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Changes – Auftritt im artEcotta, 15. Dezember 2011

***Now's The Time	2
Manhattan	3
Winter Wonderland	4
Come Fly With Me	5
Girl from Ipanema	6
Santa Claus Is Coming to Town	7
Almost Like Being in Love	8
***Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me	9
If I Were A Bell	10
Route 66 (C-Dur)	11
Isn't It Romantic	12
The Christmas Song	13
The Boy Next Door	14
You Make Me Feel So Young	15
***I Got Rhythm	16
On a Slow Boat to China	17
Night And Day	18
Let it Snow	19
It Had to Be You	20
Day In—Day Out	21
***That's All	22
My Baby Just Cares for Me	23
Volare	24
I Only Have Eyes for You	25
Blue Moon	26
Mack the Knife	27
***Rosetta	28
Chez Moi	29
A Foggy Day	30
Fools Rush In	31
The Tender Trap	32
What a Difference a Day Made	33
Santa Baby	34
What A Wonderful World	35
***Bye Bye Blackbird	36
***Georgia on My Mind	37

***Now's The Time

Music by Charlie Parker © 1940 JüLe 2011

A ₁	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^o	F ⁷ _{/C}	/F	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7}	B ^{b7}		F ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷

Manhattan

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1925 by Edward B. Marks Company JüLe 2002-10-27

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		G ⁻⁷		
	C ⁷		C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁷		
B	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	B ⁰	F ⁷		D ^{-7b5}		G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		A ^{b79} / _C		B ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b7j}		

We'll have Manhattan
the Bronx and Staten
Island too;
it's lovely going through
the Zoo.

It's very fancy
on old Delancey
Street, you know;
the subway charms us so,
when balmy breezes blow
to and fro,

and tell me what street
compares with Mott Street
in July,
sweet push carts gently gliding by.

The great big city's a wond'rous toy
just made for a girl and boy.
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Greenwich
where modern men itch
to be free;
and Bowling Green you'll see
with me.

We'll bathe at Brighton,
the fish you'll frighten
when you're in
your bathing suit so thin
will make the shellfish grin
fin to fin.

I'd like to take a
sail on Jamaica
Bay with you;
and fair Canarsie's Lakes we'll view.

The city's bustle cannot destroy
the dreams of a girl and boy.
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

Winter Wonderland

Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith © 1934 JüLe 2009-09-11

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}	F ^{#7}	B ^{7j}	B ^{#7}	B ^{7j}
	D ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	E ⁷	A 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}			

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

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

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

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

//

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

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

Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1958 JüLe 2004-10-13

I	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	F ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	
A ₁	F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	F ^{7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}		
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}		A ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷
A ₂	F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	F ^{7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}		
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}		F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}		
B	D ^{b7j}	D ^{b+5}		G ^{b7j}	G ^{b7j}		
	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}		G ^{b7j}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
	D ^{b7j}	D ^{b+5}	D ^{b7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷		C ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	F ^{7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}		
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}		F ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	

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!

Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by Norman Gimbel & Vincius DeMoraes © 1965 by JüLe 2004-11-13

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

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.

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

Music & Lyrics by Haven Gillespie & J. Fred Coots © 1934 JüLe 2009-09-11

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}						

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.

Almost Like Being in Love

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Frederick Lowe © 1947 JüLe 2009-3-4

A ₁	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7j}	
A ₂	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		
B	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7j}	
A ₃	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j} (B ^{b-7} E ^{b7j})		
S	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}		
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		

What a day this has been
 What a rare mood I'm in
 Why, it's almost like being in love

There's a smile on my face
 For the whole human race
 Why, it's almost like being in love

All the music of life seems to be
 Like a bell that is ringing for me

And from the way that I feel
 When that bell starts to peal
 I would swear I was falling
 I could swear I was falling
 It's almost like being in love

***Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me

Music by Duke Ellington Lyrics by Bob Russell © 1943 JüLe 2010-06-16

A ₁	F ^{7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
B	D ^{b7j}		A ^{b-7j}		D ^{b7j}		D ^{b7j}		
	F ^{7j}		A ⁻⁷	D ⁹	G ⁹		C ⁷		
A ₃	F ^{7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	(D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷)	

Do nothin' till you her from me,
 Pay no attention to what's said,
 Why people tear the seam of anyone's dream
 is over my head.

