

Shrink&Jazz – Monday Blues, Kino Orion

2016-11-28 – Schwarz = alle Grün = Duo Rot = Trio

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

C S: alle singen. S 3-mal

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Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss 1967

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Fm (Beginn) Deutsch, ts, Englisch Drums: 4x4

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F Intro p, dann langsam Garnern S + 4T

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

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Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith 1934

G S: dehnen ab A⁷

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Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

Es I: voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern

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Music Vincent Youmans Lyrics Edward Eliscu, William Rose 1929

? DUO G

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Music by Henry Creamer Lyrics by J. Turner Layton 1918

Es. Verse, Thema langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc

Mean to Me 29

Music Fred A. Ahlert Lyrics Roy Turk 1929

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

All of Me 30

Music by Gerald Marks Lyrics by Seymour Simons 1931

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

That's All 31

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

Es

Sunny 32

Music and Lyrics by Bobby Hebb 1966

A– voc/p > tutti S: 2x

Mack the Knife >> 33

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein 1928

Es. 2x t utti in Es, dann ½ Ton höher.

You Make Me Feel So Young 34

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon 1946

Es S: 3x (Gm⁷, C⁷)

Day In—Day Out 35

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

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

Embraceable You 36

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1930

DUO C

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Music & Lyrics Allen Roberts & Doris Fisher 1944

B (C–). S + 2 T

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Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

Es

Everything Happens to Me 39

Music by Matt Dennis Lyrics by Tom Adair 1941

B Garnern

Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon 1928

V	D-	D-	G-	D-
	G- ⁶	A ⁷	D-	C ⁷
	D-	D-	G-	D-
	G- ⁷	G ⁷	G- ⁷	G [∅]
	A ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{#0}	G- ⁶	A 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

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) |

East of the Sun

Music and Lyrics by Brooks Bowman 1934

A₁

C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D [∅]	D [∅]
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B [∅] E ⁷	A ⁻⁷
D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷

A₂

C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D [∅]	D [∅]
D ⁻⁷ /C	B [∅] E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
D ⁻⁷	D [∅]	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-7}
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	(D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)

C I: letzte 12T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

East of The Sun
and west of the moon,
We'll build a dreamhouse of love, dear.
Near to the sun in the day,
near to the moon at night
we'll live in a lovely way, dear,
Living on love and pale moonlights.

Just you and I,
forever and a day,
Love will not die.
We'll keep it that way.
Up among the stars we'll find a harmony of life to a
lovely tune,
East of The Sun and west of the moon, dear,
East of The Sun and west of the moon.

D ^Δ	D ^Δ	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	E [∅]	E [∅]
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	C ^{#∅} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷
E ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷

D ^Δ	D ^Δ	F ^{#-7}	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	E [∅]	E [∅]
E ⁻⁷ /D	C ^{#∅} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E [∅]	F ^{#-7}	F ⁻⁷
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷ A ⁷)

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.

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

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

Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene De Paul Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1953

A ₁	G ^Δ C ⁷ B ⁻⁷ G ^{#0} 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 ^{#0} A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ B [∅] / _F E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^Δ C ⁷ G ^Δ B ^{b0}
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 ^{#0} A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ B [∅] / _F E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^Δ (E ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷)

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

Did you say "I've got a lot to learn?" Well, don't think I'm trying not to learn, Since this is the perfect spot to learn, Teach Me Tonight.

Starting with the "A, B, C" of it, Right down to the "X, Y, Z" of it, Help me solve the mystery of it, Teach Me tonight.

The sky's a blackboard high above you, If a shootin' star goes by I'll use that star to write I love you, A thousand times across the sky.

One thins isn't very clear, my love, Should the teacher stand so near, my love, Graduation's almost here, my love, Teach Me Tonight.

A ^Δ D ⁷ C ^{#-7} A ^{#0} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ C ^{#∅} / _G F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ^Δ F ^{#7} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷
A ^Δ D ⁷ C ^{#-7} A ^{#0} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ C ^{#∅} / _G F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ^Δ D ⁷ A ^Δ C [∅]
B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ^Δ F ^{#7-9} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ^Δ
D ^{#∅} G ^{#7-9} C ^{#-7} F ^{#7} F ^{#-7} B ⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷
A ^Δ D ⁷ C ^{#-7} A ^{#0} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ C ^{#∅} / _G F ^{#7}
B ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ^Δ (F ^{#7} B ⁻⁷ E ⁷)

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?

