

4201

# I GOT A HARP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEAVEN

WORDS & MUSIC BY MORTY CORB

(1995)

SLOWLY

Musical notation for the song "I GOT A HARP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEAVEN". The score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked "SLOWLY". The lyrics are: "I GOTTA HARP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEAVEN AND I'M GONNA PLAY ME SOME LIAZZ, LIKE YOU NEVER HEARD RE-FORE. I GOTTA GROUP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEAVEN. THEY BEEN RE-HEARSIN' NOW COMES THE BIG EN-CORE. I'LL HEAR JIMMY AND TOMMY AND LOUIE AND JACK. WE ALL GOIN' THERE, 'CAUSE THEY NN'T COMIN' BACK. I GOTTA HARP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEAVEN, NO STRINGS AT-TACHED. WE GONNA SEE SATCH AT THAT BIG JAM SESSION IN THE SKY (OH YEZ!). I GOT A HARP WAITIN' FOR ME IN HEA-VEN." The chords are: C, Em, Gmb/Bb, A7, D7, D7, G7, G7, E7, Am7, D7, G7, Gm7, C7, Fmaj7, A7, D7, C, Em, Gmb/Bb, A7, D7, Eb7, D7, Dm7, G7, Gmb, A7, D7, G7, C.

MORTY CORB, PROMINENT BASS PLAYER & ARRANGER IN THE L.A. AREA, WORKED WITH GARY PELL IN THE RECORDING STUDIOS. HE WROTE THIS SONG 7 MONTHS BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY FROM CANCER.

## FLAT TIRE PAPA

THOS. WALLER and SPENCER WILLIAMS (1924)

Musical notation for the song "FLAT TIRE PAPA". The score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Fb). The tempo is marked "MODERATO". The lyrics are: "YOU CAN'T AF-FORD A GIRL WHEN YOUR CAR HAS BROKEN DOWN. 'YOU'RE LIKE A WORN OUT FORD,' SAID MANDY LEE TO HENRY BROWNE. YOU'RE NO GOOD NOW I FIND, SO I MUST SPEAK MY MIND. FLAT-TIRE PAPA, MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU AIR. SLOW-FIRE PAPA, YOU HAVE HAD YOUR WEAR AND TEAR. FLAT-TIRE PAPA, MAMA'S GOT AN OTHER CAR. YOU'VE STARTED SKIDDING 'FORE YOU SHIP YOUR EARS. NO USE IN KIDDING, YOU'VE SPED." The chords are: Eb, F7, Bb7, Eb / Eb7, Gb, Fm7 / Fb, Bb7, Eb, F7, Bb7, Eb / Ebm / Bb7, Bb7, Eb, Gb7, F7, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Ab, Eb/G, Bb7/F.

FLAT TIRE PAPA - CONT.

4202

*E<sub>b</sub>7* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7*  
 MA-NY YEARS. You FOOL'D YOUR MA-MA LONG A-GO. YOUR CHANGES FOR RE-PAIR-IN'S

*B<sub>b</sub>7* *CODA* *D.S.* *E<sub>b</sub>* *E<sub>b</sub>7* *A<sub>b</sub>* *E<sub>b</sub>m<sup>7</sup>* *A<sub>b</sub>* *A<sub>b</sub>7* *A<sub>b</sub>7* *G7*  
 AWFUL SLOW. FLAT-TIRE PA-PA, YOU'VE BEEN ED-IN' QUITE TOO FAR. I'M

*C7* *F7* *F#°*  
 GONNA GET MY-SELF SOME LACK LIKE PEGGY WOYCE. AND FROM THEN ON I'LL RIDE'ROUND IN MY ROLLS ROYCE. SO,

*E<sub>b</sub>/G* *C7* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>*  
 FLAT-TIRE PA-PA, MA-MA'S GONNA GIVE YOU AIR.

COUNT BASIE ORCH. - OREN 5673 MED. BLUES

**YOU CAN'T RUN AROUND** *F* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F°* *A* *F*  
 JIMMY RUSHING (1943) IF YOU WANT TO BE MY BA-BY,

*F* *B<sub>b</sub>m* *F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *B<sub>b</sub>°*  
 WOMAN, YOU CAN'T RUN A-ROUND. IF YOU WANT TO BE MY BA-BY, WOMAN, YOU CAN'T RUN A-ROUND.

*F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *F#°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7* *B<sub>b</sub>°* *F* *C7+*  
 IF YOU GON' RUN A-ROUND, WOMAN, STOP AND PUT MY MONEY DOWN. BA-BY,

**B** *F* *B<sub>b</sub>°* *F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7sus* *F/A* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *F7-9* *B<sub>b</sub>7*  
 WHEN I DIE, SEND ME TO MY MA. BA-BY, WHEN I DIE, SEND

*B°* *C7* *B<sub>b</sub>°* *F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7sus* *F/A* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *F#°* *C7* *C#* *C7* *B<sub>b</sub>°* *B<sub>b</sub>m7*  
 ME TO MY MA. IF MY MA DON'T WANT ME, SEND ME TO MY PA.

*F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7sus* *B<sub>b</sub>°* *B°* *E* *C7* **C** *F6* *E°* *F<sup>b</sup>* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *Gm* *B<sub>b</sub>m<sup>b</sup>* *F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7sus*  
 IF MY PA DON'T WANT ME, CAST ME IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

*F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F7-9* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *B<sub>b</sub>7+* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7-9* *F* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C7sus* *F/A* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *F#°*  
 IF MY PA DON'T WANT ME, CAST ME IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA. SO THE

*S<sup>7</sup>/G* *F#°* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *B<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>m<sup>b</sup>* *F/A* *A<sub>b</sub>°* *Gm<sup>9</sup>* *G<sub>b</sub>m<sup>9</sup>* *F (add G)*  
 WHALE AND THE FISH CAN HAVE A FLISS ON-ER ME.

4203

# WE WOULDN'T TAKE A MILLION FOR OUR BABY

FRED FISHER'S FUNNY FOLIO

(1936)

WORDS & MUSIC BY  
FRED FISHER

SWEETEST THING IN ALL THE WORLD: A BUNDLE OF JOY IS A LIT-TLE  
 BA-BY GIRL. BUT WE HAVE A BOY. STILL, WE WOULDN'T TAKE A MILLION FOR OUR BA-BY, OR  
 HE WAS LIKE AN ANGEL WHEN HE CAME HERE, STILL WITH ALL THE TROUBLE THAT HE GIVES US, AND  
 GIVE A NICKEL FOR AN-OTHER ONE. HE'S THE WORST THING EV-ER: LITTLE SON OF A GUN.—  
 NOW HE'S LIKE A DEVIL IN THE DEEP. HE'S SO CUTE AND CLE-VER,  
 ALL THE LITTLE MISCHIEF THAT HE'S DONE.  
 WHEN HE'S A-SLEEP, FIRST HE WAKES MAMA, THEN HE WAKES PAPA,  
 NOIS-I-ER THAN A CROWD. STILL WE HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART TO SPANK HIM, FOR CRYING OUT  
 LOUD!

**CODA**  
 WOULDN'T TAKE A MILLION FOR OUR BA-BY, OR GIVE A NICKEL FOR AN-OTH-ER ONE.

(THE MASKED ONE) **TANGO** (EVEN D's)  
**LA CUMPARSITA**  
 ENGL. LYRIC: OLGA PAUL  
 MUS: MATOS RODRIGUEZ (1932)

TAN-TA-LI-ZING, YOUR MASK IS ON-LY HALF DISGUISING,  
 SER-EN-A-DING, WHILE EV-RYONE IS MASQUERADING,  
 I HAVE NO TROUBLE RE-OG-NI-ZING YOUR FEATURES WHICH I'M I-DOL-I-ZING. ON HEAR MY PLEADING,  
 LET GENTLE MUSIC BE PER-SUA-DING YOUR HEAR WHICH ALWAYS IS E-VA-DING MY URGENT PLEADING.  
 DID NOT SPITE ME - AND BE RE-LENTING, COME DE-LIGHT ME. YOU ARE TORMENTING MY HEART ALWAYS.  
 FOR I LONG TO EM-BRACE AND HOLD YOU. IT'S NOT WRONG TO LET ME EN-FOLD YOU. CAN'T YOU FEEL THAT  
 OH THROW YOUR MASK A-WAY. I WISH THAT YOU WERE MINE.  
 WON'T YOU PLEASE UNMASK YOUR FEATURES,  
 COME WITH ME OUT IN THE MORN-ING,  
 AND LET ME SEE YOUR EYES OF FI-RE. YOUR LIPS SO RUBY RED, YOUR PRETTY HEAD

LA CUMPARSITA - CONT.

4204

FILL ME WITH DE-SI-RE! NY. UN-DER THE HEAVENS BLUE,  
 MY OATH WILL BE TO YOU. FOR-EV-ER I WILL BE TRUE!  
 IN THE MOONLITE, WHILE I'M WHEN IN RAPTURE, WE WERE  
 WALK-ING, TALK-ING, I RE-CALL THE HAP-PIE HO-URS. BUT NOW YOU TRY TO HIDE FROM ME,  
 AS WE STROLL'D A-MONG THE FLOW-ERS.

CHORUS

AND EV-EN THO' I ONLY ASK AND PRAY THAT YOU REMOVE YOUR MASK, YOU WON'T A-  
 GREE.

D.C. or FINE

THEME SONG OF CARLOS MOLINA and his TANGO-RUMBA ORCHESTRA.

**I CAN SEE YOU ALL OVER THE PLACE**

CLARENCE WILLIAMS and THOMAS (PAT) WALLER (1936)

*SLOWLY*

BLUE, I'M SO BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BLUE ON-ER  
 YOU. I CAN SEE YOU, ALL ON-ER THE PLACE. I CAN FEEL YOUR SWEET FOND EM-IBRACE. I CAN  
 HEAR YOUR LAST GOOD-BYE, DEAR. I CAN SEE THE TEAR DROPS IN YOUR EYES. IF I'M  
 DREAMING, PLEASE LET ME DREAM, 'LONG AS I SEE YOUR LOVE-LY FACE BEAM. SWEET  
 MEM'RIES OF YOU ARE SO HARD TO E-RASE: I CAN SEE YOU ALL ON-ER THE PLACE.

CLARENCE WILLIAMS COMBO

ON VOCALION 2958 IN 1935.

WILLIE (THE LION) SMITH and his CUBS

BUSTER BAILEY (C) - DAVE NELSON (TPT)  
 ON DECCA 1291 IN 1937.

4205

**ANGELINE** *MOD to*

W/ GEO. BROWN (1932) ANGELINE, ANGELINE, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME.  
M/ PATS WALLER

I FEEL QUEER, WHEN-EV-ER YOU'RE NEAR ME. THINGS YOU SAY, THINGS YOU DO,

THRILL ME THRU AND THRU. ANGELINE, I'M CALLING TO YOU.

**CHORUS**

ROBINS IN THE TREE TOP HIGH, SOON WILL SING A LUL-LA-BY, ANGEL-INE, ANGEL-INE,  
DASHFUL LITTLE WHIPPOOR-WILL! CAN'T YOU HEAR HER SAY, "I WILL," ANGEL-INE, ANGEL-INE,  
CAN'T YOU SEE MY HEART'S A-FLAME? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE TO BLAME? SAY YOU'RE MINE, ANGEL-INE.  
*INE. INE.* THE CRICKETS IN THE MEADOW, THE DEER IN THE WOODS: THEY

KNOW IT'S TIME FOR SEEKING A MATE. UN-TIL YOU MAKE YOUR MIND UP, I'LL TRY TO BE GOOD. BUT HOW LONG MUST I

**CODA**   
WAIT? -INE. **WASHBOARD RHYTHM KINGS**  
(VOCAL BY STEVE WASHINGTON)  
ON VOCALION 1731 IN 1932.

**THE APPLE OF MY EYE** *MOD to*

WORDS BY LOE YOUNG (1932) MOON MAN, HEREWHERE THE GRASS HAD

EV-'RY-THING'S GREEN, MOON MAN, I LOST MY ONE AND ONLY, I MEAN.

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE ONE WHO'S ON MY MIND. MY HEART IS LOW, MY HOPES ARE WAY-OUT A LOW, MY HOPES ARE

HIGH. WHY ARE THEY SO? I'LL TELL YOU WHY: I TOLD A MILLION DAISIES THAT  
WORD. WHERE WILL SHE STAY? I HAVEN'T HEARD. I ONLY KNOW SHE'S GOT ME TO  
HIGH. WHY ARE THEY SO? I'LL TELL YOU WHY: I TOLD A MILL-ION DAISIES THAT

I'D HATE TO LOSE SINGIN' THE BLUES, I'D HATE TO LOSE THE APPLE OF MY EYE... SHE WENT A EYE, UNDERNEATH THE APPLE

TREE, WE MADE A LOVING PAIR. EV-RY NIGHT SHE'D WAIT FOR ME. LAST NIGHT SHE WAS-N'T THERE. IT'S NOT FAIR. MY HEART IS EYE.

