

Aquellos Ojos Verdes

See *Green Eyes* on page 46.

42nd Street

See *Forty-Second Street* on page 42.

A, You're Adorable (The Alphabet Song) (1948)

(wm) Buddy Kaye, Fred Wise, Sid Lippman (P) Perry Como.

When Johnny Jones was serenading Mary

He sure could quote a lot of poetry

But he'd much rather tell her

What he learned in his speller

When they both attended PS 33

"A" you're adorable

"B" you're so beautiful

"C" you're a cutie full of charm

"D" you're a darling

"E" you're exciting

"F" you're a feather in my arm

"G" you look good to me

"H" you're so heavenly

"I" you're the one I idolize

"J" we're like Jack and Jill

"K" you're so kissable

"L" is the love light in your eyes

"M," "N," "O," "P" I could go on all day

"Q," "R," "S," "T" alphabetically speaking you're OK

"U" make my life complete

"V" means you're very sweet

"W," "X," "Y," "Z"

It's fun to wander thru the alphabet with you

To tell you what you mean to me

2-21 Aba Daba Honeymoon, The (1914)

1-1

(wm) Arthur Fields, Walter Donovan (RR) in the 1951 film: *Two Weeks With Love* by Debbie Reynolds & Carlton Carpenter

Verse:

'Way down in the Congo land lived a happy chimpanzee.
She loved a monkey with a long tail. Lordy, how she loved him!

1-1 Each night he would find her there swinging in the coconut tree.
And the monkey gay, at the break of day,
Loved to hear his Chimpie say:

Chorus: "Aba, daba, daba, daba, daba, daba, dab,"

Said the Chimpie to the Monk

"Baba, daba, daba, daba, daba, daba, dab,"

Said the Monkey to the Chimp

All night long they'd chatter away,

All day long they're happy and gay,

Swinging and singing in their honky, tonky way.

"Aba, daba, daba, daba, daba, daba, dab,"

Means "Monk, I love but you."

"Baba, daba, dab," in monkey talk

Means "Chimp, I love you too."

Then the big baboon, one night in June

He married them and very soon

They went upon their Aba Daba Honeymoon.

Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive (1944)

2-1

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *Here Come the Waves*
by Bing Crosby & Sunny Tufts. (P) Bing Crosby & The Andrews
Sisters

Verse: Gather round me, ev'rybody,

Gather round me while I preach some,

Feel a sermon coming on me.

The topic will be sin and that's what I'm "a gin."

If you wanna hear my story

Then settle back and just sit tight

While I start reviewing the attitude of doing right.

You've got to ac cent tchu ate the positive,

E lim my nate the negative. Latch on to the affirmative,

Don't mess with Mister In between.

You've got to spread joy up to the maximum,

Bring gloom down to the minimum,

Have faith, or pandemonium li'ble to walk upon the scene.

To illustrate my last remark, Jonah in the whale, Noah in the Ark.

What did they do just when ev'rything looked so dark?

"Man," they said, "We better ac cent tchu ate the positive,

E lim my nate the negative. Latch on to the affirmative,

Don't mess with Mister In between.

No! Don't mess with Mister In between."

Across the Alley from the Alamo (1947)

(wm) Joe Greene (P) The Mills Brothers (CR) Stan Kenton and his Orchestra

Across the alley from the Alamo
Lived a pinto pony and a Navajo
Who sang a sort of Indian hi-de-ho to the people passing by
The pinto spent his time a-swishin' flies
And the Navajo watched the lazy skies
And very rarely did they ever rest their eyes
On the people passing by

Bridge: One day they went a-walkin' along the railroad track
They were swishin' not a-lookin' toot-toot they never came back
Across the alley from the Alamo
When the summer sun decides to settle low
A fly sings an Indian hi-de-ho to the people passing by

Across the alley from the Alamo *[Fine]*
Lived a pinto pony and a Navajo
Who used to bake frijoles in cornmeal dough
For the people passing by
They thought that they would make some easy bucks
If they're washin' their frijoles in Duz and Lux
A pair of very conscientious clucks to the people passing by
Then they took this cheap vacation
Their shoes were polish'd bright
No, they never heard the whistle
Toot-toot they're clear out of sight
Across the alley from the Alamo
When the starlight beams its tender glow
The beans go to sleep and there ain't no dough
For the people passing by.

Again (1949)

(w) Dorcas Cochran (m) Lionel Newman (I) Film *Road House* by Ida Lupino (P) Vic Damone (P) Doris Day (P) Tommy Dorsey (P) Gordon Jenkins (P) Vera Lynn (P) Art Mooney (P) Mel Tormé (P) Peggy Lee

Again, this couldn't happen again.
This is that "once in a lifetime", this is the thrill divine
What's more, this never happened before
Though I have prayed for a lifetime
That such as you would suddenly be mine
Mine to hold as I'm holding you now yet never so near
Mine to have when the now and the here disappear
What matters, dear, for when this doesn't happen again
We'll have this moment forever, but never, never again

1-1 Ain't Misbehavin' (1929)

(w) Andy Razaf (m) Thomas "Fats" Waller, Harry Brooks (I) Night Club Revue: *Connie's Hot Chocolates* by Louis Armstrong; Recorded by Ruth Etting, Fats Waller, Louis Armstrong, Bill Robinson, Teddy Wilson, The Mills Brothers

No one to talk with, all by myself
No one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf
Ain't Misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you
I know for certain the one I love
I'm thru with flirtin', it's just you I'm thinking of
Ain't Misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you

Like Jack Horner, in the corner
Don't go nowhere, what do I care
Your kisses are worth waiting for, believe me
I don't stay out late, don't care to go
I'm home about eight, just me and my radio
Ain't Misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you

Ain't She Sweet (1927)

(w) Jack Yellen (m) Milton Ager (I) Paul Ash and his Orchestra (RR) 1940's by Jimmy Lunceford and his Orchestra

Ain't she sweet? See her coming down the street
Now I ask you very confidentially: Ain't she sweet?
Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice
Now I ask you very confidentially: Ain't she nice?

Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh, me! Oh, my! Ain't that perfection
I repeat, don't you think that's kind of neat
And I ask you very confidentially: Ain't she sweet?

Alexander's Ragtime Band (1911)

(wm) Irving Berlin. Recorded in 1911 by Arthur Collins; Byron Harlan; Billy Murray. 1912 by Prince's Orchestra; Victor Military Band (CR) Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell

Verse 1: Oh, ma honey, oh, ma honey,
Better hurry and let's meander. Ain't you goin', ain't you goin'
To the leader man, ragged meter man?
Oh, ma honey, oh, ma honey, let me take you to Alexander's
Grand stand, brass band. Ain't you comin' along?

Refrain: Come on and hear, come on and hear
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Come on and hear, come on and hear,
It's the best band in the land.
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before,
So natural that you want to go to war.
That's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb!
Come on along, come on along
Let me take you by the hand up to the man, up to the man
Who's the leader of the band.
And if you care to hear that Swanee River played in ragtime
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band.

1-2

1-2

2-1

Alice Blue Gown (1916)

(w) Joseph McCarthy (m) Harry Tierney (I) Musical *Irene* by Edith Day (R) 1940 Film version by Anna Neagle (CR) Judy Garland

Refrain: In my sweet little Alice blue gown,
When I first wandered down into town
I was both proud and shy, as I felt ev'ry eye,
But in ev'ry shop window I'd primp, passing by.
Then in manner of fashion I'd frown
And the world seemed to smile all around.
Till it wilted I wore it, I'll always adore it,
My sweet little Alice blue gown."

All Alone (1924)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Revue *Music Box Revue of 1924* by Grace Moore & Oscar Shaw. (P) Paul Whiteman Orch. (CR) Al Jolson; John McCormack; Al Lyman

Verse 1: Just like a melody that lingers on,
You seem to haunt me night and day
I never realized till you had gone
How much I cared about you, I can't live without you.

Refrain: All alone, I'm so all alone
There is no one else but you.
All alone by the telephone waiting for a ring a ting a-ling
I'm all alone ev'ry evening, all alone feeling blue.
Wond'ring where you are, and how you are
And if you are all alone too.

All By Myself (1921)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) *Music Box Revue of 1921* by Charles King (RR) 1946 Film *Blue Skies* by Bing Crosby and Betty Russell dubbing Joan Caulfield

Refrain: All by myself in the morning
All by myself in the night
I sit alone with a table and a chair
So unhappy there playing solitaire.
All by myself I get lonely
Watching the clock on the shelf
I'd love to rest my weary head on somebody's shoulder.
I hate to grow older all by myself.

All I Ask of You (1986)

(w) Charles Hart (m) Lloyd Webber (I) Broadway musical: *The Phantom of the Opera* by Steve Barton and Sarah Brightman. (P) Sarah Brightman and Cliff Richard. (P) Barbra Streisand

Raoul:
No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears
I'm here, nothing can harm you,
My words will warm and calm you
Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears.
I'm here with you, beside you,
To guard you and to guide you...

2-1 **Christine:** Say you love me every waking moment,
Turn my head with talk of summertime...
Say you need me with you now and always...
Promise me that all you say is true, that's all I ask of you

Raoul: Let me be your shelter, let me be your light
You're safe, No one will find you
Your fears are far behind you...

Christine: All I want is freedom, a world with no more night
And you, always beside me, to hold me and to hide me...

Raoul: Then say you'll share with me, one love, one lifetime
Let me lead you from your solitude
Say you need me with you here, beside you...
Anywhere you go, let me go too,
Christine, that's all I ask of you...

Christine: Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime...
Say the word and I will follow you... Share each day with me,
Each night, each morning... Say you love me...

Raoul: You know I do...

Both: Love me - that's all I ask of you
Love me - that's all I ask of you...

All I Do Is Dream of You (1934)

(w) Arthur Freed (m) Nacio Herb Brown (I) Film: *Sadie McKee* by Gene Raymond Recorded by Jan Garber, Henry Busse & Freddy Martin; (RR) 1952 film: *Singin' in the Rain* by Debbie Reynolds, (RR) 1953 Johnnie Ray

2-1 All I do is dream of you the whole night thru
With the dawn I still go on and dream of you
You're ev'ry thought, you're ev'rything
You're ev'ry song I ever sing
Summer, winter, autumn and spring
And were there more than twenty-four hours a day
They'd be spent in sweet content dreaming away
When skies are grey, when skies are blue
Morning, noon and nighttime too
All I do the whole day thru is dream of you

All of Me (1931)

(wm) Seymour Simons, (wm) Gerald Marks (I) Belle Baker (RR) 1943 by Count Basie (RR) 1952 by Johnny Ray (P) Frank Sinatra (CR) Billie Holiday

All of me, why not take all of me
Can't you see, I'm no good without you
Take my lips, I want to lose 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

All of You (1954)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Silk Stockings* by Don Ameche. 1957
film version by Fred Astaire (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

[Chorus] I love the looks of you, the lure of you.
I'd love to make a tour of you.
The eyes, the arms, the mouth of you,
The east, west, north, and the south of you.
I'd love to gain complete control of you,
Handle even the heart and soul of you
So love at least a small percent of me do –
For I love all of you!

All Shook Up (1957)

(wm) Otis Blackwell and Elvis Presley (P) Elvis Presley. **No. 1 Chart Record**

A well a bless my soul, what's wrong with me?
I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree
My friends say I'm actin wild as a bug
I'm in love, I'm all shook up
Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

My hands are shaky and my knees are weak
I can't seem to stand on my own two feet
Who do you thank when you have such luck?
I'm in love, I'm all shook up
Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

Please don't ask me what's on my mind
I'm a little mixed up, but I'm feelin' fine
When I'm near that girl that I love best
My heart beats so it scares me to death!

Bridge: She touched my hand what a chill I got
Her lips are like a volcano that's hot
I'm proud to say she's my buttercup
I'm in love, I'm all shook up
Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

My tongue get tied when I try to speak
My insides shake like a leaf on a tree
There's only one cure for this body of mine
That's to have that girl that I love so fine!

All That Jazz

See *And All That Jazz* on page 5.

2-2 All the Things You Are (1939)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Jerome Kern (I) Musical *Very Warm for May* (P) Judy Garland

Verse: Time and again I've longed for adventure,
Something to make my heart beat the faster.
What did I long for, I never really knew.
Finding your love I've found my adventure.
Touching your hand, my heart beats the faster.
All that I want in all of this world is you.

Chorus: You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song

You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are
Someday my happy arms will hold you
And someday I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

Alley Cat Song (1962)

(w) Jack Harlen (m) Frank Bjorn (P) Bent Fabric; vocal version by David Thome. **NARAS Award winner** (CR) Peggy Lee

Chorus 1:
He goes on the prowl each night like an Alley Cat
Lookin' for some new delight like an Alley Cat
She can't trust him out of sight
There's no doubt of that
He just don't know wrong from right like an Alley Cat

Bridge
He meets 'em (*Mee-ow*)
And loves 'em (*Mee-ow*)
And leaves 'em (*Mee-ow*)
That's what Catsanova does
It's no way to treat a pal
She should tell him, "Scat!"
Aren't you sorry for that gal with her Alley Cat

Chorus 2:
He goes on the prowl each night like an Alley Cat
Lookin' for some new delight like an Alley Cat
He doesn't know what faithful means
There's no doubt of that
He's too busy makin' scenes like an Alley Cat

1-2

1-3

Always on My Mind (1971)

(wm) Johnny Christopher, Wayne Thompson, and Mark James.
(P) 1982 by Willie Nelson. **NARAS Award Winner.** (R) 1988 by Pet Shop Boys (P) Elvis Presley

Bridge:

Maybe I didn't treat you quite as good as I should have
Maybe I didn't love you quite as often as I could have
Little things I should have said and done
I just never took the time
You were always on my mind
You were always on my mind

Maybe I didn't hold you all those lonely, lonely times
And I guess I never told you
I'm so happy that you're mine
If I make you feel second best
Girl, I'm so sorry, I was blind
You were always on my mind
You were always on my mind

Tell me, tell me that your sweet love hasn't died
Give me, give me one more chance
To keep you satisfied, satisfied

Among My Souvenirs (1927)

(w) Edgar Leslie (m) Horatio Nicholls (I) Jack Hylton Orch. (CR) Paul Whiteman Orchestra; Ben Selvin

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be.
I live in memories among my souvenirs.
Some letters tied in blue, a photograph or two,
I see a rose from you among my souvenirs.

A few more tokens rest within my treasure chest.
And though they do their best to give me consolation,
I count them all apart, and as the teardrops start,
I find a broken heart among my souvenirs.

Amor (1943)

(m) Gabriel Ruiz (w) Ricardo Lopez Mendez (Eng. w) Sunny Skylar
(I) Film *Broadway Rhythm* by Ginny Simms. (P) Andy Russell
(CR) Bing Crosby

Amor, Amor, Amor.
This word so sweet that I repeat means I adore you.
Amor, Amor, my love.
Would you deny this heart that I have placed before you?

I can't find another word with meaning so clear.
My lips try to whisper sweeter things in your ear.
But somehow or other nothing sounds quite so dear
As this soft caressing word I know. Amor, Amor, my love

When you're away there is no day and nights are lonely
Amor, Amor, my love
Make life divine. Say you'll be mine, and love me only
Amor, Amor

Spanish

Amor, Amor, Amor
Nació de tí, nació de mí, de la esperanza.
Amor, Amor, Amor.
Nació de Dios, para los dos, nació del alma.
Sentir que tus besos anidaron en mí,
Igual que palomas mensajeras de luz.
Saber que mis besos se quedaron en tí,
Haciendo en tus labios la señal de la cruz.
Amor, amor, amor
Nació de tí, nació de mí, de la esperanza.
Amor, Amor, Amor.
Nació de Dios, para los dos, nació del alma.
Amor. Amor.

And All That Jazz (1975) Ø

(wm) Fredd Ebb and John Cander. (I) Musical: *Chicago* by Chita Rivera.

C'mon babe, Why don't we paint the town?
And all that jazz
I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down
And all that jazz!

Start the car – I know a whoopee spot
Where the gin is cold, but the piano's hot
It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz!

Slick you hair and wear your buckle shoes
And all that jazz
I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz!
Hold on, hon we're gonna bunny hug
I bought some aspirin down at United Drug
In case you shake apart and want a brand new start
To do that jazz.

2-2 Oh, you're gonna see you sheba shimmy shake
Oh, she's gonna shimmy till her garters break
Show her where to park her girdle
If she'd hear her baby's queer for all that jazz!

Find a flask we're playing fast and loose
And all that jazz
Right up here is where I store the juice
And all that jazz
Come on, babe, we're gonna brush the sky
I betcha Lucky Lindy never flew so high
'cause in the stratosphere how could he lend an ear
To all that jazz?
And all that jazz!

[spoken] And all that jazz!

Angry (1925)

(w) Dudley Mecum (m) Jules Cassard, Henry Brunies, Merritt Brunies
(I) New Orleans Rhythm Kings (R) 1939 by Bob Crosby and his
Orchestra (R) 1951 by Kay Starr

Chorus 1: Angry, please don't be angry

'Cause I was only teasing you

I wouldn't even let you think of leaving.

Don't you know I love you true?

Just because I took a look at somebody else,

That's no reason you should put poor me on the shelf.

Angry, please don't be angry

'Cause I was only teasing you

Chorus 2: Angry, please don't be angry

'Cause I was only teasing you

Somebody's lyin' if they say I'm tryin'

To step around with some one new.

Don't believe a thing you hear, yust wait till you see.

Then you'll find no cause to show you're jealous of me.

Angry, please don't be angry

'Cause I was only teasing you

Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song (1975)

(wm) Larry Butler, Chips Moman (I) B. J. Thomas **No. 1 chart record**
(CR) Sammy Davis, Jr.; The Chipmunks

Verse: It's lonely out tonight,

And the feelin' just got right for a brand new love song.

Somebody-done-somebody-wrong song

Chorus: Hey, wontcha play another

Somebody-done-somebody-wrong song

And make me feel at home

While I miss my baby, while I miss my baby

So please play for me a sad melody

So sad that it makes everybody cry

A real hurtin' song about a love that's gone wrong

'Cause I don't want to cry all alone

Hey, wontcha play another

Somebody-done-somebody-wrong song

And make me feel at home

While I miss my baby, while I miss my baby

So please play for me a sad melody

So sad that it makes everybody cry

A real hurtin' song about a love that's gone wrong

'Cause I don't want to cry all alone

Hey, wontcha play another

Somebody-done-somebody-wrong song

And make me feel at home

While I miss my baby, while I miss my baby

(Hey) wontcha play another

Somebody-done-somebody-wrong song

And make me feel at home

While I miss my baby, while I miss my baby.

1-4 Answer Me, My Love (1954)

(w-Eng) Carl Sigman (m) Gerhard Winkler and Fred Rauch. (P) Nat
King Cole.

Answer me, oh, my love, just what sin have I been guilty of?

Tell me how I came to lose your love

Please answer me, sweetheart

You were mine yesterday I believed that love was here to stay

Won't you tell me where I've gone astray?

Please answer me, my love

Bridge: If you're happier without me

I'll try not to care, but if you still think about me

Please listen to my prayer

You must know I've been true

Won't you say that we can start anew?

In my sorrow now I turn to you

Please answer me, my love

Anything Goes (1934)

1-3

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Anything Goes* by Ethel Merman
(CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1967 by Harper's Bizarre
(CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Verse: Times have changed

And we've often rewound the clock

Since the Puritans got a shock

When they landed on Plymouth Rock.

If today, any shock they should try to stem

'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,

Plymouth Rock would land on them.

Chorus 1: In olden days a glimpse of stocking

Was looked on as something shocking

Now heaven knows, anything goes

Good authors too who once knew better words

Now only use four-letter words, writing prose, anything goes

The world has gone mad today and good's bad today

And black's white today and day's night today

When most guys today

That women prize today are just silly gigolos

So though I'm not a great romancer,

I know that you're bound to answer

When I propose, anything goes

Chorus 2: When Grand-mama, whose age is eighty,

In nightclubs is getting matey with gigolos, anything goes.

When mothers pack and leave poor father

Because they decide they'd rather be tennis pros,

Anything goes.

If driving fast cars you like, if low bars you like,

If old hymns you like, if bare limbs you like,

If Mae West you like or me undressed you like,

Why, nobody will oppose.

When ev'ry night the set that's smart is

Intruding in nudist parties in studios, anything goes.

April Showers (1921)

(w) B. G. De Sylva (m) Louis Silvers (I) Musical: *Bombo* by Al Jolson (RR) 1947 by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians

Though April showers may come your way
They bring the flowers that bloom in May
So if it's raining, have no regrets
Because it isn't raining rain you know, it's raining violets
And where you see clouds up on the hills
You soon will see crowds of daffodils
So keep on looking for a bluebird and list'ning for his song
Whenever April showers come along

Aquellos Ojos Verdes

See *Green Eyes* on page 46.

Are You Lonesome Tonight? (1926)

(wm) Roy Turk, Lou Handman (I) Vaughn Deleath (RR) 1960 by Elvis Presley, **No. 1 Chart Record.** (RR) 1974 by Donny Osmond

Are you lonesome tonight, do you miss me tonight
Are you sorry we drifted apart
Does your memory stray to a bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you sweetheart
Do the chairs in your parlor seem empty and bare
Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there
Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again
Tell me dear are you lonesome tonight

Spoken:

*I wonder if you're lonesome tonight
They say the world's a stage and each must play a part
Fate had me playing in love with you as my sweetheart
Act One was when we met I loved you at first glance
You read your lines so cleverly
And never missed a cue, then came Act Two
You seemed to change, you acted strange
And why I've never known
Darling, you lied when you said you loved me
And I had no cause to doubt you
But I'd rather go on hearing your lies
Than go on living without you
Now the stage is bare and I'm standing there
With emptiness all around and if you won't come back to me
They can just bring the curtain down*

Sung:

Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight

1-4 As Long As He Needs Me (1963)

1-5

(wm) Lionel Bart (I) Musical: *Oliver!* by Georgia Brown (P) Shirley Bassey, Donald Pippin and Georgia Brown

Chorus 1:

As long as he needs me, oh, yes, he does need me,
In spite of what you see, I'm sure that he needs me.
Who else would love him still when they've been used so ill?
He knows I always will as long as he needs me.
I miss him so much when he is gone;
But when he's near me, I don't let on.
The way I feel inside, the love I have to hide,
The hell! I've got my pride as long as he needs me.

2-21 He doesn't say the things he should.

He acts the way he thinks he should.

But all the same, I'll play this game his way.

1-4 Chorus 2: As long as he needs me, I know where I must be

I'll cling on steadfastly as long as he needs me
As long as life is long, I'll love him right or wrong
And somehow I'll be strong as long as he needs me

If you are lonely then you will know
When someone needs you, you love them so
I won't betray his trust tho' people say I must
I've got to stay true, just as long as he needs me

As Time Goes By (1931)

1-5

(wm) Herman Hupfeld (I) Revue: *Everybody's Welcome* by Frances Williams Recorded by Rudy Vallee (RR) in the film: *Casablanca* 1942 by Dooley Wilson (RR) 1952 by Ray Anthony Orch. (CR) Jo Stafford and The Pied Pipers (CR) Dave Chapman

You must remember this
A kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply as time goes by
And when two lovers woo, they still say "I love you"
On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings as time goes by
Moonlight and love songs never out of date
Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate
Woman needs man and man must have his mate
That no one can deny
It's still the same old story
A fight for love and glory, a case of do or die!
The world will always welcome lovers as time goes by

At Long Last Love (1938)

(wm) Cole Porter (lyrics abridged and reorganized) (I) Musical: *You'll Never Know* by Clifton Webb (CR) Lena Horne

Verse: I'm so in love and though it gives me joy intense
I can't decipher if I'm a lifer or if it's just a first offense
I'm so in love, I've no sense of values left at all
Is this a playtime affair of Maytime or is it a windfall?

Chorus 1: Is it an earthquake, or simply a shock?
Is it the good turtle soup, or merely the mock?
Is it a cocktail, this feeling of joy?
Or is what I feel the real McCoy?
Is it for all time, or simply a lark?
Is it Granada I see or only Asbury Park?
Is it a fancy not worth thinking of?
Or is it at long last love?

Chorus 2: Is it in marble, or is it in clay?
Is what I thought a new Rolls a used Chevrolet?
What can account for these strange pitter pats?
Could this be the dream, the cream, the cats?
Have I the right hunch, or have I the wrong?
Will it be Bach that I hear, or just a Cole Porter song?
Is it the gay gods, cavorting above?
Or is it at long last love?

Auld Lang Syne (1788)

(w, here Anglicized) Robert Burns (m) Traditional (P) Judy Garland

Verse 1 (of dozens):

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and auld lang syne?

Chorus: For auld lang syne, my dear for auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

Verse 2: And surely you'll buy your pint cup!
And surely I'll buy mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne

Verse 3: We two have run about the slopes
And picked the daisies fine, but we've wandered
Many a weary foot since auld lang syne

2-3 Autumn in New York (1934)

(wm) Vernon Duke (I) Revue: *Thumbs Up* by J. Harold Murray (CR) Sarah Vaughan

Autumn in New York, why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York, it spells the thrill of first nighting,
Glittering crowds and shimmering clouds
In canyons of steel, they're making me feel I'm home.
It's autumn in New York
That brings the promise of new love.
Autumn in New York is often mingled with pain.
Dreamers with empty hands may sigh for forgotten lands;
It's autumn in New York, it's good to live it again.

Autumn in New York, the gleaming rooftops at sun down.
Autumn in New York, it lifts you up when you're run down.
Jaded roués and gay divorcées who lunch at the Ritz
Will tell you that it's divine.
This Autumn in New York
Transforms the slums into Mayfair.
Autumn in New York, you'll need no castles in Spain.
Lovers that bless the dark on benches in Central Park
Greet Autumn in New York. It's good to live it again.

Baby Face (1926)

2-3 (wm) Benny Davis, Harry Akst (P) Eddie Cantor

Baby Face. You've got the cutest little baby face
There's not another one could take your place, Baby Face
My poor heart is jumpin'.
You sure have started somethin'. Baby Face
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace
I didn't need a shove 'ause I just fell in love
With your pretty Baby Face

2-4

1-5
2-4

Baby, It's Cold Outside (1949)

(wm) Frank Loesser. (I) Film: *Neptune's Daughter* by Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban. (P) Dinah Shore and Buddy Clark. (CR) Johnny Mercer and Margaret Whiting. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Jordan. **Academy Award Winner.**

She: I really can't stay

He: But, baby it's cold outside

I've got to go 'way

But, baby it's cold outside

This evening has been

Been hoping that you'd drop in

So very nice

I'll hold your hands; they're just like ice

My mother will start to worry

Beautiful, what's your hurry

And father will be pacing the floor

Listen to the fireplace roar

So really I'd better scurry

Beautiful, please don't hurry

Well maybe just a half a drink more

Put some records on while I pour

My neighbors might think

But, baby, it's bad out there

Say, what's in this drink

No cabs to be had out there

I wish I knew how

Your eyes are like starlight now

To break the spell

I'll take your hat; your hair looks swell

I ought to say no, no, no, sir

Mind if I move in closer

At least I'm gonna say that I tried

What's the sense of hurting my pride?

I really can't stay

Oh, baby don't hold out

Both: Ahh, but (Baby,) it's cold outside

She: I simply must go

He: But, baby, it's cold outside

The answer is no

But, baby, it's cold outside

The welcome has been

How lucky that you dropped in

So nice and warm

Look out the window at the storm

My sister will be suspicious

Gosh, your lips look delicious

My brother will be there at the door

Waves upon a tropical shore

My maiden aunt's mind is vicious

Gosh, your lips are delicious

Well maybe just a cigarette more

Never such a blizzard before

I've got to get home

But, baby, you'd freeze out there

Say, lend me your comb

It's up to your knees out there

You've really been grand

I'm thrilled when you touch my hand

But don't you see

How can you do this thing to me?

There's bound to be talk tomorrow

Think of my life-long sorrow

At least there will be plenty implied

If you caught pneumonia and died

I really can't stay

Get over that old doubt

Both: Ahh, but (Baby,) it's cold outside

He: Where could you be going when the wind is blowing and it's cold outside.

Both: Baby, it's cold, cold outside.

Bali Ha'I (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Juanita Hall. Film version 1953 by Muriel Smith dubbing for Juanita Hill (P) Perry Como. (CR) Bing Crosby, Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra.

Most people live on a lonely island,

Lost in the middle of a foggy sea.

Most people long for another island,

One where they know they will like to be.

Bali Ha'I may call you, any night, any day,

In your heart, you'll hear it call you: "Come away...Come away."

Bali Ha'I will whisper on the wind of the sea:

"Here am I, your special island! Come to me, come to me!"

Your own special hopes, your own special dreams,

Bloom on the hillside and shine in the streams.

If you try, you'll find me where the sky meets the sea.

"Here am I your special island, come to me, Come to me."

Bali Ha'I, Bali Ha'I, Bali Ha'I!

Someday you'll see me floatin' in the sunshine,

My head stickin' out from a low flyin' cloud,

You'll hear me call you, singin' to the sunshine,

Sweet and clear as can be:

"Come to me, here am I, come to me."

If you try, you'll find me where the sky meets the sea.

"Here am I your special island, come to me, Come to me."

Bali Ha'I, Bali Ha'I, Bali Ha'I!

Ballin' the Jack (1913)

(w) Jim Burris (m) Chris Smith (I) Musical: *The Passing Show of 1915* (P) Prince's Orchestra (CR) Judy Garland and Gene Kelly

Verse 1: Folks in Georgia's 'bout to go insane
Since that new dance down in Georgia came.
I'm the only person who's to blame.
I'm the party introduced it there. So!
Give me credit to know a thing or two.
Give me credit for springing something new.
I will show this little dance to you.
When I do, you'll say that it's a bear.

Chorus: First you put your two knees close up tight.
Then you sway 'em to the left
Then you sway 'em to the right.
Step around the floor kind of nice and light.
Then you twis' around and twis' around with all your might.
Stretch your lovin' arms straight out in space.
Then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace.
Swing your foot way 'round then bring it back.
Now that's what I call "Ballin' the Jack."

Verse 1: It's being done at all the Cabarets.
All society now has got the craze.
It's the best dance done in modern days.
That is why I rave about it so.
Play some good rag that will make you prance.
Old folks, young folks all try to do the dance.
Join right in now while you got the chance.
Once again the steps to you I'll show.

Basin Street Blues (1928)

(wm) Spencer Williams (I) Louis Armstrong Orchestra (P) Jack Teagarden Orch (CR) Peggy Lee

Verse : Won't-cha come along with me to the Mississippi?
We'll take the boat to the land of dreams,
Steam down the river down to New Orleans.
The band's there to meet us, old friends to greet us,
Where all the light and the dark folks meet,
Heaven on earth they call it Basin Street.

Chorus : Basin Street is the street
Where the elite always meet.
In New Orleans, land of dreams.
You'll never know how nice it seems or
Just how much it really means.
Glad to be, yes, sir-ee, where welcome's free, dear to me,
Where I can lose my Basin Street Blues.

2-4 Battle of New Orleans, The (1957)

(wm) Jimmy Driftwood. (P) Johnny Horton. **No. 1 Chart Record.**

In 1814 we took a little trip along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississipp. We took a little bacon and we took a little beans and we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

Chorus: We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin' on down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come and there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring
We stood by our cotton bales and didn't say a thing **[Chorus]**

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eye
We held our fire 'til we see'd their faces well then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em ... well **[Chorus]**

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles and they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go. They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down so we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round; we filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind and when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind. **[Chorus]**

1-5 Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles and they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go. They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Baubles, Bangles and Beads (1953)

(wm) Robert Wright, George Forrest. Based on a theme by Borodin. (I) Musical: *Kismet*, by Doretta Morrow. (P) Peggy Lee. (R) 1958 by The Kirby Stone Four. (CR) Frank Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim. (CR) Lena Horne.

Baubles, bangles, hear how they jing, jinga-linga
Baubles, bangles, bright shiny beads
Sparkles, spangles, your **[her]** heart will sing, singa-linga
Wearin' baubles, bangles and beads

I'll **[She'll]** glitter and gleam so make somebody dream so that
Some day he **[I]** may buy you **[her]** a ring, ringa-linga
I've heard that's where it leads
Wearin' baubles, bangles, and beads
All those noisy bangles and beads

Be a Clown (1948)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Film: *The Pirate* by Gene Kelly & Judy Garland

Verse : I'll remember forever when I was but three,
Mama, who was clever, remarking to me:
"If, son, when you're grown up, you want ev'rything nice,
I've got your future sewn up if you take my advice:

Chorus 2: "Be a clown, Be a clown.
All the world loves a clown.
Be a crazy buffoon and the 'demoiselles'll all swoon.
Dress in huge baggy pants,
And you'll ride the road to romance.
A butcher or a baker ladies never embrace.
A barber for a beau would be a social disgrace.
They all will come to call if you can fall on your face.
Be a clown, Be a clown. Be a clown.

Chorus 3: "Be a clown, Be a clown.
All the world loves a clown.
Show 'em tricks, tell 'em jokes
And you'll only stop with top folks.
Be a crack jackanapes and they'll imitate you like apes.
Why be a great composer with your rent in arrears,
Why, be a major poet and you'll owe it for years,
When crowds'll pay to giggle if you wiggle your ears?
Be a clown, Be a clown, Be a clown.

Chorus 5: "Be a clown, Be a clown.
All the world loves a clown.
Be the poor silly ass. and you'll always travel first class.
Give 'em quips. Give 'em fun.
And they'll pay to say you're A-One.
If you become a farmer, you've the weather to buck.
If you become a gambler, you'll be stuck with your luck.
But, Jack, you'll never lack if you can quack like a duck.
Be a clown. Be a clown. Be a clown."

Be My Love (1949)

(m) Nicholas Brodsky (w) Sammy Cahn Film: *The Toast of New Orleans*, (I) Mario Lanza & Kathryn Grayson

Be my love, for no one else can end this yearning;
This need that you and you alone create.
Just fill my arms the way you've filled my dreams.
The dreams that you inspire with ev'ry sweet desire.
Be my love, and with your kisses set me burning;
One kiss is all I need to seal my fate.
And hand in hand we'll find love's promised land.
There'll be no one but you for me,
Eternally, if you will be my love.

2-5 Beale Street Blues (1916, Rev. 1919)

2-5

(wm) W. C. Handy (I) Revue *Schubert's Gaieties of 1919* by Gilda Grey. (RR) 1939 Jack Teagarden (RR) 1958 film *St. Louis Blues* by Ella Fitzgerald (CR) Pearl Bailey

Chorus 1: You'll see pretty Browns in beautiful gowns,
You'll see tailor mades and hand me downs.
You'll meet honest men and pickpockets skilled,
You'll find that bus'ness never closes till somebody gets killed.

Chorus 4: If Beale Street could talk, If Beale Street could talk,
Married men would have to take their beds and walk,
Except one or two, who never drank booze,
And the blind man on the corner who sings the Beale Street Blues.

The Blues: I'd rather be here, than any place I know.
I'd rather be here, than any place I know.
It's goin' to take the Sergeant for to make me go.

Goin' to the river, maybe, bye and bye,
Goin' to the river, maybe, bye and bye,
Because the rivers wet and Beale Street's done gone dry.

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar (1940)

2-6

(wm) Don Raye, Hughie Prince and Eleanore Sheehy (P) Will Bradley Orchestra, Ray McKinley voc. (CR) Andrews Sisters (CR) Glenn Miller Orchestra

In a little honky-tonky village in Texas
There's a guy who plays the best piano by far.
He can play piano any way that you like it.
But the way he likes **it best** is eight to the bar.
When he plays, it's a ball, he's the daddy of them all.
The people gather around when he gets on the stand.
Then when he plays, he gets a hand.
The rhythm he beats puts the cats in a trance
Nobody there bothers to dance.

And when he **jams** with the bass and guitar,

1-6 They holler "Oh, beat me Daddy, eight to the bar."

A-plink, a-plank, a-plink plank, plink plank
A-plunkin' on the keys!
A-riff, a-raff, a-riff raff, riff raff, a-riffin' out with ease!
And when he **jams** with the bass and guitar,
They holler "Oh, beat me Daddy, eight to the bar."
He plays a boogie, he plays eight to the bar a boogie-woogie
That is the way he likes to play on his piano.
And we all know
That when he plays he puts them all in a trance
The cats all holler "Hooray"
You'll hear them say, "Beat me Daddy, eight to the bar."

Beautiful Dreamer (1864)

(wm) Stephen C. Foster

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee.
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody.
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea
Mermaids are chanting the wild Lorelee.
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Because You're Mine (1959)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Nicholas Brodsky. (I) Film: *Because You're Mine* by Mario Lanza. (CR) Nat King Cole.

Because you're mine the brightest star I see
Looks down, my love, and envies me
Because you're mine, because you're mine
Because you're mine the breeze that hurries by
Becomes a melody and why?
Because you're mine, because you're mine

Bridge: I only know for as long as I may live
I'll only live for the kiss that you alone may give me
And when we kiss that isn't thunder, dear
It's only my poor heart you hear and its applause
Because you're mine

Beer Barrel Polka (1939)

(w-Eng) Lew Brown (m) Jaromir Vejvoda (I) in United States by Will Glahe and his Musette Orchestra (P) The Andrews Sisters

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run
Zing! Boom! Tararel, ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here

2-6 Begin The Beguine (1935)

(wm) Cole Porter. (I) Musical: *Jubilee* by June Knight. (R) 1938 by Artie Shaw and his Orchestra. (R) 1946 by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Andy Williams, Eddie Heywood and his Orchestra, Ella Fitzgerald, Johnny Mathis, The Music Maids.

When they begin the beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender
It brings back a night of tropical splendor
It brings back a memory ever green

I'm with you once more under the stars
And down by the shore an orchestra's playing
And even the palms seem to be swaying
When they begin the beguine

To live it again is past all endeavor
Except when that tune clutches my heart
And there we are swearing to love forever
And promising never never to part

What moments divine, what rapture serene
Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted
And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted
I know but too well what they mean

So don't let them begin the beguine
Let the love that was once a fire remain an ember
Let it sleep like the dead desire I only remember
When they begin the beguine

Oh yes, let them begin the beguine, make them play
Till the stars that were there before return above you
Till you whisper to me once more darling I love you
And we suddenly know what heaven we're in
When they begin the beguine

Being Alive (1970)

(wm) Stephen Sondheim. (I) Musical: *Company* by Dean Jones and The Company. (CR) Barbra Streisand.

Someone to hold you too close
Someone to hurt you too deep
Someone to sit in your chair and ruin your sleep
And make you aware of being alive

Someone to need you too much
Someone to know you too well
Someone to pull you up short
And put you through hell and give you support
For being alive, being alive
Make me alive, make me confused
Mock me with praise, let me be used
Vary my days, but alone is alone, not alive

(continued)

Somebody, hold me too close
Somebody, force me to care
Somebody, make me come through
I'll always be there as frightened as you
Of being alive, being alive, being alive!

Someone you have to let in
Someone whose feelings you spare
Someone who like it or not will want you to share
A little, a lot of being alive
Make me alive, make me confused
Mock me with praise, let me be used
Vary my days, but alone is alone, not alive

Somebody, crowd me with love
Somebody, force me to care
Somebody, make me come through
I'll always be there frightened as you to help us survive
Being alive, being alive, being alive, being alive!

Besame Mucho (1944)

(wm) Consuelo Velazquez (Eng. w) Sunny Skylar (P) Jimmy Dorsey
Orchestra, Kitty Kallen & Bob Eberly **No. 1 Chart Record.**
(CR) Andy Russell

Bésame, bésame mucho;
Each time I cling to your kiss I hear music divine;
Bésame mucho,
Hold me, my darling, and say that you'll always be mine.
This joy is something new, my arms enfolding you,
Never knew this thrill before;
Whoever thought I'd be holding you close to me,
Whisp'ring "It's you I adore"?
Dearest one, if you should leave me,
Each little dream would take wing
And my life would be through. Bésame mucho;
Love me forever and make all my dreams come true.

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 mi.
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 amor.

Best Is Yet to Come, The (1959)

1-6

(m) Cy Coleman (w) Carolyn Leigh (P) Tony Bennett (CR) Frank Sinatra with Count Basie

Out of the tree of life, I just picked me a plum.
You came along and everything's startin' to hum.
Still it's a real good bet, the best is yet to come.
The best is yet to come, and babe won't it be fine.
You think you've seen the sun, but you ain't seen it shine.
Wait till the warm-up's underway. Wait till our lips have met.
Wait till you see that sunshine day. You ain't seen nothin' yet.
The best is yet to come, and babe won't it be fine
The best is yet to come, come the day that you're mine.

Come the day you're mine, I'm gonna teach you to fly.
We've only tasted the wine. We're gonna drain the cup dry.
Wait till your charms are ripe for these arms to surround.
You think you've flown before, but you ain't left the ground.
Wait till you're locked in my embrace.
Wait till I draw you near.

1-6 Wait till you see that sunshine place, ain't nothin' like it here.
The best is yet to come, and babe won't it be fine.
The best is yet to come, come the day that you're mine.
Come that day you're mine

Out of the tree of life, I just picked me a plum.

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea (1931)

2-6

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Ted Koehler (I) Revue: *Cotton Club*
"Rhythmmania" by Aida Ward (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Chorus: I don't want you, but I'd hate to lose you.
You've got me in between the devil and the deep blue sea.
I forgive you, 'cause I can't forget you.
You've got me in between the devil and the deep blue sea.

I ought to cross you off my list,
But when you come knocking at my door,
Fate seems to give my heart a twist,
And I come running back for more.
I should hate you, but I guess I love you,
You've got me in between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Bewitched (1941)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Pal Joey* by Vivienne Segal. (P) Bill Snyder and his Orchestra. (RR) Doris Day (CR) Ella Fitzgerald (CR) Judy Collins (CR) Lena Horne

[Lyrics changed from Alley book to match Ella]

Verse: After one whole quart of brandy,

Like a daisy, I'm awake

With no bromoseltzer handy, I don't even shake,

Men are not a new sensation, I've done pretty well, I think,
But this half-pint imitation put me on the blink.

Chorus: I'm wild again, beguiled again

A simpering, whimpering child again

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep

When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

Lost my heart, but what of it?

He is cold, I agree. He can laugh, but I love it,

Although the laugh's on me.

I'll sing to him, each spring to him,

And long for the day when I'll cling to him

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

Verse: He's a fool, and don't I know it.

But a fool can have his charms.

I'm in love and don't I show it like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensation.

Lately, I've not slept a wink,

Since this half-pint imitation put me on the blink.

Chorus: I've sinned a lot; I mean a lot!

But now I'm like sweet seventeen a lot.

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

I'll sing to him, each spring to him,

And worship the trousers that cling to him.

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

When he talks he is seeking words to get off his chest.

Horizontally speaking, he's at his very best.

Vexed again, perplexed again,

Thank God I can be oversexed again.

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

Wise at last, my eyes at last

Are cutting you down to your size at last

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more

Burned a lot, but learned a lot

And now you are broke, so you earned a lot

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more

Couldn't eat, was dyspeptic

Life was so hard to bear; now my heart's antiseptic

Since you moved out of there

Romance-finis, your chance-finis

Those ants that invaded my pants-finis

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

1-7 Beyond the Sea (1943)

2-7

(Eng. w) Jack Lawrence (w) Charles Trenet (m) Charles Trenet & Léo Chauliac (P) 1946 Charles Trenet (R) 1960 Bobby Darin (R) 2004 film *Beyond the Sea* by Kevin Spacey (CR) Matt Belsante

La mer qu'on voit danser le long des golfes clairs

A des reflets d'argent

La mer, des reflets changeants sous la pluie.

La mer au ciel d'été confond ses blancs moutons.

Avec les anges si purs, la mer, bergère d'azur infinie.

Voyez, pres des étangs ces grands roseaux mouillés.

Voyez, ces oiseaux blancs, et ces maisons rouillées.

La mer les a bercés le long des golfes clairs

Et d'une chanson d'amour,

La mer a bercé mon cœur pour la vie.

Somewhere, beyond the sea, somewhere waiting for me

My lover stands on golden sands, and watches the ships that go sailing.

Somewhere, beyond the sea, she's there watching for me.

If I could fly like birds on high, then straight to her arms I'd go sailing.

It's far, beyond a star, it's near beyond the moon.

I know beyond a doubt, my heart will lead me there soon.

We'll meet, beyond the shore. We'll kiss just as before.

Happy we'll be beyond the sea, and never again, I'll go sailing.

(No more sailing. Bye-bye sailing, so long sailing)

Bicycle Built for Two, A

2-15

See *Daisy Bell* on page 31.

Big Spender (1966)

2-6

(m) Cy Coleman (w) Dorothy Fields (I) Musical: *Sweet Charity* by ensemble (P) Peggy Lee

The minute you walked in the joint,

I could see you were a man of distinction,

A real big spender. Good looking, so refined, say

Wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point:

I don't pop my cork for ev'ry guy I see.

Hey! Big Spender, spend a little time with me.

Do you wanna have fun? Fun? Fun?

How's about a few laughs? Laughs? Laughs?

I can show you a good time; let me show you a good time!

Repeat: The minute you walked . .

Bill (1927)

(w) P. G. Wodehouse & Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Jerome Kern
(I) Musical: *Showboat* by Helen Morgan; also 1929 & 1936 film
versions by Helen Morgan. (RR) 1951 film version by Eileen Wilson
dubbing for Ava Gardner (RR) 1957 film: *The Helen Morgan Story* by
Gogi Grant dubbing for Ann Blyth

I used to dream that I would discover
The perfect lover someday.
I knew I'd recognize him if ever he came round my way.
I always used to fancy then
He'd be one of the Godlike kind of men,
With a giant brain and a noble head
Like the heroes bold in the books I read.

But along came Bill, who's not the type at all;
You'd meet him on the street and never notice him.
His form and face, his manly grace
Are not the kind that you would find in a statue.
And I can't explain, it's surely not his brain
That makes me thrill.
I love him because he's wonderful because he's just old Bill.

He can't play golf or tennis or polo or sing a solo or row.
He isn't half as handsome as dozens of men that I know.
He isn't tall and straight and slim;
And he dresses far worse than Ted or Jim.
And I can't explain why he should be
Just the one, one man in the world for me.

He's just my Bill, an ordinary boy,
He hasn't got a thing that I can brag about.
And yet to be upon his knee,
So comfy and roomy feels natural to me.
And I can't explain,
It's surely not his brain that makes me thrill.
I love him because he's, I don't know,
Because he's just my Bill.

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home (1902)

(wm) Hughie Cannon. First recorded by Arthur Collins (P) Louis
Armstrong (RR) 1950's by Pearl Bailey (RR) Film: *Papa's Delicate
Condition*(see

Verse 1: On one summer's day, sun was shining fine.
The lady love of old Bill Bailey was hanging clothes
On de line in her back yard and weeping hard.
She married a B. and O. brakeman,
Dat took and throw'd her down.
Bellering like a prune-fed calf wid a big gang hangin' 'round.
And to dat crowd, she yelled out loud:

Chorus:

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home
She moans the whole day long
I'll do de cooking, darling I'll pay de rent
I knows I've done you wrong

1-7 Member dat rainy eve dat I drove you out
Wid nothin' but a fine tooth comb
I knows I'se to blame, well, ain't dat a shame
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home

Black Coffee (1948)

(m) Sonny Burke (w) Paul Francis Webster (P) Sarah Vaughan
(RR) Peggy Lee (RR) kd lang

Female version:

I'm feeling mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink.
I walk the floor and watch the door
And in between I drink black coffee.
Love's a hand-me-down broom.
I'll never know a Sunday in this weekday room.
I'm talking to the shadows one o'clock to four.
Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pour black coffee.
Since the blues caught my eye.
I'm hanging out on Monday
My Sunday dreams to dry.

Now a man is born to go a-lovin',
A woman's born to weep and fret.
To stay at home and tend her oven,
And drown her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes.
I'm moonin' all the morning, and mournin' all the night,
And in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight
Black coffee. Feeling low as the ground, it's driving me crazy,
This waiting for my baby to maybe come around.

Male Version:

I'm feeling mighty lonesome haven't slept a wink.
I walk the floor and watch the door,
And in between I drink black coffee.
Since my gal went away my nerves have gone to pieces
And my hair's turnin' gray.
I'm talking to the shadows one o'clock to four.
Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pour black coffee.
Love's a sorry affair.
I know where all the blues are, 'cause, baby, I've been there.

Now a man is born to love a woman,
To work and slave to pay her debts.
And just because he's only human,
To drown his past regrets in coffee and cigarettes.
I'm moonin' all the morning and mournin' all the night,
And in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight
Black coffee. Feeling low as can be, it's driving me crazy,
This waiting for my baby to come back home to me.

1-8

Blame It on My Last Affair (1939)

(wm) Henry Nemo, Irving Mills. (P) Mildred Bailey. (CR) Count Basie and his Orchestra with Helen Humes.

When I walk an' I'm called ad I don't turn like that
Should I be introduced and I sound very flat
It isn't a grudge I bear, why blame it on my last affair

If I pass up my plate though the dish is delish
If I'm handed a bone and I don't care to wish
It isn't the bill of fare, why just blame it on my last affair

It hurt me so and now I don't know if I'll ever live it through
Oh there's no excuse for this abuse
Coming from one like you

And if eyes fill with tears at each love word that's said
If I'm walkin' the park when I should be in bed
It's not that I need the air why just blame it on my last affair.

And I don't turn like that, oh and I sound very flat
It isn't a grudge that I bear why just blame it on my last affair

Though the dish is delish and I don't care to wish
It isn't the bill of fare, why just blame it on my last affair
I'll blame it on my last affair

Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain (1945)

(wm) Fred Rose. (R) 1975 by Willie Nelson. (P) Elvis Presley.

In the twilight glow I see her, blue eyes cryin' in the rain
When we kissed goodbye and parted
I knew we'd never meet again

Love is like a dyin' ember, only memories remain
Through the ages I'll remember blue eyes cryin' in the rain

Someday when we meet up yonder
We'll stroll hand in hand again in a land that knows no partin'
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain

Now my hair has turned to silver
All my life I've loved in vain
I can see her star in heaven, blue eyes crying in the rain

Blue Moon Medley

1-9

Blue Moon (1934)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers. The only hit song written by them not intended for a musical or film. (P) Glen Gray and The Casa Loma Orchestra **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Benny Goodman and his Orchestra (RR) 1949 by Mel Tormé; Billy Eckstine. (RR) 1961 by Elvis Presley; The Marcels

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 really could 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

Twenty-Six Miles (1958)

(wm) Glenn Larson, Bruce Belland (P) The Four Preps

Twenty-six miles across the sea
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
Santa Catalina, the island of romance
Romance, romance, romance

Heart and Soul (1938)

(m) Hoagy Carmichael (w) Frank Loesser (I) Film short: *A Song Is Born* by Larry Clinton Orchestra, Bea Wain voc. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (RR) 1952 by The Four Aces (CR) Bob Hope & Shirley Ross (RR) 1988 film *Big*
See also *Heart and Soul* on page 49.

Heart and soul, I fell in love with you heart and soul
Just like a fool would do madly
Because you held me tight and stole a kiss in the night

Sh-Boom (Life Could Be a Dream) (1954)

(wm) James Keyes, Claude Feaster, Carl Feaster, Floyd McRae, James Edwards. (I) The Chords. (P) The Crew Cuts.

Sh-boom, sh-boom, ya-da-da-da, ya-da-da-da
Sh-boom, sh-boom, ya-da-da-da, ya-da-da-da
Sh-boom, sh-boom, life could be a dream sweetheart

Blue Orchids (1939)

(wm) Hoagy Carmichael (P) Glenn Miller Orchestra (CR) Benny Goodman Orchestra

Refrain: I dreamed of two blue orchids,
Two beautiful blue orchids,
One night while in my lonely room.
I dreamed of two blue orchids so full of love and light,
That I wanted to possess each tender bloom.
Then my dream took wings and through a thousand springs,
Blue orchids seemed in a world apart.
But when I met you something pale and blue
Came stealing from the meadows of my heart.
I saw my two blue orchids, my beautiful blue orchids,
Last night and what a sweet surprise.
When you looked at me, it was plain to see
Blue orchids only bloom in your eyes.

Blue Prelude (1933)

(wm) Gordon Jenkins & Joe Bishop (I) Isham Jones Orchestra
(P) Theme of Woody Herman Orchestra (CR) Doriss

Let me cry, let me sigh when I'm blue.
Let me go way from this lonely town.
Won't be long 'fore my song will be through,
'Cause I know I'm on my last go-round.
All the love I could steal beg or borrow
Wouldn't heal all this pain in my soul.
What is love but a prelude to sorrow
With heartache ahead for your goal?
Here I go, now you know why I'm leaving:
Got the blues, What can I lose? Good-bye.

Blue Skies (1927)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Musical: *Betsy* by Belle Baker. First recording by Ben Selvin and his Orchestra **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) George Olsen and his Orchestra; Harry Richman; Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra (RR) 1946 by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra (RR) 1978 by Willie Nelson (CR) Judy Garland

Blue skies smiling at me, nothing but blue skies do I see.
Bluebirds singing a song, nothing but bluebirds all day long.

Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going so right.
Noticing the days hurrying by
When you're in love my how they fly.
Blue days all of them gone,
Nothing but blue skies from now on.

2-7 Blue Suede Shoes (1955)

(wm) Carl Lee Perkins. (I) Carl Perkins. (P) Elvis Presley.

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show,
Three to get ready, now go, cat, go.
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but stay off of my blue suede shoes.

Well, you can knock me down, step in my face,
Slander my name all over the place.
Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh,
Honey, lay off of my shoes
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but stay off of my blue suede shoes.

You can burn my house, steal my car,
Drink my liquor from an old fruitjar.
Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh,
Honey, lay off of my shoes

2-7 Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but stay off of my blue suede shoes.

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show,
Three to get ready, now go, cat, go.
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but stay off of my blue suede shoes.
Blue, blue, blue suede shoes (x4)
You can do anything but stay off of my blue suede shoes.

Blue Velvet (1951)

(wm) Bernie Wayne, Lee Morris (P) Tony Bennett (RR) 1963 Bobby Vinton **No. 1 Chart Song** (RR) 1986 film *Blue Velvet*

She wore blue velvet, bluer than velvet was the night
Softer than satin was the light from the stars.

1-10 She wore blue velvet, bluer than velvet were her eyes
Warmer than May her tender sighs. Love was ours.

Ours, a love I held tightly ffeeling the rapture grow
Like a flame burning brightly.
But when she left, gone was the glow of blue velvet.
But in my heart there'll always be precious and warm,
A memory through the years.
And I still can see blue velvet through my tears.

Blueberry Hill (1940)

(wm) Al Lewis, Larry Stock, and Vincent Rose. (I) Film: *The Singing Hill* by Gene Autry. (P) Glenn Miller and his Orchestra. **No. 1 Chart Record**. (CR) Kay Kyser and his Orchestra. (R) 1957 by Antoine "Fats" Domino. (CR) Louis Armstrong

I found my thrill on blueberry hill
On blueberry hill when I found you
The moon stood still on blueberry hill
And lingered until my dreams came true

The wind in the willow played love's sweet melody
But all of those vows we made were never to be

Though we're apart, you're part of me still
For you were my thrill on blueberry hill

Blues in the Night (1941)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *Blues in the Night* by William Gillespie. (P) Jimmy Lunceford Orchestra (CR) Dinah Shore (CR) Judy Garland (CR) Rosemary Clooney

My mama done tol' me when I was in kneepants,
My mama done tol' me, "Son! A woman'll sweet talk
and give you the big eye.
But when the sweet talkin' done,
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night."
Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin',
"Whoo-ee!" My mama done tol' me.
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle,
"Whoo-ee!" My mama done tol' me.
A whoo-ee, duh-who-ee,
Ol' clickety clack's a-echoin' back the blues in the night.

The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'
And the moon'll hide its light
When you get the blues in the night
Take my word, the mockin'bird'll
Sing the saddest kind of song.
He knows things are wrong, and he's right. [*whistle*]
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe
Wherever the four winds blow
I been in some big towns and heard me some big talk
But there is one thing I know:
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night.
[*hum*]
My mama was right, there's blues in the night.

Body and Soul (1930)

(w) Edward Heyman, Robert Sour, Frank Eyton (m) John Green (I) in U.S.A. Revue *Three's a Crowd* by Libby Holman (P) Paul Whiteman Orchestra, Jack Fulton voc. **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Ruth Etting. (R) 1939 Coleman Hawkins **Grammy Hall of Fame** (R) 1947 film *Body and Soul* (CR) Billie Holiday (CR) Frank Sinatra

My heart is sad and lonely for you I sigh, for you dear only
Why haven't you seen it? I'm all for you body and soul.
I spend my days in longing and wond'ring why
It's me you're wronging.
I tell you I mean it, I'm all for you body and soul.
I can't believe it, it's hard to conceive it,
That you'd turn away romance. Are you pretending?
It looks like the ending unless I could have one more chance
To prove, dear, my life a wreck you're making.
You know I'm yours for just the taking.
I'd gladly surrender myself to you body and soul.

1-10 Boo Hoo (1937)

(wm) Edward Heyman, Carmen Lombardo & John Jacob Loeb (P) Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (CR) Mal Hallett Orchestra

Boo-hoo, you've got me crying for you.
And as I sit here and sigh,
Says I, "I can't believe it's true."
Boo-hoo, I'll tell my mama on you.
The little game that you played
Has made her baby oh so blue.
You left me in the lurch,
You left me waiting at the church.
Boo-hoo, that's why I'm crying for you.
Someday you'll feel like I do
And you'll be boo-hoo-hoo-in' too

Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy (1941)

(wm) Don Raye and Hughie Price. (I) Film: *Buck Privates* by The Andrews Sisters. (R) Bette Midler.

He was a famous trumpet man from out Chicago way
He had a boogie style that no one else could play
He was the top man at his craft
But then his number came up
And he was gone with the draft
He's in the army now, a-blowin' reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B
They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It really brought him down, because he couldn't jam
The Captain seemed to understand
Because the next day the Cap'
Went out and drafted a band
And now the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B
A-toot a-toot, a-toot diddle-ee-ada-toot
He blows it eight to the bar - in boogie rhythm
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar
Is playin' with 'im
He makes the company jump when he plays reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B
He was the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B
And when he plays boogie-woogie bugle
He's as busy as a bzzz bee
And when he plays he makes the company jump eight to the bar
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B
Toot toot toot, toot diddle-ee-ada-toot-diddle-ee-ada
Toot toot
He blows it eight to the bar
He can't blow a note
If the bass and guitar isn't with 'im
A-a-and the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B (continued)

2-8

He puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night
And wakes them up the same way in the early bright
They clap their hands and stamp their feet
Because they know how he plays
When someone gives him a beat
He really breaks it up when he plays reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

Da-da, da-do-da-da
Da-da, da-do-da-da
Da-da, da-do-da-da
Da-da, da-do-da

A-a-and the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

Born to Be Blue (1947)

(wm) Robert Wells and Mel Tormé. (CR) Clifford Brown and Helen Merrill.

Some folks were meant to live in clover
But they are such a chosen few
And clover being green is something I've never seen
'Cause I was born to be blue

When there's a yellow moon above me
They say there's moonbeams I should view
But moonbeams being gold are something I can't behold
'Cause I was born to be blue

Bridge: When I met you the world was bright and sunny
When you left the curtain fell
I'd like to laugh but nothing strikes me funny
Now my world's a faded pastel

Well, I guess I'm luckier than some folks
I've known the thrill of loving you
And that alone is more than I was created for
'Cause I was born to be blue

Bosom Buddies (1966)

(wm) Jerry Herman. (I) Musical: *Mame* by Angela Lansbury and Bea Arthur. 1974 film version by Lucille Ball and Bea Arthur.

Vera and Mame:

We'll always be bosom buddies,
Friends, sisters and pals;
We'll always be bosom buddies,
If life should reject you,
There's me to protect you.

Vera: If I say that your tongue is vicious,

Mame: If I call you uncouth;

Vera and Mame:

It's simply that who else but a bosom buddy
Will sit down and tell you the truth.

Vera (spoken): Tho' now and again I'm aware that my candid
opinion may sting,

Mame (spoken): Tho' often my frank observation might scald
I've been meanin' to tell you for years

You should keep your hair natural like mine.

Vera: If I kept my hair natural like yours, I'd be bald.

(singing) But darling,

Vera and Mame:

We'll always be dear companions,

Vera: My crony,

Mame: My mate;

Vera and Mame: We'll always be harmonizing,

Vera: Orphan Annie and Sandy,

Vera and Mame: Like Amos and Andy.

Vera: If I say that your sense of style's as far as off as your
youth; It's simply that who else but a bosom buddy will tell you
the whole stinkin' truth.

Mame (spoken): Each time that a critic has written, "Your voice
is the voice of a frog!" Straight to your side to defend you I rush;
you know that I'm there ev'ry time that the world makes and
unkind remark. When they say "Vera Charles is the world's
greatest lush!"

(singing) It hurts me!

Vera: And if I say your fangs are showing, Mame, pull in your
claws. It's simply that who else but a bosom buddy will notice
the obvious flaws!

Mame (spoken): I feel it's my duty to tell you it's time to adjust
to your age; you try to be "Peg O' My Heart", when you're "Lady
Macbeth." Exactly how old are you, Vera? The truth!

Vera: Well, how old do you think?

Mame (spoken): Oh, I'd say somewhere in between forty and
the death!

Vera and Mame (singing): But sweetie,

Vera: I'll always be Alice Toklas,

If you'll be Gertrude Stein.

And tho' I'll admit I've dished you,

I've gossiped and gloated,

But I'm so devoted.

Mame: And if I say that sex and guts made you into a star, it's
simply that who else but a bosom buddy
Will tell you how rotten you are.

Vera and Mame:

Just turn your bosom buddy for aid and affection,

For help and direction, for loyalty, love and forsooth!

Remember that who else but a bosom buddy

Will sit down and level and give you the devil,

Will sit down and tell you the truth!

Boy Next Door, The (1944)

(wm) Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (I) Film: *Meet Me in St. Louis* by Judy Garland. (P) Judy Garland.

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 5135 Kensington Avenue
And he lives at 5133.

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

Brazil (1942)

(w-Eng) Bob Russell (m) Ary Barroso (I) in United States by Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra (CR) Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra (P) Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra, vocal by Helen O'Connell & Bob Eberly (RR) 1975 by the Ritchie Family (CR) Johnny Mathis (CR) Matt Belsante

Brazil, where hearts were entertaining June
We stood beneath an amber moon
And softly murmured, "Someday soon."
We kissed and clung together.

Then tomorrow was another day,
The morning found me miles away
With still a million things to say
Now, when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling thrills of our love
There's one thing I'm certain of: Return, I will, to old Brazil

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? (1932)

1-9

(m) Jay Gorney (w) Yip Harburg (I) Revue: *Americana* by Rex Webber (CR) Bing Crosby

Verse: They used to tell me I was building a dream,
And so I followed the mob.

When there was earth to plough or guns to bear,
I was always there right on the job.

They used to tell me I was building a dream
With peace and glory ahead.

Why should I be standing in line
Just waiting for bread?

Chorus: Once I built a railroad, made it run,
Made it race against time.

Once I built a railroad, now it's done;
Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once I built a tower to the sun, brick and rivet and lime.

Once I built a tower, now it's done;
Brother, can you spare a dime?

1-11

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,
Full of that Yankee Doodle-de-dum
Half a million boots went sloggin' through Hell,
I was the kid with the drum.

Say, don't you remember, they called me "Al,"
It was "Al" all the time.

Say, don't you remember, I'm your pal!
Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Brush Up Your Shakespeare (1948)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Kiss Me Kate* by Harry Clark & Jack Diamond; 1953 film version by Keenan Wynn & James Whitmore

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare and the women you will wow

Just declaim a few lines from “Othella”
And they’ll think, you’re a helluva of a fella
If your blonde won’t respond when you flatter ’er
Tell her what Tony told Cleopaterer
If she fights when her clothes, you are musing
What are clothes? “Much Ado About Nussing”
Brush up your Shakespeare and they’ll all kowtow

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare and the women you will wow

With the wife of the British embessida
Try a crack out of “Troilus and Cressida”
If she says she won’t buy it or tike it
Make her tike it, what’s more “As You Like It”
If she says your behavior is heinous
Kick her right in the “Coriolanus”
Brush up your Shakespeare and they’ll all kowtow

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare and the women you will wow

If you can’t be a ham and do “Hamlet”
They will not give a damn or a damnlet
Just recite an occasional sonnet
And your lap’ll have “Honey” upon it
When your baby is pleading for pleasure
Let her sample your “Measure For Measure”
Brush up your Shakespeare and they’ll all kowtow

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare and the women you will wow

Better mention the “Merchant Of Venice”
When her sweet pound o’ flesh you would menace
If her virtue at first she defends – well
Just remind her that “All’s Well That Ends Well”
And if still she won’t give you a bonus
You know what Venus got from Adonis
Brush up your Shakespeare and they’ll all kowtow

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare and the women you will wow

If your goil is a Washington Heights dream
Treat the kid to a “Midsummer Night’s Dream”
If she then wants an all-by-herself night
Let her rest ev’ry ’leventh or “Twelfth Night”
If because of your heat she gets huffy
Simply play on and “Lay on, Macduffy”
Brush up your Shakespeare and they’ll all kowtow.

1-11 Bushel and a Peck, A (1950)

(wm) Frank Loesser. (I) Musical: *Guys and Dolls* by Vivian Blaine.
(P) Betty Hutton and Perry Como. (CR) Doris Day.

I love you, a bushel and a peck!
A bushel and a peck, and a hug around the neck!
A hug around the neck, and a barrel and a heap
A barrel and a heap, and I’m talkin’ in my sleep.
About you. About you! About you!
My heart is leapin’! I’m having trouble sleepin’!
‘Cause I love you, a bushel and a peck
You bet your pretty neck I do!

I love you, a bushel and a peck
A bushel and a peck, go and beats me all to heck!
Beats me all to heck how I’ll ever tend the farm
Ever tend the farm when I want to keep my arms
About you. About you! About you!
The cows and chickens are goin’ to the dickens!
‘Cause I love you a bushel and a peck
You bet your pretty neck I do!

But Beautiful (1947)

(w) Johnny Burke. (m) Jimmy Van Heusen. (I) Film: *Road to Rio* by Bing Crosby. (CR) Doris Day, Johnny Hartman, Freddie Hubbard, Peggy Lee, Barbra Streisand.

Love is funny or it’s sad or it’s quiet or it’s mad
It’s a good thing or it’s bad, but beautiful!
Beautiful to take a chance and if you fall, you fall
And I’m thinking I wouldn’t mind at all
Love is tearful or it’s gay, it’s a problem or it’s play
It’s a heartache either way, but beautiful!
And I’m thinking if you were mine, I’d never let you go
And that would be, but beautiful I know.

But Not for Me (1930)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Girl Crazy* by Ginger Rogers. 1943 film version by Judy Garland

Verse: Old Man Sunshine, listen you!

Never tell me, "Dreams come true!"

Just try it, and I'll start a riot. Beatrice Fairfax, don't you dare
Ever tell me he will care; I'm certain it's the final curtain.
I never want to hear from any cheerful Pollyannas,
Who tell you fate supplies a mate; It's all bananas!