C ^Δ	C ^Δ	B [∅]	E ⁷⁻⁹	
A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
F ^Δ	B ^{b7}	C ^Δ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	
D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	

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

I'm Through with Love

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

A ₁	B ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 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 ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷	
B	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	D ^b 0	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b 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.

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 Pausing,
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-byeing,
But as long as you love me so,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

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

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

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

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

E ^b Δ	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	
E ^b Δ	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F [∅] /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
E ^b Δ	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F [∅] /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C [#] ∅ F ^{#7}	
B ^Δ G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	B ^Δ G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	
B ^Δ G ^{#-7}	C ^{#-7} F ^{#7}	B ^Δ	F ⁻⁷ / _{B^b} B ^{b7}	
E ^b Δ	B ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	C ⁷	
F ⁻⁷	F [∅] /A ^{b-7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	

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.

F ^Δ	F ^Δ	G ⁷	G ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ
F ^Δ	F ^Δ	G ⁷	G ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ
F ^{#Δ}	F ^{#Δ}	B ⁷	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷
G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁵
F ^Δ	F ^Δ	G ⁷	G ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁵ /E ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

A ₁	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B [∅]	E ⁷	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	B [∅]	E ⁷	A ⁷		G ⁻⁷		
B	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁶	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b∅}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ		
	F ^{#∅}	B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻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	B [∅]	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b+7}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b7}	
	F ^Δ		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		

C Garnern

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.

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 [#]	
	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

G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^Δ	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	
G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^Δ	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	B ⁻⁷	
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁶	G ^{#0}	
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{D[#]}	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷ / _D	C ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	B ^Δ	D ⁷	
G ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^Δ	C ⁷ /A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	
A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		(A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹)	

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 ⁻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
S				

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

English

Sometimes the world is a valley
of heartaches and tears
And in the hustle and bustle,
no sunshine appears;
But you and I have our love
always there to remind us
There is a way we can leave
all the shadows behind us.

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh.
Let's fly way up to the clouds,
Away from the madd'ning crowds.
Let us sing in the glow of a star
that I know of,
Where lovers enjoy peace of mind;
Let us leave the confusion and all
disillusion behind.
Just like birds of a feather,
a rainbow together we'll find.

Final Refrain:

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh
oh.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.

www.theguitarguy.com/volare.

htmlitaliano

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni
mai più
Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di
blu
Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento
rapito
E incominciavo a volare nel cielo
infinito

Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassu

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

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscon

perché

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

E continuo a volare felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu
su
Mentre il mondo pian piano
scompare
Negli occhi tuoi blu
La tua voce e una musica dolce
Che suona per me
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu
Felice di stare quaggiu
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiu

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.

(Venez Donc) Chez Moi

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Stevier 1936

A	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B [∅]	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ (B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ / _C) D ⁷	G ^Δ /B [∅] E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
B	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B [∅]	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷ B ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	

G p: Sous le ciel. I: 8 T, S:-

Venez donc chez moi je vous invite
 Y a d'la joie chez moi c'est merveilleux
 A côté des étoiles j'habite à deux pas du ciel
 toujours bleu
 J'attendrai chez moi votre visite
 Là haut sous les toits dans mon logis
 Tous les jours je reçois venez, venez vite,
 C'est gentil chez moi, venez-y...

C'est gentil chez moi je vous invite
 Vous serez pour moi le seul ami
 Nous n'aurons plus jamais de visite
 A la porte tous les ennuis
 Nous serons heureux dans mon sixième
 Il y a place pour deux dans mon logis
 On comptera les fois où nous dirons «je t'aime»
 Es-tu bien chez moi ! Restons-y...
 Venez donc chez moi je vous invite

A ^Δ	A ^Δ	A ^{#7}	A ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷ (D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}) E ⁷	G ^Δ /C ^{#∅} F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	

A ^Δ	A ^Δ	A ^{#7}	A ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ B ⁻⁷	C ^{#-7} C ⁰	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	A ^Δ	

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?

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.