# VANCEY SPECIAL

LYRIC: AMBY RAZAF (1938)  
MUSIC: MEREDITH LUK (LUX) LEWIS

I HEARD A MAN, THEY CALL HIM VANCEY,  
 DOWN OL' KEN-TUCK-Y WAY PLAY A TUNE SO DAN-CY'S A BLUEY KIND OF  
 RHY-THM THAT WINS YOU IN-STANT-LY. YAN-CEY CAME IN-TO FAME  
 WHEN THIS TUNE TOOK HIS NAME, VE-RY SOON, EV-'RY BAND  
 MADE THIS TUNE IN DE-MAND. WHEN A DANCE SEEMED TO BE  
 LET-TING TAME, THEN THE CROWD WOULD EXCLAIM: MIS-TER YAN-CEY,  
 MIS-TER YAN-CEY,  
 PLAY YOUR SPECIAL: THAT RO-MAN-CY, YAN-  
 PLAY IT DAN-CY. VE-RY-FAN-CY, MIS-  
 -CEY SPECIAL. A SWEET AND TEASY YOUR TAKE IT EA-SY RHY-THM, THAT MAKES YOU WAN-NA-SWAY.  
 -TER YANCEY. FINE YOUR TAKE IT EA-SY RHY-THM, THAT ROCKS OUR EARS A-WAY.

D.S. al FINE  
 RECORDED BY MEREDITH LUK (LUX) LEWIS (AS A PIANO SOLO)  
 ON DECCA # 819 IN 1938.

AS CONCEIVED AND INTRODUCED BY BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA.  
RECORDED BY BOB CROSBY ORCH. ON DECCA 1747 IN 1938.

4207

**I'D RATHER BE BLUE THAN GREEN**

CLARENCE WILLIAMS, SPENCER WILLIAMS,  
ANDREA RAZAF and THOMAS WALLER (1924)

SOME FOLKS CRITI-LIZE ME

BE-CAUSE I'M ALWAYS BLUE. SOME FOLKS CRITICIZE ME BE-CAUSE I'M AL-WAYS

BLUE. BUT THEY'D SYMPATHIZE, IF THEY KNEW WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.

CHO.  
MEN MAKE ME THIS WAY, AND THAT'S WHY I SAY: RA-THER BE BLUE MY EYES ARE BROWN, AL-WAYS SEE RED,

RATHER BE BLUE THAN GREEN. MY TEETH ARE PEARL-Y WHITE. WHEN DAD-DY STAYS OUT LATE. RATHER BE BLUE, RATHER BE BLUE THAN GREEN. MY EYES ARE BROWN, MY TEETH ARE PEARL-Y WHITE. AL-WAYS SEE RED, WHEN DAD-DY STAYS OUT LATE.

'CAUSE WHEN A WOMAN'S GREEN, SHE HAIN'T GOT A CHANCE, I BE-CAUSE MY SKIN IS DARK, IT DOESN'T MEAN MY HEART AIN'T MEAN. 'CAUSE I KNOW SOME HIGH-YELL - ER HAS KEPT HIM FOR A RIGHT DATE.

**4th Chorus**

When you are green, when you are green, men fool you right on thru  
When you are green men fool you right on thru  
But when you know your business they bring it all back home to you

**5th Chorus**

Want all you gals want all you gals not to go color blind  
Want all you gals not to go color blind  
Get a midnight blonde and he'll treat you nice and kind

**TEMPO DI RAG**

(INSTRUMENTAL)

**MANDY'S BROADWAY STROLL**

THOS. E. BROADY (1898)  
(ARR. BY EUGENE V. NELSON)

Musical notation for Mandy's Broadway Stroll.

MANDY'S BOW STROLL - CONT.

4208

Musical staff with notes and chords: G7b, G7b, G, E7, Am.

Musical staff with notes and chords: Am, G, D7, 1. G D7, 2. G D7 D°.

Musical staff with notes and chords: D7, G, 1. C/E, Cm/Eb.

Musical staff with notes and chords: G7b, G7b, A7/E, A7, D7, D°, 2. G, G7/F, G/A, Cm/Eb.

Musical staff with notes and chords: G7b, G7b, A7/E, D7, G, FINE, TRIO, C, 2-f.

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, F/C, C, D7.

Musical staff with notes and chords: G7, C, E7, Am, Am.

Musical staff with notes and chords: Dm/F, Dm/A, C/G, C, NC/G, D7, G7, C, C, OCTAVES.

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, Am, E7, Am, G, OCTAVES.

Musical staff with notes and chords: D7, G, G7, D.S., CODA, C, D.C. & FINE, (f).



4209

# YOU BROKE THE ONLY HEART THAT EVER LOVED YOU

WORDS & MUSIC BY FREDDY JAMES and LITTLE JACK LITTLE (1946)

MOD  $\text{E}^{\flat}$  F F7sus D7 G7 C7+ F F7sus D7

YOUR REP-U-TATION HAS PRE-CED-ED YOU. — YOU HURT SOMEONE WHO REALLY

G7 C7 F7 E7 E $\text{b}^7$  D7 G7

NEED-ED YOU. — IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR NEWS TO GET A-ROUND, AND NOW YOU'RE ON THE RE-BOUND.

C7  $\text{B}^{\flat}$  C7 F CHO. C $\text{b}^7$  D7 G7 Dm7 G7 / C7

YOU BROKE THE ONLY HEART THAT EVER LOVED YOU, — YOU TOSS'D A-WAY THE ONLY LOVE YOU

F F7 C7 / F/A 3 A $\text{b}^{\circ}$  3 Gm7 C7

KNEW. — AS IF NOTHING MATTERED, YOU BATTERED & SHATTERED A HEART SO TRUE, —

G7 3 C7 3 F C $\text{b}^7$  D7

ONLY TO WAKE UP AND FIND THAT THE BREAKUP WAS BREAKING THE HEART OF YOU. — AND NOW YOU COME TO ME FOR CONSO-

G7 Dm7 G7 / C7 A7 Gm7 A7 / B $\text{b}$  B $\text{b}^{\circ}$

LA-TION. — I'D BE A FOOL TO FALL FOR SUCH A LINE. — YOU BROKE THE ONLY HEART THAT EVER

F/c A $\text{b}$  D7 / G7 3 C7 3 F D $\text{b}^7$  F

LOVED YOU. — AND NOW THAT I'VE METCHA, I'M NOT GONNA LETCHA BREAK MINE. —

MOD  $\text{E}^{\flat}$  F F $\circ$  C7 F F/c E $\text{b}^{\circ}$

## KISSES

L: ALEX SULLIVAN (1918) EV-ER SINCE THE WORLD BE-GAN KISSES HAVE BEEN TEMPTING

M: LYNN COWAN

C7 F E7 A7 D7 A $\text{b}^{\flat}$  G $\text{b}^{\circ}$  G7

MAN. — THO' KISSES HAVE HELPED TO MAKE HISTORY — IT'S FUNNY HOW DIFF-'RENT

C7 CHO F A $\text{b}^{\circ}$  C $\text{b}^{\circ}$  C7 C $\text{b}^{\circ}$  C7

THEY CAN BE. — THERE'S THE KISS — THAT YOU GET FROM BA-BY. — THERE'S THE

KISS — OF A TEN-DER MEAN-ING. — OTH-ER

C $\circ$  / C7 C7+ F D $\text{b}^{\flat}$  D7 D $\text{b}^{\flat}$  D7 E $\text{b}^{\flat}$  D7

KISS — THAT YOU GET FROM DAD. — THERE'S THE KISS — THAT YOU GET FROM

KISSES - CONT.

4210

MOTH-ER. THAT'S THE FIRST REAL KISS YOU HAD. THERE'S THE

**CODA** KISS-ES YOU RE-CALL. BUT THE KISSES I GET FROM

YOU, SWEET-HEART, ARE THE SWEETEST KISSES OF ALL.

**PLEASE TELL ME WHY** (1924)

ED ADAMS and THOS. WALLER

LIFE MEANT NOTHING UNTIL YOU CAME. I AM DREAMING AND SCHEMING NOW.

NOW IT SEEMS MY SOUL'S ALL A-FLAME WITH A FEELING THAT IS SWEET AND STRANGE. AND I'M LAUGHING. YOU SHOW'D ME HOW.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO BRING A-BOU-T THIS CHANGE? PLEASE TELL ME

**CHD:** WHY YOUR EYES BRING SUCH A THRILL. PLEASE TELL ME WHY I'VE NEVER

LIVED UN-TIL YOU CAME A- LONG, AND TAUGHT MY HEART A SONG,

AND BROU-GHT THE SUN-SHINE IN-TO THE SKY. PLEASE TELL ME WHY

I'D AL-WAYS HAVE YOU STAY, AND YOUR GOOD-BYE SHOULD MAKE ME

CRY. WHY AM I LONE-LY, UN-IST FOR YOU ON-LY? WHY DO I

SIGH? PLEASE TELL ME WHY.

4211

(INSTRUMENTAL)

MED. SWING

# DOIN' THE VOOM VOOM

BUB MILEY & DUKE ELLINGTON (1929)

Ch Eb Eb7 Eb Cm Eb7 Eb Fm7

1. Eb Cm Fm Eb Eb7+ 2. Eb Cm Fm Eb FINE Eb Eb7 Fm7 Bb7+ Eb Bb7 Fm7 Bb7+

Eb Eb7 Ab Ab° Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb7 Bb7+ C Cm F# F# C7

F7 Bb7 1. Eb G7+ 2. Eb Bb7+ CODA Eb Cm Eb7

Bb F7+ Bb F7+ Bb Bb

1. Bb Cm7 F7 / MC F 2. Bb F7 Bb E Bb7

Bb7 Eb 1. Eb° Bb/F Bb C7 F7 2. Fm F7

Bb F7 Bb Bb7 D.C. al FINE (TWICE THRU)

# LOVIE LEE

ANDY RAZAF & FATS WALLER (1928)

MODERATO C G7 Dm6 G7+ C / C#0

YOU CAN BRAG A-BOU' YOUR CUTIES, BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, -  
YOU CAN RAVE A-BOU' YOUR BEAUTIES.

G7 G7+ C C/E Eb7 G7 G F E7 / A7 D7

UN-TIL THE DAY YOU'VE MET MY PET. NOW, WHAT I'M TELLING YOU IS AB-SO-LUTE-LY

G G° G7 / G7 C

TRUE: WAIT UN-TIL YOU SEE MY LOVIE LEE. - SHE'S THE SWEETEST THING IN  
NOW, I DON'T CARE IF YOU BELIEVE OR NOT. - WHAT IT TAKES TO KEEP ME

1. E9 A7 Dm D7 G7 C Gm6  
 TEN-NES-SEE. WHEN THEY SEE HER PASSING BY, FLOWERS NOD THEIR

A7 G7 C 2. C7 F F7  
 HEADS AND STGN. STRAIGHT, SHE'S GOT. ONCE SHE MADE A TRAF-FIC COP\_

C C7 / / G7 G7 Dm7 G7  
 SIB-NAL "GO", WHEN HE MEANT "STOP". EV'RY-BD-DY LOVES MY LOVIE LEE, SWEETEST

D7 G7 C / /  
 THING IN TEN-NES-SEE.

(INSTRUMENTAL)  
**HARVARD BLUES**

GEORGE FRAZIER, TAD SMITH,  
 & COUNT BASIE (1942)

STAN [A] C C7 F7 G7 C F7 C F7 C7 F7  
 I WEAR BROOKS CLOTHES AND WHITE SHOES ALL THE TIME. I WEAR BROOKS CLOTHES & WHITE

F7 G7 C / F7 G7 C Dm7 E9 G7 G7 G7 D7 Dm7 G7  
 SHOES ALL THE TIME. GET THREE C's, A D, AND THINK CHECKS FROM HOME SUBLIME.

C Gm F#0 Fm C Dm7 C / [B] C C7 F7 G7 C F7 C F7 C7 C7  
 I DON'T KEEP DOGS OR WOMEN IN MY ROOM. I

F7 G7 C / Dm7 G7 C F7 F#0 G7 D7 G7  
 DON'T KEEP DOGS OR WO - MEN IN MY ROOM. BUT I'LL LOVE MY VINCENT BA-BY,

D7 Dm7 G7 C C7 F# A Fm C G7 C / NC LONG [C] C C7  
 UN-TIL THE DAY OF DOOM. REINHARDT, REINHARDT, I'M A

F7 G7 C F7 C / / C7 F7 G7  
 MOS IN-DIE-F'RENT GUY. REINHARDT REINHARDT I'M A MOST IN-DIE-F'RENT GUY.

