

30. November 2017 – Giesserei

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Shiny Stockings

Lyric by Ella Fitzgerald/John Hendricks Music by Frank Foster 1955

A	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	D ^{-7j}	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	G ⁷⁻⁹	
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	D ^{-7j}	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	

B Blöcke, Schlagzeug 3 x

Those silk shiny stockings that I wear when I'm
with you,
I wear cause you told me that you dig that crazy
hue.

Do we think of romance,
when we go to a dance?
Oh no! You take a glance –
at those shiny stockings.

Then came along some chick with great big
stockings too.
When you changed your mind about me, why I
never knew.
I guess I'll have to find,
a new, a new kind,
A guy who digs my shiny stockings too!

I walk with my baby and I know in nothin' flat
She's got something mellow lots of fellows whistle at
When we go for a walk, I know soon as we're out
With no shadow of doubt,
She's got lots to be proud of...

And I'm hip I'm lucky to have a woman that well
endowed
A girl half that lovely could make plenty of fellows
proud
I'm crazy about all of her charms, but one in particular
is a ball
I love those shiny stockings best of all.
Every man will eyeball whatever he can

But one thing all men dig is a real shapely leg
Oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really,
Oh yeah, what do they think of that
Where to they think we're at?
A woman has got to pretty up and tend to business
Make sure she's catchin' an eye!
The fellows all get to diggin' but they
Never know what they're diggin' about
A woman has really got to wail at always lookin' her very best
She must be up to par without fail
Otherwise, her old man's eyes will start to wonder
And is it any wonder?
Men go for prettines, this I must confess
Dig a pretty face, dig a pretty dress
But they like a pretty leg best
And that's the reason those stockings shine...
'Cause they appeal to these eyes of mine
I love it when she says "I'm gonna stick around and love you
babe"
I'm certain if I can keep her home from roamin'
She'll remain and I'll be wonderin'
Why a wmon that's lookin' as good as her is by my side
She's fine, yes she's fine
And she's all mine
What an incredibly lucky specimin am I!
I'm crazy 'bout every single one of her charms
But one in particular is a ball
I love those shiny stockings best of all
Oh I love those shiny stockings really I do
Yes I do, I truly do.

<http://www.ronfry.com/lyrics/ShinyStockings.txt>

Live at Basin Street East. Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, May 1963.

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

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

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

Stars Fell on Alabama

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	
B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁶	F ^{#0f}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ A ^{7/c#}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7/c}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹)	

F I: 4 Takte

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

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

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

Makin' Whoopee

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928

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

C dr-Schlag, Intro. 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!"

Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

A ₁	C	C	C	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	C	C	
	G ⁷	G ⁷	C	C	
A ₂					
	D	D	D	D ⁷	
	G ⁷	G ⁷	D	D ⁷	
	A ⁷	A ⁷	ΔD	D	

C Shuffle; voc/sax 3x/b/voc2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

Fools Rush In

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1940

v	F ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^Δ
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ A ^{b7}	D ^{b7} C ⁷
	F ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^Δ
	B [∅] E ⁷	A ⁻ A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
A ₁	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ B ^{b7}	F ^Δ /A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ
	G ⁻⁷	E [∅] A ⁷	D ⁻ D ^{-Δ}	D ⁻⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁵ D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁵	G ⁻⁷ / _C	C ⁷ E ^{b7} D ⁷
A ₂	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ B ^{b7}	F ^Δ /A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7b5}	D ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	G [∅] /E ^{b7}	F _{/C} A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ / _C C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ

F Schluss verlangsamen

"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.