Chorus 1: They're writing songs of love, but not for me.
A lucky star's above, but not for me.
With love to lead the way I've found more clouds of gray
Than any Russian play could guarantee.
I was a fool to fall and get that way;
Heigh-ho! Alas! and also, Lackaday!
Although I can't dismiss the mem'ry of his kiss,
I guess he's not for me.

Chorus 2: He's knocking on a door, but not for me.
He'll plan a two by four, but not for me.
I know that love's a game; I'm puzzled, just the same,
Was I the moth or flame? I'm all at sea.
It all began so well, but what an end!
This is the time a feller needs a friend,
When ev'ry happy plot ends with the marriage knot.
But there's no knot for me.

Buttons and Bows (1948)

(m) Jay Livingston (w) Ray Evans. (I) Film: *The Paleface* by Bob Hope. **Academy Award Winner** (CR) Dinah Shore and Her Happy Valley Boys

East is east and west is west and the wrong one I have chose.
Let's go where you'll keep on wearin'
Those frills and flowers and buttons and bows,
Rings and things and buttons and bows.
Don't bury me in this prairie;
Take me where the cement grows.
Let's move down to some big town
Where they love a gal by the cut o' her clothes
And you'll stand out in buttons and bows.

I'll love you in buckskin or skirts that you've homespun.
But I'll love ya' longer
Stronger where yer friends don't tote a gun.
My bones denounce the buckboard bounce
And the cactus hurts my toes.
Let's vamoose where gals keep usin'
Those silks and satins and linen that shows.
And you're all mine in buttons and bows.

Coda in one breath: Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women
are women in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes and French
perfume that rocks the room and you're all mine

[Breathe]

In buttons and bows.

2-9 By Myself (1937)

(w) Howard Dietz (m) Arthur Schwartz (I) Musical *Between the Devil*
by Jack Buchanan (R) film *The Band Wagon* by Fred Astaire (R) 1963
film *I Could Go on Singing* by Judy Garland in her last movie

Refrain 1:

I'll go my way by myself, this is the end of romance.
I'll go my way by myself, love is only a dance.
I'll try to apply myself and teach my heart to sing.
I'll go my way by myself like a bird on the wing,
I'll face the unknown,
I'll build a world of my own;
No one knows better than I, myself, I'm by myself alone.

Refrain 2:

I'll go my way by myself, here's how the comedy ends.
I'll have to deny myself love and laughter and friends.
Gray clouds in sky above have put a blot on my fun.
I'll try to fly high above for a place in the sun.
I'll face the unknown,
I'll build a world of my own;
No one knows better than I, myself, I'm by myself alone.

By the Light of the Silvery Moon (1909)

1-12

(w) Edward Madden (m) Gus Edwards (I) Revue: *School Boys and Girls*
Early recordings by Billy Murray; Ada Jones; Peerless Quartet.
(RR) 1942 by Ray Noble and his Orchestra

Verse 1: Place park. Scene dark.

Silv'ry moon is shining though the trees.
Cast two. Me, you. Sound of kisses floating on the breeze.
Act one, begun. Dialogue: "Where would you like to spoon?"
My cue. "With you, underneath the silv'ry moon."

Chorus: By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon
To my honey I'll croon love's tune.
Honeymoon, keep a-shining in June.
Your silv'ry beams will bring love dreams.
We'll be cuddling soon by the silvery moon.

Verse 2: Act two. Scene new:

Roses blooming all around the place.
Cast three: you, me, preacher with a solemn looking face.
Choir sings. Bell rings.
Preacher: "You are wed forevermore."
Act two, all through. Ev'ry night the same encore.

By the Time I Get to Phoenix (1965)

(wm) Jimmy Webb (I) Johnny Rivers (P) 1967 Glen Campbell
Grammy Winner (R) 1969 Isaac Hayes

By the time I get to Phoenix she'll be rising.
She'll find the note I left hangin' on her door.
She'll laugh when she reads the part that says I'm leavin',
'Cause I've left that girl so many times before.

By the time I make Albuquerque she'll be working.
She'll prob'ly stop at lunch and give me a call,
But she'll just hear that phone keep on ringin'
Off the wall, that's all.

By the time I make Oklahoma she'll be sleepin'.
She'll turn softly and call my name out low.
And she'll cry just to think I'd really leave her,
Tho' time and time I've tried to tell her so.
She just didn't know I would really go.

Bye Bye Blackbird (1926)

(w) Mort Dixon (m) Ray Henderson (P) Eddie Cantor & The Duncan Sisters. Recorded by Gene Austin; Nick Lucas; Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. (RR) 1948 Russ Morgan and his Orchestra (RR) 1953 film: *The Eddie Cantor Story* by Eddie Cantor dubbing for Keefe Brasselle (CR) Dave Chapman (CR) Doriss

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go, singing low
Bye, bye blackbird
Where somebody waits for me, wugar'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
Blackbird, bye, bye.

2-9 C'est Si Bon (1947)

(w) Andre Hornez (w Eng.) Jerry Seelen (m) Henri Betti. (P) Johnny Desmond (RR) 1953 by Eartha Kitt (CR) Louis Armstrong

"C'est si bon," de partir n'importe où,
Bras dessus, bras dessous, en chantant des chansons.
C'est si bon, de se dir' des mots doux.
Des petits rien du tout - mais qui en disent long.

En voyant notre mine ravie
Les passants dans la rue, nous envient.
C'est si bon, de guetter dans ses yeux
Un espoir merveilleux, qui donne le frisson.
C'est si bon, ces petit's sensations
Ça vaut moiux qu'un million.
Tell'ment, tell'ment c'est bon.

"C'est si bon," lovers say that in France.
When they thrill to romance, it means that it's so good.
C'est si bon, so I say it to you like the French people do,
Because it's oh, so good.

Every word, every sigh, every kiss dear,
Leads to only one thought and it's this dear.
It's so good, nothing else can replace,
Just your slightest embrace and if you only would
Be my own for the rest of my days,
I will whisper this phrase, my darling, C'est si bon.
(I mean that it's so good when I say C'est si bon.
And I say C'est si bon because it's oh, so good.)

Cab Driver (1968)

(wm) Carson Parks (P) The Mills Brothers

Cab driver, drive by Mary's place
Don't stop the meter, let it race
I just want a chance to see her face
Cab driver, drive by Mary's place

Cab driver, once more 'round the block
Never mind the ticking of the clock
I only wish we could've had a talk
Cab driver, once more 'round the block

Cab driver, once more down her street
There's the little place we used to meet
That's where I laid my future at her feet
Cab driver, once more down her street

Cab driver, wait here by her door
I just want to hold her in my arms once more
Then things may be just like they were before
Cab driver, wait here by her door

Cab driver, better take me home
I guess I was meant to be alone
I hope God sends me a loved one of my own
Cab driver, better take me home (3x)

2-10

1-12

1-12

Cabaret (1966)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander(I) Musical: *Cabaret* by Jill Haworth, Recorded by Marilyn Maye. (CR) Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass. (RR) 1972 film: *Cabaret* by Liza Minnelli (CR) Louis Armstrong

What good is sitting alone in your room?
Come hear the music play.
Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.
Put down the knitting, the book and the broom
Time for a holiday.
Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.
Come taste the wine, come hear the band.
Come blow the horn, start celebrating.
Right this way your table's waiting!
No use permitting some prophet of doom
To wipe every smile away.
Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.

Interlude:

I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie,
With whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea.
She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower;
As a matter of fact, she rented by the hour.
The day she died the neighbors came to snicker:
"Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor."
But when I saw her laid out like a queen,
She was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen.
I think of Elsie to this very day.
I remember how she'd turn to me and say:

What good is sitting alone in your room?
Come hear the music play.
Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.
And as for me, and as for me,
I made my mind up back in Chelsea
When I go I'm going like Elsie.

Start by admitting from cradle to tomb it isn't that long a stay.
Life is a cabaret, old chum, only a cabaret old chum,
And I love a cabaret.

California, Here I Come (1924)

(wm) Al Jolson, B. G. De Sylva, Joseph Meyer (I) Musical: *Bombo* by Al Jolson (P) Al Jolson (CR) Theme song of Abe Lyman and his Orchestra (RR) 1946 film: *The Jolson Story* by the voice of Al Jolson dubbing for Larry Parks (RR) 1952 film: *With a Song in My Heart* by voice of Jane Froman dubbing for Susan Hayward

California, here I come right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun
Each morning at dawning birdies sing an' ev'rything
A sun kissed miss said, "Don't be late"
That's why I can hardly wait, open up that Golden Gate
California, here I come

1-13 Call Me Irresponsible (1963)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Film: *Papa's Delicate Condition* by Jackie Gleason. **Academy Award Winner** (P) Frank Sinatra (CR) Jack Jones

Call me irresponsible. Call me unreliable.
Throw in undependable, too.
Do my foolish alibis bore you?
Well, I'm not too clever; I just adore you.
Call me unpredictable. Tell me I'm impractical.
Rainbows I'm inclined to pursue.
Call me irresponsible. Yes, I'm unreliable.
But, it's undeniably true I'm irresponsibly mad for you.

Can't Help Falling in Love with You (1961)

(wm) George David Weiss, Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore (I) Film: *Blue Hawaii* by Elvis Presley (P) Elvis Presley (RR) 1970 by Al Martino (RR) 1987 by Corey Hart

Wise men say only fools rush in
But I can't help falling in love with you.
Shall I stay? Would it be a sin
If I can't help falling in love with you?
Like a river flows surely to the sea,
Darling, so it goes some things are meant to be
Take my hand; take my whole life too
For I can't help falling in love with you

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man (1927)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Jerome Kern (I) Musical: *Showboat* by Helen Morgan, Tess Gardells, Norma Terris, Alan Campbell & Jules Bledsoe (P) Helen Morgan (Also 1929 & 1936 film versions by Helen Morgan) (RR) 1951 film version by Kathryn Grayson and Eileen Wilson dubbing for Ava Gardner (RR) 1957 film: *The Helen Morgan Story* by Gogi Grant dubbing for Ann Blyth (CR) Annette Warren (CR) Billie Holiday (CR) Barbra Streisand

Verse: Oh, listen, sister. I love my mister man.
And I can't tell you why.
There ain't no reason why I should love dat man.
It must be somethin' dat the angels done planned.
The chimney's smokin'. The roof is leakin' in.
But he don't seem to care.

He can be happy with just a sip of gin.
I even loves him when his kisses got gin.

Chorus: Fish got to swim and birds got to fly
I got to love one man till I die
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow
Tell me I'm crazy, maybe I know
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine

When he goes away, dat's a rainy day
And when he comes back dat day is fine, de sun will shine
He can come home as late as can be
Home widout him, ain't no home to me
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine

Can't We Be Friends? (1929)

(w) Paul James (m) Kay Swift (I) Revue *The Little Show* by Libby Holman.

Chorus 1: I thought I'd found the man of my dreams;
Now it seems, this is how the story ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"
I thought for once it couldn't go wrong. Not for long!
I can see the way this ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"
Never again! Through with love, through with men!
They play their game without shame, And who's to blame?
I thought I'd found a man I could trust.
What a bust! This is how the story ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"

Chorus 2: I thought I knew the signal to stop.
What a flop! I can see the way it ends:
He's going to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"
I thought I knew the wheat from the chaff. What a laugh!
This is how the story ends:
He's going to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"
Why should I care, though he gave me the air?
Why should I sigh, heave a sigh, and wonder why?
I thought for once it couldn't go wrong. Not for long.
This is how the story ends:
He's going to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"

Candy (1944)

(w) Mack David, Joan Whitney (m) Alex Kramer (P) Jo Stafford & Johnny Mercer & The Pied Pipers (CR) Dinah Shore (CR) Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra with Nancy Norman (CR) The Manhattan Transfer

"Candy", I call my sugar "Candy"
Because I'm sweet on Candy and Candy's sweet on me.
She understands me, my understanding Candy
And Candy's always handy when I need sympathy.
I wish that there were four of her
So I could love much more of her.
She has taken my complete heart.
Got a sweet tooth for my sweetheart.
"Candy" it's gonna be just dandy the day I take my "Candy"
And make her mine all mine.

Caravan (1937)

(w) Irving Mills (m) Duke Ellington & Juan Tizol (P) Duke Ellington Orchestra (R) 1949 Billy Eckstine (CR) The Mills Brothers

Night and stars above that shine so bright,
The myst'ry of their fading light
That shines upon our caravan.
Sleep upon my shoulder as we creep
Across the sands so I may keep the mem'ry of our caravan.
This is so exciting; You are so inviting,
Resting in my arms as I thrill to the magic charms
Of you, beside me here beneath the blue.
My dream of love is coming true within our desert caravan.

1-14 Carolina in the Morning (1922)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Walter Donaldson (I) *Vaudeville* by William Frawley (P) Van and Schenck **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1949 Film: *The Jolson Story* by voice of Jolson dubbing for Larry Parks (CR) Judy Garland

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning
No one could be sweeter
Than my sweetheart when I meet her in the morning
Where the morning glories twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more
Strolling with my girlie
Where the dew is pearly early in the morning
Butterflies all flutter up
And kiss each little buttercup at dawning
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:
Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning

Carolina Moon (1928)

(w) Benny Davis (m) Joe Burke (I) Gene Austin **No. 1 Chart Record**; (CR) Theme song of Morton Downey; (R) 1940 film *Carolina Moon* by Gene Autry

Refrain: Carolina moon, keep shinin',
Shinin' for the one who waits for me.
Carolina moon, I'm pinin',
Pinin' for the one who waits for me.
How I'm hopin' tonight you'll go, go to the right window.
Scatter your light, say I'm alright, please do
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely
Dreamy Carolina moon, dreamy Carolina moon

Cecilia (1925)

(w) Herman Ruby (m) Dave Dreyer (P) Whispering Jack Smith

Refrain 1:
Does your mother know you're out, Cecilia?
Does she know that I'm about to steal you?
Oh, my, when I look in your eyes,
Something tells me you and I should get together.
How about a little kiss, Cecilia.
Just a kiss you'll never miss, Cecilia.
Why do we two keep on wasting time?
Oh, Cecilia say that you'll be mine.

2-9

1-14

2-10

2-10

Chances Are (1957)

(w) Al Stillman (m) Robert Allen (P) Johnny Mathis

Chances are, 'cause I wear a silly grin
The moment you come into view
Chances are you think that I'm in love with you
Just because my composure sort of slips
The moment that your lips meet mine.
Chances are you think my heart's your valentine
In the magic of moonlight, when I sigh "Hold me close, dear."
Chances are you believe the stars
That fill the skies are in my eyes,
Guess you feel you'll always be the one and only one for me.
And if you think you could,
Well, chances are your chances are awf'ly good.
The chances are your chances are awf'ly good.

Change Partners (1938)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) film *Carefree* by Fred Astaire (P) Astaire **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra **No. 1 chart record** (RR) 1967 Frank Sinatra w/ Antonio Carlos Jobim

Must you dance every dance with the same fortunate man?
You have danced with him since the music began.
Won't you change partners and dance with me?
Must you dance quite so close
With your lips touching his face?
Can't you see I'm longing to be in his place?
Won't you change partners and dance with me?
Ask him to sit this one out and while you're alone,
I'll tell the waiter to tell him he's wanted on the telephone.
You've been locked in his arms
Ever since heaven-knows-when.
Won't you change partners and then,
You may never want to change partners again.

Charade (1963)

(m) Henry Mancini (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *Charade* Henry Mancini Orchestra

When we played our charade, we were like children posing
Playing at games, acting out names,
Guessing the parts we played.
Oh, what a hit we made. We came on next to closing
Best on the bill, Lovers until love left the masquerade.
Fate seemed to pull the strings; I turned and you were gone.
While from the darkened wings the music box played on.
Sad little serenade, song of my heart's composing.
I hear it still. I always will. Best on the bill, Charade.

1-14 Chattanooga Choo Choo (1941)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Warren (I) Film: *Sun Valley Serenade* by Glenn Miller Orchestra/ Tex Beneke, The Nicholas Brothers, Dorothy Dandridge. (P) Glenn Miller, **No. 1 Chart Record.** (RR) 1967 by Harper's Bizarre

Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo Choo
Track 29, boy you can gimme a shine
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo Choo
I've got my fare and just a trifle to spare
You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four
Read a magazine then you're in Baltimore
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham 'n' eggs in Carolina
When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far
Shovel all the coal in, got to keep it rollin'
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are
There's gonna be a certain party at the station
Satin and lace, I used to call funny face
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam
So Chattanooga Choo Choo, won't you choo choo me home?

Cheek to Cheek (1935)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Film: *Top Hat* by Fred Astaire, danced by Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers (P) Fred Astaire, **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra

Heaven, I'm in heaven.
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak.
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together dancing cheek to cheek.
Heaven, I'm in heaven.
And the cares that hung around me through the week
Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak
When we're out together dancing cheek to cheek.

1-15 Oh, I love to climb a mountain and to reach the highest peak;
But it doesn't thrill me half as much
As dancing cheek to cheek.

Oh, I love to go out fishing in a river or a creek;
But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek.
Dance with me, I want my arm about you.
The charm about you will carry me through to
Heaven. I'm in heaven.
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak.
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together dancing,
Out together dancing, out together dancing cheek to cheek.

Cherry (1928)

(w) Ray Gilbert (m) Don Redman (I) McKinney's Cotton Pickers,
John Nesbitt voc. (R) 1944 Harry James Orchestra (RR) 1957
Clarence "Bad Boy" Palmer & The Jive Bombers (CR) Judy Garland

Transcribed from 1928 record by The Big Aces:

Cherry, Cherry, I'll make a bet,
Cherry, Cherry, I'll get you yet!
Someday, Cherry, you'll be my pet.
Right now, Cherry, the date is set!
And when you're mine, you'll soon find out
Just what love is all about!
Oh, Cherry, Cherry, you're hard to get;
But, Cherry, baby, I'll get you yet!

From the sheet music:

Cherry, Cherry, ain't it a shame
That you can't be sweet as your name?
Always flirtin', havin' your fun,
Never certain if I'm the one.
But if I am, I'll hang aroun'
Till you grow up and settle down.
But will ya, while your heart's on a spree?
Cherry, save your loving for me.

Chicago (That Toddlin' Town) (1922)

(wm) Fred Fisher (I) Ben Selvin Orchestra

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town.
Chicago, Chicago, I'll show you around.
Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues in Chicago, Chicago,
the town that Billy Sunday could not shut down.
On State Street, that great street, I just want to say
They do things they don't do on Broadway. Say!
They have the time, the time of their life.
I saw a man who danced with his wife
In Chicago, Chicago, my home town.

Chloe (1927)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Neil Morét (I) Lee Barton Evans (P) Paul
Whiteman Orchestra (R) 1941 Dinah Shore (R) 1945 Spike Jones
Orchestra (R) 1953 Louis Armstrong

Intro: "Chloe! Chloe!" Someone's calling, no reply
Nightshade's falling, hear him sigh: "Chloe! Chloe!"
Empty spaces meet his eyes,
Empty arms outstretched, he's crying:

Refrain:

Through the black of night, I got to go where you are.
If it's wrong or right, I got to go where you are.
I'll roam through the dismal swampland searching for you,
'Cause if you are lost there, let me be there, too.
Through the smoke and flame, I got to go where you are.
For no place could be too far where you are.
Ain't no chains can bind you. If you live, I'll find you.
Love is calling me. I got to go where you are.

2-11 Choo Choo Ch' Boogie (1945)

(wm) Vaughn Horton, Denver Darling, Milt Gabler (P) Louis Jordan
Orch. (CR) Clifton Chenier (R) 1956 Bill Haley and his Comets
(R) John Denver

Verse 1: I'm headed for the station with my pack on my back.
I'm tired of transportation in the back of a hack.
I just love the rhythm of the clickety clack.
I hear the whistle blowing, see the smoke from the stack.
And pal around with democratic fellas named Mac.
Take me right back to the track, Jack.

Chorus: Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie
Whoo whoo, whoo whoo ch'boogie
Choo choo choo choo ch'boogie
Take me right back to the track, Jack

Verse 2:

You wake up in the morning feeling sharp as a tack,
You open up the sack and then you gobble a snack.
You smoke a cigarette you didn't get from a pack
Or taking off your shoes so you can empty the slack.
There's nothing you can do about the dough that you lack
But beat it right back to the track, Jack. [chorus]

Verse 3: You reach your destination but alas and alack,
You need some compensation to get back in the black.
You take a morning paper from the top of the stack
And read the situation from the front to the back
The only job that's open needs a man with a knack
So put it right back in the rack, Jack. [To chorus]

Verse 4: I'm going to settle down beside the railroad track,
And live the life of Riley in a beaten down shack.
So when I hear the whistle I can peep through the crack
And watch the train a-rollin' and it's ballin' the jack.
For I just love the rhythm of the clickety clack.
So take me right back to the track, Jack. [chorus]

2-11 Cielito Lindo (1882)

(wm) Quirino Mendoza y Cortéz (P) Gene Autry

Verse 1: De la Sierra Morena, dielito lindo, vienen bajando,
Un par de ojitos negros, cielito lindo, de contrabando.

Estrillo / Refrain: Ay, ay, ay, ay, Canta y no llores,
Porque cantando se alegran, cielito lindo, los corazones.

Verse 2: Pájaro que abandona, cielito lindo, su primer nido,
Si lo encuentra ocupado, cielito lindo, bien merecido.

verse 6: De tu casa a la mía, cielito lindo
No hay más que un paso, antes que venga tu madre,
Cielito lindo, dame un abrazo.

2-12

2-12

Climb Ev'ry Mountain (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Patricia Neway

Climb ev'ry mountain. Search high and low.
Follow ev'ry byway, ev'ry path you know.
Climb ev'ry mountain. Ford ev'ry stream.
Follow ev'ry rainbow till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the love you can give,
Ev'ry day of your life for as long as you live.
Climb ev'ry mountain. Ford ev'ry stream.
Follow ev'ry rainbow till you find your dream.

Cocktails for Two (1934)

(m) Arthur Johnston (w) Sam Coslow. (I) Film: *Murder at the Vanities* by Carl Brisson. (CR) Duke Ellington Orchestra (R) 1945 Spike Jones

Refrain:

In some secluded rendezvous that overlooks the avenue,
With someone sharing a delightful chat
Of this and that and cocktails for two.
As we enjoy a cigarette in some exquisite chansonnette,
Two hands are sure to slyly meet
Beneath a serviette with cocktails for two.
My head may go reeling, but my heart will be obedient,
With intoxicating kisses for the principal ingredient.
Most any afternoon at five
We'll be so glad we're both alive.
Then maybe fortune will complete her plan
That all began with cocktails for two.

Cold, Cold Heart (1951)

(wm) Hank Williams (I) Hank Williams (P) Tony Bennett **No. 1 chart record** (R) 2002 Norah Jones

I tried so hard my dear to show that you're my every dream.
Yet you're afraid each thing I do is just some evil scheme.
A mem'ry from your lonesome past keeps us so far apart.
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
And melt your cold, cold heart?

Another love before my time made your heart sad and blue.
And so my heart is paying now for things I didn't do.
In anger unkind words are said that make the teardrops start.
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
And melt your cold, cold heart?

You'll never know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry.
You know you need and want my love
Yet you're afraid to try.
Why do you run and hide from lies, to try it just ain't smart?
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
And melt your cold, cold heart?

There was a time when I believed that you belonged to me.
But now I know your heart is shackled to a memory.
The more I learn to care for you, the more we drift apart.
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
And melt your cold, cold heart?

1-16 Come Dance with Me (1959)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Frank Sinatra.
(CR) Diana Krall, Barry Manilow.

Hey there, cutes, put on your dancin' boots
And come dance with me
Come dance with me, what an evenin' for some Terpsichore
Pretty face, I know a swingin' place, come on dance with me
Romance with me on a crowded floor
And while the rhythm swings what lovely things I'll be sayin'
'Cause what is dancin' but makin' love set to music playin'?
When the band begins to leave the stand
And folks start to roam
As we waltz home cheek to cheek we'll be
Come on, come on, come on, come on and dance with me

Come Fly with Me (1958)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Frank Sinatra
(RR) Michael Bublé

Refrain: Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away!
If you can use some exotic booze,
There's a bar in far Bombay.
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away.
Come fly with me, let'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, let's take off 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, let's fly, let's fly away!

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 very near,
You might even hear a whole gang of cheers
Just because we're together
Weather-wise it's such a cuckoo day!
You just say the words and we'll take our birds
Down to Acapulco Bay.
It's so perfect for a flying honeymoon, oh, babe.
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away!
Spoken: Pack a small bag.

2-13

Come Rain Or Come Shine (1946)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Harold Arlen (I) Musical: *St. Louis Woman* by Ruby Hill & Harold Nicholas; Recorded by Margaret Whiting; Dick Haymes with Helen Forrest. (P) Frank Sinatra (P) Judy Garland

I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you
Come rain or come shine
High as a mountain and deep as a river
Come rain or come shine
I guess when you met me it was just one of those things
But don't ever bet me 'cause I'm gonna be true if you let me
You're gonna love me like nobody's loved me
Come rain or come shine
Happy together, unhappy together and won't it be fine?
Days may be cloudy or sunny;
We're in or we're out of the money.
But I'm with you always; I'm with you, rain or shine.

Consider Yourself (1960)

(wm) Lionel Bart (I) Musical: *Oliver!* by Keith Hamshere, Martin Horsey and the crowd in London production. In New York production by Bruce Prochnik, David Jones and the crowd.

Chorus: Consider yourself at home.
Consider yourself one of the family.
We've taken to you so strong.
It's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare. Who cares?
Whatever we've got we share!

Bridge:
If it should chance to be we should see
Some harder days, empty larder days, why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!

Consider yourself our mate.
We don't want to have no fuss,
For after some consideration, we can state...
Consider yourself one of us!

[Chorus]

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah or uppity.
There's a cup-o'-tea for all
Only it's wise to be handy with a rolling pin
When the landlord comes to call

Consider yourself our mate, we don't want to have no fuss
For after some consideration we can state
Consider yourself one of us...

1-16 Cow-Cow Boogie (1941)

(wm) Don Raye, Gene DePaul, Benny Carter (P) Ella Mae Morse

Out on the plains down near Santa Fe,
I met a cowboy ridin' the range one day.
And as he jogged along
I heard him singing a most peculiar cowboy song.
It was a ditty he learned in the city:
"Cum-a-ti-yi-yi-ay, Cum-a-ti-yip-it-tl-e-yi-ay.
Git along. Git hip little dogies. Git along.
Better be on your way. Git along. Git hip little dogies."
And he trucked 'em on down the ol' fairway,
Singing his cow-cow boogie in the strangest way:
"Cum-a-ti-yi-yi-ay, Cum-a-ti-yip-it-tl-e-yi-ay."
Singin' his cowboy songs. He's just too much.
He's got a knocked out western accent with a Harlem touch.
He was raised on loco weed.
He's what you call a swing half breed.
Singing his cow-cow boogie in the strangest way:
"Cum-a-ti-yi-yi-ay, Cum-a-ti-yip-it-tl-e-yi-ay.
Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Yip-peeeee."

Crazy (1961)

(wm) Willie Nelson. (P) Patsy Cline.

Crazy, I'm crazy for feeling so lonely
I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue
I knew you'd love me as long as you wanted
And then someday leave me for somebody new
Worry, why do I let myself worry?
Wondring what in the world did I do?

Bridge: Crazy for thinking that my love could hold you
I'm crazy for trying and crazy for crying
And I'm crazy for loving you

Crazy Rhythm (1928)

2-14

(w) Irving Caesar (m) Joseph Meyer & Roger Wolfe Kahn (I) Musical
Here's Howe (P) Whispering Jack Smith (CR) Ben Bernie (RR) 1950
film *Tea for Two* by Doris Day and Gene Nelson

Refrain: Crazy rhythm, here's the doorway.
I'll go my way, you'll go your way.
Crazy rhythm, from now on we're through.
Here is where we have a showdown.
I'm too high-hat, you're too low-down.
Crazy rhythm, here's goodbye to you!
They say that when a high-brow
Meets a low-brow walking along Broadway,
Soon the high-brow he has no brow. Ain't it a shame?
And you're to blame! What's the use of prohibition?
You produce the same condition.
Crazy rhythm, I've gone crazy too.

Crazy, He Calls Me (1949)

(m) Carl Sigman (w) Bob Russell (P) Billie Holiday (RR) 1983 Linda Ronstadt (CR) Peggy Lee

I say I'll move the mountains and I'll move the mountains
If he wants them out of the way.
Crazy, he calls me. Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love I'd say.
I say I'll go through fire and I'll go through fire,
As he wants it so it shall be.
Crazy, he calls me. Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love you see.

Like the wind that shakes the bough,
He moves me with a smile.
The difficult I'll do right now;
The impossible will take a little while.
I say I'll care forever and I mean forever
If I have to hold up the sky.
Crazy, he calls me. Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love am I.

Cry (1951)

(wm) Churchill Kohlmann (I) Johnnie Ray **No. 1 chart record**
(CR) Eileen Barton (R) 1965 Ray Charles (R) 1967 Tammy Wynette
(R) 2002 Liza Minnelli

If your sweetheart sends a letter of good-bye,
It's no secret you'll feel better if you cry.
When waking from a bad dream,
Don't you sometimes think it's real?
But it's only false emotions that you feel.

If your heartaches seem to hang around too long,
And your blues keep getting bluer with each song,
Remember sunshine can be found behind a cloudy sky.
So let your hair down and go right on, baby, and cry.

Cry Me a River (1953)

(wm) Arthur Hamilton (P) 1955 Julie London

Now you say you're lonely, you cry the whole night through.
Well, you can cry me a river, cry me a river,
I cried a river over you.
Now you say you're sorry for being so untrue.
Well, you can cry me a river, cry me a river,
I cried a river over you.

You drove me, nearly drove me out of my head
While you never shed a tear.
Remember. I remember all that you said.
Told me love was too plebeian,
Told me you were through with me, 'n'
Now you say you love me. Well, just to prove you do.
Come on and cry me a river, cry me a river,
I cried a river over you.

2-14 Cuando Calienta el Sol (1961)

(w) Carlos A. Martinoli (m) Carlos y Mario Rigual (w Eng) Michael Vaughn (I) Luis Miguel (CR) Javier Solis (1964 Eng.) The Ray Charles Singers **No. 1 chart record**

Cuando calienta el sol aquí en la playa
Siento tu cuerpo vibrar cerca de mi
Es tu palpitar, es tu cara, es tu pelo
Son tus besos, me estremezco (Oh oh oh)
Cuando calienta el sol

Cuando calienta el sol aquí en la playa
Siento tu cuerpo vibrar cerca de mi
Es tu palpitar, tu recuerdo, mi locura
Mi delirio, me estremezco (Oh oh oh)
Cuando calienta el sol, cuando calienta el sol

English: Love Me With All Your Heart

Love me with all of your heart, that's all I want dear.
Love me with all of your heart or not at all.
Just promise me this: that you'll give me all your kisses every
winter, every summer, every fall.

When we are far apart or when you're near me
Love me with all of your heart as I love you.
Don't give me your love for a moment or an hour,
Love me always as you loved me from the start:
with every beat of your heart. (Aaaah, Aaaah)

With every beat of your heart,
With every beat of your heart
With every beat of your heart.

French: Quand Le Soleil Était Là

Quand le soleil était là sur nos vacances
Quand il glissait dans nos cœurs
Tant de chaleur
Tout venait de lui
Nos promesses, nos tendresses
Nos faiblesses, nos caresses, notre amour

Quand le soleil était là sur nos vacances
Quand nous partions pour cueillir
Des souvenirs
Nous ne pensions pas
Que les rires, les sourires
L'insouciance et les danses des beaux jours
Ça ne dure pas toujours

Quand le soleil était là, baignant la plage
Quand la mer venait saler tous nos baisers
Nous étions si bien que ce rêve qui s'achève
Oui j'espère le refaire l'an prochain
Et tout recommencera, ah, ah, ah
Car l'amour ne s'oublie pas, ah, ah, ah
Et le soleil sera là, là, là !

2-15

2-14

1-16

Cuban Pete (1936)

(wm) Jose Norman (I) film *Cuban Pete* by Desi Arnaz & The King Sisters (P) Desi Arnaz

They call him Cuban Pete. He's the king of the rumba beat.
When he plays the maracas he goes chick, chicky bom, chick,
chicky bom. Yes sir! He's Cuban Pete.
He's the craze of the native street
When he plays the maracas he goes chick, chicky bom, chick,
chicky bom.

The señoritas, they sing,
And how they swing with this rumbero.
He's very nice, so full of spice,
And to the meter they bring a happy ring, never a care-o!
Singing a song, all the day long.

Hey! Hey! For Cuban Pete. He's the king of the rumba beat.
When he plays the maracas he goes chick, chicky bom, chick,
chicky bom.

Daisy Bell (1892)

(wm) Henry Darce (P in American vaudeville) by Jennie Lindsay
(R) 1968 film *2001, A Space Odyssey* by Douglas Rain dubbing for
HAL 9000 (CR) Dinah Shore

Verse 1: There is a flower within my heart
Daisy, Daisy planted one day by a [passing](#) glance
Planted by Daisy Bell

Whether she loves me or loves me not
Sometimes it's hard to tell

[Yet I am longing to](#) share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell

Refrain: Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy all for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage, but you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two

Parody Reply:

[Michael, Michael, here is your answer true](#)
[You are crazy to think I'd marry you](#)
[If you can't afford a carriage, you can't afford a marriage](#)
[And I'll be damned if I'll be crammed](#)
[On a bicycle built for two.](#)

2-14 Danke Schoen (1963)

(w-Eng) Kurt Schwabach, Milt Gabler (m) Bert Kaempfert (P) Bert Kaempfert and his Orchestra. Vocal version by Wayne Newton

Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen
Thank you for all the joy and pain
Picture shows, second balcony
Was the place we'd meet, go dutch treat
You were sweet

Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen
Thank you for funny cards from Spain
I recall, Central Park in fall
How you tore your dress, what a mess
I confess, that's not all

Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen
Thank you for walks down lover's lane
I can see hearts carved on a tree
Letters intertwined, for all time
Yours and mine, that was fine

Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen
Thank you for seeing me again
Tho' we go on our sep'rate ways
Still the mem'ry stays, for always
My heart says danke schoen
Wiedersehn, danke schoen

Danny Boy

(w) Frederick E. Weatherly (m) Traditional. Adapted by Weatherly in
1913 (R) The Irish Tenors

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone and all the roses falling.
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.
But when ye come and all the flow'rs are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me.
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be.
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

1-16

2-15

1-17

Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, The (1868)

2-16

(w) George Leybourne (m) Gaston Lyle & Alfred Lee, (Originally written to honor Jules Léotard, after whom the acrobatic costume was later named. These are three verses of many.) (1st major record) 1934 Walter O'Keefe (RR) The Chipmunks (RR) Bruce Springsteen.

Verse 1: Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn

Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
Left on this world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

The girl that I loved she was handsome;
I tried all I knew her to please
But I could not please her one quarter so well
As the man upon the trapeze.

Chorus He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
That daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please
And my love he purloined away.

Verse 2:

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang,
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
Where'er he appeared the hall loudly rang
With ovation from all people there.

He'd smile from the bar on the people below
And one night he smiled on my love.
She wink'd back at him and she shouted "Bravo,"
As he hung by his nose up above. [*chorus*]

Verse 3: Her father and mother were both on my side
And very hard tried to make her my bride;
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.

'Twas all no avail, she went there every night,
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her; how he ran me down,
To tell you would take a whole page. [*chorus*]

Day In, Day Out (1939)

2-16

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Rube Bloom (P) Bob Crosby Orchestra, Helen Ward voc. **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Mel Tormé

Day in, day out, that same old voodoo follows me about.
That same old pounding in my heart, whenever I think of you.
And darling I think of you, day in and day out.
Day out, day in, I needn't tell you how my day begins.

When I awake, I awaken with a tingle, one possibility in view,
That possibility of maybe seeing you.
Come rain, come shine, I meet you and to me the day is fine.
Then I kiss your lips, and the pounding becomes,
The ocean's roar, a thousand drums.
Can't you see it's love? Can there be any doubt?
When there it is, day in, day out.

'Deed I Do (1926)

(wm) Walter Hirsch and Fred Rose. (P) Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. (CR) Ruth Etting. (R) 1948 by Lena Horne. (CR) Peggy Lee (CR) Doriss

Do I want you? Oh my! Do I! Honey, 'deed I do!
Do I need you? Oh my! Do I! Honey, 'deed I do!

Bridge:

I'm glad that I'm the one who found you,
That's why I'm always hangin' around you.

Do I love you? Oh my! Do I! Honey, deed I do!

Deep in the Heart of Texas (1942)

1-17

(w) June Hershey (m) Don Swander (P) Alvino Rey and his Orchestra **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Bing Crosby

The stars at night are big and bright, deep in the heart of Texas
The prairie sky is wide and high, deep in the heart of Texas

The sage in bloom is like perfume, deep in the heart of Texas
Reminds me of the one I love, deep in the heart of Texas

The coyotes wail along the trail, deep in the heart of Texas
The rabbits rush around the brush, deep in the heart of Texas

The cowboys cry, "Ki-yip-pee-yi", deep in the heart of Texas
The dogies bawl and bawl and bawl, deep in the heart of Texas

Deep Purple (1933)

2-16

(w 1938) Mitchell Parish (m 1933) Peter deRose (I) 1934 Paul Whiteman Orchestra (R) 1939 Bea Wain **No. 1 chart record** (RR) 1963 Nino Tempo & April Stevens **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Art Tatum

When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls
And the stars begin to flicker in the sky,
Thru the mist of a memory, you wander back to me
Breathing my name with a sigh.

In the still of the night once again I hold you tight.
Tho' you're gone your love lives on when moonlight beams.
And as long as my heart will beat,
Lover, we'll always meet here in my deep purple dreams.

Delilah (1968)

(wm) Les Reed & Barry Mason (P) Tom Jones

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window.
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind.
She was my woman; as she deceived me,
I watched and went out of my mind.
My, my, my, Delilah! Why, why, why, Delilah?
I could see that girl was no good for me;
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free.

At break of day when that man drove away, I was waiting.
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the door.
She stood there laughing.

I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more.
My, my, my Delilah! Why, why, why Delilah?
So before they come to break down the door,
Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any more.
(Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more.)

Desert Song, The (1926)

(m) Sigmund Romberg (w) Otto Harbach & Oscar Hammerstein II
(I) Musical: *The Desert Song* by Robert Halliday

Verse: My desert is waiting, dear, come there with me.
I'm longing to teach you love's sweet melody.
I'll sing a dream song to you painting a picture for two:

Chorus: Blue heaven and you and I,
And sand kissing a moonlit sky.
A desert breeze whisp'ring a lullaby,
Only stars above you to see I love you.

Oh, give me that night divine,
And let my arms in yours entwine.
The desert song, calling, its voice enthralling,
Will make you mine.

Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend (1949)

(w) Leo Robin (m) Jule Styne (I) Musical: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
by Carol Channing (RR) film version 1953 by Marilyn Monroe
(CR) Lena Horne

Chorus 1: 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 your humble flat or help you at the automat.
Men grow cold as girls grow old;
And we all lose our charms in the end.
But square-cut or pear-shaped
These rocks don't lose their shape.
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

2-17 Chorus 2:

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 your guy when stocks are high,
But beware when they start to descend.
It's then that those louses, go back to their spouses.
Diamonds are a girl's best friend. (I don't mean rhinestones.)
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? (1933)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Revel. (I) Film: *Sitting Pretty* by Ginger Rogers and Art Jarrett. (P) Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Bing Crosby.

Something very strange and mystic happened to me
Something realistic and as weird as can be
Something that I fear somehow is now endeared to me
And what a funny feeling – odd and yet so true
Did a thing like this ever happen to you?

Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did.
Did you ever hear a dream talking? Well, I did.
Did you have a dream thrill you
With "Will you be mine?"
Oh, it's so grand and it's too, too divine!

Did you ever see a dream dancing? Well, I did.
Did a ever see a dream romancing? Well, I did!
Did you ever see heaven right in your arms,
Saying, "I love you, I do!"
Well, the dream that was walking,
And the dream that was talking,
And the heaven in my arms was you.

1-17

Ding Dong the Witch is Dead! (1939)

(w) E. Y. Harburg (m) Harold Arlen. (I) Film: *The Wizard of Oz* by Judy Garland, Billie Burke, and The Singer Midgets. (R) 1967 by The Fifth Estate.

Ding Dong! The Witch is dead.
Which old Witch? The Wicked Witch!
Ding Dong! The Wicked Witch is dead.
Wake up - sleepy head, rub your eyes, get out of bed.
Wake up, the Wicked Witch is dead.
She's gone where the goblins go,
Below - below - below.
Yo-ho, let's open up and sing and ring the bells out.
Ding Dong' the merry-oh, sing it high, sing it low.
Let them know the Wicked Witch is dead!

Do I Love You? (1939)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Du Barry Was a Lady* by Ethel Merman and Ronald Graham. Recorded by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.
(R) 1943 Film: *Du Barry Was a Lady* by Gene Kelly. (R) 1946 Film: *Night and Day* by Ginny Simms. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald.

Do I love you do I? Doesn't one and one make two?
Do I love you do I? Does July need a sky of blue?
Would I miss you, would I, if you ever should go away?
If the sun should desert the day, what would life be?

Bridge

Will I leave you, never? Could the ocean leave the shore?
Will I worship you forever? Isn't heaven forevermore?
Do I love you, do I? Oh my dear it's so easy to see,
Don't you know I do, don't I show you I do,
Just as you love me.

Do Re Mi (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Mary Martin & The Children. Film version by Julie Andrews

Let's start at the very beginning
A very good place to start
When you read you begin with A-B-C
When you sing you begin with do-re-mi
Do-re-mi, do-re-mi
The first three notes just happen to be
Do-re-mi, do-re-mi

Maria: Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti
(spoken) Let's see if I can make it easy

Do, a deer, a female deer
Re, a drop of golden sun
Mi, a name I call myself
Fa, a long, long way to run
So, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow sew
Ti, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to do-oh-oh-oh

Do Not Forsake Me

See *High Noon* on page 52.

Do You Love Me? (1964)

(w) Sheldon Harnick (m) Jerry Bock. (I) Musical: *Fiddler on the Roof* by Zero Mostel and Maria Karnilova. 1971 Film by Topol and Miriam Karlin.

Tevye: "Perchik is a good man. I like him.
And what's more important, Hodel likes him.
Hodel loves him. So what can we do?
It's a new world... A new world. Love. Golde..."
(sings) Do you love me?

Golde: Do I what?

Tevye: Do you love me?

Golde: Do I love you?

With our daughters getting married
And this trouble in the town, you're upset, you're worn out
Go inside, go lie down! Maybe it's indigestion

Tevye (spoken): "Golde I'm asking you a question..."
(sings) Do you love me?

Golde: You're a fool

Tevye (spoken): "I know..."

(sings) But do you love me?

Golde: Do I love you?

Tevye (spoken): Well?

For twenty-five years I've washed your clothes
Cooked your meals, cleaned your house
Given you children, milked the cow
After twenty-five years, why talk about love right now?

Tevye (spoken): Golde, (sung) The first time I met you
Was on our wedding day
I was scared

Golde: I was shy

Tevye: I was nervous

Golde: So was I

Tevye: But my father and my mother
Said we'd learn to love each other
And now I'm asking, Golde, do you love me?

Golde: I'm your wife

Tevye: "I know..."

But do you love me?

2-24 *Golde*: Do I love him?

For twenty-five years I've lived with him
Fought with him, starved with him
Twenty-five years my bed is his, if that's not love, what is?

Tevye: Then you love me?

Golde: I suppose I do

Tevye: And I suppose I love you too

Both: It doesn't change a thing, but even so
After twenty-five years it's nice to know

Don't Blame Me (1933)

(w) Dorothy Fields (m) Jimmy McHugh (I) Revue: *Clowns in Clover* by Jeanette Loff (RR) 1948 by Nat King Cole. Recorded by Ethel Waters; Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians

Don't blame me for falling in love with you
I'm under your spell, but how can I help it
Don't blame me, can't you see when you do the things you do
If I can't conceal, the thrill that I'm feeling, don't blame me

I can't help it if that doggone moon above
Makes me need, someone like you to love
Blame your kiss as sweet as a kiss can be
And blame all your charms that melt in my arms
But don't blame me

Don't Fence Me In (1944)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Film: *Hollywood Canteen* by Roy Rogers & the Sons of the Pioneers and reprised by The Andrews Sisters. (P) Bing Crosby & the Andrews Sisters **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Kate Smith (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Verse: Wild Cat Kelly, looking mighty pale,
Was standing by the sheriff's side.
And when that sheriff said, "I'm sending you to jail."
Wild Cat raised his head and cried:

Chorus: Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above.
Don't fence me in. Let me ride through the wide
Open country that I love. Don't fence me in.
Let be by myself in the evening breeze.
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.
Send me off forever, but I ask you, please, don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies.
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.
I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences,
Gaze at the moon until I lose my senses.
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,
Don't fence me in.

[Repeat from the bridge and then add:]

Poppa don't you fence me in

Verse: Wild Cat Kelly, back again in town,
Was sitting by his sweetheart's side
And when his sweetheart said, "Come on, let's settle down."
Wild Cat raised his head and cried:

Don't Get Around Much Anymore (1942)

(w) Bob Russell (m) Duke Ellington (P) Duke Ellington and his Orchestra (CR) The Ink Spots (CR) Glen Gray and The Casa Loma Orchestra

Missed the Saturday dance, heard they crowded the floor
Couldn't bear it without you, don't get around much anymore
Thought I'd visit the club, got as far as the door
They'd have asked me about you
Don't get around much anymore

1-18 Darling I guess, my mind's more at ease
But nevertheless, why stir up memories?
Been invited on dates, might have gone but what for?
Awf'ly different without you, don't get around much anymore

Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (1942)

(wm) Lew Brown, Charlie Tobias, and Sam H. Stept. (I) Film: *Private Buckaroo* by The Andrews Sisters. (P) Glenn Miller and his Orchestra. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) The Andrews Sisters.

He:

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Till I come marchin' home

1-18 Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
Till I come marchin' home

I just got word from a guy who heard
From the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet and it fits you to a T
So, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Till I come marchin' home

She: Don't give out with those lips of yours
To anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Watch the girls on foreign shores
You'll have to report to me when you come marchin' home

Don't hold anyone on your knee
You better be true to me
You better be true to me, you better be true to me
Don't hold anyone on your knee
You're gettin' the third degree when you come marchin' home

You're on your own where there is no phone
And I can't keep tab on you; be fair to me,
I'll guarantee this is one thing that I'll do
I won't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but you
'Til you come marchin' home

Both:

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
I know the apple tree is reserved for you and me
And I'll be true 'til you come marchin' home

Down Argentina Way (1940)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Warren. (I) Film: *Down Argentina Way* by Carmen Miranda. (P) Carmen Miranda. (CR) Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. (CR) Dinah Shore.

Moonlight, I see millions of twinkling stars
Ev'ning when a breeze becomes a sigh
Music, I hear millions of soft guitars
Underneath the Pampas moon when you hum a happy tune
And you kiss your cares goodbye
You'll find your life will begin
The very moment you're in Argentina
If you're romantic, señor then you will surely adore Argentina
You'll be as gay as can be if you will learn to "si si" like a Latin
For Mister sure as you learn
Then you will never return to Manhattan.

Bridge: When you hear "yo te amo"
You'll steal a kiss and then if she should say "mañana"
It's just to let you know you're gonna meet again

I'll bet an old castanet that you will never forget Argentina
Where there are rhumbas and tangos to tickle your spine
Moonlight and music and orchids and wine
You'll want to stay down Argentina way.

Down in the Valley (1917)

(wm) Unknown. Traditional American folk song. (R) 1944 by The Andrews Sisters.

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Late in the evening, hear that train blow
Hear that train blow, love, hear that train blow
Late in the evening, hear that train blow
The train don't stay, love, it goes right through
And now it's gone, love, and so are you
Before you go, love, for old time sake
Put your arms 'round me; feel my heart break
Down in the valley, valley so low
Late in the evening, hear that train blow
The train is gone, love, and out of sight
Good night my darling, darling good night, good night

Dream a Little Dream of Me (1931)

1-19

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Wilbur Schwandt, Fabian Andre (I) Wayne King and his Orchestra (P) Kate Smith (CR) Jack Owens (RR) 1968 by Mama Cass Elliott (CR) Curran Reichert

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper, "I love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore tree, dream a little dream of me
Say "nightie-night" and kiss me
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be dream a little dream of me

Stars fading, but I linger on, dear, still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger till dawn dear
Just saying this: "Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
Sweet dreams leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be dream a little dream of me."

East of the Sun (1934)

(wm) Brooks Bowman. (I) Revue: *Stags at Bay* (Princeton University Triangle Club Production). Recorded by Tom Coakley and his Orchestra.

East of the sun and west of the moon
We'll build a dream house 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 moonlight
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.

Easter Parade (1933)

2-17

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Revue *As Thousands Cheer* by Clifton Webb. (R) 1948 Film *Easter Parade* by Judy Garland and Fred Astaire (CR) Gene Austin (CR) Judy Garland

Refrain: In your Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.
I'll be all in clover, and when they look you over
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade.
On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue, the photographers will snap us
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.
Oh, I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet
And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter Parade.

Easy Living (1937)

(wm) Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin. (I) Film: *Easy Living*. (P) Billie Holiday, Chet Baker, Anita O'Day, Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Pass (CR) Billie Holiday

Living for you is easy living
It's easy to live when you're in love
And I'm so in love there is nothing in life but you

I never regret the years that I'm giving
They're easy to give when you're in love
I'm happy to do whatever I do for you

For you maybe I'm a fool, but it's fun
People say you rule me with one wave of your hand
Darling, it's grand, they just don't understand

Living for you is easy living
It's easy to live when you're in love
And I'm so in love there's nothing in life but you

Easy Street (1977)

(m) Charles Strouse (w) Martin Charnin. (I) Musical: *Annie* by Dorothy Loudon, Robert Fitch, Barbara Erwin

Verse 1: I remember the way our sainted mother
Would sit and croon us her lullaby.
She'd say, "Kids, there's a place that's like no other,
You gotta get there before you die.
You don't get there by playing from the rule book.
You stack the aces. You load the dice."
Mother, dear, oh I know you're down there list'nin'.
We're gonna follow your sweet advice to

Chorus 1: Easy Street! Easy Street! Where you sleep till noon.
She'd repeat, "Easy Street, better get there soon."

Verse 2 It ain't fair how we scrounge for three or four bucks,
While she gets Warbucks, the little brat!
It ain't fair; this here life is drivin' me nuts.
While we get peanuts, she's livin' fat.
Maybe she holds the key, that little lady,
To getting more bucks instead of less.
Maybe we fix the game with something shady.
Where does that put us? Give you one guess.

Chorus 2: Easy street! Easy Street! Where the rich folk play.
Move them feet t' Easy Street, when you get there, stay.

Easy to Love (1936)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Film: *Born to Dance* by James Stewart and Eleanor Powell (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Chorus: You'd be so easy to love,
So easy to idolize all others above. So worth the yearning for,
So swell to keep ev'ry home fire burning for.
We'd be so grand at the game,
So carefree together, that it does seem a shame,
That you can't see your future with me.
'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love!

Ebb Tide (1953)

(w) Carl Sigman (m) Robert Maxwell (I) Frank Chacksfield Orchestra (Vocal CR) Roy Hamilton.

First the tide rushes in, plants a kiss on the shore,
Then rolls out to sea and the sea is very still once more.
So I rush to your side, like the oncoming tide,
With one burning thought: will your arms open wide?
At last we're face to face and as we kiss through an embrace,
I can tell, I can feel you are love, you are real.
Really mine! In the rain, in the dark, in the sun.
Like the tide at its ebb, I'm at peace in the web of your arms

1-19 Edelweiss (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Mary Martin, Theodore Bikel and the children

Edelweiss, edelweiss, ev'ry morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright, you look happy to meet me.
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever

El Condor Pasa (If I Could) (1913)

(wm) Alomia Robles (w-Eng) Paul Simon (I) at the Teatro Mazzi in Lima, Peru. (P) Los Incas (CR) Simon and Garfunkle with words to "If I Could" using Roble's melody.

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would

Chorus: Away, I'd rather sail away
Like a swan, that's here and gone
A man gets tired out to the ground
He gives the world its saddest sound, its saddest sound

I'd rather be a forest than a street
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would

1-19

1-19

El Paso (1959)

(wm) Marty Robbins (P) Marty Robbins **No. 1 chart record**

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina
Music would play and Felina would whirl.
Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina,
Wicked and evil while casting her spell.
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden.
I was in love, but in vain I could tell.

One night a wild young cowboy came in,
Wild as the West Texas wind.
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing
With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved.

So in anger I
Challenged his right for the love of this maiden.
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered; in less than a heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
Just for a moment I stood there in silence,
Shocked by the foul, evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there.
I had but one chance, and that was to run.

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran,
Out where the horses were tied.
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run;
Up on its back and away I did ride.

Just as fast as I
Could from the West Texas town of El Paso
Out to the badlands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless.
Everything's gone in life, nothing is left.
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden.
My love is stronger than my fear of death.

I saddle up and away I did go riding alone in the dark
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart

And at last here I

Am on the hill overlooking El Paso
I can see Rosa's cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward
Down off the hill to Felina I go.
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys.
Off to my left ride a dozen and more.
Shouting and shooting I can't let them catch me.
I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.

2-18 But my love for Felina is strong, and I rise where I've fallen.
Though I am weary I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle;
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.
From out of nowhere Felina has found me,
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for,
One little kiss and Felina, goodbye.

Embraceable You (1930)

1-20

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Girl Crazy* by
Ginger Rogers & Allen Kearns. (R) 1943 Film *Girl Crazy* by Judy
Garland (CR) Dave Chapman

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 the 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!

End of a Love Affair, The (1950)

1-20

(wm) Edward C. Redding (I) Mabel Mercer (P) Dinah Shore

So I walk a little too fast and I drive a little too fast.
And I'm reckless it's true, but what else can you do
At the end of a love affair?
So I talk a little too much and I laugh a little too much.
And my voice is too loud when I'm out in a crowd,
So that people are apt to stare.
Do they know, do they care that it's only
That I'm lonely and low as can be,
And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all?
So I smoke a little too much and I drink a little too much.
And the tunes I request are not always the best,
But the ones where the trumpets blare.
So I go at a maddening pace.
And I pretend that it's taking her place.
But what else can you do at the end of a love affair?

Enjoy Yourself (It's Later Than You Think) (1948)

(w) Herb Magidson (m) Carl Sigman (P) Guy Lombardo and his
Royal Canadians (CR) Doris Day

You work and work for years and years, you're always on the go
You never take a minute off too busy making dough

Some day you say you'll have your fun
When you're a millionaire
Imagine all the fun you'll have in your old rocking chair

Chorus:

Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think
Enjoy yourself, while you're still in the pink
The years go by as quickly as a wink
Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, it's later than you think

You're gonna take that ocean trip no matter come what may
You've got your reservations, but you just can't get away

Next year for sure you'll see the world, you'll really get around
But how far can you travel when you're six feet underground

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye (1944)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Seven Lively Arts* by Nan Wynn & Jere
McMahon. Recorded by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra (CR) Ella
Fitzgerald

Ev'ry time we say goodbye I die a little
Ev'ry time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little
Why the gods above me who must be in the know
Think so little of me, they allow you to go

When you're near there's such an air of Spring about it
I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing about it
There's no love song finer, but how strange the change
From major to minor, ev'ry time we say goodbye

Repeat then tag with:

Ev'ry single time we say goodbye

1-21

Everybody Loves My Baby (1924)

2-17

(wm) Jack Palmer, Spencer Williams (I) Clarence Williams' Blue Five
w/ Louis Armstrong (P) Ruth Etting (R) 1955 film *Love Me or Leave
Me* by Doris Day (CR) The Boswell Sisters

Unisex refrain: Everybody loves my baby but my baby don't
love nobody but me, nobody but me.

Everybody wants my baby but my baby don't want nobody but
me, that's plain to see!

Now when my baby kisses me upon my rosy cheeks, -
I just let those kisses be, don't wash my face for weeks!

Everybody loves my baby but my baby don't love nobody but
me, nobody but me.

Female refrain: Everybody loves my baby but my baby don't
love nobody but me, nobody but me.

Everybody wants my baby but my baby don't want nobody but
me, that's plain to see!

I'm his sweet patootie and he is my loving man.

Knows how to do his duty loves me like no other can!

Everybody loves my baby but my baby don't love nobody but
me, nobody but me

Male refrain: Everybody loves my baby but my baby don't love
nobody but me, nobody but me.

Everybody wants my baby but my baby don't want nobody but
me, that's plain to see!

She's got a form like Venus, honest, I ain't talking Greek

No one can come between us

She's my Sheba, I'm her Sheik.

Everybody loves my baby, but my baby don't love nobody but
me, nobody but me.

Everybody Loves Somebody (1948)

1-21

(w) Irving Talor (m) Ken Lane (I) Frank Sinatra (P) Dean Martin No.
1 **Chart Record**

Everybody loves somebody sometime

Everybody falls in love somehow

Something in your kiss just told me my sometime is now.

Everybody finds somebody someplace

There's no telling where love may appear

Something in my heart keeps saying my someplace is here.

If I had it in my power I would arrange for every girl

To have your charms.

Then every minute, every hour every boy would find

What I found in your arms.

Everybody loves somebody sometime

And although my dream was overdue,

Your love made it well worth waiting for someone like you.

Everything's Coming Up Roses (1959)

(m) Jule Styne (w) Stephen Sondheim (I) Musical: *Gypsy* by Ethel Merman

You'll be swell, you'll be great,
Gonna have the whole world on a plate.
Starting here, starting now,
Honey, everything's coming up roses!
Clear the decks, clear the tracks,
You got nothing to do but relax.
Blow a kiss, Take a bow,
Honey, everything's coming up roses!
Now's your inning, stand the world on its ear!
Set it spinning. That'll be just the beginning!
Curtain up, Light the lights,
You got nothing to hit but the heights!
You'll be swell, You'll be great, I can tell, Just you wait!
That lucky star I talk about is due.
Honey, everything's coming up roses for me and for you!

Bridge:

You can do it! All you need is a hand.
We can do it, Momma is gonna see to it!
Curtain up! Light the lights!
We got nothing to hit but the heights!
I can tell, Wait and see!
There's the bell, Follow me!
And nothing's gonna stop us till we're through!
Honey, everything's coming up roses and daffodils,
Everything's coming up sunshine and Santa Claus,
Everything's gonna be bright lights and lollipops.
Everything's coming up roses for me and for you.

Falling in Love Again (1930)

(wm) Frederick Hollaender (w Eng) Sammy Lerner (I) Film: *The Blue Angel* by Marlene Dietrich

Verse: I'm much too sentimental, my heart is never free.
Perhaps it's accidental that love should come to me.
Some little thing within me protects me for a while,
'Til someone comes to win me with only a smile.

Chorus: Falling in love again, never wanted to.
What am I to do? Can't help it.
Love's always been my game, play it how I may.
I was made that way. Can't help it.
Men cluster to me like moths around a flame.
And if their wings burn, I know I'm not to blame.
Falling in love again, never wanted to.
What am I to do? Can't help it.

1-20 German: Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß

Verse: Ein rätselhafter Schimmer,
Ein je ne sais pas quoi liegt in den Augen immer
Bei einer schönen Frau doch wenn sich meine Augen
Bei einem vis-a-vis ganz b'ef in seine saugen
Was sprechen an sie?

Chorus: Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß
Aus Liebe eingestellt, denn das ist meine Welt
Und sonst gar nichts.
Das ist, was soll ich machen, Meine Natur.
Ich kann halt lieben nur, und sonst gar nichts.

Männer umschwirr'n mich wie Motten um das Licht.
Und wenn sie verbrennen, ja dafür kann ich nichts.
Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß aus Liebe eingestellt,
Denn das ist meine Welt und sonst gar nichts.

Far from the Home I Love (1964)

(w) Sheldon Harnick (m) Jerry Bock. (I) Musical: *Fiddler on the Roof* by Zero Mostel and Julia Migenes. 1971 Film by Topol and Linda Gardner.

How can I hope to make you understand
Why I do what I do – Why I must travel to a distant land?
Far from the home I love
Once I was happily content to be as I was, where I was
Close to the people who are close to me
Here in the home I love
Who could see that a man would come
Who would change the shape of his dreams?
Helpless now I stand with him watching older dreams grow dim
Oh, what a melancholy choice this is
Wanting home, wanting him
Closing my heart to ev'ry hope but his leaving the home I love
There where my heart has settled long ago, I must go, I must go
Who could imagine I'd be wand'ring so far from the home I love
Yet there with my love, I'm home

2-19

Fever (1956)

(wm) John Davenport & Eddie Cooley (I) Little Willie John.
(RR) 1958 Peggy Lee (CR) Elvis Presley

Never know how much I love you,
Never know how much I care,
When you put your arms around me,
I get a fever that's so hard to bear. You give me fever,
When you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight.
Fever! - in the morning, fever all through the night.
Sun lights up the daytime; moon lights up the night.
I light up when you call my name,
And you know I'm gonna treat you right, you give me fever,
When you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight
Fever! - in the morning, fever all through the night.
Everybody's got the fever; that is something you all know.
Fever isn't such a new thing, fever started long ago.

Romeo loved Juliet; Juliet she felt the same.
When he put his arms around her,
He said, "Juliet baby you're my flame, thou givest fever,
When we kisseth, fever with thy flaming youth.
Fever! - I'm afire, fever yea I burn forsooth."

Captain Smith and Pocahontas had a very mad affair.
When her Daddy tried to kill him,
She said "Daddy-o, don't you dare, he give me fever,
With his kisses, fever when he holds me tight.
Fever! - I'm his Missus, Daddy, won't you treat him right."

Now you've listened to my story, here's the point I have made:
Chicks were born to give you fever,
Be it Fahrenheit or Centigrade.
They give you fever
When you kiss them, fever if you live and learn.
Fever! - till you sizzle,
What a lovely way to burn.
What a lovely way to burn.
What a lovely way to burn.

Firefly (1958)

(w) Carolyn Leigh (m) Cy Coleman (P) Tony Bennett

I call her Firefly, 'cause, oh my, she radiates moon glow,
Wants none of that noon glow,
She starts to glitter when the sun goes down 'bout eight P. M.
It's mayhem. She switches those brights up, lights up and gives
me a call: "Hey, take me to the fireflies' ball!"

But when I get her there, set her there
Do I get to pet her there 'n grab me some glow?
No, she's a gad about, mad about
Lurin' ev'ry lad about, while leavin' me moanin' low:
"Oh, firefly, why can't I latch onto you no how?
Oh, how I love ya, but gee,
While you set the night on fire, fly, shine a little light on me!"

Tag: Shine a little light on, shine a little light on me.

1-22 Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue (Has Anybody Seen My Girl) (1925) 1-21

(w) Sam M. Lewis, Joe Young (m) Ray Henderson (P) Gene Austin
No. 1 Chart Record

Five foot two, eyes of blue, but oh what those five foot could do
Has anybody seen my girl turned up nose, turned down hose
Never had no other beaus has anybody seen my girl
Now if you run into, a five foot two covered with fur
Diamond rings and all those things, betcha' life it isn't her
But could she love, could she woo
Could she, could she, could she coo
Has anybody seen my girl?

Fly Me to the Moon (In Other Words) (1954) 1-22

(wm) Bart Howard (I) Felicia Sanders. (RR) 1963 by Joe Harnell
(RR) 1965 by Tony Bennett (RR) 1969 by Bobby Womack (CR) Nat King Cole

Verse:

Poets often use many words to say a simple thing.
It takes thought and time and rhyme to make a poem ring.
With music and words I've been playing.
For you I have written a song.
To be sure that you know what I'm saying,
I'll translate as I go along.

Chorus:

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 forever more
You are all I long for all I worship and adore
In other words, please be true
In other words, I love you

Foggy Day, A (1937)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin. (I) Film: *A Damsel in Distress* by Fred Astaire. Recorded by Bob Crosby and his Orchestra.
(CR) Dave Chapman

2-19

A foggy day in London town,
It's had me low; it's had me down
I viewed the morning with a lot of alarm,
The British museum had lost it's charm
How long I wondered could this thing last,
But the age of miracles, it hadn't passed
For suddenly, I saw you standing right there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining everywhere

Foolin' Myself (1937)

(wm) Jack Lawrence and Peter Tinturin. (P) Billie Holiday

Chorus: I tell myself, "I'm through with you -

And I'll have nothing more to do with you."

I stay away, but ev'ry day, I'm just foolin' myself!

I tell my friends that I don't care,

I shrug my shoulders at the whole affair,

But they all know it isn't so, I'm just foolin' myself!

And ev'ry time I pass and see my face in a looking glass,

I tip my hat and say, "How do you do, you fool;

You're throwing your life away."

I'm acting gay, I'm acting proud,

And ev'ry time I see you in a crowd,

I may pretend, but in the end I'm just fooling myself.

Fools Rush In (1940)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Rube Bloom (I) Mildred Bailey. (P) Glenn Miller Orchestra **No. 1 chart record.** (RR) 1963 by Rick Nelson (CR) Frank Sinatra

Chorus: Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

And so I come to you, my love, my heart above my head.

Though I see the danger there,

If there's a chance for me, then I don't care.

Fools rush in where wise men never go.

But wise men never fall in love, so how are they to know?

When we met I felt my life begin.

So open up your heart and let this fool rush in.

For All We Know (1934)

(w) Sam M. Lewis (m) J. Fred Coots (P) Morton Downey. (CR) Hal Kemp Orchestra (CR) Nat King Cole

For all we know we may never meet again.

Before you go make this moment sweet again.

We won't say goodnight until the last minute.

I'll hold out my hand and my heart will be in it.

For all we know this may only be a dream.

We come and go like a ripple on a stream.

So love me tonight; tomorrow was made for some.

Tomorrow may never come for all we know

For Me and My Gal (1917)

(w) Edgar Leslie, Ray Goetz (m) George W. Meyer (I) Musical: *Here and There* (P) Van and Schenck. (RR) film: *For Me and My Gal* by Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.

The bells are ringing for me and my gal

The birds are singing for me and my gal

Everybody's been knowing to a wedding they're going

And for weeks they've been sewing every Susie and Sal

They're congregating for me and my gal

The parson's waiting for me and my gal

And sometime we're goin' to build a little home for two, or three,

or four or more in Loveland for me and my gal

2-19 For Once in My Life (1967)

1-23

(w) Ronald Miller (m) Orlando Murden (I) Tony Bennett. (P) Stevie Wonder (CR) Jackie Wilson

For once in my life I've got someone who needs me

Someone I've needed so long

For once unafraid, I can go where life leads me

And somehow I know I'll be strong

For once I can touch what my heart used to dream of

Long before I knew someone warm like you

Could make my dreams come true

For once in my life, I won't let sorrow hurt me

Not like it's hurt me before for once I've got someone

I know won't desert me and I'm not alone anymore

For once I can say, "This is mine, you can't take it"

As long as I know I've got love, I can make it

For once in my life I've got someone who needs me

1-22

(I Love You) For Sentimental Reasons (1947)

1-23

(w) Deek Watson (m) William Best (I) Eddy Howard (P) Nat King Cole **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Dinah Shore

I love you for sentimental reasons

I hope you do believe me, I'll give you my heart

I love you and you alone were meant for me

Please give your loving heart to me and say we'll never part

I think of you ev'ry morning, dream of you ev'ry night

Darling, I'm never lonely whenever you're in sight

I love you for sentimental reasons

I hope you do believe me, I've given you my heart

Forty-Second Street (1933)

2-20

(m) Harry Warren (w) Al Dubin (I) Film: *42nd Street* by Ruby Keeler (R) 1980 Musical

In the heart of little old New York, you'll find a thoroughfare.

