

Cloud – 28. März 2020

2019-10-6 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Rot = Trio Blau = Duo

- 1 **Corcovado (Quiet Nights ...)**
B
- 2 **Makin' Whoopee**
C *dr-Schlag, Intro.* >
- 3 **L-O-V-E**
Es
- 4 **Fly Me to the Moon**
Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, Englisch Drums: 4x4
- 5 **Blue Moon**
B I: A3, voc-p/p-voc
- 6 **After You've Gone**
Es. Verse, langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc
- 7 **Je ne veux pas travailler**
G
- 8 **The Boy Next Door**
Es I: voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern
- 9 **Witchcraft**
C. 1. Chorus nur im Trio. S: + 8 T
- 10 **I'm Through with Love**
DUO B p/voc
- 11 **Bei mir bist Du schön**
Cm. Verses 1. Teil tp 2. Teil Sandra. S: 2–3mal
- 12 **Volare**
Es I: voc. Verse/Thema–voc
- 13 **Route 66 (C-Dur)**
C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T
- 14 **Winter Wonderland**
G S: dehnen ab A⁷
- 15 **Mean to Me**
C. cool spielen, nicht zu schnell. I: 4Takte, S: normal
- 16 **I Love Paris**
D/Dmoll S. einfach
- 17 **All of Me**
F I: letzte 8T. p ... voc. S 2x
- 18 **What a Diff'rence a Day Made**
C Langsam! S: aushalten
- 19 **I Wish You Love**
C A/A voc/p, B tutti, A, ... S: rit.
- 20 **Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps**
Bm – S: insgesamt 3 x, plus cha-cha-cha
- 21 **Teach Me Tonight**
G. Breaks nach A1. tutti, S: aushalten
- 22 **If I Were a Bell**
B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.
- 23 **Stars Fell on Alabama**
F I: 4 Takte
- 24 **My Baby Just Cares for Me**

- C* *voc, s/p, immer Break* *S: 2x Stopp auf Me*
-
- 25 **That Ole Devil Called Love**
B (C⁻⁷). S + 2 T
-
- 26 **Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend**
C Abfolge:
-
- 27 **Come Fly With Me**
F I: letzte 8 T. p-voc S: 2x
-
- 28 **On a Slow Boat to China**
Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten
-
- 29 **I'm Glad There Is You**
B – Abfolge
-
- 30 **La vie en rose**
F. Break. V ad lib. Tutti. Bass 1 + 3 Soli Bass 1+2+3+4
-
- 31 **Mack the Knife**
Es. 2x t 1tutti in Es, dann 1/2 Ton höher.
-
- 32 **I Can't Give You ...**
C
-
- 33 **A Foggy Day**
B. S: normal
-
- 34 **Besame Mucho**
Am
-
- 35 **Whispering**
As Old Time Jazz
-
- 36 **There Will Never Be Another You**
B I: 4 Takte Turnaround, S: +4 Takte, aushalten
-
- 37 **These Foolish Things**
B, langsam
-
- 38 **Day In—Day Out**
F schnell I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T
-
- 39 **Evil Gal Blues**
C; Stopper beim 2. und 3. Mal (von 4)
-
- 40 **My Heart Belongs to Daddy**
F > Fm
-
- 41 **Girl from Ipanema**
Es Mittelteil einfach spielen.

Corcovado (Quiet Nights ...)

Music & Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim 1962

I	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
A _{1/2}	C ⁷ _{/G}	C ⁷ _{/G}	G ^b 0	G ^b 0	
	F ⁻⁷ _{/B^b}	B ^{b7-9} _{/E}	E ^b 0	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	D [∅]	G ⁷⁺⁵	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/G}	C ⁻⁷ _{/G}	G ^b 0	
B	C ⁷ _{/G}	C ⁷ _{/G}	G ^b 0	G ^b 0	
	F ⁻⁷ _{/B^b}	B ^{b7-9}	E ^b 0	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷			
			B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
S: +	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	

B

Um cantinhom violão, este amor, uma canção, pira
fazer feliz aquen se ama, muita calma p'rapensar e
ter tempo p'rasonar da janela venseo corcovado o
rendentor, que lindo!

quero a vida sempre assim com você per to de
mimaté o apagar da velha chama e eu, que era
triste, descrente deste mundo, ao encontrar voce eu
conheci o queé felicidada men amor.

**Quiet nights of quiet stars,
quiet chords from my guitar
floating on the silence that surrounds us.
Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams.
quiet walks by quiet streams,
and a window looking on the mountains and the
sea.**

**How lovely! This is where I want to be.
Here. With you so close to me,
until the final flicker of life's ember.
I who was lost and lonely,
believing life us only a bitter, tragic joke
have found with you the meaning of existence.
Oh, my love.**

Makin' Whoopee

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928

A ₁	C ^Δ	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ⁻	
	C ^Δ _{/G}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ⁻	
	C ^Δ _{/G}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		
B	G [∅]	C ⁷	F		F ⁻		C ^Δ		
	G [∅]	C ⁷	F		F ⁻		C ⁷ _{/E} D ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^Δ	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ⁻	
	C ^Δ _{/G}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		

C dr-Schlag, Intro. >

Another bride another June Another sunny
honeymoon Another season, another reason
For makin' whoopee!

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice The groom is nervous, he
answers twice It's really killing that he's so willing
To make whoopee!

Picture a little love nest, Down where the roses
cling, Picture the same sweet love nest, And think
what a year can bring.

He's washing dishes and baby clothes he's so
ambitious he even sews but don't forget folks that's
what you get, folks, For makin'n whoopee!

Another year or maybe less What' this I hear?
Well an't you guess? She feels neglected, and he's
suspected Of makin' whoopee!

