ladies of Jazz

Billie Holiday
Dinah Washington
Ella Fitzgerald
Nina Simone
Sarah Vaughan
Billie Holiday
Body And Soul - 4
The Man I Love - 14
Night And Day - 9

Dinah Washington
Mad About The Boy - 18
September In The Rain - 26
What A Diff'rence A Day Made - 30

Ella Fitzgerald
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye - 34
The Lady Is A Tramp - 42
Manhattan - 38

Nina Simone
Don’t Explain - 47
Love Me Or Leave Me - 50
My Baby Just Cares For Me - 53

Sarah Vaughan
Little Girl Blue - 62
Misty - 66
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes - 69

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Body And Soul - 4
Don't Explain - 47
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye - 34
The Lady Is A Tramp - 42
Little Girl Blue - 62
Love Me Or Leave Me - 50
Mad About The Boy - 18
The Man I Love - 14
Manhattan - 38
Misty - 66
My Baby Just Cares For Me - 53
Night And Day - 9
September In The Rain - 26
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes - 69
What A Diff'rence A Day Made - 30
Body And Soul

Words by Frank Eyton, Edward Heyman and Robert Sour
Music by Johnny Green

You're making me blue,
all that you do seems unfair,
Life's dreadful for me,
days seem to be long as years.

You try not to hear,
I've looked for the sun,
but can see
ear to my prayer. It seems you don’t want to see
none through my tears. Your heart must be like a stone,

what you are doing to me,
to leave me like this alone,

my arms are waiting to caress you,
when you could make my life worth living,

press you, sweetheart.
My heart is sad and lonely,
giving, sweetheart.
and to my heart they long to
by taking what I'm set on

rit.

press you, sweetheart.
My heart is sad and lonely,
giving, sweetheart.

rit.
for you I cry, for you dear, only, I tell you, I mean it, I'm all for you, body and soul.

I spend my days in longing, and wondering why it's me you're wronging. Why haven't you seen it?
I'm all for you, body and soul!
I can't believe it, it's hard to conceive it, that you'd turn a-way romance.
Are you pretending? Don't say it's the ending, I wish I could have one more chance to prove, dear, my life a hell you're making.
You know I'm yours for just the taking, I'd gladly surrender my-self to you body and soul!

D.C.
Like the

mp poco a poco cresc.

Edim7 Bb/F Bb/Ab Bb/G

beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom when the jungle shadows

Bb/Gb Bb/F Edim7 Bb/F Bb/Ab Bb/G

fall.

Like the tick, tick, tock of the state-ly clock as it
stands against the wall,
like the drip, drip, drip of the
raindrops when the summer shower is through,
so a

voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you.
Night and day,

you are the one,
be -neath the moon and un -der the sun, whe -ther

near to me or far, it's no mat -ter dar - ling, where you are, I

think of you night and day, Day and night,

why is it so, that this long-
oh, such a hungry yearning burning inside of me, and it's

torment won't be through till you let me spend my

life making love to you, day and night, night and day.

1. E6 F9/A Bb7/Ab

Night and day

2. E6
The Man I Love

Music and Lyrics by George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Moderately
Cm  Akm/Cs  C7  Eb/Bb
rall.  Fm7sus4  Fm7  Bb13  Bb9sus5  Eb

When the mellow moon begins to beam,
every night I dream a little dream,

molto semplice

and of course Prince Charming is the theme, the he for me.

© 1924 (renewed) WB Music Corp., USA
though I realize as well as you, it is seldom that a dream comes true,

poco rall.

to me it's clear that he'll appear.
poco rall.

slowly

Some-day he'll come along, the man I love, and he'll be big and strong,

p molto semplice e dolce

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 poco rit.

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. love.
I met him at a party just a couple of years ago, he was rather over heart-y, and ridiculous, but as I'd seen him on the screen he cast a certain spell.
I bask'd in his attraction for a couple of hours or so, his manners were a fraction too meticulous. If he was real or not I couldn't tell, but like a silly fool, I fell.

Mad about the boy, I know it's stupid to be mad about the boy,
I'm so ashamed of it but must admit the sleepless nights I've had about the boy.

On the silver screen.

He melts my foolish heart in every single scene, although I'm quite aware that here and there are traces of the cad about the boy.
Lord knows I'm not a fool girl,
I really shouldn't care,
Lord knows I'm not a school girl, in the flurry of her first affair.
Will it everloy? This odd diversity of misery and joy
I'm feeling quite insane and young again and
all because I'm mad about the boy.

It seems a little silly for a girl of my age and weight to walk down Piccadilly in a

haze of love — it ought to take a good deal more to get a bad girl down,
I should have been exempt, for my particular kind of fate has taught me such contempt for every phase of love, and now I've been and spent my last half-crown to weep about a painted clown.

Mad about the boy, it's pretty funny but I'm mad about the boy. He has a
gay appeal that makes me feel there's maybe something sad about the boy.

