

Shrink&Jazz – 26. Okt. 2016 Rümlang

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A– voc/p > tutti S: 2x

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

Es. 2x t utti in Es, dann ½ Ton höher.

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

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Music Vincent Youmans Lyrics Edward Eliscu, William Rose 1929

? DUO G

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Music by Henry Creamer Lyrics by J. Turner Layton 1918

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

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Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

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Cm A1: ts/b, A2: + dr, B: + p

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Music & Lyrics Allen Roberts & Doris Fisher 1944

B (C–). S + 2 T

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Music by Gerald Marks Lyrics by Seymour Simons 1931

F I: letzte 8T. tp, voc, p ... voc

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Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

Es

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Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1930

DUO C

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Music by Leonard Feather Lyrics by Lionel Hampton 1944

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Es S: 3x (Gm⁷, C⁷)

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Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

B

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Music & Lyics by Joan Javits, Phil Springer & Tony Springer 1953

C

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Music & Lyics by Haven Gillespie & J. Fred Coots 1934

F

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G

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G

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Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

C

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Cm, (ohne p, ts)

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Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon 1928

V	D-	D-	G-	D-
	G- ⁶	A ⁷⁺⁵	D-	C ⁷
	D-	A ⁷	G- ⁶	A ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ^{#0}	G-	D-
	G ⁷	G ⁷	G- ⁷	G- ^{7b5}
				C ⁷
A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	G- ⁷	F ^{7j}
	F _{/A}	A ^{b0}	G- ⁷	C ⁷
	G- ⁷	G- ^{7j}	G- ⁷	C ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A- ^{7b5}	D ⁷
	G- ⁷	G- ⁷	G- ^{7b5}	C ⁷
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A- ^{7b5}	D ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}

F

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go singing low,
Bye Bye Blackbird. Where somebody waits for me,
sugar's sweet, so is she, Bye Bye Blackbird. No one

here can love and understand me, oh what hard luck
stories they all hand me. Make my bed and light the
light, I'll arrive late tonight, black bird bye bye.

Beispiele: [Etta James](#) | [Rod Stewart](#) (Verse) |

How High the Moon

Music by Morgan Lewis Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton 1940

A ₁	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	A ^{-5b7} D ⁷	G ⁻	A ^{-5b7} D ⁷	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
A ₂	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	A ^{-5b7} D ⁷	G ^{7j}	C ⁻	
	B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7/B^{b0}}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	

G Intro: ts ohne Begleitung. S: 3x

Somewhere there's music, how faint the tune!
 Somewhere there's heaven, How High The Moon!
 There is no moon above when love is far away too,
 'till it comes true that you love me as I love you.
 Somewhere there's

music, it's where you are. Somewhere there's
 heaven, how near how far! The darkest night would
 shine if you would come to me soon .Until you will.
 how still my heart, How High The Moon!

F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
D ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7} C ⁷	F ⁻	G ^{-5b7} C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
D ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7} C ⁷	F ^{7j}	B ^{b-}	
A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

Beispiele «Ornithology»: [Charlie Parker](#) | [Karrin Allyson](#) | [Eddie Jefferson](#)

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^{b7j}	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^{b7j}		G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7} _{/D^b}	C ⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	

A ₂	E ^{b7j}	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^{b7j}		G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	_{/D}	E ^{b7j}

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

F ^{7j}	(A ⁻⁷)	D ⁷ _{/F[#]}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	
F ^{7j}		A ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷
G ⁻⁷		G ^{#0}	F ^{7j}	A ^{-5b7} _{/E^b}	D ⁷
G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	

F ^{7j}	(A ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	
F ^{7j}		A ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷
G ⁻⁷		E ^{b7}	F ^j	E ^{b7}	D ⁷
G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B ^b ₇ / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b ₇ / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	E ^b _{7j}	A ^b ₇	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b ₇ / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b ₇ / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	E ^b _{7j}	A ^b ₇	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇					
A ₁	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇₊₄		
	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇		E ^b _{7j}		C ^{-7j}		
	A ^{-5b} ₇		D ⁷⁺⁹		G ⁻⁷	G ^b ₀	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	
A ₃	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇₊₄		
	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F [#] ₀		
	E ^b _{7j} / _{B^b}		E ^b _{7j} / _{B^b}		F ⁷		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇		E ^b _{7j}		(F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇)		

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

F ^{7j}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁴
F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	D ^{-7j}
B ^{-5b} ₇	E ⁷⁺⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^b ₀ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
F ^{7j}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁴
F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G [#] ₀
F ^{7j} / _C	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	(G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene De Paul Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1953

A ₁	G ^{7j}	C ⁷	B ⁻⁷	G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5} / _F	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
A ₂	G ^{7j}	C ⁷	B ⁻⁷	G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5} / _F	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	C ⁷	G ^{7j}	B ^{bO}	
B	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		
	C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7-9}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
A _{2/3}	G ^{7j}	C ⁷	B ⁻⁷	G ^{#O}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5} / _F	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	(E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷)	

G. tutti, tp, p/voc 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.

A ^{7j}	D ⁷	C ^{#-7}	A ^{#O}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#-7b5} / _G	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
A ^{7j}	D ⁷	C ^{#-7}	A ^{#O}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#-7b5} / _G	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	D ⁷	A ^{7j}	C ^O	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	F ^{#7-9}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}		
D ^{#-7b5}	G ^{#7-9}	C ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
A ^{7j}	D ⁷	C ^{#-7}	A ^{#O}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#-7b5} / _G	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	(F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷)	

Volare >>

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

V	E ^{b7j}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b^o}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ / _{B^b}	B ^{b7} C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j} B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
B	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} C ⁻⁷
	C ⁻ C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁶	G ⁻ D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷
	D ^{-7,5}	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷
	A ^{b-7}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	G ^{b7j}	B ^{b7} F ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j} B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ C ⁻⁷
S	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}

Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc

English

Sometimes the world is a valley
of heartaches and tears
And in the hustle and bustle,
no sunshine appears;
But you and I have our love
always there to remind us
There is a way we can leave
all the shadows behind us.

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh.
Let's fly way up to the clouds,
Away from the madd'ning crowds.
Let us sing in the glow of a star
that I know of,
Where lovers enjoy peace of mind;
Let us leave the confusion and all
disillusion behind.
Just like birds of a feather,
a rainbow together we'll find.

Final Refrain:

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh
oh.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.

www.theguitarguy.com/volare.

htmlitaliano

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 lassù

E volavo, volavo felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu in
su
Mentre il mondo pian piano
Spariva lontano laggiù
Una musica dolce suonava
Soltanto per me
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassù

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 quaggiù

E continuo a volare felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu
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 quaggiù
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiù

I'm Through with Love

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

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	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 ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷	
B	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	(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.