She sits alone, 'most ev'ry night He doesn't 'phone
her he doesn't write He says he's "busy", but she
says "Is he?" He's makin' whoopee!

He doesn't make much money, Only five thousand
per, Some judge who thinks he's funny, Say "You'll
pay six to her."

He says "Now judge, suppose I fail" The judge says:
"Budge right into jail» You'd better keep her, I think
it's cheaper, Than makin' whoopee!"

L-O-V-E

Music & Lyrics Milt Gabler & Bert Kämpfert 1962

A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} • • •	B ^{b7} • • •	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A ^o	
	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ B ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ (B ^{b7})	

Es

L is for the way you look at me
 O is for the only one I see
 V is very, very extraordinary
 E is even more than anyone that you adore can

Love is all that I can give to you
 Love is more than just a game for two
 Two in love can make it
 Take my heart and please don't break it
 Love was made for me and you

Fly Me to the Moon

Music and Lyrics by Bart Howard 1954

I	F ⁻⁷	G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₁	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	
	D ^{bΔ}	G [∅]	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	F ⁻⁷	
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	
	D ^{bΔ}	G [∅]	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	C [∅] /G ^{b7}	F ⁷	
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	A ^{bΔ} (G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹)	

Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, Englisch Drums: 4x4

Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars; let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars. In other words, hold my hand! In other words, darling kiss me!

Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for evermore; you are all I long for all I worship and adore. In other words, please be true! In other words I love you.

Blue Moon

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1934

V	G-	G- ⁷	C ⁷ / _G	C ^o / _G	G-	A ^o / _c	D ⁷		
	G-	G- ⁷	C ⁷ / _G	C ^o / _G	G-	A ^o / _c	D ⁷	G-	
	C-	A- ⁷	F ⁷	G ^Δ	A- ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		G- ⁷	C ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
A ₁	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
	A ^b 7	G ⁷	G ^b 7	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
A _{2/3}	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
	A ^b 7	G ⁷	G ^b 7	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		
B	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		
	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b 7	D ^b Δ		F ^Δ / _c	C ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
A _{2/3}	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	
	A ^b 7	G ⁷	F [#] 7	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		

B I: A3, voc-p/p-voc

Once upon a time,
 before I took up smiling,
 I hated the moonlight!
 Shadows ot the night
 that poets find beguiling
 seemed flat as the noonlight.
 With no one to stay up
 for I went to sleep at ten.
 Life was a bitter cup
 for the saddest of alle men.

Once upon a time
 My heart was just an organ,
 My life hat no mission.
 Now that I have you,
 to be as rich as Morgan
 is my one amtition.
 Once I awoke a seven
 Hating the morning light.
 Now I awake in Heaven
 and all the world's all right.

Blue Moon – you saw me standing alone
 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 saying a pray'r for,
 someone I could really care for.

And then there suddenly appeared before me
 the only one my arms will ever hold,
 I heard somebody whisper, "Please adore me."
 And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!

Blue Moon – now I'm no longer alone
 without a dream in my heart,
 without a love of my own.

After You've Gone

Music by Henry Creamer Lyrics by J. Turner Layton 1918

A	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b 7
	G ⁷	C-		F ⁷	B ^b 7	
	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b 7	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ	
	A ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	C ⁷	F ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b 7
B	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ / B ^b		A ^b -	A ^b -	
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ		C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷		B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ		A ^b -	A ^b -	
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ		C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷ / F	C ⁷ / G		F ⁻ / A ^b	A ^b -	
	E ^b Δ	G ⁷		C-	C ^o	
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ		B ^b 7	B ^b 7	
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	E ^b 7	

Es. Verse, langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc

After you've gone, and left me crying; after you've gone, there's no denying; you'll feel blue, you'll feel sad, you'll miss the dearest pal you've ever had; There'll come a time, now don't forget it; there'll come a time, where you'll regret it; Some day, when you grow lonely, your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only, after you've gone, after you've gone away.

After I'm gone, after we break up; after I'm gone you're gona wake up; you will find, you were blind, to let somebody come and change your mind; After the years, we've been together, their joy and tears, all kinds of weather; Some day, blue and down hearted, you'll long to be with me right back where you started; after I'm gone, after I'm gone away.

Je ne veux pas travailler

Music and Lyrics by Pink Martini 1999

I	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁶	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
	G ^Δ		A ⁷		A ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁺	
A	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	C-	G ^Δ	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
B	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷		
	G ^Δ		A ⁷		A ⁷		D ⁷		
A	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	C-	G ^Δ	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
C	C-		G ^Δ		C-		G ^Δ		
	F ^{#7}		B ⁻⁷		A ^{-∅}	C ⁷	D ⁷		
A	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	C-	G ^Δ	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷)	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	C-	G ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷		
	G ⁷	D ⁺	G ^Δ						

G

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
 Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
 Les chasseurs à ma porte
 Comme les p'tits soldats
 Qui veulent me prendre

[Chorus]

Je ne veux pas travailler
 Je ne veux pas déjeuner
 Je veux seulement l'oublier
 Et puis je fume

[Verse 2]

Déjà j'ai connu le parfum de l'amour
 Un million de roses n'embaumerait pas autant
 Maintenant une seule fleur dans mes entourages
 Me rend malade

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Je ne suis pas fière de ça
 Vie qui veut me tuer
 C'est magnifique être sympathique
 Mais je ne le connais jamais

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Chorus]