Besame Mucho

Music Consuelo Velazquez & Lyrics by Sunny Skylar 1941

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

Am

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

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

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

Black Coffee

Music by Francis J. Burke Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster 1948

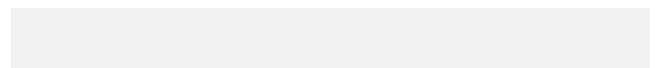
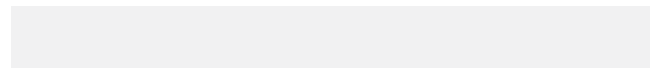
I	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}
A ₁	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	
	F ⁷		F ⁷		C ⁷	D ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁹
	D ⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹
A ₂	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁷⁺⁵⁺⁹ _{/C[#]}	C ⁷⁺⁹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

A₂ hier kommt nochmals A1

S

C

1x tutti :kein Swingrhythmus



Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Leo Robin 1949

I	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	A ^{b-7} / _B	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	A ^{b-7} / _B	B ^b Δ	• •	
	ohne Rhythmus										
	A [∅]	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ				
	Nur Klavier										
	B ^b Δ	D ^{b0}	C ⁷	F ⁷							
A ₁	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		
	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷	G ⁷			
	C ⁻		C ⁻		C ⁻		C ⁻	G ⁷			
	C ⁷		C ⁷		F ⁷		F ⁷				
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ	E ^{b-}			
	B ^b Δ	D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷		F ⁷				
	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		D [∅]		G ⁷				
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷⁻⁹		B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ				

B

The French are glad to die for love,
They delight in fight - ing duels;
But I prefer a man who lives
And gives expensive jew - els!

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.

Embraceable You

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1930

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

DUO C

Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you! Embrace me, you irreplaceable you! Just one look at you, my heart grew tipsy in me; You and you alone bring out thy gypsy in me!

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

Let's Do it

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1933

V	C ^Δ	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ F ⁺⁵ F ⁶	F ^Δ F ⁺⁵ F ⁶	
	F ^Δ	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ F ⁺⁵ F ⁶	F ^Δ F ⁺⁵ F ⁶	
	F ^Δ		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
	F ^Δ ^{/A}	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	B ^{b-}	F ^Δ ^{/A}	C ⁷⁺⁵	

(wir spielen den Vers nicht)

A ₁	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ F ⁷	B ^{bΔ} B ^{b-}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ⁷ /F D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	

A ₂	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ F ⁷	B ^{bΔ} B ^{b-}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ B ^{b7}	F ^Δ A ⁷ / _E	

B	D ⁻⁶		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
	B ^{bΔ}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁺⁵	

A ₃	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ F ⁷	B ^{bΔ} B ^{b-}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ (D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	

F

(V) When the little Bluebird,
Who has never said a word,
Starts to sing: "Spring, spring";
When the little Bluebell,
In the bottom of the dell,
Starts to ring: "Ding, ding";
When the little blue clerk,
In the middle of his work,
Starts a tune to the moon up above,
It is nature, that's all,
Simply theling us to fall in love.
And that's why

Birds do it, Bees do it,
Even educated fleas do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

In Spain, the best upper sets do it,
Lithuanians and Letts do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love

The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it,
Not to mention the Finns
Folks in Siam do it, – Think of Siamese twins.
Some Argentines, without means, do it,
People say, in Boston, even beans do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
Romantic sponges, they say, do it,
Oysters down in oyster bay do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
Even lazy Jellyfish, do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Electric eels, I might add, do it,
Though it shocks 'em I know.
Why ask if shad do itm - Waiter bring me
"shad-roe".

In shallow shoals, English soles, do it,
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls, do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

It Had to Be You

Music by

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

C I: 2T piano. Alt-Bass. S: + 8T

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.