It's the part of little old New York that runs into Times Square.

A crazy quilt that "Wall Street Jack" built,

If you've got a little time to spare, I want to take you there.

Refrain: Come and meet those dancing feet

On the avenue I'm taking you to Forty-second Street.

Hear the beat of dancing feet,

It's the song I love the melody of Forty-second Street.

Little "nifties" from the Fifties, innocent and sweet;

Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet.

They're side by side, they're glorified

Where the underworld can meet the elite, Forty-second Street.

(Naughty, bawdy, gaudy, sporty, Forty-second Street!)

From This Moment On (1950)

(wm) Cole Porter. (I) Film: *Kiss Me Kate*. (P) Frank Sinatra. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald.

From this moment on you for me, dear
Only two for tea, dear, from this moment on
From this happy day, no more blue songs
Only hoopy-do songs from this moment on

Bridge: For you got the love I need so much
Got the skin I love to touch, got the arms to hold me tight
Got the sweet lips to kiss me good night

From this moment on, you and I, babe, we'll be riding high, babe
Every care is gone, from this moment on

Funny (Not Much) (1980)

(wm) Hughie Prince, Marcia Neil and Philip Broughton. (P) Nat King Cole.

Funny, how I've stopped loving you
I can pass you on the street and my heart don't skip a beat
Not much, so much my eyes wanna cry

Funny, how I've stopped loving you
I can listen to your name and it doesn't start a flame
Not much, so much my heart wants to die

Now that you are standing here,
Darling, I don't shed a tear, this is just the rain in my eyes
And if I have proved to you everything I say is true
Please help me believe my own lies

Funny, how I've stopped loving you
And it's funny I don't miss all the heaven in your kiss
Your touch, no I don't love you, not much

Gang That Sang "Heart of My Heart"

See *Heart of My Heart* on page 49.

Georgia on My Mind (1930)

(w) Stuart Gorrell (m) Hoagy Carmichael (P) Mildred Bailey
(RR) 1960 by Ray Charles **State Song. No. 1 Chart Record; NARAS
Award Winner** (RR) 1966 by The Righteous Brothers. (RR) 1968 by
Wes Montgomery. (RR) 1978 by Willie Nelson (CR) Billie Holiday

Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind
(Georgia on my mind)
Georgia, Georgia, a song of you comes as sweet and clear
As moonlight through the pines

Other arms reach out to me, other eyes smile tenderly
Still in peaceful dreams I see the road leads back to you
Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind

1-23

Get Happy (1930)

1-24

(w) Ted Koehler (m) Harold Arlen (I) Revue: *9:15 Revue* by Ruth Etting. Recorded by Nat Shilkret and his Orchestra (RR) 1950 film: *Summer Stock* by Judy Garland (RR) 1952 film: *With a Song in My Heart* by Jane Froman dubbing for Susan Hayward

Forget your troubles and just get happy
You better chase all your cares away.
Sing hallelujah, come on, get happy
Get ready for the judgment day.
The sun is shinin', come on, get happy
The lord is waiting to take your hand.
Shout hallelujah, come on, get happy
We're going to the promised land.

We're headin' 'cross the river,
Wash your sins 'way in the tide.
It's all so peaceful on the other side
Forget your troubles and just get happy
You better chase all your cares away
Shout Hallelujah! Come on, get happy
Get ready for the judgment day

Get Me to the Church on Time (1956)

1-24

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe (I) Musical: *My Fair Lady*
by Stanley Holloway

I'm getting married in the morning.
Ding, dong the bells are gonna chime.
Pull out the stopper, let's 'ave a whopper,
But get me to the church on time.
I gotta be there in the morning,
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls come and kiss me, show how you'll miss me,
But get me to the church on time.

If I am dancin' roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin' whewt me out the door.
For I'm getting married in the morning.
Ding, dong the bells are gonna chime.
Kick up a rumpus, but don't lose the compass.
And get me to the church, get me to the church,
For god's sake, get me to the church on time.

*I'm getting married in the morning
Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.
Drug me or jail me, stamp me and mail me,
But get me to the church on time.
I gotta be there in the morning
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Some bloke who's able lift up the table,
And get me to the church on time.
If I am flying then shoot me down.
If I am wooin', get her out of town
For I'm getting married in the morning,
Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.
Feather and tar me, call out the Army
but get me to the church, get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time.*

Getting to Know You (1951)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *The King and I* by Gertrude Lawrence. (R) 1956 film version by Marni Nixon dubbing Deborah Kerr

Chorus:

Getting to know you, getting to know all about you.
Getting to like you, getting to hope you like me.
Getting to know you, putting it my way, but nicely.
You are precisely my cup of tea!
Getting to know you, getting to feel free and easy.
When I am with you, getting to know what to say.
Haven't you noticed, suddenly I'm bright and breezy
Because of all the beautiful and new
Things I'm learning about you day by day?

Ghost Riders in the Sky

See *Riders in the Sky* on page 114.

Girl From Ipanema (1964)

(w-Eng) Norman Gimbel (m) Antonio Carlos Jobim (I) João Gilberto.
(P) Stan Getz, João Gilberto, Astrud Gilberto **NARAS Award Winner (CR)** Frank Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking and when she passes
Each one she passes goes, "aah."
When she walks she's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes each one she passes goes, "aah."
Oh, but I watch her so sadly. How can I tell her I love her?
Yes, I would give my heart gladly.
But each day when she walks to the sea,
She looks straight ahead not at me.
Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking.
And when she passes I smile, but she doesn't see.
She just doesn't see. No, she doesn't see.

Give My Regards to Broadway (1904)

(wm) George M. Cohan. (I) Musical: *Little Johnny Jones*. First recording by Billy Murray. (R) Musical: *George M!* by Joel Grey. (CR) Al Jolson.

Did you ever see two Yankees part upon a foreign shore
When the good ship's just about to start
For old New York once more?
With tear-dimmed eye they say goodbye
They're friends without a doubt when the man on the pier
Shouts, "Let them clear" as the ship strikes out
Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the gang at Forty-second Street that I will soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning to mingle with the old time throng
Give my regards to old Broadway
And say that I'll be there e'er long

2-20

Say hello to dear old Coney Isle if there you chance to be
When you're at the Waldorf have a smile
And charge it up to me mention my name ev'ry place you go
As 'round the town you roam
Wish you'd call on my gal, now remember, old pal
When you get back home

Glory of Love, The (1936)

(wm) Billy Hill (P) Benny Goodman and his Orchestra **No. 1 Chart Record**

You've got to give a little, take a little
And let your poor heart break a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
You've got to laugh a little, cry a little
Before the clouds roll by a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
As long as there's the two of us
We've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with us,
We've got each other's arms.
You've got to win a little, lose a little
And always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

2-56

1-24

2-20

Glow Worm, The (1902)

(m) Paul Lincke (w) Heinz Bolten-Backers (I) Operetta in Berlin *Lysistrata*. (Original English lyric, here in the fourth chorus, by Lilla Cayley Robinson, 1907) (Add'l lyrics, choruses one-three, 1952) by Johnny Mercer. (P) 1952 by The Mills Brothers with arrangement by Sy Oliver (CR) Johnny Mercer

Glow, little glowworm, fly of fire
Glow like an incandescent wire
Glow for the female of the specie
Turn on the A.C. and the D.C.
This night could use a little brightin'
Light up, you li'l ol' bug of lightnin'
When you gotta glow, you gotta glow
Glow, little glowworm, glow

Glow, little glowworm, glow and glimmer
Swim thru the sea of night, little swimmer
Thou aeronautical Boll Weevil
Illuminate yon woods primeval
See how the shadows deep and darken
You and your chick should get to sparkin'
I got a gal that I love so
Glow, little glowworm, glow

Glow, little glowworm, turn the key on
You are equipped with tail light neon
You got a cute vest pocket Mazda
Which you can make both slow or "fazda"
I don't know who you took a shine to
Or who you're out to make a sign to
I got a gal that I love so
Glow, little glowworm, glow

Shine, little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer
Shine, little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer
Lead us lest too far we wander
Love's sweet voice is calling yonder
Shine, little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer
Shine, little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer
Light the path, below, above
And lead us on to love

God Bless the Child (1939)

(wm) Arthur Herzog, Jr., Billie Holiday (P) 1941 Billie Holiday
Grammy Hall of Fame

"Them that's got shall get, them that's not shall lose."
So the Bible said and it still is news.
Mama may have, papa may have,
But God bless' the child that's got his own, that's got his own.
Yes, the strong gets more while the weak ones fade.
Empty pockets don't ever make the grade.
Mama may have, papa may have,
But God bless' the child that's got his own, that's got his own.
Money, you got lots o' friends crowding 'round the door.
When you're gone and spending ends,
They don't come no more.

1-25 Rich relations give crust of bread and such.
You can help yourself, but don't take too much!
Mama may have, papa may have,
But God bless' the child that's got his own! that's got his own.

Good Life, The (1963)

(w) Jack Reardon (m) Sascha Distel. (I) Kathy Keegan. (P) Tony Bennett. (CR) Bobby Darin

Oh, the good life, full of fun seems to be the ideal
Mm, the good life lets you hide all the sadness you feel
You won't really fall in love for you can't take the chance
So please be honest with yourself; don't try to fake romance

It's the good life to be free and explore the unknown
Like the heartaches when you learn
You must face them alone, please remember I still want you
And in case you wonder why
Well, just wake up, kiss the good life goodbye

Good Morning Heartache (1946)

(wm) Irene Higginbotham, Ervin Drake, Dan Fisher. (P) Billie Holiday. (R) 1972 Film: *Lady Sings the Blues* by Diana Ross.

Good morning, heartache, you old gloomy sight
Good morning, heartache, thought we said goodbye last night
I turned and tossed until it seemed you had gone
But here you are with the dawn
Wish I'd forget you, but you're here to stay
It seems I met you when my love went away
Now everyday I start by saying to you
Good morning, heartache, what's new?

Bridge: Stop haunting me now, can't shake you no how
Just leave me alone I've got those Monday blues
Straight through Sunday blues
Good morning, heartache, here we go again
Good morning, heartache, you're the one who knew me when
Might as well get used to you hanging around
Good morning, heartache, sit down

Goodnight Sweetheart (1931)

2-21

(m) Ray Noble (w) Jimmy Campbell & Reginald Connelly (I) in England by Henry Hall's Orchestra, Al Bowlly. (I) in USA by Rudy Vallee. (P) Guy Lombardo Orchestra **No. 1 Chart Record**. (CR) Bing Crosby

Goodnight sweetheart, all my prayers are for you
Goodnight sweetheart, I'll be watching o'er you
Tears and parting may make us forlorn
But with the dawn, a new day is born
So I'll say, Goodnight sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow
Goodnight sweetheart, when we meet tomorrow
Dreams will enfold you, in each one I'll hold you
Goodnight sweetheart goodnight.

Goodnight sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow
Goodnight sweetheart when we meet tomorrow
Though I'm not beside you, still my love will guide you
Goodnight sweetheart goodnight.

Goodnight, Irene (1950)

(wm) Huddie Ledbetter, John Lomax (I) Leadbelly(Huddie Ledbetter) (P) The Weavers with Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra
No. 1 Chart Record (CR) Jo Stafford

Last Saturday night I got married. Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Chorus:

Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight
Goodnight Irene goodnight, I'll see you in my dreams

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I have a great notion to jump into the river and drown

I love Irene, God knows I do. I'll love her till the seas run dry
And if Irene turns her back on me I'd take morphine and die

Goodnight, My Someone (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by Barbara Cook
(P) Shirley Jones

Goodnight my someone, goodnight my love
Sleep tight my someone, sleep tight my love
Our star is shining its brightest light
For goodnight, my love, for goodnight
Sweet dreams be yours dear if dreams there be
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me
I wish they may and I wish they might
Now, goodnight my someone goodnight

True love can be whispered from heart to heart
When lovers are parted they say
But I must depend on a wish and a star
As long as my heart doesn't know who you are
Sweet dreams be yours dear if dreams there be
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me
I wish they may and I wish they might
Now, goodnight my someone goodnight
Goodnight, goodnight

Goody Goody (1936)

(wm) Johnny Mercer, Matty Malneck (P) Benny Goodman and his
Orchestra vocal by Helen Ward (CR) Freddy Martin and his Orchestra

So you met someone who set you back on your heels,
Goody goody

So you met someone and now you know how it feels,
Goody goody

So you gave him your heart too just as I gave mine to you,
And he broke it in little pieces, now how do you do
So you lie awake just singing the blues all night,
Goody goody

So you think that love's a barrel of dynamite.
Hooray and hallelujah, you had it comin' to ya
Goody goody for him, goody goody for me
And I hope you're satisfied you rascal you

1-24 Got a Date with an Angel (1930)

(w) Clifford Grey & Sonny Miller, (m) Jack Waller & Joseph
Tunbridge (I) London Musical *For the Love of Mike* by Bobby Howes
(P) Skinnay Ennis. (CR) Al Bowlly (R) 1957 Billy Williams

Got a date with an angel, got to meet her at seven
Got a date with an angel and I'm on my way to heaven.
She's so lovely beside me and whatever betide me,
Got an angel to guide me so I'm on my way to heaven.

Soon I'll hear bells ring out and the choir will sing out,
When the pearly gates swing out, she'll beckon to me.
I've been waiting a life time for this evening at seven,
Got a date with an angel and I'm on my way to heaven.

Green Eyes (Aquellos Ojos Verdes) (1929)

(w) Adolfo Utreras (w. Eng.) Eddie Rivera & Eddie Woods (m) Nilo
Menéndez (I) Don Azpiaza Orchestra (P) 1941 Jimmy Dorsey
Orchestra, Bob Eberly & Helen O'Connell, voc. **No. 1 chart record**
(R) 2006 film *Hollywoodland* by Ben Affleck

Your green eyes with their soft light,
Your eyes that promise sweet nights
Bring to my soul a longing, a thirst for love divine.
In dreams I seem to hold you to find you and enfold you.
Our lips meet and our hearts too with a thrill so sublime.
Those cool and limpid green eyes, a pool wherein my love lies.
So deep that in my searching for happiness I fear
That they will ever haunt me, all through my life they'll taunt me.
But will they ever want me?

Green eyes, make my dream come true

Aquellos ojos verdes de mirada serena,
Dejaron en mi alma eterna sed de amar.
Anhelos de caricias de besos y ternuras
De todas las dulzuras que sabían brindar.

Aquellos ojos verdes serenos como un lago
En cuyas quietas aguas un día me mire.
No saben las tristezas que a mi alma le dejaron,
Aquellos ojos verdes que ya nunca besaré.

1-25

Green, Green Grass of Home (1964)

(wm) Claude "Curley" Putman, Jr. (I) Porter Wagoner (P) 1966 Tom Jones (R) 1968 Johnny Cash; 1975 Elvis Presley

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train
and there to meet me is my mama and papa.

Down the road I look and there runs Mary,
Hair of gold and lips like cherries.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes they all come to meet me,
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and
dry and there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.

Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
Hair of gold and lips like cherries.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Spoken: Then I awake and look around me,

At these four gray walls that surround me

And I realize that I was only dreaming.

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre;

Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.

When again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Sung:

Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree

As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

Gypsy, The (1945)

(wm) Billy Reid (I) Dorothy Squires. (P) The Ink Spots, Bill Kenny,
lead **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Dinah Shore (R) 1946 Charlie Parker
(RR) Willie Nelson; Harry Connick, Jr.

In a quaint caravan, there's a lady they call The Gypsy.

She can look in the future and drive away all your fears.

Everything will come right if you only believe The Gypsy.

She could tell at a glance that my heart was so full of tears.

She looked at my hand and told me my lover was always true.

And yet in my heart I knew, dear,

Somebody else was kissing you.

But I'll go there again 'cause I want to believe The Gypsy

That my lover is true and will come back to me some day.

Handful of Keys, A (1933)

(m) Thomas "Fats" Waller. (P) Thomas "Fats" Waller.

I like to tinkle on an old piana.

I like to play it in a subtle mannah.

I get a lot o' pleasure with a spano' keys
Underneath my finger tips. Tricklin' off o' my lips.

A handful o' keys and a song to sing,

Now how could you ask for more?

Than ticklin' the ivory,

Singin' jive, I repeat what I said before.

I like to sing a little tune that's mellah.

I like to vocalize, there's nothin' swellah.

I love to have a supple melody

Just tricklin' off o' my lips.

A handful o' keys and a song to sing,

Now how could you ask for more?

Than ticklin' the ivory,

Singin' jive, I repeat what I said before.

I like to tinkle on an old piana.

I like to play it in a subtle mannah.

I know I'll always be the top banana

With a handful o' keys

Happiness (1967)

(wm) Clark Gesner. (I) Musical: *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.*

Happiness is finding a pencil

Pizza with sausage

Telling the time

Happiness is learning to whistle

Tying your shoe for the very first time.

Happiness is playing the drum in your own school band.

And happiness is walking hand in hand.

Happiness is two kinds of ice cream...

Knowing a secret... Climbing a tree.

Happiness is five dif'rent crayons...

Catching a firefly... setting him free.

Happiness is being alone ev'ry now and then.

And happiness is coming home again.

Happiness is morning and evening,

Daytime and nighttime too,

For happiness is anyone and anything at all

That's loved by you.

Happiness is having a sister

Sharing a sandwich, getting along

Happiness is singing together when day is through.

And happiness is those who sing with you.

Happiness is morning and evening,

Daytime and nighttime, too,

For happiness is anyone and anything at all

That's loved by you.

Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe (1942)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Yip Harburg (I) Film: *Cabin in the Sky* by Ethel Waters (CR) Peggy Lee

Chorus: It seems like happiness is just a thing called Joe.

He's got a smile that makes the lilac wanna grow.
He's got a way that makes the angels heave a sigh,
when they know Little Joe's passing by.

Sometime the cabin's gloomy an' the table bare.
Then he'll kiss me an' it's Christmas ev'rywhere.
Troubles fly away an' life is easy go.
Does he love me good, that's all I need to know.
Seem like happiness is just a thing called Joe.

Coda: Little Joe. Mm mm mm. Little Joe.

Happy Days Are Here Again (1930)

(w) Jack Yellen (m) Milton Ager (I) Film: *Chasing Rainbows* by Charles King, Bessie Love & The Ensemble (Theme song of *The Lucky Strike Radio Show*) (Campaign song for FDR in 1932) (RR) 1962 Barbra Streisand's first hit single. (CR) Ben Selvin and his Orchestra

Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again
All together shout it now
There's no one who can doubt it now
So let's tell the world about it now
Happy days are here again
Your cares and troubles are gone
There'll be no more from now on
Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are again

1-26 Happy Talk (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Juanita Hall (RR) 1958 film version by Muriel Smith dubbing for Juanita Hall

Chorus

Happy talk, keep talkin' happy talk
Talk about things you'd like to do
You gotta have a dream; if you don't have a dream
How you gonna have dream come true

Talk about a moon floating in de sky
Lookin' like a lily on a lake
Talk about a bird learnin' how to fly
Makin' all de music he can make **[Chorus]**

Talk about a star lookin' like a toy
Peekin' through de branches of a tree
Talk about a girl, talk about a boy
Countin' all de ripples in de sea **[Chorus]**

Talk about a boy sayin' to de girl
"Golly baby I'm a lucky cuss"
Talk about a girl sayin' to de boy
"You an' me is lucky to be us" **[Chorus]**

Coda: If you don't talk happy
An' you never have a dream
Den you'll never have a dream come true

1-26

Hard-Hearted Hanna (1924)

(wm) Jack Yellen, Bob Bigelow, Charles Bates. (I) Frances Williams.
Recorded by Belle Baker, Cliff Edwards. (R) 1955 Film: *Pete Kelly's Blues* by Ella Fitzgerald.

Oh please gather round me brethren and listen to this hymn
'Bout how evil battles hurt you and the fight to sink or swim
There's a lost sheep that I know of

Caught in Satan's web of sin
And I sing for the forgiveness of the evil plight she's in

They call her Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah,
The meanest gal in town;

Leather is tough, but Hannah's heart is tougher,
She's a gal who loves to see men suffer!
To tease 'em, and thrill 'em, to torture and kill 'em,
Is her delight, they say,

I saw her at the seashore with a great big pan,
There was Hannah pouring water on a drowning man!
She's Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah, GA!

In old Savannah, I said Savannah,
The weather there is nice and warm!

The climate's of a Southern brand,
But here's what I don't understand:
They got a gal there, a pretty gal there,
Who's colder than an Arctic storm,
She's got a heart just like a stone,
Even ice men leave her alone!

They call her Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah,
The meanest gal in town;

She's so cold; never let her phone you
From her breathe a man can get pneumonia
To tease 'em, and thrill 'em, to torture and kill 'em,
Is her delight, they say,

If you sit upon her lap, you'll never do it twice
'Cause it's just the same as sitting on a cake of ice
She's Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah, GA!

You ought to see her, you ought to see her,
outside, she's just as soft as silk;
But socially she's hard as nails,
She's just a gal who hates the males!
And when she's nasty, oh, when she's nasty,
She's 'bout as sweet as sour milk;
Nothin' she likes better than feedin' poisoned food to a man.

They call her Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah,
The meanest gal in town;
Talk about your cold, refrigeratin' mama,
Brother, she's a polar bear's pajamas!
To tease 'em, and thrill 'em, to torture and kill 'em,
Is her delight, they say,
An evening spent with Hannah sittin' on your knees,
Is like travlin' through Alaska in your B - V - Ds.
She's just Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah, GA!

Can you imagine a woman as cold as Hannah?
She's got the right name, the vamp of Savannah
Any time a woman can take a great big pan
Start pouring water on a drowning man
She's Hard Hearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah, GA!

Spoken: Ohh... she's sweet as sour milk

He Loves and She Loves (1927)

1-26

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Funny Face* by
Adele Astaire & Allen Kearns. (R) 1957 Film *Funny Face* by Fred
Astaire

Chorus: He loves and she loves and they love.
So why can't you love and I love too?
Birds love and bees love and whispering trees love.
And that's what we both should do.
Oh, I always knew some day you'd come along.
We'll make a twosome that just can't go wrong,
Hear me. He loves and she loves and they love.
So won't you love me as I love you?

Heart and Soul (1938)

2-22

(m) Hoagy Carmichael (w) Frank Loesser (I) Film short: *A Song Is
Born* by Larry Clinton Orchestra, Bea Wain voc. **No. 1 Chart Record.**
(RR) 1952 by The Four Aces (CR) Bob Hope & Shirley Ross
(RR) 1988 film *Big*
See also *Blue Moon Medley* on page 16.

Refrain: Heart and soul I fell in love with you.
Heart and soul the way a fool would do,
Madly because you held me tight and stole a kiss in the night.
Heart and soul I begged to be adored,
Lost control and tumbled overboard,
Gladly that magic night we kissed there in the moon-mist.
Oh, but your lips were thrilling, much too thrilling.
Never before were mine so strangely willing.
But now I see what one embrace can do.
Look at me, it's got me loving you madly.
That little kiss you stole held all my heart and soul.

(The Gang That Sang) Heart of My Heart (1946)

1-27

(wm) Ben Ryan. (No artist credited with introduction) (RR) 1954 by
The Three D's: Don Cornell, Alan Dale, Johnny Desmond. (CR) The
Four Aces

Heart of My Heart, I love that melody
Heart of My Heart brings back a memory
When we were kids on the corner of the street
We were rough and ready guys
But oh how we could harmonize

Heart of My Heart meant friends were dearer then
Too bad we had to part I know a tear would glisten
If once more I could listen to that gang that sang
Heart of My Heart, *Heart of My Heart*

Heartaches (1931)

2-22

(wm) Al Hoffman & John Klenner (P) Ted Weems Orchestra w/ Elmo Tanner, whistler (RR) Harry James, 1947; The Marcells, 1961; Patsy Cline, 1962

Chorus: Heartaches, heartaches

My loving you meant only heartaches.

Your kiss was such a sacred thing to me;

I can't believe it's just a burning memory.

Heartaches, heartaches

What does it matter how my heart breaks?

I should be happy with someone new,

But my heart aches for you.

Hello, Dolly! (1963)

(wm) Jerry Herman. (I) Musical: *Hello, Dolly!* by Carol Channing and The Company. (P) Louis Armstrong. **No. 1 Chart Record.**

(CR) Wayne King and his Orchestra. **NARAS Award Winner.**

Hello, Dolly, well hello, Dolly,

It's so nice to have you back where you belong

You're looking swell, Dolly, we can tell, Dolly,

You're still glowin', you're still crowin'

You're still goin' strong.

We feel the room swayin' for the band's playin'

One of your old fav'rite songs from 'way back when,

First ending:

So take her wrap, fellas, find her an empty lap, fellas

Dolly'll never go away again!

Second ending:

So golly gee, fellas, find her an empty knee, fellas

Dolly'll never go away, Dolly'll never go away

Dolly'll never go away again!

Hello, Young Lovers (1951)

2-23

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *The King and I* by Gertrude Lawrence. 1956 film version by Marni Nixon dubbing Deborah Kerr. (P) Perry Como

When I think of Tom, I think about a night.

When the earth smelled of summer

And the sky was streaked with white,

And the soft mist of England was sleeping on a hill

I remember this and I always will...

There are new lovers now on the same silent hill,

Looking on the same blue sea,

And I know Tom and I are a part of them all,

And they're all a part of Tom and me.

Refrain: Hello, young lovers, whoever you are.

I hope your troubles are few.

All my good wishes go with you tonight,

I've been in love like you.

Be brave, young lovers, and follow your star,

Be brave and faithful and true,

Cling very close to each other tonight.

I've been in love like you.

I know how it feels to have wings on your heels,

And to fly down the street in a trance.

You fly down a street on the chance that you meet,

And you meet – not really by chance.

Don't cry young lovers, whatever you do,

Don't cry because I'm alone;

All of my memories are happy tonight,

I've had a love of my own. I've had a love of my own,

like yours. I've had a love of my own.

Help Me Make It Through the Night (1970)

2-23

(wm) Kris Kristofferson. (I) Kris Kristofferson (P) Sammi Smith (CR) Elvis Presley, 1971; Gladys Knight and the Pips, 1972

Take the ribbon from your(/my) hair,

Shake it loose and let it fall, lay it soft upon my(/your) skin,

Like the shadows on the wall.

Come and lay down by my side till the early morning light.

All I'm takin' is your time.

Help me make it through the night.

I don't care what's right or wrong, I won't try to understand.

Let the devil take tomorrow. Lord, tonight I need a friend.

Yesterday is dead and gone, and tomorrow's out of sight.

And it's sad to be alone. Help me make it through the night.

Here's That Rainy Day (1953)

1-27

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Musical: *Carnival in Flanders* by Dolores Grey

Maybe I should have saved those leftover dreams.

Funny, but here's that rainy day.

Here's that rainy day they told me about.

And I laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way.

Where is that worn out wish that I threw aside

After it brought my love so near?

Funny how love becomes a cold rainy day.

Funny that rainy day is here.

Hey There (1954)

1-27

(wm) Richard Adler, Jerry Ross (I) Musical: *The Pajama Game* by John Raitt. (P) Rosemary Clooney **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Sammy Davis, Jr. (CR) Johnny Ray

Hey there! You with the stars in your eyes

Love never made a fool of you; you used to be too wise

Hey there! You on that high-flying cloud

Tho' she won't throw a crumb to you

You think someday she'll come to you

Better forget her, her with her nose in the air

She has you dancing on a string, break it and she won't care

Won't you take this advice, I hand you like a brother

Or are you not seeing things too clear

Are you too much in love to hear

Is it all going in one ear and out the other

Hey, Big Spender

2-6

See *Big Spender*! on page 14.

Hey, Good Lookin' (1951)

(wm) Hank Williams (I) Hank Williams (P) Frankie Laine & Jo Stafford

Chorus 1: Hey good lookin', whatcha got cookin'
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?
Hey sweet baby, don't you think maybe
We could find us a brand new recipe?
I got a hot rod Ford and a two dollar bill.
And I know a spot right over the hill.
There's soda pop and the dancin's free;
So if ya wanna have fun Come along with me.
Hey good lookin', whatcha got cookin'
How's about cookin' Something up with me?

Chorus 2: I'm free and ready, so we can go steady.
How's about savin' all your time for me?
No more lookin'. I know I've been taken'.
How's about keepin' steady company?
I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence,
And find me one for five or ten cents.
I'll keep it till it's covered with age
'Cause I'm writin' your name on ev'ry page.
Hey good lookin', whatcha got cookin'
How's about cookin' something up,
How's about cookin' something up,
How's about cookin' something up with me?

Hey, Look Me Over (1960)

(w) Carolyn Leigh (m) Cy Coleman. (I) Musical: *Wildcat* by Lucille Ball and Paul Stewart. (P) Peggy Lee.

Hey look me over, lend me an ear,
Fresh out of clover and mortgaged up to here,
But, don't pass the plate folks, don't pass the cup,
I figure whenever you're down and out,
The only way is up...
And I'll be up like a rose bud, high on the vine,
Don't thumb your nose, Bud, but, take a tip from mine,
I'm a little bit short of the elbow room,
But let me get me some, and look out world, here I come.
Just like a rose bud, high on the vine,
Don't thumb your nose, Bud, but, take a tip from mine,
I'm a little bit short of the elbow room,
Let me get me some,
And look out, I'm gonna shout, I'm gonna swing,
I'm gonna sing: Yes, look out, world, here I come.

Hey, Won't You Play Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song

See *Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song* on page 6.

1-27 High Hopes (1959)

(m) Jimmy Van Heusen (w) Sammy Cahn (I) Film: *A Hole in the Head* by Frank Sinatra **Academy Award Winner** (CR) Curran Reichert

Verse 1: Next time you're found
With your chin on the ground,
There's a lot to be learned, so look around.

Refrain 1: Just think what makes that little ol' ant
Think he'll move a rubber tree plant;
Anyone knows an ant can't
Move a rubber tree plant.
But he's got high hopes, he's got high hopes.
He's got high apple-pie-in-the-sky hopes.
So anytime you're gettin' low,
'Stead of lettin' go, just remember that ant.
Oops! There goes another rubber tree
Oops! There goes another rubber tree
Oops! There goes another rubber tree plant.

Verse 2: When troubles call, and your back's to the wall,
There's a lot to be learned, that wall could fall.

Refrain 2: Once there was a silly ol' ram,
Thought he'd punch a hole in a dam.
No one could make that ram scam,
He kept a buttin' that dam.
Cause he had high hopes, he had high hopes,
He had high apple-pie-in-the-sky hopes.
So anytime you're feelin' bad,
'Stead of feelin' sad, just remember that ram.
Oops! There goes a billion kilowatt
Oops! There goes a billion kilowatt
Oops! There goes a billion kilowatt dam.

[Repeat from the bridge:]

So keep your high hopes, keep your high hopes,
Keep your high apple-pie-in-the-sky hopes.
A problem's just a toy balloon,
They'll be burstin' soon,
They're just bound to go "Pop!"
Oops! There goes another problem ker-
Oops! There goes another problem ker-
Oops! There goes another problem ker-
Plop! Ker-plop!

High Noon (Do Not Forsake Me) (1952)

(m) Dmitri Tiomkin (w) Ned Washington (I) film *High Noon* by Tex Ritter **Oscar Winner.** (P) Frankie Laine

Do not forsake me, oh my darlin' on this, our weddin' day.
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'. Wait, wait along.
I do not know what fate awaits me. I only know I must be brave.
And I must face a man who hates me
Or lie a coward, a craven coward, or lie a coward in my grave.

Oh, to be torn 'twixt love and duty.
S'posin' I lose my fair-haired beauty.
Look at that big hand move along nearin' high noon.
He made a vow while in state prison,
Vowed it would be my life or his'n
I'm not afraid of death, but oh what will I do if you leave me?
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
You made that promise as a bride.
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
Although you're grievin', don't think of leavin'
Now that I need you by my side.
Wait along, wait along wait along, wait along.

Hold Tight, Hold Tight (1939)

(wm) Leonard Kent, Dick Brandow, George Robinson, Willie Spottswood, Leonard Ware (P) Fats Waller (CR) Andrews Sisters

Verse from records:

Choo choo to Broadway foo Cincinnati
Don't get icky with the one two three.
Life is just so fine on the solid side of the line. RR-R-Rip!

Chorus from sheet music:

Hold tight, hold tight, hold tight, hold tight
Foo-ra-de-ack-a-sa-ki
Want some sea food mama
Shrimps and rice, they're very nice
Hold tight, hold tight, a-hold tight, hold tight
Foo-ra-de-ack-a-sa-ki
Want some sea food mama
Codfish and sauce, and then of course

I like oysters, lobsters too,
And I like my tasty bit of fish.
When I come home from work at night
I get my fav'rite dish: fish!
Hold tight, hold tight, a-hold tight, hold tight
Foo-ra-de-ack-a-sa-ki
Want some seafood mama
Shrimps and rice: nice!

2-24 Home on the Range (1872)

(m) Traditional (w) Dr. Brewster Higley VI, basically. State song of Kansas since 1947.

Verse 1: Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus: Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Verse 2: How often at night where the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours. *[Repeat chorus]*

Verse 3: Then give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down to the stream
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream. *[Repeat chorus]*

2-24

2-24 Honey Bun (1949)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Mary Martin. 1958 film version by Mitzi Gaynor; 2001 TV version by Glenn Close; 2006 Concert Version by Reba McEntire; 2008 Revival by Kelli O'Hara

Verse: My doll is as dainty as a sparrow.
Her figure is something to applaud.
Where she's narrow, she's as narrow as an arrow.
And she's broad where a broad should be broad.

Chorus: A hundred and one pounds of fun,
That's my little honey bun.
Get a load of honey bun tonight.
I'm speaking of my sweetie pie,
Only sixty inches high.
Every inch is packed with dynamite.
Her hair is blond and curly.
Her curls are hurly burly.
Her lips are pips.
I call her hips whirly and twirly.
She's my baby. I'm her pap.
I'm her booby. She's my trap.
I am caught and I don't wanna run,
Cause I'm having so much fun with honey bun.
Believe me sonny.
She's a cookie who can cook you till you're done.
Ain't bein' funny.
Sonny, put your money on my honey bun.

2-25

Honeysuckle Rose (1929)

(m) Thomas "Fats" Waller (w) Andy Razaf (I) Revue *Load of Coal* by Fats Waller (P) Fats Waller, 1934, **Grammy Hall of Fame**. (RR) 1980 film *Honeysuckle Rose* by Willie Nelson (CR) Dinah Shore (CR) Lena Horne

Refrain: Ev'ry honey bee fills with jealousy

When they see you out with me.

I don't blame them, goodness knows, Honeysuckle Rose

When you're passin' by, flowers droop and sigh,

And I know the reason why.

You're much sweeter goodness knows, Honeysuckle Rose

Don't buy sugar; you just have to touch my cup.

You're my sugar; it's sweet when you stir it up.

When I'm takin' sips from your tasty lips,

Seems the honey fairly drips.

You're confection, goodness knows, Honeysuckle Rose.

Hound Dog (1956)

(wm) Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller. (I) Willie Mae Thornton. (P) Elvis Presley. **No. 1 Chart Record**.

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit

And you ain't no friend of mine

Well they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie

Yeah they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit

And you ain't no friend of mine

House of the Rising Sun (1964)

(wm) Alan Price. Adapted from folk song. (P) The Animals. **No. 1 Chart Record**. (R) 1970 by Frijid Pink. (R) 1978 by Santa Esmeralda. (R) 1981 by Dolly Parton.

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy

And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans

My father was a gambling man down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk

And the only time he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk

Oh, Mother, tell your children, not to do what I have done

Spend your lives in sin and misery in the House of the Rising Sun

Well, I've got one foot on the platform the other foot on the train

I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy

And God, I know I'm one

2-25 How About You? (1942)

(m) Burton Lane (w) Ralph Freed (I) Film: *Babes on Broadway* by Judy Garland & Mickey Rooney

Chorus 1: 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 at the movie show,

When all the lights are low may not be new.

But I like it; how about you?

Chorus 2: I like Jack Benny's jokes, to a degree.

I like the common folks, that includes me.

I like to window shop on Fifth Avenue.

I like banana splits, late dining at the Ritz,

How about you?

I like to dream of fame, maybe I'll shine.

I'd like 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?

How Deep is the Ocean? (1932)

(wm) Irving Berlin. (P) Bing Crosby. (CR) Rudy Vallee. (CR) Ethel Merman. (R) 1945 by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. (CR) Vic Damone.

How much do I love you? I'll tell you no lie

How deep is the ocean? How high is the sky?

How many times a day do I think of you?

How many roses are sprinkled with dew?

Bridge: How far would I travel to be where you are?

How far is the journey from here to a star?

And if I ever lost you, how much would I cry?

How deep is the ocean? How high is the sky?

How High the Moon (1940)

(w) Nancy Hamilton (m) Morgan Lewis. (I) Revue: *Two for the Show* by Alfred Drake and Frances Comstock. (P) Benny Goodman and his Orchestra, vocal by Helen Forrest.

Somewhere there's music, how faint the tune
Somewhere there's heaven, how high the moon
There is no moon above when love is far away too
Till it comes true that you love me as I love you
Somewhere there's heaven, it's where you are
Somewhere there's music, how near, how far
The darkest night would shine
If you would come to me soon
Until you will, how still my heart, how high the moon
Somewhere there's music, how faint the tune
Somewhere there's heaven, how high the moon
The darkest night would shine
If you would come to me soon
Until you will, how still my heart, how high the moon

How Insensitive (1963)

2-26

(m) Antonio Carlos Jobim (Eng. w) Norman Gimbel (w) Vinicius de Moraes (P) Astrud Gilberto (CR) Frank Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim

How insensitive I must have seemed
When he told me that he loved me.
How unmoved and cold I must have seemed
When he told me so sincerely.
Why, he must have asked, did I just turn
And stare in icy silence?
What was I to say?
What can you say when a love affair is over?
Now he's gone away and I'm alone
With the mem'ry of his last look.
Vague and drawn and sad.
I see it still, all his heartbreak in that last look.
How, he must have asked,
Could I just turn and stare in icy silence?
What was I to do?
What can one do when a love affair is over?

I Ain't Got Nobody

Medley with *Just a Gigolo* on page 75.

I Believe (1953)

1-28

(wm) Ervin Drake, Jimmy Shirl, Al Stillman, Irvin Graham (I) Jane Froman on her TV show (P) Frankie Laine (CR) Elvis Presley

I believe for every drop of rain that falls a flower grows.
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night a candle glows.
I believe for everyone who goes astray
Someone will come to show the way. I believe, I believe.
I believe above the storm the smallest pray'r
Will still be heard.
I believe that someone in the great somewhere
Hears ev'ry word.
Ev'ry time I hear a newborn baby cry,
Or touch a leaf or see the sky,
Then I know why I believe.

I Belong to Glasgow (1927)

2-26

(wm) Will Fyffe (I) in *Music Hall* by Will Fyffe. (RR) Eartha Kitt; Danny Kaye; Kirk Douglas

Verse 1: I've been wi' a couple o' cronies,
One or two pals o' my ain;
We went in a hotel, and we did very well,
And then we came out once again;
Then we went into anither,
And that is the reason I'm fu';
We had six deoch-an-doruses, then sang a chorus,
Just listen, I'll sing it to you:

Chorus: I belong to Glasgow,
Dear old Glasgow town;
But there's something the matter wi' Glasgow,
For it's goin' roun' and roun'!
I'm only a common old working chap,
As anyone can see,
But when I get a couple o' drinks on a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me!

verse 2: There's nothing in keeping your money,
And saving a shilling or two;
If your money you spend, then you've nothing to lend,
And that's all the better for you!
There nae harm in taking a droppie,
It ends all your trouble and strife;
It gives ye the feeling that when you wind home,
You don't care a hang for the wife!

[Repeat Chorus]

I Cain't Say No (1943)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical:
Oklahoma! by Celeste Holm. 1955 film version by Gloria Grahame

Verse: It ain't so much a question

Of not knowin' what to do

I know'd what's right and wrong since I been ten

I heered a lot of stories and I reckon they're true

About how girls are put upon by men

I know I mustn't fall into the pit

But when I'm with a feller, I fergit

Chorus 1: I'm jest a girl who cain't say no
I'm in a turrible fix, I always say, "Come on, let's go"
Jest when I oughta say, "Nix"

When a person tries to kiss a girl

I know she oughta give his face a smack

But as soon as someone kisses me

I somehow, sorta, wanna kiss him back

I'm jest a fool when lights 're low

I cain't be prissy and quaint. I ain't the type that can faint

How can I be what I ain't. I cain't say no

Interlude: Watcha gonna do when a feller gets flirty

And starts to talk purty? Watcha gonna do?

S'posin' that he says that yer lips

'Re like cherries or roses or berries

Watcha gonna do?

S'posin' that he says that yer sweeter 'n cream

And he's gotta have cream or die

Watcha gonna do when he talks a that way,

Spit in his eye?

Chorus 2: I'm jest a girl who cain't say no,
Cain't seem to say it at all I hate to disserpoint a beau
When he is payin' a call!

Fer a while I act refined and cool,

A settin' on the velveteen settee.

Then I think of thet ol' golden rule,

And do fer him what he would do fer me!

I cain't resist a Romeo in a sombrero and chaps;

Soon as I sit on their laps, somethin' inside of me snaps.

I cain't say no!

1-28 I Can't Get Started (1936)

(m) Vernon Duke (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Revue: *Ziegfeld Follies of 1936*
by Bob Hope & Eve Arden (CR) Bunny Berigan and His Boys
(CR) Judy Collins

Chorus 1: I've flown around the world in a plane;
I've settled revolutions in Spain;
The North Pole I have charted but can't get started with you.

Around the golf course I'm under par,

And all the movies want me to star;

I've got a house, a showplace, but I get no place with you.

You're so supreme, lyrics I write of you;

Scheme just for a sight of you;

Dream both day and night of you; and what good does it do?

In nineteen twenty-nine I sold short;

In England I'm presented at court,

But you've got me downhearted

'Cause I can't get started with you.

Chorus 2: I do a hundred yards in ten flat;
The Prince of Wales has copied my hat;
With queens I've à la carted, but can't get started with you.

The leading tailors follow my styles,

And toothpaste ads all feature my smiles;

The Asterbilts I visit, but say, what is it with you?

When first we met, how you elated me!

Pet, you devastated me!

Yet, now you've deflated me till you're my Waterloo.

I've sold my kisses at a bazaar,

And after me they named a cigar,

But lately how I've smarted

'Cause I can't get started with you!

I Can't Give You Anything But Love (Baby) (1928)

1-28

(w) Dorothy Fields (m) Jimmy McHugh (I) Revue: *Low Leslie's Blackbirds of 1928* by Aida Ward, Willard McLean (P) Cliff Edwards
No. 1 Chart Record. (CR) Gene Austin (RR) 1936 by Billie Holiday
with Teddy Wilson (RR) 1948 by Rose Murphy (RR) 1943 film:
Stormy Weather by Lena Horne & Bill Robinson (CR) Judy Garland
(CR) June Christy

Chorus: I can't give you anything but love, baby
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby
Dream awhile, scheme awhile we're sure to find
Happiness and I guess

All those things you'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 darn well, baby

I can't give you anything but love

I Concentrate on You (1939)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Film: *Broadway Melody of 1940* by Douglas McPhail and danced by Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell. (P) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. (CR) Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. (CR) Mel Tormé

Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew
Whenever the winter winds become too strong
I concentrate on you

When fortune cries “Nay, nay” to me
And people declare “You’re through”
Whenever the blues become my only songs
I concentrate on you

On your smile, so sweet, so tender
When at first my kiss you do decline
On the light in your eyes when you surrender
And once again our arms intertwine

And so when wise men say to me
That love’s young dream never comes true
To prove that even the wise men can be wrong
I concentrate on you

I Could Have Danced All Night (1956)

1-29

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe (I) Musical: *My Fair Lady* by Julie Andrews (P) Sylvia Syms. In film version Marni Nixon dubbing for Audrey Hepburn

I could have danced all night, I could have danced all night
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings and done a thousand things
I’ve never done before.
I’ll never know what made it so exciting.
Why all at once my heart took flight.
I only know when he began to dance with me,
I could’ve danced, danced, danced all night.

I Could Write a Book (1941)

2-27

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Pal Joey* by Gene Kelly and Leila Ernst (R) 1957 film version by Frank Sinatra; 1990 film *When Harry Met Sally* by Harry Connick, Jr.

Refrain: If they asked me I could write a book
About the way you walk and whisper and look.
I could write a preface on how we met
So the world would never forget.
And the simple secret of the plot.
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.
Then the world discovers as my book ends,
How to make two lovers of friends.

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)

(w) Edward Heyman (m) John Green. (I) Ben Bernie and his Orchestra on radio. Recorded by Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. Later used as title theme for Film: *I Cover the Waterfront*. (CR) Billie Holiday.

Away from the city that hurts and knocks,
I’m standing alone by the desolate docks
In the still and the chill of the night
I see the horizon the great unknown
My heart has an ache; it’s as heavy as stone
With the dawn coming on, make it last

I cover the waterfront. I’m watching the sea
Will the one I love be coming back to me?
I cover the waterfront. In search of my love
And I’m covered by a starlit sky above

Here am I patiently waiting, hoping and longing
Oh how I yearn. Where are you? Are you forgetting?
Do you remember? Will you return?

I cover the waterfront. I’m watching the sea
For the one I love must soon come back to me

I Don’t Know Why (1931)

1-29

(w) Roy Turk (m) Fred Ahlert (P) Wayne King Orchestra (CR) Dean Martin

Verse 1: All day long you’re asking me what I see in you.
All day long I’m answering, but what good does it do?
I have nothing to explain, I just love you, love you,
And I’ll tell you once again:

Chorus: I don’t know why I love you like I do,
I don’t know why I just do.
I don’t know why you thrill me like you do,
I don’t know why you just do.
You never seem to want my romancing.
The only time you hold me is when we’re dancing.
I don’t know why I love you like I do,
I don’t know why I just do.

I Dream of Jeanie

2-37

See *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* on page 74.

I Fall to Pieces (1961)

(wm) Hank Cochran & Harlan Howard (I) Patsy Cline

I fall to pieces each time I see you again
I fall to pieces, how can I be just your friend?
You want me to act like we've never kissed
You want to forget; pretend we've never met
And I've tried and I've tried, but I haven't yet.
You walk by, and I fall to pieces

I fall to pieces each time someone speaks your name.
I fall to pieces, time only adds to the flame.
You tell me to find someone else to love,
Someone who'll love me too the way you used to do.
But each time I go out with someone new,
You walk by, and I fall to pieces.
(You walk by, and I fall to pieces.)

I Feel Pretty (1957)

(w) Stephen Sondheim (m) Leonard Bernstein. (I) Musical: *West Side Story* by Carol Lawrence, Marilyn Cooper, Carmen Guitierrez, and Elizabeth Taylor. In 1961 film by Marni Nixon dubbing for Natalie Wood, Yvonne Wilder, Suzie Kaye, and Joanne Miya.

I feel pretty, Oh, so pretty, I feel pretty and witty and gay!
And I pity any girl who isn't me today.

I feel charming, Oh, so charming
It's alarming how charming I feel!
And so pretty that I hardly can believe I'm real.

Refrain: See the pretty girl in that mirror there:

Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face, such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile, such a pretty me!
I feel stunning and entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!

I feel pretty, oh, so pretty, that the city should give me its key.
A committee should be organized to honor me.

I feel dizzy, I feel sunny, I feel fizzy and funny and fine,
And so pretty, Miss America can just resign! **[Refrain]**

I Found a Million Dollar Baby

See *Million Dollar Baby* on page 92.

I Get a Kick Out of You (1934)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Anything Goes* by Ethel Merman & William Gaxton (P) Ethel Merman. (CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1946 film: *Night and Day* by Ginny Simms. Most popular recording by Frank Sinatra (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Verse: My story is much too sad to be told,
But practic'ly ev'rything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
When I'm out on a quiet spree and I'm fighting the old ennui.
And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

2-27 **Chorus:** I get no kick from champagne
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all
So tell me why should it be true that I get a kick out of you
Some get a kick from cocaine
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrific'ly too, yet I get a kick out of you

I get a kick ev'ry time, I see you're standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to me, you obviously don't adore me
I get no kick in a plane, flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do, yet I get a kick out of you

I Get Along Without You Very Well (1939) 2-27

(wm) Hoagy Carmichael (I) Dick Powell (P) Red Norvo, Terry Allen voc.; (R) 1952 film *The Las Vegas Story* by Hoagy Carmichael and Jane Russell (CR) Matt Belsante

I get along without you very well, of course I do,
Except when soft rains fall and drip from leaves, then I recall
The thrill of being sheltered in your arms, of course I do,
But I get along without you very well.
I've forgotten you just like I should, of course I have,
Except to hear your name, or someone's laugh that is the same,
But I've forgotten you just like I should.

What a guy, what a fool am I,
To think my breaking heart could kid the moon.
What's in store? Should I phone once more?
No, it's best that I stick to my tune.
I get along without you very well, of course I do,
Except perhaps in Spring. but I should never think of Spring,
For that would surely break my heart in two.

I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good) (1941) 2-28

(m) Duke Ellington (w) Paul Francis Webster (I) Musical *Jump for Joy* by Duke Ellington Orchestra, Ivie Anderson voc. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Refrain 1:

Never treats me sweet and gentle the way he should;
I got it bad and that ain't good.
My poor heart is sentimental not made of wood.
I got it bad and that ain't good.
But when the weekend's over and Monday rolls around,
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out.
He don't love me like I love him, nobody could.
I got it bad and that ain't good.

Refrain 2: Like a lonely weeping willow lost in the wood

I got it bad and that ain't good.
And the things I tell my pillow no woman should.
I got it bad and that ain't good!
Though folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears,
I'm glad I'm mad about him, I can't live without him.
Lord above me, make him love me the way he should.
I got it bad and that ain't good.

I Got Rhythm (1930)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Musical: *Girl Crazy* by Ethel Merman (P) Ethel Merman. (CR) Ethel Waters (CR) Louis Armstrong. (RR) 1951 film: *An American in Paris* by Gene Kelly (RR) 1957 by The Happenings (CR) Judy Garland

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

How did I get that way?
Look at what I've got. I got rhythm, I got music
I got my man who could ask for anything more
I got daisies in green pastures
I got my man who could ask for anything more
Old Man Trouble, I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door
I got star light, I got sweet dreams
I got my man who could ask for anything more
Who could ask for anything more

I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan (1929)

2-28

(m) Arthur Schwartz (w) Howard Dietz (I) Revue *The Little Show* by Clifton Webb (P) Rudy Vallee (RR) 1953 Film *The Band Wagon* by Fred Astaire & Jack Buchanan

Refrain 1: I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man.
I overlooked that point completely until the big affair began.
Before I knew where I was at
I found myself upon the shelf and that was that.
I tried to reach the moon but when I got there,
All that I could get was the air.
My feet are back upon the ground, I lost the one girl I'd found.

Refrain 2: I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man!
Why did I buy those blue pajamas before the big affair began?
My boiling point is much too low
For me to try to be a fly Lothario.
I think I'll crawl right back and into my shell,
Dwelling in my personal Hell.
I'll have to change my plan around, I've lost the one girl I found.

I Had the Craziest Dream (1942)

1-30

(m) Harry Warren (w) Al Dubin (I) Film: *Springtime in the Rockies* (P) Harry James Orchestra, Helen Forrest. No. 1 chart record

Chorus: I had the craziest dream last night, yes I did.
I never dreamt it could be, yet there you were in love with me.
I found your lips close to mine, so I kissed you.
And you didn't mind at all.
When I'm awake, such a break never happens.
How long can a gal/guy go on dreaming?
If there's a chance that you care,
Then please say you do, baby.
Say it and make my craziest dream come true.

I Hate Men (1948)

(wm) Cole Porter. (I) Musical: *Kiss Me Kate* by Patricia Morrison. In 1953 film version by Kathryn Grayson.

I hate men. I can't abide them even now and then
Than ever marry one of them, I'd rest a maiden rather
For husbands are a boring lot and only give you bother
Of course, I'm awful glad that mother
Deigned to marry father, but, I hate men!

Of all the types I've met in our democracy
I hate the most the athlete
With his manner bold and brassy
He may have hair upon his chest
But sister, so has Lassie, oh, I hate men!

I hate men. They should be kept like piggies in a pen
Don't wed a travelling salesman
Though a tempting Tom he may be
For on your wedding night he may be off to far Arabi
While he's away in Mandolay
Tis thee who'll have the baby, oh, I hate men!

If thou shouldst wed a business man
Be wary, oh, be wary:
He'll tell you he's detained in town
On business necessary
His business is the business with his pretty secretary
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men. Though roosters they, I will not play the hen.
If you espouse an older man through girlish optimism,
He'll always stay at home at night and make no criticism
Though you may call it love
The doctors call it rheumatism. Oh, I hate men!

From all I've read, alone in bed
From A to Zed about them,
Since love is blind, then from the mind
All womankind should rout them.
But, ladies, you must answer too
What would we do without them? Still, I HATE men!

I Have Dreamed (1951)

2-27

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The King and I* by Doretta Morrow & Larry Douglas. 1956 film version by Rita Moreno and Carlos Rivas partially dubbed by Leona Gordon and Ruben Fuentes

Alone and awake I've looked at the stars,
The same that smile on you;
And time and again I've thought all the things
That you were thinking too.

Chorus: I have dreamed that your arms are lovely.
I have dreamed what a joy you'll be.
I have dreamed ev'ry word you'll whisper
When you're close, close to me.
How you look in the glow of evening,
I have dreamed and enjoyed the view.
In these dreams I've loved you so that by now I think I know
What it's like to be loved by you. I will love being loved by you.

I Left My Heart in San Francisco (1954)

(w) Douglass Cross (m) George Cory (I) by Claramae Turner (RR) 1962 by Tony Bennett

Verse:

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay.
The glory that was Rome's is of another day.
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan.
I'm coming home to my city by the Bay.

Chorus: I left my heart in San Francisco
High on a hill it calls to me to be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars
The morning fog may chill the air, I don't care
My love waits there, in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come home to you, San Francisco
Your golden sun will shine for me

I Love You (1943)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Mexican Hayride* by Wilbur Evans.
(P) Bing Crosby. **No. 1 chart record**

Refrain: "I love you," hums the April breeze.
"I love you," echo the hills.
"I love you," the golden dawn agrees,
As once more she sees daffodils. It's Spring again.
And birds on the wing, again start to sing again the old melody.
"I love you," that's the song of songs.
And it all belongs to you and me.

I Love You a Bushel and a Peck

See *Bushel and a Peck*, A on page 21.

I Love You For Sentimental Reasons

See *For Sentimental Reasons* on page 42.

I Remember It Well (1958)

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe. (I) Film: *Gigi* by Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold.

Honore: We met at nine
Marnita: We met at eight
Honore: I was on time
Marnita: No, you were late
Honore: Ah, yes, I remember it well
 We dined with friends
Marnita: We dined alone
Honore: A tenor sang
Marnita: A baritone
Honore: Ah, yes, I remember it well
 That dazzling April moon!
Marnita: There was none that night
 And the month was June
Honore: That's right. That's right.
Marnita: It warms my heart to know that you
 remember still the way you do
Honore: Ah, yes, I remember it well

1-30 **Honore:** How often I've thought of that Friday

Marnita: Monday

Honore: night when we had our last rendezvous

 And somehow I foolishly wondered if you might
 By some chance be thinking of it too?

 That carriage ride

Marnita: You walked me home

Honore: You lost a glove

Marnita: I lost a comb

Honore: Ah, yes, I remember it well

 That brilliant sky

Marnita: We had some rain

Honore: Those Russian songs

Marnita: From sunny Spain

Honore: Ah, yes. I remember it well.

 You wore a gown of gold

Marnita: I was all in blue

Honore: Am I getting old?

Marnita: Oh, no, not you

 How strong you were, how young and gay

 A prince of love in every way

Honore: Ah, yes, I remember it well

I Wanna Be Loved By You (1928)

1-30

(w) Bert Kalmar (m) Harry Ruby, Herbert Stothart (I) Musical: *Good Boy* by Helen Kane & Dan Healy (P) Helen Kane (RR) 1950 film: *Three Little Words* by Fred Astaire & Helen Kane dubbing for Debbie Reynolds (RR) 1959 film: *Some Like It Hot* by Marilyn Monroe

I wanna be loved by you just you and nobody else but you
I wanna be loved by you alone Poo-poo-pa-doop
I wanna be kissed by you just you and nobody else but you
I wanna be kissed by you alone Poo-poo-pa-doop

I couldn't aspire to anything higher
Than fill a desire to make you my own
Pa-pa-pad-ra, poo-poo-pa-doop
I wanna be loved by you just you and nobody else but you
I wanna be loved by you alone Poo-poo-pa-doop

I Whistle a Happy Tune (1951)

2-28

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical *The King and I* by Gertrude Lawrence. 1956 film version by Marni Nixon dubbing for Deborah Kerr

Whenever I feel afraid, I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune so no one will suspect I'm afraid.
While shivering in my shoes, I strike a careless pose
And whistle a happy tune and no one ever knows I'm afraid.
The result of this deception is very strange to tell,
For when I fool the people I fear, I fool myself as well!
I whistle a happy tune, and ev'ry single time
The happiness in the tune convinces me that I'm not afraid.
Make believe you're brave and the trick will take you far;
You may be as brave as you make believe you are. *[Whistle]*
You may be as brave as you make believe you are!

I'd Do Anything (1960)

(wm) Lionel Bart. (I) Musical: *Oliver!* by Martin Horsey, Georgia Brown, Keith Hamshire, and The Cast in London production. In New York production by Bruce Prochnik, Georgia Brown, Paul O'Keefe, and The Cast.

Dodger: I'd do anything for you dear anything
For you mean everything to me.
I know that I'd go anywhere for your smile, anywhere –
For your smile, ev'rywhere, I'd see.

Nancy: Would you climb a hill?

Dodger: Anything!

Nancy: Wear a daffodil?

Dodger: Anything!

Nancy: Leave me all your will?

Dodger: Anything!

Nancy: Even fight my Bill?

Dodger: What? Fisticuffs?

I'd risk everything for one kiss – everything
Yes, I'd do anything...

Nancy: Anything?!

Dodger: Anything for you!!

Oliver: I'd do anything for you dear anything
For you mean everything to me,
I know that I'd go anywhere
For your smile, anywhere –
For your smile, ev'rywhere, I'd see.

Bet: Would you lace my shoe?

Oliver: Anything!

Bet: Paint your face bright blue?

Oliver: Anything!

Bet: Catch a kangaroo?

Oliver: Anything!

Bet: Go to Timbuktu?

Oliver: And back again!

I'd risk ev'rything for one kiss – everything –
Yes, I'd do anything

Bet: Anything?!

Oliver: Anything for you!!

I'll Be Seeing You (1938)

(w) Irving Kahal (m) Sammy Fain. (I) Revue: *Right This Way* by Tamara. (P) Bing Crosby. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Theme song of Liberate. (CR) Mel Tormé (CR) Peggy Lee

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces all day through
In that small cafe, the park across the way
The children's carousel, the chestnut trees, the wishin' well
I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day
In everything that's bright and gay
I'll always think of you that way
I'll find you in the morning sun and when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you.

I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise (1922)

2-29

(w) B. G. De Sylva & Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Revue *George White's Scandals of 1922* by Cast. (P) Paul Whiteman Orchestra (R) 1951 film *An American in Paris* by Georges Guetary

Verse 1: All you preachers
Who delight in panning the dancing teachers,
Let me tell you there are a lot of features
Of the dance that carry you through the gates of Heaven.
It's madness to be always sitting around in sadness,
When you could be learning the steps of gladness.
You'll be happy when you can do just six or seven.
Begin today! You'll find it nice,
The quickest way to paradise.
When you practice, here's the thing to know,
Simply say as you go:

Chorus: "I'll build a stairway to Paradise
With a new step ev'ry day!
I'm gonna get there at any price;
Stand aside, I'm on my way!
I've got the blues and up above it's so fair.
Shoes! Go on and carry me there!
I'll build a stairway to Paradise
With a new step ev'ry day. (With a new step ev'ry day!)"

I'll Get By (As Long As I Have You) (1928)

1-30

(w) Roy Turk (m) Fred Ahlert (P) Ruth Etting

I'll get by as long as I have you
Tho' there be rain and darkness too
I'll not complain, I'll see it through.
Poverty may come to me that's true
But what care I say I'll get by as long as I have you

I'll Never Fall in Love Again (1968)

1-30

(w) Hal David (m) Burt Bacharach (I) Musical: *Promises, Promises* by Jill O'Hara & Jerry Orbach. (P) Dionne Warwick

What do you get when you fall in love
A guy with a pin to burst your bubble
That's what you get for all your trouble
I'll never fall in love again, I'll never fall in love again
What do you get when you kiss a guy
You get enough germs to catch pneumonia
After you do he'll never phone you
I'll never fall in love again, I'll never fall in love again
Don't tell me what it's all about
'Cause I've been there and I'm glad I'm out
Out of those chains, those chains that bind you
That is why, I'm here to remind you
What do get when you fall in love
You only get lies and pain and sorrow
So for at least until tomorrow
I'll never fall in love again, I'll never fall in love again

I'll Never Smile Again (1939)

(wm) Ruth Lowe (P) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra vocal by Frank Sinatra **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Glenn Miller and his Orchestra (RR) 1953 by The Four Aces

I'll never smile again until I smile at you
I'll never laugh again what good would it do
For tears would fill my eyes
My heart would realize that our romance is thru
I'll never love again, I'm so in love with you
I'll never thrill again to somebody new
Within my heart, I know I will never start
To smile again until I smile at you

I'll See You in C-U-B-A (1919)

(wm) Irving Berlin (P) Billy Murray (CR) 1920 Fred Hillebrand (R) 1946 film *Blue Skies* by Bing Crosby & Olga San Juan

Verse 1:

Not so far from here there's a very lively atmosphere.
Ev'rybody's going there this year.
And there's a reason. The season opened last July
Ever since the U.S.A. went dry.
Ev'rybody's going there and I'm going, too.

I'm on my way to

Refrain 1:

Cuba, there's where I'm going.
Cuba, that's where I'll stay.
Cuba, where wine is flowing and where dark-eyed Stellas
Light their fellas' Panatellas.
Cuba, where all is happy, Cuba, where all is gay.
Why don't you plan a wonderful trip to Havana?
Hop on a ship, and I'll see you in C. U. B. A.

[Counterpoint Refrain from film *Blue Skies*]

Bing Crosby sings:

Why don't you do your drinking like a Cuban
Instead of hiding in a cellar?
Since Prohibition, tell me, pal, have you been
A very frightened little feller?
Why don't you pour it from the bottle
'Stead of a tiny silver flask?
Drink your scotch, rum and gin where "the dries" can't get in.
The finest bars are there, cigars are there
That only are made in Cuba

Olga San Juan then sings:

I'm not a drinking lady, I never smoked a Panatella
But I'm a she who likes to be [*both*] where all is gay, okay!
So let us leave our cares and troubles behind
And tell 'em our new address
Is where they stay up late and drink till they're blind!
Blind, but nevertheless
They're glad to see you in C. U. B. A.

1-31 [*Coda by both*]

Why don't you travel with us on a train or a bus to Miami where
we can begin to plan a wonderful trip on a plane or a ship that'll
take us from Florida to Havana?
See you in C. U. B. A!

I'll Take Care of Your Cares (1927)

(w) Mort Dixon (m) James V. Monaco. No artist credited with
introduction. (R) 1967 by Frankie Laine (CR) Dave Chapman

I'll take care of your cares for you
I'll be there with you when you're feeling blue
Let me be your one ray of sunshine
Always remember somewhere, sometime

2-29 I won't scold you for your mistakes
And I'll just hold you when your heart aches
So keep me in your thoughts, your dreams, and your prayers
And I'll take care of your cares

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen (1875) 2-30

(wm) Thomas P. Westendorf. An American "answer" to the Irish
ballad "Barney, Take Me Home Again" (R) Sons of the Pioneers,
Elvis Presley, Bing Crosby, Joseph Locke, etc.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen
Across the ocean wild and wide
To where your heart has ever been
Since first you were my bonnie bride.
The roses all have left your cheek;
I've watched them fade away and die.
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak;
And tears bedim your loving eyes.
Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen
To where your heart will feel no pain
And when the fields are fresh and green
I will take you to your home, Kathleen

I know you love me, Kathleen dear.
Your heart was ever fond and true.
I always feel when you are near
That life was nothing, dear, but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me
I scarcely ever see them now.
Though many, many times I see
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.
But, I will take you back, Kathleen
To where your heart will feel no pain.
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I will take you to your home, Kathleen.

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

See *Yankee Doodle Dandy* on page 154.

I'm Beginning to See the Light (1945)

(wm) Don George, Johnny Hodges, Duke Ellington & Harry James.
(P) Harry James Orchestra / Kitty Kallen

I never cared much for moonlit skies
I never winked back at fireflies
But now that the stars are in your eyes
I'm beginning to see the light
I never went in for afterglow
Or candlelight on the mistletoe
But now when you turn the lamp down low
I'm beginning to see the light

Used to ramble through the park
Shadowboxing in the dark
Then you came and caused a spark
That's a four-alarm fire now
I never made love by lantern-shine
I never saw rainbows in my wine
But now that your lips are burning mine
I'm beginning to see the light

I'm Getting Married in the Morning

See *Get Me to the Church on Time* on page 43.

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter (1935)

(m) Fred Ahlert (w) Joe Young (P) Fats Waller (CR) Boswell Sisters
(RR) 1957 Billy Williams

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you.
I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet
They're gonna knock me off my feet.
A lotta kisses on the bottom, I'll be glad I got 'em.
I'm gonna smile and say: "I hope you're feeling better."
And close "with love" the way you do.
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you.

I'm Gonna Wash that Man Right Outa My Hair (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Mary Martin. In 1958 Film version by Mitzi Gaynor.

I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair, (3x)
And send him on his way.
[spoken] Get the picture?
I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms, (3x)
And send him on his way.

Don't try to patch it up, tear it up, tear it up!
Wash him out, dry him out, push him out, fly him out,
Cancel him and let him go! Yea, sister!

I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair, (3x)
And send him on his way.

1-31 If the man don't understand you,
If you fly on separate beams,
Waste no time, make a change,
Ride that man right off your range.
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum him out of your dreams.

Oho! If you laugh at different comics,
If you root for different teams,
Waste no time, weep no more,
Show him what the door is for.
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum him out of your dreams. Oho! Oho!

I went and washed that man right outa my hair, (3x)
And sent him on his way!

I went and washed that man right outa my hair, (3x)
And sent him on his way!

I'm in Love Again (1925)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Review: *The Greenwich Village Follies* (x) by
Rosie and Jennie Dolly (P) Paul Whiteman

Refrain 1: I'm in love again and the Spring is comin',
I'm in love again, hear my heart strings strummin',
I'm in love again and the hymn I'm hummin'
Is the "Huddle Up, Cuddle Up Blues"!
I'm in love again and I can't rise above it,
I'm in love again and I love, love, love it!
I'm in love again and I'm darn glad of it, good news!

