is, perhaps, remembered most of all for the marvellous songs he created—HONEYSUCKLE ROSE, AINT MISBEHAVIN', I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING, BLUE TURNING GREY OVER YOU.

He was, perhaps, never allowed to give of his best on radio or at concerts where his admirers' wanted him merely to entertain them and it is those who were privileged to hear him at private parties who probably knew, and treasure, the best of Fats.
Honeysuckle Rose

Lyric by ANDY RAZAF

Music by THOMAS WALLER

Moderato

Verse

Have no use for other sweets of any kind—Since the day you came around

From the start I instantly made up my mind—Sweeter sweetness can't be

©1929 Santly Bros., Inc., N.Y.
Rights assigned to Joy Music Inc., N.Y.
Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8LU.
You're so sweet can't be beat No-thin' sweeter ev'er stood on feet.

Ev'ry honey bee fills with jealousy When they see you out with me, I don't blame them

goodness knows — Honey-suckle Rose. When you're passin' by

flow-ers droop and sigh And I know the reason why You're much sweeter goodness knows —
When I'm tak-in' sips from your tasty lips, Seems the honey fairly drips. You're confection

goodness knows __ Honey-suckle Rose. Rose.
Ain't Misbehavin'

Lyric by
ANDY RAZAF

Music by
THOMAS WALLER and
HARRY BROOKS

Tho' it's a fickle age,
Your type of man is rare,
I know you really care,
Here is one bird with self-control,
That's why my conscience never sleeps,

Happy, inside my cage,
When you're away somewhere,
Sure was a lucky day,
When fate sent you my rest,

My love was given, heart and soul;
So it can stand the test.

And made you mine a- lone for keeps,
Dit-to to all you say.

© 1929 Mills Music Inc, N.Y.
All rights for the British Commonwealth of Nations (Exc.
Canada and Australasia) and the Republic of Ireland controlled by Lawrence
Wright Music Co., Ltd., 12 Bruton Street, London W1X 7AH.
CHORUS  Slowly, with expression

No one to talk with, all by myself,
No one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf.

Ain't mis-be-havin', I'm savin' my love for you.

I know for certain the one I love,
I'm thru with flirtin', it's just you I'm thinkin' of,

Ain't mis-be-havin', I'm savin' my love for you.
Like Jack Horner in the corner, don't go nowhere, what do I care, Your kisses are worth waitin' for, believe me, I don't stay out late, don't care to go, I'm home about eight, just me and my radio, Ain't mis-beavin'

I'm savin' my love for you, you.
I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling

Lyric by
BILLY ROSE

Music by
HARRY LINK & THOMAS WALLER

VERSE

Oh! Hon-ey, Oh! Hon-ey,
I nev-er felt this way,
Ro-man-tic'-ly

Oh! Hon-ey, Oh! Hon-ey,
you've got me ka-ra-zy
I don't know my

I'm up in the air
el-bo-wow from my ear

It's fun-ny, it's fun-ny
It's fun-ny, it's fun-ny

© 1929 Santly Bros., Inc., N.Y.
sub-published Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London, WC2H 8LU.
This way, Don’t know if I should, But gee—it feels good
racy, You’re working too fast, how long can I last?

CHORUS

I’m flying high, but I’ve got a feeling I’m falling,

Falling for nobody else but you.

You caught my eye and I’ve got a feeling I’m falling. Show me the ring and I’ll
I jump right through, I used to travel single O, We chanced to

mingle O, Now I'm a tingling over you. Say! Mister

Parson, stand by For I've got a feeling I'm falling, Falling for nobody

else but you.
My Fate is in Your Hands

Lyric by
ANDY RAZAF

Music by
THOMAS WALLER

VERSE
Wanting you is my offense
At the bar of hope I wait
My heart beating at the gate

© 1929 Santly Bros., Inc., N.Y.
sub-published Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London, WC2H 8LU.
Must I go or must I stay?
If your love should now decree
That your arms imprison me

Are my dreams to be or not to be?
I would never struggle to be free.

CHORUS

There's no use pretending,
Love needs no defending,
What is the verdict?

My fate is in your hands.
You're my judge and jury
What do you ask?
I sure me

What is the verdict?