C Dm7 Em7 / C Eb0 G7 G7 D7 Dm7 G7 C C7 Am7 F#b Ab  
 BUT I LOVE MY VINCENT BABY. THAT'S NO HAR-VARD LIE.

C/G / C/LOWC AS RECORDED BY COUNT BASIE ORCH. (SIMPLIFIED)  
 ON ORCH NO. 6564 IN 1942.

4213

# NOW THAT WE'RE SWEETHEARTS AGAIN (1934)

FISHER'S FUNNY FOLIO

FRED FISHER & LOU KLEIN

I'M

WRITING YOU A-GAIN, IT IS MY DAILY RE-PORT. AND TO MAKE IT PLAIN, I'LL MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT.

CHO.

TELL ME WHAT YOU TOLD ME WHEN I TOLD YOU NOT TO TELL ME. WRITE ME WHAT YOU WROTE ME WHEN I  
HOLD ME LIKE YOU HELD ME WHEN I TOLD YOU NOT TO HOLD ME. RING ME WHERE YOU RANG ME WHEN I  
TAKE ME WHERE YOU TOOK ME WHEN I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE ME. BREAK ME LIKE YOU BROKE ME WHEN YOU

WROTE YOU NOT TO WRITE ME. SEE ME WHERE YOU SAW ME WHEN I TOLD YOU NOT TO SEE ME,  
TOLD YOU NOT TO RING ME. SING ME WHAT YOU SANG ME WHAT I TOLD YOU NOT TO SING ME,  
KNEW THAT YOU WOULD BREAK ME. SHAKE ME LIKE YOU SHOOK ME WHEN I TOLD YOU NOT TO SHAKE ME,

NOW THAT WE'RE SWEETHEARTS A-GAIN. YOU CAN -GAIN. I HON-EST-LY BE-LIEVE THAT

WE WILL LIVE IN CLOVER: JUST YOU AND ME, HAPPY WE'LL BE - LIKE ADAM AND LIKE EVE, WE'LL

TURN A NEW LEAF OVER. WAIT'LL YOU SEE! AND YOU CAN -GAIN.

CODA

MOD. BOUNCE

# SNEAKY PETE

DON REDMAN, WILLIE SMITH and WALTER BISHOP (1943)

THIS IS THE STORY OF A CAT ON A BAT. WHEN THINGS ARE QUI-ET, AND THERE IS-N'T A SOUND, HE WENT A-WAY AND LEFT HIS CHICK UP A TREE.

CAN'T THINK OF AN-Y-THING MUCH LOWER THAN THAT. HE TAKES TO PROWLIN' WITH HIS EARS TO THE GROUND. AND PEOPLE WONDER'D WHERE THE DEVIL WAS HE. AND GETTING BACK TO THIS PAR-TIC-U-LAR CAT: WHO LIKES TO DIG THE DIRT AND SPREAD IT A-ROUND? WHO DO YOU THINK IS CATCHING UP ON K. P.?

THEY CALL HIM SNEAKY PETE. NO ONE BUT SNEAKY PETE. MET A CHICK, AND

SHE WAS SLICK, THU' HE WAS BEAT. STARTED LIV-IN' BY HIS WITS, ON EASY STREET.

WELL, ALL REET!

CODA

NO ONE BUT SNEAKY PETE.

4214

# LOVE HIM SO MUCH

## I COULD SCREAM

HUGH PRINCE, DICK RODGERS and BILL SHELDON (1954)

SLOWLY

HE'S ONE FOOT WIDE, HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL, I SHOULD GO A - ALWAYS BROKE, - WAY SOME WHERE,

SLEEPS IN THE BEDROOM WITH HIS FEET OUT IN THE HALL, CAN'T BUY ME CHAMPAGNE SO WE I'M SURE HE'D FIND ME IF I GONNA SPLIT A COKE. BUT I LOVE HIM - LOVE HIM SO MUCH - I COULD

SCREAM. (OO, I LOVE HIM, OO, HOW I LOVE HIM.) HE'S (HOW I LOVE HIM.) HE DOESN'T

WEAR A TIE, HE'S NOT A FANCY DAN. HIS FOREHEAD'S NOT TOO HIGH, HE'S NOT A COLLEGE MAN. HE'S MOTHER

NATURE'S - BURNT TOAST. HE NEVER WON A PRIZE, HE'S GOT THE WRONG PHYSIQUE. HE TELLS THE

BIGGEST LIES, BUT WHEN WE'RE CHEEK TO CHEEK, (DOOH) (DOOH) HE'S THE MOST! IF

**CODA** WIRE HIM THE FARE. BUT I LOVE HIM, - LOVE HIM SO MUCH - I COULD SCREAM.

(EXCERPTS FROM)

# SCALIN' THE BLUES

JAMES P. JOHNSON (1926)

**A** F7 F#7 G7 A7 A7 D7 G7 C7 F7 Bb7 Db7 1. F C7

2. F D7 C7 F **B** A7 Bb7 Bb7 C7

D7 C7 C7 Bb7 F Ab7 C G7 C7 F7 F#7

G7 Ab7 A7 D7 G7 C7 F7 Bb7 Db7 / F D7 C7 F

4215

MODERATO (NOT FAST)

# THE MAD HOUSE RAG

WORDS BY EDGAR LESLIE  
MUSIC BY FRED WATSON (1911)

YOUNG HEZ-E-KI-AH WILSON WAS A  
NUTTY THAT THEY SHIPP'D HIM TO THE

MUSIC BUG, — SO AND THE NUT BRIGADE, WITH WHOM HE STAY'D, GOT SO EN-THU-SI-AS-TIC WHEN THEY

HEARD HIM PLAY, THEY'D KEEP HIM AT THE OLD PI-AN-O NIGHT AND DAY. AND THEY'D START TO PRANCE A

RAGTIME DANCE, EV-RY ONE THERE CUDDLED A CHAIR. KEEPERS WOULD STARE,

THEN THEY WOULD SWEAR. THEN THEY'D DE-CLARE: "THE GRIZZLY BEAR COULD NOT COM-PARE."

CHO.

LOOPY LOONS, — TO — HEZEKIAH'S COONY TUNES, — WERE GALIVANTING  
PAR-LOR RUGS — AND THE PICTURES ON THE WALL WENT BUGS, — WHEN HEZEKIAH

HERE, THERE, EV-RYWHERE. THE TABLE STARTED DANCING WITH THE MOR-RIS CHAIR. OH THE

PLAY'D THIS BRI-GADE, SIMPLY SWAY'D TO THE MAD HOUSE RAG.

## BALLAD

# THE LADY I LOVE

WORDS BY JOE YOUNG (1932)  
MUS: BERNICE PETKERE

LOVE, LOVE, I'M SINGING A SAD LA-

-MENT. LOVE, I THO'T HEA-VEN SENT, HAS FILL'D ME WITH DIS-CON-TENT.

CHO.

JUST BECAUSE I MISSER, SHE LEAVES ME BY MY-SELF ALL THE TIME. I T'K HARD TO BE-LIEVE THAT  
JUST BECAUSE SHE KNOWS IT, SHE HURTS ME FOR NO REASON OR RHYME. " " " " " "  
JUST BECAUSE I GAVE HER MY HEART, HAVE I COM-MITTED A CRIME? " " " " " "

I'M SPEAKING OF — THE LA-DY I LOVE. — THE LA-DY I LOVE.





4217

MOD 4/4 (♩ = 3̣̣̣)

# AFTER THE LOVIN'

WRITTEN BY ALAN BERNSTEIN  
and RITCHIE ADAMS (1974)

SO I SING YOU TO SLEEP, HARD SING YOU TO SLEEP, I EXPLAIN EV'RY-  
SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP.

AFTER THE LOVIN' WITH A FACE TO SONG I JUST WROTE YESTER-DAY, AND I  
AFTER THE LOVIN' I I FACE, I JUST SEEM TO GO DRY, BUT I  
FROM YOUR EYES, AND THE

HOPE YOU CAN HEAR WHAT THE WORDS AND THE MUSIC HAVE TO SAY, IT'S SO  
LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE CAN GET ME HIGH.  
LOVE ON YOUR FACE IS SO REAL THAT IT MAKES ME WANNA

THANKS FOR TAK-IN' ME ON A ONE WAY TRIP TO THE SUN.

AND THANKS FOR TURNIN' ME IN-TO A SOME-ONE. SO I

**CODA** CRY. AND I KNOW THAT MY SONG ISN'T SAYING ANYTHING

NEW. OH, BUT AF-TER THE LOVIN';

I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU.  
SO I SING YOU TO SLEEP AFTER THE LOVIN' I BRUSH BACK THE HAIR FROM YOUR

EYES. AND THE LOVE ON YOUR FACE IS SO REAL THAT IT MAKES ME WANNA CRY.

AND I KNOW THAT MY SONG ISN'T SAYING AN-Y-THING NEW.

OH, BUT AF-TER THE LOVIN'; I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU. YES,

AF-TER THE LOVIN'; I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU. NIM,

AF-TER THE LOVIN' - CONT.

4218

AF-TER THE LOV-IN'; I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU.

RECORDED BY ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

**WHY SHOULD I SAY THAT I'M SORRY**

WORDS and MUSIC BY LARRY CONLEY (1927)

MODERATELY

I'M SO UN-HAP-PY SINCE I QUARRELED WITH YOU, LONE-LI-NESS DRIVES ME  
 PIC-TUR-ING YOU DEAR WITH SOME-BO-DY NEW,

MAD. WON-DER-ING TOO IF YOU'RE GLAD. I

THERE NOTHING YOU HAVE TO SAY. WHY CAN'T YOU MEET ME HALF  
 CHO. WAY? WHY SHOULD I SAY THAT I'M SOR - - - RY, WHEN

NO-BO-DY'S SOR-RY BUT ME. WHY IS MY SIDE OF THE  
 STO - - - RY, THE SIDE THAT YOU NEVER CAN SEE. WHILE MY HEART'S

BREAK-ING AND I'M IN DES-PAIR, YOU KEEP ON MAKING ME THINK YOU DON'T  
 CARE. So, WHY SHOULD I SAY THAT I'M SOR - - - RY, WHEN NO-BO-DY'S

SOR-RY BUT ME.

4219

# AIN'T NOTHIN' NOTHIN' BABY WITHOUT YOU

DUKE ELLINGTON (1953)

MED. SLOW

C F7 C C9 F F#

NO THIN' (GREAT, UP, NO THIN' (SMALL, DOWN, NO THIN' (SHORT, SQUARE, NO THIN' (TALL, ROUND, AIN'T NO THIN' (PHONY, MAN-Y,

Em7 Dm F7 C Dm7

NO THIN' (TRUE, FEW, AIN'T NO THIN', NO THIN', BABY WITHOUT YOU. WITHOUT YOU. I THINK THAT I SHOULD

G7 C Em B7

MEN-TION MY HONORABLE IN-TEN-TION. 'CAUSE IT'S PLAIN TO SEE YOU'RE MEANT TO BE MY

A7 Dm

AB-SO-LUTE NE-CESS-I-TY.

**CODA**

G7 C

WITH-OUT YOU.

MOD to

Eb Eb7

## GOLDFISH GLIDE

EDDIE DOWLING and JAMES HANLEY (1927)

WIGGLE THIS, ROLL YOUR HIPs, IT'S ONE DANCE WIGGLE THAT, BEND YOUR KNEE, THAT WON'T TIRE.

Ab Abm6 Eb F7 Ab7 Eb

SHAKE YOUR COAT, SHAKE YOUR HAT. EV'RY-RO-DY WOBBLES, WIGGLIN' THE GOLD FISH GLIDE. SHOW YOUR PER-SON-AL-I-TY. LITTLE FISH DON'T PERSPIRE.

1. Eb Bb7 2. Eb7 Gm D7 Gm D7 Gm

'ROUND AND 'ROUND IN CIRCLES. STILL, YOU NEED-N'T CARE.

Bb F7 Bb F7 Ab7

ACT JUST LIKE A GOLD-FISH: NEVER GETTING AN-Y-WHERE.

**CODA**

Eb

GLIDE. FROM THE MUSICAL COMEDY "SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"



4221

**BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER** **CHAS. K. HARRIS (1917)** WHILE THE SHOT AND SHELL WERE SCREAMING UP-

-ON THE BATTLEFIELD THE BOYS IN BLUE WERE FIGHTING THEIR NOBLE FLAG TO SHIELD. CAME A

DRY FROM THEIR BRAVE CAPTAIN: LOOK BOYS OUR FLAG IS DOWN. WHO'LL VOL-UN-TEER TO SAVE IT FROM DIS-  
FLAG, BUT GAUG HIS YOUNG LIFE ALL FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE. THEY BROUGHT HIM BACK, AND SOFTLY HEARD HIM

-GRACE?" "I WILL" A YOUNG VOICE SHOUTED. "I'LL BRING IT BACK OR DIE!" THEN SPRANG IN-TO THE THICKEST OF THE

**CHO.**  
 FRAY, - SAVED THE SAY: "JUST BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER. SHE KNOWS HOW DEAR I LOVE HER. AND  
SAY THERE IS NO OTHER CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF MOTHER. THEN

TELL HER NOT TO WAIT FOR ME, FOR I'M NOT COMING HOME. JUST KISS HER DEAR, SWEET LIPS FOR ME, AND

BREAK THE NEWS TO HER!"