Refrain 2: I'm in love again and with glee I bubble.
I'm in love again and the fun's just double.
I'm in love again if I got in trouble,
I'll be cursin' one person I know.
I'm in love again, I'm a lovebird singin',
I'm in love again, I'm a spring lamb springin',
I'm in love again, Weddin' bells are ringin', let's go.

1-31

I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Mary Martin. Film version 1953 by Mitzi Gaynor.

I expect everyone of my crowd to make fun
Of my proud protestations of faith in romance,
And they'll say I'm naïve as a babe to believe
Any fable I hear from a person in pants.

Fearlessly I'll face them and argue their doubts away,
Loudly I'll sing about flowers and spring,
Flatly I'll stand on my little flat feet and say
Love is a grand and a beautiful thing!
I'm not ashamed to reveal the world famous feeling I feel.

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
I'm as normal as blueberry pie.
No more a smart little girl with no heart,
I have found me a wonderful guy!

I am in a conventional dither with a conventional star in my eye.
And you will note there's a lump in my throat
When I speak of that wonderful guy!

I'm as trite and as gay as a daisy in May, a cliché comin' true!
I'm bromidic and bright as a moon-happy night
Pouring light on the dew!

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a flag on the Fourth of July!
If you'll excuse an expression I use, I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with a wonderful guy!

I'm in the Mood for Love (1935)

2-30

(m) Jimmy McHugh (w) Dorothy Fields (I) film *Every Night at Eight*
by Frances Langford. (R) 1936 film *Our Gang, The Pinch Singer* by
Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer (CR) Adelaide Hall (CR) Helen Forrest
(CR) Nat King Cole

I'm in the mood for love simply because you're near me.
Funny but when you're near me,
I'm in the mood for love.
Heaven is in your eyes, bright as the stars we're under.
Oh, is it any wonder, I'm in the mood for love.

Why stop to think of whether this little dream might fade?
We've put our hearts together;
Now we are one, I'm not afraid.
If there's a cloud above, if it should rain, we'll let it.
But for tonight forget it,
I'm in the mood for love.

I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover (1927)

2-30

(m) Harry Woods (w) Mort Dixon (P) Nick Lucas (RR) Art Mooney,
1948, No. 1 Chart Record

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before;
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the lane.
No need explaining, the one remaining is somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before.

I'm Nobody's Baby (1921)

(wm) Benny Davis, Ben Ellison, and Lester Santly. (P) Ruth Etting.
(R) 1940 Film: *Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante* by Judy Garland.
(CR) Bea Wain.

I woke up this morning and the sun was shining, but I didn't see
it. Think I drank my orange juice, but I don't know, I wouldn't
guarantee it.

Wore my yellow dress or was it blue? Oh what's the use, I don't
remember. Is it Monday? Is it Tuesday? Is it June or is it still
December?

Sat beside my window watched the couples strolling by
Felt so sorry for myself I couldn't even cry
Finally, I pulled the shade, I couldn't stand the gaffe
So I sat down and wrote my epitaph

I'm nobody's baby, I wonder why
Each night and day I pray the Lord up above
Please send me down somebody to love
But nobody wants me, I'm blue somehow
Won't someone hear my plea and take a chance with me
Because I'm nobody's baby now

Believe me... No, nobody's baby
And I've got to know the reason why
Last week I was walking down the street
and met a boy and I said
"Hey, maybe I was meant for you"
But he only tipped his hat and shook his head
Kept on walkin' down the avenue

Oh, nobody wants me, I'm mighty blue somehow
Won't someone hear my plea and take a little chance with me?

Because I'm no-nobody's baby, I'm blue somehow
Won't someone hear my plea and take a chance with me
There's no denyin' I'm cryin'
I'm lonesome on my own-some
I don't mean maybe, I'm nobody's baby!

I'm Sending You a Big Bouquet of Roses (1948)

2-31

(wm) Steve Nelson & Bill Hilliard (P) Eddy Arnold (R) 1975 Mickey
Gilley

I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses,
One for every time you broke my heart.
And as the door of love between us closes,
Tears will fall like petals when we part.
I begged you to be different, but you'll always be untrue.
I'm tired of forgiving, now there's nothing left to do.

So, I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses,
One for every time you broke my heart.

I know that I should hate you,
After all you've put me through.
But how can I be bitter when I'm still in love with you?

So, I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses,
One for every time you broke my heart.

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry (1949)

(wm) Hank Williams (P) Hank Williams (R) 1966 B. J. Thomas
(CR) Elvis Presley

Hear the lonesome whippoorwill; he sounds too blue to fly.
The midnight train is whining low; I'm so lonesome I could cry.
I've never seen a night so long when time goes crawling by.
The moon just went behind the clouds to hide its face and cry.

Did you ever see a robin weep when leaves begin to die?
That means he's lost the will to live; I'm so lonesome I could cry.
The silence of a falling star lights up a purple sky.
And as I wonder where you are, I'm so lonesome I could cry.

I've Got a Crush on You (1928)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Treasure Girl* by
Clifton Webb & Mary Hay. (R) 1952 film *Meet Danny Wilson* by
Frank Sinatra

Verse: How glad the many millions of Annabelles and Lillians
would be to capture me!

But you had such persistence, you wore down my resistance.

I fell, and it was swell.

I'm your big and brave and handsome Romeo.

How I won you I shall never, never know.

It's not that you're attractive, but, oh my heart grew active, when
you came into view.

Refrain 1: I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie.

All the day and nighttime, hear me sigh.

I never had the least notion that I could fall with so much
emotion.

Could you coo? Could you care for a cunning cottage we could
share?

The world will pardon my mush, 'cause I have got a crush, my
baby, on you.

Refrain 2: I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie.

All the day and nighttime, hear me sigh.

This isn't just a flirtation;

We're proving that there's predestination.

I could coo, I could care for that cunning cottage we could share.

Your mush I never shall shush, 'cause I have got a crush, my
baby, on you.

I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling (1929)

(m) Thomas "Fats" Waller & Harry Link (w) Billy Rose (I) Miff Mole
Orchestra (P) Ben Bernie Orchestra, Harold "Scrappy" Lambert, voc.;
(CR) Fanny Brice (RR) 1978 Revue *Ain't Misbehavin'*

Chorus:

I'm flying high, but I've got a feeling I'm falling.

Falling for nobody else but you.

You caught my eye, and I've got a feeling I'm falling.

Show me the ring and I'll jump thru.

I used to travel single O, We chanced to mingle O.

Now I'm a tingle O-ver you.

Say! Mister Parson, stand by,

For I've got a feeling I'm falling,

Falling for nobody else but you.

2-31 I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo (1942)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Warren (I) film *Orchestra Wives* by
Glenn Miller Orchestra, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires, then he
Nicholas Brothers (P) Glenn Miller Orchestra, **No. 1 chart record**

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I got a gal in Kalamazoo.

Don't want to boast but I know she's the toast of Kalamazoo

(Zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo).

Years have gone by, my, my how she grew!

I liked her looks when I carried her books in Kalamazoo

(Zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo).

I'm gonna send a wire: "Hoppin' on a flyer, leavin' today."

Am I dreamin'? I can hear her screamin',

"Hiya, Mr. Jackson" Everything's OK, A-L-A-M-A-Z-O

Oh, what a gal, a real pipparoo!

I'll make my bid for that freckle-faced kid I'm hurryin' to.

I'm goin' to Michigan to see the sweetest gal in Kalamazoo

(Zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo), Kalamazoo!

I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams (1938)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) James V. Monaco. (I) Film: *Sing You Sinners*
by Bing Crosby. (P) Bing Crosby. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Russ
Morgan and his Orchestra. (CR) Curran Reichert.

Happiness comes with success and that I guess is true

But success is more or less a point of view

I'm no millionaire, but I'm not the type to care

'Cause I've got a pocketful of dreams

It's my universe even with an empty purse

'Cause I've got a pocketful of dreams

I wouldn't take the wealth of Wall Street

For a road where nature trods

And I calculate that I'm worth my weight in goldenrods

Lucky, lucky me, I can live in luxury

'Cause I've got a pocketful of dreams

I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm (1937)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Film: *On the Avenue* by E. E. Clive, Dick
Powell & Alice Faye. (P) Billie Holiday (RR) Les Brown, 1946
(CR) Ella Fitzgerald

The snow is snowing, the wind is blowing,

But I can weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm?

I've got my love to keep warm.

I can't remember a worse December.

Just watch those icicles form.

What do I care if icicles form?

I've got my love to keep me warm.

Off with my overcoat. Off with my glove.

I need no overcoat, I'm burning with love.

My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher,

So I will weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm?

I got my love to keep me warm.

2-32

I've Got Rings on My Fingers (1909)

(m) Maurice Scott (w) Weston and Barnes (I) Musical: *The Yankee Girl*

Verse 1:

Jim O'Shea was cast away upon an Indian isle.
The natives there they liked his hair. They liked his Irish smile.
So made him chief Panjandrum, the nabob of them all.
They called him Jijiboo Jhai, And rigged him out so gay,
So he wrote to Dublin Bay To his sweetheart just to say:

Chorus:

"Sure, I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose.
So come to your nabob, and next Patrick's Day,
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J. O'Shea."

Verse 2:

O'er the sea went Rose McGee to see her nabob grand.
He sat within his palanquin and when she'd kissed his hand,
He led her to his harem where he had wives galore.
She started shedding a tear. Said he, "Now have no fear!
I'm keeping these wives here Just for ornament, my dear."

Verse 3:

Em'rald green he robed his queen to share with him his throne.
'Mid eastern charms and waving palms
They're shamrocks, Irish grown,
Sent all the way from Dublin, to Nabob J. O'Shea.
But in his palace so fine, should Rose for Ireland pine,
With smiles her face will shine,
When he murmurs, "Sweetheart mine:

I've Got the World on a String (1932)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Ted Koehler (I) Revue: *Cotton Club Parade XXI*
by Aida Ward. (P) Cab Calloway. (CR) Bing Crosby. (R) Frank Sinatra 1953

Chorus:

I've got the world on a string, sitting on a rainbow,
Got the string around my finger.
What a world, what a life, I'm in love!
I've got a song that I sing.
I can make the rain go, anytime I move my finger.
Lucky me, can't you see I'm in love.

Life is a beautiful thing as long as I hold the string.
I'd be a silly so and so if I should ever let go.
I've got the world on a string, sitting on a rainbow,
Got the string around my finger.
What a world, what a life, I'm in love!

1-32 I've Got You Under My Skin (1936)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Film: *Born to Dance* by Virginia Bruce. (P) Hal Kemp Orchestra (CR) Frank Sinatra

I've got you under my skin
I've got you deep in the heart of me
So deep in my heart, you're really a part of me
I've got you under my skin, I tried so not to give in
I said to myself, "This affair never will go so well"
But why should I try to resist
When darling I know so well I've got you under my skin

I'd sacrifice anything come what might
For the sake of having you near
In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night
And repeats and repeats in my ear:
"Don't you know, little fool, you never can win.
Use your mentality, wake up to reality"
But each time I do just the thought of you
Makes me stop before I begin
'Cause I've got you under my skin

I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face (1956)

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe (I) Musical: *My Fair Lady*
by Rex Harrison

Chorus 1: I've grown accustomed to her face
She almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune
She whistles night and noon
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs
Are second nature to me now
Like breathing out and breathing in
I was serenely independent and content before we met
Surely I could always be that way again and yet
I've grown accustomed to her looks
Accustomed to her voice, accustomed to her face

Chorus 2: I've grown accustomed to her face
She almost makes the day begin
I've gotten used to hear her say
"Good morning" every day
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows
Are second nature to me now
Like breathing out and breathing in
I'm very grateful she's a woman
And so easy to forget, rather like a habit
One can always break, and yet
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of something in the air, accustomed to her face

1-31

1-32

I've Heard That Song Before (1942)

(m) Jule Styne (w) Sammy Cahn (I) Film: *Youth on Parade* by Frank Sinatra. (P) Harry James Orchestra / Helen Forrest

Chorus: It seems to me I've heard that song before.
It's from an old, familiar score. I know it well, that melody.
It's funny how a theme recalls a favorite dream,
A dream that brought you so close to me.

I know each word because I've heard that song before.
The lyrics said "Forever more." Forever more's a memory.
Please have them play it again, And I'll remember just when
I heard that lovely song before.

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß

See *Falling in Love Again* on page 40.

If Ever I Would Leave You (1960)

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe. (I) Musical: *Camelot* by Robert Goulet. (P) Robert Goulet.

If ever I would leave you, it wouldn't be in summer.
Seeing you in summer I never would go.
Your hair streaked with sunlight, your lips red as flame,
Your face with a lustre that puts gold to shame!

But if I'd ever leave you, it couldn't be in autumn.
How I'd leave in autumn I never will know.
I've seen how you sparkle when fall nips the air.
I know you in autumn and I must be there.

And could I leave you running merrily through the snow?
Or on a wintry evening when you catch the fire's glow?

If ever I would leave you, how could it be in springtime?
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you so?
Oh, no! not in springtime! Summer, winter or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!

If He Walked into My Life (1966)

(wm) Jerry Herman. (I) Musical: *Mame* by Angela Lansbury.
(P) Eydie Gormé.

Where is that boy with the bugle?
My little love was always my big romance
Where's that boy with the bugle?
And why did I ever buy him those damn long pants?
Did he need a stronger hand? Did he need a lighter touch?
Was I soft or was I tough? Did I give enough?
Did I give too much?
At the moment when he needed me did I ever turn away?
Would I be there when he called, if he walked into my life today.
Were his days a little dull? Were his nights a little wild?
Did I overstate my plan?
Did I stress the man and forget the child?
And there must have been a million things
That my heart forgot to say.
Would I think of one or two if he walked into my life today?
Should I blame the times I pampered him?
Or blame the times I bossed him?

1-32 (spoken) What a shame!

I never really found the boy before I lost him.
Were the years a little fast? Was his world a little free?
Was there too much of a crowd?
All too lush and loud and not enough for me
Though I'll ask myself my whole life long
What went wrong along the way
Would I make the same mistakes if he walked into my life today?
If that boy with the bugle walked into my life today?

If I Could

See *El Condor Pasa* on page 37.

2-19 If I Didn't Care (1939)

2-33

(wm) Jack Lawrence (P) The Ink Spots **Grammy Hall of Fame**
(R) 2008 film *Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day* by Amy Adams & Lee Pace

If I didn't care more than words can say,
If I didn't care would I feel this way?
If this isn't love then why do I thrill?
And what makes my head go 'round and 'round
While my heart stands still?
If I didn't care would it be the same?
Would my ev'ry prayer begin and end with just your name?
And would I be sure that this is love beyond compare?
Would all this be true if I didn't care for you?

If I Give My Heart to You (1954)

(wm) Jimmie Crane, Al Jacobs, and Jimmy Brewster. (I) Denise Lor.
(P) Doris Day (CR) Connee Boswell. (CR) Dinah Shore. (CR) Nat King Cole.

If I give my heart to you will you handle it with care?
Will you always treat me tenderly?
And in every way be fair?
If I give my heart to you, will you give me all your love?
Will you swear that you'll be true to me?
By the light that shines above?
And will you sigh with me when I'm sad?
Smile with me when I'm glad?
And always be as you are with me tonight?

Bridge: Think it over and be sure
Please don't answer till you do
When you promise all these things to me
Then I'll give my heart to you

If I Had You (1928)

(wm) Ted Shapiro, Jimmy Campbell, Reg Connelly (P) Rudy Vallee
(CR) Al Bowlly (RR) 1948 film: *You Were Meant for Me* by Dan Dailey

I could show the world how to smile
I could be glad all of the while
I could change the gray skies to blue if I had you
I could leave the old days behind
Leave all my pals, I'd never mind
I could start my life all anew if I had you

I could climb the snow-capped mountains
Sail the mighty ocean wide
I could cross the burning desert if I had you by my side
I could be a king dear, uncrowned
Humble or poor, rich or renowned.
There is nothing I couldn't do if I had you

If I Loved You (1945)

(m) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Carousel*
by John Raitt & Jan Clayton (P) Perry Como (RR) 1957 film version
by Shirley Jones & Gordon MacRae (RR) 1965 by Chad & Jeremy
(CR) Barbra Streisand

If I loved you, time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know if I loved you
Words wouldn't come in an easy way 'round in circles I'd go

Longin' to tell you but afraid and shy
I'd let my golden chances pass me by.
Soon you'd leave me, off you would go in the mist of day
Never, never to know how I loved you, if I loved you

If I Only Had a Brain (1939)

(w) E. Y. Harburg (m) Harold Arlen (I) Film: *The Wizard of Oz* by
Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Bert Lahr

Scarecrow: I could while away the hours
Conferrin' with the flowers, consultin' with the rain
And my head I'd be scratchin'
While my thoughts were busy hatchin' if I only had a brain
I'd unravel every riddle for any individle
In trouble or in pain with the thoughts I'd be thinkin'
I could be another Lincoln if I only had a brain

Oh I could tell you why the ocean's near the shore
I could think of things I never thunk before
And then I'd sit and think some more
I would not be just a nuffin', a head all full of stuffin'
My heart all full of pain and perhaps I'd deserve you
And be even worthy of you if I only had a brain

Tinman: When a man's an empty kettle
He should be on his mettle and yet I'm torn apart
Just because I'm presumin' that I could be kinda human
If I only had a heart
I'd be tender, I'd be gentle and awful sentimental
Regarding love and art, I'd be friends with the sparrows
And the boy that shoots the arrows if I only had a heart

1-33 Picture me, a balcony, above a voice sings low
"Wherefore art thou Romeo?" I hear a beat, how sweet
Just to register emotion: jealousy, devotion
And really feel the part, I would stay young and chipper
And I'd lock it with a zipper if I only had a heart

Cowardly Lion: Life is sad believe me, missy
When you're born to be a sissy without the vim and verve.
But I could change my habits, never more be scared of rabbits
If I only had the nerve
I'm afraid there's no denyin' I'm just a dandelion
A fate I don't deserve, but I could show my prowess
Be a lion not a mowess if I only had the nerve

Oh I'd be in my stride, a king down to the core
Oh I'd roar the way I never roared before
And then I'd rrrwoof and roar some more
I would show the dinosaur
Who's king around the fores', a king they'd better serve
Why with my regal beezer I could be another Caesar
If I only had the nerve

If I Were a Bell (1950)

(wm) Frank Loesser, Musical: *Guys and Dolls*, (I) Isabel Bigley. In
1955 film by Jean Simmons.

Chorus 1: Ask me how do I feel, ask me now that we're cozy
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 got to behave.
Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light.
Or if I were a banner I'd wave.

1-34 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 spring.
Or if I were a bell I'd go ding dong ding dong ding.

Chorus 2: Ask me how do I feel from this chemistry lesson I'm
learning.

Well sir all I can say is if I were a bridge I'd be burning.

Yes, I knew my morale would crack
From the wonderful way 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 dressing.
Or if I were a season, I'd surely be Spring.
Or if I were a bell I'd go ding dong ding dong ding.

If I Were a Rich Man (1964)

(w) Sheldon Harnick (m) Jerry Bock. (I) Musical: *Fiddler on the Roof* by Zero Mostel. 1971 Film by Topol.

spoken: Oh Lord, you made many, many poor people. I realize, of course, it's no shame to be poor. But it's no great honor either! So, what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?

sung: If I were a rich man,
Yaba debah debah debah debah debah dum
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.
If I were a wealthy man.
I wouldn't have to work hard.
Yaba debah debah debah debah debah dum
If I were a biddy biddy rich,
Aidle deedle daidle daidle man.

I'd build a big tall house with rooms by the dozen,
Right in the middle of the town.
A fine tin roof and real wooden floors below.
There would be one long staircase just going up,
And one even longer coming down,
And one more leading nowhere, just for show.

I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks for
the town to see and hear.
Squawking just as noisily as they can
And each lobeldeegee, bideldeegoo, bideldeeger, bideldeegah
Would land like a trumpet on the ear,
As if to say "Here lives a wealthy man."... *Oy*

Repeat first verse

I see my wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man's wife with a
proper double chin
Supervising meals to her heart's delight.
I see her putting on airs and strutting like a peacock.
Oy, what a happy mood she's in.
Screaming at the servants, day and night. *screams*

The most important men in town will come to fawn on me! They
will ask me to advise them like a Solomon the Wise. "If you
please, Reb Tevye..." "Pardon me, Reb Tevye..."
Posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eye!
Yadah deedahdah yadeedahdah ahh
And it won't make one bit of difference if I answer right or
wrong.
When you're rich, they think you really know!

If I were rich, I'd have the time that I lack
To sit in the synagogue and pray
And maybe have a seat by the Eastern wall.
And I'd discuss the holy books with the learned men, seven hours
every day.
And that would be the sweetest thing of all. ... *Oy*

If I were a rich man,
Yaba debah debah debah debah debah dum
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.
If I were a wealthy man.
I wouldn't have to work hard.
Yaba debah debah debah debah debah dum
Lord who made the lion and the lamb,
You decreed I should be what I am.
Would it spoil some vast eternal plan?
If I were a wealthy man.

If This Isn't Love (1947)

(w) E. Y. Harburg (m) Burton Lane. (I) Musical: *Finian's Rainbow* by Ella Logan and Donald Richards. (CR) Bing Crosby

If this isn't love, the whole world is crazy
If this isn't love, I'm daft as a daisy
With moons all around and cows jumping over
There's something amiss, and I'll eat my hat
If this isn't love!
I'm feeling like the apple on the top of William Tell;
With this I cannot grapple because,
Because you're so adorabelle
If this isn't love, then winter is summer
If this isn't love, my heart needs a plumber
I'm swingin' on the stars and ridin' on rainbows
I'm bustin' with bliss, and I'll kiss your hand
If this isn't love!

If You Knew Susie (1925)

1-34

(wm) B. G. De Sylva, Joseph Meyer (I) Musical: *Big Boy* by Al Jolson
(P) Eddie Cantor (CR) Cliff Edwards. (RR) 1953 film: *The Eddie Cantor Story* by the voice of Eddie Cantor dubbing for Keefe
Brasselle

If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh, oh, oh what a girl
There's none so classy as this fair lassie
Oh, oh, holy Moses what a chassis!
We went riding, she didn't balk
Back from Yonkers; I'm the one who had to walk
If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh, oh, what a girl

If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh, oh, oh what a girl
She wears long tresses and nice tight dresses
Oh, oh, what a future she possesses.
Out in public how she can yawn!
In a parlor you would think the war was on!
If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh, oh, what a girl

If You Were the Only Girl in the World (1916)

(w) Clifford Grey (m) Nat D. Ayer (I) London Revue *The Bing Boys Are Here* by George Robey and Violet Loraine (R) 1929 film *The Vagabond Lover* by Rudy Vallee

Refrain: If you were the only girl in the world,
And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.
We could go on loving in the same old way.
A garden of Eden just made for two
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you.
There would be such wonderful things to do,
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

Imagination (1940)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians (P) Glenn Miller Orchestra, Ray Eberle vocal. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Imagination is funny; it makes a cloudy day sunny,
Makes a bee think of honey just as I think of you.
Imagination is crazy; your whole perspective gets hazy,
Starts you asking a daisy what to do, what to do.
Have you ever felt a gentle touch,
And then a kiss, and then, and then,
Find it's only your imagination again? Oh well.
Imagination is silly; you go around willy-nilly.
For example, I go around wanting you.
And yet I can't imagine that you want me too.

In a Little Spanish Town (1926)

(m) Mabel Wayne (w) Sam M. Lewis & Joe Young (P) Paul Whiteman Orchestra, Jack Fulton, voc. **Number 1 chart record**, (CR) Nick Lucas

In a little Spanish town, 'twas on a night like this,
Stars were peek-a-booing down, 'twas on a night like this.
I whispered "Be true to me," and she sighed "si, si."
Many skies have turned to gray because we're far apart.
Many moons have passed away and still she's in my heart.
We made a promise and sealed it with a kiss,
In a little Spanish town, 'twas on a night like this.

In Other Words

See *Fly Me to the Moon* on page 41.

2-33 In the Mood (1939)

(m) Joe Garland (w) Andy Razaf (I) Glenn Miller **No. 1 Chart Record**

Who's the livin' dolly with the beautiful eyes?
What a pair o' lips, I'd like to try 'em for size.
I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"
Hope she tells me maybe, what a wing it will be.
So I said politely, "Darlin' may I intrude?"
She said, "Don't keep me waitin' when I'm in the mood."
First I held her lightly and we started to dance.
Then I held her tightly, what a dreamy romance.
And I said, "Hey, baby, it's a quarter to three.
There's a mess of moonlight won't-cha share it with me?"
"Well," she answered, "Mister, don't-cha know that it's rude
To keep my two lips waitin' when they're in the mood?"

1-34

In the mood. That's what she told me.
In the mood. And when she told me.
In the mood. My heart was skippin'
It didn't take me long to say,
"I'm in the mood now!"
In the mood (Oh joy!) For all her kissin'.
In the mood (Oh joy!) Her crazy lovin'.
In the mood (Oh boy!) What I was missin'
It didn't take me long to say I'm in the mood now.
[Repeat from the top]

In the Still of the Night (1937)

(wm) Cole Porter. (I) Film: *Rosalie* by Nelson Eddy (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

In the still of the night, as I gaze from my window,
At the moon in its flight, my thoughts all stray to you.
In the still of the night, while the world is in slumber,
Oh, the times without number, darling, when I say to you:
"Do you love me as I love you?
Are you my life-to-be, my dream come true?"
Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight
Like the moon, growing dim, on the rim of the hill
In the chill, still of the night?

2-33

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning (1955)

(w) Bob Hilliard (m) Dave Mann (P) Frank Sinatra

1-22

Refrain: In the wee small hours of the morning
While the whole wide world is fast asleep.
You lie awake and think about the girl
And never ever think of counting sheep.
When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be hers if only she would call.
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all.

1-35

1-35

2-33

Indian Love Call (1924)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II & Otto Harbach (m) Rudolf Friml
(I) Operetta *Rose Marie* by Dennis King & Mary Ellis (R) 1936 film
version by Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald (R) 1952 by Slim
Whitman (used to vanquish the Martians in the 1996 film *Mars
Attacks*) (R) 1954 film version by Ann Blyth and Fernando Lamas

Refrain: When I'm calling you Oo-Oo-Oo,-Oo, Oo-Oo.
Will you answer too? Oo-Oo-Oo, Oo-Oo-Oo?
That means I offer my love to you to be your own.
If you refuse me, I will be blue and waiting all alone
But if when you hear my love call ringing clear,
And I hear your answering echo so dear,
Then I will know our love will become true.
You'll belong to me, I'll belong to you.

Indian Summer (1939)

(w) Al Dubin (m) Victor Herbert (P) Tommy Dorsey Orchestra /
Frank Sinatra. **No. 1 Chart Record**

Summer, you old Indian Summer,
You're the tear that comes after June-time's laughter.
You see so many dreams that don't come true,
Dreams we fashioned when Summertime was new.
You are here to watch over some heart that is broken
By a word that somebody left unspoken.
You're the ghost of a romance in June going astray,
Fading too soon, that's why I say,
"Farewell to you, Indian Summer."

Irish Lullaby

See *Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral* on page 141.

Is It True What They Say About Dixie? (1936)

(wm) Irving Caesar, Gerald Marks, Sammy Lerner (P) Al Jolson
(CR) Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra (CR) The Mills Brothers

Refrain: Is it true what they say about Dixie?
Does the sun really shine all the time?
Do the sweet magnolias blossom at ev'rybody's door?
Do folks keep eating possum till they can't eat no more?
Is it true what they say about Swanee?
Is a dream by that stream so sublime?
Do they laugh, do they love, like they say in ev'ry song?
If it's true, that's where I belong.

Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby? (1944)

(w) Billy Austin (m) Louis Jordan (I) Louis Jordan and his Tympany
Five

Verse: I got a gal who's always late,
Ev'ry time we have a date. But I love her, yes I love her.
I'm gonna walk right up to her gate,
To see if I can get it straight.
'Cause I want her, I'm gonna ask her:

2-34 **Refrain:** Is you is or is you ain't my baby?
The way you're acting lately makes me doubt.
You have always been my baby, baby.
Seems the flame in your heart has gone out.

Well a girl is a creature who has always been strange.
Just when you think you're hers, you know,
She's gone and made a change. So
Is you is or is you ain't my baby?
Has my baby found somebody new?
Or is my baby still my baby true?

It Could Happen to You (1944)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Film: *And the Angels
Sing* by Dorothy Lamour and Fred MacMurray. (P) Jo Stafford.
(CR) Bing Crosby (CR) Kitty Kallen (CR) Peggy Lee.

1-35 Hide your heart from sight, lock your dreams at night
It could happen to you
Don't count stars or you might stumble
Someone drops a sigh and down you'll tumble
Keep an eye on spring, run when church bells ring
It could happen to you
All I did was wonder how your arms would be
And it happened to me

It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing) (1932)

(w) Irving Mills (m) Duke Ellington. (P) Duke Ellington and his
Orchestra, vocal by Ivie Anderson. (CR) Tony Bennett.

2-68 **Refrain:**
It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing,
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wab
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wah
It don't mean a thing, all you gotta do is swing,
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wab
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wah
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wah
Makes no difference if it's sweet or hard
You just give that rhythm everything you got
It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing,
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wab
Doo-wab-di-wab doo-wab-di-wah

2-34 What good is music? What good is melody
If it ain't possessing something sweet?
It ain't the music. It ain't the melody,
Theres something else that makes that tune complete
[Refrain]

It Had to Be You (1924)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Isham Jones (I) Isham Jones and his Orchestra
(P) Cliff Edwards (CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1941
by Artie Shaw (RR) 1944 by Helen Forrest & Dick Haymes
(RR) 1951 film: *I'll See You in My Dreams* by Danny Thomas

Verse: Why do I do just as you say?
Why must I just give you your way?
Why do I sigh, Why don't I try to forget?
It must have been that something lovers call fate,
Kept on saying I had to wait.
I saw them all, Just couldn't fall till we met.

Chorus: It had to be you, it had to be you
I wandered around and finally found
The somebody who could make me be true
Could make me be blue and even be glad, just to be sad
Thinking of you

Some others I've seen, might never be mean
Might never be cross or try to be boss
But they wouldn't do for nobody else gave me a thrill
With all your faults I love you still
It had to be you, wonderful you, it had to be you

It Happened in Monterey (1930)

(w) Billy Rose (m) Mabel Wayne (I) film *The King of Jazz* by John
Boles & Jeanette Loff. (P) Paul Whiteman Orchestra (CR) Ruth Etting

Refrain: It happened in Monterey a long time ago.
I met her in Monterey in old Mexico.
Stars and steel guitars and luscious lips, as red as wine
Broke somebody's heart, and I'm afraid that it was mine.
It happened in Monterey, and without thinking twice
I left her and threw away the key to paradise.
My indiscreet heart longs for the sweetheart
That I left in old Monterey.

It Might As Well Be Spring (1945)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Film: *State Fair* by
Louanne Hogan dubbing for Jeanne Crain. **Academy Award winner.**
(P) Dick Haymes. (CR) Rosemary Clooney

Refrain: I'm as restless as a willow in windstorm,
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string
I'd say that I had spring fever, but I know it isn't spring.
I am starry-eyed and vaguely discontented
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.
Oh, why should I have spring fever
When it isn't even spring?
I keep wishing I were someone else
Walking down a strange new street
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I've yet to meet.
I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams.
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.

1-35

I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud
Or a robin on the wing.
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way
That it might as well be spring. It might as well be spring.

It Never Entered My Mind (1940)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *Higher and Higher*
by Shirley Ross. Most popular recording by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Mel
Tormé.

Once I laughed when I heard you saying
That I'd be playing solitaire, uneasy in my easy chair
It never entered my mind

Once you told me I was mistaken
That I'd awaken with the sun
And order orange juice for one, it never entered my mind

You have what I lack myself
And now I even have to scratch my back myself.

Once you warned me that if you scorned me
I'd sing a lonely prayer again
And wish that you were there again
To get into my hair again, it never entered my mind

2-34

It's a Blue World (1939)

(wm) Bob Wright & Chet Forrest (I) Film: *Music in My Heart* by
Tony Martin. (P) Tony Martin (CR) Glenn Miller Orchestra

It's a blue world without you.
It's a blue world alone.
My days and nights that once were filled with heaven,
With you away, how empty they have grown.

It's a blue world from now on;
It's a through world for me.
The sea, the sky, my heart and I, were all an indigo hue.
Without you it's a blue, blue world.

1-36

2-35

It's a Grand Night for Singing (1945)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Film: *State Fair*.
(P) Dick Haymes

It's a grand night for singing! The moon is flying high.
And somewhere a bird who is bound he'll be heard
Is throwing his heart at the sky.
It's a grand night for singing! The stars are bright above.
The earth is aglow and to add to the show,
I think I am falling in love. Falling, falling in love.

Maybe it's more than the moon,
Maybe it's more than the birds,
Maybe it's more than the sight of the night
In a light too lovely for words!
Maybe it's more than the earth, shiny in silvery blue.
Maybe the reason I'm feeling this way
Has something to do with you!

2-35

It's a Most Unusual Day (1948)

(m) Jimmy McHugh (w) Harold Adamson (I) 1948 film: *A Date with Judy* by Jane Powell (P) Ray Noble Orchestra (R) June Christy

It's a most unusual day.
Feel like throwing my worries away.
As an old native-born Californian would say,
It's a most unusual day.
There's a most unusual sky,
Not a sign of a cloud passing by.
And if I want to sing, throw my heart in the ring,
It's a most unusual day.

There are people meeting people.
There is sunshine ev'ry where.
There are people greeting people,
And a feeling of spring in the air.
It's a most unusual time.
I keep feeling my temp'ature climb.
If my heart won't behave in the usual way,
Well, there's only one thing to say:
It's a most unusual, most unusual, most unusual day.

It's a Sin to Tell a Lie (1936)

(wm) Billy Mayhew (I) Kate Smith (P) Fats Waller **No. 1 chart record** (RR) 1955 with this patter by Somethin' Smith and the Redheads (CR) Billie Holiday

Be sure it's true when you say "I love you."
It's a sin to tell a lie.
Millions of hearts have been broken
Just because these words were spoken. "I love you,
Yes I do I love you.
If you break my heart I'll die."
So be sure that it's true when you say "I love you."
It's a sin to tell a lie.

Patter:

Cross my heart and I hope to die
I'll never, never, ever tell another white lie.
Took a little doll out on a date last night
Next to her, "Gravel Gertie" would have looked all right.
Now I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea
'cause I said "Baby, you look good to me."
I told her I loved her but, oh, how I lied.
And now she's gettin' set to be my blushin' bride.
If she leads me to the altar, then I'm sunk.
'cause I can't tell the preacher I was drunk.
So Lord have mercy on a no 'count sinner,
Give me one more chance to let another guy win 'er
Cross my heart and I hope to die
I'll never, never, EVER tell another white lie.

I will never tell another white lie.

2-35 It's Been a Long, Long Time (1945)

1-36

2-36

(m) Jule Styne (w) Sammy Cahn (I) Phil Brito. (P) Harry James Orchestra / Kitty Kallen. (CR) Bing Crosby

Refrain: Just kiss me once, Then kiss me twice,
Then kiss me once again. It's been a long, long, time.
Haven't felt like this, my dear,
Since can't remember when. It's been a long, long, time.

You'll never know how many dreams
I dreamed about you.
Or just how empty they all seemed without you.
So, kiss me once, then kiss me twice,
Then kiss me once again. It's been a long, long, time.

It's De-Lovely (1936)

1-36

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Red Hot and Blue* by Ethel Merman & Bob Hope (P) Ethel Merman (RR) Film: *Anything Goes* by Mitzi Gaynor & Donald O'Connor. (RR) 2004 Film *De-Lovely* (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

*I feel a sudden urge to sing
the kind of ditty that invokes the spring
So control your desire to curse while I crucify the verse
This verse I started seems to me
the tinpantheses of melody
So to spare you all the pain,
I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.*

Chorus 1: The night is young, the skies are clear
And if you want to go walking dear
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental 'cause so am I
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely
You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance
You can hear dear Mother Nature
Murmuring low, "Let yourself go"
So please be sweet my chickadee
And when I kiss you, just say to me
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable
It's delirious, it's dilemma, it's delimit
It's deluxe, it's delovely"

Chorus 2: Time marches on and soon its plain
You've won my heart and I've lost my brain.
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely.
Life seems so sweet that we decide it's in the bag to get unified.
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely.
See that crowd at the church.
See that proud parson plopped on his perch.
Hear that sweet beat of the organ sealing our doom:
Here comes the groom! How they cheer and how they smile
As we go galloping down the aisle.
It's divine, dear. It's diveen, dear. It's de-wundebär. It's
de-victory. It's de-winner. It's de-wallop. It's de-woiks.
It's delovely.

(continued)

Chorus 3: The knot is tied and so we take
 A few hours off to eat wedding cake.
 It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely.
 It feels just fine to be a bride.
 And how's the groom? Why, he's slightly fried.
 It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely.
 To the pop of champagne
 Off we hop in our plush little plane, till a bright light
 Through the darkness cozily calls, "Niagara Falls!"
 Well, my love, our day's complete.
 And what a beautiful bridal suite.
 It's de-reamy. It's de-rowsy. It's de-reverie. It's de-rhapsody.
 It's de-regal. It's de-royal. It's de-Ritz.
 It's delovely.

It's Later Than You Think

See *Enjoy Yourself* on page 39.

It's Magic (1948)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jule Styne (I) film *Romance on the High Seas*
 by Doris Day in her first movie ever.

Refrain: You sigh, the song begins,
 You speak and I hear violins, It's magic.
 The stars desert the skies
 And rush to nestle in your eyes, it's magic.

Without a golden wand or mystic charms
 Fantastic things begin when I am in your arms.
 When we walk hand in hand,
 The world becomes a wonderland. It's magic.
 How else can I explain
 Those rainbows when there is no rain? It's magic.
 Why do I tell myself these things that happen are all really true?
 When in my heart I know the magic is my love for you.

It's Only a Paper Moon (1933)

(w) Billy Rose, E. Y. Harburg (m) Harold Arlen (I) Film: *Take a Chance*
 by June Knight & Buddy Rogers (P) Nat King Cole. (CR) The
 Mills Brothers (RR) 1945 by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra

Say it's only a paper moon sailing over a cardboard sea
 But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me
 Yes it's only a canvas sky hanging over a muslin tree
 But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me

Without your love, it's a honky tonk parade
 Without your love, it's a melody played in a penny arcade
 It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be
 But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me

Jailhouse Rock (1957)

(wm) Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. (I) Film: *Jailhouse Rock* by Elvis
 Presley. (P) Elvis Presley. **No. 1 Chart Record.**

The warden threw a party in the county jail
 The prison band was there and they began to wail
 The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing
 You should've heard those knocked out jailbirds sing
 Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
 Everybody in the whole cell block
 Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone
 Little Joe was blowin' on the slide trombone
 The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang
 The whole rhythm section was a purple gang
 Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
 Everybody in the whole cell block
 Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Number 47 said to number 3
 "You're the cutest jailbird I ever did see
 I sure would be delighted with your company
 Come on and do the Jailhouse Rock with me"
 Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
 Everybody in the whole cell block
 Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Sad Sack was sittin' on a block of stone
 Way over in the corner weepin' all alone
 The warden said, "Hey, buddy, don't you be no square
 If you can't find a partner use a wooden chair"
 Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
 Everybody in the whole cell block
 Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Shifty Henry said to Bugs, "For Heaven's sake
 No one's lookin', now's the chance to make a break"
 Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said, "Nix nix
 I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks"
 Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
 Everybody in the whole cell block
 Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock
 Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock (*repeat and fade*)

Jamaica Farewell (1955)

(wm) Lord Burgess (P) Harry Belafonte

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain tops
I took a trip on a sailing ship and when I reached Jamaica
I made her stop

Chorus:

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Down at the market you can hear ladies cry out
While on their heads they bear
Ackee, rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year [Chorus]

Sound of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swaying to 'n' fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico [Chorus]

Jambalaya (On the Bayou) (1952)

(wm) Hank Williams (P) Jo Stafford. (RR) 1960 by Bobby Comstock
(RR) 1962 by "Fats" Domino (RR) 1972 by Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
(RR) 1973 by Blue Ridge Rangers

Verse 1: Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Chorus:

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see, my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Verse 2:

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Verse 3:

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
Swap my mon t' buy Yvonne what she need-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

1-37 Jealous (1924)

(w) Dick Finch, Tommie Malie (m) Jack Little (P) Marion Harris
(CR) Ben Selvin Orchestra; Fletcher Henderson Orchestra (R) 1952
film *Somebody Loves Me* by Betty Hutton

Refrain: I'm jealous of the moon that shines above
Because it smiles upon the one I love.
I'm jealous of the birdies in the trees;
They're always singing sweetest melodies.
I'm jealous of the pretty flowers too.
I miss the kiss they always get from you.
I'm jealous of the tick-tock on the shelf.
I'm even getting jealous of myself.

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair (1854)

(wm) Stephen C. Foster

Chorus 1: I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

Chorus 3: I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:
I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

Jeepers Creepers (1938)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Harry Warren (I) Film: *Going Places* by Louis
Armstrong (P) Louis Armstrong (CR) Al Donohue Orchestra

Jeepers creepers Where'd ya get those peepers
Jeepers creepers, Where'd ya get those eyes?
Gosh all get up, how'd they get so lit up?
Gosh all get up, how'd they get that size?

Golly gee when you turn those heaters on
Woe is me, got to put my cheaters on!
Jeepers creepers Where'd ya get those peepers
Oh those weepers, how they hypnotize!
Where'd ya get those eyes

2-38

2-37

1-37

1-37

Josephine, Please No Lean on the Bell (1945) 2-37

(wm) Ed G. Nelson, Harry Pease, Duke Leonard (P) Eddie Cantor (CR) Jimmy Durante (CR) 1946 Louis Prima (R) 1953 film *The Eddie Cantor Story* by Eddie Cantor dubbing for Keefe Brasselle

Verse 1: Josephine and Joe were so in love,
Oh, so in love, so much in love.
In the hall for hours they would stay.
When Josephine came in, she'd hear her mother say:

Refrain 1: Josefina, please no lean-a on the bell.
When you moosh, please no poosh on the bell.
I heard Missus Caruso telling Missus O'Flynn,
Somebody keeps ringing, but nobody comes in.
You can squeeze all you please, that's all right.
But don't keep us from sleep ev'ry night.
When you kiss in the hall, stay away from the wall.
Josefina, please no lean-a on the bell.

Patter 1: When you come-a from work and you want-a the sup',
I'm-a cook-a the nice macaron'.
Then you make-a sit down, then you make the get up
For your feller he call on the phone.
You go to the park and you sit in the dark,
And you make what they call-a the pet.
It's a lip-a-stick here and a lip-a-stick there,
You no get it from eatin' spaghetti'!

Patter 2: You-a say-a good night about 'leven o'clock,
That's-a what a good gal-a should do.
But you take-a too long when you say the good night.
You no finish till half-a past two.
Say why you no bring-a your feller upstairs?
Ravioli with peppers I cook.
You can make-a the love with the kiss and the hug,
And the mom and the pop they no look.

Patter 3: Don't I bring-a you up and I make-a you fat,
With the soup and the pasta fazool?
Now you stay up-a late and it make-a you thin.
What's-a matter you make-a me fool?
Why you no get marriage and raise-a the fam'?'
Then I make-a you promise I keep:
I'll buy you the furnish' and pay for your rent.
Then we all-a can get-a the sleep.

Chorus 2: Josefina, please no lean-a on the bell.
When you moosh, please no poosh on the bell.
I heard Missus Calingo say she'd call the police.
The landlord he say he's gonna break-a the lease.
Hold the hand, that's-a grand and delish.
Tell this guy I guess I no capish.
You eat garlic so strong, how can he kiss so long?
Josefina, please no lean-a on the bell.

Just a Gigolo (1928)

"Schöner Gigolo," 1928 by (m) Leonello Casucci and (w) Julius Brammer (w Eng.) Irving Caesar, 1929

I Ain't Got Nobody (1916) 2-38

(wm) Spencer Williams & Roger Graham Disputed! This medley arranged by Sam Butera for Louis Prima. (RR) David Lee Roth, 1985; Lou Bega

Just a gigolo, everywhere I go
People know the part I'm playing.
Paid for every dance, selling each romance,
Every night some heart betraying.
There will come a day youth will pass away,
Then what will they say about me?
When the end comes I know
They'll say, "Just a gigolo," as life goes on without me
'Cause I ain't got nobody; and nobody cares for me.
I'm so sad and lonely.
Won't some sweet mama come and take a chance on me.
I'll sing sweet love songs all of the time,
If you'd come and be my sweet baby mine.
I ain't got nobody, and nobody cares for me.

Just a Wee Deoch An' Doris 2-72

See *A Wee Deoch An' Doris* on page 147.

Just In Time (1956) 1-38

(w) Betty Comden, Adolph Green (m) Jule Styne (I) Musical: *The Bells Are Ringing* by Judy Holliday & Sidney Chaplin. Film version by Judy Holliday and Dean Martin (CR) Dave Chaplin (CR) Lena Horne (CR) Tony Bennett

Just in time. I found you just in time.
Before you came my time was running low. I was lost.
The losing dice were tossed. My bridges all were crossed,
Nowhere to go.

Now you're here and now I know just where I'm going.
No more doubt or fear, I've found my way.
For love came just in time. You found me just in time
And changed my lonely life that lovely day.

Just One of Those Things (1935)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Jubilee* by June Knight & Charles Walters (P) Richard Humber Orchestra (RR) 1952 by Peggy Lee. (RR) 1960 film: *Can Can* by Maurice Chevalier (CR) Ella Fitzgerald (CR) Lena Horne

Chorus: It was just one of those things,
Just one of those crazy flings, one of those bells
That now and then rings, just one of those things.
It was just one of those nights, just one of those fabulous flights,
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings, just one of those things.
If we'd thought a bit of the end of it
When we started painting the town,
We'd have been aware that our love affair
Was too hot not to cool down. So good-bye, dear, and amen.
Here's hoping we meet now and then.
It was great fun, but it was just one of those things.

Just You, Just Me (1929)

(w) Raymond Klages (m) Jesse Greer aka Josephine Harmon (I) film *Marianne* by Marion Davies & Cliff Edwards

Just you, just me.
Let's find a cozy spot to cuddle and coo. Just us, just we.
I've missed an awful lot my trouble is you. Oh, gee!
What are your charms for? What are my arms for?
Use your imagination! Just you, just me
I'll tie a lover's knot around wonderful you.

Kansas City (1943)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *Oklahoma!* by Lee Dixon, Betty Garde, and The Chorus. (R) 1955 Film: *Oklahoma!* by Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, and The Men's Chorus.

I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y
By Saturday I lairned a thing or two
For up to then I didn't have an idy
Of whut the modren world was comin' to!
I counted twenty gas buggies goin' by theirselves
Almost ev'ry time I tuk a walk.
'Nen I put my ear to a Bell Telephone
And a strange woman started in to talk!
(*Whut next! Yeah whut! Whut next?*)
Ev'rythin's up to date in Kansas City
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high,
About as high as a buildin' oughter grow.
Ev'rythin's like a dream in Kansas City,
It's better than a magic lantern show!
Y' c'n turn the radiator on whenever you want some heat.
With ev'ry kind o' comfort ev'ry house is all complete.

1-38 You c'n walk to privies in the rain and never wet your feet!
First time: (*Yes sir!*)

They've gone about as fur as they c'n go,
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
Second time: They build them right inside the house
With everything complete
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go,
Repeat

Ev'rythin's up to date in Kansas City
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
They got a big theayter they call a burley-que.
Fer fifty cents you cud see a dandy show.
One of the gals was fat and pink and pretty,
As round above as she was round below.
I could swear that she was padded from her shoulder to her heel,
But later in the second act when she began to peel
She proved that everything she had was absolutely real!
She went about as fur as she could go, (*Yes sir!*)
She went about as fur as she could go!

Kentucky Rain (1970)

(wm) Eddie Rabbit and Dick Heard. (P) Elvis Presley.

Seven lonely days and a dozen towns ago
I reached out one night and you were gone
Don't know why you'd run, what you're running to or from
All I know is I want to bring you home

So I'm walking in the rain, thumbing for a ride
On this lonely Kentucky backroad
I've loved you much too long and my love's too strong
To let you go, never knowing what went wrong

Chorus: Kentucky rain keeps pouring down
And up ahead's another town that I'll go walking thru
With the rain in my shoes, searching for you
In the cold Kentucky rain, in the cold Kentucky rain
Showed your photograph to some old gray bearded man
Sitting on a bench outside a gen'ral store
They said "Yes, she's been here"
But their memory wasn't clear was it yesterday
No, wait the day before

I fin'ly got a ride with a preacher man who asked
"Where you bound on such a cold, dark afternoon?"
As we drove on thru the rain as he listened I explained
And he left me with a prayer that I'd find you [**Chorus**]

King of the Road (1964)

(wm) Roger Miller (P) Roger Miller **NARAS Award Winner**

Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let fifty cents
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes
Aw, but, two hours of pushing broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man of means by no means, king of the road
Third boxcar midnight train, destination: Bangor, Maine
Old worn out suit and shoes, I don't pay no union dues
I smoke old stogies I have found,
Short, but not too big around
I'm a man of means by no means, king of the road

I know ev'ry engineer on every train
All of the children and all of their names
Every handout in every town
And ev'ry lock that ain't locked when no one's around

I sing trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let fifty cents
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes
Aw, but, two hours of pushing broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man of means by no means, king of the road

Kiss to Build a Dream On, A (1935)

(w) Bert Kalmar & Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Harry Ruby (I) 1951 film *The Strip* by Louis Armstrong, recording reused in 1993 film *Sleepless in Seattle*. (**Trivia:** Written for film *A Night at the Opera* with different lyrics entitled "Moonlight on the Meadow," but never used.)

Give me a kiss to build a dream on, and my imagination will thrive upon that kiss.
Sweetheart, I ask no more than this, a kiss to build a dream on.
Give me a kiss before you leave me and my imagination will feed my hungry heart.
Leave me one thing before we part, a kiss to build a dream on.

When I'm alone with my fancies, I'll be with you,
Weaving romances, making believe they're true.
Give me your lips for just a moment and my imagination will make that moment live.
Give me what you alone can give, a kiss to build a dream on.

La Mer

See *Beyond the Sea* on page 14.

1-38 La Vie En Rose (1947)

(w) Edith Piaf (m) Louiguy (I) Edith Piaf (CR) Doriss (CR) Louis Armstrong (CR) Raymond Legrand

Verse 1: Des yeux qui font baisser les miens,
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,
Voilà le portrait sans retouche.
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Refrain: Quand il me prend dans ses bras,
Il me parle tout bas, je vois la vie en rose.
Il me dit des mots d'amour,
Des mots de tous les jours. Et ça me fait quelque chose.
Il est entré dans mon coeur, une part de bonheur dont je connais la cause.
C'est lui pour moi, Moi pour lui dans la vie.
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie.
Et dès que je l'aperçois alors je sens en moi
Mon coeur qui bat

English

Verse: I thought that love was just a word
Sung about in songs. I heard.
Feelings could reveal that I was wrong
And it was real.

2-38 *Chorus:* Hold me close and hold me fast,

The magic spell you cast
This is la vie en rose.
When you kiss me, heaven sighs.
And though I close my eyes,
I see la vie en rose.
When you press me to your heart,
I'm in a world apart,
A world where roses bloom.

And when you speak, angels sing from above.
Everyday words seem to turn into love songs.
Give your heart and soul to me.
And life will always be
La vie en rose.

2-7

Lady Is a Tramp, The (1937)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Babes in Arms* by Mitzi Green. Recorded by Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. Also by Sophie Tucker (RR) 1948 Film: *Words and Music* by Lena Horne (RR) 1957 Film: *Pal Joey* by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

I've wined and dined on mulligan stew
And never wished for turkey.

As I hitched and hiked and grifted too
From Maine to Albuquerque.

Alas I missed the Beaux Arts Ball
and what is twice as sad,

I was never at a party
where they honored Noel Ca' ad.
But social circles spin too fast for me.
My "hobohemia" is the place to be.

Refrain 1: I get too hungry for dinner at eight
I like the theatre, but never come late
I never bother with people I hate
That's why the lady is a tramp
I don't like crap games with barons and earls
Won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like the free fresh wind in my hair
Life without care, I'm broke, it's oke
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp

Refrain 2: I go to Coney, the beach is divine.
I go to ball games, the bleachers are fine.
I follow Winchell and read every line.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
I like a prize fight that isn't a fake.
I love the rowing on Central Park lake.
I go to opera and stay wide awake.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

I like the green grass under my shoes.
What can I lose? I'm flat. That's that!
I'm all alone when I lower my lamp.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

Last Rose of Summer (1805)

(w) Thomas Moore (m) John Stevenson. (P) The Irish Tenors.

Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead

1-39

So soon may I follow when friendships decay
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away
When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are flown
Oh! Who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

Laughing on the Outside (1946)

(w) Ben Raleigh (m) Bernie Wayne (I) Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra. (P) Dinah Shore (CR) Andy Russell. (CR) The Four Aces. (CR) Nat King Cole.

The crowd sees me out dancing carefree and romancing
Happy with my someone new
I'm laughing on the outside crying on the inside
'Cause I'm still in love with you

They see me night and daytime having such a gay time
They don't know what I go through
I'm laughing on the outside crying on the inside
'Cause I'm still in love with you

No one knows it's just a pose
Pretending I'm glad we're apart
And when I cry, my eyes are dry
The tears are in my heart

My darling, can't we make up?
Ever since our breakup, make believe is all I do
I'm laughing on the outside crying on the inside
'Cause I'm still in love, I am still in love with you

Laura (1945)

2-39

(m) David Raksin (w) Johnny Mercer (I) 1945 film *Laura* (P) Woody Herman Orchestra (The lyrics were written after the release of the movie) (CR) Charlie Spivak and his Orchestra

Refrain: Laura is the face in the misty light,
Footsteps that you hear down the hall.
The laugh that floats on a summer night,
That you can never quite recall.
And you see Laura on the train that is passing through.
Those eyes, how familiar they seem.
She gave your very first kiss to you.
That was Laura, but she's only a dream.

Lazy River (1931)

1-39

(wm) Hoagy Carmichael & Sidney Arodin (I) Hoagy Carmichael and his Orchestra (RR) 1946 film: *The Best Years of Our Lives* by Hoagy Carmichael (RR) 1952 The Mills Brothers (RR) 1961 by Si Zentner and his Orchestra **NARAS Award Winner** (CR) 1961 by Bobby Darin

Up a lazy river by the old mill run
That lazy, lazy river in the noon day sun
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree
Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me

Up a lazy river where the robin's song
Awakes a bright new morning
We can loaf along, blue skies up above
Ev'ryone's in love, up a lazy river
How happy you can be, up a lazy river with me

Let Me Call You Sweetheart (1910)

(wm) Beth Slater Whitson, Leo Friedman (I) The Peerless Quartet

Chorus: Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too
Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so true
Let me call you sweetheart I'm in love with you

Let Me Entertain You (1959)

(m) Jule Styne (w) Stephen Sondheim (I) Musical: *Gypsy* by Jacqueline Mayro, then Sandra Church

Let me entertain you. Let me make you smile.
Let me do a few tricks,
Some old and then some new tricks, I'm very versatile.
And if you're real good, I'll make you feel good.
I want your spirits to climb.
So, let me entertain you and we'll have a real good time,
Yes, sir! We'll have a real good time.

Let's Call the Whole Thing Off (1937)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin. (I) Film: *Shall We Dance* by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (P) Fred Astaire. (CR) Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra.

He:

Things have come to a pretty pass, our romance is growing flat,
For you like this and the other while I go for this and that.
Goodness knows what the end will be;
Oh, I don't know where I'm at...
It looks as if we two will never be one, something must be done.
You say either and I say eyether,
You say neither and I say nyther;
Either, eyether, neether, nyther, Let's call the whole thing off!
You like potato and I like potaeto,
You like tomato and I like tomaeto;
Potato, potaeto, tomato, tomaeto! Let's call the whole thing off!
But oh! If we call the whole thing off then we must part.
And oh! If we ever part, then that might break my heart!
So, if you like pajamas and I like pajahmas,
I'll wear pajamas and give up pajahmas.
For we know we need each other,
So we better call the calling off off.
Let's call the whole thing off!

She: You say laughter and I say lawfter,

You say after and I say awfter;
Laughter, lawfter, after, awfter, Let's call the whole thing off!

You like Havanah and I like Havahnah
You eat banana and I eat banahnah
Havanah, Havahnah, banana, banahnah
Let's call the whole thing off!

But oh! If we call the whole thing off then we must part.
And oh! If we ever part then that might break my heart!
So, if you like oysters and I like orsters

1-40 I'll take oysters and give up orsters.
For we know we need each other,
So we better call the calling off off!
Let's call the whole thing off!

Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love) (1928)

(wm) Cole Porter. (w) compiled and edited by Paul Rose and Tony Lewis for this book. (I) Play with words: *Paris* by Irene Bordoni and Arthur Margetson. Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. (R) 1960 film: *Can Can* by Frank Sinatra. Most popular recording by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald (CR) Nat King Cole.

When the little Bluebird who has never said a word
Starts to sing: "Spring, spring"
When the little Bluebell, in the bottom of the dell
Starts to ring: "Ding, ding"
When the little blue clerk, in the middle of his work,
Starts a tune to the moon up above
It is nature, that's all, simply telling us to fall in love

And that's why birds do it, bees do it
Even educated fleas do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love
In Spain, the best upper sets do it, Lithuanians and Letts do it,
Let's do it. Let's fall in love
The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it, not to mention the Greeks
Folks in Iceland do it, it stays dark there for weeks
Some Argentines without means do it
People say in Boston even beans do it
Let's do it. Let's fall in love

Romantic sponges, they say, do it
Oysters, down in Oyster Bay, do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love
Cold Cape Cod clams 'gainst their wish, do it
Even lazy jellyfish do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love
Electric eels, I might add, do it though it shocks them I know
Why ask if shad do it, waiter, bring me shad roe.
In shallow shoals, English soles do it
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it
Let's do it. Let's fall in love

The chimpanzees in the zoos, do it,
Some courageous kangaroos do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love
I'm sure giraffes on the sly do it
Heavy hipopotami do it, Let's do it. let's fall in love
Old sloths who hang down from twigs do it
Though the effort is great
Sweet guinea pigs do it; buy a couple and wait
The world admits bears in pits do it,
Even pekineses in the Ritz do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love.

The nightingales in the dark do it
Larks crazy for a lark do it, Let's do it. Let's fall in love
Canaries caged in the house do it
When they're out of season grouse do it
Let's do it. Let's fall in love.
The most sedate barnyard fowls do it when a chanticleer cries.
Highbrowed old owls do it; they're supposed to be wise
Penguins in flocks on the rocks do it
Even little cuckoos in their clocks do it
Let's do it. Let's fall in love

Let's Face the Music and Dance (1936)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Film: *Follow the Fleet* by Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers

There may be trouble ahead,
But while there's music and moonlight and love and romance,
Let's face the music and dance.
Before the fiddlers have fled, before they ask us to pay the bill,
And while we still have that chance,
Let's face the music and dance.

Soon, we'll be without the moon
Humming a different tune, and then...
There may be teardrops to shed,
But while there's music and moonlight and love and romance,
Let's face the music and dance.

Lida Rose / Will I Ever Tell You? (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by Bill Spangenberg, Wayne Ward, Al Shea, Vern Reed, Barbara Cook

Quartet: Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose
To get the sun back in my sky
Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose
About a thousand kisses shy, ding, dong, ding
I can hear the chapel bell chime, ding, dong, ding
At the least suggestion, I'll pop the question
Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose
Without a sweetheart to my name
Lida Rose, now ev'ry knows
That I am hoping you're the same
So here's my love song, Not fancy or fine
Lida Rose, oh won't you be mine

Marian Paroo: Dream of now dream of then.
Dream of a love song that might have been.
Do I love you? Oh yes I love you.
And I'll bravely tell you, but only when we dream again.
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
How sweet the mem'ries of long ago
Forever, oh yes forever will I ever tell you of love.

Life Could Be a Dream

See *Blue Moon Medley* on page 16.

Linda (1947)

(wm) Jack Lawrence (P) Buddy Clark with Ray Noble and his Orchestra. (CR) Charlie Spivak and his Orchestra.

He: Hello, cutie. What's your name?
She: Fresh! I don't talk to strangers.
He: Oh, I'm no stranger. Been waitin' every evening for you to walk by.
She: Keep waitin'. I'm still walkin'
He: Oh. What's your name?
She: None of your business
He: Pretty name, but I'll just call you "Linda"
She: Well, how did you guess?

1-40 When I go to sleep, I never count sheep
I count all the charms about Linda
And lately it seems in all of my dreams
I walk with my arms about Linda
But what good does it do me for Linda
Doesn't know that I exist?
Can't help feeling gloomy
Think of all the loving I have missed.
We pass on the street, my heart skips a beat
I say to myself, "Hello, Linda."
If only she'd smile, I'd stop for a while
And then I would get to know Linda
But miracles still happen
And when my lucky star begins to shine
With one lucky break, I'll make Linda mine

1-40 *She:* Well, this is where I live.
He: Well, could I see you again sometime.
She: Maybe.
He: How about Saturday night?
She: Well.
He: Shall I pick you up at eight?
She: Okay.
He: Oh, boy. That's a date.
She: Bye now.

Little Priest, A (1979)

(wm) Stephen Sondheim. (I) Musical: *Sweeney Todd* by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury.

Mrs. Lovett:
What are we going to do about the Eyetalian?
Todd: Later on, when it's dark, we'll take him out of the trunk and bury him.
Mrs. Lovett: Well, yes, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose he's got any relatives going to come poking around looking for him... (a chord of music)
Well, you know me. Bright ideas just pop into my head, and I keep thinking...
Seems a downright shame.
Todd: Shame?

1-9 *Mrs. Lovett:* Seems an awful waste.
Such a nice plump frame
Wot's 'is name has... had... has... nor it can't be traced.
Bus'ness needs a lift... Debts to be erased...
Think of it as thrift, as a gift...If you get my drift...
No? ... Seems an awful waste.
I mean, with the price of meat what it is,
When you get it, if you get it...
Todd: Ha!

(continued)

Mrs. Lovett: Good, you got it. Take, for instance,
Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop
Bus'ness never better, using only pussy cats and toast
And a pussy's good for maybe six or seven at the most
And I'm sure they can't compare as far as taste...

[Todd and Mrs. Lovett sing the next sections together]

Todd: Mrs. Lovett, what a charming notion,
Eminently practical and yet appropriate, as always,
Mrs. Lovett, how I've lived without you
All these years, I'll never know!
How delectable! Also undetectable
How choice! How rare!

Mrs. Lovett: Well it does seem a waste...
Think about it! Lots of other gentlemen'll
soon be coming for a shave. Won't they?
Think of all them pies!

Todd: For what's the sound of the world out there?
Mrs. Lovett: What, Mister Todd, What, Mister Todd,
What is that sound?

Todd: Those crunching noises pervading the air?
Mrs. Lovett: Yes, Mister Todd, Yes, Mister Todd,
Yes, all around...

Todd: It's man devouring man, my dear,
Both: And who are we to deny it in here?

Todd: Ah, these are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate
measures must be taken.

Mrs. Lovett: Here we are now, hot out of the oven.
Todd: What is that?

Mrs. Lovett: It's priest. Have a little priest.
Todd: Is it really good?

Mrs. Lovett: Sir, it's too good, at least.
Then again they don't commit sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.

Todd: Awful lot of fat.
Mrs. Lovett: Only where it sat.

Todd: Haven't you got poet or something like that?
Mrs. Lovett: No, you see the trouble with poet is,
How do you know it's deceased? Try the priest.

Todd: Um. Heavenly. Not as hearty as bishop perhaps, but then
not as bland as curate either.
Mrs. Lovett: Good for business too – always leaves you wanting
more. Trouble is, we only get it on Sundays...
Lawyer's rather nice.

Todd: If it's for a price.
Mrs. Lovett: Order something else, though, to follow,
Since no one should swallow it twice.

Todd: Have you any dean?
Mrs. Lovett: No, but, if you're British and loyal,
You might enjoy Royal Marine... Anyway, it's clean...
Though, of course, it tastes of wherever it's been...

Todd: Is that squire on the fire?
Mrs. Lovett: Mercy no, sir, look closer,
You'll notice it's grocer.
Todd: Looks thicker, more like vicar!
Mrs. Lovett: No, it has to be grocer – it's green!

Todd: The history of the world, my love –

Mrs. Lovett: Save a lot of graves,
Do a lot of relatives favors!

Todd: Is those below serving those up above!

Mrs. Lovett: Ev'rybody shaves,
So there should be plenty of flavors!

Todd: How gratifying for once to know

Both: That those above will serve those down below!

Mrs. Lovett: Now let me see... We've got tinker.

Todd: Something... pinker.

Mrs. Lovett: Tailor?

Todd: Paler.

Mrs. Lovett: Butler?

Todd: Subtler.

Mrs. Lovett: Potter?

Todd: Hotter.

Mrs. Lovett: Locksmith?

Lovely bit of clerk.

Todd: Maybe for a lark.

Mrs. Lovett: Then again there's sweep
if you want it cheap and you like it dark
Try the financier, peak of his career

Todd: That looks pretty rank

Mrs. Lovett: Well, he drank, it's a bank cashier

Last one really sold, wasn't quite so old.

Todd: Have you any Beadle?

Mrs. Lovett: Next week, so I'm told!

Beadle isn't bad till you smell it and notice 'ow well it's been
greased... Stick to priest!

Now then, this might be a little bit stringy,
but then of course it's... fiddle player

Todd: No, this isn't fiddle player – it's piccolo player

Mrs. Lovett: 'Ow can you tell?

Todd: It's piping hot!

Mrs. Lovett: Then blow on it first

Todd: The history of the world, my sweet –

Mrs. Lovett: Oh, Mr. Todd, ooh, Mr. Todd,
What does it tell?

Todd: Is who gets eaten, and who gets to eat!

Mrs. Lovett: And, Mr. Todd, too, Mr. Todd,
'ho gets to sell!

Todd: But fortunately, it's also clear

Both: That ev'rybody goes down well with beer!

Mrs. Lovett: Since marine doesn't appeal to you, 'ow about rear
admiral?

Todd: Too salty. I prefer a general.

Mrs. Lovett: With, or without his privates?

Todd: What is that?

Mrs. Lovett: It's fop. Finest in the shop.

And we have some shepherd's pie peppered with actual shepherd
on top!

And I've just begun – Here's the politician, so oily it's served
with a doily, Have one!

Todd: Put it on a bun.

Well, you never know if it's going to run!

Mrs. Lovett: Try the friar, fried, it's drier!

(continued)

Todd: No, the clergy is really too coarse and too mealy!

Mrs. Lovett: Then actor, that's compacter!

Todd: Yes, and always arrives overdone!

I'll come again when you have Judge on the menu!

Todd: Have charity towards the world, my pet!

Mrs. Lovett: Yes, yes, I know, my love!

Todd: We'll take the customers that we can get!

Mrs. Lovett: High-born and low, my love!

Todd: We'll not discriminate great from small!

