

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}	C ⁷		F ^{—7}	A ^b —	
	E ^b Δ	G ⁷	/F	C—	C ⁰	
	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, 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.

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. 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.

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, ts, 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.

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 ^{-Ø} 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>

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.

Blue Moon

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1934

V	G—	G— ⁷	C ⁷ _{/G}	C ^O _{/G}	G—	A [∅] _{/c}	D ⁷	
	G—	G— ⁷	C ⁷ _{/G}	C ^O _{/G}	G—	A [∅] _{/c}	D ⁷	G—
	C—	A— ⁷ F ⁷	G ^Δ		A— ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		G— ⁷	C ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
A ₁	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	G ^{b7}	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
A _{2/3}	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	G ^{b7}	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		B ^{bΔ}	
B	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	
	E ^{b—7}	A ^{b7}	D ^{bΔ}		F ^Δ _{/c}	C ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
A _{2/3}	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G— ⁷	C— ⁷	F ⁷
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	F ^{#7}	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		B ^{bΔ}	

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.

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B ^b _j / _D D ^b ₀ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^b _j / _D D ^b ₀ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ A ^b ₇ D ⁻⁷ D ^b ₀ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^b _j / _D D ^b ₀ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^b _j / _D D ^b ₀ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ 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 _Δ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇₊₄
	E ^b _Δ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ C ^{-Δ}
	A [∅] D ⁷⁺⁹ G ⁻⁷ G ^b ₀ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇
A ₃	E ^b _Δ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇₊₄
	E ^b _Δ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F [#] ₀
	E ^b _Δ / _{B^b} E ^b _Δ / _{B^b} F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ (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

Corcovado (Quiet Nights ...)

Music & Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim 1962

I	B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ	
A $_{1/2}$	C $^7_{/G}$ F $^-7_{/B\flat}$ E \flat^-7 G $^-7$	C $^7_{/G}$ B $\flat^{7-9}_{/E}$ A \flat^7 C $^7_{/G}$	G \flat^O E \flat^O E $\flat\Delta$ D \emptyset C $^-7_{/G}$	G \flat^O E $\flat\Delta$ G $^{7+5}$ G \flat^O	
B	C $^7_{/G}$ F $^-7_{/B\flat}$ E \flat^-7 C $^-7$ C $^-7$	C $^7_{/G}$ B \flat^{7-9} A \flat^7 F 7 F 7	G \flat^O E \flat^O E $\flat\Delta$ D $^-7$ D $^-7$	G \flat^O E $\flat\Delta$ G $^-7$ G $^{7+5}$	
S: +	B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ B \flat Δ	

B

Um cantinhom violão, este amor, uma canção, pira
fazer feliz aquen se ama, muita calma p'rapensar e
ter tempo p'rasonhar 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 felicidade 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.

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

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 C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻
	C ^Δ _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ 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 C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻
	C ^Δ _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻	C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻
B	G ^Ø C ⁷ F F ⁻ C ^Δ	C ^Δ
	G ^Ø C ⁷ F F ⁻ C ⁷ _{/E} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁷ _{/E} D ^{bO} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
A ₃	C ^Δ A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻	C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻
	C ^Δ _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻	C ^Δ C ⁷ F ^Δ F ⁻

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

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!"

I'm Through with Love

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

A ₁	B \flat Δ	D \flat ^O	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B \flat Δ	B \flat ⁷	E \flat Δ	A \flat 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 \flat Δ	D \flat ^O	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B \flat Δ	B \flat ⁷	E \flat Δ	A \flat ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B \flat 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 \flat Δ	D \flat ^O	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B \flat Δ	B \flat ⁷	E \flat Δ	A \flat ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B \flat 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.

Mean to Me

Music Fred A. Ahlert Lyrics Roy Turk 1929

A ₁	C ^Δ	C ^{#O}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#O}	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 ^{#O}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#O}	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 ^Ø A ⁷		
	D ⁻		B ^{b9} /E ^Ø A ⁷		D ⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₃	C ^Δ	C ^{#O}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#O}	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 somebody 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 ^{#O}	E ⁻⁷	F ^O	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 ^{#O}	E ⁻⁷	F ^O	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 ^{#Ø} B ⁷		
E ⁻		C ⁹ /F ^{#Ø} B ⁷		E ⁷		E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁵	
D ^Δ	D ^{#O}	E ⁻⁷	F ^O	D ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	
D ^Δ _{/A}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ		(B ⁻⁷	E ⁷)	

L-O-V-E

Music & Lyrics Milt Gabler & Bert Kämpfert 1962

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

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

Witchcraft

Music by Cy Coleman Lyrics by Carolyn Leigh 1957

A	C ^Δ D ⁻⁷ F ^Δ E ^{bΔ}	C ^Δ G ⁷⁺⁹ F ^Δ D ⁷	E ^{bO} C ^Δ F ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ^{bO} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ B ^{b7} G ⁷	
B	C ^Δ C ^Δ E ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷	C ^Δ C ^Δ E ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷	F ⁷ F ^{#O} A ⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁷ B ⁷ A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
C	C ^Δ D ⁻⁷	C ^Δ G ⁷⁺⁹	E ^{bO} C ^Δ	E ^{bO} (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.

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 ^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 ^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. voc-sax 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 Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu 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 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 quaggiu Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiu

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 [#] Ø	B ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁷	
	E ^Ø	A ⁷	D ^Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A	D-	D-	D-	D-	
	D-	D-	E ^Ø	A ⁷	
	E ^Ø	A ⁷	E ^Ø	A ⁷	
	E ^Ø	A ⁷	D-	D-	
	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	D ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	E- ⁷	A ⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	B ⁷	
	E- ⁷	A ⁷	D-	D- (E ^Ø 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 nere.

D/Dmoll S. einfach

Desafinado

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

I	C ^Δ	B ⁷	C ^Δ	B ⁷	
A ₁	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁵	D ⁷⁻⁵	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	
	D ⁻	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ^Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ^{b7+5}	D ^{b7+5}	
A ₂	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁵	D ⁷⁻⁵	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	
	D ⁻⁷	F ⁻	E ^{-7,11}	F ^{#∅} 7+9	
B	E ^Δ	E ^{#∅}	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷	
	E ^Δ	E ^{#∅}	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷	
	E ^Δ	C ^{#-7}	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^{#∅}	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D [∅] A ⁷⁻⁹	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁵	
A ₃	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁵	D ⁷⁻⁵	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	
	D ⁻⁷	F ⁻	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b∅}	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁶	C ⁶	

C Abfolge:

Se você disser que eu desafino, amor
 Saiba que isso em mim provoca imensa dor
 Só privilegiados têm ouvido ears igual ao seu
 Eu possuo apenas o que Deus me deu

Se você insistid em classificar
 meu comportamento de antimusical
 Eu mesmo mentindo Devo argumentar
 Que isto é bossa nova
 Que isto é muito natural
 O que você não sabe nem sequer pressente
 é que os desafinados também têm um coração
 Fotografei você na minha Rolleyflex
 Revelou-se a sua enorme ingratidão

Só não poderá falar assim do meu amor
 Este é o maior que você pode encontrar
 Você com a sua música esqueceu o principal
 é que no peito dos desafinados
 No fundo do peito bate calado
 Que no peito dos desafinados também
 bate um coração