**A PAIR OF 'Z'S'** **LYRIC: FLOYD LEVIN**  
**MUSIC: BETTY O'HARA (1996)** THE POOREST BANDS GET ALL OF THE BREAKS...

THAT SEEMS TO BE A VIN-ID PATTERN. OV-ER AMPED GUI-TARS IS ALL IT TAKES TO BE

HEARD FROM HERE TO SAT-URN!... THOSE ROCK BANDS ARE GETTING ALL THE PLAY,

NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY MIS-RE-HAVE... IF COLE PORTER WAS STILL A-LIV-ING TODAY, HE'D BE

TURNING OVER IN HIS GRAVE! **CHO.** HOW DO YOU SPELL "GOOD MUSIC"?"

A PAIR OF "Z'S" - CONT.

4222

MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR A-B-C'S. MAKE SURE THAT IT'S GOT A "U," AN  
 "A" AND A PAIR OF "Z" S. HOW DO YOU SPELL "GOOD MUSIC"? SPELL IT ANY WAY THAT YOU PLEASE.  
 AS LONG AS IT'S GOT A "U," AN "A" AND A PAIR OF "Z" S.

JAZZ IS A WORD THAT'S HARD TO DEFINE, A WISE MAN ONCE OFFERED THIS TID BIT. THESE  
 WONDERFUL WORDS WERE HIS, NOT MINE: "IF YOU'VE GOTTA ASK, DON'T MESS WITH IT!"

**CODA** "U" "A" AND TWO "Z" S.
   
**LULLABY LADY**
  
 W/ HOWARD JOHNSON (1926) THE SONGS OF  
 M/ JAMES RILE & MAX KORTLANDER

OLD ARE SONGS OF GOLD, BUT TO ME, THEY'RE PAST AND GONE. FOR A  
 VOICE THAT THRILLED, TO-DAY IS STILLED, BUT HER MEM-'RY LIN-GERS  
 ON. LITTLE LULLA-BY LA-DY FROM LUL-LA-BY LANE \* I'M DREAMING OF  
 BEAUTIFUL NOTE IS A SWEETER RE-FRAIN THAN SONG BIRDS FROM

1. YOUR MEL-O-DIES. EV-'RY UP IN THE TREES. MOTHER DEAR, HOW I  
 MISS YOU, THE OLDER I GROW. MY CRA-DLE DAYS CALL ME IN VAIN. HOW MY HEART WOULD RE-  
 -LICE, JUST TO HEAR YOUR DEAR VOICE, LITTLE LA-DY FROM LUL-LA-BY LANE.

4223

**SHE'S A WONDERFUL COOK** **C** **C#°**  
 FISHER'S FUNNY FOLIO (1936) FRED FISHER LE-NA DOES THE LOOKING IN A

**Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **Fm<sup>b</sup>** **C** **Bb<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>b</sup>** **C** **G** **F/G** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
 BAK-ERY SHOP. HERMAN IS THE WAITER, AND HE'S WAITING FOR LE-NA TO BE HIS BRIDE.

**Em<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **1** **1** **2** **G** **F/G** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **CHO.**  
 AND, TO ALL HIS CUSTOMERS, HE WILL CON-FIDE: SHE'S NOT A HOTSY, A TOTSY, BUT RIGHT OFF MY NOO-DLE, WHEN

**G<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>+** **C** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **Bb<sup>b</sup>** **Bb<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>b</sup>** **G** **F/G** **Dm<sup>7</sup>**  
 STILL I'M HER SHOTSY. YA! YA! SHE'S A WONDERFUL COOK. I LIKE HER BA-CON AND LIVER. MY I EAT HER SCRIDEL; I'M SO FAT! OH LOOK HOW I LOOK. I KNOW SHE'S TER-RIB-BLY HOMEELY, I

**G<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>+** **C** **Fm<sup>b</sup>** **Ab<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C FINE** **G<sup>b</sup>**  
 LOVIN' I'LL GIVE HER, BE-CAUSE SHE'S A WONDERFUL COOK! I GET A KICK FROM HER MAR-RY HER ON-LY,

**G<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>b</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>**  
 PIG'S FEET. I LIKE HER THICK-AP-PL E PIE. I MAKE A MEAL FROM HER VEAL CHOPS.

**G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **D.S. al FINE**  
 WHEN SHE PEELS ON-IONS I CRY. AND I GO

**BLUES IN THE MORNING** **Ab** **Bb<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup>**  
 JIM HARGET (1984) (INSTR.)

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>** **Bb<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup>** **Bb<sup>7</sup>+** **A** **E<sup>b</sup>** **Ab<sup>9</sup>**  
 BLUES IN THE MORNING, BLUES MAKE ME WEARY,

**E<sup>b</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup>°** **E<sup>b</sup>7** **Ab** **Ab°** **E<sup>b</sup>/bb** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
 BLUES EV-RY NIGHT. WANT SOME ONE TO LOVE ME. LAN'T DO NOTHING RIGHT. BLUES MAKE ME SAID. OH, WHERE ARE THE GOOD TIMES THAT I SHOULD HAVE HAD?

BLUES IN THE MORNING - CONT.

4224

**F7** **Bb** **Bb7/Bb7** **Bb** **Ab9**

IT'S A LONESOME WORLD, AND I'M OUT OF SIGHT. MOST FOLKS GET THE SUNSHINE, - THIS  
IT'S A LONESOME WORLD, AND I'M FEELING BAD. LIFE LIES IN A HUR-RY, - SOME

**Eb** **Eb9** **Eb7** **Ab** **Ab9** **Ebb** **C7**

DARK CLOUD IS MINE. BUT SOME-DAY I'M LEAVING ALL THIS BE-HIND. THIS  
TIMES JUST A HAZE. MY TO-MOR-RONS ARE NOW JUST YES-TER - DAY. THE

**F7** **Bb7** **Eb** **1. Bb7+** **2. Eb** **Ab** **Bb7** **Eb**

OLD LONE-SOME WORLD HAS NOT BEEN KIND. - (INSTR.)  
BLUES IN THE MORNING LAST ALL DAY. -

**C7** **F7** **Ab7** **Eb** **Ab7** **Eb**

Jim HARGETT OF SAN JOSE, CAL. IS AN INDUSTRY EXECUTIVE and a MASTER LIKE PLAYER.

**MY BLUEBIRD WAS CAUGHT IN THE RAIN** **Bb7** **Bb7+**

WORDS BY HENRY CREAMER (1930) MUSIC BY MAX RICH So HERE AM I,  
HERE AM I,

**Eb** **Db7** **C7** **Fm** **Abm** **Eb** **C7/E**

WATCHIN' AND WAITIN' FOR MY BLUE-BIRD FOR BA - BY. BLUEBIRD:  
CHASIN' THE RAINBOW FOR MY BLUE-BIRD. BUT, MAY-BE MY BLUE-BIRD

**F7** **Bb7** **1. Eb** **2. Eb** **CHD.** **Gm** **A7**

I'M CALLING A- GAIN. RAIN. WHILE I'M SEARCHING FOR THE BURNING SON,

**Cm** **D7** **Gm** **A7**

ONLY SHADOWS I SEE. LOVE BRINGS HAP-PI-NESS TO EV-'RY ONE,

**Cm** **D7** **Gm** **Bb7** **Bb7** **Bb7+** **Eb**

BUT SO FAR IT HAS FOR-ETTEN ME. - SO HERE AM I WATCHIN' AND WAITIN' FOR MY

**Db7** **C7** **Fm** **Abm** **Eb** **C7/E** **F7** **Bb7** **Eb**

BLUE-BIRD. IT MUST BE, MY BLUE-BIRD WAS CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.



4225

(♩ = ♩)

# A JAZZ FAN'S LAMENT

LYRIC BY FLOYD LEVIN (1996)  
MUSIC BY BETTY O'HARA

I LIKE A SONG THAT LIN-ERS.

D7 G7 C Bb7 A7 D7 G7 Bb7

I LIKE A SONG WITH A BEAT. I LIKE TO SNAP MY FIN-ERS. I LIKE TO TAP MY FEET.

Eb7 Ab7 G G7 Cm F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab

I'D LIKE TO FIND A HAVEN WHERE I CAN SPEND MY TIME EN-JOYING SOUNDS I'M CRAVIN' AND SOME

Dm7 G7 **CHO.** C C7 F

LY-RICS THAT RHYME! THERE MUST BE A PLACE WHERE ME TO GO, WHERE I CAN HEAR THE

Fm C Bb7 A7 D7 Dm7 G7

MEL-O DY. I DON'T CARE IF IT'S FAST OR SLOW, JUST LET ME HEAR SOME HARMONY!

C C7 F Fm C Bb7

IF I EVER FIND A PLACE LIKE THAT, I SWEAR I WILL NEVER ROAM, THAT'S EX-ACT-LY WHERE

A7 D7 G7 C F F# C/G C7

I'LL BE AT, UN-TIL OLD BILL BAILEY COMES HOME! DON'T WANT TO HEAR RAP OR SCAT!

F F# G7 C7 F F# C A7 D7

AND I CAN'T STAND ROCK AND ROLL! I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHERE IT'S AT: LET'S HEAR IT FOR

Dm7 G7 C C7 F Fm

WEL-LY ROLL!! WHEN EV-ER THE GREAT SOUNDS FILL THE AIR THAT'S WHEN THE GOOD TIMES WILL BE-GIN.

C Bb6 A7 D7 1. G7 C 2. G7

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT I'LL BE THERE, WATCHIN' THEM "SAINTS COME MARCHIN' IN" MARCH-IN' SLOWLY (CAN BE SPOKEN WITHOUT MUSIC UNTIL LAST TWO BARS.)

C F F# C/G Bb7 A7

IN"!! I SURE WHEN I'M IN HEA-VEN, SWINGIN' ON THAT PEARLY GATE, I'LL

Dm Eb C/G Bb7 A7 D7 G7 F

HEAR THE AN-GELES SING-IN; "SHIMMY LIKE MY SISTER KATE" (BOUMP AND GRIND)

RED MASCARA IS A JAZZ FAN AND SONG WRITER FROM PHILLIPSBURG, N.J.

MED. SLOW (♩=90)

4226

# GOTTA GET A HOLD OF MYSELF

RED MASCARA and ED METZ (1988)

GOTTA GET A-HOLD OF MYSELF.

GOTTA TAKE THOSE MEMORIES OF DAYS WE KNEW: SORT 'EM OUT AND TOSS A-WAY THE

ONES THAT ARE BLUE. I MAY SIGH, I MAY CRY, AS I WAVE THEM GOOD BYE. BUT I'M

HURTIN', AND I'M CERTAIN THAT I'LL DIE, LESS I TRY. I JUST GOTTA GET A HOLD OF MYSELF.

**2ND CHO.**

GOTTA' CHANGE THIS MOOD THAT I'M IN.  
 CAN'T GO ON RELIVING WHAT WAS IN THE PAST,  
 GOTTA' REALIZE SOME THINGS JUST AIN'T MEANT TO LAST.  
 I MAY SIGH, I MAY CRY, BUT I KNOW BY AND BY,  
 I'LL RECOVER AND DISCOVER SOMEONE NEW CAUGHT MY EYE.  
 I JUST GOTTA' GET A HOLD OF MYSELF.

FROM FOX MOVIE: "DOLL FACE" MODERATO

# HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN

EV-RY TIME I LOOK AT YOU,

SO NE ARE SKIES OF GRAY. AND WHEN YOU COME MY WAY, WHAT CAN I DO BUT SAY: HERE COMES HEAVEN A-GAIN. EYES THAT LULL ME TO DREAMS,

GET THAT AN-GEL FACE, YOU DON'T  
 LIPS THAT SAY: "SAY WHEN;" WHEN; YOU WALK

NEED A HA-LO OR WINGS. YOU CAN DO SUCH FAB-U-LOUS THINGS.

WITH

**CODA**

EV-RY-BO-DY STARTS TO SIGH: "HERE COMES HEA-VEN A-GAIN!"