Do nothin' till you her from me,
 At least consider our romance,
 If you should take the word of other's you've heard
 I havn't a chance.

Thru, I've been seen with someone new
 But dues that mean that IÆm untrue?
 When we're apart
 the words in my heart
 reveal how I feel about you.

Some kiss may cloud my memory,
 And other arms may hold a thrill,
 But please do nothin' till you hear it from me,
 And you never will.

If I Were A Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser © 1950 JüLe 2009-12-23

A₁ | C^{7j} | F⁷ | B^{b7j} | B^{b7j} |
B⁰	G⁷	C⁷	F⁷
B^{b7j} B^{b7/A^b}	E^{b7/G} E^{b-7/G^b} F⁷⁻⁹	B^{b7j} B^{b7/A^b}	E^{b7/G} D⁷
G⁻⁷	E^{-5b7} A⁷	D^{7j}	D^{7j}

A₂ | C^{7j} | F⁷ | B^{b7j} | B^{b7j} |
B⁰	G⁷	C⁷	F⁷
B^{b7j} B^{b7/A^b}	E^{b7/G} D^{b0}	B^{b7j} A⁷⁺⁵	A^{b7} G⁷⁻⁹
C⁻⁷	F⁷	B^{b6/9} (C⁻⁷ D⁷ D^{b0})

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!

D^{7j}	G⁷ G⁷⁻⁹	C^{7j}	C^{7j}
C^{#0}	B^{b7} A⁷	D⁷	G^{-5b7} G⁷
C^{7j} C^{7j/B^b}	F^{7j/A} F^{-7/A^b} G⁷⁻⁹	C^{7j} C⁷	F^{7j} F⁻⁷ G⁷⁻⁹
C^{7j}	F⁷⁹	E^{7j} E^{b7}	E^{7j} E⁷ B^{b7}

D^{7j}	G⁷ G⁷⁻⁹	C^{7j}	C^{7j}
C^{#0}	B^{b7} A⁷	D⁷	G^{-5b7} G⁷
C^{7j} C^{7j/B^b}	F^{7j/A} E^{b0}	C^{7j} B⁷⁺⁵	B^{b7} A⁷⁻⁹
A⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁵	C^{7j} A⁻⁷ F^{7j} G⁷	C^{6/9} (D⁻⁷ E⁷ E^{b0})

Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood © 1933 by Morley Music Co. JüLe 2010-9-10

A₁

A₂

B

A₃

Isn't It Romantic

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1932 by Famous Music Corporation, New York JüLe 2003-01-25

V	E ^b 7j	E ^b -	B ^b 7j /D	D ^b 0	C-7	F7+5	B ^b 7j	
	E ^b 7j	F7	B ^b 7j	G7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	
	E ^b 7j	E ^b -	B ^b 7j /D	D ^b 7b5	C-7	F7+5	B ^b 7j	
	E ^b 7j	F7	B ^b 7j	D0	F7	C7	F7	
A ₁	B ^b 7j	G-7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	F7+5	B ^b 7j	C-7 F7
	B ^b 7j	G-7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	D-7b5 /A ^b	G7	
	C-7		F7	F#0	G-7	D7-9 /F#	G-7	F-7 B ^b 7
	E ^b 7j		F7	F#0	G-7	C7	C-7	C-7 F7
A ₂	B ^b 7j	G-7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	F7+5	B ^b 7j	C-7 F7
	B ^b 7j	G-7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	D-7b5 /A ^b	G7	
	C-7		F7	F#0	G-7	/F	E-7b5	E ^b -7
	B ^b 7j /D	G-7	C-7	F7	B ^b 7j	(G-7	C-7	F7)

I've never met you,
 Yet never doubt, dear,
 I can't forget you,
 I've thought you out, dear,
 I know your profile and I know the way you kiss
 just the thing I miss on a night like this,
 If dreams are made of
 imagination,
 I'm not afraid of
 my own creation.
 With all my heart, my heart is here for you to take.
 Why should I quake?
 I'm not awake.