<http://www2.ac-lyon.fr/enseigne/musique/terlik/jeneveux.pdf>

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B ^{bj} / _D D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{bj} / _D D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{bΔ} A ^{b7} D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^{bj} / _D D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{bj} / _D D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{bΔ} A ^{b7} D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
A ₁	E ^{bΔ} C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7+4}
	E ^{bΔ} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{bΔ} C ^{-Δ}
	A [∅] D ⁷⁺⁹ G ⁻⁷ G ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
A ₃	E ^{bΔ} C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7+4}
	E ^{bΔ} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ^{#0}
	E ^{bΔ} E ^{bΔ} F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{bΔ} (F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7})

Es I: voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern

The moment I saw him smile I knew he was just
my style My only regret Is we've never met
Though I dream of him all the while

But he doesn't know I exist No matter how I
may persist So it's clear to see There's no hope
for me Though I live at fifty-one thirty-five
Kensington Avenue And he lives at fifty-one
thirty-three

How can I ignore The boy next door I love him
more than I can say Doesn't try to please me
Doesn't even tease me And he never sees me
glance his way

And though I'm heart-sore The boy next door
Affection for me won't display I just adore him So I
can't ignore him The boy next door

I just adore him So I can't ignore him The boy next
door

Witchcraft

Music by Cy Coleman Lyrics by Carolyn Leigh 1957

A	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ^b O	E ^b O	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{bΔ}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
B	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	F [#] ∅	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
C	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ^b O	E ^b O	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ^Δ	(D ⁻⁷	G ⁷)

C. 1. Chorus nur im Trio. S: + 8 T

Those fingers in my hair,
That sly come-hither stare,
That strips my conscience bare,
It's witchcraft.

And I've got no defense for it,
The heat is too intense for it,
What good would common sense for it do?

'Cause it's witchcraft,
Wicked witchcraft,
And although, I know, it's strictly taboo.

When you arouse the need in me,
My heart says yes indeed in me,
Proceed with what you're leading me to.

It's such an ancient pitch,
But one I wouldn't switch,
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you.

I'm Through with Love

Music by Matt Malneck & Fud Livingston Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1931

A ₁	B ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷	
B	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	G ⁷	
	F ⁶	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	(F ⁷)	

DUO B p/voc

I have given you my true love,
 But you love a new love.
 What am I supposed to do now
 With you now, you're through?
 You'll be on your merry way
 And there's only this to say:

I'm through with love
 I'll never fall again.
 Said adieu to love
 Don't ever call again.
 For I must have you or no one
 And so I'm through with love.

I've locked my heart
 I'll keep my feelings there.
 I have stocked my heart
 with icy, frigid air.
 And I mean to care for no one
 Because I'm through with love.

Why did you lead me
 to think you could care?
 You didn't need me
 for you had your share
 of slaves around you
 to hound you and swear
 with deep emotion and devotion to you.

Goodbye to spring and all it meant to me
 It can never bring the thing that used to be.
 For I must have you or no one
 And so I'm through with love.

Bei mir bist Du schön

Music Sholom Secunda Lyrics acob Jacobs, Sammy Cahn & Paul Chaplin 1937

V	C-	D [∅]	G ⁷	C-	D [∅]	G ⁷	
	C-	F-		C-	G ⁷		
	C-	D [∅]	G ⁷	C-	D [∅]	G ⁷	
	C-	F-		G ⁷	G ⁷		
A ₁	C-	C-		C-	C		
	G ⁷	G ⁷		C-	C-		
A ₂	C-	C-		C-	C		
	G ⁷	G ⁷		C-	C ⁻⁷		
B	F-	F-		C-	C ⁻⁷		
	F-	F-		G ⁷	G [∅]	G ⁷	
A ₃	C-	C-		C-	C		
	G ⁷	G ⁷		C-	C-		

Cm. Verses 1. Teil tp 2. Teil Sandra. S: 2-3mal

Verse: Of all the boys I've known, and I've known
 some Until I first met you I was lonesome
 And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
 And this old world seemed new to me. You're really swell, I
 have to admit, you Deserve expressions that really
 fit you And so I've wracked my brain, hoping to
 explain All the things that you do to me

"Bei mir bist Du schön." please let me explain,
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." means that you're grand.
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." Again I'll explain, It means

you're the fairest in the land. I could say "Bella,
 Bella," even say "Voonderbar," Each language only
 helps me tell you how grand you are. I've tried to
 explain, "Bei mir bist Du schön," So kiss me and say
 you understand.

Bei mir bist du schön, Please let me explain Bei mir
 bist du schön, Means that you're grand. I've tried to
 explain, Bei mir bist du schön So please tell me that
 you understand I could say you're the top You're the
 apex You're delovely.

Volare

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/M Parrish 1958

V	E ^b Δ		E ^o		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	
	G ⁻⁷		G ^{b0}		F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	
	F ⁷		C ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ ^{/B^b}		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷	
B	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁻⁷
	C ⁻	C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁶	G ⁻	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷	
	D ^o		G ⁷		C ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷	
	A ^{b-7}		A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	G ^b Δ		B ^{b7}	F ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷	C ⁻⁷
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	

Es I: voc. Verse/Thema-voc

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più. Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu. Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapito. E incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu dipinto di blu Felice di stare lassu

E volavo, volavo felice Più in alto del sole ed ancora più in su Mentre il mondo pian piano Spariva lontano laggiu Una musica dolce suonava Soltanto per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu dipinto di blu Felice di stare lassu

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscon perché Quando

tramonta, la luna li porta con sé Ma io continuo a sognare Negli occhi tuoi belli, che sono blu Come un cielo trapunto di stelle Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiu

E continuo a volare felice Più in alto del sole ed ancora più su Mentre il mondo pian piano scompare Negli occhi tuoi blu La tua voce e una musica dolce Che suona per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu Felice di stare quaggiu Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiu

Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

I ₁	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
I ₂	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
B	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ⁶	C ⁶	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ U.S.W.	