No, we'll serve anyone, meaning anyone,

Both: And to anyone at all!

Little White Lies (1930)

2-39

(wm) Walter Donaldson (I) Fred Waring Orchestra (P) Dick Haymes,
1947 (CR) Dinah Shore, 1947

The moon was all aglow and heaven was in your eyes,

The night that you told me those little white lies.

The stars all seemed to know that you didn't mean all those sighs,

The night that you told me those little white lies.

I try, but there's no forgetting when evening appears.

I sigh, but there's no regretting in spite of my tears.

The devil was in your heart; but heaven was in your eyes,

The night you told me those little white lies.

Loch Lomond (c. 1749)

2-39

(wm) Anon., arising out of the Jacobite Rebellion (R) Judy Collins

Verse 1: By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,

Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

Chorus:

O' ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye.

But me and my true love will never meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

Verse 2: 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,

On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,

Where in deep purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,

And the moon coming oot in the gloaming.

Verse 3:

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,

And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,

But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,'

Though the waefu' may cease fae their greeting

Lonely Goatherd, The (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Mary Martin and The Children.

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Folks in a town that was quite remote heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay

O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay

A prince on the bridge of a castle moat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

Men on a road with a load to tote heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Men in the midst of a table d'hote heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

Men drinking beer with the foam afloat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo (coughs)

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

What a duet for a girl and goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hoo hoo

She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hmm hmm

What a duet for a girl and goatherd

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oh

Happy are they lay dee olay dee lee o...

o lay dee o lay dee o hee hoo

Soon the duet will become a trio

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oh

Odl lay ee, old lay ee (odl lay ee)

Odl lay hee hee, (odl lay hee hee)

Odl lay hee (odl lay hee),

Odl lay odl lay (odl lay odl lee)

Odl lay odl lee (odl lay odi lay)

Odl lay odl lee (odl lay odl lay)

Odl lay odl lay odl lay

Long Ago and Far Away (1944)

(m) Jerome Kern (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Film: *Cover Girl* by Gene Kelly

Chorus:

Long ago and far away, I dreamed a dream one day,
And now that dream is here beside me.
Long the skies were overcast.
But now the clouds have passed. You're here at last!
Chills run up and down my spine. Aladdin's lamp is mine.
The dream I dreamed was not denied me.
Just one look and then I knew
That all I longed for, long ago, was you.

L-O-V-E (1964)

(w) Milt Gabler (m) Bert Kaempfert (P) Nat King Cole

"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

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

Love and Marriage (1955)

(m) Jimmy Van Heusen (w) Sammy Cahn **Emmy winner** (I) Original
TV Musical: *Our Town* by Frank Sinatra (CR) The Ray Charles
Singers

Love and marriage, Love and marriage,
Go together like a horse and carriage.
This I tell ya, brother,
Ya can't have one without the other.
Love and marriage, Love and marriage,
It's an institute you can't disparage.
Ask the local gentry and they will say it's element'ry.
Try, try, try to separate them. It's an illusion.
Try, try, try and you will only come to this conclusion.
Love and marriage, Love and marriage,
Go together like a horse and carriage.
Dad was told by mother,
You can't have one, You can't have none,
You can't have one without the other.

Love for Sale (1930)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical *The New Yorkers* by Elizabeth Welch,
who replaced Kathryn Crawford after critics complained the lyrics
were too tasteless for a white woman to sing. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Refrain: Love for sale, appetizing young love for sale.
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled,
Love that's only slightly soiled,
Love for sale. Who will buy?

1-40 Who would like to sample my supply?

Who's prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise? Love for sale.

Let the poets pipe of love in their childish way.
I know ev'ry type of love better far than they.
If you want the thrill of love,
I've been through the mill of love,
Old love, new love, ev'ry love but true love.
Love for sale, appetizing young love for sale.
If you want to buy my wares,
Follow me and climb the stairs, Love for sale.
(Love for sale.)

1-40

Love Is a Many Splendored Thing (1955)

(w) Paul Francis Webster (m) Sammy Fain. **Academy Award
Winner.** (P) The Four Aces. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Don Cornell.
(CR) David Rose and his Orchestra.

Love is a many splendored thing
It's the April rose that only grows in the early spring
Love is nature's way of giving a reason to be living
The golden crown that makes a man a king

Bridge:

Once on a high and windy hill in the morning mist
Two lovers kissed and the world stood still
Then your fingers touched my silent heart
And taught it how to sing
Yes, true love's a many splendored thing

(Our) Love Is Here to Stay (1938)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Film: *The Goldwyn Follies*
by Kenny Baker (RR) 1951 film: *An American in Paris* by Gene Kelly
(This was George Gershwin's last song before his death) (CR) Ella
Fitzgerald (CR) The Ray Charles Singers (CR) Ginny Simms

Verse:

The more I read the papers, the less I comprehend
The world and all its capers and how it all will end.
Nothing seems to be lasting, but that isn't our affair.
We've got something permanent,
I mean in the way we care.

Chorus: 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
They're only made of clay, but our love is here to stay

1-41

Love Look Away (1958)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *Flower Drum Song* by Arabella Hong. (CR) Tony Bennett.

Love, look away. Love, look away from me
Fly when you pass my door. Fly and get lost at sea
Call it a day. Love, let us say we're through
No good are you for me. No good am I for you
Wanting you so, I try too much.
After you go, I cry too much
Love, look away. Lonely though I may be
Leave me and set me free
Look away, look away, look away from me

Love Me or Leave Me (1928)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Walter Donaldson (I) Musical: *Whoopie* by Ruth Etting. (P) Ruth Etting. (R) 1934 by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. (R) 1951 film: *I'll See You in My Dreams* by Patrice Wymore. (R) 1955 film: *Love Me or Leave Me* by Doris Day. (CR) Billie Holiday.

This affair is killin' me, I can't stand uncertainty
Tell me now; I've got to know
Whether you want me to stay or to go
Love me or leave me or let me be lonely
You won't believe me, I love you only
I'd rather be lonely than happy with someone else
You might find the night time, the right time for kissin'
But night time is my time for just reminiscin'
Regrettin' instead of forgettin' with somebody else
Bridge: There'll be no one unless that someone is you
I intend to be independently blue
I want your love, but I don't want to borrow
To have it today to give it back tomorrow
For your love is my love, there's no love for nobody else

Love Me Tender (1956)

(wm) Elvis Presley and Vera Matson. Adapted from Civil War song, Aura Lee. (P) Elvis Presley. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (R) 1963 by Richard Chamberlain. (R) 1967 by Percy Sledge.

Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go
You have made my life complete and I love you so
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darling, I love you, and I always will
Love me tender, love me long, take me to your heart
For it's there that I belong and will never part
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darling, I love you, and I always will
Love me tender, love me dear, tell me you are mine
I'll be yours through all the years, till the end of time
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darling, I love you, and I always will

When at last my dreams come true, darling, this I know
Happiness will follow you, everywhere you go
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darling, I love you, and I always will

Love Me With All Your Heart

2-15

See *Cuando Calienta el Sol* on page 30.

Love Walked In (1938)

1-41

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Film: *The Goldwyn Follies* by Kenny Baker (P) Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra. **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Louis Armstrong (RR) 1953 by The Hilltoppers

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away.
Love walked right in and brought my sunniest day.
One magic moment and my heart seemed to know
That love said, "hello" though not a word was spoken.
One look and I forgot the gloom of the past.
One look and I had found my future at last.
One look and I had found a world completely new
When love walked in with you.

Lover Man (Oh Where Can You Be) (1942)

(wm) Jimmy Davis, Roger Ramirez, and Jimmy Sherman. (P) Billie Holiday.

I don't know why, but I'm feeling so sad
I long to try something I've never had
Never had no kissin', oh, what I've been missin'
Lover man, oh, where can you be?

The night is cold and I'm so all alone
I'd give my soul just to call you now
Got a moon above me, but no one to love me
Lover man, oh, where can you be?

Bridge: I've heard it said that the thrill of romance
Can be like a heavenly dream
I go to bed with a prayer that you'll make love to me
Strange as it seems

Someday we'll meet and you'll dry all my tears
Then whisper sweet little things in my ears
Hugging and a-kissing, oh, what we've been missing
Lover man, oh, where can you be?

Lovesick Blues (1922)

(m) Cliff Friend (w) Irving Mills(?) (I) Jack Shea (R) Hank Williams, 1948

Chorus: I got a feelin' called the blues,
Since my baby said good-bye
Lawd, I don't know what I'll do;
All I do is sit and sigh, oh Lawd.
That last long day she said goodbye
Well, Lawd, I thought I would cry.
She'd do me, she'd do you,
She's got that kind of lovin', Lawd, I love to hear her
When she calls me sweet daddy.
Such a beautiful dream, I hate to think it's all over.
I lost my heart it seems.
I've grown so used to you somehow,
But I'm nobody's sugar daddy now.
And I'm lonesome, I got the lovesick blues.

Interlude:

I'm in love, I'm in love with a beautiful gal
That's what's the matter with me.
I'm in love, I'm in love with a beautiful gal
But she don't care about me.

Lawd, I tried and tried to keep her satisfied
But she just wouldn't stay.
So now that she is leavin', this is all I say: [*Chorus*]

Lullaby in Ragtime (1958)

(wm) Sylvia Fine (I) Film: *The Five Pennies* by Danny Kaye

Won't you play the music
So the cradle can rock to a lullaby in ragtime?
Sleepy hands are moving to the end of the clock.
Play a lullaby in ragtime.
You can tell the Sandman is on the way,
By the way, that they play.
Just as still—as the trill—of the thrush in the twilight hour.

So you can hear the rhythm of the ripple
On the side of the boat, as you sail away to dreamland.
High above the clouds you hear a silvery note
As the Sandman takes your hand.
So rock-a-bye my baby, don't you cry my baby.
Sleepy time draws nigh.
Won't you rock me to a ragtime lullaby!

Lullaby of Birdland (1952)

(m) George Shearing (w) B. Y. Forster (I) George Shearing
(CR) Sarah Vaughan and Clifford Brown

Lullaby of Birdland, that's what I always hear when you sigh.
Never in my word land could there be ways to reveal
In a phrase how I feel. Have you ever heard two turtle doves
Bill and coo when they love?
That's the kind of magic music we make with our lips
When we kiss.

2-40 And there's a weepy old willow, he really knows how to cry.
That's how I'd cry in my pillow
If you should tell me farewell and goodbye.
Lullaby of Birdland, whisper low,
Kiss me sweet and we'll go flyin' high in Birdland,
High in the sky up above (All because) we're in love.

Lullaby of Broadway (1933)

1-42

(m) Harry Warren (w) Al Dubin (I) Film: *42nd Street* by Wini Shaw.
Oscar Winner

Chorus 1:

Come on along and listen to the lullaby of Broadway.
The hip hooray and ballyhoo, the lullaby of Broadway.
The rumble of a subway train, the rattle of the taxis,
The daffydils who entertain at Angelo's and Maxie's.
When a Broadway baby says "Goodnight,"
It's early in the morning.
Manhattan babies don't sleep tight until the dawn:
Goodnight, Baby, goodnight, milkman's on his way.
Sleep tight, Baby, sleep tight, let's call it a day.

Chorus 2:

Come on along and listen to the lullaby of Broadway.
The hi-dee-hi and boop-a-doo, the lullaby of Broadway.
The band begins to go to town, and ev'ryone goes crazy.
You rockabye your baby 'round 'til ev'rything gets hazy.
"Hush-a-bye, I'll buy you this and that,"

1-41

You hear a daddy saying.
And baby goes home to her flat to sleep all day:
Goodnight, Baby, goodnight, milkman's on his way.
Sleep tight, Baby, sleep tight, let's call it a day.
Listen to the lullaby of old Broadway.

Lulu's Back in Town (1935)

2-41

(w) Al Dubin (m) Harry Warren (I) film *Broadway Gondolier* by Dick Powell (P) Dick Powell with The Mills Brothers. (CR) Fats Waller

Got to get my old tuxedo pressed
Got to sew a button on my vest
Cause tonight I gotta look my best, Lulu's back in town
Gotta find a half a buck somewhere
Gotta shine my shoes and slick my hair
Got to find myself a bouteneer, Lulu's back in town

You can tell all my pets, all my Harlem coquettes
[alternate: All my blondes and brunettes]
Mr. Otis regrets that he won't be around
You can tell the mailman not to call
'Cause I won't be back until the fall
And then again maybe not at all, Lulu's back in town

1-41

Lydia, the Tattooed Lady (1939)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Yip Harburg (I) Film: *At the Circus* by Groucho Marx(P) Bing Crosby and Groucho Marx

Lydia, oh Lydia. Say have you met Lydia?
Oh, Lydia, the tattooed Lady.
She has eyes that folks adore so, and a torso even more so.
Lydia, oh Lydia, that "Encyclopedia."
Oh Lydia, the queen of tattoo.
On her back is the Battle of Waterloo.
Beside it the Wreck of the Hesperus too.
And proudly above waves the Red, White and Blue.
You can learn a lot from Lydia.

[whistling] *[key change]*

She can give you a view of the world in tattoo
If you step up and tell her where.
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Par-ee
Or Washington crossing the Delaware.

[whistling] *[key change]*

Oh, Lydia oh Lydia. Say have you met Lydia?
Oh, Lydia, the tattooed Lady.
When her muscles start relaxin'
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.
Lydia, oh Lydia, that "Encyclopedia."
Oh Lydia, the champ of them all.
For two bits she will do a Mazurka in jazz,
With a view of Niag'ra that no artist has.
And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz.
You can learn a lot from Lydia.
La-la-la. La-la-la.

[key change] La-la-la. La-la-la.

Come along and see Buff'lo Bill with his lasso.
Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso.
Here is Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon.
And Godiva, but with her pajamas on.
La-la-la. La-la-la. La-la-la. La-la-la.
Here is Grover Whalen unveilin' the Trylon.
Over on the west coast we have Treasure Islan'.
Here's Nijinsky a doin' the Rhumba.
Here's her Social Security numba.
La-la-la. La-la-la.

[key change] La-la-la. La-la-la.

Lydia, oh Lydia. Say have you met Lydia?
Oh, Lydia, the champ of them all.
She once swept an Admiral clear off his feet.
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat.
And now the old boy's in command of the fleet.//
For he went and married Lydia.

1-42 Mack the Knife (1928)

(w-Eng) Marc Blitzstein. (m) Kurt Weill (I) Opera: *The Three Penny Opera* by Lotte Lenya. (P) Lotte Lenya. (R) 1956 by The Dick Hyman Trio. (CR) Richard Hayman and Jan August. (CR) Lawrence Welk. (CR) Les Paul. (R) 1959 by Bobby Darin. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (R) 1960 by Ella Fitzgerald. (R) 1986 by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars.

Oh, the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear
And it shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has old MacHeath, babe
And he keeps it out of sight
You know when that shark bites with his teeth, babe
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves though wears MacHeath, dear
So there's never, never a trace of red

On the sidewalk Sunday morning
Lies a body just oozin' life
And someone's sneakin' 'round the corner
Could that someone be old Mack the Knife?

There's a tugboat, by the river
Where a cement bag is drooppin' down
Yes the cement's just for the weight, dear
Bet ya Macky's back in town
Did ya hear about Louie Miller, he disappeared, dear
After drawin' out his hard earned cash
And now MacHeath spends just like a sailor
Could it be our boy did something rash?

Jenny Diver, Sukey Tawdry,
Lotte Lenya, sweet Lucy Brown
Oh, the line forms on the right, babe
Now that Macky's back in town
Look out, old Macky's back!!

Make Believe (1927)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Jerome Kern (I) Musical: *Showboat* by Howard Marsh & Norma Terris (RR) 1936 film: *Showboat* by Irene Dunne & Allan Jones (RR) 1946 film: *Till the Clouds Roll By* by Tony Martin & Kathryn Grayson (RR) 1951 film: *Showboat* by Howard Keel & Kathryn Grayson

[Lyrics changed from Alley book to match soundtrack]

Gaylord: Only make believe I love you,
Only make believe that you love me.
Others find peace of mind in pretending.
Couldn't you? Couldn't I? Couldn't we
Make believe our lips are blending
In a phantom kiss or two or three?
Might as well make believe I love you.
For to tell the truth, I do.

Magnolia:

The game of "just supposing"
Is the sweetest game I know.
Our dreams are more romantic than the world we see.

Gaylord:

And if the things we dream about don't happen to be so,
That's just an unimportant technicality.

Magnolia:

Though the cold and brutal fact is
You and I have never met,
We need not mind convention's P's and Q's.
If we put our thoughts in practice
We can banish all regret
Imagining most anything we choose.

We could make believe I love you,
Only make believe that you love me.

Gaylord: Others find peace of mind in pretending.
Couldn't you?

Magnolia: Couldn't I?

Both: Couldn't we

Gaylord: Make believe our lips are blending
In a phantom kiss or two or three?

Both: Might as well make believe I love you.
For to tell the truth, I do.

Make Someone Happy (1960)

(m) Jule Styne (w) Betty Comden & Adolph Green (I) Musical: *Do Re Mi* by John Reardon & Nancy Dussault

Make someone happy, make just one someone happy,
Make just one heart the heart you sing to.
One smile that cheers you,
One face that lights when it nears you,
One girl you're ev'rything to.

Fame, if you win it, comes and goes in a minute.
Where's the real stuff in life to cling to?
Love is the answer, someone to love is the answer.
Once you've found her, build your world around her.
Make someone happy, make just one someone happy,
And you will be happy too.

1-43 Makin' Whoopee (1928)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Walter Donaldson (I) Musical: *Whoopee* by Eddie Cantor (P) Eddie Cantor (CR) Ben Bernie and his Orchestra (RR) 1951 film: *I'll See You in My Dreams* by Doris Day & Danny Thomas (RR) 1953 film: *The Eddie Cantor Story* by the voice of Eddie Cantor on soundtrack (RR) 1965 by Ray Charles (CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra with Bing Crosby

Chorus 1: 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
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 what you get folks
For makin' whoopee.

Chorus 2: Another year or maybe less
What's this I hear? Well can'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 says
"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."

Mam'selle (1946)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Edmund Goulding (I) film *The Razor's Edge* by Orch. (P) Art Lund **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Frank Sinatra

A small café, Mam'selle. A rendezvous, Mam'selle.
The violins were warm and sweet, and so were you, Mam'selle.
And as the night danced by, a kiss became a sigh.
Your lovely eyes seemed to sparkle just like wine does.
No heart ever yearned the way that mine does for you.
And yet I know too well womeday you'll say goodbye.
Then violins will cry and so will I, Mam'selle.

1-43

2-41

1-43

Mame (1966)

(wm) Jerry Herman (I) Musical: *Mame* by Charles Braswell and The Company. (P) Louis Armstrong. (CR) Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass. (CR) Bobby Darin.

You coax the blues right out of the horn, Mame,
You charm the husk right off of the corn, Mame,
You've got the banjos strummin'
And plunkin' out a tune to beat the band,
The whole plantation's hummin'
Since you brought Dixie back to Dixie land.
You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame,
You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame,
Who ever thought a Yankee would put
Our little Dixie belles to shame.
You've made us feel alive again,
You've given us the drive again,
To make the South revive again, Mame.

You've brought the cake-walk back into style, Mame
You make the weepin' willow tree smile, Mame
Your skin is Dixie satin,
There's rebel in your manner and your speech,
You may be from Manhattan,
But Georgia never had a sweeter peach.
You make the old magnolia tree bud, Mame
You make camellias bloom in the mud, Mame
You make the bougainvillea turn purple
at the mention of your name
We're baking pecan pies again
Tonight the chicken fries again
This time the South will rise again, Mame

Spoken: Well, shut my mouth and freeze my face
You've brought some elegance to the place
There's sowbelly, hominy, catfish and tripe,

(sung) Mame

Well, shut my mouth and damn my eyes
You've made the price of tobacco rise
The old watermelon is suddenly ripe, *(sung)* Mame
And down on the levee a beautiful bevy of crinoline ladies has
flocked

The way that they're squealin', they give me the feelin' the
Robert E. Lee must a' docked.

The strummin' and ringin', the hummin' and singin' is startin' to
get out of hand

Sung: Since you brought Dixie back to Dixie land.

You make our black-eyed peas and our grits, Mame,
Seem like the bill of fare at the Ritz, Mame,
You came, you saw, you conquered
And absolutely nothing is the same.
You're special fascination'll prove to be inspirational,
We think you're just sensational, Mame.
Mame! Mame! Mame! Mame!

Since you brought Dixie back to Dixie land.
You coax the blues right out of the horn, Mame
You charm the husk right off of the corn, Mame
You've got the banjos stummin' and plunkin' out a tune to beat
the band
The whole plantations hummin' since you brought Dixie back to
Dixie land
You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame
You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame
Who ever thought a Yankee could put our little Dixie belles to
shame
You've made us feel alive again
You've given us the drive again
You've made the South revive again, Mame
Mame! Mame! Mame! Mame!

Man I Love, The (1924)

2-42

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Musical *Lady Be Good* by
Adele Astaire, but deleted in previews. (P) Helen Morgan (CR) Billie
Holiday

Chorus: Some day he'll come along, the man I love.
And he'll be big and strong, the man I love.
And when he comes my way,
I'll do my best to make him stay.
He'll look at me and smile; I'll understand.
And in a little while he'll take my hand.
And, though it seems absurd,
I know we both won't say a word.

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday,
Maybe Monday, maybe not.
Still I'm sure to meet him one day;
Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.
He'll build a little home, just meant for two,
From which I'll never roam. Who would, would you?
And so all else above
I'm waiting for the man I love.

Man That Got Away, The (1954)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Film: *A Star Is Born* by Judy Garland

The night is bitter. The stars have lost their glitter.
The winds grow colder. And suddenly you're older,
And all because of the man that got away.
No more his eager call, the writing's on the wall.
The dreams you dreamed have all gone astray.
The man that won you has run off and undone you.
That great beginning has seen the final inning.
Don't know what happened, it's all a crazy game.
No more that all-time thrill,
For you've been through the mill,
And never a new love will be the same.

Good riddance! Good-bye!
Ev'ry trick of his you're on to;
But fools will be fools, and where's he gone to?
The road gets rougher, it's lonelier and tougher.
With hope you burn up, tomorrow he may turn up.
There's just no let up the live-long night and day.
Ever since this world began, there is nothing sadder than
A one-man woman looking for the man that got away.
The man that got away.

Mañana (Is Soon Enough for Me) (1947)

(wm) Peggy Lee & Dave Barbour (I) Peggy "some of my best friends are ..." Lee **No. 1 chart record**

The faucet she is dripping and the fence she's fallin' down.
My pocket needs some money, so I can't go into town.
My brother isn't working and my sister doesn't care.
The car she needs a motor so I can't go anywhere.
Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.

My mother's always working, she's working very hard.
But every time she looks for me I'm sleeping in the yard.
My mother thinks I'm lazy and maybe she is right.
I'll go to work mañana but I gotta sleep tonight.
Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.

Oh, once I had some money but I gave it to my friend.
He said he'd pay me double, it was only for a lend.
But he said a little later that the horse she was so slow.
Why he give the horse my money is something I don't know.
Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.

My brother took a suitcase and he went away to school.
My father said he only learned to be a silly fool.
My father said that I should learn to make a chile pot.
But then I burned the house down, the chile was too hot.
Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.

The window she is broken and the rain is comin' in.
If someone doesn't fix it I'll be soaking to my skin.
But if we wait a day or two the rain may go away.
And we won't need a window on such a sunny day.
Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.
(Mañana, mañana, mañana is soon enough for me.)

1-44 Manhattan Serenade (1942)

(w) Harold Adamson (m) Louis Alter. (P) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. (CR) Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra. (CR) Dinah Shore.

I have a memory of a lovely refrain
And in my heart it will forever remain
Our song was like a blue white gem
My darling, do you remember?

That night in Manhattan was the start of it
We lived it and we loved every part of it
The glow of moonlight in the park
The lights that spell your name
The autumn breeze that fanned the spark
That set our hearts aflame

Bridge: Our kiss was a sky-ride to the highest star
We made it without touching a handlebar
And I gave you my love
To the melody of the music, the madness
That made our Manhattan serenade

Marcheta (1913)

(wm) Victor Schertzinger. (P) John McCormack. (CR) Gene Autry.

Marcheta, Marcheta
I still hear you callin' me back to your arms once again
I still feel the spell of your last kiss upon me
Since then, life has all been in vain

Bridge: All has been sadness without you, Marcheta
Each day finds me lonely and blue
My poor heart is broken
I want you, Marcheta. I need you, Marcheta, I do

Margie (1920)

(w) Benny Davis, (m) J. Russel Robinson, Con Conrad (P) Eddie Cantor **No. 1 chart record** (R)1934 Cab Calloway (R) 1938 Jimmy Lunceford, Trummy Young voc. (R) 1939 Don Redman Orchestra

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Margie!
I'll tell the world I love you; don't forget your promise to me,
I have bought a home and ring and ev'rything.
For Margie, you've been my inspiration, days are never blue.
After all is said and done, There is really only one,
Oh, Margie, Margie, it's you!

[Cantor's parody lyrics]: My little Margie,
I've even cut out liquor. Margie, one sip and I get sicker.
You are like a little doctor to me;
When I'm nervous, you just put me back in service.
Margie, in some café we'll wine and dine the whole night
through. And, Margie, when we've had our fill,
You know who'll pay the bill, Margie, Margie it's you.

2-42

Marie (1928)

(wm) Irving Berlin (P) Rudy Vallee (CR) Nat Shilkret and his Orchestra (R) 1937 by Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, vocal by Jack Leonard (R) 1947 Film: *The Fabulous Dorseys* by Bob Eberly, Janet Blair, Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (R) 1965 by The Bachelors

Marie, the dawn is breaking. Marie, you'll soon be waking
To find your heart is aching and tears, will fall, as you recall
The moon, in all its splendor. The kiss, so very tender.
The words, "Will you surrender to me, Marie?"

Matchmaker, Matchmaker (1964)

(w) Sheldon Harnick (m) Jerry Bock. (I) Musical: *Fiddler on the Roof* by Joanna Merlin, Julia Migenes, and Tanya Everett. 1971 Film by Rosalind Harris, Michelle Marsh, and Candy Bonstein.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match.
Find me a find, catch me a catch.
Matchmaker, matchmaker, look through your book
And make me a perfect match.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, I'll bring the veil.
You bring the groom, slender and pale.
Bring me a ring, for I'm longing to be the envy of all I see.

For Papa, make him a scholar.
For Mama, make him rich as a king.
For me, well, I wouldn't holler
If her were as handsome as anything.
Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match.
Find me a find, catch me a catch.
Night after night, in the dark, I'm alone.
So, find me a match of my own.

Tseitel: Chava, since when are you interested in a match? I thought you were just had your eye on your books. (*Hodel laughs; to Hodel*) Yes, and you have your eye on the rabbi's son.

Hodel: Why not? We only have one rabbi and he only has one son. Why shouldn't I want the best?

Tseitel: Because you're a girl from a poor family and whatever Yenta brings you'll take. Right? Of course, right.

Tseitel (singing)

Hodel, oh Hodel, have I made a match for you.
He's handsome! He's young! All right, he's 62.
But he's a nice man, a good catch. True? True!
I promise you'll be happy. And even if you're not,
There's more to life than that. Don't ask me what!

Chava! I've found him! Will you be a lucky bride!
He's handsome. He's tall! That is, from side to side.
But he's a nice man, a good catch, Right? Right!
You've heard he has a temper. He'll beat you every night.
But only when he's sober – so you're all right!

Did you think you'd get a prince? Well I do the best I can.
With no money, no dowry, no family background,
Be glad you got a man!

2-42 Matchmaker, matchmaker, you know that I'm
Still very young. Please, take your time.
Up to this minute, I've misunderstood
That I could get stuck for good.

Dear Yenta, see that he's gentle.
Remember, you were also a bride.
It's not that I'm sentimental. It's just that I'm terrified!

Matchmaker, matchmaker, plan me no plans.
I'm in no rush. Maybe I've learned
Playing with matches a girl can get burned.
So bring me no ring, groom me no groom,
Find me no find, catch me no catch.
Unless he's a matchless match!

Maybe This Time (1963)

1-44

(m) John Kander (w) Fred Ebb (RR) Film: *Cabaret* 1972 by Liza Minnelli

Maybe this time, I'll be lucky. Maybe this time, he'll stay.
Maybe this time, for the first time, love won't hurry away.
He will hold me fast. I'll be home at last.
Not a loser any more, like the last time and the time before.

Ev'rybody loves a winner, so nobody loved me.
Lady peaceful, lady happy, that's what I want to be.
Now all the odds are in my favor, something's bound to begin!
It's gotta happen, happen sometime,
Maybe this time, maybe this time I'll win.

[Up ½ step. Repeat from]

Ev'rybody loves a winner, so nobody loved me.
Lady peaceful, lady happy, that's what I want to be.
Now all the odds are in my favor, something's bound to begin!
It's gotta happen, happen sometime,
Maybe this time, maybe this time I'll win.

Maybe You'll Be There (1947)

2-42

(w) Sammy Gallop (m) Rube Bloom (P) Gordon Jenkins Orchestra (R) 2001 Diana Krall

Each time I see a crowd of people just like a fool I stop and stare.
It's really not the proper thing to do, but maybe you'll be there.
I go out walking after midnight along the lonely thoroughfare.
It's not the time or place to look for you,
But maybe you'll be there.

You said your arms would always hold me.
You said your lips were mine alone to kiss.
Now after all those things you told me, how can it end like this?
Some day if all my prayers are answered,
I'll hear a footstep on the stair.
With anxious heart I'll hurry to the door,
And maybe you'll be there.

Me and Bobby McGee (1971)

(wm) Kris Kristofferson, and Fred L. Foster. (P) Janis Joplin. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Jerry Lee Lewis.

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' fer the trains
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans
I took my mouth harp out of my old dirty red bandana
I was playing sad while Bobby sang the blues
With those windshield wipers slapping time
And Bobby's clapping hands
We finally sang every song that driver knew

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to loose
Nothing, ain't worth nothing, but it's free
Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
Feeling good was good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I done
And every night she kept me from the cold
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin' for the home, I hope she'll find
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to loose
Nothing left is all she left for me
Feelin' good was easy Lord when he sang the blues
Feelin' good was good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

Meditation (1962)

2-43

(m) Antonio Carlos Jobim (w) Newton Mendonça (w Eng) Norman Gimbel (I) Antonio Carlos Jobim & João Gilberto (R) 1967 Frank Sinatra w/ Jobim (CR) Doriss

In my loneliness when you're gone and I'm all by myself
And I need your caress, I just think of you.
And the thought of you holding me near
Makes my loneliness soon disappear.
Though you're far away, I have only to close my eyes
And you are back to stay. I just close my eyes,
And the sadness that missing you brings soon is gone
And this heart of mine sings.
Yes I love you so, and that for me is all I need to know.
I will wait for you till the sun falls from out of the sky
For what else can I do? I will wait for you,
Meditating how sweet life will be when you come back to me.

Meditação

Quem acreditou no amor no sorriso e na flor
Então sonhou sonhou, E perdeu a paz,
pois o amor o sorriso e a flor se transformam depressa demais

Quem no coração abrigou a tristeza de vêr
Tudo isso se perder e na solidão
Procurou um caminho e seguiu já descrente de um dia feliz
Quem, chorou, chorou e tanto que o seu pranto já secou.
Quem de pois voltou ao amor ao sorriso e a flor
Então tudo encontrou pois apropriador
Revelou caminho do amor e a tristeza acabou.

Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis (1904)

2-43

(w) Andrew B. Sterling (m) Kerry Mills (I) Unofficial theme song of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition (RR) 1944 film by Judy Garland and cast

Verse 1: When Louis came home to the flat
He hung up his coat and his hat.
He gazed all around but no wifey he found.
So he said, "Where can Flossy be at?"
A note on the table he spied.
He read it just once then he cried.
It read, "Louis dear, it's too slow for me here
So I think I will go for a ride:

Chorus: "Meet me in Saint Louis, Louis
Meet me at the fair.
Don't tell me the lights are shining any place but there.
We will dance the hoochie koochie,
I will be your tootsie wootsie.
If you will meet me in Saint Louis, Louis
Meet me at the fair."

Verse 2: The dresses that hung in the hall
Were gone, she had taken them all;
She took all his rings and the rest of his things –
The picture he missed from the wall.
"What! Moving?" the janitor said,
"Your rent is paid three months ahead."
"What good is the flat?" said poor Louis, "Read that."
And the janitor smiled as he read:

Memories Are Made of This (1955)

1-44

(wm) Terry Gilkyson, Richard Dehr, Frank Miller (P) Dean Martin **No. 1 Chart Record**

Take one fresh and tender kiss, add one stolen night of bliss
One girl, one boy, some grief, some joy;
Memories are made of this
Don't forget a small moonbeam, fold in lightly with a dream
Your lips and mine, two sips of wine, memories are made of this

Then add the wedding bells, one house where lovers dwell
Three little kids for the flavor, stir carefully thru the days
See how the flavor stays. These are the dreams you will savor
With His blessings from above. Serve it gen'rously with love
One man, one wife, one love thru life
Memories are made of this

Memory (1982)

(w) Trevor Nunn, T. S. Eliot (m) Andrew Lloyd Webber (I) Musical: *Cats* by Betty Buckley (P) Barbra Streisand. (CR) Barry Manilow

Midnight – Not a sound from the pavement
Has the moon lost her mem'ry, she is smiling alone.
In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet
And the wind begins to moan

Mem'ry – All alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the old days, I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the mem'ry live again

Ev'ry streetlamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning
Someone mutters and a streetlamp gutters
And soon it will be morning
Daylight – I must wait for the sunrise
I must think of a new life and I mustn't give in
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too
And a new day will begin

Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale, cold smell of morning
The streetlamp dies, another night is over
Another day is dawning

Touch me – It's so easy to leave me
All alone with the mem'ry of my days in the sun
If you touch me you'll understand what happiness is
Look a new day has begun

Memphis Blues, The (1909)

(w 1913) George A. Norton (m) W. C. Handy (I in vaudeville) by The Honey Boy Evans Minstrels. (First recording) The Victor Military Band (CR) Prince's Band (R) 1954 Louis Armstrong

Verse:

Folks I've just been down, down to Memphis town,
That's where the people smile, smile on you all the while.
Hospitality, they were good to me.
I couldn't spend a dime, and had the grandest time.
I went out a-dancing with a Tennessee dear,
They had a fellow there named Handy
With a band you should hear.
And while the whi' folks gently swayed,
All the band folks played real harmony.
I never will forget the tune that Handy called the Memphis Blues.
Oh, them blues.

Chorus:

They've got a fiddler there that always slickens his hair
And folks he sure do pull some bow and when the big Bassoon
Seconds to the Trombones croon, croon,
It moans just like a sinner on Revival Day, on Revival Day.
That melancholy strain, that ever haunting refrain
Is like a darkie's sorrow song.
Here comes the very part that wraps a spell around my heart.
It sets me wild to hear that loving tune a gain,
The Memphis Blues.

1-45 Midnight Sun (1947)

(m 1947) Lionel Hampton, Sunny Burke (w 1954) Johnny Mercer (I Instrumental) Lionel Hampton (I vocal) June Christy

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice
Warmer than the summer night.
The clouds were like an alabaster palace
Rising to a snowy height.
Each star its own aurora borealis suddenly you held me tight,
I could see the Midnight Sun.
I can't explain the silver rain that found me
Or was that a moonlit veil?
The music of the universe around me or was that a nightingale?
And then your arms miraculously found me
Suddenly the sky turned pale, I could see the Midnight Sun.
Was there such a night, it's a thrill I still don't quite believe.
But after you were gone,
There was still some stardust on my sleeve.
The flame of it may dwindle to an ember
And the stars forget to shine.
And we may see the meadow in December
Icy white and crystalline.
But, oh, my darling always I'll remember
When your lips were close to mine,
And we saw the Midnight Sun.

(I Found A) Million Dollar Baby (1931)

(w) Billy Rose, Mort Dixon (m) Harry Warren. (I) Revue: *Billy Rose's Crazy Quilt* by Fanny Brice, Ted Healy, Phil Baker, and Lew Brice. (P) Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Bing Crosby. (CR) The Boswell Sisters

Love comes along like a popular song
Any time or anywhere at all
Rain or sunshine, spring or fall
You never know when it may say hello
In a very unexpected place. For example, take my case

Chorus: It was a lucky April shower
It was the most convenient door
I found a million dollar baby in a five and ten cent store
The rain continued for an hour, I hung around for three or four
Around a million dollar baby in a five` and ten cent store
She was selling china and when she made those eyes
I kept buying china until the crowd got wise
Incidentally, if you should run into a shower
Just step inside my cottage door and meet the million dollar baby
From the five and ten cent store

Love used to be quite a stranger to me
Didn't know a sentimental word
Thoughts of kissing seemed absurd
Then came a change and you may think it strange
But the world became a happy tune since that April afternoon
[chorus]

Mississippi Mud (1927)

(wm) Harry Barris, James Cavanaugh (I) Bing Crosby & The Rhythm Boys (CR) Bix Beiderbecke (R) 1930 film *The King of Jazz* by The Rhythm Boys

Refrain: When the sun goes down, the tide goes out,
The people gather 'round and they all begin to shout,
"Hey! Hey! Uncle Dud,
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi Mud.
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi Mud".
What a dance do they do! Lordy, how I'm tellin' you.
They don't need no band; they keep time by clappin' their hand,
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud,
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi Mud.

Interlude: Lordy, how they play it!
Goodness, how they sway it! Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim,
How they pound the mire with vigor and vim!
Joy! that music thrills me! Boy! it nearly kills me!
What a show when they go!
Say! they beat it up either fast or slow. **[Refrain]**

Misty (1954)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Erroll Garner. (P) The Erroll Garner Trio.
(R) 1959 by Johnny Mathis. (R) 1963 by Lloyd Price. (R) 1965 by The Vibrations. (R) 1966 by Richard "Groove" Holmes. (R) 1975 by Ray Stevens.

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree
And I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud
I can't understand, I get misty, just holding your hand
Walk my way and a thousand violins begin to play
Or it might be the sound of your hello
That music I hear, I get misty the moment you're near
You could say that you're leading me on
But it's just what I want you to do
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost
That's why I'm following you

Bridge: On my own
Would I wander through this wonderland alone
Never knowing my right foot from my left
My hat from my glove
I'm too misty and too much in love on my own
Look at me.

Mona Lisa (1950)

(wm) Ray Evans & Jay Livingston, **Academy Award Winner** (I) film *Captain Carey, U.S.A.* by Nat King Cole (P) Nat King Cole **No. 1 chart record and Grammy Hall of Fame record**

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, men have named you;
You're so like the lady with the mystic smile.
Is it only 'cause you're lonely they have blamed you
For that Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile?

2-44 Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa?
Or is this your way to hide a broken heart?
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep;
They just lie there and they die there.
Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa,
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?
(Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa!)

Money, Money (1966)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander. (I) Musical: *Cabaret* by Joel Grey and The Cabaret Girls. (R) 1972 Film: *Cabaret* by Joel Grey, Liza Minelli, and The Girls.

Money makes the world go around,
The world go around, the world go around,
Money makes the world go around, it makes the world go round.

A mark, a yen, a buck or a pound, a buck or a pound
A buck or a pound is all that makes the world go around
That clinking clanking sound, can make the world go round.

If you happen to be rich, and you feel like a night's
entertainment, you can pay for a gay escapade.
If you happen to be rich, and alone and you need a
companion, you can ring ting-a-ling for the maid.
If you happen to be rich and you find you are left by your lover,
tho you moan and you groan quite a lot,
You can take it on the chin, call a cab and begin to recover on
your fourteen carat yacht.

Money makes the world go around,
the world go around, the world go around,
Money makes the world go around of that we can be sure.
(raspberry) On being poor.

If you haven't any coal in the stove and you freeze in the winter
and you curse to the wind at your fate.
When you haven't any shoes on your feet and your coat's thin as
paper and you look thirty pounds underweight,
When you go to get a word of advice from the fat little pastor, he
will tell you to love evermore.
But when hunger comes to rap, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,
At the window see how love flies out the door.

For money makes the world go around,
the world go around, the world go around.
Money makes the world go around, the clinking, clanking sound
of Money, money, money, money, money, money, money,
money,
Get a little, get a little, money, money, money, money, mark, a
yen, a buck or a pound,
That clinking, clanking clunking sound
is all that makes the world go round, it makes the world go round.

Mood Indigo (1931)

(w) Albany Bigard (m) Duke Ellington, Irving Mills (CR) Tony Bennett

You ain't been blue, no, no, no.
You ain't been blue, 'til you've had that mood indigo.
That feeling goes stealin' down to my shoes,
While I sit and sigh: "Go 'long, blues."

Always get that mood indigo since my baby said goodbye.
In the evenin' when lights are low, I'm so lonesome I could cry.
'Cause there's nobody who cares about me.
I'm just a soul who's bluer than blue can be.
When I get that mood indigo, I could lay me down and die.

You ain't been blue, no, no, no.
You ain't been blue, 'til you've had that mood indigo.
That feeling goes stealin' down to my shoes,
While I sit and sigh: "Go 'long, blues."

Moon River (1961)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Henry Mancini (I) Film: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* by Audrey Hepburn (P) Henry Mancini and his Orchestra. Vocal version by Andy Williams (CR) Jerry Butler **Academy Award Winner & NARAS Award Winner**

Moon river, wider than a mile
I'm crossing you in style, some day
Old dream maker, you heart breaker
Wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way

Two drifters, off to see the world
There's such a lot of world to see
We're after the same rainbow's end
Waitin' 'round the bend, my huckleberry friend
Moon river and me

Moonglow (1934)

(wm) Will Hudson, Eddie De Lange, Irving Mills (CR) Lionel Hampton

It must have been moonglow, way up in the blue
It must have been moonglow that led me straight to you
I still hear you saying, "Dear one, hold me fast"
And I start in praying, oh, Lord, please let this last

We seemed to float right through the air
Heavenly songs seemed to come from ev'rywhere
And now when there's moonglow way up in the blue
I'll always remember that moonglow gave me you

Moonlight Becomes You (1942)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Jimmy Van Heusen. (P) Bing Crosby.

Moonlight becomes you, it goes with your hair.
You certainly know the right thing to wear.
Moonlight becomes you, I'm thrilled at the sight.
And I could get so romantic tonight.

1-45 You're all dressed up to go on dreaming,
Now don't tell me I'm wrong.
And what a night to go dreaming, mind if I tag along?
If I say I love you, I want you to know it's not just
Because there's moonlight, although moonlight becomes you so.

Moonlight in Vermont (1943)

1-46

(wm) John Blackburn & Karl Suesdorf (P) Margaret Whiting (CR) Kate Smith

Pennies in a stream, falling leaves of sycamore,
Moonlight in Vermont. Icy finger waves
Ski trails on a mountain side, snow light in Vermont.

Telegraph cables, they sing down the highway,
And travel each bend in the road.
People who meet in this romantic setting
Are so hypnotized by the lovely
Evening summer breeze, warbling of a meadowlark,
Moonlight in Vermont.

Coda: You and I and moonlight in Vermont.

More (1962)

2-45

(w-Eng.) Norman Newell (wm) Marcello Ciorciolini, Nino Oliviero & Riz Ortolani (I) Film: *Mondo Cane* by Orch. (P) The Ventures (CR) Andy Williams

More than the greatest love the world has known,
This is the love I'll give to you alone.
More than the simple words I try to say,
I only live to love you more each day.
More than you'll ever know, my arms long to hold you so.
My life will be in your keeping,
Waking, sleeping, laughing, weeping.
Longer than always is a long, long time.
But far beyond forever you'll be mine.

1-45 I know I never lived before
And my heart is very sure no one else could love you more.

More I See You, The (1945)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Warren. (I) Film: *Diamond Horseshoe* by Dick Haymes. (P) Dick Haymes. (CR) Harry James and his Orchestra. (R) 1966 by Chris Montez. (CR) Nat King Cole.

Each time I look at you is like the first time
Each time you're near me the thrill is new
And there is nothing that I wouldn't do for
The rare delight of the sight of you

1-46 For the more I see you, the more I want you
Somehow this feeling just grows and grows
With every sigh I become more mad about you
More lost without you and so it goes
Can you imagine how much I'll love you?
The more I see you as years go by
I know the only one for me can only be you
My arms won't free you, my heart won't try

More Than You Know (1929)

(w) Edward Elischu & Billy Rose (m) Vincent Youmans (I) Musical:
Great Day by Jane Froman (CR) Doriss

Refrain: More than you know, more than you know
Girl of 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,
Girl of my heart, I'll string along.
I need you 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, baby, 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 you'd ever know.

Music of the Night (1986)

(w) Charles Hart (m) Lloyd Webber (I) Broadway musical *The Phantom of the Opera* by Michael Crawford.

Nighttime sharpens, heightens each sensation.
Darkness wakes and stirs imagination.
Silently the senses abandon their defenses
Helpless to resist the notes I write
For I compose the music of the night

Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendor.
Grasp it, sense it tremulous and tender.
Hearing is believing, music is deceiving
Hard as lightning, soft as candlelight
Dare you trust the music of the night

Close your eyes for your eyes will only tell the truth
And the truth isn't what you want to see
In the dark it is easy to pretend
That the truth is what it ought to be

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you
Hear it, feel it, secretly possess you
Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind,
in this darkness which you know you cannot fight
the darkness of the music of the night.

Close your eyes start a journey to a strange new world
Leave all thoughts of the world you knew before
Close your eyes and let music set you free
Only then can you belong to me

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication!
Touch me, trust me, savor each sensation!
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in
To the power of the music that I write
The power of the music of the night

You alone can make my song take flight
Help me make the music of the night

1-46 Muskrat Ramble (1926)

(w) Ray Gilbert (m) Edward "Kid" Ory (I) "Kid" Ory (R) 1954
McGuire Sisters (R) Harry Connick, Jr. (CR) The Andrews Sisters.
(Trivia: In 2005 Country Joe McDonald won a copyright infringement
suit brought by Ory's daughter against his "Fixin' to Die Rag.")

Chorus 1: Look at them shufflin', a-shufflin' down,
Ramblin', scramblin' a-headin' to town,
Hustling, bustlin', and buzzin' aroun',
Happily a-waitin' at the station.
Look at the train, the number seven-o-nine,
Huffin' and puffin' and arrivin' on time.
Who do you think's about to arrive?
The band they call "The Dixieland Five."

They're gonna play that Muskrat Ramble tune
The way you never ever heard it played,
Get ready for the big parade. All together now
One and two come on and join the happy throng.
Feel the beat of that **shufflin', scufflin'** muskrat song;
Come on and ramble along

Chorus 2: Look at them shufflin', a-shufflin' down,
Look at the band paradin' all over town.
Look at the happiness a-goin' aroun'
Everybody's up and celebrating.
Look at the drummer entertainin' the gang,
Clinging and clanging with a bing and a bang!
Changing the town from dead to 'live!
The band they call "The Dixieland Five."

You're gonna hear them play that Dixieland,
You better get your reservation planned,
In person on a one night stand. All together now
Come on folks, come on and join the happy throng.
Feel the beat of that **ramblin', scramblin'** muskrat song.
Come on and ramble along!

My Adobe Hacienda (1941)

2-46

(wm) Louise Massey, Lee Penny (I) Louise Massey and her
Westerners. (RR) Kenny Baker; Ray Eberle; Eddy Howard; The
Dinning Sisters; Pee Wee King; Roy Rogers and Dale Evans

In my adobe hacienda there's a touch of Mexico
Cactus lovelier than orchids blooming in the patio
Soft desert stars and the strum of guitars
Make every evening seem so sweet
In my adobe hacienda life and love are more complete.

In my adobe hacienda nested in the western hills
Evening breezes softly murmur harmony with whippoorwills
When setting sun says the long day is done
Sweet music starts to fill the air
In my adobe hacienda harmony is everywhere

My Blue Heaven (1924)

1-46

(w) George Whiting (m) Walter Donaldson (I) Vaudeville by George Whiting (P) 1928 by Gene Austin **No. 1 Chart Record** (RR) 1939 by Jimmy Lunceford Orch. (RR) 1950 Film: *My Blue Heaven* by Betty Grable & Dan Dailey (RR) 1955 Film: *Love Me or Leave Me* by Doris Day (CR) Don Voorhees and his Orchestra

When whippoorwills call and evening is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven, a turn to the right, a little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven

You'll see a smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the roses bloom
Just Mollie and me and baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven

My Buddy (1922)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Walter Donaldson (I) Al Jolson

Refrain: Nights are long since you went away.
I think about you all through the day,
My buddy, my buddy, nobody quite so true.
Miss your voice, the touch of your hand
Just long to know that you understand,
My buddy, my buddy, your buddy misses you.

My Favorite Things (1959)

1-46

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Patricia Neway & Mary Martin (RR) 1968 Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass (Jazz instrumental by John Coltrane) (CR) Tony Bennett

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright, copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

My Foolish Heart (1949)

2-46

(w) Ned Washington (m) Victor Young (I) film *My Foolish Heart* by Martha Mears dubbing for Susan Hayward (P) Gordon Jenkins Orchestra, Sandy Evans, voc. (CR) Billy Eckstine

The night is like a lovely tune, beware my foolish heart!
How white the ever constant moon, take care, my foolish heart!
There's a line between love and fascination
That's hard to see on an evening such as this.
For they both have the very same sensation
When you're lost in the magic of a kiss.

His/her lips are much too close to mine,
Beware my foolish heart! But should our eager lips combine,
Then let the fire start for this time it isn't fascination
Or a dream that will fade and fall apart.
It's love, this time, it's love, my foolish heart!

My Funny Valentine (1937)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *Babes in Arms* by Mitzi Green. Most popular recording by Frank Sinatra. (CR) Johnny Mathis.

Behold the way our fine-feathered friend his virtue doth parade
Thou knowest not, my dim-witted friend
The picture thou hast made: thy vacant brow, and thy tousled hair
Conceal thy good intent thou noble upright truthful sincere,
And slightly dopey gent and you're...

My funny valentine, sweet, comic valentine -
You make me smile with my heart.
Your looks are laughable, unphotographable,
Yet you're my favorite work of art.

Bridge

Is your figure less than Greek? Is your mouth a little weak?
When you open it to speak, are you smart?

But don't change a hair for me, not if you care for me -
Stay, little valentine, stay! Each day is valentine's day.

My Happiness (1933)

2-46

(m and different words) Borney Bergantine (w 1948) Betty Peterson Blasco (P) Jon and Sondra Steele (CR) Ella Fitzgerald; The Pied Pipers (R) 1953 Elvis Presley's very first record (RR) 1959 Connie Francis **No. 1 chart record**

Evening shadows make me blue when each weary day is through
How I long to be with you – my happiness.
Every day I reminisce dreaming of your tender kiss
Always thinking how I miss – my happiness.

A million years it seems have gone by
Since we shared our dreams. But I'll hold you again,
There'll be no blue memories then.
Whether skies are gray or blue, any place on earth will do
Just as long as I'm with you – my happiness.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy (1938)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Leave It to Me* by Mary Martin
(P) Mary Martin with Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra (CR) Larry Clinton and his Orchestra. (RR) 1946 film: *Night and Day* by Mary Martin. (RR) 1946 by Artie Shaw and his Orchestra. (RR) 1960 film: *Let's Make Love* by Marilyn Monroe

Chorus 1: While tearing off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddy
But when I do, I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy
If I invite a boy some night to dine on my fine finnan 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, da-da-da, dad
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 me so well

Chorus 2: St. Patrick's Day although I may
Be seen wearing green with a paddie
I'm always sharp when playing the harp
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy
Though other dames at football games
May long for a strong undergraddie
I never dream of making the team
'Cause 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, da-da-da, dad
So I want to warn you laddie tho' I simply hate to be frank
That I can't be mean to Daddy
'Cause my da-da-da, daddy might spank

My Heart Stood Still (1927)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) English revue: *One Dam Thing After Another* by Jessie Mathews and Richard Dolman. (I) U.S. musical: *A Connecticut Yankee* by William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter. (P) George Olsen and his Orchestra. (CR) Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. (CR) Peggy Lee. (CR) Judy Collins

Through all my school days I hated boys
Those April Fool days brought me loveless joys
I read my Plato; love, I thought a sin
But since your kiss, I'm reading Missus Glyn!
I took one look at you that's all I meant to do
And then my heart stood still, my feet could step and walk
My lips could move and talk and yet my heart stood still
Though not a single word was spoken, I could tell you knew
That unfelt clasp of hands told me so well you knew
I never lived at all until the thrill of that moment
When my heart stood still

1-47 My Kind of Town (1964)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Film: *Robin and The Seven Hoods* by Frank Sinatra (P) Frank Sinatra

This is my kind of town, Chicago is, my kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of people too, people who, smile at you
And each time I roam, Chicago is, calling me home, Chicago is
One town that won't let you down, it's my kind of town
My kind of town, Chicago is, my kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of razzmatazz and it has, all that jazz
And each time I leave, Chicago is tuggin' my sleeve, Chicago is
The Wrigley Building, Chicago is the windy city, Chicago is
The Union stockyards, Chicago is, Comisky Ballpark, Chicago is
One town that won't let you down, it's my kind of town

My Prayer (1939)

(wm) Jimmy Kennedy, Georges Boulanger (I) Vera Lynn. (P) Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra (RR) 1956 by The Platters. **No. 1 Chart Record**

My prayer is to linger with you
At the end of the day In a dream that's divine
My prayer is a rapture in blue with the world far away
And your lips close to mine
Tonight while our hearts are aglow
Oh, tell me the words that I'm longing to know
My prayer and the answer you give
May they still be the same for as long as we live
That you'll always be there at the end of my prayer

My Romance (1935)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Billy Rose's Jumbo* by Donald Novis & Gloria Grafton (RR) 1962 film: *Jumbo* by Doris Day (CR) Judy Garland

My romance, doesn't have to have a moon in the sky
My romance, doesn't need a blue lagoon standing by
No month of May, No twinkling stars
No hideaway, No soft guitars
My romance, doesn't need a castle rising in Spain
Nor a dance to a constantly surprising refrain
Wide awake, I can make my most fantastic dreams come true
My romance, doesn't need a thing but you

1-47

1-47

1-48

My Ship (1941)

(m) Kurt Weill (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Lady in the Dark* by Gertrude Lawrence (CR) Judy Garland

My ship has sails that are made of silk,
The decks are trimmed with gold,
And of jam and spice there's a paradise in the hold.
My ship's aglow with a million pearls and rubies fill each bin.
The sun sits high in a sapphire sky when my ship comes in.

I can wait the years till it appears, one fine day one Spring;
But the pearls and such, they won't mean much
If there's missing just one thing.
I do not care if that day arrives, that dream need never be,
If the ship I sing doesn't also bring my own true love to me.
If the ship I sing doesn't also bring my own true love to me.

My Silent Love (1932)

(m) Dana Suesse (w) Edward Heyman

I reach for you like I'd reach for a star,
Worshipping you from afar, living with my silent love.
I'm like a flame dying out in the rain,
Only the ashes remain, smould'ring like my silent love.

How I long to tell all the things I have planned.
Still, it's wrong to tell, you would not understand.
You'll go along never dreaming I care,
Loving somebody somewhere, leaving me my silent love.

My Sugar Is So Refined (1946)

(w) Sylvia Dee (m) Sidney Lippman (P) Johnny Mercer and The Pied Pipers (CR) Nat King Cole (R) 1957 *The Hi-Lo's*

My sugar is so refined, she's one o' them high-class kind
She doesn't wear a hat, she wears a chapeau
She goes to see a cinema, but never a show
My sugar is so refined, she's got a real high-class mind
She never buys a dress, it's always a frock
She always winds her timepiece up, but never her clock

She says "tomahto" instead of "tomayto"
She says "potahto" instead of "potayto"
Well, you should see how she holds a cup of tea
Just two fingers while she sticks out three
My sugar is so refined, she's one o' them high-class kind
She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips unite
But, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dynamite
I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight
Oh, she's so refined

[Repeat from the Bridge]

She says "banahna" instead of "bananna"
She says "piahno" instead of "pianna"
And you should see how she sits on her settee
With cake and coffee balanced on one knee

1-48 My sugar is so refined, she's one o' them high-class kind
She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips unite
But, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dynamite
I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight
Oh, she's so refined

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon (1892) 2-47

(wm) James Thornton (I) in vaudeville by Bonnie Thronton (RR) 1941 film *The Parson of Panamint* by Martha Mears dubbing for Ellen Drew

Chorus 1: My sweetheart's the man in the moon.
I'm going to marry him soon.
'Twould fill me with bliss just to give him one kiss.
But I know that a dozen I never would miss.
I'll go up in a great big balloon

1-48 And see my sweetheart in the moon.
Then behind some dark cloud where no one is allowed
I'll make love to the man in the moon.

Chorus 2: Last night while the stars brightly shone,
He told me through love's telephone
That when we were wed, he'd go early to bed,
And never stay out with the boys, so he said.
We are going to marry next June.
The wedding takes place in the moon.
A sweet little Venus, we'll fondle between us
When I wed my old man in the moon.

My Way (1967)

(w-Eng) Paul Anka (m) Jacques Revaux. (I) In United States by Paul Anka. (P) 1969 Frank Sinatra. (R) 1977 by Elvis Presley.

And now, the end is near and so I face the final curtain.
My friend, I'll say it clear,
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.
I've lived a life that's full. I've traveled each and ev'ry highway;
And more, much more than this, I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few, but then again, too few to mention.
I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption.
I planned each charted course; each careful step along the byway,
And more, much more than this, I did it my way.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew.
But through it all, when there was doubt, I ate it up and spit it out.
I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried.
I've had my fill; my share of losing.
And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing.
To think I did all that; and may I say, not in a shy way,
Oh no, oh no not me, I did it my way.

For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught.
To say the things he truly feels;
And not the words of one who kneels.
The record shows I took the blows, and did it my way!

Yes, it was my way.

My Wild Irish Rose (1899)

2-47

(wm) Chauncey Olcott (I) Musical *A Romance of Athlone* by Olcott
(R) 1913 Chauncey Olcott (CR) John McCormack (R) 1947 film bio
My Wild Irish Rose

Verse 1: If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now drooping and dead.
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
Though each holds aloft its proud head.
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith I've known no repose.
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

Refrain:

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from
my wild Irish Rose.

Nature Boy (1948)

(wm) Eden Ahbez. (P) Nat King Cole. **No. 1 Chart Record.**
(CR) Frank Sinatra. (CR) Sarah Vaughan.

There was a boy, a very strange enchanted boy
They say he wandered very far, very far over land and sea
A little shy and sad of eye, but very wise was he
And then one day, a magic day he passed my way
And while we spoke of many things, fools and kings
This he said to me "The greatest thing you'll ever learn
Is just to love and be loved in return"

Near You (1947)

2-48

(w) Kermit Goell (m) Francis Craig (I) Francis Craig **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Larry Green; The Andrews Sisters (R) 1976 George Jones & Tammy Wynette

There's just one place for me, near you.
It's like heaven to be near you.
Times when we're apart, I can't face my heart.
Say you'll never stray more than just two lips away.
If my hours could be spent near you,
I'd be more than content near you.
Make my life worthwhile by telling me that I'll
Spend the rest of my days near you.

Nearness of You, The (1937)

1-48

(w) Ned Washington (m) Hoagy Carmichael (I) Film: *Romance in the Dark* probably by John Boles or Gladys Swarthout (CR) Doriss
(CR) Glenn Miller

It's not the pale moon that excites me that thrills and delights me.
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you.
It isn't your sweet conversation that brings this sensation.
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you.
When you're in my arms and I feel you so close to me,
All my wildest dreams come true.
I need no soft lights to enchant me,
If you'll only grant me, the right to hold you ever so tight.
And to feel in the night, the nearness of you.

Never on Sunday (1960)

(w-Eng) Billy Towne (m) Manos Hadjidakis (I) Film: *Never On Sunday* by Melina Mercouri (P) Don Costa and his Orchestra. Vocal version by The Chordettes. **Academy Award Winner**

Oh, you can kiss me on a Monday, a Monday, a Monday
Is very, very good

Or you can kiss me on a Tuesday, a Tuesday, a Tuesday
In fact I wish you would

Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday, a Thursday,
a Friday, and Saturday is best

But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday
A Sunday, 'cause that's my day of rest

Most any day, you can be my guest
Any day you say, but my day of rest
Just name the day that you like best
Only stay away, on my day of rest

Oh you can kiss me on a cool day, a hot day, a wet day
Whichever one you choose

Or try to kiss me on a gray day, a May Day, a payday
And see if I refuse

And if you make it on a bleak day, a freak day,
A weekday, why you can be my guest

But never on a Sunday, a Sunday
The one day I need a little rest

Most any day, you can be my guest
Any day you say, but my day of rest
Just name the day that you like best
Only stay away, on my day of rest

New San Antonio Rose

See *San Antonio Rose* on page 117.

New York, New York (1977)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander (I) Film: *New York, New York* by Liza Minnelli. (P) Frank Sinatra

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leaving today
I wanna be a part of it: New York, New York
These vagabond shoes are longing to stray
And step around the heart of it: New York, New York

I wanna wake up in the city that doesn't sleep
To find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap
My little town blues are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it in old New York
If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere
It's up to you, New York, New York

I want to wake up in a city that doesn't sleep
To find I'm king of the hill, head of the list,
Cream of the crop, at the top of the heap.

My little town blues are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it in old New York.
If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere
Come on, come through, New York, New York

1-49 Nice Work If You Can Get It (1937)

1-49

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin. (I) Film: *A Damsel in Distress* by Jan Duggan, Mary Dea, Pearl Amatore & Fred Astaire (P) Fred Astaire **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) The Andrews Sisters. (CR) Maxine Sullivan (CR) Billie Holiday

Holding hands at midnight 'neath a starry sky
Nice work if you can get it and you can get it if you try
Strolling with the one girl sighing sigh after sigh
Nice work if you can get it and you can get it if you try

Just imagine someone waiting at the cottage door
Where two hearts become one who could ask for anything more
Loving one who loves you and then taking that vow
Nice work if you can get it
And if you get it, won't you tell me how

Night and Day (1932)

1-50

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *The Gay Divorcee* by Fred Astaire and danced by Astaire and Claire Luce. (P) Leo Reisman Orchestra **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Frank Sinatra (CR) Tony Bennett

Verse: Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom tom
When the jungle shadows fall.
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock
As it stands against the wall.
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops
When the summer show'r is through,
So a voice within me keeps repeating, "You, you, you."

Chorus: Night and day you are the one.
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun.
Whether near to me or far, it's no matter darling where you are.
I think of you night and day. Day and night, why is it so?
That this longing for you follows wherever I go?
In the roaring traffic's boom. In the silence of my lonely room,
I think of you Night and day. Night and day under the hide of me
There's an oh, such a hungry yearning burning inside of me.
And its torment won't be through
'Til you let me spend my life making love to you
Day and night, night and day.

2-59

1-49

Night Life (1967)

2-48

(wm) Willie Nelson, Walter Breeland, Paul Buskirk (P) Rusty Draper

When the evenin' sun goes down,
You will find me hangin' 'round.
Oh, the night life, ain't no good life, but it's my life.
Many people just like me dreamin' of old used-to-be's.
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life, ah, but it's my life.

Listen to the blues that they're playin'.

[wait]

Listen what the blues are sayin'.

[wait]

Life is just another scene in this old world of broken dreams.
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life, but it's my life.

Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square, A (1940) 1-50

(w) Eric Maschwitz (m) Manning Sherwin (P) Elsie Carlisle (P) Glenn Miller (CR) The Manhattan Transfer

Chorus 1: That certain night, the night we met,
 There was magic abroad in the air.
 There were angels dining at the Ritz,
 And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
 I may be right, I may be wrong,
 But I'm perfectly willing to swear
 That when you turned and smiled at me,
 A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
 The moon that lingered over London town,
 Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.
 How could he know we two were so in love?
 The whole darn world seemed upside down.
 The streets of town were paved with stars.
 It was such a romantic affair.
 And as we kissed and said "goodnight,"
 A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

Chorus 2: How strange it was, how sweet and strange,
 There was never a dream to compare
 With that hazy, crazy night we met,
 When a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
 This heart of mine beat loud and fast,
 Like a merry-go-round in a fair,
 For we were dancing cheek to cheek,
 And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
 When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue,
 To interrupt our rendezvous.
 I still remember how you smiled and said,
 "Was that a dream or was it true?"
 Our homeward step was just as light
 As the tap dancing feet of Astaire.
 And like an echo far away,
 A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

Coda: I know 'cause I was there that night in Berkeley Square.

No Moon At All (1948)

(w) Redd Evans (m) Dave Mann (P) Nat King Cole

No moon at all what a night,
 Even lightning bugs have dimmed their light.
 Stars have disappeared from sight and there's no moon at all.
 Don't make a sound. It's so dark. Even Fido is afraid to bark.
 What a perfect night to park and there's no moon at all.
 If we want atmosphere for inspiration dear,
 One kiss will make it clear that tonight
 Is right and bright moonlight might interfere.
 No moon at all up above. This is nothing like they told us of.
 Just to think we fell in love and there's no moon at all.

No Not Much (1956)

(w) Al Stillman (m) Robert Allen (P) The Four Lads

Chorus 1:

I don't want my arms around you – no not much.
 I don't bless the day I found you – no not much.
 I don't need you like the stars don't need the sky.
 I won't love you longer than the day I die.
 You don't please me when you squeeze me – no not much.
 My head's the lightest from your very slightest touch.
 Baby if you ever go, could I take it? Maybe so.
 Ah, but would I like it? No not much.

Chorus 2:

I don't care to hug and kiss you – no not much.
 When you're gone I never miss you – no not much.
 Like a ten cent soda doesn't cost a dime,
 I don't want you near me only all the time.
 You don't thrill me when you hold me – no not much.
 My brain gets hazy from your cool and crazy touch.
 Baby, if you ever go, could I take it? Maybe so.
 Ah, but would I like it? No not much. No not much.

Not While I'm Around (1978)(wm) Stephen Sondheim. (I) Musical: *Sweeney Todd* by Angela Lansbury and Ken Jennings. (R) Barbra Streisand.

Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around.
 Nothing's gonna harm you, no sir, not while I'm around.
 Demons are prowling everywhere, nowadays,
 I'll send 'em howling, I don't care, I got ways.
 No one's gonna hurt you, no one's gonna dare.
 Others can desert you, not to worry, whistle, I'll be there.
 Demons'll charm you with a smile, for a while,
 But in time... Nothing can harm you... Not while I'm around...
 Being close and being clever ain't like being true
 I don't need to, I would never hide a thing from you, like some...
 No one's gonna hurt you, no one's gonna dare
 Others can desert you, not to worry, whistle, I'll be there!
 Demons'll charm you with a smile, for a while
 But in time... Nothing can harm you... Not while I'm around...

2-48

'O Sole Mio (1898)

(m) Eduardo di Capua (w) Giovanni Capurro (P) 1916 by Enrico Caruso (RR) 1949 by Tony Martin as "There's No Tomorrow" and 1960 by Elvis Presley as "It's Now or Never"

Verse 1: Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole,
N'aria serena doppo 'na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già 'na festa...
Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole.

Chorus: Ma n'atu sole, chiù bello, ohinè,
'O sole mio sta 'nfronte a te!
'O sole, 'O sole mio
Sta nfronte a te! Sta nfronte a te!

