

3.7.2019 – AZ Sydefädeli

2019-7-3 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Grün = Duo Rot = Trio

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- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1 | Corcovado (Quiet Nights ...) |
| | B |
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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 | Makin' Whoopee |
| | C Dr-Schlag, Intro. voc-tp/p-voc vor Solo > |
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- | | |
|---|---------|
| 3 | L-O-V-E |
| | Es |
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- | | |
|---|--|
| 4 | Fly Me to the Moon |
| | Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, ts, Englisch Drums: 4x4 |
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- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 5 | Blue Moon |
| | B I: A3, voc-p/p-voc |
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- | | |
|---|---|
| 6 | After You've Gone |
| | Es. Verse, langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc |
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- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 7 | It's the Talk of the Town |
| | F |
-
- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 8 | Je ne veux pas travailler |
| | G |
-
- | | |
|---|--|
| 9 | The Boy Next Door |
| | Es I:voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern |
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- | | |
|----|------------------------------------|
| 10 | Witchcraft |
| | C. 1. Chorus nur im Trio. S: + 8 T |
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- | | |
|----|-----------------------|
| 11 | I'm Through with Love |
| | DUO B p/voc |
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- | | |
|----|---|
| 12 | Bei mir bist Du schön |
| | Cm. Verses 1. Teil tp 2. Teil Sandra. S: 2–3mal |
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- | | |
|----|------------------------------------|
| 13 | Volare |
| | Es I: voc. voc–sax Verse/Thema–voc |
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- | | |
|----|------------------------|
| 14 | Route 66 (C-Dur) |
| | C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T |
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- | | |
|----|---|
| 15 | Mean to Me |
| | C. cool spielen, nicht zu schnell. I: 4Takte, S: normal |
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- | | |
|----|--------------------|
| 16 | I Love Paris |
| | D/Dmoll S. einfach |
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- | | |
|----|------------|
| 17 | Desafinado |
| | C Abfolge: |
-

18 Gone with the Wind

Es

19 All of Me

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

20 What a Diff'rence a Day Made

C Langsam! voc, ts/voc. S: aushalten

21 Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps

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

22 Teach Me Tonight

G. Breacks nach A1. tutti, tp, p/voc S: aushalten

23 April in Paris

C

24 If I Were a Bell

B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.

25 Stars Fell on Alabama

F I: 4 Takte

26 My Baby Just Cares for Me

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

27 That Ole Devil Called Love

B (C-⁷). S + 2 T

28 Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

C Abfolge:

29 I Can't Give You ...

C

30 Come Fly With Me

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

31 On a Slow Boat to China

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

32 I'm Glad There Is You

B – Abfolge

33 La vie en rose

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

34 Mack the Knife

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

35 Time on My Hands

F

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} F ⁻⁷ _{/B^b} E ^{b-7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/G} B ^{b7-9} _{/E} A ^{b7} C ⁷ _{/G}	G ^{bO} E ^{bO} E ^{bΔ} D [∅] C ⁻⁷ _{/G}	G ^{bO} E ^{bΔ} G ⁷⁺⁵ G ^{bO}
B	C ⁷ _{/G} F ⁻⁷ _{/B^b} E ^{b-7} C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/G} B ^{b7-9} A ^{b7} F ⁷ F ⁷	G ^{bO} E ^{bO} E ^{bΔ} D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ B ^{bΔ} B ^{bΔ}	G ^{bO} E ^{bΔ} G ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁺⁵ B ^{bΔ} B ^{bΔ}
S: +	B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ}

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.

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 A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
	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 C ^Δ
	C ^Δ / _G A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ C ^Δ	
B	G ^Ø C ⁷ F F ⁻ C ^Δ	G ^Ø C ⁷ F F ⁻ 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 ^Δ
	C ^Δ / _G A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ C ^Δ	

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!"

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

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.

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 ^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	C ⁷	/G	F ⁻⁷	A ^b -	
	E ^b Δ	G ⁷		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, 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.

