

November 2019 – Monday Blues

2019-11-8 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Grün = Christmas Rot = Trio Blau = Duo

- 1 **Our Love Is Here to Stay**
F 1x tutti; piano/ bass
- 2 **Santa Claus Is Coming to Town**
F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal
- 3 **Corcovado (Quiet Nights ...)**
B
- 4 **Makin' Whoopee**
C Intro p.
- 5 **L-O-V-E**
Es I: 4 Takte. S: 2-mal
- 6 **Fly Me to the Moon**
Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, ts, Englisch Drums: 4x4
- 7 **Blue Moon**
B I: A3, voc-p/p-voc
- 8 **After You've Gone**
Es. Verse, langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc
- 9 **Je ne veux pas travailler**
G
- 10 **The Boy Next Door**
Es I: voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern
- 11 **Witchcraft**
C. 1. Chorus nur im Trio. S: + 8 T
- 12 **I'm Through with Love**
DUO B p/voc
- 13 **Bei mir bist Du schön**
Cm. Verses 1. Teil tp 2. Teil Sandra. S: 2–3mal
- 14 **Boogie Woogie Stomp**
C Mit Intro, später nochmals 4T, dr-Solo
- 15 **Volare**
Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc
- 16 **Route 66 (C-Dur)**
C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T
- 17 **Mean to Me**
C. cool spielen, nicht zu schnell. I: 4Takte, S: normal
- 18 **I Love Paris**
D/Dmoll S. einfach
- 19 **Centerpiece**
F Blues
- 20 **Desafinado**
C langsamer
- 21 **All of Me**
F I: letzte 8T. tp, voc, p ... voc. S 2x
- 22 **Let It Snow**
B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»
- 23 **What a Diff'rence a Day Made**
C Langsam! voc, ts/voc. S: aushalten
- 24 **I Wish You Love**
B S: rit.
- 25 **Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps**
Bm – S: insgesamt 3 x, plus cha-cha-cha

- 26 Bye Bye Blackbird**
F Intro p
- 27 Teach Me Tonight**
G. Breacks nach A1. tutti, tp, p/voc S: aushalten
- 28 If I Were a Bell**
B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.
- 29 Stars Fell on Alabama**
F I: 4 Takte
- 30 My Baby Just Cares for Me**
C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me
- 31 That Ole Devil Called Love**
B (C-7). S + 2 T
- 32 Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend**
B Abfolge:
- 33 Come Fly With Me**
F I: letzte 8 T. p-voc S: 2x
- 34 On a Slow Boat to China**
Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten
- 35 How About You?**
F
- 36 I'm Glad There Is You**
B – Abfolge
- 37 La vie en rose**
F. Break. V ad lib. Tutti. Bass 1 + 3 Soli Bass 1+2+3+4
- 38 Mack the Knife**
Es. 2x t 1tutti in Es, dann ½ Ton höher.
- 39 Wave**
C
- 40 I Can't Give You ...**
C
- 41 A Foggy Day**
B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal
- 42 Besame Mucho**
Am
- 43 Whispering**
As Old Time Jazz
- 44 Gone with the Wind**
Es
- 45 There Will Never Be Another You**
B I: 4 Takte Turnaround, S: +4 Takte, aushalten
- 46 Day In – Day Out**
F schnell I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T
- 47 These Foolish Things**
B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p
- 48 Evil Gal Blues**
C; Stopper beim 2. und 3. Mal (von 4)
- 49 My Heart Belongs to Daddy**
F > Fm. S: strecken
- 50 Girl from Ipanema**
Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc
- 51 St. Louis Blues**
G

Our Love Is Here to Stay

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1938

I	G ⁷		G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		A [∅]	D ⁷	
	G ⁷		G- ⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ^{#O}	
A ₁	A- ⁷	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	B ^{bΔ}	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	D- ⁷		G ⁷		G- ⁷		C ⁷	(A [∅] D ⁷)	
	G ⁷		G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		A [∅]	D ⁷	
	G ⁷		G- ⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ^{#O}	
A ₂	A- ⁷	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷	G- ⁷ _{/B^b}	G ^{#O} _{/B}	
	A- ⁷ _{/C}	D- ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ	(A [∅] D ⁷)	

F 1x tutti; piano/ bass

It's very clear
our love is here to stay;
not for a year
but ever and a day.
The radio and the telephone
and the movies that we know
may just be passing fancies,
and in time may go.