4227

# THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE ANY RAGTIME

WORDS and MUSIC BY FRANK LED (1913)

2 STEP

F7 Bb F7 F° F7

I'M FED UP WITH THIS RAGTIME AND THESE NEW FANG-L'D FADS: "GSA-BY

F7 Bb F7 Bb Gm

GLIDE, "TURKEY TROT"; AND I'LL JUST TELL YOU WHAT: IF YOU DISECT THE WORDS OF RAGTIME

F F° F D7 D7+ D7 G7 Eb/C C7

SONGS OF TO - DAY, YOU WILL FIND MOST OF THEM RUN IN THIS SORT OF

F7 F/C B° bbm F/A

WAY: HEAR THAT BAND! AIN'T IT GRAND? HEAR THAT MUS-IC DI - VINE! COME ON,

F/A Bbm B° F/C F#

GALS! COME ON, GALS! JUST YOU GET IN-TO LINE! I'M SO TIR'D OF ALL THIS

Gm A/c# Dm Gm G°

SORT OF THING. AND THO' IT MAY SOUND STRANGE, I AM EDING TO GIVE A PAR-TY, AND BY

C7 C7/F# F7 Bb CHO. F7

WAY OF A CHANGE: THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE AN-Y RAGTIME AND THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE AN-Y DANCING. NO, NOT

F7 Bb F7 Bb F+ Bb

AIN'T GOING TO BE AN-Y BAND. THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE AN-Y

Gm C7 F7 F7sus F7sus F7 D.S.

ROBERT E. LEE. THERE'LL BE NO GSA-BY GLI-DING, NO SHUFFLING AND SLIDING, 'COS THERE

COODA F7 Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb Bb

OLD CAKE WALK. BUT, JUST FOR ONCE, WE'RE GOING TO

Eb D7 Gm Eb/G Gb7 Bb/F F7 Bb Bb° Gb i

ALL SIT 'ROUND AND HAVE A NICE, QUIET TALK.

# YOU'RE MORE THAN THE WORLD TO ME

VALSE  
ANDANTE(\*)

WORDS BY JEFF BRANEN (1914) MUSIC BY ALFRED SOLMAN

I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG LONG TIME; WAITING, MY DEAR, FOR  
 YOU. WAITING FOR YOU TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHAT YOU'RE  
 GOING TO DO. YOUR FATHER, YOUR MOTHER, YOUR  
 SISTER, YOUR BROTHER, YOUR FRIENDS AND YOUR REL-A-TIVES TOO,  
 DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU GO; ALL OF THEM LOVE YOU SO. THEY THINK THE WORLD OF  
 YOU. YOU MAY BE THE WORLD TO YOUR MOTH-ER; YOU  
 MAY BE THE SAME TO YOUR DAD. YOU MAY BE THE WORLD TO YOUR  
 SISTER, YOUR BROTHER, OR SOMEONE WHO'S LONESOME AND SAD. YOU  
 MAY BE THE WORLD TO AN-OTH-ER, THE LOVE IN WHOSE EYES YOU CAN  
 SEE. YOU MAY BE THE WORLD TO A WORLD OF FRIENDS, BUT YOU'RE  
 MORE THAN THE WORLD TO ME!

Chords: D, Dm, D, A7+, A7+, D7, C#, C#7, F#m, E7, A7/G, D/F#, Em, A7, D, Dm, Em7, D/A, A7, D/A, C#, A7, Am7/G, D7, CHO., A7, D7, G, Am7, D7, G, B7, B°, B7, Em, E7, A7, D7, A7, D7, G, C, F#°, B7, Am, C#, G7, E7+, E7, A7, D7, G.

(\*) "ANDANTE" IS A WALKING TEMPO: ONE STEP PER BEAT.

4229

(FROM FISHER'S FUNNY FOLIO)

MODERATO

# IN A LITTLE VILLAGE

WORDS BY FRED FISHER  
MUSIC BY SAMUEL POLKRAS (1936)

'T WAS IN A LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE  
FATHER AND HER MOTHER SIDN'T  
MORAL OF THE STORY IS THAT

LAZY DAISIES GROW, LAZY DAISIES GROW, NOT SO LONG A-ED. THERE THE CI-TY SLICKER MET THE  
LIKE THE CI-TY BLDKE. THO'T HE WAS A JOKE, ALL DRESS'D UP AND BROKE. BRO'THER, SUCH A SCENE YOU'VE NEVER  
LYING NEVER PAYS. SPEND YOUR HAPPY DAYS WITH THE RUBES AND JAYS, IN A LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE

VIL-LAGE BELLE. HE CAME, HE SAW, SHE FELL. HER YELL'D, HE SWORE, HE GOT SORE. FOR,

## CHOR.

SCAN-DAL WAS SPREADING. THEN CAME SPRING. BUT NO WEDDING, AND NO RING.  
OLD MAN FAR-MER THO'T HER BEAU, HE WOULD HARM HER, AND LAID LOW.

HE JUST KEPT ON CALLING OFF, AND STALLING OFF THE DATE. ONE DARK NIGHT, THEY CAME HOME LATE.  
HE WAS LIKE A CRAZY MAN WHEN HE RE-GAN TO YELL: "YOU'RE NOT DO-ING

RIGHT BY OUR NELL!" WELL THE FARMER MADE A RUN GRAB'D A GREAT BIG GUN. AND HE RAN IT RIGHT IN-TO THE  
SO THAT GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN NEVER KNOW WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN A VILLAGE

CI-TY SLICKER'S SKEL-E-TON. HE CRIED: "SCARE MY LIFE! I SWEAR ON MY LIFE, THAT YOUR DAUGHTER I WOULD MARRY,  
WHERE THE LAZY DAISIES GROW. NELLIE FOUND A BEAU WITH A LOT OF DOUGH. SHE LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER,

IF I DIDN'T HAVE A WIFE." NEATH THE MISTLEDE. THE LAZY DAISIES GROW, THE LA-ZY DAIS-IES

# PEACE IN THE VALLEY

THOS. A DORSEY (1939)

1. I AM TIR-ED AND  
2. THERE THE FLOW'RS WILL BE  
3. THERE THE BEAR WILL BE

WEAR-Y, BUT I MUST TOIL ON, TILL THE LORD COMES TO CALL ME A-WAY,  
BLOOM-ING, THE GRASS WILL BE GREEN, AND THE SKIES WILL BE CLEAR AND SE-RENE.  
GEN-TLE, THE WOLF WILL BE TAME, AND THE LION WILL LAY DOWN BY THE LAMB.



4231

# LET ME HEAR A GOOD CHARLESTON

LYRICS BY FLOYD LEVIN (1994)  
MUSIC BY PAUL REID

(12/108) **F BAND**  

 (HEY, BOY!) LET ME HEAR A GOOD CHARLESTON CHARLESTON: A HOT TUNE WITH A HAPPY

**G7** **B7** **C7** **C9** **F** **A7** **D7**  

 BEAT. THERE'S ROOM ON THE FLOOR FOR EV-'RY ONE.

**G7** **A°** **Bb°** **G7/6** **G7/6** **D7** **C7** **B BAND** **F7/6**  

 OH WHAT A TREAT FOR THOSE DANCING FEET. (HEY, BOY!) I HATE THOSE TANGOS AND

**D+** **D7** **D9** **D7** **G9** **G7**  

 MAM-BOS, ROM-BOS, SAMBAS AND RHUMBAS: THEY'RE A DRAG.

**C7** **Bb7** **B7** **C7** **C7** **F7** **E7** **Eb7** **D7** **G7** **C7** **D7** **C7**  

 I DU-ER DOZE ON AN-Y OF THOSE. CAN'T STAND THE POLKA, THAT'S NOT MY

**F** **Bb7** **E** **E7** **A7** **Dm** **A7** **Dm** **C**  

 BAG, I'M PEELIN' NO PAIN WITH "THAT DA DA STRAIN," AND

**D7** **C#7** **D7** **D+** **D7** **Gm** **D7/A** **Gm/Bb** **Gm** **G7**  

 THOSE WEARY BLUES, I HAVE-N'T AN-Y. I LOVE TO RIDE ON THAT

**C** **F** **C** **Dm** **F°** **E7** **Am** **E7** **Am** **C+**  

 "HONK-Y TONK TRAIN," AND CAN'T GET E-NOUGH OF "THAT'S A PLEN-TY."

**CODA** **F7** **E7** **F7** **D+** **D7** **G7** **D7** **G7** **D7** **C7** **B°** **C7** **F** **C7sus**  

 EV-ER-Y ONE. OH WHAT A TREAT FOR THOSE DANCING FEET.

**F** **F7** **Bb6** **B°** **F/c** **F7/6** **D7+** **D7**  

 SO LET ME, LET ME HEAR A GOOD CHARLESTON, CHARLES-TON: A

**G7** **Bbm6** **F** **F7** **Bb** **B°** **F/c** **C7** **F** **Cowbell** **Cm7** **F**  

 HOT TUNE WITH A HAP-PY BEAT, A HAPPY BEAT. THAT BEAT!





4233

**FLORIDA** *Mod*

GEO. ZANN (1985)

CHI-NA HAS A BUNCH OF TEA AND ALL THAT CRAZY WALL.  
 E-GYPT HAS THE PYR-A-MIDS, AND LON-DON HAS THE FOG.

FRIS-CO HAS THE GOLDEN GATE, AND TIMES SQUARE HAS THE BALL.  
 TEXAS HAS THE AL-A-MO, AND L. A. HAS THE SMOG. 'LAS-KA HAS THOSE  
 FLO-RI-DA IS

SNOW-CAPP'D PEAKS AND ICE FROM WALL TO WALL. NEW ENGLAND HAS THE 'AUTUMN LEAVES WITH  
 FLO-RI-DA, A PART FROM ALL THE REST, WHERE WINTER'S ALWAYS SUMMER, AND THE

1. HEAPS 'BOUT TEN FEET TALL. 2. SUNSHINE IS THE BEST. **CHO.**  
 IT'S SO NICE TO BE HERE IN FOLK'S LIKE THE NORTH, WITH ITS

FLO-RI-DA, A WAY FROM THE COLD AND THE SNOW. THE  
 SEA-SON'S, FOR REA-SONS WE ALL UNDER- STAND. BUT

BEST PLACE TO BE IS IN FLO-RI-DA. I'VE TRA-VELED ALL OY-ER: I  
 THEY'RE IN THE NORTH WITH ITS FREE-ZIN'S, WHILE

KNOW. SOME WE'RE ON THE BEACH LETTING TANNED.

GEORGE ZANN IS A PREPARED  
 TROMBONIST IN SOUTH FLORIDA.  
 (AS OF JUNE, 1996)

**MUDDER KNOWS**

WORDS BY BOB COLE MUS. BY ROSAMOND JOHNSON  
 (1903)

NOT FAST

LITTLE DIL-A-NIN-NY WAS A-SETTIN' ON DE CABIN FLO', A- SCREAMIN' JES AS  
 TULE HIM 'BOUT DE BOGEY MAN. IT DIDN'T SEEM TO SCARE HIM, NEVER DREAM-IN' OF A-

1. LOUD AS HE COULD BAWL. DEY 2. LETTIN' UP AT ALL. DEN OLE MAMMY LOU STOOP'D DOWN TO DE FLO', AN' SHE

MUDDER KNOWS - CONT.

4234

Ab Eb7/Bb C Fm Bb7 Eb

HUGG'D DE LITTLE RASCAL TO HER BREAST. HE QUICKLY HUSH'D HIS CRY, AN' GAVE A LITTLE SIGH. AN' WHEN SHE

G7 G7/F C/E G7/6 C C° C 2/4 CHO. F F° F

HUM'D DIS TUNE, HE CUNDED DOWN TO REST. MUDDER KNOWS MUDDER KNOWS DAT YOU'S DE HER AN-GEL'S

C7 1. C7 Gm F/C Bb° F/A Fb° C/G C7

SWEET-ES' CHILE 'YIN E-QUAL CAN'T BE TOWN. FOUN! MUDDER KNOWS, IN-DEED SHE DO.

2. F C7 F Gm F F

MUDDER KNOWS. YES! MUDDER KNOWS.

**IT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE**

WORDS & MUSIC BY FRANKIE LANE (1942)

SLOWLY B7 Bb7 B7 Bb7 Eb

IT ON-LY HAPPENS ONCE. I'LL NEVER FEEL THAT THRILL A-GAIN. IT AND ON-LY HAPPENS ONCE. I RE-AL-IZE THAT, NOW IT'S PAST.

B7 Bb7 B7 1. Bb7 Eb Ab

ON-LY HAPPENS ONCE. WHY COULDN'T I HAVE KNOWN IT THEN? SINCE I LOST YOU, I WAS SUCH A DUNCE, 'CAUSE I COULDN'T

Abm Eb Gm Cm

DEAR ONE NOTHING SEEMS TO BE THE SAME. I TRY HARD, BUT IT'S NO USE. MY

Fm7 Bb7 2. Eb+ Ab Abm

HEART WON'T PLAY THE GAME. IT MAKE IT LAST. WHY GO ON PRE-TEND-ING? I UUST

Eb C7 B7 Bb7 B7 Bb7 Eb

CAN'T LOVE SOMEONE NEW. IT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE, AND FOR ME THAT ONCE WAS YOU.