Je ne veux pas travailler

Music and Lyrics by Pink Martini 1999

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

G

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Chorus]

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

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

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

C

Original:

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

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

Fassung Frank Sinatra:

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

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

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

The Christmas Song

Music and Lyrics by Mel Tormé and Robert Wells 1946

A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	D [∅] G ⁷⁻⁹	C ^Δ	D ^b - ⁷ G ^b 7	B ^Δ	E ^b 7	
A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	D [∅] G ⁷⁻⁹	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^b - ⁷ E ^b 7	A ^b Δ		
B	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b 7	D ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b 7	D ^b Δ		
	D ^b - ⁷	G ^b 7	B ^Δ		F- ⁷	B ^b 7	B ^b - ⁷	E ^b 7	
A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	G ⁷	A ^b Δ	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ		
S	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	G ⁷	A ^b Δ	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷	
	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b Δ						

As Abfolge:

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

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

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

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

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

A ₁	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
B	F ^Δ		F ^Δ	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	

B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»

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

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

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

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

Santa Baby

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

A ₁	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	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	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	
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 ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	

C S: alle singen. S 3-mal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

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

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

F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal

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

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

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

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

Winter Wonderland

Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith 1934

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

G S: dehnen ab A⁷

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

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

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

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

//

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

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

Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon 1928

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}	

F schneller,

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

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

Dream a Little Dream of Me

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

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

Des

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

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

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

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

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 Breaks S: 2x Stopp auf Me, p weiter

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

More Than You Know

Music Vincent Youmans Lyrics Edward Eliscu, William Rose 1929

V	G ⁻	E [∅]	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻	E [∅]	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}		A [∅]		D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁻	E [∅]	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻	E [∅]	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻	F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}		A [∅]		D ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₁	G ^Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A [∅]
	D ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵
A ₂	G ^Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	F ⁹
	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}
B	B ⁻		C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	D ^Δ	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷ _{/D}	D ⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	
A ₃	G ^Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	F ⁹
	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	(A ^{b∅})	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵)

Schluss: Verlangsamten

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mean to Me

Music Fred A. Ahlert Lyrics Roy Turk 1929

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

C. S: normal (Musik Tipp: Billie Holiday)

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.

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

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

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

Manhattan

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1925

A ₁	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ / _D D ^b °	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	E ^b 7	D ⁻⁷	D ^b °	
	C ⁻⁷	B [°]	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^b Δ	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ / _D D ^b °	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		G ⁻⁷		
	C ⁷		C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁷		
B	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ / _D D ^b °	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	E ^b 7	D ⁻⁷	D ^b °	
	C ⁻⁷	B [°]	F ⁷		D [∅]		G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		A ^b 7 ⁹ / _C		B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ / _D D ^b °	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		

B Intro p AAB. voc-cl+p-voc

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.

Girl from Ipanema

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

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

Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc

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

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

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

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 ^{b0}	C- ⁷	D [∅]	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 [∅]	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 [∅] G ⁷)	
S: +	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		

B (C-⁷). Intro: letzte 8 Takte. 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

'S Wonderful

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1927

A ₁	G ⁶ A ⁻⁷	G ⁶ D ⁷	G ^{#0} G ^Δ	G ^{#0} A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
A ₂	G ⁶ A ⁻⁷	G ⁶ D ⁷	G ^{#0} G ⁶	G ^{#0} C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	
B	B ^Δ B ⁷ G ⁶	G ^{#-7} E ⁷ G ⁶	C ^{#-7} A ⁷ B [∅]	F ^{#7} D ⁷ E ⁷	
A ₃	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ (E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹)	
S	G ⁶ A ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^Δ D ⁷ D ⁷	B [∅] B ⁻⁷ G ⁶	E ⁷ E ⁷ G ⁶	

G

He: Life has just begun, Jack has found his Jill. Don't know what you've done, But I'm all athrill. How can words express Your divne appeal? You can never guess All the love I feel. From now one lady I insist, For me no other girls exist.
 She: Don't mind telling you, In my humble fash, That you thrill me through With a tender pash. When you said you eare, 'magine, my emosh. I swore then and there Permanent devosh. You mede all other boys seem blah; Just you alone fill me with Aah!

'S wonderful! 'S marvelous! You should care for me!
 'S awful nice! 'S paracise! 'S what I love to see!
 He: You've made my life so glamourous, You can't blame me for feeling amorous. Oh!
 She: My dear, it's fourleaf clover time. From now on my heart's working overtime. Oh!
 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous! That you should care for me!