Verse 3: Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne,
Mme vene quase 'na malincunia;
Sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne.

There's No Tomorrow

Verse 1: Love is a flower that blooms so tender,
Each kiss a dew drop of sweet surrender.
Love is a moment of life enchanting.
Let's take that moment that tonight is granting.

Chorus: There's no tomorrow when love is new
Now is forever when love is true.
So kiss me and hold me tight.
There's no tomorrow, there's just tonight.

It's Now Or Never

Verse 1: When I first saw you with your smile so tender,
My heart was captured, my soul surrendered.
I'd spend a lifetime waiting for the right time.
Now that you're near the time is here at last.

Chorus: It's now or never, come hold me tight
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight
Tomorrow will be too late, it's now or never
My love won't wait.

Verse 2: Just like a willow, we would cry an ocean
If we lost true love and sweet devotion.
Your lips excite me; let your arms invite me.
For who knows when we'll meet again this way

Oakland (1965)

(wm) Wayne Pope & The Good Time Washboard III (P) The Good Time Washboard III

Verse: I am sure that you're aware of famous cities everywhere,
The ones they write about in song and verse.
There are songs about Chicago, London, Paris and St. Paul,
Buffalo, Miami, and for God's sake Beaver Falls. Beaver Falls!
But Tin Pan Alley did us wrong, they never wrote a song
About the greatest city of them all.
Now don't go 'way; I hope you'll stay
And hear this song I wrote today:

2-49 *Chorus:* Oakland's got the Tribune Tower
Oakland's got Lake Merritt too; she's got Jack London Square
The Alley Cat is there! The Kaiser Center sticks up everywhere
Where did all the people go when 'Frisco burned?
They all went to Oakland and they never returned.
Right outside the city limits scoots a freeway called the Nimitz.
Of all the pretty cities she's the leader And don't forget the tube
to Alameda

Well, she's got pride (*PRIDE!*), hope (*HOPE!*)
Oh what a view: Oakland we're for you
(*DON'T MEAN MILPITAS!*) Oakland we're for you

Object of My Affection, The (1935)

2-48

(wm) Jimmie Greer (P) The Boswell Sisters **No. 1 Chart Record**
(R) Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer (R) Dean Martin

The object of my affection can change my complexion
From white to rosy red

Anytime he holds my hand and tells me that he's mine.
There are many boys who can thrill me
And some who can chill me with dreams of happiness.
But I know I'll never rest until he says he's mine

Now I'm not afraid he'll leave me; he's not the kind to be unfair.
But instead I trust him implicitly;
He can go where he wants to go, do what he wants to do,
I don't care; the object of my affection
Can change my complexion from white to rosy red
Anytime he holds my hand and tells me that he's mine.

Oh Shenandoah (c. 1820)

2-50

(wm) Folk Song, abridged

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you away you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter, away you rolling river
I'll take her 'cross your rollin' water, away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you, away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you, away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning (1918)

(wm) Irving Berlin

Verse 1:

The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine.
He'd been in camp for sev'ral weeks and he was looking fine.
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red.
I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:

Chorus 1 Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,

Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed;

For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call:

You've got to get up, you've got to get up,

You've got to get up this morning!

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler,

Someday they're going to find him dead;

I'll amputate his reveille and step upon it heavily,

And spend the rest of my life in bed!

Verse 2: A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men.

He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again.

He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon.

If ev'rything goes well with me, I'll be a bugler soon.

Chorus 2: Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,

Oh! How I'd like to remain in bed;

For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call

You've got to get up, you've got to get up,

You've got to get up this morning!

Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,

Oh! boy the minute the foe is dead,

I'll put my uniform away and move to Philadel-phi-ay,

And spend the rest of my life in bed!

Oh, Johnny, Oh! (1917)

(m) Abe Olman (w) Ed Rose (I) Revue: *Follow Me* by Henry Lewis
(P) Billy Murray (CR) Nora Bayes (RR) 1939 Wee Bonnie Baker
(RR) The Andrews Sisters

Verse 1: All the girls are crazy 'bout a certain little lad

Although he's very, very bad,

He could be, oh so good when he wanted to.

Bad or good, he understood 'bout love and other things.

For ev'ry girl in town followed him around

Just to hold his hand and sing:

Refrain: Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, how you can love!

Oh, Johnny, Oh Johnny, heavens above!

You make my sad heart jump with joy.

And when you're near, I just can't sit still a minute.

I'm so, Oh, Johnny!, Oh Johnny!

Please tell me, dear, what makes me love you so?

You're not handsome, it's true, but when I look at you, I just

Oh, Johnny!, Oh Johnny! Oh!

1-51

Verse 2: Johnny tried his best to hide from ev'ry girl he knew.

But even this he couldn't do,

For they would follow him 'most ev'rywhere.

Then his friends got him to spend a week or two at home.

It's worse now than before, 'cause the girl next door hollers thru
the telephone:

Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' (1943)

1-52

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical:
Oklahoma! by Alfred Drake (RR) 1955 film version by Gordon
MacRae. Most popular recording by Bing Crosby

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow.

The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,

An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky

Chorus

Oh, what a beautiful mornin', oh, what a beautiful day

I got a beautiful feelin' ev'rything's goin' my way

All the cattle are standin' like statues

All the cattle are standin' like statues

They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by

But a little brown mav'rick is winkin' her eye

[Chorus]

All the sounds of the earth are like music

All the sounds of the earth are like music

The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree

And a ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at me

[Chorus]

Tag: Oh, what a beautiful day

Oklahoma (1943)

1-51

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical:
Oklahoma! by Alfred Drake, Joan Roberts, Betty Garde, Barry Kelley,
Edwin Clay and The Ensemble (RR) 1955 film version by Gordon
MacRae, Charlotte Greenwood, James Whitmore, Shirley Jones, Jay
C. Flippen and The Chorus

Chorus: Oklahoma, where the wind

Comes sweepin' down the plain

And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet

When the wind comes right behind the rain

Oklahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I

Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk

Makin' lazy circles in the sky

We know we belong to the land

And the land we belong to is grand

And when we say Yeeow! A-yip-I-o-ee-ay!

We're only sayin', you're doin' fine Oklahoma

First ending:

Oklahoma, (you're) O.K.!

Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla-homa

Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla...

Second ending:

Oklahoma - O, K, L, A, H, O, M, A Oklahoma!

Ol' Man River (1927)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Jerome Kern (I) Musical: *Showboat* by Jules Bledsoe & the Chorus (P) Paul Robeson with Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1929 film: *Showboat* by Jules Bledsoe (RR) 1936 film: *Showboat* by Paul Robeson (RR) 1946 film: *Till the Clouds Roll By* by Caleb Peterson. Reprised by Frank Sinatra (RR) 1951 film: *Showboat* by William Warfield

There's an old man called the Mississippi
That's the old man that I wants to be
What does he care if the world's got trouble?
What does he care if a man is free?

Ol' man river, dat ol' man river
He must know sumpin', but don't say nothin'
He jes keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along
He don't plant 'taters, he don't plant cotton
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon forgotten
But ol' man river, he jes keeps rollin' along
You an' me, we sweat and strain
Body all achin' an' racked wid pain
"Tote dat barge, lift dat bail!"
Git a little drunk an' you'll land in jail
Ah gits weary an' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin' an' feared of dyin'
But ol' man river, he jes keeps rollin' along

Old Cape Cod (1956)

(wm) Claire Rothrock, Milt Yakus, Allan Jeffrey (P) Patti Page

If you're fond of sand dunes and salty air
Quaint little villages, here and there
You're sure to fall in love with old Cape Cod
If you like the taste of a lobster stew served by a window
With an ocean view, you're sure to fall in love
With old Cape Cod

Winding roads that seem to beckon you
Miles of green beneath the skies of blue
Church bells chiming on a Sunday morn'
Remind you of the town where you were born.
If you spend an evening, you'll want to stay
Watching the moonlight on Cape Cod Bay
You're sure to fall in love with old Cape Cod

1-52 Old Devil Moon (1947)

(w) E. Y. Harburg (m) Burton Lane. (I) Musical: *Finian's Rainbow* by Ella Logan and Donald Richards. (R) Peggy Lee.

I look at you and suddenly
Something in your eyes I see soon begins bewitching me.
It's that old devil moon that you stole from the skies.
It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

Bridge:

You and you glance make this romance too hot to handle.
Stars in the night blazing their light can't hold a candle to your
razzle-dazzle.

You've got me flyin' high and wide
On a magic carpet ride full of butterflies inside
Wanna cry, wanna croon, wanna laugh like a loon
It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

Just when I think, I'm free as a dove.
Old devil moon, deep in your eyes, blinds me with love.

Old Lang Syne

See *Auld Lang Syne* on page 8.

2-3

On A Bicycle Built for Two

See *Daisy Bell* on page 31.

2-15

1-52 On a Clear Day (You Can See Forever) (1966)

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Burton Lane. (I) Musical: *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* by John Cullum. 1970 Film version by Yves Montand and reprised by Barbra Streisand. (CR) Johnny Mathis. (CR) Dave Chapman

On a clear day, rise and look around you
And you'll see who you are on a clear day
How it will astound you that the glow of your being
Outshines every star

Bridge: You'll feel part of every mountain sea and shore
You can hear from far and near
A world you've never, never heard before...
And on a clear day... On that clear day... You can see forever
And ever... and ever... and ever more

On Moonlight Bay (1912)

(w) Edward Madden (m) Percy Wenrich (P) The American Quartet (RR) 1951 by Bing & Gary Crosby

Chorus: We were sailing along On Moonlight Bay
We could hear the voices ringing, they seemed to say,
"You have stolen my heart, Now don't go 'way"
As we sang love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay

1-52

On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe (1946)

1-53

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Harry Warren (I) Film: *The Harvey Girls* by Judy Garland & The Ensemble. **Academy Award Winner** (P) Johnny Mercer & The Pied Pipers **No. 1 Chart Record** (CR) Bing Crosby. (CR) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra

Do you hear that whistle down the line
I figure that it's engine number 49
She's the only one that'll sound that way
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe
See the ol' smoke risin' round the bend
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend
Folks around these parts get the time of day
From the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe
Here she comes, ooh, ooh, ooh
Hey Jim, yuh better git the rig, ooh, ooh, ooh
She's got a list o' passengers that's pretty big
And they'll all want lifts to Brown's Hotel
'Cause lots o' them been travelin' for quite a spell
All the way from Philadelphia-I-ay
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Sante Fe

On the Avenue (Tout en Siffloant) (1947)

(w) Max Francois (w-Eng) Harold Rome (m) Fred Freed. (R) 1947 by The Andrews Sisters.

On the avenue when I walk with you
I can hear a song as we stroll along
If you smile at me, it's a melody
When you say you care, music fills the air
My heart is singing to you an operetta or two
A serenade as we parade
I bet the folks in the street and all the friends that we meet
Can hear it play as clear as day
Though I try to stop, I'm a music shop
When I walk with you on the avenue

On the Bayou

See *Jambalaya* on page 74.

On the Street Where You Live (1956)

1-53

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe (I) Musical: *My Fair Lady* by John Michael King (P) Vic Damone

I have often walked down this street before
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before
All at once am I sev'ral stories high
Knowing I'm on the street where you live
Are there lilacs trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town
Does enchantment pour out of ev'ry door
No, it's just on the street where you live

And, oh, the towering feeling just to know somehow you are near
The overpowering feeling that any second
You may suddenly appear
People stop and stare, they don't bother me
For there's no where else on earth that I would rather be
Let the time go by, I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live

On the Sunny Side of the Street (1930)

(w) Dorothy Fields (m) Jimmy McHugh. (I) Musical: *Lew Leslie's International Revue*. (R) Frankie Laine. (CR) Judy Garland (CR) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra

Grab your coat and get your hat
Leave your worries on the doorstep
Just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street
Can't you hear that pitter pat that happy tune is your tune
Life can be so sweet on the sunny side of the street
I used to walk in the shade with my blues on parade
But now I'm not afraid; trouble's over, I've crossed over
If I never have a cent, I'll be as rich as Rockefeller
Gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street

Swing version

Grab your coat; don't forget your hat
We'll leave your worries, leave them on the doorstep
Life's sweet,
Just direct your feet to the sun, sunny side of the street
Hop bop a doddle zag pitter pat
You know that happy tune is my step
Life's all-reet if you dig that beat
On the sunny, sunny side of the street
Used to walk in the shade with my blues on parade
What a drag old man, getting stuck in the shade
Get hip, don't be afraid
Move it on over; feel yourself in the clover
Only hip for a cent. Who cares?
Rich as Rockefeller, can't be beat
Go down from my feet On the sunny, sunny side of the street

Once in a While (1937)

2-50

(w) Bud Green (m) Michael Edwards (I) Tommy Dorsey Orchestra **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Horace Heidt Orchestra; Louis Armstrong (R) 1952 Patti Page

Once in a while, will you try to give one little thought to me,
Though someone else may be nearer your heart?
Once in a while, will you dream of the moments
I shared with you, moments before we two drifted apart?
In love's smoldering ember, one spark may remain.
If love still can remember, that spark may burn again.
I know that I'll be contented with yesterday's memory,
Knowing you think of me once in a while.

Once in Love with Amy (1948)

(wm) Frank Loesser. (I) Musical: *Where's Charley?* by Ray Bolger.
(P) Ray Bolger.

Once in love with Amy, always in love with Amy
Ever and ever fascinated by her, sets your heart afire to stay.

Once you're kissed by Amy, tear up your list it's Amy
Ply her with bonbons, poetry, and flowers,
Moon a million hours away.

You might be quite the fickle-hearted rover so carefree and bold
Who loves a girl and later thinks it over and just quits cold.

But once in love with Amy, always in love with Amy
Ever and ever sweetly you'll romance her,
Trouble is the answer will be
That Amy'd rather stay in love with me.

Once Upon a Time (1962)2-50

(w) Lee Adams (m) Charles Strouse (I) Musical *All American* by Ray Bolger (P) Tony Bennett

Once upon a time a girl with moonlight in her eyes,
Put her hand in mine and said she loved me so.
But that was once upon a time, very long ago.
Once upon a hill, we sat beneath a willow tree,
Counting all the stars and waiting for the dawn.
But that was once upon a time, now the tree is gone.
How the breeze ruffled through her hair,
How we always laughed as though tomorrow wasn't there;
We were young, and didn't have a care. Where did it go?
Once upon a time the world was sweeter than we knew.
Everything was ours; how happy we were then.
But somehow once upon a time, never comes again.

One Alone (1926)

1-53

2-50

(m) Sigmund Romberg (w) Otto Harbach & Oscar Hammerstein II.
(I) Musical: *The Desert Song* by Richard Halliday. Film versions in
1929 John Boles, 1943 Dennis Morgan, 1953 Gordon MacRae, 1955
TV Nelson Eddy

Verse:

Lonely as a desert breeze, I may wander where I please,
Yet I keep on longing just to rest a while
Where a sweetheart's tender eyes
Take the place of sand and skies,
All the world forgotten in one woman's smile.

Chorus:

One alone to be my own, I alone to know her caresses;
One to be eternally the one my worshipping soul possesses.
At her call I'd give my all, all my life and all my love enduring;
This would be a magic world to me, if she were mine alone.

One for My Baby (And One More for the Road) (1943)

1-54

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *The Sky's the Limit*, by
Fred Astaire (CR) Frank Sinatra

It's quarter to three.
There's no one in the place except you and me.
So set 'em up, Joe. I've got a little story you ought to know.
We're drinking, my friend, to the end of a brief episode.
Make it one for my baby and one more for the road.
I got the routine, so drop another nickel in the machine.
I'm feeling so bad; I wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad.
Could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your code.
Make it one for my baby and one more for the road.

You'd never know it, but, buddy
I'm a kind of poet and I've got a lotta things to say.
And when I'm gloomy
You simply gotta listen to me until it's talked away.
Well, that's how it goes.
And, Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close.
So thanks for the cheer.
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear.
This torch that I've found must be drowned
Or it soon might explode.
Make it one for my baby and one more for the road.

Coda: That long, long road.

One Note Samba (1961)

(m) Antonio Carlos Jobim (w) Newton Mendonça. (w Eng) Jobim.
(I) in USA by Stan Getz & Charlie Byrd **No. 1 Chart Album**
(R) 1963 Eydie Gormé (R) 1967 Frank Sinatra w/ Jobim

This is just a little samba, built upon a single note.
Other notes are bound to follow; but the root is still that note.
Now this new note is the consequence of the one we've just been
through, as I'm bound to be the unavoidable consequence of you.

There's so many people who can talk and talk and talk
And just say nothing, or nearly nothing.
I have used up all the scale I know and at the end I've come to
nothing, or nearly nothing

So I come back to my first note as I must come back to you.
I will pour into that one note all the love I feel for you.
Any one who wants the whole show: re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do,
He will find himself with no show, better play the note you know.

Samba de Uma Nota Só

Eis aqui este sambinha feito numa nota só
Outras notas vão entrar mas a base é uma só
Esta outra é consequência do que acabo de dizer
Como eu sou a consequência inevitável de você

Quanta gente existe por aí que fala tanto
e não diz nada ou quase nada
Já me utilizei de toda a escala e no final não sobrou nada
Não deu em nada

E voltei prá minha nota como eu volto prá você
Vou cantar com a minha nota como eu gosto de você
E quem quer todas as notas ré mi fá sol lá si dó
Fica sempre sem nenhuma fique numa nota só

Opus One (1945)

(w) Sid Carris (m) Sy Oliver (P) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra
(CR) The Mills Brothers

I'm rackin' my brain to think of a name to give to this tune
So Perry can croon and maybe old Bing will give it a fling
And that'll start everyone hummin' a thing.
The melody's dumb, repeat, and repeat but if you can swing
It's got a good beat and that's the main thing to make it complete
'Cause everyone's swingin' today

So they call it Opus One, but not for Sammy Kaye
Hey, hey, hey, Opus One, it's got to swing that sway, baby
And Mr. Les Brown Can make it renown
And Ray Anthony He can rock it for me
There's never a doubt you'll knock yourself out
Whenever you can hear Opus One
Whenever you can hear Opus One
Whenever you can hear Opus One

Our Love Is Here to Stay

See *Love Is Here to Stay* on page 83.

2-51 Out of My Dreams (1943)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical:
Oklahoma! by Joan Roberts and the Girls' Chorus. 1955 film version
by Shirley Jones and The Girls' Chorus.

Bridge:

Out of my dreams and into your arms I long to fly
I will come as evening comes to woo a waiting sky.
Out of my dreams and into the hush of falling shadows,
When the mist is low and stars are breaking through
Then out of my dreams I'll go into a dream with you.
Won't have to make up anymore stories, you'll be there!
Think of the bright midsummer nigh glories we can share.
Won't have to go on kissing a daydream – I'll have you
You'll be real – real as the white moon lighting the blue.

Out of Nowhere (1931)

2-51

(w) Edward Heyman (m) Johnny Green (I Instrumental) 1931 film
Dude Ranch by Orch. (I vocal) 1931 film *Confessions of a Co-ed* by
Bing Crosby (P) Bing Crosby **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Leo Reisman
w/ Frank Munn, voc.

Refrain: You came to me from out of nowhere.

You took my heart and found it free.
Wonderful dreams, wonderful schemes from nowhere
Made every hour sweet as a flower to me.
And if you should go back to your nowhere,
Leaving me with a memory,
I'll always wait for your return out of nowhere,
Hoping you'll bring your love to me.

Over the Rainbow (1939)

1-54

(w) E. Y. Harburg (m) Harold Arlen (I) Film: *The Wizard of Oz* by
Judy Garland (P) Judy Garland **Academy Award Winner** (CR) Glenn
Miller and his Orchestra (CR) Bob Crosby and his Orchestra

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic lane
When all the clouds darken up the skyway
There's a rainbow highway to be found
Leading from your window pane
To a place behind the sun, just a step beyond the rain

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.

Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Some day I'll wish upon a star,
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops that's where you'll find me.
Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why, can't I?

[Coda] If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow, why, oh why, can't I?

P.S. I Love You (1934)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Gordon Jenkins (P) Rudy Vallee. (RR) 1953
by The Hilltoppers (CR) Bing Crosby

Dear, I thought I'd drop a line: The weather's cool.
The folks are fine. I'm in bed each night at nine
P.S. I love you
Yesterday we had some rain, but all in all I can't complain
Was it dusty on the train? P.S. I love you

Write to the Browns just as soon as you're able
They came around to call
I burned a hole in the dining room table
And let me see, I guess that's all. Nothing else for me to say
And so I'll close, but by the way, ev'rybody's thinking of you
P.S. I love you

[From the Bridge, Second Time]

I do my best to obey all your wishes. I put a sign up, "THINK!"
I gotta buy us a new set of dishes
Or wash the ones piled in the sink.
Nothing else to tell you dear, except each day seems like a year
Ev'ry night I'm thinking of you. P.S. I love you

Paper Doll (1930)

(wm) Johnny S. Black (P) Tommy Liman (RR) 1943 by The Mills
Brothers **No. 1 Chart Record**

Chorus

I'm goin' to buy a paper doll that I can call my own
A doll that other fellows cannot steal
And then the flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real
When I come home at night, she will be waiting
She'll the truest doll in all this world
I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own
Than have a fickle-minded, real, live girl

Interlude

I guess I've had a million dolls or more
I guess I've played the doll game o'er and o'er
I just quarreled with Sue, that's why I'm blue
She's gone away and left me just like all dolls do
I tell you boys it's tough to be alone
And it's tough to love a doll that's not your own
I'm through with all of them, I'll never fall again
Say boy, whatcha gonna do [Chorus]

1-54 Party's Over, The (1956)

(m) Jule Styne (w) Betty Comden & Adolph Green. (I) Musical: *Bells
Are Ringing* by Judy Holliday (CR) Nat King Cole

Chorus: The Party's over; it's time to call it a day.
They've burst your pretty balloon and taken the moon away.
It's time to wind up the masquerade.
Just make your mind up the piper must be paid.
The party's over; the candles flicker and dim.
You danced and dreamed through the night,
It seemed to be right, just being with him.
Now you must wake up, all dreams must end.
Take off your makeup, the party's over. It's all over, my friend.

Pennies From Heaven (1936)

(w) John Burke (m) Arthur Johnston (R) Bing Crosby (CR) Curran
Reichert

Verse: A long time ago, a million years B. C.
The best things in life were absolutely free.
But no one appreciated a sky that was always blue;
And no one congratulated a moon that was always new.
So it was planned that they would vanish now and then.
And you must pay before you get them back again.
That's what storms were made for.
And you shouldn't be afraid for

Chorus: Ev'rytime it rains, it rains pennies from heaven.
Don't you know each cloud contains pennies from heaven?
You'll find your fortune falling all over town.
Be sure that your umbrella is upside down.
Trade them for a package of sunshine and flowers.
If you want the things you love, you must have showers.
So when you hear it thunder, don't run under a tree.
There'll be pennies from heaven for you and me.

People (1964)

(w) Bob Merrill (m) Jule Styne. (I) Musical: *Funny Girl* by Barbra
Streisand. (P) Barbra Streisand. **NARAS Award Winner.** (CR) Nat
King Cole. (R) 1968 by The Tymes.

We travel single-oh, maybe we're lucky, but I don't know
With them, just let one kid fall down and seven mothers faint
I guess we're both happy, but maybe we ain't.

People – people who need people
Are the luckiest people in the world,
We're children, needing other children
And yet letting our grown-up pride hide all the need inside,
Acting more like children than children.

Lovers are very special people,
They're the luckiest people in the world.
With one person, one very special person
A feeling deep in your soul, says you were half,
Now you're whole. No more hunger and thirst
But first be a person who needs people.
People who need people are the luckiest people in the world!

1-55

1-55

1-55

People Will Say We're in Love (1943)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Oklahoma!* by Alfred Drake & Joan Roberts (RR) 1955 film version by Gordon MacRae & Shirley Jones (CR) Bing Crosby (CR) Lena Horne

[Lyrics changed from Alley book to match soundtrack]

Curly: Don't throw bouquets at me,

Don't please my folks too much

Don't laugh at my jokes too much

People will say we're in love

Laurey: Don't sigh and gaze at me

Your sighs are so like mine

Your eyes mustn't glow like mine

People will say we're in love

Curly: Don't start collecting things

Laurey: Give me my rose and my glove

Both: Sweetheart they're suspecting things

People will say we're in love

Curly: Why do they think up stories

That link my name with yours

Laurey: Why do the neighbors chatter all day

Behind their doors?

Curly: I know a way to prove what they say is quite untrue

Here is the gist, a practical list of *don'ts* for you

Laurey: Don't take my arm too much

Don't keep your hand in mine

Curly: Your hand feels so grand in mine

Both: People will say we're in love

Laurey: Don't dance all night with me

Till the stars fade from above

Both: They'll see, it's alright with me

People will say we're in love

Perfidia (1939)

(wm) Alberto Domínguez (w Eng) Milton Leeds (I) Xavier Cugat Orchestra (P) Benny Goodman Orchestra, Helen Forrest voc. (R) 1990 Musical *Forever Plaid* (RR) 2002 Luis Miguel (CR) The Four Aces

Refrain: Mujer, si puedes tú con Dios hablar
Pregúntale si yo alguna vez te he dejado de adorar
Y al mar espejo de mi corazón

Las veces que me ha visto llorar la perfidia de tu amor

Te he buscado por dondequiera que yo voy y no te puedo hallar

Para qué quiero tus besos si tus labios no me quieren ya besar?

Y tú quién sabe por dónde andarás

Quién sabe qué aventura tendrás qué lejos estás de mí

Refrain: To you my heart cries out, Perfidia,
For I found you, the love of my life, in somebody else's arms.
Your eyes are echoing perfidia, forgetful of our promise of love,
You're sharing another's charms.
With a sad lament my dreams have faded like a broken melody.
While the gods of love look down
And laugh at what romantic fools we mortals be.
And now I know my love was not for you.
And so I take it back with a sigh, perfidious one,
Goodbye. (Goodbye, goodbye).

1-56 Pick Yourself Up (1936)

(m) Jerome Kern (w) Dorothy Fields (I) Film: *Swing Time* by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

Nothing's impossible I have found,

For when my chin is on the ground,

I pick myself up, dust myself off, start all over again.

Don't lose your confidence if you slip,

Be grateful for a pleasant trip,

And pick yourself up, dust yourself off, start all over again.

Work like a soul inspired till the battle of the day is won.

You may be sick and tired, but you'll be a man my son!

Will you remember the famous men who had to fall to rise again?

First ending:

So pick yourself up, dust yourself off, start all over again.

Second ending: So take a deep breath, *[wait]*

Pick yourself up, *[wait]* Dust yourself off, *[wait]*

Start all over again.

(Won't You) Play a Simple Melody (1914)

1-56

2-52

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Musical: *Watch Your Step* (Berlin's first stage show) by Sallie Fisher & Charles King. 1953 Movie: *There's No Business Like Show Business* by Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey (RR) 1950 Gary Crosby & "friend"

Main Melody:

Won't you play a simple melody like my mother sang to me?

One with good old fashioned harmony, play a simple melody.

Rag Version Counter-Melody:

Musical Demon, set your honey a-dreamin',

Won't you play me some rag?

Just change that classical nag to some sweet beautiful drag.

If you will play from a copy of a tune that is choppy,

You'll get all my applause.

And that is simply because I want to listen to Rag.

Please (1932)

1-55

(m) Ralph Rainger (w) Leo Robin (I) Film *The Big Broadcast of 1933* by Bing Crosby

Chorus: Please, lend your little ear to my pleas.

Lend a ray of cheer to my pleas. Tell me that you love me too.

Please, let me hold you tight in my arms.

I could find delight in your charms

Ev'ry night my whole life through.

Your eyes reveal that you have the soul of an angel

White as snow;

But how long must I play the role of a gloomy Romeo? Oh!

Please, say you're not intending to tease.

Speed the happy ending, and please, tell me that you love me too.

Polk Salad Annie (1969)

(wm) Tony Joe White. (P) Tony Joe White. (CR) Elvis Presley.

[spoken] Some of ya'll never been down South too much... I'm gonna tell you a little story so that you'll understand what I'm talking about. Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods and the fields, and it looks somethin' like a turnip green. Everybody calls it Polk salad. Now that's polk salad. Used to know a girl that lived down there and she'd go out in the evenings and pick a mess of it... Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat, but they did all right.

Sung:

Down in Louisiana where the alligators grow so mean
There lived a girl that I swear to the world
Made the alligators look tame

Polk Salad Annie, 'gators got your granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was working on the chain-gang
Spoken: a mean, vicious woman

Everyday 'fore supper time, she'd go down by the truck patch
And pick her a mess o' polk salad and carry it home in a tote sack

Polk salad Annie, 'gators got you granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was aworkin' on the chain-gang
Spoken: A wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman, Lord
have mercy. Sock a little polk salad to her.

Her daddy was lazy and no count
Claimed he had a bad back all her brothers were fit for
Was stealin' watermelons out of my truck patch
Polk salad Annie, 'gators got your granny
Everybody said it was a shame
Cause her mama was a working' on the chain gang
Sock a little polk salad to me
You know I need a mess of it *[repeat and vamp]*

Poor Butterfly (1916)

2-53

(w) John L. Golden (m) Raymond Hubbell (I) Revue *The Big Show of 1916* by Haru Onuki (P) Edna Brown (RR) 1954 *The Hilltoppers*

Chorus: Poor Butterfly! 'neath the blossoms waiting.
Poor Butterfly! For she loved him so.
The moments pass into hours. The hours pass into years.
And as she smiles through her tears, she murmurs low,
"The moon and I know that he be faithful.
I'm sure he come to me bye and bye.
But if he don't come back, then I never sigh or cry;
I just must die. Poor Butterfly."

Pretend (1953)

2-53

(wm) Lew Douglas, Cliff Parman, and Frank Lavere (P) Nat King Cole

Pretend you're happy when you're blue; it isn't very hard to do.
And you'll find happiness without an end whenever you pretend.
Remember, anyone can dream;
And nothing's bad as it may seem.
The little things you haven't got could be a lot if you pretend.

You'll find a love you can share, one you can call all your own.
Just close your eyes, s/he'll be there. You'll never be alone.
And if you sing this melody, you'll be pretending just like me.
The world is mine, it can be yours, my friend,
So why don't you pretend?

Pretty Baby (1916)

2-53

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Tony Jackson, Egbert vanAlstyne, (I) Revue *The Passing Show of 1916* by Dolly Hackett (P) 1916 Billy Murray (CR) Barbra Streisand

Refrain:

Everybody loves a baby, that's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty baby, pretty baby.
I'd like to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too,
Pretty baby, pretty baby.
Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love,
And we'll cuddle all the time?
Oh, I want a lovin' baby and it might as well be you,
Pretty baby of mine, (pretty baby of mine.)

Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody, A (1919)

2-53

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) *Ziegfeld Follies of 1919* by John Steel

Refrain: A pretty girl is like a melody

That haunts you night and day
Just like the strain of a haunting refrain,
She'll start upon a marathon and run around your brain,
You can't escape, she's in your memory,
By morning, night and noon
She will leave you and then come back again,
A pretty girl is just like a pretty tune.

Pretty Women (1978)

(wm) Stephen Sondheim. (I) Musical: *Sweeney Todd* by Len Cariou and Edmund Lyndeck. (CR) Barbra Streisand.

Pretty women. Fascinating... sipping coffee, dancing...
Pretty women are a wonder. Pretty women!
Sitting in the window or standing on the stair
Something in them cheers the air.
Pretty women, Silhouetted... Stay within you,
Glancing... stay forever, breathing lightly...
Pretty women. Pretty women!
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair,
Even when they leave they still are there. They're there.

Ah! Pretty women, at their mirrors, in their gardens,
Letter-writing, Flower-picking, Weather-watching.
How they make a man sing!
Proof of heaven as you're living,
Pretty women! Yes, pretty women!
Here's to pretty women, Pretty women.
Pretty women, Pretty women.

Prisoner of Love (1931)

(w) Leo Robin (m) Russ Columbo and Clarence Gaskill. (P) Russ Columbo. (R) 1946 by Perry Como. (R) 1963 by James Brown and the Famous Flames. (CR) Lena Horne with Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra.

Alone from night to night you'll find me
Too weak to break the chains that bind me
I need no shackles to remind me, I'm just a prisoner of love
For one command I stand and wait now
From one who's master of my fate now
I can't escape for it's too late now, I'm just a prisoner of love

Bridge: What's the good of my caring
If someone is sharing those arms with me?
Although she has another, I can't have another for I'm not free
She's in my dreams awake or sleeping
Upon my knees to her I'm creeping
My very life is in her keeping, I'm just a prisoner of love

Put On A Happy Face (1960)

(m) Charles Strouse (w) Lee Adams (I) Musical *Bye Bye Birdie!* by Dick Van Dyke (CR) Tony Bennett

Gray skies are gonna clear up; put on a happy face.
Brush off the clouds and cheer up: put on a happy face.
Take off that gloomy mask of tragedy, it's not your style.
You'll look so good that you'll be glad you decided to smile!
Pick out a pleasant outlook, stick out that noble chin.
Wipe off that full of doubt look, slap on a happy grin.
And spread sunshine all over the place **and** put on a happy face!

1-56

Gray skies are gonna clear up; put on a happy face.
Brush off the clouds and cheer up: put on a happy face.

And if you're feeling cross and bickerish
Don't sit and whine think of banana splits and licorice
And you'll feel fine, I knew a girl so gloomy
She'd never laugh or sing, she wouldn't listen to me
Now she's a mean old thing so spread sunshine all over the place
And put on a happy face. Put on a happy, happy, happy face

Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey (1910)

2-53

(w) Junie McCree (m) Albert von Tilzer (I) Musical *Madame Sherry* by Elisabeth Murray

Chorus: Put your arms around me honey, hold me tight.
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might.
Oh, babe, won't you roll dem eyes, eyes that I just idolize?
When they look at me my heart begins to float.
Then it starts a-rockin' like a motor boat.
Oh, oh! I never knew any girl like you.

Puttin' on the Ritz (1930)

(wm) Irving Berlin. (I) Film: *Puttin' on the Ritz* by Harry Richman. (P) Harry Richman. (R) 1939 Film: *Idiot's Delight* by Clark Gable. (CR) Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. (R) 1946 Film: *Blue Skies* by Fred Astaire. (R) 1983 by Taco.

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
Why don't you go where fashion sits, puttin' on the Ritz
Different types who wear a daycoat
Pants with stripes and cutaway coat. perfect fits
Puttin' on the Ritz

Dressed up like a million dollar trooper
Trying hard to look like Gary Cooper, super-duper
Come, let's mix where Rockefeller
Walk with sticks or "umberellas" in their mitts
Puttin' on the Ritz

Have you seen the well-to-do up and down Park Avenue
On that famous thoroughfare with their noses in the air
High hats and narrow collars, white spats and lots of dollars
Spending every dime for a wonderful time

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
Why don't you go where Harlem spits? Puttin' on the Ritz
Spangled gowns upon the bevy of high brows
From down the levy, all misfits, puttin' on the Ritz

That's where each and every lulu-belle goes
Every Thursday evening in her swell clothes
Rubbin' elbows, come with me and we'll attend their jubilee
And see them spend their last two bits. Puttin' on the Ritz

Quand Le Soleil Était Là

2-15

See *Cuando Calienta el Sol* on page 30.

Rag Mop(1949)

(wm) Johnnie Lee Wills, Deacon Anderson (I) Johnnie Lee Wills
(P) 1950 The Ames Brothers **No. 1 chart record** (Trivia: The last #1 single released ONLY as a 78) (CR) Lionel Hampton

[Refrain 1] M

I say M-O
M-O-P
M-O-P-P
Mop
M-O-P-P
Mop Mop Mop Mop

R

I say R-A
R-A-G
R-A-G-G
Rag
R-A-G-G M-O-P-P
Rag Mop

Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
R-A-G-G M-O-P-P
Rag Mop!

[Refrain 2] A

I say A-B
A-B-C
A-B-C-D
A-B-C-D-E
A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H

I

I say M-O
M-O-P
M-O-P-P
Mop
M-O-P-P
Mop Mop Mop Mop

R

I say R-A
R-A-G
R-A-G-G
Rag
R-A-G-G M-O-P-P
Rag Mop

2-54 Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
Rag Mop
Doo-doo-doo-DAH-dee-ah-dah
R-A-G-G M-O-P-P
Rag Mop!

Ragtime Cowboy Joe (1912)

2-55

(w) Grant Clarke (m) Lewis F. Muir, Maurice Abrahams (I) Bob Roberts (R) 1943 film *Hello, Frisco, Hello* by Alice Faye (R) 1945 film *Ince diary Blonde* by Betty Hutton (RR) 1959 The Chipmunks

[Verse] Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
And the only friend to guide you is an evening star,
The roughest, toughest man by far is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep
Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep
In a basso rich and deep, crooning soft and low.

[Chorus from the sheet music]

He always sings raggy music to the cattle as he swings
Back and forward in the saddle on a horse,
That is syncopated, gaited and there's such a funny meter
To the roar of his repeater, how they run
When they hear that fellow's gun
Because the western folks all know
He's a high-faluting, scooting, shooting',
Son of a gun from Arizona, Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

[UC Davis Aggie Band version]

He always sings lazy music to his cattle
As he swings back and forward in his saddle
On a horse (pretty good horse!) that is syncopated gaited
And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater
How they run (how they run!) when he shoots his gun
Because the western folks all know
He's a high-falutin', rootin' tootin'
Son of a gun from California. He's some cowboy
Talk about your cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head (1969)

(w) Hal David (m) Burt Bacharach (I) Film: *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, by voice of B. J. Thomas (P) B. J. Thomas, **No. 1**

Chart Record; Academy Award Winner

Raindrops keep fallin' on my head and just like the guy
Whose feet are too big for his bed, nothing seems to fit
Those raindrops are fallin' on my head, they keep fallin'
So I just did me some talkin' to the sun
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done
Sleepin' on the job
Those raindrops are fallin' on my head, they keep fallin'

But there's one thing I know
The blues they send to meet me won't defeat me
It won't be long till happiness steps up to greet me
Raindrops keep fallin' on my head but that doesn't mean my eyes
Will soon be turnin' red, cryin's not for me
'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain
By complainin' because I'm free nothin's worryin' me

Ramblin' Rose (1962)

(wm) Noel Sherman, Joe Sherman (P) Nat King Cole

Ramblin' Rose, Ramblin' Rose, why you ramble no one knows
Wild and wind-blown, that's how you've grown
Who can cling to a Ramblin' Rose

Ramble on, ramble on when your ramblin' days are gone
Who will love you with a love true
When your ramblin' days are gone

Ramblin' Rose, Ramblin' Rose, why I want you, heaven knows
Though I love you, with a love true
Who can cling to a Ramblin' Rose

Ramona (1927)

(w) L. Wolfe Gilbert (m) Mabel Wayne (I) film *Ramona* by Dolores del Rio (P) 1928 Gene Austin **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Whispering Jack Smith (R) 1936 film *Ramona* (RR) 1968 Billy Walker

[Chorus] Ramona, I hear the mission bells above.
Ramona, they're ringing out our song of love.
I press you, caress you, and bless the day you taught me to care.
I'll always remember the rambling rose you wore in your hair.
Ramona, when day is done you'll hear my call.
Ramona, we'll meet beside the waterfall.
I dread the dawn when I awake to find you gone.
Ramona, I need you, my own.

1-57 Razzle Dazzle (1974)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander. (I) Musical: *Chicago* by Jerry Orbach. 2002 Film version by Richard Gere

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle 'em.
Give 'em an act with lots of flash in it
and the reaction will be passionate.
Give 'em the old hocus pocus, bead and feather 'em.
How can they see with sequins in their eyes?
What if your hinges all are rusting?
What if, in fact, you're just disgusting?
Razzle dazzle 'em, and they'll never catch wise!

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle 'em.
Give 'em a show that's so splendiferous.
Row after row will grow vociferous.
Give 'em the old flim flam flummox, fool and fracture 'em.
How can they hear the truth above the roar?
Throw 'em a fake and a finagle;
They'll never know you're just a bagel,
Razzle dazzle 'em, and they'll beg you for more!

1-57

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle 'em.
[Give 'em the old double whammy, daze and dazzle 'em]
Back since the days of old Methuselah,
Everyone loves the big bamboozaler
Give 'em the old three-ring circus, stun and stagger 'em.
When you're in trouble, go into your dance.
Though you are stiffer than a girder,
They let ya get away with murder.
Razzle dazzle 'em, And you've got a romance
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle 'em.
Give 'em an act that's unassailable.
They'll wait a year 'til you're available!
Give 'em the old double whammy, daze and dazzle 'em.
Show 'em the first rate sorcerer you are.
Long as you keep 'em way off balance,
How can they spot you got no talents?
Razzle dazzle 'em, Razzle dazzle 'em, Razzle dazzle 'em
And they'll make you a star!

2-54

Red River Valley (c. 1896)

(wm) James Kerrigan (originally entitled "The Bright Mohawk Valley.") (R) Gene Autry

[Verse 1] From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.

[Chorus] Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl that has loved you so true.

[Verse 2] For a long time I have been waiting
For those dear words you never would say.
But at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

[To chorus]

[Verse 3] Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be.
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see?

[To chorus]

Red Roses for a Blue Lady (1948)

(wm) Sid Tepper, Roy C. Bennett (P) Vaughn Monroe (R) 1965 Vic Dana; Bert Kaempfert

I want some red roses for a blue lady.
Mister florist, take my order please.
We had a silly quarrel the other day;
I hope these pretty flowers chase her blues away.
I want some red roses for a blue lady.
Send them to the sweetest gal in town.
And if they do the trick, I'll hurry back to pick
Your best white orchid for her wedding gown.

Release Me (and Let Me Love Again) (1946)

(wm) Eddie Miller, Robert Yount, and Dub Williams. (P) Eddie Miller. (CR) Ray Price. (CR) Kitty Wells. (R) 1962 by Little Esther Phillips. (R) 1967 by Engelbert Humperdinck. (CR) 1970 by Elvis Presley with Bobby Morris and his Orchestra.

Please release me, let me go for I don't love you anymore
To waste our lives would be a sin
Release me and let me love again

I have found a new love, dear and I will always want her near
Her lips are warm while yours are cold
Release me, my darling, let me go

2-55 Remember (1925)

(wm) Irving Berlin (P) Isham Jones Orch. **No. 1 chart record**

[Verse 1] One little kiss, a moment of bliss,
Then hours of deep regret.
One little smile, and after a while, a longing to forget.
One little heartache left as a token,
One little plaything carelessly broken.

[Refrain] Remember the night, the night you said
"I love you." Remember? Remember you vowed
By all the stars above you. Remember?
Remember we found a lonely spot
And after I learned to care a lot;
You promised that you'd forget me not
But you forgot to remember.

Riders in the Sky (1948)

(wm) Stan Jones (I) Burl Ives (P) Vaughn Monroe **No. 1 chart record**
(CR) Sons of the Pioneers; Peggy Lee; Bing Crosby (R) 1949 film
Ghost Riders by Gene Autry

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day.
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way.
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
A' plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.
Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o! Ghost riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire
And their hooves were made of steel.
Their horns wuz black and shiny
And their hot breaths he could feel.
A bolt of fear went through him
As they thundered through the sky;
He saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry:

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o! Ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred
And shirts all soaked with sweat.
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd
But they ain't caught them yet
They've got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their cry:

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o! Ghost riders in the sky.

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name:
"If you want to save your soul from hell
A' ridin' on our range, then, cowboy, change your ways today
O with us you will ride a-tryin' to catch the Devil's herd
Across these endless skies."

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o! Ghost riders in the sky.
(Ghost riders in the sky.)

2-56

2-56

Roamin' in the Gloamin' (1911)

(wm) Harry Lauder (These lyrics taken from Lauder's 1934 recording)

[Verse 1]

I've seen lots of bonnie lassies on my travels wide,
But my heart is centred noo on bonnie Kate McBride;
Altho' I'm no a fella who would throw a word away,
I'm surprised mysel' at times at a' I've got to say—

[Refrain]

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde.
Roamin' in the gloamin' with my lassie by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time we love the best.
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

[Verse 3]

Last nicht efter strollin' we got hame at half-past nine.
Sittin' at the kitchen fire I asked her to be mine.
When she promised I got up
And danced the Hielan' Fling;
I've just been to the jewellers
And I've picked a nice wee ring. [To refrain]

Rock-A-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody (1918)2-57

(w) Sam M. Lewis, Joe Young (m) Jean Schwartz (I) Musical *Sinbad* (interpolation) by Al Jolson (CR) Judy Garland

[Chorus] Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie melody,
When you croon, croon a tune from the heart of Dixie.

Just hang my cradle, Mammy mine,
Right on that Mason-Dixon line and swing it from Virginia
To Tennessee with all the pull that's in ya.

“Weep No More, My Lady,” sing that song again for me,
And “Old Black Joe,” [Sing sweet and low]
Just as though you had me on your knee!
A million baby kisses I'll deliver,
If you will only sing that “Swanee River”!
Rock-a-bye your rock-a-bye baby with a Dixie melody.

Rose, The (1979)

(wm) Amanda McBroom (I) Film: *The Rose* by Bette Midler

Some say love, it is a river that drowns the tender reed.
Some say love, it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love, it is a hunger, an endless aching need.
I say love, it is a flower and you it's only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken, who can not seem to give.
And the soul afraid of dyin' that never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long,
And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong.
Just remember in the winter far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose.

2-57 Rosetta (1933)

2-57

(wm) Earl Hines, Henri Woode (I) Earl “Fatha” Hines (R) 1938 Bob Wills and Texas Playboys (theme song) (R) 1944 Nat King Cole (These lyrics taken from a televised Cole-Eckstine duet)

Rosetta, my Rosetta, in my heart, dear, there's no one but you.
You told me that you loved me,
Please don't leave me for somebody new.
You made my whole life a dream;
I pray that you'll make it come true.
Rosetta, sweet Rosetta
Please say that I'm just the one, dear, for you.

(Get Your Kicks on) Route 66! (1946)

1-58

(wm) Bobby Troup (P) The King Cole Trio (CR) The Manhattan Transfer

If you ever plan to motor west
Travel my way, take the highway that's the best
Get your kicks on Route 66
It winds from Chicago to L.A.
More than two thousand miles all the way
Get your kicks on Route 66

You go through Saint Looy, Joplin, Missouri
Oklahoma City is mighty pretty.
You'll see Amarillo, Gallup, New Mexico, Flagstaff, Arizona
Don't forget Winona, Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino
Won't you get hip to this kindly tip:
When you make that California trip, get your kicks on Route 66

Row, Row, Row (1912)

2-58

(w) William Jerome (m) Jimmie V. Monaco (I) Revue *Ziegfeld Follies of 1912* by Elizabeth Brice (no relation to Fannie)

[Verse 1] Young Johnnie Jones he had a cute little boat.
And all the girlies he would take for a float.
He had girlies on the shore, sweet little peaches by the score.
But Johnnie was a Weisenheimer you know,
His steady girl was Flo and ev'ry Sunday afternoon
She'd jump in his boat and they would spoon.

2-57 [Chorus 1] And then he'd row, row, row

Way up the river he would row, row, row
A hug he'd give her. Then he'd kiss her now and then,
She would tell him when, He'd fool around and fool around
And then they'd kiss again. And then he'd row, row, row
A little further he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh!
Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more encores,
And then he'd row, row, row.

'S Wonderful (1927)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Funny Face*, by Fred Astaire (CR) Doriss (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Don't mind telling you, in my humble fash...
That you thrill me through with a tender pash...
When you said you cared, imagine my emosh...
I swore then and there: permanent devosh...
You made all other men, seem blah...
Just you alone, fill me with ahh...

[Chorus 1] 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!
You should care for me!
'S awful nice! 'S paradise! 'S what I love to see!
You've made my life so glamorous,
You can't blame me for feeling amorous!
Oh! 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!
That you should care for me!

[Chorus 2] 'S Magnifique! 'S What I seek,
You should care for me!
'S Elegant! 'S What I want! 'S What I love to see.
My dear, it's four leaf clover time,
From now on my heart's working over time...
'S exceptionelle! 'S No Bagatelle...
That you should care for me.

St. James Infirmary (c. 1785)

(wm) Under various titles, it dates back to the late 1700's to England (where a St. James Infirmary was located). A sheet was copyrighted by "Jack Primrose" (aka Irving Mills) in 1929. The first known recording is 2/25/27 by Fess Williams and his Royal Flush Orch. Louis Armstrong's 12/12/28 record was extremely popular. There is a whole book by Robert W. Harwood about the song: *I Went Down to St. James Infirmary*. The following partial lyrics are from various sources.

I went down to St. James Infirmary aaw my baby there,
Stretched out on a long white table, so sweet, so cool, so fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her; wherever she may be
She may search the wide world over
And never find a better man than me

I went down to old Joe's barroom on the corner by the square.
They were serving the drinks as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

Oh, when I die, please bury me in my ten dollar Stetson hat;
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So the boys'll know I died standin' pat.

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin,
Six chorus girls to sing me a song,
Put a twenty-piece jazz band on my tail gate,
To raise Hell as we go along.

Now that's the end of my story.
Let's have another round of booze.
And if anyone should ask you, just tell them
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues.

1-66 St. Louis Blues, The (1914)

(wm) W(illiam) C(hristopher) Handy (P) 1925 Bessie Smith & Louis Armstrong **Grammy Hall of Fame**. (R) 1929 film short *St. Louis Blues* by Bessie Smith. (RR). 1943 Glenn Miller. (RR) 1958 film biography *St. Louis Blues* by Pearl Bailey then Nat King Cole. (RR) 1998 Stevie Wonder. (CR) The Mills Brothers These partial lyrics from the original sheet.

I hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down.
Hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
'Cause my baby, he done lef' dis town.
Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today,
Feel tomorrow like I feel today,
I'll pack my trunk, make my getaway.

St. Louis woman wid her diamond rings
Pulls that man 'round by her apron strings.
'T'wernt for powder an' for store-bought hair
De man I love would not have gone nowhere.

[Chorus] Got de St. Louis blues jes' as blue as I can be!
Dat man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.
I loves that man like a schoolboy loves his pie,
Like a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint and rye.
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

2-58 Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long (1932)

(w) Fred Whitehouse, Milton Berle (m) Sam M. Lewis & Victor Young Adapted from "Lord, You Made the Night Too Long"

Verse: Trousers dragging, slowly dragging thru the street,
Yes! I'm walking, but I'm walking without feet.
I'm not finding fault at all,
You're too big and I'm too small,
But Sam, you promised me both ends would meet.

Chorus: You made the coat and vest fit the best.
You made the lining nice and strong.
But Sam, you made the pants too long.
You made the peak lapel look so swell,
So who am I to say you're wrong?
But Sam, you made the pants too long.

They got a belt and they got suspenders,
So what can they lose?
But what good are belts, and what good suspenders,
When the pants are hanging over the shoes?
You feel a winter breeze up and down the knees.
The belt is where the tie belongs.
'Cause Sam, Sam, Sam, you made the pants too long.

Samba de Uma Nota Só

See *One Note Samba* on page 107.

2-58

1-58

2-51

San Antonio Rose (1938)

(m) Bob Wills (w) Various Texas Playboys (I) Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys (R) Reba McEntire; Dwight Yokum (CR) Bing Crosby

Deep within my heart lies a melody, a song of old San Antone.
Where in dreams I live with a memory beneath the stars all alone.
It was there I found beside the Alamo
Enchantment strange as the blue, up above
A moonlit path that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart;
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone.
Lips so sweet and tender like petals fallin' apart,
Speak once again of my love, my own.

Broken song, empty words I know still live in my heart all alone,
For that moonlit path by the Alamo
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.

San Fernando Valley (1943)

(wm) Gordon Jenkins. (P) Bing Crosby. (CR) Johnny Mercer.

Oh! I'm packing my grip and I'm leavin' today,
'Cause I'm takin' a trip California way
I'm gonna settle down and never more roam
And make the San Fernando Valley my home.

I'll forget my sins, I'll be makin' new friends,
Where the West begins and the sunset ends,
'Cause I've decided where "yours truly" really oughta be
And it's the San Fernando Valley for me

Bridge: I think that I'm safe in statin' she will be waitin'
When my lonely journey is done
And kindly old Rev'rend Thomas
Made us a promise he will make the two of us one.

So, I'm hittin' the trail to the cow country.
You can forward my mail care of R.F.D.
I'm gonna settle down and never more roam
And make the San Fernando Valley my home

San Francisco (1936)

(w) Gus Kahn (m) Bronislau Kaper, Walter Jurmann (I) Film: *San Francisco* by Jeanette MacDonald (RR) 1961 by Judy Garland

[Chorus] San Francisco, open your golden gate,
You let no stranger wait outside your door.
San Francisco, here is your wandering one
Saying, "I'll wander no more."

Other places only make me love you best
Tell me you're the heart of all the golden west.
San Francisco, welcome me home again.
I'm coming home to go roaming no more.

2-59 Satin Doll (1958)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Billy Strayhorn, Duke Ellington. (I) Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. (P) Ella Fitzgerald

Cigarette holder which wigs me, over her shoulder she digs me
Out caddin', that satin doll baby shall we go out skippin'
Careful amigo, you're flippin' speaks Latin, that satin doll
She's nobody's fool so I'm playing it cool as can be
I'll give it a whirl but I ain't for no girl catching me
Switch-E-Rooney, telephone numbers, well you know
Doing my rumbas with uno and that 'n' my satin doll

Say It Isn't So (1932)

(wm) Irving Berlin (P) George Olsen Orchestra

Say it isn't so, say it isn't so,
Ev'ryone is saying you don't love me, say it isn't so.
Ev'rywhere I go, ev'ryone I know
Whispers that you're growing tired of me, say it isn't so.
People say that you found somebody new,
And it won't be long before you leave me, say it isn't true.
Say that ev'rything is still O.K., that's all I want to know,
And what they're saying, say it isn't so.

Scotch and Soda (1959)

(wm) Dave Guard (P) The Kingston Trio

Scotch and soda, mud in your eye
Baby, do I feel high, oh me, oh my, do I feel high
Dry Martini, jigger of gin
Oh, what a spell you've got me in, oh my, do I feel high
People won't believe me, they'll think that I'm just bragging
But I could feel the way I do and still be on on the wagon
All I need is one of your smiles,
Sunshine of your eyes, oh me, oh my
Do I feel higher than a kite can fly,
Give me lovin' baby, I feel high

1-58

1-58

1-58

1-59

Second Hand Rose (1921)

(w) Grant Clarke (m) James F. Hanley (I) Revue: *Ziegfeld Follies of 1921* by Fanny Brice (P) Fanny Brice (RR) 1928 film: *My Man* by Fanny Brice (RR) 1968 film: *Funny Girl* by Barbra Streisand

Father [has](#) a business, strictly second hand
Ev'rything from toothpicks to a baby grand.
Stuff in our apartment came from father's store.
Even clothes I'm wearing someone wore before.
It's no wonder that I feel abused.
I never get a thing that ain't been used.

I'm wearing second hand hats, second hand clothes
That's why they call me Second Hand Rose
Even our piano in the parlour
Father bought for ten cents on the dollar
Second hand pearls, I'm wearing second hand curls
I never get a single thing that's new
Even Jake the plumber, he's the man I adore
Had the nerve to tell me he's been married before
Ev'ryone knows that I'm just Second Hand Rose
From Second Avenue

[Each one in the family, kicks the whole day long.](#)
[Ev'ryone's disgusted, ev'rything is wrong.](#)
[Second handed doggie, second handed cat,](#)
[Second handed welcome, second handed mat.](#)
[I think father's head is made of wood,](#)
[He brings home lots of things that ain't no good.](#)

I'm wearing second hand shoes, second hand hose
All the girls hand me their second hand beaus
Even my pajamas when I don 'em
Have somebody else's 'nitials on 'em
Second hand rings, I'm sick of second hand things
I never get what other girlies do
Once while strolling through the Ritz, a girl got my goat
She nudged her friend and said,
"Oh look there goes my old fur coat"
Ev'ryone knows that I'm just Second Hand Rose
From Second Avenue, from Second Avenue

Secret Love (1953)

(w) Paul Francis Webster (m) Sammy Fain (I) Film: *Calamity Jane* by Doris Day **Oscar Winner**.

Once I had a secret love that lived within the heart of me.
All too soon my secret love became impatient to be free.
So I told a friendly star, the way that dreamers often do,
Just how wonderful you are and why I'm so in love with you.
Now I shout it from the highest hills,
Even told the golden daffodils; at last my heart's an open door,
And my secret love's no secret any more.

1-59 Send in the Clowns (1973)

(wm) Stephen Sondheim (I) Musical: *A Little Night Music* by Glynis Johns (P) Judy Collins (CR) Barbra Streisand

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair? Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air. Send in the clowns.
Isn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around, one who can't move.
Where are the clowns? Send in the clowns.
Just when I stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours,
Making my entrance again with my usual flair,
Sure of my lines, no one is there.
Don't you love farce? My fault, I fear.
I thought that you'd want what I'd want.
Sorry, my dear. But where are the clowns?
Quick, send in the clowns. Don't bother, they're here.

[\[From the bridge\]](#) Just when I stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours,
Making my entrance again with my usual flair,
Sure of my lines, no one is there. Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer? Losing my timing this late in my career.
And where are the clowns? There ought to be clowns.
Well, maybe next year.

Sentimental Journey (1944)

(wm) Bud Green, Lester Brown, Ben Homer (P) Theme song of Les Brown Orch./ Doris Day. (RR) 1951 The Ames Brothers with Les Brown Orchestra

Gonna take a sentimental journey, gonna set my heart at ease
Gonna make a sentimental journey to renew old memories
Got my bag, I got my reservation spent each dime I could afford
Like a child in wild anticipation long to hear that, "All aboard"
Seven, that's the time we leave at seven
I'll be waitin' up for heaven
Countin' ev'ry mile of railroad track that takes me back
Never thought my heart could be so "yearny"
Why did I decide to roam
Gotta take this sentimental journey, sentimental journey home

1-60

Serenade in Blue (1942)

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Harry Warren. (I) Film: *Orchestra Wives* by Glenn Miller and his Orchestra, vocal by Ray Eberle and The Modernaires.

When I hear that serenade in blue
I'm somewhere in another world, alone with you
Sharing all the joys we used to know many moons ago
Once again your face comes back to me
Just like the theme of some forgotten melody
In the album of my memory: serenade in blue

It seems like only yesterday, the small cafe, a crowded floor
And as we danced the night away I hear you say "forevermore"
And then the song became a sigh
"Forevermore" became "goodbye"
'Cause you remained in my heart so
Tell me darling is there still a spark?
Or only lonely ashes of the flame we knew
Should I go on whistling in the dark?
Serenade in blue

Seventy Six Trombones (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by Robert Preston & The Girls and Boys

Seventy six trombones led the big parade
With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand
They were followed by rows and rows
Of the finest virtuosos the cream of ev'ry famous band

Seventy six trombones caught the morning sun
With a hundred and ten cornets right behind
There were more than a thousand reeds springing up like weeds
There were horns of ev'ry shape and kind

There were copper bottom tympani in horse platoons
Thundering, thundering all along the way
Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons
Each bassoon having his big fat say
There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery
Thundering, thundering louder than before
Clarinets of ev'ry size and trumpeters who'd improvise
A full octave higher than the score

Seventy six trombones led the big parade
When the order to march rang out loud and clear
Starting off with a big bang, bong
On a Chinese gong by a big, bang, bonger at the rear

Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint
While a hundred and ten cornets played the air
Then I modestly took my place as the one and only bass
And I oompahed up and down the square

Sh-Boom (Life Could Be a Dream)

See *Blue Moon Medley* on page 16.

Shadow of Your Smile, The (1965)

2-59

(w) Paul Francis Webster (m) Johnny Mandel **Oscar Winner** (I) film *The Sandpiper* by trumpeter Jack Sheldon. (P) Tony Bennett. **Grammy winner.** (RR) Connie Francis in English, Spanish and Italian

[Refrain] The shadow of your smile when you are gone
Will color all my dreams and light the dawn.
Look into my eyes, my love, and see
All the lovely things you are to me.

Our wistful little star was far too high.
A tear drop kissed your lips and so did I.
Now when I remember spring, all the joy that love can bring,
I will be remembering the shadow of your smile.

Shall We Dance? (1950)

2-59

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) 1951 Musical *The King and I* by Gertrude Lawrence & Yul Brynner. 1956 film version by Marni Nixon dubbing Deborah Kerr & Yul Brynner

*We've just been introduced. I do not know you well.
But when the music started, something drew me to your side.
So many men and girls, are in each other's arms-
It made me think we might be similarly occupied.*

Shall we dance? On a bright cloud of music shall we fly?
Shall we dance?
Shall we then say "Goodnight" and mean "Goodbye"?
Or perchance, when the last little star has left the sky,
Shall we still be together with our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance? On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen, shall we dance?
Shall we dance? Shall we dance?

She's a Latin from Manhattan (1935)

2-59

(w) Al Dubin (m) Harry Warren (I) film *Go Into Your Dance* by Al Jolson. (P) Victor Young Orch., Hal Burke voc. **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Johnny Green Orch., Jimmy Farrell voc.; Ozzie Nelson Orch. (RR) 1980 film *My Bodyguard* by Ruth Gordon

[Refrain] She's a Latin from Manhattan.
I can tell by her "Mañana"
She's a Latin from Manhattan, but not Havana.
Though she does the rumba for us,
And she calls herself Dolores,
She was in a Broadway chorus known as Suzy Donahue.

She can take her tambourine and whack it,
But to her it's just a racket.
She's a hoofer from Tenth Avenue.
She's a Latin from Manhattan.
She's a Forty-Second Streeter.
She's a Latin from Manhattan, Señorita Donahue.

1-9 Shenandoah

2-50

See *Oh Shenandoah* on page 102.

Shine On, Harvest Moon (1908)

(w) Jack Norworth (m) Nora Bayes (I) Revue: *Follies of 1908* by Bayes and Norworth

[Verse 1]

The night was mighty dark so you could hardly see,
For the moon refused to shine.
Couple sitting underneath a willow tree, for love they pine.
Little maid was kind afraid of darkness,
So she said, "I guess I'll go."
Boy began to sigh, looked up at the sky,
Told the moon his little tale of woe.

[Chorus]

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon.
So shine on, shine on, harvest moon for me and my gal.

ShipooPi (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by Buddy Hackett

Marcellus:

Now a woman who'll kiss on the very first date is usually a hussy
And a woman who'll kiss on the second time out
Is anything but fussy
But a woman who'll wait 'til the third time around,
Head in the clouds, feet on the ground!
She's the girl he's glad he's found—she's his
Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi!

Boys: The girl who's hard to get!

Marcellus: Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi Shi-Poo-Pi

Girls: But you can win her yet.

Marcellus: Walk her once just to raise the curtain,
Walk around twice and you make for certain.

Once more in the flower garden, she will never get sore
If you beg her pardon.

All: Do re me fa so la si do si la sol fa mi re do

Marcellus: Squeeze her once when she isn't lookin',
If you get a squeeze back, that's fancy cookin',
Once more for a pepper-upper,
She will never get sore on her way to supper.

All: Do re me fa sol la si do si do

Marcellus: Now little old Sal was a no-gal
As anyone could see look at her now, she's a go-gal
Who only goes for me
Squeeze her once when she isn't lookin',

1-60 If you get a squeeze back, that's fancy cookin',
Once more for a pepper-upper,
She will never get sore on her way to supper.

All: Do re me fa sol la si do si do

Marcellus: Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi Shi-Poo-Pi

Boys: The girl who's hard to get.

Marcellus: Shi-Poo-Pi! Shi-Poo-Pi Shi-Poo-Pi

Girls: But you can win her yet.

All: Shi-Poo-Pi, Shi-Poo-Pi, Shi-Poo-Pi!

The girl who's hard to get.

Shi-Poo-Pi, Shi-Poo-Pi, Shi-Poo-Pi,

But you can win her yet. You can win her yet! Shi-Poo-Pi!

Show Me the Way to Go Home (1925)

1-61

(wm) Irving King (P) in the U.S. by Vincent Lopez Orch. (CR) Billy Jones & Ernie Hare (The Happiness Boys)

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it's gone right to my head
Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Show me the way to my habitual abode
I'm fatigued and I desire to retire
Oh I had an alcoholic beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went straight to my cerebellum
Wherever I may parambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Side By Side (1927)

1-61

(wm) Harry MacGregor Woods (P) Nick Lucas (CR) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (RR) 1953 by Kay Starr

Oh we ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along, singing a song side by side
Don't know what's comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow but we'll travel the road
Sharin' our load side by side

Thru all kinds of weather what if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're together it doesn't matter at all
When they've all had their quarrels and parted
We'll be the same as we started
Just travellin' along, singin' a song, side by side

See that sun in the morning peeping over the hill
I'll bet you sure it always has and it always will
Well that's how I feel about someone
And somebody feels about me.
We're sure in love with each other
And that's the way it's gonna be

Since I Fell for You (1945)

(wm) Buddy Johnson (I) Buddy Johnson & Ella Johnson (R) 1964
Lenny Welch (RR) 1993 Reba McEntire & Natalie Cole

[Verse] When you just give love, and never get love,
You'd better let love depart.
I know it's so, and yet I know, I can't get you out of my heart.

[Refrain] You made me leave my happy home.
You took my love, and now you've gone, since I fell for you.
Love brings such misery and pain.
I guess I'll never be the same since I fell for you.

Well it's too bad, and it's too sad, but I'm in love with you.
You love me, then you snub me.
But what can I do? I'm still in love with you.
I guess I'll never see the light.
I get the blues most every night, since I fell for you.
(Since I fell for you.)

Singin' in the Rain (1929)

(w) Arthur Freed (m) Nacio Herb Brown (I) Film: *Hollywood Revue of 1929* by Cliff Edwards, The Brox Sisters & The Rounders (P) Cliff Edwards (CR) Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra (RR) 1952 film: *Singin' in the Rain* by Gene Kelly in one of the most popular film sequences in movie history

Singin' in the rain, just singin' in the rain
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again
I'm laughing at clouds so dark up above
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love

Let the stormy clouds chase ev'ryone from the place
Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face
I'll walk down the lane with a happy refrain
And singin', just singin' in the rain

Sixteen Going on Seventeen

See *You Are Sixteen* on page 155.

Skylark (1941)

(m) Hoagy Carmichael (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Hoagy Carmichael
(CR) Aretha Franklin

Skylark, have you anything to say to me?
Won't you tell me where my love can be?
Is there a meadow in the mist
Where someone's waiting to be kissed?
Skylark, have you seen a valley green with spring
Where my heart can go a-journeying
Over the shadows and the rain to a blossom covered lane?
And in your lonely flight
Haven't you heard the music in the night? Wonderful music.
Faint as will-o-the-wisp, crazy as a loon.
Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon.
Oh, skylark, I don't know if you can find these things,
But my heart is riding on your wings
So, if you see them anywhere, won't you lead me there?

2-60 Slowpoke (1951)

(wm) Chilton Price, Pee Wee King, Redd Stewart (I) Pee Wee King
Band, Redd Stewart, voc. (CR) Arthur Godfrey; Helen O'Connell

You keep me waitin' till it's gettin' aggravatin'
You're a slowpoke. I wait and worry
But you never seem to hurry, you're a slowpoke.
Time means nothing to you; I wait and then,
You're late again. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, quarter to ten.
Why should I linger everytime you snap your finger,
Little slowpoke?
Why can't you hasten when you see the time's a-wastin'?
You're a slowpoke, dear.
Why should I keep trying to change you; it's not the thing to do.
I guess I'll have to learn to be a slowpoke too.