My fate is in your hands

If the charge is

loving you then I'm guilty dear

Tell me that you love me too, and I'll have no fear...

It is you I'm needing,

For your love I'm pleading,

What is the verdict?

My fate is in your hands.
The Spider and the Fly
(POOR FLY, BYE-BYE)

Words and Music by
"FATS" WALLER
ANDY RAZAF &
J. C. JOHNSON

VERSE

1. "Won't you come into my par-lour," said the spi-der to the fly...
2. You should see my art col-lec-tion, It's the best that gold can buy...
3. Please step in, my bash-ful maid-en, Let me rest your dain-ty hat.
4. You must hear my new vic-tro-la, Never fails to sat-is-fy.
5. "As a gentle-man and schol-ar," Vowed the spi-der to the fly.

"I've the cut-est lit-tle liv-ing room that you did ev-er spy."
Not to speak of my fine etch-ings that will sure-ly please your eye.
We'll have tea out on the ter-race And a friend-ly lit-tle chat.
We can play the lat-est mu-sic, Su-si-Q and Hi-de-hi.
"Af-ter you have seen my par-lour You no long-er will be shy."

©1938 Santly-Joy Select Inc., N.Y.
sub-published Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8LU.
CHORUS

Poor fly, bye-bye! Bye-bye,

parlour, Un-sus-pect-ing lit-tle fly.

Interlude to Verse

D.S.

Fm  Bb7  Cm  Fm  Bb13  Eb
Alligator Crawl

By THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

©1935 Joe Davis Inc.,
C  D9  Fm6  C  Am  Dm7  G7

C  D9  Fm6  C  

Em  F#7  Em  F#7  Em  A7

Dm  A7 aug  Dm  A13/D  A7  G  G7

C  D9  Fm6  C  Am  Dm  G7

C  D9  Fm6  C  G7  C
Respectfully dedicated to Gordon Whyte

African Ripples

By THOMAS "FATS" WALLER
Viper’s Drag

By THOMAS “FATS” WALLER

© 1935 Joe Davis Inc.,
All that Meat and No Potatoes

Piano Solo Arr. by
THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

Medium tempo

©1941 Leo Feist Inc., (U.S.A.)
sub-published by Big 3 Music Ltd., (UK)
Clothes' Line Ballet

By THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

Moderato con moto

Ab Bdim Bbm7 Eb7 Ab Bdim Bbm7 Eb7

Ab D77 Ab7

Dbm E7 Eb7 Ab

sempre piu piano

Db Ab Db7

Ab7

Dbm

L'istesso movimento ed dolce

sempre piu piano

r.h.
I'm More than Satisfied

RAY KLAGES
THOMAS WALLER

©1927 Robbins Music Corp (U.S.A.)
sub-published by Francis Day & Hunter Ltd., (UK)
The Jitterbug Waltz

Waltz Tempo - Moderately

THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

©1942 Robbins Music Corp., N.Y.

sub-published by Big 3 Music Ltd., for U.K., Eire, India, Burma, Pakistan,
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter

Words by JOE YOUNG  Music by FRED E. AHLERT

VERSE

1. The mail man passes by And I just wonder why He never stops to ring my front door bell.

Verse 2: Since you stopped writing me I'm worried as can be, I miss each little love word now and then.

'There's not a single line from that dear old love of mine No, not a word since I last heard "farewell."

know how much I've fought To find a way to feel O.K. again.

CHORUS

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter And make believe it came from you.

I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet. They're gonna knock me off my feet. A lot of kisses on the bottom, I'll be glad I got 'em. I'm gonna smile and say, 'I hope you're feeling better.' And close with love the way you do.

And make believe it came from you. I'm gonna you.
Your Feet's Too Big

Words and Music by
ADA BENSON, FRED FISHER
and THE FOUR INK SPOTS.