My face is glowing,
 I'm energetic,
 The art of sewing,
 I found poetic,
 My needie punctuates the rhythm of romance!
 I don't give s stitch, if I don't get rich.
 A custom tailor
 who has no custom,
 Is like a sailor,
 no one will trust 'em.
 But there is magic in the music of my shears;
 I shed no tears.
 Lend me your ears!

Isn't it romantic? Music in the night, A dream that
 can be heard.
 Isn't it romantic? Moving shadows write the oldest
 magic word.
 I hear the breez's playing in the trees above.
 While all the world is saying (over you they sing)
 you were meant for love.
 Isn't it romantic? Merely to be young on such a
 night as this?
 Isn't it romantic? Ev'ry note that's sung is like a
 lover's kiss.
 Sweet symbols in the moonlight
 Do you mean that I will fall (we could fall) in love
 per chance? Isn't it romance?

Isn't it romantic? Soon I will have found some girl
 that I adore.
 Isn't it romantic? While I sit around, my love can
 scrub the floor. She'll kiss me ev'ry hour, of she'll
 ghet the sack.
 And when I take a shower she can scrupb my back.
 Isn't it romantic? On a moon light night she'll cook
 me onion soup.
 Kiddies are romantic, And if we don't fight, we soon
 will have a troupe!
 We'll help the population, It's a duty that we owe
 to dear old France, Isn't it romance?

The Christmas Song

Music and Lyrics by Mel Tormé and Robert Wells © 1946 JüLe 2009-09-13

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}						

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.

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane © 1943 JüLe 2004-10-13

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

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

You Make Me Feel So Young

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon © 1946 "Three Little Girls In Blue" JüLe 2010-3-29

A₁ | E^{b7j} E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} | E^{b7j} E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} |
E^{b7j} E^{b7}	A^{b7j} A^{b6}	G⁻⁷ G^{b0}	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}
E^{b7j} E^o	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}	E^{b7j} E^o	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} G⁷⁻⁹ | C⁻⁷ | F⁻⁷ (G^o A^{b6} A^o) | B^{b7} (F⁻⁷/_C C^{#o} D^o) |

C | E^{b7j} E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} | E^{b7j} E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} |
E^{b7}	A^{b7j} A^{b-6}	G⁻⁷ C⁷⁻⁹	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}
G⁻⁷ C⁷⁻⁹	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}	G⁷ E^{b9+11}	C⁷ C⁷⁻⁹
F⁻⁷ G^o F⁻⁷/_{A^b}	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}	E^{b7j} (C⁷⁻⁹	F⁻⁷ B^{b7-9})

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.

***I Got Rhythm

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1930 by New World Music Corp JüLe 2002-06-09

I	G-	C- ⁷	G-	E ^{b7}	
	G-	D ⁷	G-	G- (D ⁷)	
	G-	C- ⁷	G-	E ^{b7}	
	G-	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	
	D ⁷	E ^{b7} D ⁷	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	
	D ⁷	E ^{b7} D ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	

A ₁	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j} B ^{b7} / _D	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7}	B ^{b7} / _F F ⁷	B ^{b7j} F ⁷	

A ₂	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j} B ^{b7} / _D	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7}	B ^{b7} / _F F ⁷	B ^{b7j} E ^{b7}	

B	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	F ⁷	

A ₃	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j} B ^{b7j} / _D	E ^{b7j} E ^{b-7}	B ^{b7} / _F F ⁷	D- ^{5b7} G ⁷	
	C ⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j}			

Days can be sunny, with never a sigh.
 Don't need what money can buy.
 Birds in the tree sing their dayful of song.
 Why shouldn't we sing along?
 I'm chipper all the day,
 happy with my lot.
 How did I get this way?
 Look at what I've got

I got rhythm, I got music, I got my man. Who could
 ask for anythin more?
 I got daisies in green pastures. I got my man. Who
 could ask for anything more?
 Old Man Trouble, I don't mind him. You won't
 find him 'round my door.
 I got starlight, I got sweet dreams, I got my man.
 Who could ask for anything more? Who could ask
 for anything more?