What a Wonderful World

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss 1967

A ₁	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^{b7+5}	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻⁷	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		B ^b Δ		
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻⁷	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	(S: D ⁰	G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b	E ^b Δ	B ^b)	

B 2-Mal, «Schwänzchen» nur zuletzt

I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom
for me and you, and I think to myself What A
Wonderful World. I see

Skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright
blessed day, the dark sacred night, and I think to
myself What A Wonderful World. The
colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky are also

on the faces of people goin' by. I see
friends shakin' hands, sayin': "How do you do!"
They're really sayin' "I love you." I hear babies cry,
I watch them grow they'll much more than I'll ever
know and I think to myself What A wonderful
Worlds, Yes, I think to myself What A Wonderful
World.

	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷ / _B	A ⁻⁷	
	A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷ / _B	A ⁻⁷	
	A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ		C ^j		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ		
	A ⁻⁷	E ⁻	A ⁻⁷	E ⁻	A ⁻⁷	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁷ / _B	A ⁻⁷	
	A ^{b7}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	(S: E ⁰	A ⁷		
	D ⁻⁷		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C	F ^Δ	C)	

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.

G ⁻⁷	A [∅] D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	A [∅] D ⁷⁻⁹	
G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	
E ^{bΔ}	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	G ⁻⁷	
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	A [∅] D ⁷⁻⁹	
G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	
E ^{bΔ}	A [∅]	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D [∅] /A ^{b7}	G ⁷	
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ} (A [∅] D ⁷⁻⁹)	

Time on My Hands

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

V	G ⁻⁷ C ¹³⁻⁹ F ^Δ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁹⁽¹¹⁾ C ¹³ F ⁶
	G ⁻⁷ C ¹³⁻⁹ F ^Δ D ⁻⁷ B [∅] E ⁷⁻⁹ A ^Δ A ⁶
	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ^Δ _{/E} A ⁷⁺⁵ D ⁻⁷ G ⁷ C ⁹
A	F ^Δ F ^Δ B [∅] E ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
A	F ^Δ F ^Δ B [∅] E ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ E [∅] A ⁷⁻⁹
B	D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹ D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹ G ⁹⁺¹¹ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹
	A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ _{/G} C ⁷⁻⁹
C	F ^Δ F ^Δ D ^{7-9 j1} D ⁷⁻⁹
	G ⁹⁺¹¹ C ⁷ F ^Δ (D ⁷ G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

F Intro p, dann langsam Garnern S + 4T

When the day fades away into twilights,
 the moon ist my light of love,
 In the nict I am quite a romancer,
 I find an answer above.
 To bring me consolation,
 you're my inspiration.
 This is my imagination.

Time on my hands,
 You in my arms,
 Nothing but love in view;
 Then if you fall,
 Once and for all
 I'll see my dreams come true,
 Moments to spare
 for someone you care for;
 one love affair for two.
 With time on my hands
 And you in my arms
 And love in my heart all for you.

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

D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ
D ^Δ	D ^{#0}	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷
F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻	B ⁻⁷
E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷

D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ
B ⁷⁻⁹	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷
C ^{#7}	C ^{#7}	F ^{#-}	B ⁷
E ⁻⁷	E ⁷ A ⁷	D ^Δ (F ⁰	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷)

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanlay Adams 1934

A	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	
	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 ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b7}	C ^Δ	E ^{b0}		
	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.

E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	F ^{#-7}	F ⁰	
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ^Δ		
C ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷		
E ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	F ^{#-7}	F ⁰	
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
G ^Δ	C ⁷	D ^Δ	F ⁰		
E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ^Δ		

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!

Another year or maybe less What' this I hear?
Well an't you guess? She feels neglected, and he's
suspected Of 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!

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!

Picture a little love nest, Down where the roses
cling, Picture the same sweet love nest, And think
what a year can bring.

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'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!

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!"

D ^Δ B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ^Δ G ⁻	
D ^Δ _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^Δ B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	
D ^Δ B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ^Δ G ⁻	
D ^Δ _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^Δ D ^Δ	
A [∅] D ⁷ G G ⁻ D ^Δ	
A [∅] D ⁷ G G ⁻ D ⁷ _{/F#} E ^{b0} E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	
F	
D ^Δ B ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ^Δ G ⁻	
D ^Δ _{/A} B ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} A ⁷ D ^Δ D ^Δ	

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!