Walking down the street, his eyes look out at me from people that I meet; I can't believe it's true, but when I'm blue, in some strange way I'm glad about the boy.

I'm hardly sentimental, love isn't so sublime,
I have to pay my rent and I can't afford to waste much time.
If I could employ a little magic that would finally destroy
this dream that pains me and enchains me, but I can't, because I'm mad about the boy.
Moderately
Capo 1

My day dreams lie buried in autumn leaves,
Now warm spring is filling my life with dreams,
that I thought all past and

a tempo

a tempo

rain, gone,
the time is sweet September,
but still there ever lingering

© 1935 Remick Music Corp, USA
the place a shad - dy lane,
in my heart on - ly one,
I'm rid - ing the wings of
an au - tumn me-mory that
an au - tumn breeze,
will live al - ways,
back to my me - mo-ry.
un - til I end my days.
The leaves of brown came tum - bling down, re - mem - ber?
In Sep -
The sun went out just like a dying ember, that September
in the rain.

every word of love I heard you whisper, the
raindrops seemed to play a sweet refrain.

Though... poco rit.

a tempo

spring is here, to me it's still September.

that September, in the

1.

2. D.C. 

The rain...
What A Difference A Day Made

Words and Music by Maria Grever
English Words by Stanley Adams

Slowly

F Fdim7 Gm7 C7 F/A Fdim7/A C7/G F

I dreaded every morning, un-

Re
cuerdas aquel beso, que en

Am A7dim7 Gm7 C7

til, without a warn-ing, you ar-

bro-ma me ne-gas-te? Se es-
capó de tus la-bios sin que-

And you

A sus-

A7 Dm G7

changed all my blue notes to a love

tado por ello bus-co a brigo, en la in-

waited de mi

© 1934 E B Marks Music Corp, USA
What a difference a day made,
Cuan-do vuel-va a tu la do,

Twenty four little hours,
No me nie-gues tus be sos,
que el amor que te he

My yes-ter-day was blue dear,
No me pre-gun-tes na da,
que na-da he de ex-pri-
What a difference a day makes,
since you said you were mine.
there's a rainbow before me,
skies above can't be stormy,
since that moment of
you, dear,
my lonely nights are through,
dear,

que el beso que negas
ty no lo puedes dar.

What a difference a

Cuan-do vuel-ta a tu

F

gó,

gó,

Gm

Gm7

G7

C7

Dm

Dm7

G7

C11

C7
bliss, that thrilling kiss. It's heaven when you
más, por compasión. Une tu labio al mío,

find romance on your menu. What a difference a
ey estremece en tus brazos, y cuenta los la-

day made, and the difference is you.
dos, de nuestro corazón.

What a difference a you.
Cuando vuelva a tu zón.
Ev’ry Time We Say Goodbye

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderato

We love each other so deeply that I ask you this, sweet-

Allegretto (but not fast)

heart,

why should we quarrel ever,

(slow down to pensive tempo of refrain)

why can’t we be enough clever, never to part?

(slow down to pensive tempo of refrain)
Every time we say good-bye I die a little,

very slowly and pensively (four beats)

Every time we say good-bye 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
1.

Every time ______ we say good-bye, 

2.

we say good-bye. 

Every single time we say good-bye...
Manhattan

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderato

Sum-mer jour-neys to Ni-ag-ra And to oth-er plac-es ag-gra-vate all our

cares; We'll save our fares; I've a coz-y lit-tle flat in
what is known as old Man-hat-tan, We'll set-tle down right here in town.

We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too,
We'll go to Green-wich Where mod-ern men itch To be free,
We'll go to Yon-kers Where true love con-quers In the wilds,
We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too,

It's love-ly And Bowl-ing
And starve to
go-ing through the Zoo,
Green you'll see with me,
geth-er, dear, in Childs',
cross Fifth Av-en-ue,
It's very fancy
On old De lancey Street you know,
The subway
We'll bathe at Bright-on,
The fish you'll fright-en When you're in,
Your bathing
We'll go to Con-e-y
And eat bo-lo-gny On a roll,
In Central
As black as on-yx
We'll find the Bron-ix Park Ex-press,
Our Flat-bush

G7
Dm
G7
Dm
Gm7
C7
Gm
C7

charms us so,
When balm-y breezes blow,
To and fro,
suit so thin
Will make the shell-fish grin,
Fin to fin,
Park we'll stroll
Where our first kiss we stole,
Soul to soul,
flat, I guess
Will be a great success,
More or less,

F
D7
Gm
C13
C7
F

And tell me what street compares with Mott Street in Ju-ly,
Sweet push carts
I'd like to take a sail on Ja-mai-ca Bay with you,
And fair Can-
And South Pa-ci- fic is a ter ri fic show they say,
We both may
A short va-ca tion on In spir a tion Point we'll spend,
And in the
The great big city's a wondrous place... 
The city's bus-til can-not des-

just made for a girl and boy
The dreams of a girl and boy
We'll turn Manhattan... 