It's the Talk of the Town

Music by Jerry Livingston Lyrics by Marty Symes & A. J. Neiburg 1933

A ₁	F ^Δ	A ^b O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	E ^b 9	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^b 7	D ⁷	G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ	A ^b O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	E ^b 9	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^b 7	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		
B	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^b Δ		A [∅]	D ⁷	
	G ⁷		G ⁷		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷⁺⁵		
A ₃	F ^Δ	A ^b O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	E ^b 9	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^b 7	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		

F

I can't show my face, can't go any place, people stop
and stare, it's so hard to bear. Ev'rybody knows you
left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

Ev'ry time we meet, my heart skips a beat, we
don't stop to speak, tho' it's just a week. Ev'ry body
knows you left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

We send out invitations to friends and relations
announcing our wedding day. Friends and our
relations gave congratulations. How can you face
them? What can you say?

Let's make up, sweetheart, we can't stay apart,
don't let foolish pride keep you from my side. How
can love like ours be ended? It's The Talk Of The
Town.

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>

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 _Δ 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 _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 E ^b _Δ / _{B^b} F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ / _{B^b} 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

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 [#] Ø	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 \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.

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 ⁰	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 ^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 Più in alto del sole ed ancora più 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 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 quaggiù

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 è 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

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

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[∅]A⁷}
	D ⁻ B ^{b9/E[∅]A⁷} 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[#]∅B⁷}
E ⁻ C ^{9/F[#]∅B⁷} 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)

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

Gone with the Wind

Music and Lyrics by Herb Magidson & Allie Wrube 1937

A₁

F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ
G ⁻⁷		G ^{b0}		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}
E ^{b7}	D ⁷	D ^{b7}	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}

A₂

F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	E ⁰	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ
F ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁰ C ⁷
F ⁻⁷		(D ^{b7}) B ^{b7}		E ^{bΔ}		E ^{bΔ}

Es

[A]

Gone with the wind, Just like a leaf that has blown a-way,

Gone with the wind, My ro-mance has flown a-way;

Yes-ter-day's kiss-es are still on my lips,

I had a life-time of Heav-en at my fin-ger-tips, But

[B]

now all is gone. Gone is the rap-ture that thrilled my heart,

Gone with the wind, The glad-ness that filled my heart;

Just like a flame, love burned bright-ly then be-came an

emp-ty smoke dream that has gone, Gone with the wind.

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.

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanley 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 ^b 7	C ^Δ	E ^b O	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	

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.

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 / _F	B ^b O	
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. Breacks nach A1. 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.

April in Paris

Music by Vernon Duke Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg 1932

A	G ⁷⁻⁹ ₄	C ^Δ	D ^Ø	G ⁷
	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	B ^Ø E ⁷	A ⁻⁷
	F [#] ^Ø	B ⁷⁻⁹	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	E ^Ø A ⁷⁻⁹
B	F [#] ^Ø F ^Ø	C ^Δ E ^b ^Ø	D ^Ø G ⁷⁻⁹	C ^Δ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷
	B ^Ø E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ A ^Δ /G	F [#] ^Ø B ⁷	E ^Δ /E
	G ⁷⁻⁹ ₄	C ^Δ	E ^Ø	A ⁷⁺⁵
	D ⁹	D ^Ø G ⁷⁻⁹	C ^Δ	C ^Δ

C

April in Paris, Chestnuts in blossom, Holiday tables
under the trees.

April in Paris, This is a feeling No one can ever
reprise.

I never knew the charm of spring, Never met it
face to face.

I never knew my heart could sing, Never missed a
warm embrace,

till April in Paris, Whom can I turn to, What have
you done to my heart?

If I Were a Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser 1950

A ₁	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	E ^b ⁷ / _G F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	B ^b ⁷ / _{A^b}
	G ⁻⁷	E ⁰	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ⁷
				D ^Δ	
A ₂	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	D ^b ⁰	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁺⁵
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷		B ^b _{6/9}	(
				C ⁻⁷	D ⁷ D ^b ⁰)

B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.

Ask me how do I feel
Ask me now that we're cosy and clinging
Well sir, all I can say, is if I were a bell I'd be ringing!

From the moment we kissed tonight
That's the way I've just gotta behave
Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light
And If I were a banner I'd wave!

Ask me how do I feel,
Little me with my quiet upbringing
Well sir, all I can say is if I were a gate I'd be swinging!