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B ^{bj} / _D	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bj} / _D	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{bj} / _D	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bj} / _D	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}					
A ₁	E ^{bΔ}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7+4}		
	E ^{bΔ}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bΔ}		C ^{-Δ}		
	A [∅]		D ⁷⁺⁹		G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₃	E ^{bΔ}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7+4}		
	E ^{bΔ}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F ^{#0}		
	E ^{bΔ} / _{B^b}		E ^{bΔ} / _{B^b}		F ⁷		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bΔ}		(F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7})		

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

F ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁴
F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ^{-Δ}
B [∅]	E ⁷⁺⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
F ^Δ	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁴
F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ^{#0}
F ^Δ / _C	F ^Δ	D ⁷	D ⁷
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	(G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

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 ^{#-7}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻		E [∅]	A ⁷
	D ^Δ	B ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ _{/D}	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)

? DUO G

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.

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 ^o	E ^b Δ / B ^b	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ	E ^b 7	
B	A ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	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 / F	C ⁷ / G	F ⁻ / A ^b	A ^b -					
	E ^b Δ	G ⁷	C ⁻	C ^o					
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	B ^b 7	B ^b 7					
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ					

Es. Verse, Thema langsam. Stopp > verdoppelt. soli S: voc

After you've gone, and left me crying; after you've gone, there's no denying; you'll feel blue, you'll feel sad, you'll miss the dearest pal you've ever had; There'll come a time, now don't forget it; there'll come a time, where you'll regret it; Some day, when you grow lonely, your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only, after you've gone, after you've gone away.

After I'm gone, after we break up; after I'm gone you're gona wake up; you will find, you were blind, to let somebody come and change your mind; After the years, we've been together, their joy and tears, all kinds of weather; Some day, blue and down hearted, you'll long to be with me right back where you started; after I'm gone, after I'm gone away.

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 (Musiktyp von Martin: 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.

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 ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ 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 ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ 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 ^{#∅} B ⁷
E ⁻ C ⁹ /F ^{#∅} B ⁷ E ⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷⁺⁵
D ^Δ D ^{#0} E ⁻⁷ F ⁰ D ^Δ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁻⁷
D ^Δ / _A B ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁷ D ^Δ (B ⁻⁷ E ⁷)

All of Me

Music by Gerald Marks Lyrics by Seymour Simons 1931

I	B ^b Δ G ⁷	B ⁰ C ⁷	F ^Δ _{/C} F ^Δ • • •	D ⁷ • • • •	
A ₁	F ^Δ D ⁷ E [∅] G ⁷	F ^Δ D ⁷ A ⁷ G ⁷	A ⁷ _{/E} G ⁻ D ⁻ G ⁻⁷	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ D ⁷ B ^b Δ G ⁷	F ^Δ D ⁷ B ⁰ C ⁷	A ⁷ _{/E} G ⁻ F ^Δ _{/C} F ^Δ	A ⁷ G ⁻ D ⁷ F ^Δ	

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

All of me,
why not take all of me?
Can't you see, I'm not good without you.
Take my lips, I want to loose them,
take my arms, I'll never use them.
Your good-bye
left me with eyes that cry,

how can I go on, Dear, without you.
You took the part,
that once was my heart,
so why not take all of me.

C ^Δ A ⁷	C ^{#0} D ⁷	G ^Δ _{/D} G ^Δ • • •	E ⁷ • • • •	
G ^Δ E ⁷ F ^{#∅} A ⁷	G ^Δ E ⁷ B ⁷ A ⁷	B ⁷ _{/F#} A ⁻ E ⁻ A ⁻⁷	B ⁷ A ⁻ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
G ^Δ E ⁷ C ^Δ A ⁷	G ^Δ E ⁷ C ^{#0} D ⁷	B ⁷ _{/F#} A ⁻ G ^Δ _{/D} G ^Δ	B ⁷ A ⁻ E ⁷ G ^Δ	

That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

A ₁	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ /G	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ /A	A ^{b-6}	E ^b Δ /G	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ /G	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ /A	A ^{b-6}	E ^b Δ /G	G ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	
B	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A ⁰	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₃	E ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ /G	F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ /A	A ^{b-6}	E ^b Δ /G	G ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	

I can only give you love that lasts for ever, and the promise to be near each time you call; and the only heart I own for you and you alone, that's all, that's all.

I can only give you contry walks in springtime and a hand to hold when leaves begin to fall; and a love whose burning light will warm the winter night, that's all, that's all.

There are those, I am sure, who have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a love time can never destroy.

If you're wond'ring what I'm asking in return dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small; say it's me that you'll adore, for now and evermore, that's all, that's all.