But, oh my dear,
our love is here to stay;
together we're
going a long, long way.
In time the Rockies may crumble,
Gibraltar may tumble,
hey're only made of clay,
but our love is here to stay.

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.

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 _{/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 ^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 _{/G} A ⁻⁷ A ^{b7} G ⁷ C ^Δ C ^Δ

C Intro p.

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 ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7} • • •	B ^{b7} • • •	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A ^o	
	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ B ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ (B ^{b7})	

Es I: 4 Takte. S: 2-mal

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	A ⁰	E ^b Δ	C ⁷		F ⁷	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	E ^b 7	
B	A ^b Δ		A ^b Δ	/B ^b		A ^b —		A ^b —		
	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ			C ⁷		C ⁷		
	F ⁷		F ⁷			B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		
	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ			E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ		
	A ^b Δ		A ^b Δ			A ^b —		A ^b —		
	E ^b Δ		E ^b Δ			C ⁷		C ⁷		
	F ^{—7}		C ⁷			F [—]	A ^b	A ^b —		
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	/G		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.

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 _j / _D D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^b _j / _D D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ A ^b ₇ D ⁻⁷ D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^b _j / _D D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^b _j / _D D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ A ^b ₇ D ⁻⁷ D ^b _O C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	D ⁻⁷ D ^b _O 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 _O 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 [#] _O
	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 ^b Δ	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 [∅]	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.

Boogie Woogie Stomp

Music by Albert Ammons 1930

C	C	C	C	
F ⁷	F	C	C	
G ⁷	G ⁷	C	C	

C Mit Intro, später nochmals 4T, dr-Solo

Volare

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

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

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

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

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

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscon perché Quando

tramonta, la luna li porta con sé Ma io continuo a sognare Negli occhi tuoi belli, che sono blu Come un cielo trapunto di stelle Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiu

E continuo a volare felice Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu su Mentre il mondo pian piano scompare Negli occhi tuoi blu

La tua voce e una musica dolce Che suona per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu Felice di stare quaggiu Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiu

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

C. cool spielen, nicht zu schnell. I: 4Takte, S: normal

You're Mean To Me,
Why must you be Mean to Me?
Gee, honey, it seem to me
you love to see me cryin' I don't know why.

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

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

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

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

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

Centerpiece

Music by Harry Edison and Jon Hendricks 1958

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

F Blues

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 langsamer

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

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. S 2x

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.

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!

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.

I Wish You Love

Music and Lyrics by Charles Trenet 1946

V	B \flat —	B \flat — Δ	B \flat — 7	B \flat — 6	C \emptyset	F $^{7+5}$	
	B \flat —	B \flat — Δ	B \flat — 7	B \flat — 6	C \emptyset	F $^{7+5}$	
	B \flat —	B \flat — Δ	B \flat — 7	B \flat — 6	C \emptyset	F $^{7+5}$	
	B \flat Δ		G \emptyset	G \flat^{7+11}	F 79	F 795	
A $_1$	C— 7		F 7		B \flat Δ	E \flat^7	D— 7 D \flat^O
	C— 7		F 7		B \flat Δ	E \flat^7	D— 7 G 7
A $_2$	C— 7		F 7		B \flat Δ	E \flat^7	D— 7 D \flat^O
	C— 7		F 7		F— 7	B \flat^7	
B	E Δ		E— 7		B $\flat^{6/9}$	G \flat^7	G 7
	C— 7		G— 7 C 7		C— 7	F 7	G 7
A $_3$	C— 7		F 7		B \flat Δ	E \flat^7	D— 7 D \flat^O
	C— 7		F 7		B \flat Δ	B \flat Δ	(G 7)

B S: rit.

Verse:
Français

Chorus:
Français/English

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

Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon 1928

V	D-	D-	G-	D-
	G- ⁶	A ⁷⁺⁵	D-	C ⁷
	D-	A ⁷	G- ⁶	A ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ^{#0}	G-	D-
	G ⁷	G ⁷	G- ⁷	G ⁷
				C ⁷
A ₁	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	G- ⁷	F ^Δ
	F _{/A}	A ^{b0}	G- ⁷	C ⁷
	G- ⁷	G- ^Δ	G- ⁷	C ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ
A ₂	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷
	G- ⁷	G- ⁷	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷
	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ

F Intro p

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

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

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

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 ^{bO}	
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. Brecks 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.