And if I were a watch I'd start popping my springs!
Or if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

Ask me how do I feel
From this chemistry lesson I'm learning.
SKY (spoken) Uh, chemistry?
SARAH (spoken) Yes, chemistry!
Well sir, all I can say is if I were a bridge I'd be burning!
Yes, I knew my moral would crack
From the wonderful way that you looked!
Boy, if I were a duck I'd quack!
Or if I were a goose I'd be cooked!

Ask me how do I feel,
Ask me now that we're fondly caressing
Pal, if I were a salad I know I'd be splashing my dressin

Or if I wwere a season I'd surely be spring

Well, if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

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 ^{bO}	
	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 ^{bO}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	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 ^Δ	C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	
	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	F ⁷	D ⁻	D ^{-7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷		A ^{b7}		B ^{bΔ} /D ⁻⁷	D ^{bO}	C ⁻⁷	D ^Ø G ⁷	
A ₂	C ⁻	C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻	D ^{-7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷		A ^{b7}		B ^{bΔ}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ} /D ⁻⁷	D ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		
	A ^Ø	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁷	
A ₃	C ⁻	C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻	D ^{-7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷		A ^{b7}	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	(D ^Ø G ⁷)	
S: +	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		

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 \flat Δ	G $-^7$	C $-^7$	F 7	B \flat Δ	G $-^7$	C $-^7$	F 7	
A $_1$	B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ		
	B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ	D \flat 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 \flat^7		E \flat Δ		E \flat Δ	E \flat $-$	
	B \flat Δ	D 7 / Δ	G $-^7$	C 7	F 7		F 7		
	B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ		D \emptyset		G 7		
	C $-^7$		F $^7-9$		B \flat Δ		B \flat 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:

I Can't Give You ...

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields Music by Jimmy McHugh 1927

A ₁	C ^Δ	F ⁹	E- ⁷	E ^b O	D- ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	F ⁹	E- ⁷	E ^b O	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 ^b O	D- ⁷	G ⁷	
	G- ⁷		C ⁷		F ^Δ	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F [#] O		C ^Δ	A ⁷	
	D ⁷		G ⁷		C ^Δ /E- ⁷ (E ^b O	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, scheem awhile,
we're sure to find, happyness, 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

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 ^{bΔ} 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 ^{bΔ} F ^Δ	C ⁷ E ^{b7} F ^Δ	
B	D ^{bΔ} E ^{b-7} D ^{bΔ} D ^{b+5} D ⁻⁷	D ^{b+5} A ^{b7} D ^{bΔ} G ⁷	G ^{bΔ} D ^{bΔ} C ^Δ C ⁷ G ⁷	G ^{bΔ} 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 ^{bΔ} 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 ⁰	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		F [#] 0	E ^b Δ	G ⁰ _{/D^b}	C ⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^b 7	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F [#] 0	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G ⁰	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^b 7	E ^b Δ	D ^b 7	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
			B ^b 7	/D		

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,
ext'rodinary 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	G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷ _{/F#}	G ^Δ _{/B}	A ^b O	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
A	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B ⁻⁷	B ^b O	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷
	G ^Δ	B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	C	D ⁷	G	E ^b 7	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
B	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C	C	E ⁷	D ⁷
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C	C	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	D ⁷	B ⁻⁷
	C ⁻⁶	C ⁻⁶	B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	G ⁶	B ⁻⁷	B ^b O	G ⁶ (Break)
	A ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	G ⁶	G ⁶ (Break)	G ⁶ (Break)		
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ⁶	G ⁶	G ⁶	G ⁶		
C	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁶ (Break)	G ⁶ (Break)				

G. 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 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.

Time on My Hands

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

V	G ⁻⁷	C ¹³⁻⁹	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁹⁽¹¹⁾	C ¹³	F ⁶		
	G ⁻⁷	C ¹³⁻⁹	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	B [∅]	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ^Δ	A ⁶	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ _{/E}	A ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁹		
A	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		B [∅]		E ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		B [∅]		E ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷		E [∅]		A ⁷⁻⁹		
B	D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹		D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹		G ⁹⁺¹¹		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	A ⁻⁷		A ^{bO}		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷ _{/G}	C ⁷⁻⁹	
C	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		D ^{7-9 j1}		D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁹⁺¹¹		C ⁷		F ^Δ	(D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	

F

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.