Es

	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ /A	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ /B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ /A	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ /B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ /A	G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷ /B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		

Sunny

Music and Lyrics by Bobby Hebb 1966

A ₁	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	B [∅]	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	B [∅]	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	B ^{b7}		
	B [∅]	E ⁷		A ⁻⁷	(E ⁷)		

A- voc/p > tutti S: 2x

Sunny, thank you for the truth you let me see.
 Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z.
 My life was torn like wind-blown sand,
 Then a rock was formed when we held hands.
 Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thanks you for that smile upon your face.
 Sunny, thank you for that gleam that flows with
 grace.
 You're my spark of nature's fire,
 You're my sweet complete desire.
 Sunny one so true, I love you.

B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	C ⁷		
C ^{#∅}	F ^{#7}		B ⁻⁷	(F [#])		

Mack the Knife >>

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein 1928

1	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ
1 _{3x}	E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ E ^o B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷
2	E ^Δ F ^{#-7} D ^{b-7} G ^{b-7}	E ^Δ F ^o B ⁷ D ^{b-7} B ⁷	F ^{#-7} E ^Δ G ^{b-7} E ^Δ	B ⁷ A ^{b7} / _{C[#]} G ^{b-7} C ⁷
3	F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ F ^{#o} C ⁷ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ	C ⁷ A ⁷ / _E G ⁻⁷ B ⁷
4	G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} E ^{b-7} A ^{b-7}	G ^{bΔ} G ^o D ^{b7} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ}	D ^{b7} B ^{b7} / _F A ^{b-7} D ⁷
5	G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^Δ D ^{#o} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{B^b} A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ
6	A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	A ^{bΔ} a ^o E ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7}	B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}	E ^{b7} C ⁷ / _G B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}

Es. 2x t utti in Es, dann 1/2 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.

You Make Me Feel So Young

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon 1946

A₁ | E^bΔ E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} | E^bΔ E^o | F⁻⁷ B^{b7} |
E^bΔ E^{b7}	A^bΔ A^{b6}	G⁻⁷ G^{b0}	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}
E^bΔ E^o	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}	E^bΔ E^o	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}
E^bΔ E^{b7}	A^bΔ A^{b6}	G⁻⁷ G^{b0}	F⁻⁷ B^{b7}

B | B^{b-7} | E^{b7} | B^{b-7} | E^{b7} |
 | D^o G⁷⁻⁹ | C⁻⁷ | F⁻⁷ (G^o A^{b6} A^o) | B^{b7} (F⁻⁷_{/C} C^{#o} D^o) |

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

Es S: 3x (Gm7, C7)

You make me feel so young,
 You make me feel so "Spring has sprung",
 And ev'ry time I see you grin,
 I'm such a happy individual.

The moment that you speak
 I wanna go play hide and seek.
 I wanna go and bounce the moon
 just like a toy balloon.

You and I are just like a couple of tots
 Running across the meadow,
 pickin' up lots of forget-me-nots.
 You make me feel so young,
 You make me feel there are songs to be sung,
 bells to be rung, And a wonderful fling to be flung.
 And even when I'm old and gray
 I'm gonna feel the way I do today
 'Cause, You make me feel so young.

F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷	F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷
F^Δ F⁷	B^bΔ B^{b6}	A⁻⁷ A^{b0}	G⁻⁷ C⁷
F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷	F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷
F^Δ F⁷	B^bΔ B^{b6}	A⁻⁷ A^{b0}	G⁻⁷ C⁷

| C⁻⁷ | F⁷ | C⁻⁷ | F⁷ |
 | E^o A⁷⁻⁹ | D⁻⁷ | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ |

F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷	F^Δ F^{#o}	G⁻⁷ C⁷
F⁷	G^bΔ G^{b-6}	A⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹	G⁻⁷ C
A⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹	G⁻⁷ C	A⁷ E^{b9+11}	D⁷ D⁷⁻⁹
C⁻⁷	G⁻⁷ C⁷	F^Δ (D⁷⁻⁹	G⁻⁷ C⁷⁻⁹)

Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

A	F ⁶		F ⁶	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	A ⁻⁷		A ^{b0}	
	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 ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
	C ⁶		G ⁻⁷ /D ^{b13}		C ⁶		G ⁻⁷ /D ^{b13}	
	C ⁶		D ⁻⁹	G ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
C	F ⁶		F ⁶	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷		C ⁹	
	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁶ / _A	E ^{b7}		D ⁷	
	G ⁷ / _B		B ^{b-7}		A ⁻⁷		A ^{b0}	
	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 so schnell wie möglich. 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 punding become
the ocean's roar, A thousand drums.