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	B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{b7} / _G	E ^{b7} / _G F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ B ^{b7} / _{A^b} E ^{b7} / _G D ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	E ⁰	A ⁷	D ^Δ	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	B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{b7} / _G	D ^{b0}	B ^b Δ A ⁷⁺⁵ A ^{b7} G ⁷⁻⁹
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b6/9}	(C ⁻⁷ D ⁷ D ^{b0})

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 $\flat\Delta$		E $\flat\Delta$	E $\flat-$	
	B \flat Δ	D $^7_{/A}$	G $-^7$	C 7	F 7		F 7		
	B \flat Δ		B \flat Δ		D \emptyset		G 7		
	C $-^7$		F $^7-9$		B $\flat\Delta$		B $\flat\Delta$		

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.

B Abfolge:

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

How About You?

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Ralph Freed 1941

A	F ^Δ	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	A [∅]	D ⁷⁺⁵	
	G ⁷		G [∅]		F ^Δ	F ^Δ	
	A ^Δ _{/E}		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
B	F ^Δ	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{bO}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		B ^{bΔ}	E ^{b7}	
	F ^Δ /A ⁻⁷		A ^{b-6}		G ⁻⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	

F

When a girl meets boy, Life can be a joy, But the
note they end on, Will depend on little pleasures
they will share; So let us compare.

I like New York In June. How about you? I like a
Gershwin tune. How about you? I love a fireside
when a storm is due. I like potato chips. moonlight
and motor trips. How about you?

I'm mad about good books, can't get my fill. And
Franklin Roosevelt's looks, give me a thrill. Holding
hands in a movie show, when all the lights are low
may not be new, but I like it. How about you?

I like Jack Benny's jokes. To a degree. I love the
common folks. That includes me. I like to window
shop on 5th Avenue. I like banana splits, late supper
at the Ritz, How about you? I love to dream of fame,
maybe I'll shine. I'd love to see your name right
beside mine. I can see we're in harmony, Looks like
we both agree On what to do, And I like it, how
about you?

I'm so delighted I've ignited the spark within you.
Let me continue to make it burn. With you I will be
like a Trilby, so let's not dally. Come on Svengali,
I've lots to learn. When you're arisin', start exercisin'
daily. For example, just a sample? Bend and touch
the floor fifty times or more. Ha! A fine start to be
a Bernhardt! A dictionary's necessary but not for
talking, it's used for walking the Ziegfeld way. Is this
OK?

That's the trick, you're catching on quickly. Should I
take a bow? A-ho! Let me show you how!
Just like partners on the stage.
If you can use a partner,
I'm the right age.

*Duet by Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland in the film
Babes on Broadway, 1941) Music and lyrics by E.Y.
Harburg, Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Roger Edens and
Harold J. Rome*

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
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	1	2	3	4
V	F Δ	D 7	G $^{-7}$	C 7 / $_E$
			F Δ / $_A$	F $^{\#}O$
			G $^{-7}$	C 7
A	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	F 6
	F Δ	A $^{-7}$	A bO	G $^{-7}$
	G $^{-7}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	C 7
	G $^{-7}$	A $^{-7}$	B b	D b7
	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	F 6
				C 7
B	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	B b	B b
	B $^b_{-6}$	B $^b_{-6}$	A $^{-7}$	D 7
	G 7	G 7	G $^{-7}$	C 7
	F Δ	F Δ	F 6	A $^{-7}$
				A bO
C	G $^{-7}$	C 7	F 6	F 6

F. 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 ⁰ 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 ⁰ 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 ^{#0} 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 ⁰ 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 ^{#0} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{Bb} A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ
6	A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	A ^{bΔ} a ⁰ 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 1tutti 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.

Wave

Music and Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim 1967 and 1968

A	C ^Δ	B [○]	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E [○]	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A	C ^Δ	B [○]	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E [○]	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
B	F ⁻⁷ / _{A^b}	B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{bΔ} / _G	E ^{bΔ} / _G	
	E ^{b-7} / _{G^b}	A ^{b7} / _{G^b}	D ^{bΔ} / _F	G ⁷⁻⁹	
A	C ^Δ	B [○]	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E [○]	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	

C

So close your eyes, for that's a lovely way to be –
aware of things your heart alone was meant to see.
The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two can
dream a dream together.

You can't deny don't try to fight the rising sea,
don't fight the moon the stars above and don't fight
me. The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two
can dream a dream together.

When I saw you first the time was half past three.
When your eyes met mine it was eternity.

By now we know the wave is on its way to be.
Just catch the wave don't be afraid of loving me.
The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two can
dream a dream together.