Summer Samba (So Nice)

Music and Lyrics by Marcos Valle & Paulo Sergio Valle; Norman Gimbel 1965

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ^{—7}	E ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	E ^{b9}	E ^{b9}	
	A ^{—7}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ^{—7}	E ^{—5b7}	A ⁷⁺⁵
	D ^{—711}	G ⁷	G ^{—7}	D ^{b9}	C ⁷

A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ^{—7}	E ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	E ^{b9}	E ^{b9}	
	A ^{—7}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ^{—7}	C ^{—7-9}	
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	F ^{7j}	(G ^{—7}	C ⁷)

F

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
And be a team with me
So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me
Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me
Oh yeah, that would be so nice
I could see you and me, that would be nice

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
To be a team with me
So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me
Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me
Oh yes, that would be so nice
Shouldn't we, you and me?
I can see it will

G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	C ^{#—7}	F ^{#7}
C ^{7j}	C ⁶	F ⁹	F ⁹
B ^{—7}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ^{—7}	F ^{#—5b7} B ⁷⁺⁵
E ^{—711}	A ⁷	A ^{—7}	E ^{b9} D ⁷

G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	C ^{#—7}	F ^{#7}
C ^{7j}	C ⁶	F ⁹	F ⁹
B ^{—7}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ^{—7}	D ^{—7-9}
G ^{7j}	C ⁷	G ^{7j}	(A ^{—7} D ⁷)

There Will Never Be Another You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Mark Gordon 1942

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	B ^{b7j} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷
	C ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	B ^{b7j}	C ⁷ C ^{#0}
	B ^{b7j} E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j}

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?

C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁻⁹
A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	C ^{7j} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷
D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁻⁹
A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	D ⁷ D ^{#0}
C ^{7j} F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷⁻⁹	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}

Dream a Little Dream of Me

Music by Gus Kahn Lyrics by Wilbur Schwandt & Fabian Andree 1931

I	D ^{b7j}	A ⁷ A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	A ⁷ A ^{b7}	
A ₁	D ^{b7j}	A ⁷ A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7b5} /G ^{b-7}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	
A ₂	D ^{b7j}	A ⁷ A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7b5} /G ^{b-7}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7} E ^{b7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j} B ^{-7b5} E ⁷	
B	A ^{7j} F ^{#-7}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ^{7j} F ^{#-7}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	
	A ^{7j} F ^{#-7}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ^{7j}	E ^{b-7} / _{A^b} A ^{b7}	
A ₃	D ^{b7j}	A ⁷ A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7b5} /G ^{b-7}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7} E ^{b7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	

Des

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore tree
Dream a little dream of me

Say "Night-ie night" and kiss me
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be
Dream a little dream of me

Stars fading but I linger on, dear
Still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear
Just saying this

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be
Dream a little dream of me

E ^{b7j}	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} C ^{#-7b5} F ^{#7}	
B ^{7j} G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	B ^{7j} G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	
B ^{7j} G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	B ^{7j}	F ⁻⁷ / _{B^b} B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	

East of the Sun

Music and Lyrics by Brooks Bowman 1934

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ _{b5}	D ⁻⁷ _{b5}
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ⁻⁷ _{b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ _{b5}	D ⁻⁷ _{b5}
	D ⁻⁷ /C	B ⁻⁷ _{b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ _{b5}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-7}
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	(D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)

C I: letzte 12T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

East of The Sun
and west of the moon,
We'll build a dreamhouse of love, dear.
Near to the sun in the day,
near to the moon at night
we'll live in a lovely way, dear,
Living on love and pale moonlights.

Just you and I,
forever and a day,
Love will not die.
We'll keep it that way.
Up among the stars we'll find a harmony of life to a
lovely tune,
East of The Sun and west of the moon, dear,
East of The Sun and west of the moon.

D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷ _{b5}	E ⁻⁷ _{b5}
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	C ^{#-7} _{b5} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷
E ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷ _{b5}	E ⁻⁷ _{b5}
E ⁻⁷ /D	C ^{#-7} _{b5} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷ _{b5}	F ^{#-7}	F ⁻⁷
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷ _j	(E ⁻⁷ A ⁷)

What a Wonderful World

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss 1967

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{7/A}	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{7/A}	G ⁻⁷	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b7j}		
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{7/A}	G ⁻⁷	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	(S: D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b	E ^{b7j}	B ^b)	

B 2-Mal, «Schwänzchen» nur zuletzt

I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom
for me and you, and I thins to myself What A
Wonderful World. I see

Skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright
blessed day., the dark sacred night, and I think to
myself What A Wonderful Worlds. The
colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky are also

on the faces of people goin' by. I see
friends shakin' hands, sayin': "How do you do!"
They're really sayin' "I love you." I hear babies cry,
I watch them grow they'll much mor than I'll ever
know and I think to myself What A wonderful
Worlds, Yes, I think to myself What A Wonderful
World.

C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	E ^{7/B}	A ⁻⁷	
A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^{7j}	G ⁷	
C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	E ^{7/B}	A ⁻⁷	
A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		C ^j		
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
A ⁻⁷	E ⁻	A ⁻⁷	E ⁻	A ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	EE ^{7/B}	A ⁻⁷	
A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	(S: E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷		
D ⁻⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C	F ^{7j}	C)	

(Venez Donc) Chez Moi

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Sievier 1936

A	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷ (B ⁻⁷	A ^{-7/c}) D ⁷	G ^{7j} /B ^{-7b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
B	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷ B ^{bO}
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}

G p: Sous le ciel. I: 8 T, S:-

Venez donc chez moi je vous invite
Y a d'la joie chez moi c'est merveilleux
A côté des étoiles j'habite à deux pas du ciel
toujours bleu
J'attendrai chez moi votre visite
Là haut sous les toits dans mon logis
Tous les jours je reçois venez, venez vite,
C'est gentil chez moi, venez-y...

C'est gentil chez moi je vous invite
Vous serez pour moi le seul ami
Nous n'aurons plus jamais de visite
A la porte tous les ennuis
Nous serons heureux dans mon sixième
Il y a place pour deux dans mon logis
On comptera les fois où nous dirons «je t'aime»
Es-tu bien chez moi ! Restons-y...
Venez donc chez moi je vous invite

A ^{7j}	A ^{7j}	A ^{#7}	A ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷ (D ⁻⁷	C ^{-7/E}) E ⁷	G ^{7j} /C ^{#-7b5} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷
A ^{7j}	A ^{7j}	A ^{#7}	A ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j} B ⁻⁷	C ^{#-7} C ^O
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	A ^{7j}

Girl from Ipanema

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

I	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷
A ₁	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ⁷	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}
A ₁	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ⁷	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}
B	E ^{7j} E ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	E ^{7j} E ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁺⁹	A ⁷ C ⁷ D ^{b7} F ⁻⁷	A ⁷ C ⁷ D ^{b7} E ⁷
A ₁	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ⁷	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}	F ⁷ E ^{b7j}
S	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	E ^{b7j} E ^{b7j}	E ⁷ E ^{b7j}

Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc

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.