4235

(HOW CAN I CALL YOU FRIEND)

# AFTER I'VE CALLED YOU SWEETHEART

WORDS BY BERNIE GROSSMAN (1927) MUSIC BY LITTLE JACK LITTLE

VALSE MODER

Handwritten musical score for the song "After I've Called You Sweetheart". The score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a tempo marking of "VALSE MODER". The lyrics are: "I TRIED MY BEST TO BE ALL THAT I OUGHT TO BE: TRUE AND TO NOW YOU CON-FESS I'M NOT ALL THAT YOU THO'T I'D BE, AND YOU. YOU'RE THROUGH. STILL YOU SAY FRIENDS WE CAN BE. YOU'RE ASK-ING TOO MUCH OF ME. AF-TER I'VE CALLED YOU SWEET-HEART, HOW CAN I CALL YOU FRIEND? WHY LIVE A LIE THAT CAN NEV-ER BE TRUE, AF-TER THE LOVE AND THE KISSES WE KNEW? LET'S BOTH FOR-GET WE MET, DEAR. EV-'RY BE-GIN-NING MUST END. AF-TER I'VE CALLED YOU SWEET-HEART, HOW CAN I CALL YOU FRIEND?" The score features various chords such as F7, Bb, C7, Gm, Gm7, D7, Eb, Cm, Fm, C, and Bb7. A "CHO." (Chorus) section is indicated. The score concludes with a double bar line and the text "WALTER ANDERSON & HIS GOLDEN PHEASANT HOODLUMS (A 7 PG. ORCH.) ON GENNETT 6265 AT ST. PAUL, MINN. IN 1927."

## AFTER I'VE SPENT MY BEST YEARS ON YOU

ANDY RAZAF & LOE DAVIS (1939)

BALLAD

Handwritten musical score for the song "After I've Spent My Best Years on You". The score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a tempo marking of "BALLAD". The lyrics are: "OUR LOVE FIRE HAS BLOWN OUT, VANISHED IN-TO THE AIR. EV'RY PROMISE IS THROWN OUT, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR. IS THIS MY RE-WARD ALL THAT YOU CAN AF-FORD? AF-TER I'VE SPENT MY BEST YEARS ON YOU." The score features various chords such as F, Bbm, C7, F, Gm7, Eb, Am, E7, D7, G7, C, C7, F, and C7+. The score concludes with a double bar line.

YOU'VE CAST ME A-SIDE LIKE AN OLD WORN-OUT SHOE. AFTER I'VE SPENT MY BEST YEARS ON YOU. WHERE IS YOUR CON-SCIENCE? HAVE YOU NO HEART? HOW CAN YOU TELL ME YOU'RE THROUGH? IS THIS GRAT-I-TUDE? HOW CAN YOU BE SO RUDE? AF-TER I'VE SPENT MY BEST YEARS ON YOU?

**MELANCHOLY MAMA** *STERLING SHERWIN (1929)* IN TWO *STOP YO' SOBENIN'! HEAR THE RUBIN!*

LIS-TEN TO ME: DON'T FEEL GLOOMY! MEL-AN-CHOL-Y MA-MA

NINE: GIVE THE SUN A CHANCE TO SHINE! MEL-AN-CHOL-Y MA-MA, WON'T YOU I'VE BEEN WAITIN' HES-I-TA-TIN';

CHOOSE TO LOSE THE BLUES? 'VES-TI-GA-TIN' BLUES. I AM HERE TO BRING YOU CHEER AND SING YOU SOME GOOD NEWS. FOUND A CURE SO PURE I'M SURE YOUR GLOOMS YOU'RE DOOMED TO

SEE THAT BLUE-BIRD CHASE A-WAY THAT BLACK-BIRD! LOOK! THERE'S A RAIN-BOW, SO

CHANGE YOUR VIEWS. *D.S. al f*

**CODA** LOSE. IF YOU LOVE ME YOU WILL SEE.

MEL-AN-CHOL-Y MA-MA LOSE THE BLUES.

4237

# SO YOU LEFT ME FOR THE LEADER OF A SWING BAND

LYRIC BY ARCHIE GOTTLER

(1938)

MUSIC BY HARRY KOGEN

(NOT TOO FAST)

Chorus: *EV-'RY DAY HE PLAYED THE OR-GAN TO HIS LOVELY LA-DY FAIR. THEN*

Verse: *SUDDEN-LY ONE DAY, SHE LEFT AND WENT A-WAY. NOW I CAN HEAR HIM SAY-ING: SO YOU*

Chorus: *LEFT ME FOR THE LEADER OF A SWING BAND.*

Verse: *YOU DON'T LIKE MY ORGAN MUSIC AN-Y MORE. 'CAUSE THEY CALL HIM KILLER DILLER SWING-A-ROO.*

Verse: *BROKE MY HEART IN TWO, I'LL BE WAITING HERE FOR YOU, TIL YOUR SWINGING DAYS ARE OVER WITH AND THRU.*

Verse: *AND YOU THINK HE'S MIGHTY 'CAUSE HE WEARS A FULL DRESS SUIT. HE'S GOT YOU DIPSY DOODLE OODLE-*

Verse: *WHEN YOU LEARN OF ALL HIS FAULTS, AND YOU YEARN TO DO THE WALTZ, COME BAK TO ME AND I WILL WALTZ WITH*

Verse: *YOU. I'LL BE*

**CODA**

SCOTT WOOD & HIS SIX SWINGERS  
COL. (BRITISH) IN 1938

**MOON OVER BROOKLYN**

WASON MATTHEWS and TERRY SHAND (1946)

*I USED TO READ THE TRAVEL LIT'RATURE,*

Verse: *AND LONG FOR DISTANT PLA-CES. NOW I HAVE SEEN THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. I'LL TAKE THE OLD FAMILIAR*

Chorus: *PLA-CES. JUST GIVE ME THE MOON OVER BROOKLYN, WHEN THE LONG LONG DAY IS 'HARD. I'LL BE OLD OLD WORLD IS RIGHT. I'LL BE*

Verse: *WALK-ING WITH DAN-CING WITH MAI-ZIE ON FLEAUSH AV-E-NUE. JUST MAZIE-ATONEY ISLAND EV'RY NIGHT.*

I'VE SEEN THE MOON AT BAL-1 BAL-1 AND THE MOON OVER WAIKIKI. I'D GIVE IT

ALL FOR JUST ONE BALL GAME, AND MAITIE TO SEE IT WITH ME. JUST GIVE ME THE MOON OV-ER

BROOKLYN. LET ME ADD A DREAM OR TWO: PER-AM-BU-LA-TING WITH MAI-ZIE ON

FLATBUSH AV-E-NUE.

### LADY OF THE MOON

NDBLE SISSLE and EIDIE BLAKE (1925)

*SLOWLY* VE-NUS, YOU KNOW, IS THE GOD-DESS OF LOVE. PO-ETS DE-CLARE SHE HAS

EYES LIKE A DOVE. BUT THERE'S AN-OTH-ER, HOW I WOULD LOVE HER,

IF SHE CAME DOWN FROM A-BOVE: LADY OF THE MOON, LA-DY OF THE UP THERE WHERE YOU

MOON, UM DON'T YOU HERE ME SER-EN-A-DING YOU. 'THO YOU'RE UP SO ARE, EACH NIGHT I'D SER-EN-

HIGH, FLOATING THRU THE SKY, COME TO YOUR GOLD-EN WIN-DOW, AND

HEAR MY LOVESICK CRY. IF I WERE A

**CODA** -ADE WITH MY GUI-TAR. TO EACH STRUMMING TUNE LOVE SONGS I WOULD

CRON, CRON TO YOU, MY LADY OF THE MOON.

4239

SUNG BY AL LOLSON IN A WINTERGARDEN PRODUCTION: ROBINSON CRUSOE (N.Y.)

(MALE VOCAL)

MODER

# YOU'RE A DANGEROUS GIRL

WORDS BY GRANT CLARKE (1916)  
MUSIC BY JIMMIE MONACO

LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. YOU'RE DARE ME, YOU SCARE ME. AND

JUST THE KIND OF GIRL I'DR ME. BUT THERE IS SOMETHING 'BOUT YOU, MAKES ME DOUBT YOU.

WHY, OH WHY MUST IT BE? — YOU DAY. BUT YOU'RE THE KIND THAT WILL CHARM, AND

THEN I'D HARM. — YOU'VE GOT A DAN-GER-IOUS WAY, YOU'RE BEAUTI-FUL, YES, BEAUTIFUL. YOU'RE

WON-DER-FUL, I KNOW. — BUT YOU'RE THE KIND OF GIRL-IE THAT MAKES 'EM FALL. AND WHEN YOU

GET 'EM WHERE YOU WANT 'EM YOU FOOL 'EM ALL. I'M ON TO YOU, BUT I'M FOND OF YOU, 'CAUSE YOU'RE THE

SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD. — I LOVE YOUR EYES, I'M FOND OF YOUR KISS-ING, BUT

MY HEART CRIES: "STOP, LOOK AND LIS-TEN!" YOU'RE WON-DER-FUL, JUST MAR-VEL-IOUS, BUT YOU'RE A

DOX-GONE DANGEROUS GIRL.

## ANY TIME'S KISSING TIME

FREDERIC NORTON (1916)

PEO-PLE HAVE SLANDERED OUR LOVE SE-RENE, LAUGHED AT YOUR FENCHANT FOR ME.

SAID YOU WERE TOO OLD TO LOVE: A MEAN LI-BEL ON THY BELLE AND THEE.

SAIL, WE'RE A-LONE. YOU ARE MY OWN EONE OF CON-TEN-TION TO BE.

CHO.

ANYTIME... - CONT.

4240

G7/Bb G7 C 1. G7

YOUTH IS THE TIME FOR LOVE HAS NO CHARM, NO LOV-ING, MEAN-ING, SO POETS AL-WAYS SAY, TILL MAN HAS REACHED HIS PRIME. THE CON-TRA-RY WE'RE

Dm7 G7 C 1 / 1 C#0 2. A7/A Dm7 Gm Dm D#

PROV-ING. LOOK AT US TWO, TO-DAY! SURE-LY 'TIS SO, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW,

C/G G7 C

AN-Y TIME'S KISSING TIME.

**SOMEONE IS LOSIN' SUSAN**  
 WORDS BY ROY TURK MUSIC BY GEO. MEYER (1926)

Mobes C 1 / 1 C7 Bb° D7/A D7 1. G7 1.

JOHNNY FELL IN LOVE WITH SUSAN FROM THE START. THEN HE LEARNED THAT SUSAN HAD AN

C 1. 1. C# Eb7 Dm7 G7 1. 1.

OLD SWEETHEART. JOHN-NY WAS-N'T SORE, HE TRIED ALL THE

C Cmaj7 C# C E7 1. Am 1 / 1 Am7

MORE. ONCE WHEN SU-SAN LEFT HIM, SHE GAVE HIM A KISS. AND

D7 1 / 1 Dmaj7 G7 2. G# G7 CHO. 1 / 1 C#0

NOW HE'S UP IN PAR-A-DISE, AND YELLS LIKE THIS: "SOME-ONE IS LOSIN' MY HEART WITH LOVE IS

G7 G7 1. 1. 1. C G7 E7+

SUSAN. DOZIN' SUS-AN IS CHOOSIN' ME. SOME-ONE FOR SU-SAN, CONSTANT-

E7+ E7 E7+ A7 1. D7 1. G7sus G7

GOT USED TO SUS-AN. RIGHT NOW I'M SHOUTIN' LOSERS WEEPERS,

Dm7 Dm6 G7 D.S. al f

FINDERS KEEPERS'

CODA E7 1. A7 1.

-LY... SOME-ONE IS LOSIN'

D7 1 / 1 D# D7 D7/A Ab7 G C F7 C

SU-SAN, 'CAUSE SU-SAN'S LOS-IN' HER HEART TO ME!"

PIANO SOLO BY PETE WENDLING CAMDEN 1021 (1926)

JACK McLAUGHLIN'S MELDIANS  
 PATHE-ACTUALLE # 36518  
 IN 1926.

THE GODDIE FIVE w/ ABE LINCOLN,  
 and ADRIAN ROLLIN.  
 ON OREN # 40661 (1926)

BEN BERNIE'S  
 HOTEL ROOSEVELT ORCH.  
 ON BRIDGEWICK 3271 IN 1926.



4241

RECORDED BY THE GEORGIANS  
(VOCAL BY JOHNNY MORRIS)  
ON HARMONY 1063-H IN 1929

MOD<sup>to</sup>

**SINGIN' IN THE BATHTUB** **F**

W/M BY HERB MABISON, NED WASHINGTON  
and MICHAEL H. CLEARY (1929)

WHY AM I EX-CI-TED?  
PARDON MY E-LA-TION.