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

A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$
	B \flat Δ	A 7	D $^{-7}$	G 7
	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	D $^{-7}$ D $^{-6}$	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$
	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ G 7	C $^{-7}$ F 7
A $_1$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	B \flat Δ	F $^{-7}$ B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	D $^{-7}$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7	F 7
A $_2$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	F $^{-7}$	B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	B \flat Δ /F C $^{-7}$ /F	B \flat Δ /F C $^{-7}$ /F	B \flat Δ /F G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$ F 7
	B \flat Δ (D 7)	C 7 F 7)		

B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

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.

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

Whispering

Music by John Schonberger Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger 1920

I	A ^b Δ	B ^o	B ^b -7	E ^b 7
A ₁	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	A ^b ^o / G ⁷	A ^b ^o / G ⁷
	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	F ⁷⁺⁵	F ⁷
	B ^b 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 7	E ^b 7
	A ^b Δ / C	B ^o	B ^b -7	E ^b 7
A ₂	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	A ^b ^o / G ⁷	A ^b ^o / G ⁷
	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	F ⁷⁺⁵	F ⁷
	B ^b 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 7	E ^b 7
	B ^b ∅	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ

As Old Time Jazz

Whispering the while you cuddle near me,
 whispering so no one near can hear me;
 each little whisper seems to cheer me;
 I know it's true, there is no one, dear but you, you're
 whispering just why you'll never leave me,
 whispering just why you'll never grieve me;
 whisper and say that you believe me,
 whisper that I love but you.

Lass mich dein Badewasser schlürfen,
 einmal dich abfrottieren dürfen
 und deine Oberweite messen
 und alle andern Frau'n vergessen, vergessen.
 Lass mich dich einmal nur massieren
 und deine Rippen dabei spüren,
 für einen Kuss auf deine Sohlen
 möcht' ich dein Pantoffel sein.

Lass mich auf deinem Sofa ahlen,
 lass mich doch deine Steuern zahlen,

lass mich doch deine Wimpern pinseln,
 vor deinem Himmelbettchen winseln, ja winseln.

Lass mich dich Tag und Nacht verhätscheln
 und deine schlanken Hüften tätscheln,
 lass mich heut' Nacht dein Troubadour sein
 und vor dir mich niederknien.

Lass mich doch deine Wäsche waschen,
 von deinem Frühstücksteller naschen,
 lass dir beim Gurgeln in den Mund sehn
 und deiner Seele auf den Grund geh'n, ja Grund
 geh'n.

Lass deine Pfirsichhaut berühren
 und dich im Mondschein pediküren,
 laß dir ein Heia-Liedchen singen,
 daß du süßer träumen kannst,
 (. . . süßer träumen kannst, Traum von mir.)

Text: Comedian Harmonists, 20er-Jahre

www.mevis.de/~meyer/Gedichte/Badewasser.html

http://www.skiffle.de/s_bade.txt

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
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.

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 Takte Turnaround, S: +4 Takte, aushalten

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

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

Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

A	F ⁶		F ⁶	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁹
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G [#] O	F ⁶ / _A	A ⁻⁷	A ^b O
	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹		G ⁻⁷	C ⁹
	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
B	F ⁶		F ⁶	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁹
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G [#] O	F ⁶ / _A	F ⁻⁷	B ^b 7
	C ⁶		G ⁻⁷ /D ^b 13		C ⁶	G ⁻⁷ /D ^b 13
	C ⁶		D ⁻⁹	G ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
C	F ⁶		F ⁶	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁹
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G [#] O	F ⁶ / _A	E ^b 7	D ⁷
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^b -7		A ⁻⁷	A ^b O
	G ¹³		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^b -7		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵

F schnell I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T

Day in, day out The same old hoodoo follows
me about, The same old pounding in my heart
whenever I think of you and darling, I think of you
da in day out.

Day out, day in, I needn't tell you how my days
begin. When I awake I awaken with a tingle,

one possibility in view, Theat possibility of maybe
seeing you.

Come rain, come shine, I meet you and the day is
fine, Then I kiss your lips and the pounding 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.

These Foolish Things

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

A ₁	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F 7	
	F $^{-7}$	B \flat^7	E $\flat\Delta$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7		C $^{-7}$	F 7	
A ₂	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F 7	
	F $^{-7}$	B \flat^7	E $\flat\Delta$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7	F 7	B $\flat\Delta$	A $^{7-9}$	
B	D $^{-}$		E \emptyset	A $^{7-9}$	A $^{-}$	A $^{-7}$	B \emptyset	B \flat^{-}	
	A $^{-7}$	D $^{-7}/A\mathbb{b}^{\circ}$	G $^{-7}$	C 7	F 7	D $^{-7}D\mathbb{b}^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	
A ₃	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$	B \flat Δ	G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$	F 7	
	F $^{-7}$	B \flat^7	E $\flat\Delta$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7	F 7	B $\flat\Delta$	F $^{7-9}$	

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 Cropsy 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.