Small Fry (1938)

(m) Hoagy Carmichael (w) Johnny Mercer

[Chorus] Small fry, struttin' by the pool room;
Small fry, should be in the school room;
My! My! Put down that cigarette;
You ain't a grown-up high and mighty yet.
Small fry, dancin' for a penny; small fry, countin' up how many
My! My! Just listen here to me,
You ain't the biggest catfish in the sea.

You practice peckin' all day long to some old radio song.
Oh! yes, Oh! yes, Oh! yes.
You better listen to your Paw/ (*Maw*)
And someday practice the law,
And then you'll be a real success. Yes!
Small fry, (You) Kissed the neighbor's daughter;
Small fry, (Should) Stay in shallow water.
Seems I should take you 'cross my knee,
You ain't the biggest catfish in the sea.
You've got your feet all soakin' wet,
You'll be the death of me yet. Oh me! Oh my! Small fry.

1-61

Smile (1936)

(w) John Turner, Geoffrey Parsons (m) Charles Chaplin (I) Film:
Modern Times as soundtrack theme (RR) 1959 by Tony Bennett
(RR) 1961 by Timmi Yuro (RR) 1962 by Ferrante and Teicher
(RR) 1965 by Jerry Butler & Betty Everett (CR) Nat King Cole

Smile, tho' your heart is aching. Smile even tho' it's breaking.
When there are clouds in the sky, you'll get by
If you smile through your fear and sorrow.
Smile, and maybe tomorrow
You'll see the sun come shining thru for you.
Light up your face with gladness. Hide ev'ry trace of sadness
Altho' a tear may be ever so near.
That's the time you must keep on trying;
Smile, what's the use of crying.
You'll find that life is still worthwhile if you'll just smile.

2-60

1-62

1-62

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (1933)

(w) Otto Harbach (m) Jerome Kern (I) Musical: *Roberta* by Tamara (R) 1936 film version by Irene Dunne (RR) 1958 The Platters **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Kathryn Grayson

They asked me how I knew my true love was true.
I of course replied, "Something here inside cannot be denied."
They said, "Someday you'll find all who love are blind.
When your heart's on fire,
You must realize smoke gets in your eyes."
So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
To think they could doubt my love.
Yet today my love has flown away I am without my love.
Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide.
So I smile and say
"When a lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."

Snowbird (1970)

(wm) Gene MacLellan. (P) Anne Murray. (CR) Elvis Presley.

Beneath it's snowy mantle cold and clean,
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green.
The snowbird sings the song he always sings and
Speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring.
When I was young my heart was young then, too.
Anything that it would tell me that's the thing that I would do.
But now I feel such emptiness within,
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I can't win.

Refrain: Spread your tiny wings and fly away,
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day.
The one I love forever is untrue,
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you.

The breeze along the river seems to say
That he'll only break my heart again should I decide to stay
So, little snowbird, take me with you when you go
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow.

[Refrain]

Yeah, if I could I know that I would fly away with you.

So In Love (1948)

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Kiss Me Kate* by Patricia Morrison and later reprised by Alfred Drake; 1953 film version by Kathryn Grayson & Howard Keel (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

Strange dear, but true dear, when I'm close to you dear
The stars fill the sky so in love with you am I
Even without you, my arms fold about you
You know darling why wo in love with you am I

In love with the night mysterious,
The night when you first were there
In love with my joy delirious when I knew that you could care
So taunt me and hurt me, deceive me, desert me
I'm yours till I die, so in love, so in love
So in love with you, my love, am I

2-60 So Long, Farewell (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by The Children.

There's a sad sort of clanging from the clock in the hall
And the bells in the steeple too.
And up in the nursery an absurd little bird
Is popping out to say cook-coo
Regretfully they tell us, but firmly they compel us
To say goodbye to you...

So long farewell, auf weidersehen good night
Marta: I hate to go and leave this pretty sight

So long farewell, auf weidersehen adieu
Freidrich: Adieu, adieu, to you and you and you

So long farewell, au revior auf weidersehen
Liesl: I'd like to stay and taste my first champagne

So long farewell, auf weidersehen goodbye
Kurt: I leave and heave a sigh and say good bye -
goodbyyyyyyyyyeeee!

Brigitta: I'm glad... to go.... I cannot tell a lie

Louisa: I flit, I float, I fleetly flee I fly...

Gretl: The sun... has gone... to bed and so must I...

So long...farewell...auf weidersehen goodbye...
Goodbye... Goodbye.... Goodbye.... Goodbye

So Nice (Summer Samba) (1965)

(wm) Marcos Valle, Paul Sergio Valle (w Eng) Norman Gimbel
(P) Astrud Gilberto

Someone to hold me tight, that would be very nice.
Someone to love me right, that would be very nice.
Someone to understand each little dream in me.
Someone to take my hand, to be a team with me. So nice.
Life would be so nice if one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand and samba thru life with me.
Someone to cling to me, stay with me right or wrong.
Someone to sing to me some little samba song.
Someone to take my heart, then give his heart to me.
Someone who's ready to give love start with me.
Oh yes. That would be so nice.
Should it be you and me, I could see it would be nice.

Solamente Una Vez

See *You Belong to My Heart* on page 155.

2-61

1-76

2-76

Some Enchanted Evening (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Ezio Pinza. (P) Perry Como. (RR) 1958 film by Giorgio Tozzi dubbing for Rossano Brazzi. (RR) 1965 by Jay and The Americans (RR) 1977 by Jane Olivor

Some enchanted evening you may see a stranger
You may see a stranger across a crowded room.
And somehow you know, you know even then,
That somewhere you'll see her again and again.
Some enchanted evening someone may be laughing
You may hear her laughing across a crowded room
And night after night, as strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams.

Who can explain it? Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons. Wise men never try.
Some enchanted evening when you find your true love,
When you feel her call you across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side and make her your own.
Or all thru your life you may dream all alone.

Once you have found her never let her go
Once you have found her never let her go

Someone to Watch Over Me (1926)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Musical: *Oh, Kay!* by Gertrude Lawrence. (P) George Olsen and his Orchestra. (RR) 1954 film: *Young at Heart* by Frank Sinatra (CR) Rosemary Clooney

[Verse] There's a saying old, says that love is blind.
Still we're often told "Seek and ye shall find."
So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind.
Looking ev'rywhere, haven't found him yet.
He's the big affair I cannot forget,
Only man I ever think of with regret.

I'd like to add his initial to my monogram.
Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb?

[chorus]

There's a somebody I'm longing to see
I hope that he turns out to be someone who'll watch over me
I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood
I know I could always be good to one who'll watch over me

Although he may not be the man some
Girls think of as handsome, to my heart, he carries the key.
Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,
Follow my lead, oh how I need someone to watch over me

Someone's Rockin' My Dreamboat (1941)

(wm) Otis J. René, Leon T. René, Emerson C. Scott (I) The Ink Spots (CR) Helen Forrest

Someone's rocking my dreamboat,
Someone's invading my dream.
We were sailing along so peaceful and calm,
Suddenly something went wrong.
Someone's rocking my dreamboat, disturbing a beautiful dream.
It's a myst'ry to me this mutiny at sea, who can it be?

1-62 A friendly breeze gave us a start to a paradise of our own.
All at once a storm blew us apart and left me drifting alone.
Someone's rocking my dreamboat,
I'm captain without any crew.
But with love as my guide,
I'll follow the tide, I'll keep sailing 'til I find you.

Something Wonderful (1951)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *The King and I* by Dorothy Sarnoff. Terry Saunders in 1956 Film

This is a man who thinks with his heart,
His heart is not always wise.
This is a man who stumbles and falls, but this is a man who tries.
This is a man you'll forgive and forgive,
And help protect, as long as you live...

He may not always say what you would have him say.
But now and then he'll say something wonderful.
The thoughtless things he'll do will hurt and worry you.
Then all at once he'll do something wonderful.
He has a thousand dreams that won't come true.
You know that he believes in them and that's enough for you.
You'll always go along, defend him when he's wrong.
And tell him when he's strong, he is wonderful.
He'll always need your love, and so he'll get your love.
The man who needs your love can be wonderful.

Something's Gotta Give (1955)

(wm) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *Daddy Longlegs* by Fred Astaire (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

When an irresistible force such as you,
Meets an old immovable object like me,
You can bet as sure as you live:
Something's gotta give, something's gotta give,
Something's gotta give.
When an irrepressible smile such as yours,
Warms an old implacable heart such as mine,
Don't say no because I insist:
Somewhere, somehow, someone's gonna be kissed.

So en garde!

Who knows what the fates have in store from their vast
mysterious sky?

I'll try hard ignoring those lips I adore.

But how long can anyone try?

Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight it with all of our might,
Chances are some heavenly star-spangled night

We'll find out as sure as we live:

Something's gotta give, something's gotta give, Something's
gotta give.

2-61

1-63

Somewhere (There's a Place for Us) (1957)

(w) Stephen Sondheim (m) Leonard Bernstein. (I) Musical: *West Side Story* by Reri Grist. In 1961 film by Marni Nixon dubbing for Natalie Wood, and Jimmy Bryant dubbing for Richard Beymer. (R) 1966 by Len Barry. (R) 1985 by Barbra Streisand.

Tony: There's a place for us, somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air wait for us somewhere.

Maria: There's a time for us, womeday a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to look, time to care, someday!

Tony: Somewhere. We'll find a new way of living,

Maria: We'll find a way of forgiving, somewhere...

Both: There's a place for us, a time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.

Hold my hand and I'll take you there

Somehow, some day, somewhere!

Somewhere Along the Way (1952)

(m) Kurt Adams (w) Sammy Gallop (P) Nat King Cole

[Chorus] I used to walk with you along the avenue.
Our hearts were carefree and gay.
How could I know I'd lose you somewhere along the way?
The friends we used to know would always smile, "Hello."
"No love like our love," they'd say.
Then love slipped through our fingers somewhere along the way.

I should forget, but with the loneliness of night
I start remembering ev'rything.
You're gone and yet there's till a feeling deep inside
That you will always be part of me.
So now I look for you along the avenue.
And as I wander I pray that someday soon I'll find you
Somewhere along the way.

Soon (1930)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical (revision) *Strike Up the Band* by Helen Gilligan & Jerry Goff

[Refrain 1] Soon the lonely nights will be ended.
Soon two hearts as one will be blended.
I've found the happiness I've waited for,
The only girl that I was fated for.
Oh, soon a little cottage will find us safe
With all our cares far behind us.
The day you're mine this world will be in tune.
Let's make that day come soon.

[Refrain 2] Soon, my dear, you'll never be lonely.
Soon you'll find I live for you only.
When I'm with you who cares what time it is,
Or what the place or what the climate is?
Oh, soon our little ship will come sailing home,
Through ev'ry storm, never failing.
The day you're mine this world will be in tune.
Let's make that day come soon.

Sound of Music, The (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Mary Martin

The hills are alive with the sound of music
With songs they have sung for a thousand years
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music
My heart wants to sing ev'ry song it hears

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds
That rise from the lake to the trees.

My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze

To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over
Stones on its way,

To sing through the night like a lark who is learning to pray.

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely

I know I hear what I've heard before

My heart will be blessed with the sound of music

And I'll sing once more

South (1924)

(m) Thamon Hayes, Bennie Moten (w 1941) Charles Carpenter (P 1928) Bennie Moten Orch. (CR) Edward "Kid" Ory (RR) Maddox Brothers and Rose (from where these lyrics are transcribed)

Down below that old Dixon line there's a place that really is fine.
Don't you know what I'm talkin' about?

You want to find out, then take a trip with me.

Down below that old Dixon line where the sun is happy to shine.

Where a friendly face is common to see

That's where I'm longin' to be.

Where the folks are happy and gay

And the easy way is the right way

Where the bees make music all day

Don't you know you're right next to heaven down south

Where the moon shines mellow and bright

And the breeze plays tag with the night.

That's where the sundown gals hold you tight.

Lordy, how I love the south!

2-61

1-63

2-62

2-62

Speak Low (1943)

(m) Kurt Weill (w) Ogden Nash. (I) Musical: *One Touch of Venus* by Mary Martin & Kenny Baker. In 1948 Film Version: Dick Haymes and Eileen Wilson dubbing Ava Gardner

Speak low when you speak love.
Our summer day withers away too soon, too soon.
Speak low when you speak love.
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift,
We're swept apart too soon.
Speak low, darling, speak low,
Love is a spark lost in the dark Too soon, too soon!
I feel wherever I go that tomorrow is near,
Tomorrow is here, and always too soon!

Time is so old and love so brief,
Love is pure gold, and time a thief.
We're late, darling, we're late,
The curtain descends, everything ends
Too soon, too soon! I wait, darling, I wait.
Will you speak low to me? Speak love to me, and soon!

Spring Is Here (1938)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Lorenz Hart (I) Musical: *I Married an Angel* by Dennis King & Vivienne Segal

Spring is here! Why doesn't my heart go dancing?
Spring is here! Why isn't the waltz entrancing?
No desire, no ambition leads me.
Maybe it's because nobody needs me.
Spring is here! Why doesn't the breeze delight me?
Stars appear. Why doesn't the night invite me?
Maybe it's because nobody loves me.
Spring is here, I hear.

Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year (1944)

(wm) Frank Loesser (I) Film: *Christmas Holiday* by Deanna Durbin

[Refrain] Spring will be a little late this year,
A little late arriving in my lonely world over here.
For you have left me, and where is our April of old?
You have left me and winter continues cold,
As if to say spring will be a little slow to start,
A little slow reviving that music it made in my heart.
Yes, time heals all things, so I needn't cling to this fear;
It's merely that spring will be a little late this year.

Stairway to Paradise

See *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise* on page 60.

1-64 Stairway to the Stars (1939)

(w) Mitchell Parish (m 1934) Matty Malneck & Frank Signorelli (P) Glenn Miller Orch., Ray Eberle voc. **No. 1 chart record;** (CR) Kay Kyser Orch. (#4); Jimmy Dorsey Orch., Bob Eberly voc. (#8); Al Donohue Orch. (#12) (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

[Refrain] Let's build a stairway to the stars,
And climb that stairway to the stars,
With love beside us to fill the night with a song.
We'll hear the sound of violins
Out yonder where the blue begins.
The moon will guide us as we go drifting along.

Can't we sail away on a lazy daisy petal over the rim of the hill?
Can't we sail away on a little dream
And settle high on the crest of a thrill?
Let's build a stairway to the stars, a lovely stairway to the stars.
It would be heaven to climb to heaven with you.

Standing on the Corner (1956)

(wm) Frank Loesser (I) Musical: *The Most Happy Fella* by Shorty Long, Alan Gilbert, John Henson, and Roy Lazarus. (P) The Four Lads.

Standing on a corner watching all the girls go by
Standing on a corner watching all the girls go by
Brother you don't know a nicer occupation
Matter of fact, neither do I
Than standing on a corner watching all the girls
Watching all the girls, watching all the girls go by

I'm the cat that got the cream
Haven't got a girl but I can dream
Haven't got a girl but I can wish
So I'll take me down to Main street
And that's where I select my imaginary dish

Standing on a corner watching all the girls go by
Standing on a corner giving all the girls the eye
Brother if you've got a rich imagination
Give it a whirl, give it a try
Try standing on a corner watching all the girls
Watching all the girls, watching all the girls go by

Brother you can't go to jail for what you're thinking
Or for that woo look in your eye
Standing on the corner watching all the girls
Watching all the girls, watching all the girls go by

Stardust (1929)

(w) Mitchell Parish (m) Hoagy Carmichael (P) Isham Jones Orch.
(CR) Nat King Cole (CR) Louis Armstrong (CR) The Mills Brothers

[Verse] And now the purple dusk of twilight time
Steals across the meadows of my heart.
High up in the sky the little stars climb
Always reminding me that we're apart.
You wandered down the lane and far away
Leaving me a song that will not die.
Love is now the stardust of yesterday
The music of the years gone by.

[Refrain] Sometimes I wonder why I spend
The lonely night dreaming of a song.
The melody haunts my reverie and I am once again with you,
When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration.
But that was long ago,
Now my consolation is in the star dust of a song.
Beside a garden wall when stars are bright you are in my arms.
The nightingale tells his fairy tale of paradise where roses grew.
Tho' I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain:
My star dust melody, the memory of love's refrain.

Stars Fell on Alabama (1934)

(w) Mitchell Parish (m) Mitchell Parish, Frank Perkins (P) Jack Teagarden

We lived our little drama we kissed in a field of white
And stars fell on Alabama last night
I can't forget the glamour, your eyes held a tender light
And stars fell on Alabama last night
I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
A fairyland where no one else can enter
And in the center just you and me dear
My heart beats like a hammer
My arms wound around you tight
And stars fell on Alabama last night

Stepping Out with My Baby (1948)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) film *Easter Parade* by Fred Astaire (CR) Tony Bennett

[Verse] If I seem to scintillate it's because I've got a date,
A date with a package of the good things that come with love.
You don't have to ask me, I won't waste your time.
But if you should ask me why I feel sublime, I'm

[Refrain] Steppin' out with my baby,
Can't go wrong 'cause I'm in right.
It's for sure, not for maybe that I'm all dressed up tonight.
Steppin' out with my honey, can't be bad to feel so good.
Never felt quite so sunny and I keep on knockin' wood.

There'll be smooth sailin' 'cause I'm trimmin' my sails
In my top hat and my white tie and my tails.

[alternate: With a bright shine on my shoes and on my nails]

Steppin' out with my baby, can't go wrong 'cause I'm in right.
Ask me when will the day be, the big day may be tonight!

2-63 Stormy Weather (1933)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Ted Koehler (I) Revue: *Cotton Club Parade XXII* by Ethel Waters (RR) Lena Horne (CR) Peggy Lee

[Chorus]: Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky,
Stormy weather, since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time.
Life is bare, gloom and mis'ry ev'rywhere
Stormy weather, just can't get my poor self together,
I'm weary all the time, the time – so weary all the time.
When he went away the blues walked in and met me.
If he stays away, old rockin' chair will get me.
All I do is pray the Lord above
Will let me walk in the sun once more.
Can't go on. Ev'rything I had is gone, stormy weather,
Since my man and I ain't together, keeps rainin' all the time.

[Interlude] I walk around, heavy hearted and sad.
Night comes around, and I'm still feelin' bad.
Rain pourin' down, blindin' ev'ry hope I had.
This pitterin', patterin', beatin', and splatterin'
Drives me mad. Love, love, love, love.
This misery is just too much for me.

1-64 Can't go on. Ev'rything I had is gone, stormy weather,
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time.

Stranger in Paradise (1953)

(wm) Robert Wright and George Forrest. Adapted from Borodin's Polovtsian Dances. (I) Musical: *Kismet* by Doretta Morrow and Richard Kiley. (P) The Four Aces. **No. 1 Chart Record.** (CR) Tony Bennett.

Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise
All lost in a wonderland: a stranger in paradise
If I stand starry-eyed that's the danger in paradise
For mortals who stand beside an angel like you

I saw your face and I ascended
Out of the commonplace into the rare
Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know there's a chance that you care

Won't you answer this fervent prayer of a stranger in paradise?
Don't send me in dark despair from all that I hunger for
But open your angel's arms to this stranger in paradise
And tell him that he need be a stranger no more

Strangers in the Night (1966)

(w) Charles Singleton, Eddie Snyder (m) Bert Kaempfert (I) Film: *A Man Could Get Killed* on soundtrack (P) Bert Kaempfert and his Orchestra. Vocal version by Frank Sinatra **No. 1 Chart Record; NARAS Award Winner**

Strangers in the night exchanging glances
Wond'ring in the night what were the chances
We'd be sharing love before the night was through.
Something in your eyes was so inviting
Something in your smile was so exciting
Something in my heart told me I must have you.
Strangers in the night, two lonely people
We were strangers in the night
Up to the moment when we said our first hello
Little did we know love was just a glance away
A warm, embracing dance away and ever since that night
We've been together, lovers at first sight
In love forever, it turned out so right for strangers in the night

Strike Up the Band (1930)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Musical: *Strike Up the Band* (R) 1940 Film with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney

[Refrain] Let the drums roll out! Let the trumpet call!
While the people shout, strike up the band!
Hear the cymbals ring! Calling one and all
To the martial swing, strike up the band!
There is work to be done, to be done!
There's a war to be won, to be won!
Come, you son of a son of a gun!
Take your stand! Fall in line, yea bo!
Come along, let's go! Hey, leader! Strike up the band!

Stumbling (1924)

(wm) Edward Elzear "Zez" Confrey (I) Zez Confrey Orch. (P) Billy Murray

[Chorus] Stumbling all around, stumbling all around,
Stumbling all around. So funny!
Stumbling here and there, Stumbling ev'rywhere,
And I must declare, I stepped right on her toes.
And when she bumped my nose,
I fell and when I rose, I felt ashamed — and told her
"That's the latest step, that's the latest step
That's the latest step, my honey.
Notice all the pep, notice all the pep, notice all the pep!"
She said, "Stop mumbling, though you are stumbling,
I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit."

1-65 Sugar (That Sugar Baby of Mine) (1926)

(wm) Maceo Pinkard, Sidney D. Mitchell & Edna Alexander (I) Ethel Waters. (P) Paul Whiteman Orch. (R) 1940 Lee Wiley (R) 1955 film *Pete Kelly's Blues* by Peggy Lee

Sugar, I call my baby my sugar.
I never "maybe" my sugar, because my sugar is so confectionary.
Funny, I never plead for his money.
All he can give me is honey; I get my meals ev'ry time.
I'd make a million trips to his lips if I were a bee,
'Cause they are sweeter than any candy to me.
He's granulated sugar, I never cheat on my sugar,
'Cause I'm too sweet on my sugar, that sugar baby of mine.

[Repeat from the bridge]

I'd make a million trips to his lips if I were a bee,
'Cause they are sweeter than any honey to me.
They're granulated! Sugar. I get my taffy from sugar,
That's why I'm daffy 'bout sugar, that sugar baby of mine

Sugar Blues (1919)

(w) Lucy Fletcher (m) Clarence Williams (I) Clarence Williams Orch., Eva Taylor, voc. (P instrumental) Clyde McCoy (R) Fats Waller; Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys

[Refrain] Sugar Blues, ev'rybody's singing the Sugar Blues.
The whole town is ringing.
I love my coffee, I love my tea,
But the dog-gone cream turned sour on me.
I'm so unhappy, I feel so bad, I could lay me down and die.
You can say what you choose, but I'm all confused,
I've got the sweet, sweet sugar blues, more sugar,
I've got the sweet, sweet sugar blues.

Summer Wind (1966)

(w-Eng) Johnny Mercer (m) Henry Mayer. (P) Frank Sinatra.

The summer wind came blowin' in from across the sea
It lingered there to touch your hair and walk with me
All summer long we sang a song and strolled on golden sand
Two sweethearts and the summer wind

Like painted kites, those days and nights went flyin' by
The world was new beneath a blue umbrella sky
Then softer than a piper man one day it called to you
And I lost you to the summer wind

The autumn wind and the winter wind have come and gone
And still the days, those lonely days, go on and on
And guess who sighs his lullabies through nights that never end
My fickle friend, the summer wind

2-64

1-64

2-64

2-64

Summertime (1935)

(w) DuBose Heyward (m) George Gershwin (I) Opera: *Porgy and Bess* by Abbie Mitchell (RR) 1957 by Sam Cooke (RR) 1959 film version by Loulie Jean Norman dubbing for Diahann Carroll. Theme song of Bob Crosby and his Orchestra. (RR) 1962 by Rick Nelson. (RR) 1966 by Billy Stewart. (RR) 1971 by The Marcells (CR) Billie Holiday

Summertime an' the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' an' the cotton is high.
Oh yo' daddy's rich an' yo' ma is good lookin'
So hush little baby don' you cry.

One of these mornin's you goin' to rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread yo' wings an' you'll take to the sky.
But till that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy an' mammy standin' by.

Summertime an' the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' an' the cotton is high.
Oh yo' daddy's rich an' yo' ma is good lookin'
So hush little baby don' you cry.

Sunny Side of the Street

See *On the Sunny Side of the Street* on page 105.

Sunrise, Sunset (1964)

(w) Sheldon Harnick (m) Jerry Bock (I) Musical: *Fiddler on the Roof* by Zero Mostel, and Maria Karnilova. 1971 Film by Topol and Maria Karnilova

[Verse 1] Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember growing older when did they?
When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be so tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?

[Chorus]

Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset, swiftly flow the days.
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflow'rs
Blossoming even as we gaze.
Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years,
One season following another laden with happiness and tears.

[Verse 2]

Now is the little boy a bridegroom,
Now is the little girl a bride.
Under the canopy I see them side by side.
Place the gold ring around her finger;
Share the sweet wine and break the glass.
Soon the full circle will have come to pass.

[Repeat the chorus] Sunrise, sunset, etc.

1-65 Surrey with the Fringe on Top, The (1943)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *Oklahoma!* by Alfred Drake, Joan Roberts & Betty Garde (RR) 1955 film version by Shirley Jones, Gordon MacRae & Charlotte Greenwood (CR) Blossom Dearie

When I take you out tonight with me
Honey, here's the way it's gonna be
You will sit behind a team of snow-white horses
In the slickest gig, you've ever seen

[Chorus 1]

Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top.
Watch that fringe and see how it flutters
When I drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey folks'll peek thru their shutters and their eyes will pop.
The wheels are yellor, the upholstery's brown
The dashboard's genuine leather.
With isinglass curtains y' can roll right down
In case there's a change in the weather.
Two bright sidelights winkin' and blinkin'
Ain't no finer rig, I'm a-thinkin'.
You c'n keep your rig if you're thinkin'
That I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top.

[Chorus 2] All the world will fly in a flurry

When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top.
When we hit that road hell for leather.
Cats and dogs will dance in the heather.
Birds and frogs will sing all together and the toads will hop.
The wind will whistle as we rattle along.
The cows will moo in the clover.
The river will ripple out a whispered song,
And whisper it over and over.
Don't you wish it'd go on forever?
Don't you wish it'd go on forever?
Don't you wish it'd go on forever?
And it'd never stop
In that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top.

[Chorus 3] I can see the stars gettin' blurry

When we drive back home in the surrey,
Drivin', slowly, home in the surrey with the fringe on top.
I can feel the day gettin' older,
Feel a sleepy head on my shoulder,
Noddin', droopin' close to my shoulder till it falls ker-plop.
The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill;
The moon is takin' a header.
And jist as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still,
A lark will wake up in the medder.
Hush, you bird, my baby's a-sleepin',
Maybe got a dream worth a keepin'.
Whoa! you team, and jist keep a creepin' at a slow clip-clop.
Don't you hurry with the surrey with the fringe on the top.

1-66

Swanee (1919)

(w) Irving Caesar (m) George Gershwin. (I) Musical: *Sinbad* by Al Jolson. (P) Al Jolson. (CR) Judy Garland.

Swanee how I love ya, how I love ya
My dear old Swanee, I'd give the world to be
Among the folks in D-I-X-I even know my
Mammy's waitin' for me prayin' for me down by the Swanee
The folks up North will see me no more
When I get to that Swanee shore.
Swanee, Swanee, I am gong back to Swanee.
Mammy, Mammy, I love the old folks at home.

I loves you, Swanee, how I love ya,
How I love ya, my dear old Swanee
I'd give the world if I could only be sitting on my Mammy's knee
I love the old folks; I love the young folks
Oh my honey lamb, you love 'em all in Allabamy
Mammy, Mammy, my dear old Mammy
The folks up north will see me no more
When I get to that Swanee Shore!

Sweet Georgia Brown (1925)

2-64

(wm) Ben Bernie, Ken Casey, Maceo Pinkard (I) Ben Bernie Orch.
No. 1 chart record (CR) Isham Jones Orch; Ethel Waters (R) 1932
Bing Crosby (R) 1945 Nat King Cole Trio (R) 1956 Anita O'Day

[Chorus]

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown!
Two left feet, but oh so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.
They all sigh and wanna' die for Sweet Georgia Brown.
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie (not much).
It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.
Since she came, why, it's a shame how she cools 'em down.
Fellers she can't get are fellers she ain't met.
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown.

Sweet Lorraine (1928)

1-66

(w) Mitchell Parish (m) Cliff Burwell

[Chorus] I just found joy, I'm as happy as a baby boy,
With another brand new choo-choo toy,
When I'm with my sweet Lorraine.
A pair of eyes that are bluer than the summer skies,
When you see them you will realize
Why I love my sweet Lorraine. (I'm so happy.)

When it's raining I don't miss the sun,
For it's in my sweetie's smile.
Just to think that I'm the lucky one
Who will lead her down the aisle.
Each night I pray that nobody steals her heart away,
Just can't wait until that happy day
When I marry Sweet Lorraine.

Sweet Sue – Just You (1928)

(w) Will J. Harris (m) Victor Young (I) Sue Carol (P) Ben Pollack and his Orchestra. (R) 1932 by The Mills Brothers. (R) 1939 by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. (R) 1949 by Johnny Long and his Orchestra.

Every star above knows the one I love
Sweet Sue – Sweet Sue
And that moon up high knows the reason why
Sweet Sue – just you!
No one else it seems ever shares my dreams
And without you, dear, I don't know what I'd do
In this heart of mine, you live all the time
Sweet Sue – Sweet Sue

Sweet Violets (c. 1951)

2-65

(wm of chorus) by Joseph Emmet, from his 1882 play *Fritz Among the Gypsies* (w of verses) Various (P) 1951 Dinah Shore

There once was a farmer who took a young miss
In back of the barn where he gave her a –
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
And told her that she had such beautiful –
Manners that suited a girl of her charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his –
Washing and ironing and then if she did
They could get married and raise lots of –

[Chorus] Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with sweet violets.

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop
And she called her father and he called a –
Taxi and got there before very long
'Cause someone was doing his little girl –
Right for a change and so that's why he said
If you marry her, son, you're better off –
Single 'cause it's always been my belief
Marriage will bring a man nothing but –
[To chorus] Sweet violets

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway
And started in planning for his wedding –
Suit which he purchased for only one buck
But then he found out he was just out of –
Money and so he got left in a lurch
Standing and waiting in front of the –
End of this story which just goes to show
All a girl wants from a man is his –
[To chorus] Sweet Violets

Swinging on a Star (1944)

(w) Johnny Burke (m) Jimmy Van Heusen (I) Film: *Going My Way* by Bing Crosby (P) Bing Crosby **No. 1 Chart Record; Academy Award Winner**

Would you like to swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are or would you rather be a mule

A mule is an animal with long, funny ears
He kicks up at anything he hears
His back is brawny and his brain is weak
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak
And by the way, if you hate to go to school
You may grow up to be a mule

Or would you like to swing on a star
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are or would you rather be a pig

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face
His shoes are a terrible disgrace
He's got no manners when he eats his food
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude
But if you don't care a feather or a fig
You may grow up to be a pig

Or would you like to swing on a star
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are or would you rather be a fish

A fish won't do anything but swim in a brook
He can't write his name or read a book
To fool the people is his only thought
And though he's slippery he still gets caught
But then if that sort of life is what you wish
You may grow up to be a fish

And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo
Ev'ry day you meet quite a few so you see it's all up to you
You can be better than you are, you could be swinging on a star

Take Love Easy (1947)

(wm) Duke Ellington, John Latouche. (P) Ella Fitzgerald. (CR) Lena Horne

When I was just a beginner, a junior executive sinner
My mother took me upon her knee
She said, "You're talented, dearie"
But, you're kinda shaky on theory
So she gave me this simple recipe
Which I pass on to you for free

Take love easy, easy, easy, never let your feelings show
Make it breezy, breezy, breezy, easy come, easy go

Never smile too brightly, brightly
When your heart is riding high
Let your heart break, oh so slightly
When your baby says goodbye

1-67 *Bridge*: That well-known flame is mighty hot
As all of us have learned so handle it with velvet gloves
And you won't get your fingers burned

Take love easy, easy, easy on the free and easy plan
And if you can't take it easy, take it easy as you can

Taking a Chance on Love (1940)

1-67

(m) Vernon Duke (w) John Latouche & Ted Fetter (I) Musical: *Cabin in the Sky* by Ethel Waters, Dooley Wilson

[Chorus 1] Here I go again, I hear those trumpets blow again
All aglow again taking a chance on Love.

Here I slide again about to take that ride again,
Starry eyed again, taking a chance on Love.

I thought that cards were a frame-up; I never would try.
But now I'm taking the game up and the ace of hearts is high.

Things are mending now. I see a rainbow blending now.
We'll have our happy ending now taking a chance on Love.

[Chorus 2]

Here I come again. I'm gonna make things hum again
Acting dumb again taking a chance on Love.

Here I stand again. about to beat the band again,
Feeling grand again, taking a chance on Love.

I never dreamed in my slumbers and bets were taboo.
But now I'm playing the numbers on a little dream for two.

Wading in again, I'm leading with my chin again,
I'm starting out to win again taking a chance on Love.

[Chorus 3] Here I slip again, About to take that tip again
Got my grip again taking a chance on Love.

Now I prove again that I can make life move again,
In the groove again taking a chance on Love.

I walk around with a horseshoe in clover I lie.
And brother rabbit, of course you

Better kiss your foot goodbye.

On the ball again, I'm riding for a fall again,
I'm gonna give my all again taking a chance on Love.

Tangerine (1942)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Victor Schertzinger (I) film *The Fleet's In* by Jimmy Dorsey Orch., Helen O'Connell & Bob Eberly voc.

(P) O'Connell and Eberly **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Vaughn Monroe (R) 1965 Herb Alpert

[Regular chorus] Tangerine, she is all they claim
With her eyes of night and lips as bright as flame.

Tangerine, when she dances by
Senoritas stare and caballeros sigh.
And I've seen toasts to Tangerine
Raised in every bar across the Argentine.
Yes, she has them all on the run, but her heart belongs to just one,
Her heart belongs to Tangerine.

[Parody chorus] Tangerine, she is all they say
With mascara'd eye and shadow by Daché.
Tangerine, with her lips of flame,
If the color keeps, Louis Philippe's to blame.
And I've seen clothes on Tangerine
Where the label says "From Macy's Mezzanine."
Yes, she's got the guys in a whirl, but she's only fooling one girl,
She's only fooling Tangerine!

Tea for Two (1924)

(m) Vincent Youmans (w) Irving Caesar (I) Musical (1924 Chicago, pre-NYC) *No, No, Nanette* by Louise Groody & Jack Barker (P) Marion Harris **No. 1 chart record**. (RR) 1939 Art Tatum **Grammy Hall of Fame record** (RR) 1950 film *Tea for Two* by Doris Day & Gordon MacRae (RR) 1971 Revival *No, No, Nanette* by Susan Watson & Roger Rathburn

[Verse] I'm discontented with homes that are rented
So I have invented my own.
Darling this place is a lover's oasis
Where life's weary chase is unknown.
Far from the cry of the city
Where flowers pretty caress the streams.
Cozy to hide in, to live side by side in
Don't let it abide in my dreams.

[Refrain] Picture you upon my knee
Just tea for two and two for tea.
Just me for you and you for me alone.
Nobody near us to see or hear us.
No friends or relations on weekend vacations.
We won't have it known, dear, that we own a telephone, dear.
Day will break and you'll awake and start to bake a sugar cake.
For me to take, for all the boys to see.
We will raise a family: a boy for you, a girl for me.
Oh, can't you see how happy we would be?

2-65 Tender Trap, The (1955)

(m) Jimmy Van Heusen (w) Sammy Cahn (I) Film: *The Tender Trap* by Frank Sinatra

You see a pair of laughing eyes,
And suddenly you're sighing sighs.
You're thinking nothing's wrong,
You string along, boy, then snap!
Those eyes, those sighs, they're part of the tender trap.
You're hand in hand beneath the trees,
And soon there's music in the breeze.
You're acting kind of smart until your heart just goes whap!
Those trees, that breeze, they're part of the tender trap.

Some starry night when her kisses make you tingle,
She'll hold you tight and you'll hate yourself for being single.
And all at once it seems so nice,
The folks are throwing shoes and rice.
You hurry to a spot that's just a dot on the map.
You wonder how it all came about.
It's too late now, there's no getting out.
You fell in love. And love is the tender trap.

Tenderly (1946)

(m) Walter Gross (w) Jack Lawrence (P) Rosemary Clooney

The evening breeze caressed the trees tenderly.
The trembling trees embraced the breeze tenderly.
Then you and I came wandering by and lost in a sigh were we.
The shore was kissed with sea and mist tenderly.
I can't forget how two hearts met breathlessly.
Your arms opened wide and closed me inside,
You took my lips, you took my love, so tenderly.

Tennessee Waltz (1948)

(wm) Redd Stewart, and Pee Wee King. (I) Erskine Hawkins and his Orchestra. (P) Patti Page. (R) 1959 by Bobby Comstock. (R) 1964 by Sam Cooke.

I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see
Introduced her to my loved one and while they were dancin'
My friend stole my sweetheart from me

Bridge: I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

1-68

1-68

That Old Black Magic (1942)

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Harold Arlen (I) Film: *Star Spangled Rhythm* by Johnny Johnston (P) Billy Daniels (RR) 1955 by Sammy Davis, Jr. (RR) 1958 by Louis Prima & Keely Smith (RR) 1961 by Bobby Rydell (CR) Judy Garland

That old black magic has me in its spell,
That old black magic that you weave so well.
Those icy fingers up and down my spine,
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts its ride.
And down and down I go. 'Round and 'round I go,
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away, but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame,
Aflame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire.
For you're the lover I have waited for,
The mate that fate had me created for.
And ev'ry time your lips meet mine,
Darling, down and down I go 'Round and 'round I go
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love.

That Old Feeling (1937)

(wm) Lew Brown and Sammy Fain. (I) Film: *Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938* by Virginia Verrill. (P) Shep Fields and his Orchestra. (CR) Jan Garber and his Orchestra. (CR) Peggy Lee.

Last night I started out happy. Last night my heart was so gay
Last night I found myself dancing in my favorite cabaret
You were completely forgotten just an affair of the past
Then suddenly, something happened to me
And I found my heart beating, oh, so fast

I saw you last night and got that old feeling
When you came in sight I got that old feeling
The moment that you danced by, I felt a thrill
And when I caught your eye, my heart stood still
Once again I seemed to feel that old yearning
And I knew the flame of love was still burning
There'll be no new romance for me, it's foolish to start
When that old, old feeling is still in my heart

That's All (1952)

(w) Bob Haymes (m) Alan Brandt (I) Nat King Cole (RR) Edie Adams on the final episode of *The Lucy-Desi Comedy Hour* (CR) Peggy Lee

I can only give you love that lasts forever
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 country 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.

1-68 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.

That's All Right (1946)

(wm) Arthur Crudup. (P) Elvis Presley.

Well, that's all right, mama, that's all right for you
That's all right, mama, just anyway you do
Well, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now, mama, anyway you do
Mama she done told me, papa done told me too
"Son, that gal you're foolin' with,
She ain't no good for you", but, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now, mama, anyway you do

I'm leaving town, baby, I'm leaving town for sure
Well then you won't be bothered
With me hangin' round your door
But, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now, mama, anyway you do

Ah dah dah dee dee dee dee
Dee dee dee dee, dee dee dee dee
I need your lovin', that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now, mama, anyway you do

That's Amore (1954)

(wm) Jack Brooks, Harry Warren (I) Film: *The Caddy* by Dean Martin (P) Dean Martin

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie – that's amore!
When the world seems to shine
Like you've had too much wine, that's amore
Bells will ring, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling
And you'll sing, "Vita bella"
Hearts will play tippy tippy tay, tippy tippy tay
Like a gay tarantella, lucky fella

When the stars make you drool
Just like pasta fazool – that's amore

When you dance down the street
With a cloud at your feet, you're in love
When you walk in a dream
But you know you're not dreaming, Signore
Scuzza me, but you see, back in old Napoli, that's amore

2-66

That's Life (1966)

(wm) Dean Kay, Kelly Gordon (I) Frank Sinatra (RR) 2002 film *The Good Thief* by Bono (These lyrics taken from Sinatra's record)

That's life, that's what all the people say
You're ridin' high in April, shot down in May.
But I know I'm gonna change that tune
When I'm back on top, back on top in June.
I said that's life, and as funny as it may seem
Some people get their kicks stompin' on a dream.
But I don't let it get me down
'Cause this fine old world, it keeps spinnin' around.

Bridge:

I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king.
I've been up and down and over and out and I know one thing:
Each time I find myself flat on my face,
I pick myself up and get back in the race.
That's life. I tell you I can't deny it.
I thought of quitting, baby, but my heart just ain't gonna buy it.
And if I didn't think it was worth one single try,
I'd jump right on a big bird and then I'd fly.

There Goes My Heart (1943)

(w) Benny Davis (m) Abner Silver (I) Film: *The Heat's On* by Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra, vocal by Lina Romay. (CR) Nat King Cole.

There goes my heart, there goes the one I love
There goes the girl I wasn't worthy of
There goes my happiness, it couldn't be
There goes somebody else in place of me
Goodbye romance, it couldn't last somehow
I had my chance but it's all over now
I never thought that she could pass me by
There goes my heart and here am I
I never thought that she could pass me by
There goes my heart and here am I

There is Nothin' Like a Dame (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by The Sailors Chorus.

We got sunlight on the sand, we got moonlight on the sea,
We got mangoes and bananas we can pick right off the tree,
We got volleyball and ping-pong and a lot of dandy games!
What ain't we got? We ain't got dames!

We get packages from home, we get movies, we get shows,
We get speeches from our skipper and advice from Tokyo Rose,
We get letters doused with perfume, we get dizzy from the smell!
What don't we get? You know damn well!

We have nothin' to put on a clean white suit for
What we need is what there ain't no substitute for...

There is nothin' like a dame, nothin' in the world,
There is nothin' you can name that is anythin' like a dame!

2-66

We feel restless, we feel blue, we feel lonely and in grief,
We feel ev'ry kind of feelin', but the feelin' of relief
We feel hungry as the wolf felt when he met Red Hiding-hood
What don't we feel? We don't feel good!

Lots of things in life are beautiful, but brother,
There is one particular thing that is nothin' whatsoever
In any way, shape or form like any other.

There is nothin' like a dame, nothin' in the world,
There is nothin' you can name that is anythin' like a dame!

Nothin' else is built the same, nothin' in the world
As the soft and wavy frame like the silhouette of a dame!

There is absolutely nothin' like the frame of a dame.
whistling

So suppose a dame ain't bright or completely free from flaws,
Or as faithful as a bird dog, or as kind as Santa Claus,
It's a waste of time to worry over things that they have not,
We're thankful for the things they got!

There is nothin' you can name that is anythin' like a dame!

There are no books like a dame, and nothin' looks like a dame.
There are no drinks like a dame, and nothin' thinks like a dame,
Nothin' acts like a dame,
Or attracts like a dame.

There ain't a thing that's wrong with any man here
That can't be cured by pullin' him near
A girly, womanly, female, feminine dame!

There, I've Said It Again (1941)

(sm) Redd Evans and Dave Mann. (I) Benny Carter and his Orchestra.
(R) 1945 by Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra. (R) 1964 by Bobby Vinton. **No. 1. Chart Record.**

I love you, there's nothing to hide, it's better than burning inside
I love you, no use to pretend; there, I've said it again

I've said it, what more can I say;
Believe me, there's no other way
I love you, I will to the end; there, I've said it again

I've tried to drum up a phrase that would sum up
All that I feel for you, but what good are phrases
The thought that amazes is you love me, and it's heavenly

Bridge: Forgive me for wanting you so

But one thing I want you to know

I've loved you since heaven knows when; there, I've said it again

There's a Place for Us

See *Somewhere* on page 124.

There's No Business Like Show Business (1946)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Musical: *Annie Get Your Gun*, by Ethel Merman, Ray Middleton William O'Neal, and Marty May. 1950 Film version by Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern.

There's no business like show business, like no business I know
Everything about it is appealing; everything the traffic will allow
No where could you have that happy feeling
When you aren't stealing that extra bow
There's no people like show people they smile when they are low
Yesterday they told you you would not go far
That night you opened and there you are
Next day on your dressing room they've hung a star
Let's go on with the show

The costumes, the scenery, the makeup, the props
The audience that lifts you when you're down
The headaches, the heartaches, the backaches, the flops
The sheriff who escorts you out of town
The opening when your heart beats like a drum
The closing when the customers don't come

There's no business like show business like no business I know
You get word before the show has started
That your favorite uncle died at dawn
On top of that, your ma and pa have parted
You're broken-hearted, but you go on
There's no people like show people they smile when they are low
Even with a turkey that you know will fold
You may be stranded out in the cold
Still you wouldn't change it for a sack o' gold
Let's go on with the show; let's go on with the show!

There's No You (1945)

(w) Tom Adair (m) Hal Hopper (P) Jo Stafford

I feel the autumn breeze.
It steals cross my pillow as soft as a will-o'-the-wisp.
And in its song there is sadness because there's no you.
The lonely autumn trees, how softly they're sighing for summe
Is dying they know that in my heart there's no gladness because
There's no you.

The park that we walked in, the garden we talked in,
How lonesome they seem in the fall.
The stormy clouds hover and falling leaves cover
Our favorite nook in the wall. In spring we'll meet again.
We'll kiss and recapture the summertime rapture we knew.
And from that day never more will I say, "There's no you."

These Foolish Things (1935)

1-69

(w) Holt Marvell (pseudonym for Eric Maschwitz) (m) Jack Strachey & Harry Link (I) London Musical: *Spread It Abroad* by Cyril Ritchard & Madge Elliot (CR) Billie Holiday (CR) Eddy Howard (CR) Etta James

[Chorus 1]

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 fairground's painted swings,
These foolish things remind me of you.
You came, you saw, you conquered me.
When you did that to me, I knew somehow this had to be.
The winds of March that made my heart a dancer,
A telephone that rings but who's to answer?
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

[Chorus 2] First daffodils and long excited cables,

And candle lights 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 *Ile 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.

1-69

They All Laughed (1937)

(m) George Gershwin (w) Ira Gershwin (I) Film: *Shall We Dance* by Ginger Rogers

[Refrain 1] They all laughed at Christopher Columbus
When he said the world was round.
They all laughed when Edison recorded sound.
They all laughed at Wilbur and his brother
When they said that man could fly.
They told Marconi wireless was a phoney; it's the same old cry.
They laughed at me wanting you,
Said I was reaching for the moon; but oh, you came through,
Now they'll have to change their tune.
They all said we never could be happy,
They laughed at us and how!
But ho, ho, ho, who's got the last laugh now?

[Refrain 2]

They all laughed at Rockefeller Center,
Now they're fighting to get in.
They all laughed at Whitney and his cotton gin.
They all laughed at Fulton and his steamboat,
Hershey and his choc'late bar.
Ford and his Lizzie kept the laughers busy.
That's how people are. They laughed at me wanting you,
Said it would be "Hello, goodbye."
But oh, you came through. Now they're eating humble pie.
They all said we'd never get together. Darling, let's take a bow.
For, ho, ho, ho, who's got the last laugh?
Hee, hee, hee, let's at the past laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, who's got the last laugh now!

They Can't Take That Away From Me (1937)

(w) Ira Gershwin (m) George Gershwin (I) Film: *Shall We Dance* by Fred Astaire (P) Fred Astaire (CR) Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra (CR) Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra (CR) Billie Holiday. Ella Fitzgerald with Intro 1 Most popular recording by Frank Sinatra with Intro 2.

Intro 1: Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note
Though by tomorrow you're gone
The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote
the melody lingers on
They may take it from me; I'll miss your fond caress
But though they take you from me, I'll still possess...

Intro 2: There are many, many crazy things
That will keep me loving you
And with your permission, may I list a few...

2-66

The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea
The memory of all that
No, no they can't take that away from me
The way your smile just beams, the way you sing off key
The way you haunt my dreams
No, no they can't take that away from me
We may never, never meet again on that bumpy road to love
Still I'll always, always keep the memory of
The way you hold your knife, the way we danced till three
The way you changed my life
No, no they can't take that away from me
No they can't take that away from me

They Say It's Wonderful (1946)

1-70

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Musical: *Annie Get Your Gun*, by Ethel Merman and Ray Middleton (CR) Judy Collins (CR) Perry Como

Annie: Rumors fly and you can't tell where they start,
'Speci'ly when it concerns a person's heart.
I've heard tales that could set my heart aglow.
Wish I knew if the things I hear are so.

They say that falling in love is wonderful.
It's wonderful, so they say.
And with a moon up above, it's wonderful.
It's wonderful, so they tell me.
I can't recall who said it. I know I never read it.
I only know they tell me that love is grand. And
The thing that's known as romance is wonderful,
Wonderful In ev'ry way, so they say.

Frank: Rumors fly and they often leave a doubt.
But you've come to the right place to find out.
Ev'rything that you've heard is really so.
I've been there once or twice and I should know.

You'll find that falling in love is wonderful.
It's wonderful. *Annie:* So you say.

Frank: And with a moon up above, it's wonderful. It's wonderful. *Annie:* So you tell me.

Frank: To leave your house some morning,
And without any warning,
You're stopping people, shouting that love is grand. And
To hold a man in your arms is wonderful,
Wonderful, in ev'ry way.

Annie: So you say.

Think of Me (1986)

(w) Charles Hart (m) Lloyd Webber (I) Broadway musical *The Phantom of the Opera* by Steve Barton and Sarah Brightman.

Think of me, think of me fondly, when we've said goodbye.
Remember me once in a while; please promise me you'll try.
When you find that once again you long
To take your heart back and be free
If you ever find a moment, spare a thought for me

We never said our love was evergreen,
Or as unchanging as the sea
But if you can still remember stop and think of me.
Think of all the things we've shared and seen
Don't think about the things which might have been.

Think of me, think of me waking, silent and resigned.
Imagine me, trying too hard to put you from my mind.
Recall those days, look back on all those times
Think of the things we'll never do
There will never be a day, when I won't think of you.

We never said our love was evergreen,
Or as unchanging as the sea
But please promise me that sometimes you will think of me!

This Can't Be Love (1938)

2-67

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Lorenz Hart (I) Musical: *The Boys from Syracuse* by Eddie Albert & Marcy Westcott. 1940 film version by Rosemary Lane

[Chorus] This can't be love, because I feel so well.

No sobs, no sorrow, no sighs!
This can't be love, I get no dizzy spells.
My head is not in the skies!
My heart does not stand still, just hear it beat.
This is too sweet to be love.
This can't be love because I fell so well.
But still I love to look in your eyes.

This Nearly Was Mine (1949)

2-67

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by Ezio Pinza (R) 1958 movie by Giorgio Tozzi dubbing Rosanno Brazzi (R) 2008 Broadway Revival by Paulo Szot

One dream in my heart, one love to be living for
One love to be living for, this nearly was mine.
One girl for my dream, one partner in paradise,
This promise of paradise, this nearly was mine.

Close to my heart she came, only to fly away.
Only to fly as day flies from moonlight.
Now, now I'm alone, still dreaming of paradise,
Still saying that paradise once nearly was mine.

This Ole House (1954)

(wm) Stuart Hamblen. (I) Stuart Hamblen. (P) Rosemary Clooney.

This Ole House once knew my children
This Ole House once knew my wife
This Ole House was home and comfort
As we fought the storms of life
This Ole House once rang with laughter
This Ole House heard many shouts
Now she trembles in the darkness
When the lightning walks about.

Chorus:

Ain't gonna need this house no longer
Ain't gonna need this house no more
Ain't got time to fix the shingles
Ain't got time to fix the floor
Ain't got time to oil the hinges
Nor to mend no window pane
Ain't gonna need this house no longer
I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

This Ole House is a-gettin' shaky
This Ole House is a-gettin' old
This Ole House lets in the rain
This Ole House lets in the cold
Oh my knees I'm gettin' chilly
But I feel no fear nor pain
'Cause I see an angel peekin'
Through a broken window pane. *[Chorus]*

This Ole House is afraid of thunder
This Ole House is afraid of storms
This Ole House just groans and trembles
When the night wind flings its arms
This Ole House is a-gettin' feeble
This Ole House is a-needin' paint
Just like me, it's tuckered out
But, I'm gettin' ready to meet the saints *[Chorus]*

My ole hound dog lies a-sleepin'
He don't know I'm gonna leave
Else he'd wake up by the fireplace
He'd just sit there an' howl and grieve
But my huntin' days are over
We ain't goin' huntin' any more
Gabriel brought in my chariot
When the wind blew down the door *[Chorus]*

This Time the Dream's on Me (1941)

(m) Harold Arlen (w) Johnny Mercer (I) Film: *Blues in the Night* by Pricilla Lane

Somewhere, someday, we'll be close together, wait and see.

Oh, by the way, this time the dream's on me.

You'll take my hand and you'll look at me adoringly.

But as things stand, this time the dream's on me.

It would be fun to be certain that I'm the one,

To know that I at least supply the shoulder you cry upon.

To see you through till you're ev'rything you want to be.

It can't be true, but this time the dream's on me.

Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer (1964)

(w) Charles Tobias (m) Hans Carste (P) Nat King Cole

[Chorus]

Roll out those lazy-hazy-crazy days of summer

Those days of soda and pretzels and beer.

Roll out those lazy-hazy-crazy days of summer

Dust off the sun and moon and sing a song of cheer.

Just fill your basket full of sandwiches and weenies,

Then lock the house up, now your set

And on the beach, you'll see the girls in their bikinis

As cute as ever, but they never get 'em wet

[To chorus]

Don't have to tell a girl and feller 'bout a drive-in

Or some romantic movie scene.

Why, from the moment that those lovers start arrivin',

You'll see more kissing in the cars than on the screen

[To chorus]

And there's the good old fashioned picnic, and they still go,

Always will go anytime.

And there will always be a moment yhat can thrill so,

As when the old quartet sings out: "Sweet Adeline"

Roll out those lazy-hazy-crazy days of summer

Those days of soda and pretzels and beer.

Roll out those lazy-hazy-crazy days of summer;

You'll wish that summer could always be here.

You'll wish that summer could always be here

2-67 Thou Swell (1927)

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *A Connecticut Yankee* by William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter. 1948 Film: *Words and Music* by June Allyson and the Blackburn Twins.

He: Babe, we are well met as in a spell met, I lift my helmet

Sandy, you're just dandy for just this here lad

You're such a fistfull, my eyes are mistful

Are you too wistful to care to say you care to say

"Come near, lad."

You are so graceful, have you wings?

You have a face full of nice things

You have no speaking voice, dear with ev'ry word it sings

Refrain:

1-70 Thou swell! Thou witty! Thou sweet! Thou grand!

Wouldst kiss me pretty? Wouldst hold my hand?

Both thine eyes are cute too; what they do to me

Hear me holler I choose a Sweet lollapaloosa in thee

I'd feel so rich in a hut for two

Two rooms and kitchen I'm sure would do

Give me just a plot of not a lot of land

And Thou swell! Thou Witty! Thou Grand!

She:

Thy words are queer, Sir, unto mine ear, Sir

Yet thou'rt a dear, Sir, to me

Thou could'st woo me now could'st though try, Sir

I'd murmur "Swell", too and like it well too

More thou wilt tell to Sandy, thou art dandy

Now art though my knight

Thine arms are martial; thou hast grace

My cheek is partial to thy face

And if they lips grow weary, mine are resting place

Three Coins in the Fountain (1954)

2-67

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jule Styne **Oscar Winner** (I) Film *Three Coins in the Fountain* by Orch. (P) The Four Aces **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Frank Sinatra

Three coins in the fountain, each one seeking happiness,

Thrown by three hopeful lovers,

Which one will the fountain bless?

Three hearts in the fountain, each heart longing for its home,

There they lie in the fountain somewhere in the heart of Rome.

Which one will the fountain bless?

Which one will the fountain bless?

Three coins in a fountain through the ripples how they shine.

Just one wish will be granted; one heart will wear a valentine.

Make it mine! make it mine! make it mine!

Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree (1973)

(wm) Irvin Levin and L. Russell Brown. (P) Tony Orlando and Dawn.
No. 1 Chart Record. (CR) Dean Martin.

I'm comin' home, I've done my time
Now I've got to know what is or isn't mine
If you received my letter telling you I'd soon be free
Then you'll know just what to do
If you still want me; if you still want me

Chorus:

Whoa, tie a yellow ribbon 'round the ole oak tree
It's been three long years, do ya still want me?
If I don't see a ribbon 'round the ole oak tree
I'll stay on the bus, forget about us, put the blame on me
If I don't see a yellow ribbon 'round the ole oak tree

Bus driver, please look for me
'cause I couldn't bear to see what I might see
I'm really still in prison and my love, she holds the key
A simple yellow ribbon's what I need to set me free
I wrote and told her please [Chorus]

Now the whole damned bus is cheerin' and I can't believe I see
A hundred yellow ribbons 'round the ole oak tree

Till the End of Time (1945)

(wm) Buddy Kaye and Ted Mossman. Adapted from Chopin's
Polonaise in A-Flat. (P) Perry Como.

Till the end of time, 'long as stars are in the blue
'Long as there's a spring, a bird to sing, I'll go on loving you
Till the end of time, 'long as roses bloom in May
My love for you will go deeper with every passing day

Bridge:

Till the wells run dry and each mountain disappears
I'll be there for you to care for you
Through laughter and through tears
So take my heart in sweet surrender
And tenderly say that I'm the one you'll love and live for
Till the end of time

Till Then (1944)

(wm) Guy Wood, Eddie Seiler, Sol Marcus (P) The Classics (RR) The
Mills Brothers

[Refrain] Till then, my darling please wait for me.
Till then, no matter when it will be,
One day we'll be together again. Please wait till then.
Our dreams will live tho' we are apart.
Our love, I know we'll keep in our hearts,
Till then, please think of me lovingly, and wait for me.
Although there are oceans we must cross,
And mountains we must climb,
I know ev'ry gain must have a loss.
So pray that our loss is nothing but time.
Till then, let's dream of what there will be.
Till then, we'll call on each memory.
Till then, when I will hold you again. Please wait till then.

1-70

Till There Was You (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by Robert
Preston & Barbara Cook. Film version by Robert Preston & Shirley
Jones. (RR) The Beatles (CR) Judy Collins

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them ringing.
No I never heard them at all, Till there was you.
There were birds in the sky, but I never saw them winging
No I never saw them at all Till there was you.

And there was music;
And there were wonderful roses, they tell me,
In sweet, fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.
There was love all around, but I never heard it singing
No, I never heard it at all Till there was you

Time After Time (1947)

(w) Sammy Cahn (m) Jule Styne (I) Film: *It Happened in Brooklyn* by
Frank Sinatra (CR) Dave Chapman

[Chorus] Time after time I tell myself that I'm
So lucky to be loving you.
So lucky to be the one you run to see
In the evening when the day is through.
I only know what I know, the passing years will show
You've kept my love so young, so new.
And time after time, you'll hear me say that I'm
So lucky to be loving you.

1-71

To Each His Own (1946)

(wm) Jay Livingston and Ray Evans "Inspired by" the Paramount
Picture. (P) Eddy Howard. **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) The Ink Spots

[Chorus] A rose must remain with the sun
And the rain or its lovely promise won't come true.
To each his own, to each his own, ad my own is you.
What good is a song if the words just don't belong
And a dream must be a dream for two?
No good alone, to each his own, for me there's you.

If a flame is to grow, there must be a glow.
To open each door there's a key.
I need you I know, I can't let you go.
Your touch means too much to me.
Two lips must insist on two more to be kissed
Or they'll never know what love can do.
To each his own, I've found my own one and only you.

2-67

Today (1964)

(wm) Randy Sparks (I) Film: *Advance to the Rear* on soundtrack
(P) The New Christy Minstrels

[Chorus]

Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I taste your strawberries I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows shall all pass away
'Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today.

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover;
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring?

[To chorus]

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories;
I can't live on promises winter to spring.
Today is my moment, And now is my story
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing

[To chorus]

Tom Dooley (c. 1866)

(wm) Anon. (First known recording) 1929, Grayson and Whitter
(R) 1940, Frank Proffitt (RR) 1958 The Kingston Trio **No. 1 chart record**

[Chorus] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley.
Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley.
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain, there I took her life
Met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife

[To chorus]

This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be
Hadn't-a been for Grayson, I'd-a been in Tennessee.

[To chorus]

This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be:
Down in some lonesome valley hangin' from a white oak tree.

[To chorus]

Tomorrow (1977)

(w) Martin Charmin (m) Charles Strouse (I) Musical: *Annie* by Andrea McArdle

The sun'll come out tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun
Just thinkin' about tomorrow, clears away the cobwebs
And the sorrow till there's none

When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely
I just stick out my chin and grin and say
Oh, the sun'll come out tomorrow
So you got to hang on till tomorrow come what may
Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow
You're always a day away
Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow
You're only a day away

1-71 Tomorrow Belongs to Me (1966)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander (I) Musical: *Cabaret* by the Nazi Youth.

The sun on the meadow is summery warm.
The stag in the forest runs free.
But gather together to greet the storm.
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The branch of the linden is leafy and green,
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea.
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen.
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes
The blossom embraces the bee.
But soon, says a whisper;
"Arise, arise, tomorrow belongs to me"

Oh Fatherland, Fatherland show us the sign
Your children have waited to see
The morning will come when the world is mine
Tomorrow belongs to me.

2-68

Tonight (1957)

(w) Stephen Sondheim (m) Leonard Bernstein. (I) Musical: *West Side Story* by Larry Kert and Carol Lawrence. In 1961 film by Marni Nixon dubbing for Natalie Wood, and Jimmy Bryant dubbing for Richard Beymer.

Maria: Tonight, tonight, it all began tonight,
I saw you and the world went away

Tonight, tonight, there's only you tonight
What you are, what you do, what you say

Tony: Today, all day, I had the feeling
A miracle would happen. I know now I was right.

Both: For here you are
And what was just a world is a star, tonight.

Tonight, tonight, the world is full of light
With suns and moons all over the place
Tonight, tonight, the world is wild and bright
Going mad, shooting sparks into space

Today, the world was just an address
A place for me to live in, no better than all right
And here you are and what was just a world is a star
Tonight

Tony: Tonight, won't be just any night,
Tonight there will be no morning star.

Tonight, tonight, I'll see my love tonight.
And for us, stars will stop where they are.

Maria: Today the minutes seem like hours,
The hours go so slowly, and still the sky is light...

Oh moon, grow bright,
And make this endless day endless night! Tonight!

Too Darn Hot (1949)

(wm) Cole Porter. (I) Musical: *Kiss Me Kate* by Lorenzo Fuller, Fred Davis and Eddie Sledge. 1953 Film version by Anne Miller. (CR) Ella Fitzgerald. (CR) Mel Tormé.

It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to sup with my baby tonight
Refill the cup with my baby tonight
I'd like to sup with my baby tonight
Refill the cup with my baby tonight
But I ain't up to my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to stop for my baby tonight
And blow my top for my baby tonight
I'd like to stop for my baby tonight
And blow my top for my baby tonight
But I'd be a flop with my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot,
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

According to the Kinsey report
Ev'ry average man you know
Much prefers to play his favorite sport
When the temperature is low
But when the thermometer goes way up
And the weather is sizzling hot
Mister Adam for his madam is not
'Cause it's too too too too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to call on my baby tonight
And give my all to my baby tonight
I'd like to call on my baby tonight
And give my all to my baby tonight
But I can't play ball with my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to coo with my baby tonight
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight
I'd like to coo with my baby tonight
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight
But sister you fight my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

According to the Kinsey report
ev'ry average man you know
much prefers his lovey dovey to court
when the temperature is low
but when the thermometer goes way up
and the weather is sizzling hot
Mister pants for romance is not
Cause it's too too too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to fool with my baby tonight
Break ev'ry rule with my baby tonight
I'd like to fool with my baby tonight
Break ev'ry rule with my baby tonight
But pillow you'll be my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

I'd like to meet with my baby tonight
Get off my feet with my baby tonight
I'd like to meet with my baby tonight
Get off my feet with my baby tonight
But no repeat with my baby tonight
'Cause it's too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

According to the Kinsey report
ev'ry average man you know
much prefers his lovey dovey to court
when the temperature is low
but when the thermometer goes way up
Mister Gob for his squab
A marine for his queen
A G.I. for his cutie pie is not
'Cause it's too too too darn hot
It's too darn hot. It's too darn hot

Too Marvelous for Words (1937)

1-71

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Richard Whiting (I) Film: *Ready, Willing and Able* by Wini Shaw & Ross Alexander. (R) 1951 Film: *On the Sunny Side of the Street* by Frankie Laine

[Chorus]

You're just too marvelous, too marvelous for words,
Like glorious, glamorous, and that old standby amorous.
It's all too wonderful, I'll never find the words,
That say enough, tell enough, I mean just aren't swell enough.

You're much too much, and just too very, very!
To ever be in Webster's dictionary.
And so I'm borrowing a love song from the birds.
To tell you that you're marvelous, too marvelous for words.

Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral (Irish Lullaby) (1914)

(wm) James Royce Shannon (I) Play with songs: *Shameen Dhu* by Chauncey Olcott. (R) Bing Crosby in 1944 film *Going My Way*
(P) The Irish Tenors

[Verse 1]: Over in Killarney, many years ago,
My mother sang a song to me in tones so soft and low.
Just a simple little ditty, in her good old Irish way, but
I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day. oh

[Refrain] Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li,
Too ra loo ra loo ral, hush now, don't you cry
Too ra loo ra loo ral, too ra loo ra li,
Too ra loo ra loo ral, that's an Irish lullaby.

[Verse 2] Oft in dreams I wander to that cot again.
I feel her arms a hugging me, as when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a-hummin' to me as in days of yore.
When she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door. Oh

Touch of Your Lips, The (1936)

(wm) Ray Noble (P) Ray Noble Orch., Al Bowlly voc.

The touch of your lips upon my brow,
Your lips that are cool and sweet.
Such tenderness lies in their soft caress.
My heart forgets to beat.
The touch of your hands upon my head,
The love in your eyes a shine.
And now at last, the moment divine,
The touch of your lips on mine.

Toyland (1903)

(w) Glen MacDonough (m) Victor Herbert (I) Musical Extravaganza
Babes in Toyland by Bessie Wynn

[Verse 1] When you've grown up, my dears,
And are as old as I, you'll often ponder on the years
That roll so swiftly by, my dears, that roll so swiftly by.
And of the many lands you will have journeyed through,
You'll oft recall the best of all, the land your childhood knew,
The land your childhood knew.

[Chorus] Toyland, toyland! Little girl and boy land.
While you dwell within it, you are ever happy then.
Childhood's joyland! Mystic merry toyland.
Once you pass its borders, you can ne'er return again.

2-68 Trade Winds (1940)

(sm) Charles Tobias and Cliff Friend. (P) Bing Crosby. **No. 1 Chart Record.**

Down where the trade winds play, down where you lose the day
We found a new world where paradise starts
We traded hearts way down where the trade winds play

Music was everywhere, flowers were in her hair
Under an awning of silvery boughs
We traded vows the night that I sailed away

Oh, trade winds, what are vows that lovers make?
Oh, trade winds, are they only made to break?

When it is May again, I'll sail away again
Though I'm returning, it won't be the same
She traded her name way down where the trade winds play
Blow, trade winds, blow away

2-68

2-68

Trolley Song, The (1944)

(wm) Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (I) Film: *Meet Me in St. Louis* by Judy Garland. (P) Judy Garland.