F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷ F ^{7j} C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷	G ⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁷ F ^{7j}	G ⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁷ F ^{7j}
F ^{#7j} E ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷	F ^{#7j} E ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁺⁹ F ^{7j} C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷	B ⁷ D ⁷ E ^{b7} G ⁻⁷ G ⁷ F ^{7j}	B ⁷ D ⁷ E ^{b7} C ⁷⁻⁵ G ⁷ F ^{7j}

Fly Me to the Moon

Music and Lyrics by Bart Howard 1954

I	F ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}
	D ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}
	D ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	C ^{-7b5} /G ^{b7}	F ⁷
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j} (G ^{-7b5} C ⁷⁻⁹)

Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, ts, Englisch

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.

G ⁻⁷	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷⁻⁹
G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}
E ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷ G ⁷
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷⁻⁹
G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}
E ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷ G ⁷
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ^{-7b5} /A ^{b7}	G ⁷
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} (A ^{-7b5} D ⁷⁻⁹)

Beautiful Love

Music by Victor Young Lyrics by Gillespie, King & Alstyne ©1931

A ₁	E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷	D ⁻	(D ⁷⁻⁹)
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ^{-5b7} A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	A ⁷
	D ⁻	B ^{-5b7}	E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷

A ₂	E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷	D ⁻	(D ⁷⁻⁹)
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ^{-5b7} A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	A ⁷
	D ⁻ B ^{-5b7}	B ^{b7} A ⁷	D ⁻	D ⁻

Beautiful love, you're all a mystery! Beautiful love,
what have you done to me? I was contented till you
came along thrilling my soul with your song.

Beautiful love I've roamed your paradise,
searching for love, my dream to realize, Reaching for
heaven, depending on you, Beautiful love, will my
dreams come true?

Dm Schluss: 3 x

F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷	E ⁻	(E ⁷⁻⁹)
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	F ^{#-5b7} B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	C ⁷	B ⁷
E ⁻	F ^{#-5b7}	F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷

F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷	E ⁻	(E ⁷⁻⁹)
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	F ^{#-5b7} B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	C ⁷	B ⁷
E ⁻ F ^{#-5b7}	C ⁷ B ⁷	E ⁻	E ⁻

Makin' Whoopee

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928

A ₁	C ^{7j} A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} C ⁷ F ^{7j} F ⁻
	C ^{7j} _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
A ₂	C ^{7j} A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} C ⁷ F ^{7j} F ⁻
	C ^{7j} _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^{7j} C ^{7j}
B	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷ F F ⁻ C ^{7j}
	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷ F F ⁻ C ⁷ _{/E} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
A ₃	C ^{7j} A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} C ⁷ F ^{7j} F ⁻
	C ^{7j} _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^{7j} C ^{7j}

C dr-Schlag, Intro. voc-tp/p-voc vor Solo >

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

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!

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!

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

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'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!

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!"

D ^{7j} B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^{7j} D ⁷ G ^{7j} G ⁻
D ^{7j} _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^{7j} B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
D ^{7j} B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^{7j} D ⁷ G ^{7j} G ⁻
D ^{7j} _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^{7j} D ^{7j}
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷ G G ⁻ D ^{7j}
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷ G G ⁻ D ⁷ _{/F#} E ^{bO} E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
F
D ^{7j} B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^{7j} D ⁷ G ^{7j} G ⁻
D ^{7j} _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^{7j} D ^{7j}

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 ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^{b-7}		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^{7j}	D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵

F 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 possibilityxy of maybe
seeing you.

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

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

A	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁹
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}
	A ⁻⁷		D ⁹		A ⁻⁷	D ⁹
	A ⁻⁷		D ⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
B	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁹
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	D ⁶		A ⁻⁷ /E ^{b13}		D ⁶	A ⁻⁷ /E ^{b13}
	D ⁶		E ⁻⁹	A ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
C	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁹
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	F ⁷	E ⁷
	A ⁷ / _{C#}		C ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}
	A ¹³		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷
	A ⁷ / _{C#}		C ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹
	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{7j}	E ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵

Time on My Hands

Music by Vincent Youmans Lyrics by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon 1930

V	G ⁻⁷ C ¹³⁻⁹ F ^{7j} D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁹⁽¹¹⁾ C ¹³ F ⁶
	G ⁻⁷ C ¹³⁻⁹ F ^{7j} D ⁻⁷ B ^{-7b5} E ⁷⁻⁹ A ^{7j} A ⁶
	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} _{/E} A ⁷⁺⁵ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ⁹
A	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} B ^{-7b5} E ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
A	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} B ^{-7b5} E ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ E ^{-7b5} A ⁷⁻⁹
B	D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹ D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹ G ⁹⁺¹¹ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹
	A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ _{/G} C ⁷⁻⁹
C	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} D ^{7-9 j1} D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁹⁺¹¹ C ⁷ F ^{7j} (D ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

F Garnern

When the day fades away into twilights,
the moon ist my light of love,
In the night I am quite a romancer,
I find an answer above.
To bring me consolation,
you're my inspiration.
This is my imagination.

Time on my hands,
You in my arms,
Nothing but love in view;
Then if you fall,
Once and for all
I'll see my dreams come true,
Moments to spare
for someone you care for;
one love affair for two.
With time on my hands
And you in my arms
And love in my heart all for you.