B ₂	D ⁷ A- ⁷ / _E	F ⁰ F ^{#-5b7}	G ⁷ D ⁷⁺⁵	D- ⁷ / _G G ⁷	
	C ⁷ G- ⁷ / _D	E ^{b0} E- ^{5b7}	G ^{b7-5}	F ⁷	

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser © 1948 Frank Music Corp. JüLe 2010-04-14

A₁

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

A₂

E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
E ^{b7j}		G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
F ⁻⁷		D ^{b7}	E ^{bj}	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.

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

F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	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	C ⁷	/D	F ^{7j}

Night And Day

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter Production: Gay Divorce © 1924 by Warner Bros. Inc. JüLe 2002-10-30

I	<p>F^o/_H F⁷/_C</p> <p>F^o/_H F⁷/_C B^b/_D</p> <p>C⁻⁷/_{#7} F^{#7}/_{#7} B^{7j}</p> <p>B^b/_D B^b/_D F⁷/_C F^o/_H</p>	<p>F⁷/_C F⁷/_{E^b} B^b/_D</p> <p>F⁷/_{E^b} B^b/_D B^b/_D</p> <p>B^{7j} D⁻⁷/_F G⁷</p> <p>F⁷/_C F^o/_H B^{b7j} F⁷</p>	<p>B^b/_D F⁷/_C</p> <p>F⁷/_A F⁷/_F</p> <p>C^{7j}/_E A^{-7b5}/_{E^b}</p> <p>B^{b7j}/_{A^b}</p>
A ₁	<p>G^{b7}/_{C^{-7b5}} F⁷</p> <p>G^{b7}/_{C^{-7b5}} F⁷</p> <p>C⁷/_E E^{-7b5} E^{b0}</p> <p>C⁻⁷ F⁷</p>	<p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p>	<p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>D^{b-7b5}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p>
A ₂	<p>G^{b7}/_{C^{-7b5}} F⁷</p> <p>G^{b7}/_{C^{-7b5}} F⁷</p> <p>C⁷/_E E^{-7b5} E^{b0}</p> <p>C⁻⁷ F⁷</p>	<p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p>	<p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>D^{b-7b5}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p>
B	<p>D^{b7j}</p> <p>D^{b7j}</p> <p>C⁷/_E E^{-7b5} E^{b0}</p> <p>C⁻⁷ F⁷</p>	<p>D^{b7j}</p> <p>D^{b7j}</p> <p>E^{b0}</p> <p>F⁷</p>	<p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>B^{b7j}</p>

Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom;
 when the jungle shadows fall,
 like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock,
 as it stands against the wall,
 like the drip, drip, drip, of the raindrops,
 when the summer show'r is through;
 so a voice within me keeps repeating,
 you, you, you.

Night and day you are the one,
 only you beneath the moon and under the sun.
 Whether near to me or far,
 it's no matter, darling,
 where you are
 I think of you
 night and day.

Night and day why is it so,
 that this longing for you follows wherever I go?
 In the rearing traffic's boom,
 in the silence of my lonely room,
 I think of you,
 night and day.

Night and day under the hide of me
 there's an Oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside
 of me.
 And it's torment won't be through
 'til you let me spend my life making love to you,
 day and night,
 night and day.

Let it Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1945 JüLe 2009-09-12

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
B	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	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 ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ^{7/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		

Schluss: + letzte 2 Takte instrumental

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!

It Had to Be You

Music by Isham Jones Lyrics by Gus Kahn © 1924 by Warner Bros. JüLe 2010-9-7

A ₁	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷					
	D ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷					
	G ⁷		G ⁷	E ⁷ / _{G#}	A-	E ⁷	A-			
	D ⁷		D ⁷		G ⁷		G ⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵		
A ₂	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷					
	D ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷					
	F ^{7j}		F ^{#0}	C _{/G}	E ⁷ / _{G#}	A-	F ^{#0}			
	G ⁷	F ^{#0}	D- ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	(D- ^{5b7})	G ⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵)		

It Had To Be You, It Had To Be You, I wandered
around and finally found the somebody who Could
make me be true, could make me be blue, And even
be glad, just to be sad, thinking of you.