C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

Winter Wonderland

Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith 1934

A	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ
A	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ
B	B ^Δ F ^{#7}	B ^Δ	B ^Δ F ^{#7}	B ^Δ
	D ^Δ A ⁷	D ^Δ	E ⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷
A	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ
S	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ		

G S: dehnen ab A⁷

Sleighbells ring, are you list'nin'?
 In the lane, snow is glist'nin',
 beautiful sight,
 we're happy tonight,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

Gone away is the bluebird,
 here to stay is a new bird;
 He sings of a love song,
 as we go along,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
 Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
 He'll say, "Are you married?"
 We'll say, "No man!
 But you can do the job when you're in town!"

Later on, we'll conspire,
 As we dream by the fire,
 To face unafraid,
 the plans that we made,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

//

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
 Then pretend that he's a circus clown;
 We'll have lots of fun with Mister Snowman,
 Until the other kiddies knick him down!

When it snows, ain't it thrillin',
 Tho' your nose gets a chillin'?
 We'll frolic and play
 the Eskimo way,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

Mean to Me

Music Fred A. Ahlert Lyrics Roy Turk 1929

A ₁	C ^Δ C ^{#0} D ⁻⁷ D ^{#0} C ^Δ C ⁷ F ⁷ F ⁻⁷
	C ^Δ / _G A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^Δ A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
A ₂	C ^Δ C ^{#0} D ⁻⁷ D ^{#0} C ^Δ C ⁷ F ⁷ F ⁻⁷
	C ^Δ / _G A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^Δ (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)
B	F ^Δ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ^Δ B ^{b9} /E [∅] A ⁷
	D ⁻ B ^{b9} /E [∅] A ⁷ D ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁺⁵
A ₃	C ^Δ C ^{#0} D ⁻⁷ D ^{#0} C ^Δ C ⁷ F ⁷ F ⁻⁷
	C ^Δ / _G A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^Δ (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

C. cool spielen, nicht zu schnell. I: 4Takte, S: normal

You're Mean To Me,
Why must you be Mean to Me?
Gee, honey, it seem to me
you love to see me cryin' I don't know why.

You treat me coldly
each day in the year.
You always scold me
Whenever somedoby is near, dear.

I stay home
each night when you say you'll phone.
You don't and I'm left alone,
singin' the blues and sighin'.

It must be
great fun to be Mean To Me.
You shouldn't, for can't you see
what you Mean To Me?

D ^Δ D ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁻⁷
D ^Δ / _A B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
D ^Δ D ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁻⁷
D ^Δ / _A B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ (A ⁻⁷ D ⁷)
G ^Δ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹ G ^Δ C ⁹ /F ^{#∅} B ⁷
E ⁻ C ⁹ /F ^{#∅} B ⁷ E ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷⁺⁵
D ^Δ D ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁻⁷
D ^Δ / _A B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ (B ⁻⁷ E ⁷)

I Love Paris

Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter «Can-Can» 1953

I	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	A ⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	F [#] ∅	B ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D ^Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A	D-	D-	D-	D-	
	D-	D-	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D-	D-	
	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	D ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	F [∅]	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ		F [#] - ⁷	B ⁷
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		D-	D- (E [∅] A ⁷)

Verse:

Ev'ry time I look down
 on this timeless town,
 Whether blue or gray be her skies,
 Whether loud be her cheers,
 or whether soft be her tears,
 more and more do I realize (that ...)

I love Paris in the spring time,
 I love Paris in the fall,
 I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles,
 I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles

I love Paris ev'ry moment,
 ev'ry moment of the year,
 I love Paris, why, oh why do I love Paris?
 Because my love is here.

D/Dmoll S. einfach

All of Me

Music by Gerald Marks Lyrics by Seymour Simons 1931

I	B ^b Δ G ⁷	B ⁰ C ⁷	F ^Δ _{/C} • • • F ^Δ • • •	D ⁷ • • • •	
A ₁	F ^Δ D ⁷ E [∅] G ⁷	F ^Δ D ⁷ A ⁷ G ⁷	A ⁷ _{/E} G ⁻ D ⁻ G ⁻⁷	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ D ⁷ B ^b Δ G ⁷	F ^Δ D ⁷ B ⁰ C ⁷	A ⁷ _{/E} G ⁻ F ^Δ _{/C} F ^Δ	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁷ F ^Δ	

F I: letzte 8T. p ... voc. S 2x

All of me,
 why not take all of me?
 Can't you see, I'm not good without you.
 Take my lips, I want to loose them,
 take my arms, I'll never use them.
 Your good-bye
 left me with eyes that cry,

how can I go on, Dear, without you.
 You took the part,
 that once was my heart,
 so why not take all of me.

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanlay Adams 1934

A	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	E ^b O	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ		
B	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷		
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷		
C	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	E ^b O	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b7}	C ^Δ	E ^b O		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ		

C Langsam! S: aushalten

What a diff'rence a day made,
 twentyfour little hours,
 brought the sound and the flowers
 where the used to be rain.

My yesterday was blue dear,
 today I'm part you you dear,
 my lonely nights are thru dear,
 since you said you were mine.

Whar a diff'rence a day makes,
 there's a rainbow before me,
 skies above can't be stormy
 since that moment of bliss;
 that thrilling kiss.

It's heaven when you
 find romance on you menu.
 What a diff'rence a day made,
 and the diff'rence is you.