Mean to Me

Music Fred A. Ahlert Lyrics Roy Turk 1929

A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#0}	C ^{7j}	C ⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#0}	C ^{7j} C ⁷		F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	
B	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ^{7j}		B ^{b9} /E ^{-5b7} A ⁷		
	D ⁻		B ^{b9} /E ^{-5b7} A ⁷		D ⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₃	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#0}	C ^{7j}	C ⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	

C. S: normal (Musiktip von Martin: Billie Holyday)

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 ^{7j}	D ^{#0}	E ⁻⁷	F ⁰	D ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	
D ^{7j} / _A	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
D ^{7j}	D ^{#0}	E ⁻⁷	F ⁰	D ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	
D ^{7j} / _A	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}		(A ⁻⁷	D ⁷)	
G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ^{7j}		C ⁹ /F ^{#-5b7} B ⁷		
E ⁻		C ⁹ /F ^{#-5b7} B ⁷		E ⁷		E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁵	
D ^{7j}	D ^{#0}	E ⁻⁷	F ⁰	D ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	
D ^{7j} / _A	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}		(B ⁻⁷	E ⁷)	

Sunny

Music and Lyrics by Bobby Hebb 1966

A ₁	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}		
	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷		A ⁻⁷	(E ⁷)		

A- voc/p > tutti S: 2x

Sunny, thank you for the truth you let me see.
 Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z.
 My life was torn like wind-blown sand,
 Then a rock was formed when we held hands.
 Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thanks you for that smile upon your face.
 Sunny, thank you for that gleam that flows with
 grace.
 You're my spark of nature's fire,
 You're my sweet complete desire.
 Sunny one so true, I love you.

B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	C ⁷		
C ^{#-7b5}	F ^{#7}		B ⁻⁷	(F [#])		

Mack the Knife >>

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

1	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
1 _{3x}	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ⁰ B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j}	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷
2	E ^{7j} F ^{#-7} D ^{b-7} G ^{b-7}	E ^{7j} F ⁰ B ⁷ D ^{b-7} B ⁷	F ^{#-7} E ^{7j} G ^{b-7} E ^{7j}	B ⁷ A ^{b7} / _{C#} G ^{b-7} C ⁷
3	F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} F ^{#0} C ⁷ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j}	C ⁷ A ⁷ / _E G ⁻⁷ B ⁷
4	G ^{b7j} A ^{b-7} E ^{b-7} A ^{b-7}	G ^{b7j} G ⁰ D ^{b7} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	A ^{b-7} G ^{b7j} A ^{b-7} G ^{b7j}	D ^{b7} B ^{b7} / _F A ^{b-7} D ⁷
5	G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^{7j} D ^{#0} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j}	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{Bb} A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j}
6	A ^{b7j} B ^{b-7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	A ^{b7j} a ⁰ E ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7}	B ^{b-7} A ^{b7j} B ^{b-7} A ^{b7j}	E ^{b7} C ⁷ / _G B ^{b-7} A ^{b7j}

Es. 2x t utti in Es, dann ½ 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.

>> B-Instr.

1	F ⁷ j	F ⁷ j	F ⁷ j	F ⁷ j
1 _{3x}	F ⁷ j	F ⁷ j F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷ j	A ⁷ / _E
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷ j	B ⁷
2	G ^{b7} j	G ^{b7} j G ^O	A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}
	A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	G ^{b7} j	B ^{b7} / _F
	E ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b-7}	A ^{b-7}
	A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	G ^{b7} j	D ⁷
3	G ⁷ j	G ⁷ j D [#] O	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷ j	B ⁷ / _{G^b}
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷ j	G ⁷ j
4	A ^{b7} j	A ^{b7} j A ^O	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7} j	C ⁷ / _G
	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	B ^{b-7}
	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7} j	A ^{b7} j
5	A ⁷ j	A ⁷ j E [#] O	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷
	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷ j	C ^{#7} / _{A^b}
	F ^{#-7}	F ^{#-7}	B ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷
	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷ j	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
6	B ^{b7} j	B ^{b7} j B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} j	D ⁷ / _A
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} j	B ^{b7} j

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How Long Has This Been Going On?

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1927

I	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁶	(A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹)
	E ⁻	C ^{#7b5}	F ^{#7b5}	B ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	E ⁻	E ^{-7j}	A ^{9sus4-3}	
	D ⁻⁷		E ⁷	A ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	D ⁻⁷	A ^{7sus-9}	D ⁻	
	D ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷		G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁶	(A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹)
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁶	F ^{#7}	B ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	E ⁻	^{/D}	C ^{#0}	
A	G ⁹		G ⁰		G ⁹	C ⁹	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁶
	C ^{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ^{7j}	A ⁷⁻⁹
A	G ⁹		G ⁰		G ⁻⁷	C ⁹	F ^{7j}	B ^{b9sus4-3}
	C ^{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	A ^{b9} G ⁹	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
B	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-9}	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-9}	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-9}	F ^{7j}	F ^{#7b5} B ⁷⁻⁹
	E ⁻	F ^{#7b5} B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻	F ^{#7b5} B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻	F ^{#0} B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}
	G ⁹		G ⁰		G ⁹	C ^{9,13}	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁶
	C ^{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ^{7j}	A ⁷⁻⁹

DUO – Pause nach Verse. C (G⁷, G⁰)

'Neath the stars, at bizzares
Often I've had to caress men
Five or ten, dollars then,
I'd collect from all those yes-men
Don't be sad, I must add,
that they meant no more than chess-men
Darling, can't you see?
'Twas for charity?
Though these lips have made slips, it was never
really serious
Who'd have thought, I'd be brought to a state that's
so delirious?

I could cry salty tears
Where have I been all these years?
Little wow, tell me now
How long has this been goin' on?
There were chills up my spine
And some thrills I can't define
Listen sweet, I repeat.
How long has this been goin' on?
Oh, I feel that I could melt;
Into heaven I'm hurled!
I know how Columbus felt,

Finding another world!
Kiss me once, then once more
What a dunce I was before
What a break, for heaven's sake!
How long has this been goin' on?
(spoken)
Kiss me twice, once more, thrice, make it four
What a break, for heaven's sake
How long has this been goin' on?
I could cry salty tears;
Where have I been all these years?
Little you, tell me do,
How Long Has This Been Going On?
What a Kick! How I buzz!
Boy, you click as no one does!
Hear me sweet, I repeat:
How Long Has This Been Going On?
Dear, when in your arms I creep,
That divine rendezvous,
Don't wake me, if I'm asleep,
Let me dream that it's true.
Kiss me twice, Then once more,
That makes thrice, let's make it four!
What a break! For Heaven's sake!
How Long Has This Been Going On?

Satin Doll

Music by Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1953

D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷ A ^{b-7b5} D ^{b7} C ^{7j} A ⁷ / _{C#} /C ^{#o}	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷ A ^{b-7b5} D ^{b7} C ^{7j} C ^{7j}
G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ F ^{7j} F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ F ^{7j} F ^{7j}
A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ⁷ A ⁷ / _{C#} /C ^{#o}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ⁷ (A ⁷ / _{C#} /C ^{#o})

C

Cigarette holder which wips me,
Over her shoulder, she digs me,
out cattin', that Satin Doll.

Telephone numbers, well, you know,
Doing my rhumbas with uno,
And that 'n' my Satin Doll.