Some others I've seen might never be mean, Might
never be cross or try to be boss, but they wouldn't
do, For nobody else gave me a thrill, with all your
faults I love you still, It Had To Be You, wonderful
you, Had To Be You.

Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1939 JüLe 2006-09-14

A	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>C⁹</p> <p>C⁷</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>A⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>A^{b0}</p> <p>C⁹</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷</p>
B	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>C⁶</p> <p>C⁶</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>G⁻⁷/D^{b13}</p> <p>D⁻⁹ G⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>F⁻⁷</p> <p>C⁶</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>B^{b7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷/D^{b13}</p> <p>C⁷</p>
C	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁷/_B</p> <p>G¹³</p> <p>G⁷/_B</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>B^{b-7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>B^{b-7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷⁺⁵</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>E^{b7}</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>F^{7j}</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>F^{7j} D⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>D⁷</p> <p>A^{b0}</p> <p>A⁻⁷ D⁷</p> <p>D⁷⁻⁹</p> <p>G⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>

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 possibilty 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.

***That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes © 1953 by Mixed Bag Music, Inc. JüLe 1/96

A ₁	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 ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	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 ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		
B	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ⁰	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₃	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 ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		

A ₁	C ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j} / _E	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	B ⁷⁺⁵⁹	B ^{b7-513}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷ / _{F#}	F ⁻⁶	C ^{7j} / _E	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j} / _E	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	B ⁷⁺⁵⁹	B ^{b7-513}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷ / _{F#}	F ⁻⁶	C ^{7j} / _E	E ^{b0}	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷		
A ₃	C ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j} / _E	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	B ⁷⁺⁵⁹	B ^{b7-513}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷ / _{F#}	F ⁻⁶	C ^{7j} / _E	E ^{b0}	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}		

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn © 1930 by Bregman Vocco & Conn Inc. üLe 2002-12-15

V	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	D ⁷ G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷ E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ /G ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ /G ⁷	
	B ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁻	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} (E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G 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

Volare

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/E: Mitchell Parrish © 1958 Edizioni Curci JüLe 2003-01-19

V	E ^{b7j}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}				
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}				
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	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 ^{-7b5}	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}	

Schluss: die letzten beiden Takte 2mal wiederholen

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 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 Only Have Eyes for You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Al Dubin © 1934 JüLe 2010-4-4

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		A ⁻⁷		A ^{b7}		
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		D ⁷		D ⁷ (A ^{b7})		
B	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ^{-5b7}		G ^{-5b7} / _C	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷		A ^{b7}		
A ₃	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0} / _D	F ⁷ _j / _A	E ^{b9+11}		D ⁷		
	G ⁻⁷		G ^{-5b7} / _C	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		

Verse:

My love must be a kind of blind love,
 I can't see anyone but you.
 And dear, I wonder if you find love
 An optical illusion too?

Chorus:

Are the stars out tonight?
 I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
 'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear.
 The moon may be high,
 But I can't see a thing in the sky,
 'Cause I only have eyes for you.
 I don't know if we're in a garden,
 Or on a crowded avenue.
 You are here, so am I,
 Maybe millions of people go by,
 But they all disappear from view,
 And I only have eyes for you.

Blue Moon

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1934 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. JüLe 2003-03-08

V	G- G- ⁷ C ⁷ / _G C ⁰ / _G G- A- ^{7b5} / _C D ⁷
	G- G- ⁷ C ⁷ / _G C ⁰ / _G G- A- ^{7b5} / _C D ⁷ G-
	C- A- ⁷ F ⁷ G ^{7j} A- ⁷ D ⁷ G ^{7j}
	C- ⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
A ₁	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
	A ^{b7} G ⁷ G ^{b7} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
A _{2/3}	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
	A ^{b7} G ⁷ G ^{b7} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} B ^{b7j}
B	C- ⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G ⁷ C- ⁷ F ^{b7} B ^{b7j}
	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7} D ^{b7j} F ^{7j} / _C C ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
A _{2/3}	B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7j} G- ⁷ C- ⁷ F ⁷
	A ^{b7} G ⁷ F ^{#7} F ⁷ B ^{b7j} B ^{b7j}

Once upon a time,
before I took up smiling,
I hated the moonlight!
Shadows of 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 had no mission.
Now that I have you,
to be as rich as Morgan
is my one ambition.
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.