I Wish You Love

Music and Lyrics by Charles Trenet 1946

V	C ⁻	C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁶	D [∅]	G ⁷⁺⁵	
	C ⁻	C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁶	D [∅]	G ⁷⁺⁵	
	C ⁻	C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁶	D [∅]	G ⁷⁺⁵	
	C ^Δ		A [∅]	A ^{b7+11}	G ⁷⁹	G ⁷⁹⁵	
A ₁	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	
A ₂	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
B	F ^Δ		F ⁻⁷		C ^{6/9} A ^{b7}	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷ D ⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ A ⁷	
A ₃	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ	C ^Δ (A ⁷)	

C A/A voc/p, **B** tutti, **A**, ... **S**: rit.

Verse:
Français

Chorus:
Français/English

Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps

Music (Bolero) & Lyrics by Oswaldo Farrés (Cuba) Lyrics by Davis 1947

A ₁	B ^b -	E ^b -	B ^b -	E ^b -
	B ^b -	C ⁷ F ⁷	B ^b - E ^b -	F ⁷
A ₂	B ^b -	E ^b -	B ^b -	E ^b -
	B ^b - G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ F ⁷	B ^b -	B ^b -
B	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	F ⁷
A ₃	B ^b -	E ^b -	B ^b -	E ^b -
	B ^b -	C ⁷ F ⁷	B ^b -	B ^b -

Bm – S: insgesamt 3 x, plus cha-cha-cha

Siempre que te pregunto / Que, cuándo, cómo
y dónde / Tú siempre me respondes / Quizás,
quizás, quizás

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás
Estás perdiendo el tiempo / Pensando,
pensando / Por lo que más tú quieras / ¿Hasta
cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo?

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás
Estás perdiendo el tiempo / Pensando,
pensando / Por lo que más tú quieras / ¿Hasta
cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo?

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás

You won't admit you love me and so / How am I
ever to know / You only tell me / Perhaps, perhaps,
perhaps

A million times I ask you and then / I ask you over
again / You only answer / Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps
If you can't make your mind up / We'll never
get started / And I don't want to wind up / Being
parted, broken hearted

So if you really love me say, "yes" / But if you don't,
dear, confess / And please don't tell me / Perhaps,
perhaps, perhaps

If you can't make your mind up / We'll never
get started / And I don't want to wind up / Being
parted, broken hearted /

So if you really love me say, "yes" / But if you don't,
dear, confess / And please don't tell me / Perhaps,
perhaps, perhaps ...

www.phespirit.info/places/2000_07_havana_1.htm

Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene De Paul Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1953

A ₁	G ^Δ C ⁷	B ⁻⁷ G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	B [∅] _{/F} E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
A ₂	G ^Δ C ⁷	B ⁻⁷ G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	B [∅] _{/F} E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ C ⁷	G ^Δ B ^{bO}
B	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ
	C ^{#∅} F ^{#7-9}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
A _{2/3}	G ^Δ C ⁷	B ⁻⁷ G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	B [∅] _{/F} E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ (E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷)

G. Breaks nach A1. tutti, S: aushalten

Did you say "I've got a lot to learn?" Well, don't think I'm trying not to learn, Since this is the perfect spot to learn, Teach Me Tonight.

Starting with the "A, B, C" of it, Right down to the "X, Y, Z" of it, Help me solve the mystery of it, Teach Me tonight.

The sky's a blackboard high above you, If a shootin' star goes by I'll use that star to write I love you, A thousand times across the sky.

One thins isn't very clear, my love, Should the teacher stand so near, my love, Graduation's almost here, my love, Teach Me Tonight.

Stars Fell on Alabama

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	
B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁶	F [#]	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ A ^{7/c#}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7/c}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹)	

F I: 4 Takte

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white
 And stars fell on Alabama last night
 I can't forget the glamor, your eyes held a tender light
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
 A fairy land where no one else could enter
 And in the center, just you and me
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
 A fairy land where no one else could enter
 In the center, just you and me
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

A ₁	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	B ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁻	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ (E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	

C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me

My baby don't care for shows,
 My baby don't care for clothes,
 My baby just cares for me!
 My baby don't care for fur and laces,
 My baby don't care for high-tone places.
 My baby don't care for rings,
 Or other expensive things,
 She sensible as can be.
 My baby don't care who knows it,
 My baby don't care for me!
 My baby don't care for jazz,
 A better idea she has,
 My baby just cares for me!
 My baby won't stand for outside petting,
 For theatres and joyrides she's not fretting.
 My Baby's no "gadabout."
 At home she's just mad about,
 'Cause Baby's home-grown you see,
 My baby don't care who knows it,
 My baby don't care for me!

My baby dont care for shows
 My baby dont care for clothes
 My baby just cares for me
 My baby dont care for cars and races
 My baby dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style
 And even Lana Turners smile
 Is somethin he cant see
 My baby dont care who knows
 My baby just cares for me

That Ole Devil Called Love

Music & Lyrics Allen Roberts & Doris Fisher 1944

A ₁	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7	B ^b Δ/D-7 D ^b 0	C-7 D ⁰ G7	
A ₂	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7	B ^b Δ	D-7 G7	
B	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ/D-7 D ^b 7	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	
	A ⁰ D7-9	G-7	C7	C-7 A ^b 7 G7	
A ₃	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7 G7	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ (D ⁰ G7)	
S: +	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	

B (C-7). S + 2 T

It's that ole devil called love again gets behind me
and keeps givin' me that shove again, putting rain in
my eyes, tears in my dreams, and rocks in my heart.

It's that sly sun-of-a-gun again, he keeps telling me
that I'm the lucky one again, but I still have the rain
still have those tears and those rocks in my heart.

Suppose I didn't stay, and ran away, wouldn't play
that devil, what a potion he would brew. He'd follow
me around, Build me up, tear me down, till I'd be so
bewildered, I wouldn't know what to do.