Baby shall we go out skippin',
Careful, amigo, you're flippin',
Speaks Latin, that Satin Doll.
She's nobody's fool, so I'm playing it cool as can be
I'll give it a whirl but I ain't for no girl catching me,
Shwitherooney.

E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷
B ^{-7b5} E ⁷ B ^{b-7b5} E ^{b7} D ^{7j} B ⁷ / _{D#} /D ^o	B ^{-7b5} E ⁷ B ^{b-7b5} E ^{b7} D ^{7j} C ^{7j}
A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^{7j} G ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^{7j} B ⁷ / _{D#} /D ^{#o}
B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ⁷ (B ⁷ / _{D#} /D ^{#o})	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ⁷ (B ⁷ / _{D#} /D ^{#o})

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	
	C ⁷ _j	C [#] ₀	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	
	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	B ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁻	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ⁷ _j (E ^b ₀	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

D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	
D ⁷ _j	D [#] ₀	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	
F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻	B ⁻⁷	
E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	
B ⁷⁻⁹	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	
C ^{#7}	C ^{#7}	F ^{#-}	B ⁷	
E ⁻⁷	E ⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ _j (F ⁰	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷)	

>> B-Instrumente

V	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}
	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷
	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ / _C	C ⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j} C ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
B	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} D ⁻⁷
	D ⁻ D ^{-7j}	D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁶	A ⁻ E ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷
	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷
	B ^{b-7}	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	C ⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j} C ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ D ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}
S				

English

Sometimes the world is a valley
of heartaches and tears
And in the hustle and bustle,
no sunshine appears;
But you and I have our love
always there to remind us
There is a way we can leave
all the shadows behind us.

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh.
Let's fly way up to the clouds,
Away from the madd'ning crowds.
Let us sing in the glow of a star
that I know of,
Where lovers enjoy peace of mind;
Let us leave the confusion and all
disillusion behind.
Just like birds of a feather,
a rainbow together we'll find.

Final Refrain:

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh
oh.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.

www.theguitarguy.com/volare.html

Italiano

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 lassù

E volavo, volavo felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu in
su
Mentre il mondo pian piano
Spariva lontano laggiù
Una musica dolce suonava
Soltanto per me
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassù

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 quaggiù

E continuo a volare felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu
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 quaggiù
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiù

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanley Adams 1934

A	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		
B	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷		
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷		
C	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	E ^{b0}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		

C Langsam! voc, ts/voc. 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.

E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	F ^{#-7}	F ⁰	
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}		
C ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷		
E ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	F ^{#-7}	F ⁰	
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
G ^{7j}	C ⁷	D ^{7j}	F ⁰		
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}		

Just Friends

Music by John Klenner Lyrics by Sam M. Lewis 1931

A1	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{bO}	B ^{bO}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	F ^{#5b7} B ⁷⁺⁹	E ⁻⁷	
	A ⁷⁺⁴	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A2	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{bO}	B ^{bO}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	F ^{#5b7} B ⁷⁺⁹	E ⁻⁷	
	A ⁷⁺⁴	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j} (G ⁷)	

G Schluss: Aushalten

We two were swet-hearts But we said good-bye
One with a hand-shake and one with a sigh
We two were sweethearts by a sacred vow
What are we now? What are we now

Where are the sunbeams That were in your eyes
Sometimes I wonder If they too were lies
We who were lovers Are now only friends
That's how it ends, That's how it ends.

Just Friends lovers no more
Just Friends but not like before,
To thins of what we've been
and not to kiss again seems
like pretending
It isn't the ending

Two friends drifting apart
Two friends – but one broken heart
We loved, we laughed, we dried,
and suddenly love died
The story ends
And we're Just Friends.

More Than You Know

Music Vincent Youmans Lyrics Edward Eliscu, William Rose 1929

V	G—	E— ^{7b5}	A— ^{7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G—	E— ^{7b5}	A— ^{7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G—	F— ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		A— ^{7b5}		D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G—	E— ^{7b5}	A— ^{7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G—	E— ^{7b5}	A— ^{7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G—	F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		A— ^{7b5}		D ⁷⁻⁹		
A ₁	G ^{7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵	D— ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁷	A— ⁷	A— ^{7b5}	
	D ⁷	A ⁷	A— ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A— ⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₂	G ^{7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵	D— ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁷	A— ⁷	F ⁹	
	B— ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		C [#] — ^{7b5}	F ^{#7}	
B	B—		C [#] — ⁷	F ^{#7}	B—		E— ^{7b5}	A ⁷	
	D ^{7j}	B— ⁷	E— ⁷	A— ⁷	A— ⁷ _{/D}	D ⁰	D ⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₃	G ^{7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵	D— ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁷	A— ⁷	F ⁹	
	B— ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	(A ^{b0})	A— ⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵)	

? DUO G

Whether you are here or yonder
Whether you are false or true
Whether you remain or wander
I'm growing fonder of you

Even though your friends forsake you
Even though you don't succeed
Wouldn't I be glad to take you
Give you the break you need

More Than You Know,
More Than You Know,
Man o' my heart, I love you so.
Lately I find you're on my mind,
More Than You Know.

Whether you're right
whether you're wrong,
man o' my heart, I'll string along.
You need me so
more than you'll ever know.

Loving you the way that I do
there's nothing I can do about it;
loving may be all you can give
but honey I can't live without it.

Oh, how I'd cry,
oh, how I'd cry,
if you got tired and said "good-bye",
more than I'd show
more than I'd ever know.

After You've Gone >>

Music by Henry Creamer Lyrics by J. Turner Layton 1918

A	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}
	G ⁷	C [—]		F ⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	
	A ^{b7j} A ^o	E ^{b7j} /B ^b	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} E ^{b7}
B	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}		A ^{b—}	A ^{b—}	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷		B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}		A ^{b—}	A ^{b—}	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{—7} /F	C ⁷ /G		F [—] /A ^b	A ^{b—}	
	E ^{b7j}	G ⁷		C [—]	C ^o	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		B ^{b7}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	

Es. Verse, Thema 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.

>> B-Inst.

A	F ^{7j}	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	G ⁷	C ⁷
	A ⁷	D ⁷		G ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	
	B ^{b7j} B ⁰	F ^{7j} / _C	D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ⁷
B	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b-}	B ^{b-}	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		D ⁷	D ⁷	
	G ⁷	G ⁷		C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b-}	B ^{b-}	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		D ⁷	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _A	D ⁷ / _A		G ⁷ / _{B^b}	B ^{b-}	
	F ^{7j}	A ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁰	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		(F ^{7j})	(F ⁷)	

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.