VERSE

1. Say, in indoor sports, It's there where you shine, In
   wash-in' the dishes baby, you're divine; You shine when it comes to sports for
2. Your girl she likes you, And thinks you are nice, You
   got what it takes to be in paradise; She said that she likes your face and
3. Up in Har-lem at a table for two, There
   were four of us, Me, your big feet and you; From your ankle up I'll say that
4. When you go and die, Nobody will sob, That
   old undertaker will have quite a job; You'll look mighty funny when you
5. She said the first time We met on the street, And
   strange as it seems she didn't see my feet; We saw two hold-up men and we

swimmin' and duckin',
Oh, Boy! when it comes to truckin',
she likes your rig,
Oh, Man! but YOUR FEET'S TOO BIG.
you sure are sweet,
From there down you're too much feet.
lay in that casket,
Your feet stick-in' out that casket.
thought they would scare us,
They yelled 'Look at those Carne-
ons!'
CHORUS  to be sung after each Verse

YOUR FEET'S TOO BIG  Don't want you 'cause YOUR FEET'S TOO BIG;

Mad at you 'cause YOUR FEET'S TOO BIG, Hates you 'cause YOUR FEET'S TOO

INTERLUDE

Shwa-shwa-bo, Shwa-shwa-bo, Shwa-shwa-bo, Shwa-shwa-bo,

Shwa-shwa-bo, Shwa-shwa-bo, Shwa, Shwa, Shwa, Shwa-shwa-bo.
Sugar

Words by
SIDNEY MITCHELL and
EDNA ALEXANDER

Music by
MACEO PINKARD

VERSE

Have you heard What I've done?
Shined my shoes Brushed my hat—

Found a word— Just the one— That makes a better name for
Got good news— Read'in' that— We've been invited to a

one I used to call— My baby doll—
swell up town affair— We'll sure be there—

©1926 Robbins Music Corp.,
sub-published Francis Day & Hunter Ltd., London.
Now she’s dress’d—

“It ain’t new— It ain’t old— If you’re do—

“Dec-lotay”

Hear the rest—

What you’re told— You’ll find my an-swer When you

That I say— Who do you think this broth-er’s

take a look In Mis-ter Web-ster’s Dic-tion-ar-y book: The word is
talk-in’ bout? Just lis-ten to me And I’ll let it out: No one but

Chorus

Sugar I call my ba-by My Sugar
So I confect-ion-er-y
I never "May-be" My Sug-ar,
That's why my sug-ar is
fun-ny,
She never pleads for my
money.
But when he feeds me on hon-ey
she gets his needs ev-ry
time.
I'd make a mil-lion trips
To her lips
If I were a
Because they are sweeter than any candy to me—
(she's)
That's

granulated!
Tutti-frutti!
Sugar I never cheat on my Sugar

Cause I'm too sweet on my Sugar That Sugar baby o'

mine.

NOTE: Words in script for female version only
A Little Bit Independent

Words by EDGAR LESLIE

Music by JOE BURKE

A little bit independent in your walk, A little bit independent in your talk, There's nothing like you in Paris or New York, You're aw-fly easy on the eyes! A little bit independent when we dance, A little bit independent t'wards romance, A

with a smile, A little bit independent in your style. But how can I help but love you all the while, When you're easy on the eyes!
I Believe in Miracles

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS

Music by
PETE WENDLING
and GEO. W. MEYER

Moderato

1. Ev'rybody loves a real love story, 
   Either in a book or in a play;

2. Long before we even knew each other, 
   Long before that well remembered kiss,

If I were to tell my own love story, 
   Sweetheart I would start this way:

Some-thing made us look for one another, 
   Someone must have planned all this:

CHORUS

I believe in miracles, 
Strange as it may be, 
I never laughed or sang a song Un-

© 1934 Leo Feist Inc., N.Y. 
sub-published Francis Day & Hunter Ltd., London.
e a-long And smiled at me. Love-can weave-a mir-a-cle, Right be-fore your eyes. The day we met I seemed to see An an-ge1 walk right up to me From out the skies. Some mag-i-cal pow-er Brought us to-geth-er like this, In one mag-i-cal hour Stran-gers were sweet-hearts in one lit-tle kiss. Oh, I be-lieve in mir-a-cles, Hon-est-ly I do, No won-der I get lyr-i-cal A-bout that cer-tain mir-a-cle That gave me you.
Words and Music by ROGER GRAHAM and SPENCER WILLIAMS

VERSE

1. There's a saying goin' 'round, and I begin to think it's true.
   It's awful hard to love someone when you had someone that you could really call your own.
   For I would marry him at once, and they don't care 'bout you.