Can't you see it's love, can there be andy doubt,
when there it is, day in day out.

A	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷		D ⁹	
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	B ⁻⁷		B ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷		D ⁹		A ⁻⁷		D ⁹	
	A ⁻⁷		D ⁷		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
B	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷		D ⁹	
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
	D ⁶		A ⁻⁷ /E ^{b13}		D ⁶		A ⁻⁷ /E ^{b13}	
	D ⁶		E ⁻⁹	A ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷		D ⁷	
C	G ⁶		G ⁶	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷		D ⁹	
	G ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^{#0}	A ⁶ / _B	F ⁷		E ⁷	
	A ⁷ / _{C#}		C ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷		B ^{b0}	
	A ¹³		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^Δ		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷
	A ⁷ / _{C#}		C ⁻⁷		B ⁻⁷		E ⁷⁻⁹	
	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^Δ	E ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵

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!

That Ole Devil Called Love

Music & Lyrics Allen Roberts & Doris Fisher 1944

A ₁	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7	B ^b Δ/D-7 D ^b 0	C-7 D [∅] G7	
A ₂	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7	B ^b Δ	D-7 G7	
B	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ/D-7 D ^b 7	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	
	A [∅] D7-9	G-7	C7	C-7 A ^b 7 G7	
A ₃	C- C-7j	C-7 F7	D- D-7j	D-7 G7	
	C7	A ^b 7 G7	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ (D [∅] G7)	
S: +	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	C-7 F7	B ^b Δ	

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

D- D-7j	D-7 G7	E- E-7j	E-7 A7	
D7	B ^b 7	C ^Δ /E-7 E ^b 0	D-7 E [∅] A7	
D- D-7j	D-7 G7	E- E-7j	E-7 A7	
D7	B ^b 7	C ^Δ	E-7 A7	
D-7 D7	C ^Δ /E-7 E ^b 7	D-7 G7	C ^Δ	
B [∅] E7-9	A-7	D7	D-7 B ^b 7 A7	
D- D-7j	D-7 G7	E- E-7j	E-7 A7	
D7	B ^b 7 A7	D-7 G7	C ^Δ (E [∅] A7)	
D-7 G7	C ^Δ	D-7 G7	C ^Δ	

Tangerine

Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

A ₁	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bΔ}	A ^{bΔ}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}		G [∅]	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		A [∅]	D ⁷	
	G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		C ⁷⁻⁹		
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bΔ}	A ^{bj}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7}		C ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		D [∅]	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ⁻		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		E ^{bΔ}		

Es

Tangerine She is all they claim With her eyes of night
and lips as bright as flame. Tangerine, When she
dances by Señoritas stare and caballeros sigh.

And I've seen Toasts to Tangerine Raised in ev'ry

bar across the Argentine, But her heart belongs to
just one, Her heart belongs to Tangerine.

Everything Happens to Me

Music by Matt Dennis Lyrics by Tom Adair 1941

A ₁	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D [∅] G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D [∅] C [∅] /E ^{b-6} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{bΔ} G ⁷
A _{2/3}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D [∅] G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D [∅] C [∅] /E ^{b-6} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{bΔ}
B	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7+} E ^{bΔ9} C ⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9} E ^{bΔ9}
	E ^{-7,11} A ⁷⁺⁵ D ^{Δ9} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
A _{2/3}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷ / _{E^b} D [∅] G ⁷
	G ⁷⁻⁹ /D [∅] C [∅] /E ^{b-6} D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ (B ⁷) B ^{bΔ}

B Garnern

I make a date for golf and you can bet your life
it rains, I try to give a party and the guy upstairs
complains, I guess I'll go thru life just catchin' colds
and missin' trains, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

I never miss a thing, I've had the measles and the
mumps, and ev'ry time I play an ace my partner
always thrums, I guess I'm just a fool who never
looks before he jumps, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

At first my heart thought you could break this jinx

for me, that love would turn the trick to end despair,
but now I just can't fool this head that thinks for
me, I've mortgaged all my castles in the air.

I've telegraphed and phoned, I send an "Airmail
Special" too, your answer was "Good-bye", and
there was even postage due. I fell in love just once
and then it had to be with you, Ev'rything Happens
To Me.