Mack the Knife

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein Oper: Dreigroschenoper © 1928 Universal Edition JüLe 01-06-12

I	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
A ₁	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} E ⁰	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
A ₂	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 B ⁷
A ₃	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
A ₄	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
A ₅	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
A ₆	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}

2x tutti in Es, langsam steigend und $\frac{1}{2}$ Ton höher; bei F 1x piano, bass, dann weiter vocal

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.

***Rosetta

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood © 1933 by Morley Music Co. JüLe 2010-9-10

A ₁	C ^{7j} D ⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵ / _B G ⁷	E ^{-5b7} / _{B^b} C ^{7j} / _E E ^b O	A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j} D ⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵ / _B G ⁷	E ^{-5b7} / _{B^b} C ^{7j} F	A ⁷ C ^{7j} F [#] -5b7 B ⁷	
B	E- G ^{7j}	B ⁷ D ⁷	E- G ^{7j}	A ^{-5b7} / _{E^b} D ⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j} D ⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵ / _B G ⁷	E ^{-5b7} / _{B^b} C ^{7j} F	A ⁷ C ^{7j} (D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	
<hr/>					
A ₁	F ^{7j} G ⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _E C ⁷	A ^{-5b7} / _{E^b} F ^{7j} / _A A ^b O	D ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j} G ⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵ C ⁷	E ^{b7} /A ^{-5b7} F ^{7j} B ^b	D ⁷ F ^{7j} B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	
B	A- C ^{7j}	E ⁷ G ⁷	A- C ^{7j}	D ^{-5b7} / _{A^b} G ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^{7j} G ⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _E C ⁷	A ^{-5b7} / _{E^b} F ^{7j} B ^b	D ⁷ F ^{7j} (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	
<hr/>					
	E ^{b7j} F ⁷	B ^{b7+5} / _D B ^{b7}	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b} E ^{bj} / _G G ^b O	C ⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j} F ⁷	B ^{b7+5} / _D B ^{b7}	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b} E ^{b7j} A ^{b7}	C ⁷ E ^{b7j} A ^{-5b7} D ⁷	
	G- F ^{7j}	D ⁷ C ⁷	G- F ^{7j}	C ^{-5b7} / _{G^b} F ⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} G ⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _E C ⁷	A ^{-5b7} / _{E^b} F ^{7j} B ^b	D ⁷ F ^{7j} (F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7})	

Chez Moi

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Sievier © 1936 JüLe 2010-3-13

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 ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	

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

A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	G ⁷	G ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j} B ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷ B ⁰	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	

A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1937 by Gershwin Publishin Corp. JüLe 2002-09-04

I	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵
	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹
	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
A ₁	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	B ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}
	B ^{b7j} /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^{b7j} /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^{b7j} /F G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^{b7j} (D ⁷	C ⁷ F ⁷)		

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

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

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

Fools Rush In

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1940 by WBC Music Corp. JüLe 2003-07-19

V	<p>F^{7j} A⁻⁷ G⁻⁷ C⁷ F^{7j} F^{7j} A^{b7} F^{7j} </p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷ F^{7j} F^{7j} A^{b7} D^{b7} C⁷ </p> <p>F^{7j} A⁻⁷ G⁻⁷ C⁷ F^{7j} </p> <p>B^{-7b5} E⁷ A⁻ A⁻⁷ G⁻⁷ C⁷ </p>
A ₁	<p>G⁻⁷ C⁷ B^{b7} F^{7j}/A⁻⁷ A⁻⁷ D⁻⁷ </p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷ F^{7j} F^{7j} </p> <p>G⁻⁷ E^{-7b5} A⁷ D⁻ D^{-7j} D⁻⁷ </p> <p>G⁷⁻⁵ D⁻⁷ G⁷⁻⁵ G⁻⁷/_C C⁷ E^{b7} D⁷ </p>
A ₂	<p>G⁻⁷ C⁷ B^{b7} F^{7j}/A⁻⁷ A⁻⁷ D⁻⁷ </p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷ E^{b7b5} D⁷ </p> <p>G⁻⁷ G^{-7b5}/E^{b7} F_{/C} A⁻⁷ D⁻⁷ </p> <p>G⁻⁷ G⁻⁷/_C C⁷ F^{7j} F^{7j} </p>