How Long Has This Been Going On

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1927

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

DUO – Pause nach Verse. C (G⁷, G⁰) S: 3T

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

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

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

Bei mir bist Du schön

Music Sholom Secunda Lyrics Sholem Secunda/Jacob Jacobs (1933)/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: 3 x

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.

These Foolish Things

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

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

B intro auf B. S: Stopp

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to romantic places, And still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.

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

First daffodils and long excited cables, And candlelight on little corner tables, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.

• The park at evening when the bell has sounded, The "Île de France" with all the gulls around it. The beauty that is Spring's, These Foolish Things remind

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

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

Volare

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

V	E ^b Δ	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}			
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ			
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷			
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ / _{B^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 ⁻	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

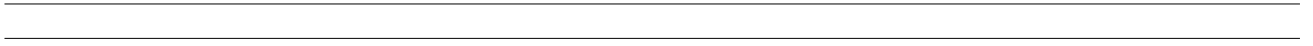
Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più. Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu. Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapito. E incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu dipinto di blu Felice di stare lassu

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 svaniscono 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 e una musica dolce Che suona per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu Felice di stare quaggiù Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiù



Look for the Silver Lining

Music by Jerome Kern Lyrics by Buddy DeSylva 1962

A	G ^Δ	A ⁻⁷ / _D	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁶	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	C ^Δ		B ⁻⁷		E ⁻⁷		
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	/c	B ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷		
	E ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}		B ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bΔ}	
		/D						
B	G ^Δ	A ⁻⁷ / _D	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁶		G ⁶		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹		C ^Δ		C ^Δ	B ^{b7}	
	A ⁷	A ⁷⁻⁹	B ^{b0}	B ⁻⁷	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁷⁺⁵	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹		G ^Δ		G ^Δ		

G Intro: Trio B-Teil

Look for the silver lining
 whene'er a cloud appears in the blue,
 Remember somewhere the sun is shining
 and so the right thing to do is make it shine for you.

A heart full of hoy and gladness
 will always banish sadness and strife.
 So always look for the silver lining
 and try to find the sunny side of life.

Over the Rainbow

Music Harold Arlen Lyrics E. Y. Harburg 1938

I	G ^Δ		C ⁷ _{/G}		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		
	G ^Δ		C ⁷ _{/G}		G ^Δ		F ^{#-7}	B ⁷	
	E ⁻		C ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷ _{/D}		G ^Δ _{/D}		
	A ⁻⁷ _{/D}		G ^Δ _{/D}	E ⁰ _{/D}	A ⁻⁷ _{/D}		D ⁷		
A ₁	G ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^Δ	C ^{#0} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁹	
	A ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	G ^Δ	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	A ⁷ D ⁷	
A ₂	G ^Δ	C ⁷	B ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^Δ	C ^{#0} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁹	
	A ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	G ^Δ	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
B	G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷ _{/D}		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷ /A ^{b7-9}	
	G ^Δ F ^{#7}	E ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}	F ^{#7+9}	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{#0}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^Δ	C ^{#0} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁹	
	A ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		

G

When all the world is a hopeless jumble and the
raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic
lane. When all the clouds darken up the skyway,
there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from
you windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a
step beyond the rain.

Somewhere Over The Rainbow way up high, There's
a land that I heard of once in a lullaby,

Somewhere Over The Rainbow skies are blue, And
the dreams that you dare to dream really do come
true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake up where
the clouds are far behind me, Where troubles melt
like lemon drops, away, above the chimney tops
that's where you'll find me.

Somewhere Over The Rainbow bluebirds fly, Birds
fly Over The Rainbow why then o why can't I?

There Will Never Be Another You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Mark Gordon 1942

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

B I: 4 T, S:+4 Takte p Lead + aushalten

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

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