Stars Fell on Alabama

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

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

G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{7j}	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{bO}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	
G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{7j}	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{bO}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	B ^{bO}	B ⁻⁷	
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{bO}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁶	G ^{#O}	
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{7/d#}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{-7/d}	C ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	B ^{7j}	D ⁷
G ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{7j}	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{bO}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		(A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹)	

Softly As in a Morning Sunrise

Music by Sigmund Romberg Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 1928

A ₁	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
A ₂	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷
	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
B	E ^{b-7j}	E ^{b-7j}	C ⁷⁺⁹	C ⁷⁺⁹
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	D ^{-7b5}	G ⁷⁻⁹
A ₃	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷
	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ (D ^{-7b5} G ⁷)

Cm A1: ts/b, A2: + dr, B: + p

Softly as in a morning sunrise
The light of love comes stealing
Into a newborn day

Flaming with all the glow of sunrise
A burning kiss is sealing
A vow that all betray

For the passions that thrill love
And take you high to heaven
Are the passions that kill love
And let it fall to hell
So ends the story

Softly as in a morning sunrise
The light that gave you glory
Will take it all away

Softly as in a morning sunrise
The light of love comes stealing
Into a newborn day
Flaming with all the glow of sunrise
A burning kiss is sealing
A vow that all betray

For the passions that thrill love
And take you high to heaven
Are the passions that kill love
And let it fall to hell
So ends the story

Softly as in a morning sunrise
The light that gave you glory
Will take it all away

Softly as it fades away
Softly as it fades away
Softly as it fades away
Softly as it fades away

That Ole Devil Called Love

Music & Lyrics Allen Roberts & Doris Fisher 1944

A ₁	C— C ⁷	C— ⁷ j C ⁷	C— ⁷ A ^{b7}	F ⁷	D— B ^{b7j} /D— ⁷ D ^{bO}	D— ⁷ j C— ⁷	G ⁷ D— ^{7b5} G ⁷	
A ₂	C— C ⁷	C— ⁷ j C ⁷	C— ⁷ A ^{b7}	F ⁷	D— B ^{b7j}	D— ⁷ j D— ⁷	G ⁷ G ⁷	
B	C— ⁷ A— ^{7b5}	F ⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹	B ^{b7j} /D— ⁷ D ^{b7} G— ⁷	F ⁷	C— ⁷ C ⁷	B ^{b7j} C— ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁷	
A ₃	C— C ⁷	C— ⁷ j C ⁷	C— ⁷ A ^{b7}	F ⁷ G ⁷	D— C— ⁷	D— ⁷ j F ⁷	G ⁷ (D— ^{7b5} G ⁷)	
S: +	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	

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

D— D ⁷	D— ⁷ j D ⁷	D— ⁷ B ^{b7}	G ⁷	E— C ^{7j} /E— ⁷ E ^{bO}	E— ⁷ j D— ⁷	A ⁷ E— ^{7b5} A ⁷	
D— D ⁷	D— ⁷ j D ⁷	D— ⁷ B ^{b7}	G ⁷	E— C ^{7j}	E— ⁷ j E— ⁷	A ⁷ A ⁷	
D— ⁷ B— ^{7b5}	D ⁷ E ⁷⁻⁹	C ^{7j} /E— ⁷ E ^{b7} A— ⁷	E ^{b7}	D— ⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j} D— ⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷	
D— D ⁷	D— ⁷ j D ⁷	D— ⁷ B ^{b7}	G ⁷ A ⁷	E— D— ⁷	E— ⁷ j G ⁷	A ⁷ C ^{7j} (E— ^{7b5} A ⁷)	
D— ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		D— ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	

All of Me

Music by Gerald Marks Lyrics by Seymour Simons 1931

I	B ^{b7j} G ⁷	B ⁰ C ⁷	F ^{7j} / _C F ^{7j} • • •	D ⁷ • • • •
A ₁	F ^{7j} D ⁷ E ^{-7b5} G ⁷	F ^{7j} D ⁷ A ⁷ G ⁷	A ⁷ / _E G ⁻ D ⁻ G ⁻⁷	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷
A ₂	F ^{7j} D ⁷ B ^{b7j} G ⁷	F ^{7j} D ⁷ B ⁰ C ⁷	A ⁷ / _E G ⁻ F ^{7j} / _C F ^{7j}	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁷ F ^{7j}

F I: letzte 8T. tp, voc, p ... voc

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.

C ^{7j} A ⁷	C ^{#0} D ⁷	G ^{7j} / _D G ^{7j} • • •	E ⁷ • • • •
G ^{7j} E ⁷ F ^{#-7b5} A ⁷	G ^{7j} E ⁷ B ⁷ A ⁷	B ⁷ / _{F#} A ⁻ E ⁻ A ⁻⁷	B ⁷ A ⁻ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷
G ^{7j} E ⁷ C ^{7j} A ⁷	G ^{7j} E ⁷ C ^{#0} D ⁷	B ⁷ / _{F#} A ⁻ G ^{7j} / _D G ^{7j}	B ⁷ A ⁻ E ⁷ G ^{7j}

Tangerine

Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

A ₁	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		G ^{-5b7}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		A ^{-5b7}	D ⁷
	G ^{7j}		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{b7j}	A ^{bj}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7}		C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ⁻		F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		E ^{b7j}	

Es

Tangerine She is all they claim With her eyes of night
and lips as bright as flame. Tangerine, When she
dances by Señoritas stare and caballeros sigh.

And I've seen Toasts to Tangerine Raised in ev'ry

bar across the Argentine, But her heart belongs to
just one, Her heart belongs to Tangerine.

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1930

DUO C

I love all the many charms about you; above all I want my arms about you. Don't be a naughty baby, come to papa, come to papa do! My sweet embraceable you!

Evil Gal Blues

Music by Leonard Feather Lyrics by Lionel Hampton 1944

A	C ^{7j}	C ⁶	C ^{7j}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
S	C ^{7j} • • •	C ^{7j} • • •	C ^{7j} • • •	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	

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

D ^{7j}	D ⁶	D ^{7j}	D ⁷	
G ⁷	G ⁷	D ^{7j}	B ⁷	
E ⁷	E ⁷	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	
D ^{7j} • • •	D ^{7j} • • •	D ^{7j} • • •	D ⁷	
G ⁷	G ⁷	D ^{7j}	B ⁷	
E ⁷	E ⁷	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	

>> B-Instr.

A ₁	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	
	D ^{7j}	D ^{#0}	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	
	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻	B ⁻⁷	
	E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
A ₂	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	
	B ⁷⁻⁹	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	
	C ^{#7}	C ^{#7}	F ^{#-}	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ^{7j} (F ⁰	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷)	

I'm so happy since the day
I fell in love in a great big way,
And the big surprise is someone loves me too.
Guess it's hard for you to see
Just what anyone can see in me,
But it simply goes to prove what love can do.