"Romance is a game for fools," I used to say:
 a game I thought I'd never play.
 "Romance is a game for fools," I said and grinned;
 then you passed by,
 and here I am throwing caution to the wind
 a game I thought I'd never play.

Fools Rush In where angels fear to tread,
 And so I come to you, my love,
 my heart above my head.
 Though I see the danger there,
 If there's a chance for me, then I don't care.

Fools Rush In where wise men never go,
 but wise men never fall in love,
 so how are they to know?
 When we met I felt my life begin;
 So open up your heart,
 and let this fool rush in.

The Tender Trap

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1961 by Edition Campidoglio JüLe 2004-01-08

I	drums 1 Takt	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	A ^{b-57}	G ⁷	drums wirbel
A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷	G ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} (C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷	G ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
B	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷	G ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ^{-7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	

You see a pair of laughing eyes
 And suddenly your sighing sighs
 You're thinking nothing's wrong
 You string along, boy, then snap!
 Those eyes, those sighs,
 they're part of the tender trap

You're hand in hand beneath the trees
 And soon there's music in the breeze
 You're acting kind of smart,
 until your heart just goes wap!
 Those trees, that breeze,
 they're part of the tender trap
 Some stary night, when her kisses make you tingle

She'll hold you tight, and you'll hate yourself for
 being single
 And all at once it seems so nice
 The folks are throwing shoes and rice
 You hurry to a spot, that's just a dot on the map
 You're hooked, you're cooked, you're caught in the
 tender trap

And all at once it seems so nice
 The folks are throwing shoes and rice
 You hurry to a spot that's just a dot on the map
 And then you wonder how it all came about
 It's too late now there's no gettin' out
 You fell in love, and love is the tender trap

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanley Adams © 1934 JüLe 2011--7-14

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}		

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.

Santa Baby

Music & Lyics by Joan Javits, Phil Springer & Tony Springer © 1953 JüLe 2009-10-29

A ₁	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	
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 ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	

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.

What A Wonderful World

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss © 1967 Ranger Road Music Ind. & Quartel Music Inc JüLe 4/98

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁷	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	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
B	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	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b	E ^{b7j}	B ^b		

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.

***Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon © 1928 (Renewed) by Warner Brothers. JüLe 6/97

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C 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}	

***Georgia on My Mind

Music by Hoagy Carmichael Lyrics by Stuart Gorrell © 1933 by Remick Music, New York JüLe 2009-12-10

A ₁	B ^{b7} j		A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	G ⁻	G ⁻ / _F	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-} 7	
	B ^{b7} j/ _D	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^{b7} j		A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	G ⁻	G ⁻ / _F	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-} 7	
	B ^{b7} j/ _D	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} j		A ⁷	D ⁷	
B	G ⁻	C ⁻	G ⁻	E ^{b7}	G ⁻	C ⁻	G ⁻	C ⁷	
	G ⁻	C ⁻	G ⁻	B ^{b-} 7/ _{D^b}	F ^{7j} / _C	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^{b7} j		A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	G ⁻	G ⁻ / _F	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-} 7	
	B ^{b7} j/ _D	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} j (D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷)	

Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through, an old set song keeps Georgia on my mind.

Georgia, Georgia, a song of you, comes as sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines.

Other arms reach out to me; other eyes smile tenderly; still in peaceful dreams I see the road leads back to you,

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find, just an old sweet songs keeps Georgia on my mind.

A A B A | A A (p) B A | Schluss: + letzte 4 Takte; beim 3. Takt 1. Ton aushalten