**Ab7** **Db7** **Gb7** **C7** **F**

WHY AM I SO GRAY?  
EV-RYTHING'S JUST RIGHT.

WHY AM I DE-LIGHT-ED? OH, WHAT DAY IS TO-DAY?

**CHO.**

**2. Db7** **G7** **C7** **F** **C7** **F**

-A-TION EV-RY SATURDAY NIGHT, I'M SINGIN' IN THE BATH TUB,  
SINGIN' THRU THE SOAP SUDS,  
REACHIN' FOR A TOW-EL,

**F** **Db7** **C7**

HAP-PIY ONCE A-GAIN.  
LIFE IS FULL OF HOPE.  
READY FOR A RUB.

WATCHIN' ALL MY TROUBLES — GO SUMMEN' DOWN THE  
YOU CAN SING WITH FEELING. — WHILE FEELING FOR THE  
EV-'RY-BO-DY'S HAP-PIY, — WHEN SINGIN' IN THE

**1. F** **Eb** **Db** **C7** **2. F** **Gm** **Ab7** **A7** **A°** **A**

DRAIN. SOAP. OH, A RING A-ROUND THE

**E7** **G7** **C** **A°** **A** **A7**

BATH-TUB IS-N'T SO NICE TO SEE. BUT A RING A-ROUND THE BATH-TUB IS A

**D7** **G7** **G7+** **C** **Gm7** **C7** **D.f.** **F** **Eb** **F** **C** **Bis** **F**

RAIN-BOW TO ME. TUB.

**CODA**

**THE RHYTHMIC EIGHT**  
with TERRY PATRICK  
TOWNHALL # 5629  
MIDDLESEX, ENG. (1930)

MOD<sup>to</sup>

**KICKING THE BLUES AWAY** **Cm** **Cm**

DAVE HANLEY & DAVE FRANKLIN (1929)

STOP! **IN MAJOR THIRDS** STOP! **MAJOR THIRDS**

**G7** **F** **G7** **1. Cm** **G7** **2. Cm** **C** **A7** **D7** **G**

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BLUE TALK.  
I LIKE TO HEAR SOME NEW TALK.  
DON'T YOU START IN MOP-IN' 'ROUND, WHEN

KICKING...-CONT.

4242

D7 G D7 G B° Am C D7/F#

THINGS GO WRONG WITH YOU. LIFT YOUR FEET RIGHT OFF THE GROUND, AND HERE'S THE THING TO

G E7 CHO. F7 C A7 G7

DO: KICKING THE BLUES A-WAY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO SA-AY, REA-DY FOR JUDGEMENT DAY. KICKING THE BLUES A-WAY, TROUBLES BE ON YOUR WAY, GOOD PEOPLE, DON'T DE-LAY. SHAKING YOUR SHOES,

G7/0 G7+ G7 C 1.C7 2. B7 Em

KICKING THE BLUES A-WAY. (FILL) (FILL) ROLL YOUR EYES. (FILL) VO-CAL-IZE. (FILL)

D7 G7 D7 Am D7 G7 F7 F#7 G7 C7+ D.S.

PICK UP YOUR BROOM, CHASE MISTER GLOOM. GIVE HIM THE SACK, HE WON'T BE BACK. GET

C Fm6 C MED EAST

**WHAT DID I TELL YA?** Bb Ab/C

WORDS BY BUDDY DE SYLVA  
MUSIC BY WALTER DONALDSON (1925)

-WAY. YOU RE-MEM-BER  
HERE'S THE LITTLE

Bb Eb D7 Gm G7+ 1. Gm6 C7 F7 Bb / / Bb

HOW I RAVED A- BOUT MY SWEETIE SWEET? HO-LY GEE! AND HOW YOU KIDDED ME!  
BA-BY THAT I WANTED YOU TO MEET.

F7/C F7 2. Gm6 C7 F7 Bb Fm6 Bb6 Bb7 CHO. Bb7/F

GET REA-DY: MAKE YOUR BOW. AIN'T SHE A NOW! THAT'S HER,  
THOSE LIPS:

Gb+ Gm G7/0 C4 C7b F7/A Bb7

THAT'S HER. WHAT LIPS! OH, BOY! WHAT DID I TELL YA? YOU KNOW I, DIDN'T TELL YOU NO  
WHAT SMILE! THAT SMILE: WHAT DID I TELL YA? I'LL SAY I'VE CERTAINLY WON SOME

Eb G7/0 Gm6/Bb 1. C7 11 F7/A

LIES. PRIZE. YOU DID-N'T THINK I MEANT IT, DID YA! YOU OUGHT TO

F7/A Ab6 Bb7 Fm6 Gb+ Gm

KNOW I WOULD-N'T KID YA! CLOSE YOUR EYES. OPEN 'EM UP. TAKE A GOOD LOOK, NOW,

G7/0 C7+ C7 F7 Bb7 Eb Eb6 Eb

WHAT DID I TELL YA? YOU KNOW I DID-N'T TELL YOU NO LIES.

HARRY RADGRMAN'S "RED HOTTERS" ORCH 40543 (1926)	CHARLIE KERR'S FAMOUS PLAYERS (EDDY LANG ON LTR, BANJO, VLN.) ON GENNETT 3219 IN 1925.	THE COTTON PICKERS w/ MICKEY BLOOM (TRP) RUBE BLOOM (PNO) - MIFF MOLE (TRB) CBE TARDY (BS) - VIC BERTON (DRS). ON BRUNSWICK 3001 IN 1926.
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4243

MED. FAST

# ANTI-RAGTIME GIRL

ELSIE LANIS (1913)

YOU CAN TALK A-BOU-T YOUR RAG-TIME AND YOUR  
ALL THE FLUFFY RUFFLE GIRLS THAT

G7 G7 Dm7 G7 1.C G7/D Eb7 Am/E F F+ F

ALL-NIGHT CAB-A-RETS, YOU MAY SING THE PRAISE OF ALL THE LIGHTS THAT GLEAM ON OLD BROAD-

Am/Gm F 2. Dm7 G7 C C° C F/C G/G G7 C 1 1 2

-WAY. AND OF ONE OF THEM CAN TRA-VEL WITH THIS LITTLE GIRL OF MINE. SHE'S

C7 C° C7 C7 C° C7 1 1 2 C7 C° C7

JUST A LIT-TLE FIRESIDE GIRL, - AND YOU MAY CALL HER SLOW. BUT SHE'S JUST THE KIND YOUR

C7 C° C7 C7 C° C7 C7

MOTHER WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE YOU KNOW. SHE DON'T DO THE BUNNY HUG, NOR SHE DON'T WAVE HER SHOULDERS WHEN THE

F C7 F F+

DANCE THE GRIZ-ZLY BEAR. SHE HASN'T LEARNED THE TURKEY TROT, AND, SOMEHOW, SHE DON'T

F Eb7 D7 G7

CARE. FOR CHAS-IN' 'ROUND THE RES-TAURANTS, SHE DOESN'T CARE A FIG.

G7 G7 Dm G7 G7+ C G7 C / C7 /

SHE CAN'T TELL A TAN-GO FROM A BAN-CAN OR A JIG.

**CODA** A7 D7

REEL. BUT YOU BET THAT SHE'S RIGHT THERE ON SOME

G7 B° G7 Dm7 SLOWLY F/B° F/C C7

SWEET OLD FASH-IONED AIR, LIKE: "GE-NE-VIEVE, SWEET GE-NE-VIEVE!"

**TEMPO I.** G7 G7 C7 C° C7 F F

SHE'S MY LIT-TLE AN-TI-RAG-TIME GIRL.

# THAT SOUTH CAR' LINA JAZZ DANCE

NOBLE SIDDLE and EUBIE BLAKE (1925)

MOD to

IF YOU'RE FEELING BLUE ON A DREARY DAY, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO

DO TO CHASE THOSE BLUES A-WAY: TURN ON YOUR PHONO-GRAPH, PUT ON A JAZZ-TIME

TUNE. THEN IF YOU WANT TO LAUGH AND FEEL JUST LIKE A LOON, JUST DO THAT

CHO.

SOUTH CAR - 'LI - NA - JAZZ DANCE. FOR IT IS IT'S CALLED THE  
 SURE ONE - IN - ER - JAZZ PRANCE.

CHARLES - TON. SOME FUN. EVERYONE'S LEARNING HOW TO DO THE CUT-OUT.

IT'S A WOW! THEY'VE CUT THE STRUT OUT NOW. CHOW! TO DO THAT SOUTH CAR -  
 SELF RIGHT

-'LI - NA - JAZZ DANCE. JUST PUT YOUR THEN YOU'LL YELL "HOODLE DEY HOOT."

START YOUR FINGERS SWAPPING. "HOODLE DEY HOOT." THEN YOU START TO CLAPPING, PULL THAT CORK,

KICK UP LIKE A DON-KEY. DO THAT WALK, LIKE A LITTLE MONKEY. BLUES HAVE NO CHANCE,

WHEN YOU PRANCE THAT SOUTH CAR' LINA JAZZ DANCE.

4245

**ADAM AND EVE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME**

WORDS BY SEYMOUR BROWN

(1913)

MUSIC BY ALBERT GUMBLE

MED. FAST

F C7 F7  
 BACK IN THE DARK — AND PRE-HIS-TOR-IC AGE,  
 LONG BEFORE RAG-TIME TUNES BE-CAME THE RAGE,  
 F7 Bb G7 C7 G7 C7  
 — DEN OF ED-EN, I MEAN, — AD-AM WAS KING, — AND EVE WAS THE QUEEN.  
 C7 F C7 F7  
 (THEY TELL ME) AND EV-RY NIGHT — THEY USED TO GIVE A ZALL, — UN-DER THE BIG  
 F7 Bb G7 F  
 — UIN-GLE MOON. — THE AN-I-MALS ALL — WOULD PRANCE. ADAM AND EVE  
 F G7/6 G7 F C7 F Gm G#o F/A  
 — WOULD DANCE, WHILE THE BIRDS WHIS-TLED A TUNE. — AD-AM AND EVE  
 F/A E7/G# A7 D7 Gm G7 C7 F/A Ab6  
 — HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, — OH A WONDERFUL TIME — BACK THERE!  
 C7/6 C7 F E7 A7 D7 G7  
 — THE OLD TUR-KEY GOB-BLER, HE TAUGHT THEM TO "TROT," — AND THE OTHER PRO-FESS-  
 G7 C7 F7  
 — OR, THE "GRIZ-ZLY BEAR!" — ALL THE BIRDS AND THE BEES — USED TO SING IN THE TREES.  
 F7 Bb C7  
 — WHY, OLD ADAM AND EVE — USED TO DANCE AS THEY PLEASE. — I BETCHA  
 G7 C7 F  
**CODA**  
 — -DER-FUL TIME!

(THERE OUGHT TO BE A)

**MOONLIGHT SAVING TIME**

WORDS & MUSIC BY IRVING KAMAL & HARRY RICHMAN

(1931)

(SEGUE)

MOONLIGHT SAVING TIME - CONT.

4246

MODER

G D7 G

BIRD-IES FLY WITH NEW AM-BI-TION, SPRING IS IN THEIR SONG.

G E7 A7 D7 / Am7 D7 Am E7

SOON YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF A-WISH-IN' DAYS WERE NOT SO LONG. IF MY THO'T IS NOT DE-

Am7 / A° Dm7 A7 D7 Am7 D7 CHO. G Bm/b

- FINED, LISTEN WHILE I SPEAK MY MIND: — THERE OUGHT TO BE A MOONLIGHT

G6 D+ G6 D+ G6 Bm D7 D7+

SAVING TIME, SO I COULD LOVE THAT GIRL OF MINE, UN-TIL THE BIRDIES WAKE AND CHIME: "GOOD

G6 A7 D7 D7+ G Bm/b G6 D+ G6 D+

MORNING!" — THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW IN CLO-VER TIME, TO KEEP THAT MOON OUT

G6 Bm D7 D7+ G G7 F Bm/b

OV-ER-TIME, TO KEEP EACH LOVER'S LANE IN RHYME 'TIL DAWNING. — YOU'D BETTER

G7/b Dim7 G7 C6 Eln C7/b

HUR-RY UP, HURRY UP, HUR-RY UP, GET BUSY TO-DAY. — YOU'D BETTER

A7 Em7 A7 D7 A7 / D7 D7+

CRON A TUNE, CRON A TUNE TO THE MAN UP IN THE MOON. AND HERE'S WHAT I'D SAY: — THERE

G Bm/b G6 D+ G6 D+ G6 Bm/b

OUGHT TO BE A MOONLIGHT SAVING TIME SO, I COULD LOVE THAT GIRL OF MINE, UN-

Am G#m D7/A D7 A7 D7 G

-TIL THE BIRDIES WAKE AND CHIME: "GOOD MORN - - - ING!"