Might as well give up the fight again, I know darn
well he'll convince me he's right again, hen he sings
that siren song I just gotta tag along With that ole
devil called love

Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Leo Robin 1949

I	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₁	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		
	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ	D ^b O	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁻		C ⁻		C ⁻		C ⁻	G ⁷	
	C ⁷		C ⁷		F ⁷		F ⁷		
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	E ^b -	
	B ^b Δ	D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷		F ⁷		
	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		D [∅]		G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷⁻⁹		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		

A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental
 But diamonds are a girl's best friend.
 A kiss may be grand
 But it won't pay the rental
 on you humble flat
 Or help you at the Automat.
 Man grow cold as girls grow old
 And we all lose our charme in the end.
 Bud squarecut of pearshape.
 These rocks don's lose their shape.
 Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

There may come a time
 when a lass needs a lawyer.
 But diamonds are a girl's best friend.
 There may come a time
 When a hard boiled employer
 thinks you're awful nice.
 But get that "ice" or else no dice. He's you guy when
 stocks are high.
 But beware when they start to descend.
 It's then that those louses go back to their spouses.

C Abfolge:

Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1958

I	F Δ G 7	B b7 G -7 C 7	F Δ E b7 F Δ	D $^{7-9}$ (G -7 C 7)	
A $_1$	F Δ F Δ F Δ	A -7 A bO C -7 F 7 B b7	G -7 B $^b\Delta$ A 7 D 7	C 7 E b7 G 7 C 7	
A $_2$	F Δ F Δ F Δ	A -7 A bO C -7 F 7 B b7	G -7 B $^b\Delta$ F Δ	C 7 E b7 F Δ	
B	D $^b\Delta$ E $^b-7$ D $^b\Delta$ D $^b+5$ D -7	D $^b+5$ A b7 D $^b\Delta$ G 7	G $^b\Delta$ D $^b\Delta$ C Δ C 7 G 7	G $^b\Delta$ E $^b-7$ A b7 C Δ A -7 C 7	
A $_3$	F Δ F Δ F Δ G 7	A -7 A bO C -7 F 7 B b7 G -7 C 7	G -7 B $^b\Delta$ F Δ E b7 F Δ	C 7 E b7 D $^{7-9}$ (G -7 C 7)	

F I: letzte 8 T. p-voc S: 2x

When dad and mother discovered one another,
they dreamed of the day when they would love
and honor and obey, and during all their modest
spooning, their'd blush and speak of honeymooning,
and if your memory recalls, they spoke of Niag'ra
falls. But today, my darling, to day, when you meet
the one you love, you say:
Come fly with me! Lets's fly! Let's fly away! If you
can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far
Bombay, Come fly with me! Lets's fly! let's fly away!

Come fly with me! Lets's float down to Peru! In
Llama Land there's a one man band and he'll toot
his flute for you. Come fly with me! Lets's take of in
the blue!

Once I get you up there, where the air is rarified,
we'll just glide, starry eyed, once I get you up there,
I'll be holding you so near, you may hear angels
cheer, 'cause we're together. Weather wise it's such
a lovely day!.

Just say the words and we'll beat the birds down
to Acapulco Bay. It's perfect for a flying honeymoon,
they say, come fly with me! Lets's fly! let's fly away!

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}	E ^b Δ	G [∅] _{/D^b}	
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	D ^{b7}	
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, a lone. Get you and keep you in my arms evermore, leave all your lovers weeping on the faraway shore.

Out on the briny with a moon big an shiny, melting your heart of stone, I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, alone.

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten

I'm Glad There Is You

Music by Jimmy Dorsey Lyrics by Paul Madeira 1941

I	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
A ₁	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	B ^{b-7}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
A ₂	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	D ^{-5b7} _{/A^b}	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
B	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-5b7} D ⁷⁺⁵	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	B ^{b-7}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7j} _{/D}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	

B – Abfolge

In this world of ordinary people,
extraordinary people,
I'm glad there is you.

In this world of overrated pleasures,
of underrated treasures,
I'm glad there is you.

I'll live to love, I'll love to live with you beside me.
This role so new, I'll muddle thru' with you to guide
me.

In this world where many many play at love,
and hardly any stay in love,
I'm glad there is you.
More than ever, I'm glad there is you.

La vie en rose

Music by Louis Guglielmi Lyrics by Édith Piaf 1945



V	F Δ	D 7	G $^{-7}$	C 7 / _E	F Δ / _A	F \sharp $^{\circ}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	
A	F Δ	F Δ	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	F 6	F 6	F 6	
	F Δ	A $^{-7}$	A $^{\flat}$ $^{\circ}$	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	C 7	C 7	
	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	C 7	C 7	C 7	
	G $^{-7}$	A $^{-7}$	B \flat	C 7	F	D \flat 7	G $^{-7}$	C 7	
	F Δ	F Δ	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	D \flat 7	F 6	F 6	
B	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	B \flat	B \flat	B \flat	B \flat	B \flat	B \flat	
	B \flat $^{-6}$	B \flat $^{-6}$	A $^{-7}$	A $^{-7}$	A $^{-7}$	D 7	D 7	D 7	
	G 7	G 7	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	C 7	C 7	
	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	F 6	F 6	A $^{-7}$	A $^{-7}$	A $^{\flat}$ $^{\circ}$	
C	G $^{-7}$	C 7	F 6	F 6	F 6	F 6	F 6	F 6	

F. Break. V ad lib. Tutti. Bass 1 + 3 Soli Bass 1+2+3+4

Mack the Knife

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein 1928

1	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ
1 _{3x}	E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ E ^o B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷
2	E ^Δ F ^{#-7} D ^{b-7} G ^{b-7}	E ^Δ F ^o B ⁷ D ^{b-7} B ⁷	F ^{#-7} E ^Δ G ^{b-7} E ^Δ	B ⁷ A ^{b7} / _{C[#]} G ^{b-7} C ⁷
3	F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ F ^{#o} C ⁷ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ	C ⁷ A ⁷ / _E G ⁻⁷ B ⁷
4	G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} E ^{b-7} A ^{b-7}	G ^{bΔ} G ^o D ^{b7} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ}	D ^{b7} B ^{b7} / _F A ^{b-7} D ⁷
5	G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^Δ D ^{#o} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{B^b} A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ
6	A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	A ^{bΔ} a ^o E ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7}	B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}	E ^{b7} C ⁷ / _G B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}

Es. 2x t 1tutti in Es, dann 1/2 Ton höher.