I've missed chances in Life's game,
but my luck changed when an angel came
And she picked on me for her affinity.
She's not like most modern gal
Wasting all her time on sporty pals,
Now she's got a wholetime hob in loving 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

Baby, my baby dont care for shows
And he dont even care for clothes
He cares for me
My baby dont care
For cars and races
My baby dont care for
He dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style
And even liberaces smile
Is something he cant see
Is something he cant see
I wonder whats wrong with baby
My baby just cares for
My baby just cares for
My baby just cares for me

You Make Me Feel So Young

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon 1946

A₁

E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b6}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b6}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}

B

B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}
D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ (G ⁰ A ^{b6} A ⁰)
			B ^{b7} (F ⁻⁷ C ^{#0} D ⁰)

C

E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
E ^{b7}		A ^{b7j}	A ^{b-6}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁷	D ^{b9+11}	C ⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹
F ⁻⁷	G ⁰ F ⁻⁷ / A ^b	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	(C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9})

Es S: 3x (Gm7, C7)

You make me feel so young,
You make me feel so "Spring has sprung",
And ev'ry time I see you grin,
I'm such a happy individual.

The moment that you speak
I wanna go play hide and seek.
I wanna go and bounce the moon
just like a toy balloon.

You and I are just like a couple of tots
Running across the meadow,
pickin' up lots of forget-me-nots.
You make me feel so young,
You make me feel there are songs to be sung,
bells to be rung, And a wonderful fling to be flung.
And even when I'm old and gray
I'm gonna feel the way I do today
'Cause, You make me feel so young.

F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷

C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷⁻⁹	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷
			C ⁷

F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
F ⁷		G ^{b7j}	G ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C	A ⁷	E ^{b9+11}	D ⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹
C ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	(D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹)

That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

A ₁	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^O	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{#O}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		

I can only give you love that lasts for ever, and the promise to be near each time you call; and the only heart I own for you and you alone, that's all, that's all.

I can only give you contry walks in springtime and a hand to hold when leaves begin to fall; and a love whose burning light will warm the winter night, that's all, that's all.

There are those, I am sure, who have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a love time can never destroy.

If you're wond'ring what I'm asking in return dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small; say it's me that you'll adore, for now and evermore, that's all, that's all.

C

E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{bO}	F ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^O	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}		
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^O	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	

Everything Happens to Me

Music by Matt Dennis Lyrics by Tom Adair 1941

A ₁	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^b O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D ^O C ^{-7b5} /E ^b ₆ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j}
A _{2/3}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^b O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D ^O C ^{-7b5} /E ^b ₆ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j}
B	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7+} E ^{b7j9} C ⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9} E ^{b7j9}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9} E ^{b7j9}
	E ^{-7,11} A ⁷⁺⁵ D ^{7j9} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
A _{2/3}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^b O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D ^O C ^{-7b5} /E ^b ₆ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{b7j}

B Garnern

I make a date for golf and you can bet your life
it rains, I try to five a party and the guy upstairs
complains, I guess I'll go thru life just catchin' colds
and missin' trains, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

I never miss a thing, I've hat the measles and the
mumps, and ev'ry time I play an ace my partner
always thrums, I guess I'm just a fool who never
looks before he jumps, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

At first my heart thought you could break this jinx

for me, that love would turn the trick to end despair,
but now I just can't fool this head that thinks for
me, I've mortgaged all my castles in the air.

I've telegraphed and phoned, I send an "Airmail
Special" too, your answer was "Good-bye", and
there was even postage due. I fell in love just once
and then it hat to be with you, Ev'rything Happens
To Me.

The Christmas Song

Music and Lyrics by Mel Tormé and Robert Wells 1946

A	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	C ^{-7j}	D ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b-6} _{/E}	A ^{b7j} _{/E^b}	D ^{-5b7} G ⁷⁻⁹	C ^{7j}	D ^{b-7} G ^{b7}	B ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	
A	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	C ^{-7j}	D ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	G ^{-5b7} C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b-6} _{/E}	A ^{b7j} _{/E^b}	D ^{-5b7} G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}		
B	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}		
	D ^{b-7}	G ^{b7}	B ^{7j}		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	
A	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	C ^{-7j}	D ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b-6} _{/E}	A ^{b7j} _{/E^b}	G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}		
S	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	C ^{-7j}	D ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b-6} _{/E}	A ^{b7j} _{/E^b}	G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7}	
	A ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7j}						

As Abfolge:

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost nipping on your nose,
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir,
And folks dressed up like Eskimos.

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe,
Help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow,
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way;
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh.
And every mother's child is going to spy,
To see if reindeer really know how to fly.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety-two,
Although its been said many times, many ways,
A very Merry Christmas to you.

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

A ₁	B ^{b7j} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C F ⁷ B ^{b7j}
A ₂	B ^{b7j} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C F ⁷ B ^{b7j}
B	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} F ^{#O} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ F ^{7j}
	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} G ⁷ C ⁷ F ^{7j}
A ₃	B ^{b7j} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ⁻⁷ D ^{bO} F ⁷ / _C F ⁷ B ^{b7j}

B

Oh the weather outside is frightful,
But the fire is so delightful,
And since we've no place to go,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

It doesn't show signs of Pauseping,
And I've bought some corn for popping,
The lights are turned way down low,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

When we finally kiss goodnight,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!
But if you'll really hold me tight,
All the way home I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And, my dear, we're still good-bying,
But as long as you love me so,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

Santa Baby

Music & Lyrics by Joan Javits, Phil Springer & Tony Springer 1953

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	
B	E ⁷	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷		A ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		
	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	

C

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree,
For me.
Been an awful good girl,
Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa Baby, a fifty four convertible too,
Light blue.
I'll wait up for you dear,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Think of all the fun I've missed,
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed,
Next year I could be just as good,
If you check off my Christmas list,

Santa baby, I wanna yacht,
And really that's not a lot,
Been an angel all year,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa honey, there's one thing I really do need,
The deed
To a platinum mine,
Santa honey, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a duplex,
And checks.
Sign your "X" on the line,
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight.

Come and trim my Christmas tree,
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's,
I really do believe in you,
Let's see if you believe in me,

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing,
A ring.
I don't mean on the phone,
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry, tonight.

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

Music & Lyrics by Haven Gillespie & J. Fred Coots 1934

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		
S	F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}						

F

You better watch out,
you better not cry,
better not out,
I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list
and checking it twice,
gonna find out
who's naughty and nice,
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He sees you wen you're sleepin',
he knows when you're awake,
he knows if you've been bad or good,
so be good for goones sake.