With my high-starched collar and my high-topped shoes
And my hair piled high upon my head
I went to lose a jolly hour on the Trolley
And lost my heart instead.
With his light brown derby and his bright green tie
He was quite the handsomest of men
I started to yen, so I counted to ten then I counted to ten again
Clang, clang, clang went the trolley
Ding, ding, ding went the bell
Zing, zing, zing went my heartstrings
From the moment I saw him I fell
Chug, chug, chug went the motor
Bump, bump, bump went the brake
Thump, thump, thump went my heartstrings
When he smiled you could feel the car shake
He tipped his hat, and took a seat
He said he hoped he hadn't stepped upon my feet
He asked my name, I held my breath
I couldn't speak because he scared me half to death
Chug, chug, chug went the motor
Plop, plop, plop went the wheels
Stop, stop, stop went my heartstrings
As he started to go then I started to know
How it feels when the universe reels
The day was bright, the air was sweet
The smell of honeysuckle charmed me off my feet
I tried to sing, but couldn't squeak
In fact, I loved him so I couldn't even speak
Buzz, buzz, buzz went the buzzer
Plop, plop, plop went the wheels
Stop, stop, stop went my heartstrings
As he started to leave, I took hold of his sleeve with my hand
And as if it were planned he stayed on with me
And it was grand just to stand
With his hand holding mine to the end of the line

Try to Remember (1960)

(w) Tom Jones (m) Harvey Schmidt. (I) Off Broadway Musical: *The Fantasticks* by Jerry Orbach. (P) The Brothers Four. (P) Ed Ames. (R) Gladys Knight and the Pips in medley with "The Way We Were".

Try to remember the kind of September
When life was slow and oh, so mellow.
Try to remember the kind of September
When grass was green and grain was yellow.
Try to remember the kind of September
When you were a tender and callow fellow.
Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow.

[*The Chorus*] Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.

Try to remember when life was so tender
That no one wept except the willow.
Try to remember when life was so tender
That dreams were kept beside your pillow.
Try to remember when life was so tender
That love was an ember about to billow.
Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow.

[*The Chorus*] Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow. [*x3*]

Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
Although you know the snow will follow.
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
Without a hurt the heart is hollow.
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
The fire of September that made us mellow.
Deep in December, our hearts should remember and follow.

Tumbling Tumbleweeds (1935)

2-69

(wm) Bob Nolan (I) Roy Rogers and The Sons of the Pioneers
(R) 1935 film *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* by Gene Autry

See them tumbling down, pledging their love to the ground.
Lonely but free I'll be found,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.
Cares of the past are behind.
No where to go, but I'll find just where the trail will wind,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

I know when night has gone that a new world's born at dawn.
I'll keep rolling along. Deep in my heart is a song.
Here on the range I belong,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Twenty-Six Miles

1-9

See *Blue Moon Medley* on page 16.

Twilight Time (1944)

(w) Buck Ram (m) Morty Nevins, Al Nevins, Artie Dunn (P) The Three Suns (RR) 1958 The Platters

Heavenly shades of night are falling, it's twilight time
Out of the mist your voice is calling, it's twilight time
When purple colored curtains mark the end of day
I hear you my dear at twilight time
Deepening shadows gather splendor as day is done
Fingers of night will soon surrender the setting sun
I count the moments darling till you're here with me
Together at last at twilight time

Here in the afterglow of day
We keep our rendezvous beneath the blue
Here in the sweet and same old way
I fall in love again as I did then
Deep in the dark your kiss will thrill me like days of old
Lighting the spark of love that fills me with dreams untold
Each day I pray for evening just to be with you
Together at last at twilight time

Two Sleepy People (1938)

(m) Hoagy Carmichael (w) Frank Loesser (I) Film: *Thanks for the Memory* by Bob Hope & Shirley Ross (P) Fats Waller **No. 1 chart record** (CR) Tom Grant and Valerie Day

She: Here we are, out of cigarettes

He: Holding hands and yawning,

Look how late it gets.

She: Two sleepy people by dawn's early light,
And too much in love to say goodnight.

Here we are, in the cozy chair.

He: Picking on a wish bone from the Frigidaire.

Two sleepy people with nothing to say.

She: And too much in love to break away.

He: Do you remember the nights we used to linger in the hall.

She: Father didn't like you at all.

Do you remember the reason why we married in the Fall?

He: To rent this little nest and get a bit of rest.

She: Here we are, just about the same,

Foggy little fella

He: Drowsy little dame.

Two sleepy people by dawn's early light,
And too much in love to say goodnight.

She: Here we are, don't we look a mess?

He: Lipstick on my collar

She: Wrinkles in my dress.

Two sleepy people by dawn's early light,
And too much in love to say goodnight.

He: Here we are, crazy in the head.

Gee your eyes are gorgeous, even when they're red.

Two sleepy people who know very well

She: They're too much in love to break the spell.

1-72 *He*: Do you remember the nights we used to cuddle in the car,
watching ev'ry last fading star?

She: And remember the doctor said your health was under par.

He: And you, my little snooks, were ruining your looks.

She: Well, here we are, keeping up the pace

He: Letting each tomorrow slap us in the face.

Both: Two sleepy people by dawn's early light,

And too much in love to say goodnight.

Unchained Melody (1955)

2-69

(w) Hy Zaret (m) Alex North (I) Film: *Unchained* by Todd Duncan.

(P) Les Baxter Orch. (P, vocal) Al Hibbler (RR) 1965, Bobby Hatfield
(a Righteous Brother); 2002, Gareth Gates (CR) Roy Hamilton

[Chorus] Oh, my love, my darling,

I've hungered for your touch, a long, lonely time.

Time goes by so slowly and time can do so much.

Are you still mine?

I need your love, I need your love, God speed your love to me.

[Interlude 1]

Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea

To the open arms of the sea.

Lonely rivers sigh, "Wait for me, wait for me!"

I'll be coming home, wait for me!"

[Repeat chorus]

[Interlude 2]

Lonely mountains gaze at the stars, at the stars

Waiting for the dawn of the day.

All alone, I gaze at the stars, at the stars

Dreaming of my love far away.

[Repeat chorus]

Under the Bamboo Tree (1902)

(wm) Bob Cole. (I) Musical: *Sally in Our Alley*, interpolation by Marie Cahill. (RR) 1944 film: *Meet Me in St. Louis* by Judy Garland & Margaret O'Brien

Verse 1: Down in the jungles lived a maid,
Of royal blood though dusky shade.
A marked impression once she made
Upon a Zulu from Matabooloo.
And ev'ry morning he would be
Down underneath a bamboo tree,
Awaiting there his love to see.
And then to her he'd sing:

Chorus:

If you lak-a me lak I lak-a you and we lak-a both the same,
I lak-a say, this very day, I lak-a change your name.
'Cause I love-a you and love-a you true
And if you-a love-a me,
One live as two, two live as one under the bamboo tree.

Verse 2: And in this simple jungle way
He wooed the maiden ev'ry day by singing what he had to say.
One day he seized her and gently squeezed her.
And then beneath the bamboo green,
He begged her to become his queen.
The dusky lady blushed unseen and joined him in his song:

[To chorus]

Verse 3: This little story, strange but true,
Is often told in Mataboo of how this Zulu tried to woo
His jungle lady in tropics shady.
Although the scene was miles away,
Right here at home I dare to say,
You'll hear some Zulu ev'ry day gush out this soft refrain:

[To Chorus]

Unforgettable (1951)

(wm) Irving Gordon (P) Nat King Cole

Unforgettable, that's what you are
Unforgettable, though near or far
Like a song of love that clings to me
How the thought of you does things to me
Never before, has someone been more
Unforgettable, in ev'ry way
And forevermore that's how you'll stay
That's why darling it's incredible
That someone so unforgettable
Thinks that I am unforgettable too

1-72 Very Thought of You, The (1934)

(wm) Ray Noble (I) Ray Noble Orch., Al Bowlly, voc. (CR) Bing Crosby (R) 1950 Doris Day (RR) 1964 Rick Nelson (CR) Englebert Humperdinck (CR) Nat King Cole (CR) Tony Bennett

The very thought of you, and I forget to do
The little ordinary things that ev'ryone ought to do.
I'm living in a kind of daydream; I'm happy as a king.
And foolish though it may seem, to me that's everything.
The mere idea of you, the longing here for you,
You'll never know how slow the moments go till I'm near you.
I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars above.
It's just the thought of you the very thought of you, my love.

Volare (1958)

2-70

(w) Domenico Modugno & Franco Migliacci (w-Eng.) Mitchell Parish
(m) Domenico Modugno (P) Domenico Modugno **Grammy and No. 1 chart** (CR) Dean Martin (RR) 1960 Bobby Rydell

Volare, oh, oh! Cantare, oh, oh, oh oh!
Let's fly way up to the clouds away from the madd'ning crowds.
We can 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.
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.

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 de stare lassù.

1-72

E volavo, volavo, felice più in alto del sole ed ancora più in su.
Mentre il mondo pian' piano spariva lontano laggiù,
Una musica dolce suonava soltanto per me.

Volare, Oh!, Oh!, Cantare, Oh!, Oh!, Oh!, Oh!
Nel blu, dipinto di blu, felice de stare lassù.

Ma tutti sogni nell'alba svaniscon perché
Quando la luna tramonta 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 de stare quaggiù.

E continuo a volare, felice più in alto del sole ed ancora più in 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 de stare quaggiù.

Walkin' After Midnight (1956)

(w) Don Hecht (m) Alan Block (I) Patsy Cline

I go out walkin' after midnight out in the moonlight,
Just like we used to do.

I'm always walkin' after midnight searchin' for you.

I walk for miles along the highway;

Well that's just my way of sayin' I love you.

I'm always walkin' after midnight searchin' for you.

I stop to see a weepin' willow cryin' on his pillow;

Maybe he's cryin' for me.

And as the skies turn gloomy, night winds whisper to me;

I'm lonesome as I can be.

I go out walkin' after midnight out in the starlight,

Just hopin' you may be

Somewhere a-walkin' after midnight searchin' for me.

Walkin' My Baby Back Home (1930)

(wm) Roy Turk, Fred Ahlert (P) Harry Richman (RR) 1952 Johnny Ray (RR) 1953 film: *Walkin' My Baby Back Home* by Donald O'Connor (CR) Nat King Cole

Gee, it's great after bein' out late walkin' my baby back home
Arm in arm over meadow and farm walkin' my baby back home
We go 'long harmonizin' a song or I'm reciting a poem
Owls go by and they give me the eye
Walkin' my baby back home

We stop for awhile, she gives me a smile

And snuggles her head to my chest

We start in to pet and that's when I get her powder all my vest

After I kinda straighten my tie she has to borrow my comb

One kiss and then I continue again walkin' my baby back home

[Bridge] She's 'fraid of the dark so I have to park

Outside of her door till it's light

She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry

I dry her tears all through the night

Hand in hand to a barbecue stand

Right from her doorway we roam

Eats, and then it's a pleasure again walkin' my baby back home

Waltzing Matilda (1895)

(w) Banjo Paterson, 1895. These lyrics as revised by Marie Cowan, 1903. (m) attributed primarily to Christina Macpherson based on Celtic folk sources (P) Peter Dawson, 1938

1. Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong

Under the shade of a coolibah-tree,

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled

“Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?”

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,

“Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?”

1-73 2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong;
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
“You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.”

And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,

“You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.”

3. Up rode a squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred;

Down came the troopers, one, two, three:

“Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in the tuckerbag?

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.”

Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!”

4. Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.

“You'll never catch me alive,” said he.

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,

“You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!”

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,

“You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!”

'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans (1922)

2-71

(m) Joe Turner Layton, Jr. (w) Henry Creamer (I) Revue *Spice of 1922*
(P) Blossom Seeley (RR) 1959 Freddie Cannon

Way down yonder in New Orleans

In the land of dreamy scenes there's a garden of Eden

That's what I mean, creole babies with flashing eyes

Softly whisper with tender sighs— Stop!

Oh! won't you give your lady fair a little smile, Stop!

You bet your life you'll linger there— a little while

There is heaven right here on earth with those beautiful queens,

Way down yonder in New Orleans.[1]

[Second chorus ending]

They've got angels right here on earth

Wearing little blue jeans, way down yonder in New Orleans.

Way You Look Tonight, The (1936)

(m) Jerome Kern (w) Dorothy Fields (I) Film: *Swing Time* by Fred Astaire. **Academy Award Winner.** (CR) Connie Haines (CR) Frank Sinatra

Someday, when I'm awf'ly low, and the world is cold,
I will feel a glow just thinking of you,
And the way you look tonight! Oh, but you're lovely,
With your smile so warm, and your cheek so soft,
There is nothing for me but to love you,
Just the way you look tonight!

With each word your tenderness grows, tearing my fears apart.
And that laugh that wrinkles your nose touches my foolish heart.
Lovely, never, never change, keep that breathless charm,
Won't you please arrange it, 'cause I love you,
Just the way you look tonight.

We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye (1932)

(wm) Harry Woods. (P) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (P) Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (CR) The Andrews Sisters.

We thought that love was over that we were really through,
I said I didn't love him that we'd begin anew
And you can all believe me, we sure intended to
But we just couldn't say goodbye

The chair and then the sofa. they broke right down and cried,
The curtain started waving for me to come inside
I tell you confident'ally the tears were hard to hide
And we just couldn't say goodbye

The clock was striking twelve o'clock, it smiled on us below,
With folded hands, it seemed to say "We'll miss you if you go"

Bridge:

So I went back and kissed him and when I looked around,
The room was singing love songs and dancing up and down.
Now we're both so happy because at last we've found
That we just couldn't say goodbye.

We Kiss in the Shadow (1951)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Musical: *The King and I* by Doretta Morrow and Larry Douglas. 1956 film version by Rita Moreno and Carlos Rivas.

Lun Tha:

We kiss in the shadow, we hide from the moon.
Our meetings our few and over too soon.

Tuptim: We speak in a whisper, afraid to be heard;
When people are near, we speak not a word.

Lun Tha: Alone in our secret, together we sigh

For one smiling day to be free.

To kiss in the sunlight, and say to the sky

Behold and believe what you see!

Behold how my lover loves me!

1-73 *Tuptim:* We speak in a whisper, afraid to be heard;
When people are near, we speak not a word.

Lun Tha: Alone in our secret, together we sigh
For one smiling day to be free.

Both: To kiss in the sunlight, and say to the sky
Behold and believe what you see!
Behold how my lover loves me!

We Need a Little Christmas (1966)

(wm) Jerry Herman. (I) Musical: *Mame* by Angela Lansbury and The Company. 1974 film version by Lucille Ball and The Company.

Haul out the holly; put up the tree before my spirit falls again.

Fill up the stocking,

I may be rushing things, but deck the halls again now.

For we need a little Christmas, right this very minute,

Candles in the window, carols at the spinet.

Yes, we need a little Christmas right this very minute.

It hasn't snowed a single flurry, but Santa, dear, we're in a hurry;

So climb down the chimney;

Put up the brightest string of lights I've ever seen.

Slice up the fruitcake

It's time we hung some tinsel on that evergreen bough.

For I've grown a little leaner, grown a little colder,

Grown a little sadder, grown a little older,

And I need a little angel sitting on my shoulder,

Need a little Christmas now.

Haul out the holly;

Havent' I taught you well to live each living day?

Fill up the stocking,

But, Auntie Mame, it's one week past Thanksgiving Day now

But we need a little Christmas, right this very minute,

Candles in the window, carols at the spinet.

Yes, we need a little Christmas right this very minute.

It hasn't snowed a single flurry, but Santa, dear, we're in a hurry;

So climb down the chimney;

It's been a long time since I felt good-neighborly

Slice up the fruitcake

It's time we hung some tinsel on that bayberry bough.

For we need a little music, need a little laughter,

Need a little singing ringing through the rafter,

And we need a little snappy "Happy ever after,"

Need a little Christmas now. Need a little Christmas now.

We Three (1939)

(wm) Dick Robertson, Nelson Cogane, Sammy Mysels (P) The Ink Spots (R) Ella Fitzgerald; Frank Sinatra; Brenda Lee

[Refrain] We three, we're all alone, living in a memory,
My echo, my shadow, and me.
We three, we're not a crowd. we're not even company,
My echo, my shadow, and me.

What good is the moonlight,
The silvery moonlight that shines above?
I walk with my shadow. I talk with my echo.
Where is the one I love?
We three, we'll wait for you even till eternity,
My echo, my shadow, and me.

We'll Meet Again (1939)

(wm) Ross Parker and Hughie Charles. (I) Film: *Dr. Strangelove* by Vera Lynn. (P) Vera Lynn.

Let's say goodbye with a smile dear
Just for a while dear, we must part
Don't let this parting upset you
I'll not forget you, sweetheart

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day
Keep smiling through just like you always do
Till the blue skies chase those dark clouds, far away

[Bridge: And I will just say hello to the folks that you know
Tell them you won't be long
They'll be happy to know that as I saw you go
You were singing this song
We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

We're In the Money (1933)

(w) Al Dubin (m) Harry Warren. (I) Film: *Gold Diggers of 1933* by Ginger Rogers. (P) Musical: *42nd Street*.

We're in the money, we're in the money;
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!
We're in the money, the sky is sunny;
Old Man Depression, you are through, you done us wrong!

We never see a headline 'bout breadline, today,
And when we see the landlord,
We can look that guy right in the eye .
We're in the money. Come on, my honey
Let's spend it, lend it, send it rolling around!

2-72 Wedding Bells (Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine) (1929)

1-74

(wm) Irving Kahal, Willie Raskin, Sammy Fain (P) Gene Austin (RR) 1960's The Four Aces

Not a soul down on the corner, that's a pretty certain sign
That wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine
All the boys are singing love songs
They forgot "Sweet Adeline"
Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine
There goes Jack, there goes Jim, down to Lover's Lane
Now and then we meet again, but they don't seem the same
Gee I get a lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine

Wee Deoch An' Doris, A (1911)

2-72

(w) Harry Lauder & Gerald Grafton (m) Harry Lauder (P) Sir Harry Lauder

[Verse 1]

There's a good old Scottish custom
That has stood the test o' time.
It's a custom that's been carried out in ev'ry land and clime.
Where brother Scots foregather, it's aye the usual thing,
For just before they say "good nicht,"
They fill their cups and sing:

[Chorus]

Just a wee deoch an' doris, just a wee drop, that's all.
A wee deoch an' doris afore ye gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin' in a wee but an ben.
If ye can say, "It's a braw, bricht moonlicht nicht,"
Then yer a'richt, ye ken.

[Verse 2]

I like a man that is a man; a man that's straight and fair.
A sort o' man that will and can in all things do his share.
I like a man, a jolly man, the sort o' man, "ye know,"
The chap that slaps your back and says,
"Mon Jock, before we go": *[Repeat Chorus]*

Wells Fargo Wagon, The (1957)

(wm) Meredith Willson (I) Musical: *The Music Man* by The Company.

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down the street,
Oh please let it be for me!

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down the street,
I wish, I wish I knew what it could be!

I got a box of maple sugar on my birthday.

In March I got a gray mackinaw.

And once I got some grapefruit from Tampa.

Montgom'ry Ward sent me a bathtub and a cross-cut saw.

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' now

Is it a prepaid surprise or C.O.D. It could be curtains! Or dishes!

Or a double boiler! Or it could be

Chorus: Yes, it could be,

Chorus: Yes, you're right it surely could be
Somethin' special,

Chorus: Somethin' very, very special now
Just for me!

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down the street.
Oh, don't let him pass my door!

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down the street,
I wish I knew what he was comin' for.

I got some salmon from Seattle last September.

And I expect a new rockin' chair.

I hope I get my raisins from Fresno.

The D.A.R. have sent a cannon for the courthouse square.

O-ho the Wellth Fargo Wagon ith a-comin' now,

I don't know how I can ever wait to thee.

It could be thumpin' for thumone who is

No relation but it could be thump'n thpehyul just for me!

O-ho, you Wells Fargo Wagon keep a-comin'

O-ho, you Wells Fargo Wagon keep a-comin'.

O-ho you Wells Fargo Wagon

Don't you dare to make a stop until you stop for me!

What a Wonderful World (1968)

1-74

(w) George Douglas (m) George Douglas, George David Weiss
(P) Louis Armstrong

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 learn much more than I'll ever know

And I think to myself what a wonderful world

Yes, I think to myself what a wonderful world

What I Did for Love (1975)

(w) Edward Kleban (m) Marvin Hamlisch. (I) Musical: *A Chorus Line*
by Priscilla Lopez. Film version by Michael Douglas.

Diana: Kiss today goodbye, the sweetness and the sorrow.

Wish me luck, the same to you.

But I can't regret, what I did for love, what I did for love.

Look my eyes are dry. The gift was ours to borrow.

It's as if we always knew, and I won't forget what I did for love,

What I did for love. Gone, love is never gone.

As we travel on, love's what we'll remember.

Kiss today goodbye and point me t'ward tomorrow.

We did what we had to do. Won't forget, can't regret

What I did for love

All: What I did for love

Diana: What I did for...

All: Gone. Love is never gone

As we travel one love's what we'll remember

Kiss today goodbye.

Diana: And point me t'ward tomorrow.

All: Point me t'ward tomorrow

We did what we had to do. Won't forget, can't regret

What I did for love. What I did for love.

Diana: What I did for love

All: Love

What Is This Thing Called Love? (1929)

2-72

(wm) Cole Porter (I) London Musical *Wake Up and Dream* by Elsie
Carlisle (CR) Ella Fitzgerald

[Refrain] What is this thing called love?

This funny thing called love?

Just who can solve its mystery?

Why should it make a fool of me?

[Bridge] I saw you there one wonderful day.

You took my heart and threw it away.

That's why I ask the Lord in heaven above,

What is this thing called love?

What Kind of Fool Am I (1962)

(wm) Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley. (I) Musical: *Stop the World – I Want to Get Off* by Anthony Newley. (P) Sammy Davis, Jr. **Grammy Award Winner: Best Song 1962.** (CR) Dave Chapman

What kind of fool am I, who never fell in love?
It seems that I'm the only one I have been thinking of.
What kind of man is this? An empty shell –
A lonely cell in which an empty heart must dwell?
What kind of lips are these that lied with every kiss?
That whispered empty words of love, that left me alone like this?
Why can't I fall in love like any other man?
And maybe then I'll know what kind of fool I am

What kind of fool am I, who never fell in love?
It seems that I'm the only one I have been thinking of.
What kind of man is this? An empty shell –
A lonely cell in which an empty heart must dwell?
What kind of clown am I? What do I know of life?
Why can't I cast away the mask of play and live my life?
Why can't I fall in love, Till I don't give a damn?
And maybe I'll know what kind of fool I am.

What'll I Do? (1924)

1-74

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) *Music Box Revue of 1923* by Grace Moore & John Steel (RR) 1938 film: *Alexander's Ragtime Band* by Chorus (RR) 1948 film: *Big City* by Danny Thomas (CR) Ray Charles

[Verse 1] Gone is the romance that was so divine;
That's broken and cannot be mended.
You must go your way and I must go mine,
Now that our love song has ended.

[Chorus] What'll I do, when you are far away
And I am blue, what'll I do?
What'll I do when I am wond'ring who
Is kissing you, what'll I do?

What'll I do, with just a photograph
To tell my troubles/secrets to?
When I'm alone with only dreams of you
That won't come true, what'll I do?

[Verse 2] Do you remember a night filled with bliss?
The moonlight was softly descending.
Your lips and my lips were bound with a kiss,
A kiss with an unhappy ending.

When I Fall in Love (1952)

1-74

(w) Edward Heyman (m) Victor Young (I) Film: *One Minute to Zero* (P) Nat King Cole (CR) The Lettermen

When I fall in love, it will be forever or I'll never fall in love.
In a restless world like this is, love is ended before it's begun.
And too many moonlight kisses
Seem to cool in the warmth of the sun.

When I give my heart, it will be completely.
Or I'll never give my heart.
And the moment I can feel that you feel that way too
Is when I fall in love with you.

When I Grow Too Old to Dream (1935)

2-72

(m) Sigmund Romberg (w) Oscar Hammerstein II (I) Film: *The Night Is Young* by Ramon Navarro & Evelyn Laye.

When I grow too old to dream,
I'll have you to remember.
When I grow too old to dream,
Your love will live in my heart.
So kiss me, my sweet, and so let us part;
And when I grow too old to dream,
That kiss will live in my heart.

When I Lost You (1912)

2-72

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Harry Burr

[Chorus] I lost the sunshine and roses, I lost the heavens of blue.
I lost the beautiful rainbow, I lost the morning dew.
I lost the angel who gave me summer the whole winter through.
I lost the gladness that turned into sadness,
When I lost you.

When I Take My Sugar to Tea (1931)

1-75

2-73

(wm) Sammy Fain, Irving Kahal, Pierre Norman (I) Connee Boswell (R) 1931 film *Monkey Business* by Chico Marx (RR) 1947 Nat King Cole

[Chorus] When I take my sugar to tea,
All the boys are jealous of me.
'Cause I never take her where the gang goes,
When I take my sugar to tea. I'm a rowdy dowdy, that's me.
She's a high hat baby, that's she.
So I never take her where the gang goes,
When I take my sugar to tea.

Ev'ry Sunday afternoon we forget about our cares,
Rubbing elbows at the Ritz with those millionaires.
When I take my sugar to tea, I'm as Ritzy as I can be,
'Cause I never take her where the gang goes,
When I take my sugar to tea.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (1912)

2-73

(w) Chauncey Olcott & George Graff, Jr. (m) Ernest Ball (I) Stage show *The Isle o' Dreams* by Chauncey Olcott. (P) John McCormack (CR) Peggy Lee (R) The Irish Tenors

[Verse 1] There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why,
For it never should be there at all.

With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd beguile,
So there's never a teardrop should fall.

When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song,
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be,
You should laugh all the while d all other times smile,
And now smile a smile for me.

[Chorus] When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, it's like a morn in Spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, they steal your heart away.

When My Sugar Walks Down the Street (1924)

2-73

(wm) Jimmy McHugh, Gene Austin, Irving Mills (I) Revue *The Grab Bag* (P) Gene Austin

[Verse 1] I know a thing or two and I'm telling you,
I've got a wonderful gal!

She's got the cutest smile, a million dollar style,
She's such a wonderful pal.

I just feel so happy 'cause I love her so.
When she is by my side, I'm so filled with pride,
I want the whole world to know:

[Chorus] When my Sugar walks down the street,
All the little birdies go "tweet tweet tweet!"
And in the ev'ning when the sun goes down,
It's never dark when she's around
She's so affectionate and I'll say this,
That when she kisses me I sure stay kissed!
When my Sugar walks down the street
The little birdies go "tweet tweet tweet!"

[Verse 2] I like my coffee sweet,
Everything I eat must have some sugar on top.
I'm telling you the truth I've got the sweetest tooth,
I love a sweet lollipop.

Tell me what is sweeter than a sweet, sweet kiss.
From someone who can be
Oh, so sweet to me, I want you all to know this:

[Repeat Chorus]

When Sunny Gets Blue (1956)

(w) Jack Segal (m) Marvin Fisher (P) Johnny Mathis

When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get gray and cloudy.
Then the rain begins to fall. Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Love is gone so what can matter?

No sweet lover man comes to call.

When Sunny gets blue, she breathes a sigh of sadness,

Like the wind that stirs the trees.
Wind that sets the leaves a swayin',
Like some violins are playin' weird and haunting melodies.

People used to love to hear her laugh, see her smile.
That's how she got her name.
Since that sad affair, she's lost her smile, changed her style.
Somehow she's not the same.
But mem'ries will fade, and pretty dreams
Will rise up where her other dream fell through.
Hurry new love, hurry here to kiss away each lonely tear,
And hold her near when Sunny gets blue.

When You Wish Upon a Star (1940)

1-75

(w) Ned Washington (m) Leigh Harline (I) Film: *Pinocchio* by Cliff Edwards **Academy Award Winner** (CR) Glenn Miller and his Orchestra (CR) Rosemary Clooney

When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are.
Anything your heart desires will come to you.
If your heart is in a dream, no request is too extreme,
When you wish upon a star as dreamers do.

Fate is kind; she brings to those who love
The sweet fulfillment of their secret longing.
Like a bolt out of the blue, fate steps in and sees you through.
When you wish upon a star, your dreams come true.

When You Wore a Tulip (1914)

2-74

(m) Percy Wenrich (w) Jack Mahoney (P) The American Quartet (R) 1942 film *For Me and My Gal* by Judy Garland and Gene Kelly

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose.
When you caressed me, twas then heaven blessed me,
What a blessing, no one knows.
You made life cheery when you called me "Dearie,"
Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip and I wore a big red rose.

When You're Smiling (1928)

2-74

(wm) Mark Fisher, Joe Goodwin, Larry Shay (I) Seger Ellis (P) Louis Armstrong (R) film *Meet Danny Wilson* by Frank Sinatra & Shelley Winters (CR) Judy Garland

[Chorus] When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through.
But when you're crying, you bring on the rain.
So stop your sighing; be happy again.
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.

Where is Love? (1963)

(wm) Lionel Bart (I) Musical: *Oliver!* by Keith Hamshere and reprised by Madeleine Newbury. New York production by Bruce Prochnik and reprised by Dortha Duckworth.

Where is love? Does it fall from skies above?
Is it underneath the willow tree that I've been dreaming of?

Where is she who I close my eyes to see?
Will I ever know the sweet "hello" that's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide? Must I travel far and wide?
Till I am beside the someone who I can mean something to
Where... Where is love?

Every night I kneel and pray: Let tomorrow be the day
When I see the face of someone who I can mean something to
Where... Where is love?

Where Or When (1937)

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Lorenz Hart (I) Musical: *Babes in Arms* by Mitzi Green & Ray Heatherton

When you're awake, the things you think
Come from the dream you dream
Thought has wings, and lots of things are seldom what they seem
Sometimes you think you've lived before all that you live to day
Things you do come back to you as though they knew the way
Oh the tricks your mind can play

[Refrain] It seems we stood and talked like this before,
We looked at each other in the same way then,
But I can't remember where or when.
The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore.
The smile you are smiling you were smiling then.
But I can't remember where or when.

Some things that happen for the first time
Seem to be happening again.
And so it seems that we have met before,
And laughed before, and loved before,
But who knows where or when?

While We're Young (1943)

(wm) Bill Engvick, Alec Wilder, and Morty Palitz. (P) Mabel Mercer. (P) Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. (CR) Peggy Lee.

Songs were made to sing while we're young
Every day is spring while we're young
None can refuse, time flies so fast
Too dear to lose and too sweet to last

Though it may be just for today
Share our love we must while we may
How blue the skies, all sweet surprise
Shines before our eyes while we're young

1-75

Who Can I Turn To (When Nobody Needs Me)? (1964)

2-74

(wm) Leslie Bricusse & Anthony Newley (I) Musical *The Roar of the Greasepaint - the Smell of the Crowd* by Anthony Newley (P) Tony Bennett (CR) Dave Chapman

Who can I turn to when nobody needs me?
My heart wants to know
And so I must go where destiny leads me.
With no star to guide me and no one beside me,
I'll go on my way, and after the day the darkness will hide me

And maybe tomorrow I'll find what I'm after.
I'll throw off my sorrow, beg, steal, or borrow
My share of laughter.
With you I could learn to, with you what a new day,
But who can I turn to if you turn away?

(With you I could learn to, with you what a new day
But who can I turn to if you turn away?)

Who Will Buy? (1963)

(wm) Lionel Bart (I) Musical: *Oliver!* London production by Keith Hamshere and Chorus. New York production by Bruce Prochnik and Chorus.

Who will buy this wonderful morning?
Such a sky you never did see!
Who will tie it up with a ribbon and put it in a box for me?
So I could see it at my leisure whenever things go wrong
And I would keep it as a treasure to last my whole life long.

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?
I'm so high I swear I could fly.
Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it
So what am I to do to keep the sky so blue?
There must be someone who will buy...

Who will buy this wonderful morning?
Such a sky you never did see!
Who will tie it up with a ribbon and put it in a box for me?
There'll never be a day so sunny, it could not happen twice.
Where is the man with all the money? It's cheap at half the price!

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?
I'm so high I swear I could fly.
Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it
So what am I to do to keep the sky so blue?
There must be someone who will buy

Why Don't You Do Right (1936)

(wm) Kansas Joe McCoy (I) 1936 by McCoy and the Harlem Hamfats under the title "The Weed Smoker's Dream." (R) 1936 by McCoy again under the title "Why Don't You Do Now?" (I) 1941 by Lil Green w/ Big Bill Broonzy as "Why Don't You Do Right?." (P) 1942 Peggy Lee w/ Benny Goodman, as her first major hit. (R) 1988 film *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* by Amy Irving dubbing Jessica Rabbit.

You had plenty money, nineteen twenty-two,
You let other women make a fool of you.
Why don't you do right, like some other men do?
Get out of here and get me some money too.

You're sittin' there and wonderin' what it's all about;
You ain't got no money, they will put you out.
Why don't you do right, like some other men do?
Get out of here and get me some money too.

If you had prepared twenty years ago,
You wouldn't be a-wanderin' from door to door.
Why don't you do right, like some other men do?
Get out of here and get me some money too,

I fell for your jivin' and I took you in;
Now all you got to offer me's a drink of gin.
Why don't you do right, like some other men do?
Get out of here and get me some money too.

(Why don't you do right, like some other men do?
Like some other men do.)

Wild Side of Life, The (1951)

(wm) Arlie Carter & William Warren (P) Hank Thompson (CR) Burl Ives (R) 1976 Freddie Fender (R) 1981 Waylon Jennings & Jessi Colter (**Trivia:** This song inspired the 1952 answer, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels," the first big hit for Kitty Wells)

[Verse 1] You wouldn't read my letter if I wrote you.
You asked me not to call you on the phone.
But there's something I'm wanting to tell you,
So I wrote it in the words of this song.

[Chorus]
I didn't know God made honky tonk angels.
I might have known you'd never make a wife.
You gave up the only one that ever loved you.
And went back to the wild side of life.

[Verse 2] The glamor of the gay night life has lured you
To the places where the wine and liquor flow,
Where you wait to be anybody's baby
And forget the truest love you'll ever know

2-75 Willkommen (1967)

(w) Fred Ebb (m) John Kander. (I) Musical: *Cabaret* by Joel Grey. Also by Mr. Grey in film version.

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome! Fremde, etranger, stranger.
Glücklich zu sehen, je suis enchante,
Happy to see you, bleibe, reste, stay.

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret

spoken:

Meine Damen und Herren, Mesdames et Messieurs,
Ladies and Gentlemen! Guden Abend, bon soir, good evening
We geht's? Comment ca va? Do you feel good?
I bet you do! Ich bin euer Confrecier; je suis votre compere.
I am your host! Und sagen

sung: Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret

(spoken): Leave your troubles outside!
So - life is disappointing? Forget it!
We have no troubles here! Here life is beautiful...
The girls are beautiful... Even the orchestra is beautiful!
(orchestra plays) You see? I told you the orchestra is beautiful!

And now presenting the Cabaret Girls!
Rosie! (Rosie is so called because of the color of her cheeks.)
Lulu! (Oh, you like Lulu? Well, too bad! So does Rosie.)
Frenchie! (You know I like to order Frenchie on the side. On
your side Frenchie! Just kidding!) Texas! (Yes, Texas is from
America! But she's a very cunning linguist!) Fritzie! (Oh, Fritzie,
would you stop that! Already this week we have lost two waiters,
a table and three bottles of champagne up there.) and Helga!
(Helga is the baby. I'm just like a father to her. So when she's
bad, I spank her. And she's very, very, very, very, very bad.)

Rosie, Lulu, Frenchie, Texas, Fritzie and Helga. Each and every
one a virgin! You don't believe me? Hmm? Well, don't take my
word for it. Go ahead – try Helga!

Outside it is winter. But in here it's so hot. Every night we have
to battle with the girls to keep them from taking off all their
clothings. So don't go away. Who knows? Tonight we may lose
the battle!

Kit Kat Girls:

Wir sagen Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

(continued)

Emcee:

We are here to serve you!

And now presenting the Kit Kat Boys: Here they are! Bobby! Victor! Or is it Victor! and Bobby... You know, there's really only one way to tell the difference... I'll show you later. Hans (Oh Hans, baby, go easy on the sauerkraut!) Herrman (You know the funny thing about Herrman? There's nothing funny about Herrman!) And, finally, the toast of Mayfir, Fraulein Sally Bowles!

Sally: Hello, darlings!

Emcee: Bliebe, reste, stay!

All: Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome

Emcee: That's Victor.

All: Im Cabaret, au Cabaret,

(whispered): Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome!

Fremde, etranger, stranger.

Emcee: Hello, stranger!

All: Gluklich, zu sehen, je suis enchante,

Emcee: Enchante, Madame.

All: Happy to see you, Bliebe, reste, stay!

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome!

Fremde, etranger, stranger.

Gluklich zu sehen, je suis enchante,

Happy to see you, Bliebe, reste, stay! Wir sagen

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome

Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret

Emcee: Thank you!

Bobby, Victor, Hans, Herrman, Rosie, Lulu, Frenchie,

Texas, Fritzie, Helga, Sally, and Me!

Welcome to the Kit Kat Klub!

Will I Ever Tell You?

Medley with *Lida Rose* on page 80.

Willow Weep for Me (1932)

(wm) Ann Ronell. (P) Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, vocal by Irene Taylor.

Willow weep for me, willow weep for me

Bend your branches down along the ground

And cover me listen to my plea

Hear me willow and weep for me

Gone my lovely dreams, lovely summer dreams

Gone and left me here to weep my tears along the stream

Sad as I can be, hear me willow and weep for me

Bridge: Whisper to the wind and say that love has sinned

To leave my heart a sighin' and cryin' alone

Murmur to the night, hide its starry light

So none will find me sighin' cryin' all alone

Weeping willow tree, weep in sympathy

Bend your branches down along the ground and cover me

Listen to my plea, hear me willow and weep for me

Willow, willow, weep for me

Witchcraft (1957)

1-75

(w) Carolyn Leigh (m) Cy Coleman (P) Frank Sinatra (CR) Matt Belsante

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 leadin' me to."

It's such an ancient pitch; but one I wouldn't switch

'Cause there's no nicer witch than you

With a Song in My Heart (1929)

2-75

(m) Richard Rodgers (w) Lorenz Hart (I) Musical: *Spring Is Here* by Lillian Taiz & John Hundley. 1952 Film: *With a Song in My Heart* by Jane Froman dubbing for Susan Hayward

[Verse 1] Though I know that we meet ev'ry night

And we couldn't have changed since the last time,

To my joy and delight, it's a new kind of love at first sight.

Though it's you and it's I all the time,

Ev'ry meeting's a marvelous pastime.

You're increasingly sweet,

So whenever we happen to meet I greet you .

[Refrain] With a song in my heart I behold your adorable face.

Just a song at the start, but it soon is a hymn to your grace.

When the music swells I'm touching your hand;

It tells that you're standing near, and at the sound of your voice Heaven opens its portals to me.

Can I help but rejoice that a song such as ours came to be?

But I always knew I would live life through

With a song in my heart for you.

[Verse 2]: Oh, the moon's not a moon for a night

And these stars will not twinkle and fade out.

And the words in my ears will resound for the rest of my years.

In the morning I'll find with delight

Not a note of our music is played out.

It will be just as sweet, and an air that I'll live to repeat:

I greet you **[Repeat Refrain]**

Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?

See *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home* on page 15.

Won't You Play a Simple Melody

See *Play a Simple Melody* on page 109.

Wonderful Guy, A

See *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy* on page 63.

Wouldn't It Be Lovely? (1956)

(w) Alan Jay Lerner (m) Frederick Loewe (I) Musical: *My Fair Lady* by Julie Andrews. In film version by Marni Nixon dubbing for Audrey Hepburn.

[Chorus]

All I want is a room somewhere far away from the cold night air
With one enormous chair, oh, wouldn't it be lovely
Lots of choc'late for me to eat, lots of coal makin' lots of 'eat
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh, wouldn't it be lovely

Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin' -lutely still
I would never budge till Spring crept over me window sill
Someone's 'ead restin' on my knee warm and tender as 'e can be
Who takes good care of me, oh wouldn't it be lovely,
Lovely, lovely lovely ... Lovely.

(I'm a) Yankee Doodle Dandy (1904)

(wm) George M. Cohan. (I) Musical: *Little Johnny Jones*. Musical: *George M!* with Joel Grey and Bernadette Peters. Film: *Yankee Doodle Dandy* by James Cagney. Film: *The Seven Little Foys* with Bob Hope.

I'm the kid that's all the candy, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
I'm glad I am (So's Uncle Sam), I'm a real live Yankee Doodle
Made my name and fame and boodle
Just like Mister Doodle did, by riding on a pony
I love to listen to the Dixie strain
"I long to see the girl I left behind me"
And that ain't a josh, she's a Yankee, by gosh
(Oh, say can you see anything about a Yankee that's a phoney?)

Chorus

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, a Yankee Doodle, do or die
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam born on the Fourth of July
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
She's my Yankee Doodle joy
Yankee Doodle came to London just to ride the ponies
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy
Father's name was Hezekiah, Mother's name was Ann Maria
Yanks through and through (Red, white and blue)
Father was so Yankee hearted when the Spanish War was started
He slipped on his uniform and hopped up on a pony
My mother's mother was a Yankee true
My father's father was a Yankee too and that's going some
For the Yankees, by gum
(Oh, say can you see anything about my pedigree that's phoney?)

1-76 Yellow Bird (1957)

(wm) Norman Luboff, Marilyn Keith (Bergman), Alan Bergman (Adapted from a West Indian folk song) (I) The Norman Luboff Choir (CR) The Mills Brothers

Yellowbird up high in banana tree
Yellowbird you sit all alone like me
Did your lady frien' leave de nest again
Dat is very sad, make me feel so bad
You can fly away, in the sky away, you more lucky dan me

I also have a pretty gal, she not with me today
Dey all de same, de pretty gal make dem de nest
Den dey fly away

Yellowbird up high in banana tree
Yellowbird you sit all alone like me
Did your lady frien' leave de nest again
Dat is very sad, make me feel so bad
You can fly away, in the sky away, you more lucky dan me
Yellowbird, yellowbird, yellowbird

Yellow Rose of Texas, The (1928)

Traditional folk song adapted in 1955 by Don George. (P) Mitch Miller and his Chorus and Orchestra. These lyrics from the Miller recording.

There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see
Nobody else could miss her not half as much as me
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart
And if I ever find her, we nevermore will part.

Chorus:

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosalee
But the Yellow Rose of Texas is the only girl for me

When the Rio Grande is flowing and the stars are shining bright
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night
I know that she remembers when we parted long ago
I promise to return and not to leave her so *[Chorus]*

Oh now I'm going to find her for my heart is full of woe
We'll do the things together we did so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily, we'll love me like before
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore
[Chorus]

Yesterday (1965)

(wm) John Lennon, Paul McCartney (P) The Beatles

Yesterday – All my troubles seemed so far away,
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.

Oh I believe in Yesterday.

Suddenly – I'm not half the man I used to be.

There's a shadow hanging over me.

Oh Yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say.

I said something wrong, now I long for Yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.

Now I need a place to hide away.

Oh I believe in Yesterday. Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm

You Are My Sunshine (1940)

(wm) Jimmie Davis & Charles Mitchell (P) Jimmie Davis. (CR) 1940 film *Take Back Oklahoma* by Tex Ritter. (P) Bing Crosby (CR) Gene Autry. (RR) 1962 Ray Charles

[Verse 1] The other nite, dear, as I lay sleeping,

I dreamed I held you in my arms.

When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken.

And I hung my head and cried.

[Chorus] You Are My Sunshine, my only sunshine.

You make me happy when skies are gray.

You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.

Please don't take my sunshine away

[Verse 2] I'll always love you and make you happy

If you will only say the same, but if you leave me to love another

You'll regret it all some day. **[Repeat Chorus]**

[Verse 3] You told me once, dear, you really loved me

And no one else could come between.

But now you've left me and love another

You have shattered all my dreams. **[Repeat Chorus]**

You Are Sixteen (1959)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *The Sound of Music* by Brian Davies and Lauri Peters

Rolfe: You wait, little girl, on an empty stage

For fate to turn the light on.

Your life, little girl, is an empty page

That men will want to write on.

Liesl: To write on.

Rolfe: You are sixteen going on seventeen

Baby it's time to think, better be wary, canny and careful

Baby you're on the brink. You are sixteen going on seventeen

Fellows will fall in line, eager young lads and roués and cads

Will offer you food and wine

Totally unprepared are you to face the world of men

Timid and shy and scared are you of things beyond your ken

You need someone older and wiser telling you what to do

I am seventeen going on eighteen, I'll take care of you

1-76 **Liesl:** I am sixteen going on seventeen, I know that I'm naïve
Fellows I meet may tell me I'm sweet and willingly I believe.
I am sixteen going on seventeen innocent as a rose
Bachelor dandies, drinkers of brandies, what do I know of those?

Totally unprepared am I to face the world of men

Timid and shy and scared am I of things beyond my ken

I need someone older and wiser telling me what to do

Both: You are **[I am]** seventeen going on eighteen

I'll depend on **[I'll take care of]** you

You Belong to My Heart (1941)

1-76

2-76

(wm) Agustin Lara (w Eng) Ray Gilbert (I) Cartoon film: *The Three Caballeros* by Dora Luz. (P) 1945 by Bing Crosby (CR) Gene Autry

You belong to my heart now and forever.

And our love had its start not long ago.

We were gathering stars

While a million guitars played our love song;

When I said, "I love you," ev'ry beat of my heart said it too.

'Twas a moment like this, do you remember?

And your eyes threw a kiss when they met mine.

Now we own all the stars and a million guitars are still playing.

Darling, you are the song, and you'll always belong to my heart.

Spanish: Solamente Una Vez

Solamente una vez amé en la vida.

Solamente una vez y nada más.

Una vez, nada más, en mi huerto brilló la esperanza,

la esperanza que alumbró el camino de mi soledad

Una vez nada más se entrega el alma,

Con la dulce y total renunciación

Y cuando ese milagro realiza el prodigio de amarse,

Hay campanas de fiesta que cantan en el corazón.

You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me (1930) 2-76

(wm) Irving Kahal, Pierre Norman, Sammy Fain (I) film *The Big Pond*
by Maurice Chevalier (R) 1931 film *Monkey Business* by Zeppo,
Chico, then Groucho Marx

[Refrain] If the nightingales could sing like you,

They'd sing much sweeter than they do,

For you've brought a new kind of love to me.

If the Sandman brought me dreams of you,

I'd want to sleep my whole life through,

For you've brought a new kind of love to me.

I know that I'm the slave, you're the queen,

But still you can understand that underneath it all

You're a maid, and I am only a man.

I would work and slave the whole day through

If I could hurry home to you,

For you've brought a new kind of love to me.

You Call Everybody Darlin' (1946)

(wm) Sam Martin, Ben Trace, and Clem Watts (I) Al Trace Orchestra.
No. 1 chart record (CR) Andrews Sisters; Bob Vincent (R) 1957
Faron Young

You call everybody Darlin', and everybody calls you Darlin' too.
You don't mean what you're sayin',
It's just a game you're playin'.
But you'll find someone else can play the game as well as you.
If you call everybody Darlin',
Then love won't come a-knockin' at your door (Nevermore).
And as the years go by, you'll sit and wonder why
Nobody calls you Darlin' anymore.

You Call It Madness (Ah! But I Call It Love) (1931)

(wm) Con Conrad, Gladys Du Bois, Russ Columbo, Paul Gregory.
(P) Theme song of Russ Columbo

[Verse]

At first a slight suggestion that grew to haunt my mind,
'Twas that eternal question; true love is hard to find.
And then the day I found you, my love I had to share;
I built my dreams around you, somehow you made me care.

[Chorus] I can't forget the night I met you,

That's all I'm thinking of;
And now you call it madness, But I call it love.
You made a promise to be faithful, by all the stars above;
And now you call it madness, I still call it love.

My heart is beating, it keeps repeating for you constantly.
You're all I'm needing, and so I'm pleading,
"Please, come back to me."
You made a plaything out of romance!
What do you know of love?
That's why you call it madness, But I call it love.

2-77 You Came a Long Way From St. Louis (1948) 2-77

(w) Bob Russell (m) John Benson Brooks (I) Ray McKinley
Orchestra. (R) Perry Como; Peggy Lee; Della Reese; Chuck Berry;
Abbey Lincoln

You came a long way from St. Louis,
You climbed the ladder of success.
I've seen the town and country cars
That were parked out in front of your fancy address.
You came a long way from St. Louis,
You broke a lotta hearts between.
I've seen a gang of gloomy guys who were doing alright till you
came on the scene.

You blew in from the middle west,
And certainly impressed the population hereabouts.
Well, baby, I got news for you, I'm from Missouri too,
So natcherly I got my doubts.
You got 'em dropping by the wayside,
A feeling I ain't gonna know.
You came a long way from St. Louis, but baby,
You still got a long way to go.

You Couldn't Be Cuter (1938) 2-77

(m) Jerome Kern (w) Dorothy Fields (I) film *Joy of Living* by Irene
Dunne

[Burthen] You couldn't be cuter,
Plus that you couldn't be smarter,
Plus that intelligent face,
You have a disgraceful charm for me.
You couldn't be keener,
You look so fresh from the cleaner.
You are the little grand slam I'll bring to my family.
My ma will show you an album of me that'll bore you to tears.
And you'll attract all the relatives
We have dodged for years and years.
And what'll they tell me? Exactly what'll they tell me?
They'll say you couldn't be nicer,
Couldn't be sweeter, couldn't be better,
Couldn't be smoother, couldn't be cuter, Baby than you are.

You Do Something to Me (1929) 1-77

(wm) Cole Porter (I) Musical: *Fifty Million Frenchmen* by William
Gaxton (RR) 1946 film: *Night and Day* by Jane Wyman (RR) 1951
film: *Starlift* by Doris Day (RR) 1957 film: *The Helen Morgan Story*
(RR) 1960 film: *Can Can* by Louis Jourdan

You do something to me, something that simply mystifies me
Tell me, why should it be you have the pow'r to hypnotize me
Let me live 'neath your spell,
Do do that voodoo that you do so well
For you do something to me that nobody else could do

You Don't Know Me (1955)

(wm) Cindy Walker & Eddy Arnold(?) (I) Eddy Arnold. (R) 1962 by Ray Charles; In 1990 film *Postcards from the Edge* by Meryl Streep

You give your hand to me, and then you say hello.
And I can hardly speak, my heart is beating so.
And anyone can tell you think you know me well,
but you don't know me.
No, you don't know the one who dreams of you at night,
And longs to kiss your lips and longs to hold you tight.
To you I'm just a friend; that's all I've ever been,
'cause you don't know me.

For I never knew the art of making love,
though my heart ached with love for you.
Afraid and shy, I let my chance go by,
the chance you might love me too.
You give your hand to me, and then you say good-bye.
I watch you walk away beside that lucky guy
To never, never know the one who loves you so.
No, you don't know me.

You Go to My Head (1938)

(w) Haven Gillespie (m) J. Fred Coots. (P) Glen Gray and The Casa Loma Orchestra. (R) Larry Clinton and his Orchestra, vocal by Bea Wain.

You go to my head and you linger like a haunting refrain
And I find you spinning round in my brain
Like the bubbles in a glass of champagne

You go to my head like a sip of sparkling burgundy brew
And I find the very mention of you
Like the kicker in a julep or two.

The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought
To my plea casts a spell over me
Still I say to myself: Get a hold of yourself
Can't you see that it can never be?

You go to my head with smile that makes my temperature rise
Like a summer with a thousand Julys
You intoxicate my soul with your eyes
Though I'm certain that this heart of mine
Hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy romance
You go to my head

You Keep Coming Back Like a Song (1946)

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Film *Blue Skies* by Bing Crosby?

You keep coming back like a song
A song that keeps saying, "Remember."
The sweet used-to-be that was once you and me
Keeps coming back like an old melody
The perfume of roses in May
Returns to my room in December
From out of the past where forgotten things belong
You keep coming back like a song

2-77 You Made Me Love You (I Didn't Want to Do It) (1913)

1-78

(w) Joseph McCarthy (m) Jimmy Monaco (P) Al Jolson (RR) Film: *Wharf Angel* by Dorothy Dell & Preston Foster (RR) 1938 film: *Broadway Melody of 1938* by Judy Garland with special lyric ("Dear, Mr. Gable") (RR) Films: *Syncopation*; *The Jolson Story*; *Jolson Sings Again* (RR) Film: *Private Buckaroo* by The Andrews Sisters (RR) Film: *Love Me or Leave Me* by Doris Day (RR) 1941 by Harry James and his Orchestra (CR) Mel Tormé

You made me love you
I didn't wanna to do it; I didn't wanna to do it
You made me want you
And all the time you knew it; I guess you always knew it
You made me happy sometimes; You made me glad.
But there were times, dear, You made me feel so bad
You made me sigh for
I didn't wanna tell you; I didn't wanna tell you.
I want some love that's true, yes I do, 'deed I do, you know I do
Gimme, gimme what I cry for
You know you've got the brand of kisses that I'd die for
You know you made me love you

You Make Me Feel So Young (1946)

1-78

(w) Mack Gordon (m) Josef Myrow (I) Film: *Three Little Girls in Blue* by Vera Ellen & Frank Lattimore

You make me feel so young
You make me feel so spring has sprung
And ev'rytime 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 a meadow
Picking 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

2-78

You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby (1938)

2-78

(w) Johnny Mercer (m) Harry Warren (I) film *Hard to Get* by Dick Powell (P) Bing Crosby **No. 1 chart record.** (CR) Tommy Dorsey Orch. Edythe Wright voc; (CR) Russ Morgan (R) 1949 film *My Dream Is Yours* by Doris Day. (R) 1961 Bobby Darin (R) Michael Bublé

[Verse] Does your mother realize

The stork delivered quite a prize

The day he left you on the fam'ly tree?

Does your dad appreciate that you're merely super great,

The miracle of any century?

If they don't just send them both to me.

[Chorus] You must have been a beautiful baby,

You must have been a wonderful child.

When you were only startin' to go to kindergarten,

I bet you drove the little boys wild.

And when it came to winning blue ribbons,

You must have shown the other kids how.

I can see the judges' eyes as they handed you the prize.

I bet you made the cutest bow.

Oh, you must have been a beautiful baby,

'Cause baby look at you now.

You Took Advantage of Me (1928)

2-78

(w) Lorenz Hart (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical *Present Arms* by Joyce Barbour & Busby Berkeley

[Refrain] I'm a sentimental sap, that's all.

What's the use of trying not to fall?

I have no will, you've made your kill

'Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm just like an apple on a bough,

And you're gonna shake me down somehow.

So what's the use, you've cooked my goose

'Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm so hot and bothered

That I don't know my elbow from my ear.

I suffer something awful each time you go

And much worse when you're near.

Here am I with all my bridges burned,

Just a babe in arms where you're concerned.

So lock the doors, and call me yours

'Cause you took advantage of me.

You Were Meant for Me (1929)

1-78

(w) Arthur Freed (m) Nacio Herb Brown (I) Film: *The Broadway Melody* by Charles King (RR) films: *Hollywood Revue of 1929*; *The Show of Shows* (1929); *Hullabaloo* (1940); *You Were Meant for Me* (1948); *Singin' in the Rain* (1952) by Gene Kelly

You were meant for me, I was meant for you

Nature patterned you and when she was done

You were all the sweet things rolled up in one

You're like a plaintive melody that never lets me free

For I'm content The angels must have sent you

And they meant you just for me

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (1942)

2-78

(wm) Cole Porter (I) 1943 film *Something to Shout About* by Janet Blair & Don Ameche

[Refrain] You'd be so nice to come home to.

You'd be so nice by the fire.

While the breeze, on high, sang a lullaby,

You'd be all that I could desire.

Under stars, chilled by the winter,

Under an August moon, burning above

You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise

To come home to and love.

You'll Never Know (1943)

1-78

(m) Harry Warren (w) Mack Gordon (I) Film: *Hello, Frisco, Hello* by Alice Faye. **Academy Award Winner.**

[Verse] Darling, I'm so blue without you.

I think about you the live-long day.

When you ask me if I'm lonely, then I have only this to say:

[Chorus] You'll never know just how much I miss you,

You'll never know just how much I care.

And if I tried, I still couldn't hide my love for you.

You ought to know, for haven't I told you so,

A million or more times?

You went away and my heart went with you.

I speak your name in my ev'ry prayer.

If there is some other way to prove that I love you,

I swear I don't know how.

You'll never know if you don't know now.

[Repeat from the Bridge]

You said good-bye, now stars in the sky refuse to shine.

Take it from me, it's no fun to be alone

With moonlight and mem'ries.

You went away and my heart went with you.

I speak your name in my ev'ry prayer.

If there is some other way to prove that I love you,

I swear I don't know how.

You'll never know if you don't know now.

You'll Never Walk Alone (1945)

1-79

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers (I) Musical: *Carousel* by Christine Johnson (RR) 1957 film version by Claramae Turner (CR) Ed Ames (CR) Judy Garland

When you walk through a storm hold your head up high

And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of the storm is a golden sky

And the sweet, silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain

Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone, you'll never walk alone

You're a Grand Old Flag (1906)

(wm) George M. Cohan (I) Musical: *George Washington, Jr.* by Cohan

[Verse 1] There's a feeling comes a stealing,
And it sets my brain a-reeling,
When I'm list'ning to the music of a military band.
Any tune like "Yankee Doodle" simply sets me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something that no one can understand.
"Way down South in the land of cotton,"
Melody untiring; ain't that inspiring?
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll join the jubilee,
And that's going some, for the Yankees, by gum!
Red, White and Blue, I am for you.
Honest, you're a grand old flag!

[Chorus] You're a grand old flag. You're a high flying flag.
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true 'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep you eye on the grand old flag!

[Verse 2] I'm a cranky hanky panky,
I'm a dead square, honest Yankee,
And I'm mighty proud of that old flag that flies for Uncle Sam.
Though I don't believe in raving, ev'ry time I see it waving,
There's a chill runs up my back
That makes me glad I'm what I am.
Here's a land with a million soldiers,
That's if we should need 'em. We'll fight for freedom!
Hurrah! Hurrah! For ev'ry Yankee Tar and old G. A. R.,
Ev'ry stripe and star. Red, White and Blue, hats off to you.
Honest, you're a grand old flag!

You're an Education (1938)

(w) Al Dubin (m) Harry Warren (I) Film: *Gold Diggers in Paris.*

Must I memorize a book to be considered wise
When I can look into your eyes?
Literature is such a bore and mathematics too
I'd much prefer to learn about you....
You're the only kind of knowledge
They don't teach at any college, you're an education in yourself
There are poems and romances in the glamour of your glances
You're an education in yourself
Of all the famous dates in hist'ry, I recall but a few:
The Fourth of July and my dates with you
You've a kiss that's scientific tho' it's tender, it's terrific
You're an education in yourself
You're the kind of mental training
I could take without complaining,
You're an education in yourself
Intricate as economics, simple as the Sunday comics
You're an education in yourself

1-79 And there are geometric figures in your beautiful curves
They're good on the eyes, but bad on the nerves
You are my encyclopedia, let me take you home and read yuh
You're an education in yourself

You're Driving Me Crazy (1930)

2-79

(wm) Walter Donaldson (I) Musical *Smiles* by Adele Astaire & Eddie Foy, Jr. (P) Guy Lombardo Orch.

[Chorus] You! You're driving me crazy!
What did I do? What did I do?
My tears for you make ev'rything hazy Clouding the skies of blue.

How true were the friends
Who were near me to cheer me, believe me they knew.
But you were the kind who would hurt me
Desert me when I needed you. Yes! You!
You're driving me crazy! What did I do to you?

You're Just in Love (1950)

2-79

(wm) Irving Berlin (I) Musical: *Call Me Madam* by Ethel Merman & Russell Nype, Film version by Merman and Donald O'Connor

[Melody 1] I hear singing and there's no one there.
I smell blossoms and the trees are bare.
All day long I seem to walk on air;
I wonder why, I wonder why!
I keep tossing in my sleep at night.
And what's more I've lost my appetite.
Stars that used to twinkle in the skies
Are twinkling in my eyes; I wonder why.

[Melody 2] You don't need analyzing, it is not so surprising
That you feel very strange, but nice.
Your heart goes pitter patter; I know just what's the matter,
Because I've been there once or twice.
Put your head on my shoulder, you need someone who's older,
A rubdown with a velvet glove.
There is nothing you can take to relieve that pleasant ache,
You're not sick, you're just in love!

[Repeat, with duet of both parts together]

[Tag] You're not sick, you're just in love.

You're Never Fully Dressed Without a Smile (1977) 1-79

(m) Charles Strouse (w) Martin Charnin. (I) Orphan Girls in musical *Annie*

Hey, hobo man, hey, dapper Dan, you both got your style
But brother, you're never fully dressed without a smile!
Your clothes may be Beau Brummel-ly,
May stand out a mile,
But brother, you're never fully dressed without a smile.

Who cares what they're wearing on Main Street or Saville Row?
It's what you wear from ear to ear
And not from head to toe that matters.
So, Senator, so, janitor, so long for a while.
Remember you're never fully dressed
Though you may look the best,
You're never fully dressed without a smile!

You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You (1944)

(wm) Russ Morgan, Larry Stock, and James Cavanaugh. (P) Russ Morgan and his Orchestra. (R) 1965 by Dean Martin. (CR) Dave Chapman

You're nobody till somebody loves you
You're nobody till somebody cares
You may be king,
You may possess the world and all it's gold,
But gold won't bring you happiness
When you're growing old.
This world, it's still is the same, you'll never change it,
As sure as the stars shine above;
You're nobody till somebody loves you,
So find yourself somebody to love.

You're the Cream in My Coffee (1928)

(w) B. G. De Sylva & Lew Brown (m) Ray Henderson (I) Musical: *Hold Everything!* by Jack Whiting & Ona Munson. (R) Film: *The Cock-Eyed World* by Stuart Erwin & Joe E. Brown

[Refrain 1]:

You're the cream in my coffee, you're the salt in my stew,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.
You're the starch in my collar, you're the lace in my shoe,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.
Most men tell love tales and each phrase dovetails.
You've heard each known way, this way is my own way.
You're the sail of my love boat, you're the captain and crew,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.

[Refrain 2]

You're the cream in my coffee, you're the salt in my Stew,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.
You're the starch in my collar, you're the lace in my shoe,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.
You give life savor, bring out its flavor; so this is clear, dear,
You're my Worcestershire, dear.
You're the sail of my love boat, you're the captain and crew,
You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.

You've Changed (1942)

1-80

(m) Carl Fisher (w) Bill Carey. (P) Harry James Orch., Dick Haymes, voc. (CR) Billie Holiday

[Chorus] You've changed. That sparkle in your eyes is gone.
You're smile is just a careless yawn.
You're breaking my heart, You've changed. You've changed.
Your kisses are now so blasé.
You're bored with me in ev'ry way.
I can't understand, you've changed.
You've forgotten the words "I love you,"
Each memory that we've shared.
You ignore ev'ry star above you.
I can't realize you ever cared. You've changed.
You're not the angel I once knew,
No need to tell me that we're through.
It's all over now, you've changed.

Young At Heart (1954)

1-80

(w) Carolyn Leigh (m) Johnny Richards (P) Frank Sinatra. Later used in film: *Young at Heart*.

Fairy tales can come true
It can happen to you if you're young at heart
For it's hard you will find to be narrow of mind
If you're young at heart
You can go to extremes with impossible schemes
You can laugh when your dreams
Fall apart at the seams and life gets more exciting
With each passing day and love is either in your heart
Or on the way
Don't you know that it's worth ev'ry treasure on earth
To be young at heart?
For as rich as you are it's much better by far to be young at heart.
And if you should survive to a hundred and five,
Look at all you'll derive out of being alive.
And here is the best part: You have a head start
If you are among the very young at heart

Younger Than Springtime (1949)

(w) Oscar Hammerstein II (m) Richard Rodgers. (I) Musical: *South Pacific* by William Tabbert. 1958 Film version by Bill Lee dubbing for John Kerr.

I touch your hands and my arms grows strong,
Like a pair of birds that burst with song
My eyes look down at your lovely face
And I hold the world in my embrace
Younger than springtime, are you, softer than starlight, are you
Warmer than winds of June are the gentle lips you gave me
Gayer than laughter, are you, sweeter than music, are you
Angel and lover, heaven and earth are you to me
And when your youth and joy invade my arms
And fill my heart as now they do
Then younger than springtime, am I, gayer than laughter, am I
Angel and lover, heaven and earth, am I with you

Your Cheatin' Heart (1952)

(wm) Hank Williams (I) Hank Williams (P) Joni James (CR) Frankie Laine (RR) 1999 LeAnn Rimes

[Chorus 1] Your cheatin' heart will make you weep,
You'll cry and cry and try to sleep.
But sleep won't come the whole night through,
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.
When tears come down like fallin' rain.
You'll toss around and call my name.
You'll walk the floor the way I do,
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

[Chorus 2] Your cheatin' heart will pine some day
And crave the love you threw away.
The time will come when you'll be blue,
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.
When tears come down like fallin' rain.
You'll toss around and call my name.
You'll walk the floor the way I do,
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

Zigeuner (1929)

2-80

(wm) Noel Coward (I) Musical *Bitter Sweet* by Peggy Wood. (R) 1933 film version by Anna Neagle; 1940 film version by Jeanette MacDonald

[Refrain] Play to me beneath the summer moon,
Zigeuner, Zigeuner, Zigeuner!
All I ask of life is just to listen to the songs that you sing,
My spirit like a bird on the wing, your melodies adoring, soaring!
Call to me with some barbaric tune,
Zigeuner, Zigeuner, Zigeuner!
Now you hold me in your power,
Play to me for just an hour, Zigeuner!

Zing Went the Strings of My Heart (1935)

1-80

(wm) James F. Hanley (I) Revue: *Thumbs Up* by Hal Lee Roy & Eunice Healy (RR) 1938 film: *Listen Darling* by Judy Garland (Judy Garland auditioned at MGM with this song) (RR) 1951 film: *Lullaby of Broadway* by Gene Nelson

Dear, when you smiled at me, I heard a melody;
It haunted me from the start.
Something inside of me started a symphony.
Zing, went the strings of my heart.
'Twas like a breath of spring.
I heard a robin sing about a nest set apart.
All nature seemed to be in perfect harmony.
Zing, went the strings of my heart.
Your eyes made skies seem blue again.
What else could I do again
But keep repeating through again "I love you, love you"?
I still recall the thrill; I guess I always will.
I hope 'twill never depart.
Dear, with your lips to mine, a rhapsody divine,
Zing, went the strings of my heart.

Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah (1945)

1-80

(w) Ray Gilbert (m) Allie Wrubel (I) 1947 Film: *Song of The South* by James Baskett. **Academy Award Winner.** (P) Johnny Mercer with The Pied Pipers. (RR) 1962 by Bob B. Soxx & the Blue Jeans (CR) Bing Crosby

Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay
My oh my what a wonderful day
Plenty of sunshine headin' my way
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay
Mr. Bluebird on my shoulder
It's the truth, it's "actch'Il"
Ev'rything is "satisfactch'Il"
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay
Wonderful feeling, wonderful day

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