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear, and he shows them pearly white. Just a jack-knife has Mack Heath dear, and he keeps it out of sight.

When the shark bites with his teeth dear, scarlet billows start to spread. Fancy gloves do, wears Mack Heath dear, so there's not trace of red.

On the sidewalk Sunday morning lies a body oozing life. Someone's sneaking around the corner. Is that someone Mack the Knife?

Yes from a tugboat by the river a cement bag drooping down. And the cement's, for the weight dear. You know that Mack Heath 's back in town.

Yeah Louis Miller disappeared dear, after drawing out all his cash. And Mack Heath spends like a sailor. Did our boy do something rash?

Suki Todre, Jenny Diver, Lotti Lenya, sweet Lucy Brown. Yes the line forms on the right dear, now that Mack Heath 's back in town.

I Can't Give You ...

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields Music by Jimmy McHugh 1927

A ₁	C ^Δ	F ⁹	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	F ⁹	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ
	D ⁷		D ⁷		D ⁻⁷		G ⁷
A ₂	C ^Δ	F ⁹	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		F ^Δ	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F ^{#0}		C ^Δ	A ⁷	
	D ⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ / _G	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷

I can't give you anything but love, Baby, that's
the only thing I've plenty of, Baby.
Dream awhile, schem awhile,
we're sure to find, happiness, and I guess,
all those things I've always pined for.
Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, Baby,

diamond bracelets, woolworth doesn't sell baby.
Till that lucky day, you know darned well, Baby,
I can't give you anything but love.

C

A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$
	B \flat Δ	A 7	D $^{-7}$	G 7
	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	D $^{-7}$ D $^{-6}$	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$
	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ G 7	C $^{-7}$ F 7
A $_1$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	B \flat Δ	F $^{-7}$ B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	D $^{-7}$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7	F 7
A $_2$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	F $^{-7}$	B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	B \flat Δ C $^{-7}$	B \flat Δ C $^{-7}$	B \flat Δ G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$ F 7
	B \flat Δ /F (D 7 /F)	C 7 /F (F 7)		

B. S: normal

I was a stranger in the city.
 Out of town were the people I knew.
 I had that feeling of selfpity,
 what to do! What to do? What to do?
 The outlook was decidedly blue.
 But as I walked through the foggy streets alone,
 it turned out to be the luckiest day I've know.
 A foggy day in London town

Had me low and had me down.
 I viewed the morning with alarm,
 the British Museum hat lost its charm.

How long I wondered, could this thing last?
 But the age of miracles hadn't passed.
 For, suddenly, I saw you there
 And through foggy London town the sun was
 shining ev'ry where.

Besame Mucho

Music Consuelo Velazquez & Lyrics by Sunny Skylar 1941

I	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
A	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
B	D-		A-		E ⁷	D-	A-	
	D-		A-		B ⁷	F ⁷	E ⁷	
A	A-	D-	A-		D-	x	D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-	E ⁷	A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	

Am

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte otra vez

Quiero tenerte muy
 Cerca, mirarme en tus
 Ojos, verte junto a mí
 Piensa que tal vez
 Mañana yo ya estaré
 Lejos, muy lejos de ti

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte después

Whispering

Music by John Schonberger Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger 1920

I	A ^b Δ	B ^o	B ^b -7	E ^b 7
A ₁	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 A ^b Δ / _C	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^o	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 B ^b -7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 E ^b 7
A ₂	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^b ∅	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 E ^b 7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ

As Old Time Jazz

Whispering the while you cuddle near me,
whispering so no one near can hear me;
each little whisper seems to cheer me;
I know it's true, there is no one, dear but you, you're
whispering just why you'll never leave me,
whispering just why you'll never grieve me;
whisper and say that you believe me,
whisper that I love but you.

Lass mich dein Badewasser schlürfen,
einmal dich abfrottieren dürfen
und deine Oberweite messen
und alle andern Frau'n vergessen, vergessen.
Lass mich dich einmal nur massieren
und deine Rippen dabei spüren,
für einen Kuss auf deine Sohlen
möcht' ich dein Pantoffel sein.

Lass mich auf deinem Sofa ahnen,
lass mich doch deine Steuern zahlen,

lass mich doch deine Wimpern pinseln,
vor deinem Himmelbettchen winseln, ja winseln.

Lass mich dich Tag und Nacht verhätscheln
und deine schlanken Hüften tätscheln,
lass mich heut' Nacht dein Troubadour sein
und vor dir mich niederknien.

Lass mich doch deine Wäsche waschen,
von deinem Frühstücksteller naschen,
lass dir beim Gurgeln in den Mund sehn
und deiner Seele auf den Grund geh'n, ja Grund
geh'n.

Lass deine Pfirsichhaut berühren
und dich im Mondschein pediküren,
laß dir ein Heia-Liedchen singen,
daß du süßer träumen kannst,
(. . . süßer träumen kannst, Traum von mir.)