Oh! You better watch out,
you better not cry,
better not pout,
I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

Winter Wonderland

Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith 1934

A	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}
A	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}
B	B ^{7j}	B ^{7j}	B ^{7j}	B ^{7j}	
	D ^{7j}	D ^{7j}	E ⁷	D ⁷	
A	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}
S	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}			

G

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 knock 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!

Jingle Bells

James Lord Pierpont 1850–1857

A ₁	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	
	C ⁷ _j /A ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷ _j	
A ₂	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	C ⁷ _j	
	C ⁷ _j /A ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷ _j	
B ₁	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	
	C ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	D ⁷	D ⁷	
B ₂	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	
	C ⁷ _j	G ⁷ _j	D ⁷	G ⁷ _j	

G

Dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields [hills] we go, laughing all the way.
Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright,
What fun it is [Oh what sport] to ride and sing a
sleighbing song tonight.

|:Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
O, what fun [joy] it is to ride in a one-horse open
sleigh.:|

A day or two ago I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his
lot,
He got into a drifted bank and we [we, we] got upsot.
|:Refrain:|

A day or two ago, The story I must tell
I went out on the snow, And on my back I fell;
A gent was riding by In a one-horse open sleigh,
He laughed as there I sprawling lay, But quickly
drove away.

|:Refrain:|

Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight and sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bobtailed bay, two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! You'll
take the lead.

|:Refrain:|

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷		G ⁻⁷		
B	F ⁷ _j	F ⁻⁶	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j		
	F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷ _j	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b+7}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b7}	
	F ⁷ _j		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ _j		C ⁷ _j		

C

Original:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
It may be your last
Next year we may all be living in the past

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Pop that champagne cork
Next year we may all be living in New York.

Fassung Frank Sinatra:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the yuletide gay
From now on, our troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more
Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now
Oft wird vorher zusätzlich ein Intro gesungen:
Christmas future is far away
Christmas past is past
Christmas present is here today
Bringing joy that will last.

Fever

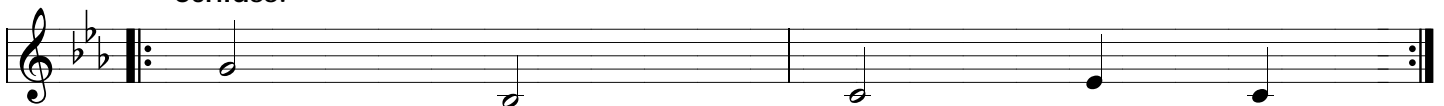
Music by J. Davenport Lyrics by E. Cooley 1956

I	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	G ⁷	C- ⁷	
	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	G ⁷	C- ⁷	
A	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	
	C- ⁷	C- ⁷	G ⁷	C- ⁷	

Cm, (ohne p, ts)



Schluss:



Never know how much I love you
 Never know how much I care
 When you put your arms around me
 I get a fever that's so hard to bear.
You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning
Fever all through the night

Sun lights up the daytime
 Moon lights up the night
 I light up when you call my name
 And you know you're gonna treat you right
You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning
Fever all through the night

Everybody's got the fever
 That is something you should know
 Fever isn't such a new thing
 Fever started long ago

(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)

Romeo loved Juliet
 Juliet she felt the same
 When he put his arms around her
 He said, "Julie baby you're my flame"

Thou givest fever when we kisseth
Fever with thy flaming youth
Fever I'm on fire
Fever yea I burn forsooth

(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)

Captain Smith and Pocahontas
 Had a very mad affair
 When her daddy tried to kill him
 She said "Daddy oh don't you dare"
"He gives me fever with his kisses"
"Fever when he holds me tight"
"Fever, I'm his missus"
"Daddy won't you treat him right?"

Now you've listened to my story
 Here's the point that I have made
 Cats (chicks) were born to give chicks (me) fever
 Be it Fahrenheit or centigrade
We give you fever when we kiss you
Fever if you live and learn
Fever till you sizzle
What a lovely way to burn
 What a lovely way to burn
 What a lovely way to burn, ah
 What a lovely way to burn

Con Alma

Music by Dizzy Gillespie 1956

I	D ^{b9}	C ⁹	D ^{b9}	C ⁹	
A ₁	E ^{7j} G ^{#7/D[#]} D ^{b7j} F ^{7/C}	C ^{#-7} B ⁷ B ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	B ^{b7} E ^{7b5} G ⁷ D ^{b7b5}	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7} A ^{b7} C ^{7j}	
A ₂	E ^{7j} G ^{#7/D[#]} D ^{b7j} F ^{7/C}	C ^{#-7} B ⁷ B ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	B ^{b7} E ^{7b5} G ⁷ D ^{b7b5}	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7} A ^{b7} C ^{7j}	
B	C ^{-5b7} E ^{7j}	F ⁷⁻⁹ E ^{7j}	F ^{#-7b5} F ⁻⁷	B ⁷⁻⁹ B ^{b7} B ⁷	
A ₃	E ^{7j} G ^{#7/D[#]} D ^{b7j} F ^{7/C}	C ^{#-7} B ⁷ B ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	B ^{b7} E ^{7b5} G ⁷ D ^{b7b5}	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7} A ^{b7} C ^{7j}	
E					

I	E ^{b9}	D ⁹	E ^{b9}	D ⁹	
A ₁	F ^{#7j} A ^{#7/E#} E ^{b7j} G ^{7/D}	D ^{#-7} C ^{#7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	C ^{b7} (E ^{7b5}) A ⁷ (E ^{b7b5})	F ^{7j} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} D ^{7j}	
A ₂	F ^{#7j} A ^{#7/E#} E ^{b7j} G ^{7/D}	D ^{#-7} C ^{#7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	C ^{b7} (E ^{7b5}) A ⁷ (E ^{b7b5})	F ^{7j} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} D ^{7j}	
B	D ^{-5b7} F ^{#7j}	F ⁷⁻⁹ F ^{#7j}	G ^{#-7b5} G ⁻⁷	C ^{#7-9} C ⁷ (B ⁷)	
A ₃	F ^{#7j} A ^{#7/E#} E ^{b7j} G ^{7/D}	D ^{#-7} C ^{#7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	C ^{b7} (E ^{7b5}) A ⁷ (E ^{b7b5})	F ^{7j} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} D ^{7j}	

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>> Noten Con Alma

CON ALMA

-JOHN "DIZZY" GILLESPIE

(LATIN)

INTRO