# 4247

## WHEN THE REAL THING COMES YOUR WAY

WORDS & MUSIC BY LARRY SPIER

(1929)

Mod<sup>to</sup>

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Fmaj<sup>7</sup> Dim Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Fmaj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

ALL THIS WORLD IS A GREAT BIG SHOW AS EX-CI-TING AS YOU CAN FIND.

Bb<sup>6</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>+ E<sup>7</sup> Am Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

STILL THE DIN AND THE CLA-MOR HOLD A STRANGE SORT OF GLA-MOUR. DAYS AND NIGHTS FULL OF

Fmaj<sup>7</sup> Dim Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F Am<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> / D<sup>0</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

DAT-ZLING SIGHTS: YOU MAY SEE THEM YET BE BLIND. YOU MAY BE MIS-LED.

C<sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> **CHO.** F D<sup>b</sup>

DON'T YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD. NEVER LET IL-LU-SION DIS-TANCE, MAT-TERS, CARRY YOU A-WAY, ALL THE WORLD SEEMS GRAY. YOU'LL FIND OUT SOME DAY,

D<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>6</sup> C<sup>7</sup> 1. F / 2. F

FOR THE REAL THING WILL COME SOME DAY. LOOKING FROM A DAY.  
BUT YOU'RE SURE TO WAKE UP SOME DAY.  
WHEN THE REAL THING

F / Dim G<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Bb B<sup>0</sup>

BET-TER TRADE YOUR PRETTY CASTLES UP IN THE AIR FOR A

Dim<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> D.S. al<sup>o</sup>

LITTLE LOVE NEST WITH SOMEONE WHO WILL CARE. LOVE IS ALL THAT

**CODA** Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F / G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> sus F / <sup>^</sup>

COMES YOUR WAY.

FREDDY RICH ORCHESTRA

with TOMMY & CHIMMY DORSEY,

TONY PARENTI on alto, CARL KRESS on guitar, CHESTER on bass.

ON COLUMBIA 1965-D IN 1929.

# NEVER SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU

WORDS BY CLIFF FRIEND (1936) MUSIC BY DAVE FRANKLIN

MODE (NOT TOO FAST)

G G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>7</sup>/A E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> 1. D<sup>7</sup>/A E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>

HONEY, I RE-MEM-BER WHEN HONEY, I KNOW IT'S A SHAME, YOU WERE NICE TO ME. AND THEN YOU BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BLAME.

D<sup>7</sup>/A D<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> 2. D<sup>7</sup>/A E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>

CHANGED, CHANGED COM-LETE - LY. TAKE THE BLAME.

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

MY MIS-TAKE WAS TREATING YOU TOO SWEETLY. NEVER SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C Cm G

WHAT YOUR LIPS ARE FOR, WHAT YOUR LOOKS WOULD MEAN THAT YOU'RE HEAVEN-LY, WHAT YOUR ARMS ARE FOR, ON A MOVIE SCREEN, LIKE A DREAM TO ME. AND WHOM I A-D-DRE, YOU WOULD STEAL THE SCENE. BA - BY, NOW YOU'RE MEAN TO ME.

D<sup>7</sup> G 1. Am<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>7</sup>D<sup>7</sup> 2. Am<sup>7</sup>D<sup>7</sup>G<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

NOW IT'S HARD TO HOLD YOU. NEVER SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU. NEVER SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU. SINCE I PUT YOU WISE, ALL YOU

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C B<sup>7</sup>

DO IS ROLL YOUR EYES AT EV-RY-ONE IN THE CROWD. MY, BUT YOU'RE ACTING PROUD.

B<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>/B<sup>7</sup>-s E<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

NOW THAT YOU KNOW I CARE, YOU'VE GOT YOUR NOSE UP IN THE AIR.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> sus G

**CODA**

**BLACK SWILKRET ORCHESTRA**  
(VOCAL BY JOHNNY MULDOONEY)  
AMERICAN RECORD CO. NO. 7-01-06 IN 1936.

**BENNY GOODMAN ORCH.** with vocal by MARGARET McCRAE  
(Z. ELMAN - N. McPHERSON - A. ROLLINI - V. MUSSO - G. STACY - G. KRUPA)  
ON VICTOR 2550 IN 1936.



4249

(FROM "THREE CHIGERS")

MOD<sup>to</sup>

# MAYBE THIS IS LOVE

B.G. DESYLVA, LEW BROWN  
and RAY HENDERSON (1928)

I'M ON AIR, MY HEAD'S  
MY TIME'S THROUGH, TO THINK

Musical notation for the first line of "Maybe This is Love". Chords: D7, D7, D7, C7, F7.

REEL-ING. AND RIGHT THERE, A STRANGE FEEL-ING, FROM NO-  
EDDL-LY. MY HEART, TOO, IS UN-RU-LY.

Musical notation for the second line of "Maybe This is Love". Chords: F7, Bb7, Eb, Eb/bb, A°, Bb7.

-WHERE, HAS COME STEAL-ING. MAY-BE, MAY-BE THIS IS LOVE!

Musical notation for the third line of "Maybe This is Love". Chords: Ab, Abm, Eb/G, F7, Bb7, Bb7+, Eb.

IT'S ALL NEW TO YOURS TRU-LY. MAY-BE THIS IS LOVE.

# RAILROAD JIM

NAT H. VINCENT (1915)  
WRITER OF "RAILROAD RAG"

MOD<sup>to</sup>

Musical notation for the first line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: Bb, Bb7, Bb°, Ebm, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb7, Eb, Bb.

ON THE SANTA FE THERE WAS A BRAVE EN-GI-NEER. 'THO HE WAS A YOUNGSTER, HE KNEW  
ONCE A WESTERN GAMBLER THAT THAT HE'D HAVE SOME FUN, TAKE A RIDE RIGHT IN THE CAB WITH

Musical notation for the second line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: C7, F7, Bb, Bb7, Bb°, Ebm, Bb.

NOTHING OF FEAR. HIS DAILY RUN WAS DENNER TO THE OLD GOLDEN GATE. HIS TRAIN WAS NEVER KNOWN TO BE A  
JIM ON A RUN. HE SAID "I'LL BET A MILLION YOU CAN'T MAKE BETTER TIME". THEN JIM CUCK SMILED & SAID "THAT MILLION

Musical notation for the third line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: C7, F7, Bb, C7/G, C7, F, F°, C7/G, C7.

MINUTE LATE. AND WHEN HE'D GET THE SIGNAL HE WOULD OPEN WIDE. THE THROTTLE AND HE'D TAKE US ON A  
BONES IS MINE." BE-FORE WE KNEW WHAT HAPPEN'D WE HAD LEFT THE TRACK. IN THIRTY SECONDS FRISSCO BAY WAS

Musical notation for the fourth line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: F, C7, F7, Bb, Bb7, Bb°, Ebm, Bb.

WILD, WILD RIDE. HE'D LEAVE OLD DENVER EY'RY DAY A QUARTER TO TWO. AT FOUR HE'D BE IN FRYSSCO AND HIS  
AT OUR BACK. HE SLD'D UP LOK'D A-ROUN AN HOLLER'D "BOYS TAKE A GLANCE" WE TOOK A LOOK AND FOUND THAT WE WERE

Musical notation for the fifth line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: C7, F7, Bb, CHO, F7, Bb.

WORK WAS THROUGH. RAILROAD JIM, HE WAS A SPEED-ER. RAILROAD JIM,

Musical notation for the sixth line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: Bb, Dm7, Db°, F7/C, F7, Bb, Ebm, Ebm, Ebm.

HE WAS THE LEAD-ER. OF ALL THE ENGINEERS OUT IN THE WEST, HE WENT SO FAST HE BLEW THE BUTTONS  
YOU FELT THE TRAIN WAS JUST TREADING ON AIR. CON-DUCTOR DIDN'T HAVE THE TIME TO

Musical notation for the seventh line of "Railroad Jim". Chords: Bb, F7, Bb7, Eb, F7, Bb, Bb7/Ab, Cm, Eb7s.

OFF YOUR VEST. RAILROAD JIM HIS TRAIN WAS BOUND TO BE ON

RAILROAD LHM - CONT.

4250

TIME. — You'd HEAR THE DING-DONG CHOO-CHOO-CHOO. TOOT! TOOT! OF RAILROAD

1. *Bb* *TO VERSE* 2. *Bb*  
 DIM. DIM.

**COTTAGE IN THE RAIN** *SWINGY*  
 FATS WALLER & SPENCER WILLIAMS (1938)  
 IN THE REALMS OF BLISS, WHILE WE REMINISCE A-

- LONE, — AND TOGETHER WE ARE HAPPY ULST TO BE A - LONE, A - LONE.

**CHO.**

BEAUTY'S ALL UN-FURLED. I'M IN AN-OTH-ER WORLD A - GAIN! BLISS ENCLOSED IN CELLO -  
 DRIFTY CLOUDS NEAR A - BONE, AS SHOWERS FILLED WITH LOVE A - GAIN, PAT A-GAINST THE WINDOW  
 IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, WE'RE BLESS'D WITH HEAVEN'S CHARMS A - GAIN. LIFE IS JUST A SWEET RE-

- PHANE. — GOT MY COTTAGE IN THE RAIN. RAIN. RAIN.  
 - FRAIN, — IN OUR COTTAGE IN THE RAIN.

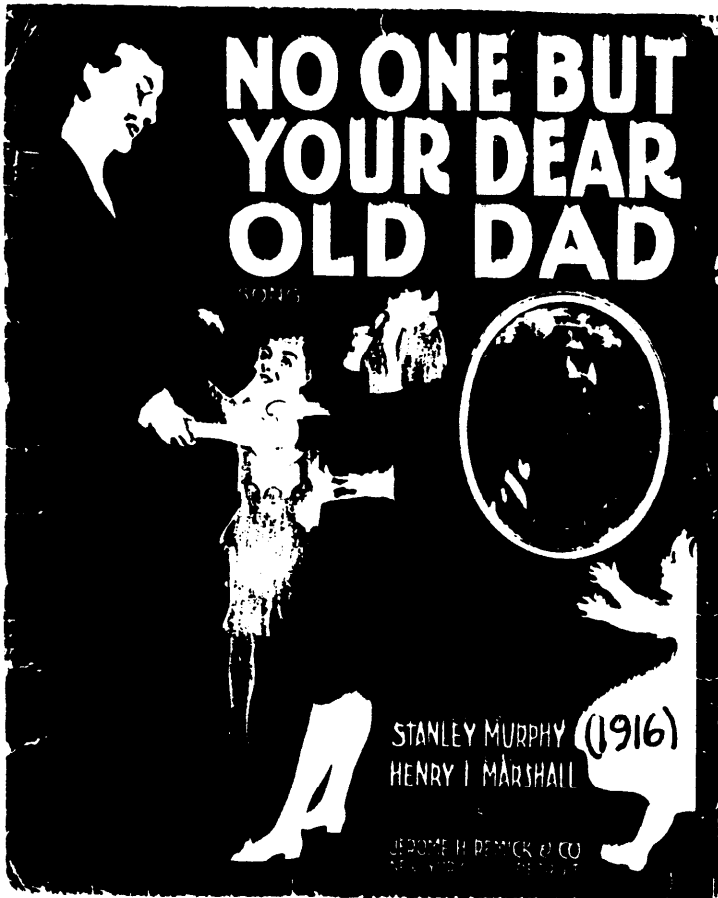
GAY DREAMS AND THE DAY — DREAMS KEEP OUR LOVE — FOR - EV - ER A - LOOF.

HEARTS BEATING IN RHY- THM — OF THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

**CODA**  
 RAIN.

PIANO SOLO and VOCAL BY FATS WALLER, acc. by JOHNNY MARKS on drums. RISTIC # 8 - LONDON - 1939.

4251



MOD  $\text{E}^{\flat}$

NO ONE EVER HAD A MOTHER  
 DEAR TO LOVE AND CHEER, WHO  
 DID-N'T ALSO HAVE A DADDY. SONGS A-ABOUT YOUR  
 MOTHER ARE THE CRAZE. THEY NEVER  
 PRAISE YOUR DEAR OLD DAD. BUT  
 LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING, TELL ME TRUE:

DID YOU EV-ER STOP TO THINK WHAT "DADDY" MEANS TO YOU? WHO HURRIES OUT AT DAYBREAK TO THE  
 OFFICE OR THE MILL, TO KEEP THE WOLF FROM HOWLING AT THE DOOR? WHO  
 HURRIES HOME AT NIGHT TO GREET HIS KIDDIES WITH DE-LIGHT, WHEN THE TOIL OF THE DAY IS  
 OVER? WHO FOUGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF THIS LAND OF LIB-ER TY, AND  
 GAVE HIS COUNTRY EV-RY-THING HE HAD? AND WHO'D GO A-GAIN TO-MOR-RON IF HIS  
 COUN-TRY CALLED? WHY, NO ONE BUT YOUR DEAR OLD DAD!