2. Wish I only wish I goin' round, and I begin to think it's true.
   It's awful hard to love someone when you had someone that you could really call your own.
   For I would marry him at once, and they don't care 'bout you.

Once I had a lovin' man, as good as any in this town,
   Every night I sigh and cry, no happiness at all I find,
But now I'm sad and lonely, for he's gone and turned me down.
   I have no one to love me, no one to content my mind.

©1927 Triangle Music Publishing Co., Inc., N.Y.
sub-published Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London, WC2H 8LU.
CHORUS

'I cause I AIN'T GOT NO BO D Y, And there's
no bo dy cares for me..

I'm so sad and lone ly.

Won't some bo dy come and take a chance with me?
I'll sing sweet love songs, honey, all the time,

If you'll come and be my sweet baby mine, 'Cause I AIN'T GOT NOBODY, And there's nobody cares for me.
My Very Good Friend—The Milkman

Lyric by
JOHNNY BURKE

Music by
HAROLD SPINA

Moderato

Certain people of my acquaintance Seem very concern'd about

you and me. They're trying to be nice. They're going out of their way. They

offer me advice; There must be something in what they say.

© 1935 Select Music Publications Inc., N.Y.
sub-published Campbell Connelly & Co., Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8LU.
CHORUS

My very good friend, the milk-man, says That I've been losing too much sleep. He
doesn't like the hours I keep; And he suggests that you should marry me.

My very good friend, the post-man, says That it would make his burden less If
we both had the same address; And he suggests that you should marry me.
Every day he sends me blueprints of cottages with country views. My very good friends and neighbours say that they've been watching things I do, and they believe that I love you; so I suggest that you should marry me. My me.
When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful
by HARRY WOODS

Moderato

Time goes a-long,
Life is a song,
nothing a-head
How this can change

You're a-lone and weary,
But sometimes a blue note,
but an empty view,
and you hear the true note,

With Creeps
in unaware,
spoils a melody.

© 1935 M. Witmark & Sons (USA),
sub-published by B. FELDMAN & CO. LTD. (UK).
When somebody whispers they believe in you,
That you've always longed for—oh, so patiently,

REFRAIN

Isn't it true?
Don't you agree?
When somebody thinks you're wonderful,

what a difference in your day.
Seems as tho' your troubles

disappear like a feather in your way.
When some-body thinks you're wonderful, tells you with a smile so sweet,

What are little stones you step upon,

just a meadow 'neath your feet. And how you meet the morning and gaily swing along.

At night you may be
weary, but your heart still sings a song.

When somebody thinks you're wonderful, love is mighty close to you.

just another thing more wonderful

making all dreams come true.

D.C. a tempo
Thomas 'Fats' Waller was born in New York in 1904, the son of a Baptist minister. He became a professional pianist at 15, working in cabarets, clubs and theatres receiving informal tuition from James P. Johnson — the 'father' of Stride piano. Waller's special talent for creating artistic, often humorous, masterpieces from trite and unimaginative material, soon brought him great popularity and respect. His influence on subsequent pianists — Art Tatum, Thelonius Monk, Errol Garner, and Count Basie — among others, cannot be underestimated. Many of Waller's own compositions which include Ain't Misbehavin', Honeysuckle Rose and Wild Cat Blues have become standards. This folio includes these and other less frequently heard, but equally entertaining, pieces.

Cover: 135th and Lennox Avenue, Harlem, New York 1922

The Origins of Jazz Series includes

| Duke Ellington | Order Ref: 17083 |
| Instrumental Blues | Order Ref: 17084 |
| Fats Waller | Order Ref: 10035 |
| Bix Beiderbecke | Order Ref: 14425 |
| Classic Blues | Order Ref: 14250 |
| More Classic Blues | Order Ref: 14289 |
| "Jelly Roll" Morton | Order Ref: 14256 |
| Encyclopedia of Jazz'n' Blues | Order Ref: 14390 |

Series Editor Neil Hammerton