B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p

Evil Gal Blues

Music by Leonard Feather Lyrics by Lionel Hampton 1944

A	C ^Δ	C ⁶	C ^Δ	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
S	C ^Δ • • •	C ^Δ • • •	C ^Δ • • •	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	

C; Stopper beim 2. und 3. Mal (von 4)

I'm an evil gal; don't you bother with me
 Yes, I'm an evil gal; don't you bother with me
 I'll empty your pockets and fill you with misery

I've got men to the left, men to the right
 Men every day and men every night

I've got so many mem, mmm, I don't know what to do
 So I'm tellin' you, daddy, I ain't no good to you

I've got men in the east, men in the west
 But my man here in Harlem always loves me the best
 I'm an evil gal and I need an evil man
 But I'm down in the dumps since I lost him to Uncle Sam

If you want to be happy, don't hang around with me
 Mmm, I said if you wanna be happy, don't hang around with me
 'Cause I'm an evil gal and I want to set you free

My Heart Belongs to Daddy

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1938

A ₁	F–	F–	F–	B ^b –
	C ⁷	C ⁷	G [∅] C ⁷	F– C ⁷⁺⁵
	F–	F–	F–	B ^b –
	C ⁷	C ⁷	G [∅] C ⁷	F– C ⁷⁺⁵
A ₂	F–	F–	F–	C ⁷
	C ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ
	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}
	B ^b –	F ^Δ	G [∅] C ⁷	F–

F > Fm. S: strecken

While tearing off, a game of golf,
I may make a play for the caddie;
But when I do I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to daddy

If I invite A Boy som night
To dine on my fine finan haddie,
I just adore His asking for more,
But my heart belongs to daddy

Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,
So I simply couldn't be bad.
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,
Da-da-da-da-da-da-ad-ad!
So I want to warn you, laddie,
Tho' I know you're perfectly swell.
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'Cause my daddy he treats it so well.

Though I'm in love, I'm not above
A date with a duke or a caddie
It's just a pose, 'cause my baby knows
That my heart belongs to daddy

When some good scout, invites me out
To dine om some fine fin and haddie
My baby's sure, his love is secure
Cause my heart belongs to daddy

Yes my heart belongs to daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
Yes I'm gonna marry daddy
Da-a-a-a-a-a-a-ad
If you feel romantic laddy
Let me warn you right from the start
That my heart belongs to daddy
And my daddy belongs to my heart

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

St. Louis Blues

Music and Lyrics by W. C. Handy 1914

A	G—	G—	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G—	G—	
	G—	G—	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	• G— • A ⁷	• D ⁷	

B	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	

C	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	

G

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down'
Cause my baby, he done lef' this town.

Feelin' tomorrow lak ah (like I) feel today.
Feel tomorrow lak ah feel today.
I'll pack my trunk, make my getaway.

St. Louis woman, wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat (that) man around by her apron strings.
'Twant (weren't) for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man I love would not gone (go) nowhere.

Got de St. Louis blues jes as blue as Ah kin (you can) be
Dat (that) man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(spoken) dog-gone-it!

Been to de Gypsy, to get ma fortune tol'
To de Gypsy, done got ma fortune tol'
'Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll.

Gypsy done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Yes she done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back.

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by maself.
Get to Cairo, find ma ol' friend Jeff
Gwine to pin maself close by his side
If I flag his train, Ah sho' can ride.

I loves dat man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Cunnel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

A black-headed woman make a freight train jump
the track,
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump
the track;
But a long tall gall makes a preacher ball the jack.

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine
Lak he owns the Diamon' Joseph line;
He'd make a cross-eyed woman go stone blin'.

Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest woman in de whole St Louis;
Blacker de berry, sweeter is de juice.

About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when work-time comes, he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten spot,
What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got.

Lawd a blonde-headed woman makes a good man
leave the town
I said blonde-headed woman makes a good man
leave the down
But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa
down.

Oh, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
I said ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.
If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must.

http://www.kite.hu/~klamp/blues/lyrics/other_songs/st_louis_blues