Text: Comedian Harmonists, 20er-Jahre

www.mevis.de/~meyer/Gedichte/Badewasser.html

http://www.skiffle.de/s_bade.txt

There Will Never Be Another You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Mark Gordon 1942

A ₁	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b Δ	A ^{b7}	B ^b Δ D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b Δ	A ^{b7}	B ^b Δ	C ⁷ C ^{#0}	
	B ^b Δ E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^b Δ	

B I: 4 Takte Turnaround, S: +4 Takte, aushalten

There will be many other nights like this, and I'll
be standing here with someone new, There will be
other songs to sing, another fall, another spring, but
There Will Never Be Another You.

There will be other lips that I may kiss, but they
won't thrill me like yours used to do. Yes, I may
dream a million dreams, but how can they come
true, if there will never ever be another you?

These Foolish Things

Music by Jack Starchey & Harry Link Lyrics by Holt Marvel 1953

A ₁	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
B	D ⁻		E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	B [∅]	B ^{b-}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ /A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	F ⁷⁻⁹	

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to romantic places, And still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • A tinkling piano in the next apartment, Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, A fair ground's painted swings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • You came, you saw, you conquer'd me; When you did that to me, I knew somehow this hat to be.
 • The winds of March that make my heart a dancer, A telephone that rings, but who's the answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

First daffodils and long excited cables, And candlelight on little corner tables, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The park at evening when the bell has sounded, The "Île de France" with all the gulls around it. The beauty that is Spring's, These Foolish Things remind

me of you. • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations, Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations, Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on the pillow, Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses, The waiters whistling as the last bar closes, The song that Cropsy sings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers, Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

B, langsam

Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

A	F ⁶		F ⁶	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	A ⁻⁷		A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹		G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
B	F ⁶		F ⁶	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
	C ⁶		G ⁻⁷ /D ^{b13}		C ⁶		G ⁻⁷ /D ^{b13}	
	C ⁶		D ⁻⁹	G ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
C	F ⁶		F ⁶	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	E ^{b7}		D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^{b-7}		A ⁻⁷		A ^{b0}	
	G ¹³		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^{b-7}		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵

F schnell I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T

Day in, day out The same old hoodoo follows
me about, The same old pounding in my heart
whenever I think of you and darling, I think of you
da in day out.

Day out, day in, I needn't tell you how my days
begin. When I awake I awaken with a tingle,

one possibility in view, Theat possibility of maybe
seeing you.

Come rain, come shine, I meet you and the day is
fine, Then I kiss your lips and the pounding become
the ocean's roar, A thousand drums.

Can't you see it's love, can there be any doubt,
when there it is, day in day out.

Evil Gal Blues

Music by Leonard Feather Lyrics by Lionel Hampton 1944

A	C ^Δ		C ⁶		C ^Δ		C ⁷		
	F ⁷		F ⁷		C ^Δ		A ⁷		
	D ⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ		C ^Δ		
S	C ^Δ • • •		C ^Δ • • •		C ^Δ • • •		C ⁷		
	F ⁷		F ⁷		C ^Δ		A ⁷		
	D ⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ		C ^Δ		

C; Stopper beim 2. und 3. Mal (von 4)

I'm an evil gal; don't you bother with me
 Yes, I'm an evil gal; don't you bother with me
 I'll empty your pockets and fill you with misery

I've got men to the left, men to the right
 Men every day and men every night

I've got so many mem, mmm, I don't know what to do
 So I'm tellin' you, daddy, I ain't no good to you

I've got men in the east, men in the west
 But my man here in Harlem always loves me the best
 I'm an evil gal and I need an evil man
 But I'm down in the dumps since I lost him to Uncle Sam

If you want to be happy, don't hang around with me
 Mmm, I said if you wanna be happy, don't hang around with me
 'Cause I'm an evil gal and I want to set you free

My Heart Belongs to Daddy

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1938

A ₁	F- C ⁷ F- C ⁷	F- C ⁷ F- C ⁷	F- G [∅] C ⁷ F- G [∅] C ⁷	B ^b - F- C ⁷⁺⁵ B ^b - F- C ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₂	F- C ⁷ F ^Δ B ^b -	F- C ⁷ F ^Δ F ^Δ	F- C ⁷ F ⁷ G [∅] C ⁷	C ⁷ F ^Δ B ^b Δ F-	

F > Fm

While tearing off, a game of golf,
I may make a play for the caddie;
But when I do I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to daddy

If I invite A Boy som night
To dine on my fine finan haddie,
I just adore His asking for more,
But my heart belongs to daddy

Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,
So I simply couldn't be bad.
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,
Da-da-da-da-da-da-ad-ad!
So I want to warn you, laddie,
Tho' I know you're perfectly swell.
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'Cause my daddy he treats it so well.

Though I'm in love, I'm not above
A date with a duke or a caddie
It's just a pose, 'cause my baby knows
That my heart belongs to daddy

When some good scout, invites me out
To dine om some fine fin and haddie
My baby's sure, his love is secure
Cause my heart belongs to daddy

Yes my heart belongs to daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
Yes I'm gonna marry daddy
Da-a-a-a-a-a-a-ad
If you feel romantic laddy
Let me warn you right from the start
That my heart belongs to daddy
And my daddy belongs to my heart

Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by N. Gimbel & V. DeMoraes 1965

I	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
B	E ^Δ	E ^Δ	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁹	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
S	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

Es Mittelteil einfach spielen.

Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The boy from Ipanema goes walking,
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
“aaah”.

When he walks, he's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
“aaah”.

Ooh, But I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him?
Yes I would give my heart gladly –
But each day, when he walks to the sea
He looks straight ahead, not at he (me)
Tall and tan and young and lovely
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, I smile – but he doesn't see.