Into an isle of joy... 
Into an isle of joy... 
Into an isle of joy... 
Into an isle of joy...
The Lady Is A Tramp

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately
Cmaj7/G Cm7/G Dm7/G Dimaj7/G C/G Fmaj7/G G11 G7

I've

C Am F G7 C Gmaj7/B Gm/Bb A7/D Bm

wined and dined on mulligan stew, and never wished for turkey,
as I hitched and hiked and

G A7 D Aaug/C# Am/C B7 E9 E7 A7

grifted too, from Maine to Albuquerque. Alas, I missed the Beaux Arts Ball, and

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what is twice as sad, I was never at a party where they
honoured Noel Coward, but social circles spin too fast for me,

my hobo-hemia is the place to be.

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,
Don't explain

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, la - dy

is a tramp.
Don't Explain

Words and Music by Arthur Hertzog Jnr and Billie Holiday

Slowly

Dm9       Gm9        Bb9        Bb7    E7
C7dim     Cdim       Bdim      Bdim   Bb
             A

Hush now, don't explain!

Just say you'll remain,

p-mf

I'm glad you're back don't explain!
Quiet don't explain! What is there to gain?

Skip that lipstick don't explain!

You know that I love you and what love endures. All my thoughts are of you for I'm so completely yours. Cry to hear folks chatter, and I know you cheat.
Right or wrong don't matter when you're with me, sweet. Hush, now, don't explain!

You're my joy and pain. My life's yours, love, don't explain!

1. F Dm6 E7 Am Gm6 A7+ A7 F
   plain!

2. F Bb F C9 F6
   plain!

rit.
Love Me Or Leave Me

Slowly (with feeling)

Love me or leave me, and let me be lone-ly
You won't be-lieve me, and

I love you on-ly; I'd rath-er be lone-ly, than hap-py with some-bod-y else...

You might find the night-time, the right time for kiss-ing; But night-time is my time for
just reminiscing, Regretting, instead of forgetting with somebody else.

There'll be no one unless that someone is you;

I intend to be independently
I want your love, but I don't want to borrow.

I want your love, but I don't want to borrow.

To have it today, and to give back tomorrow; For my love is your love, there's no love for nobody else!
My Baby Just Cares For Me

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Walter Donaldson

Moderately

A6

D6

Bm7add4

E7sus4

A6

My baby don't care for shows,

my baby don't care for clothes,

my baby just cares for me.
My baby don't care for cars

and races,
my baby don't care for

high toned places.
Liz Taylor is

not his style
and even Lana Turner's smile,
something he can't see

My baby don't care

who knows it, my baby just cares

for me.
Baby, my baby don't care for shows and he don't even care for clothes he cares for me.
My baby don't care for cars

... and races

Baby don't care for,

he don't care for high toned places. Liz Taylor is
not his style

and even Liberae's smile,

something he can't see.

Is something he can't see, I wonder what's wrong
with baby... My baby just cares
for, my baby just cares... for
me.
Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Little Girl Blue

Moderato

Piano

not fast

F Bb C7 F F7(b9) Bb

Sit there and count your fingers, what can you do? Old girl, you're

P a tempo

Bb m6 F D7 G7 C7(sus4)

through. Sit there and count your little fingers, Un-

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C7
F
Bb
F
C7
F
Bb
C7
luck-y lit-tle girl blue.
Sit there and count the rain-drops
F
F7(b9)
Bb
Bbm6
F
fall-ing on you.
It's time you knew, all you can
D7
G7
F7(sus4)
C7
F
Bb
F
Bdim
count on is the rain-drops That fall on lit-tle girl blue.
No use, old
c7
F
C7
girl,
you may as well sur-ren-der,
Your hope is get-ting
slender, Why won't somebody send a tender Blue boy to cheer a little girl blue?

When I was very young the world was younger than

As merry as a carousel.
The circus tent was strung with every star in the sky
Above the ring I loved so well;
Now the young world has grown old,
Gone are the tinsel and gold.

D.S. al Fine
Misty

Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Erroll Garner

Slowly, with expression

Capo 1

E

E9

Eb9

Gm7

Fm7

Bb7

Bb9

Look at

me,

I'm as help-less as a kit-ten up a tree,

and I feel like I'm

clinging to a cloud,

I can't un-der-stand,

I get mis-ty just hold-ing your
hand. Walk my way, and a thou-sand vi-o-lins be-gin to play, or it might be the sound of your hel-lo, that mu-sic I hear, I get mis-ty the mo-ment you’re near. You can say that you’re lead-ing me on, but it’s just what I want you to do... Don’t you no-tice how
Am7sus4	D7	F7	Bb7	Edim7

hopelessly I'm lost?
That's why I'm following you.

FM7	Bb79	Bb9	Ebmaj7

On my own, would I wander through this wonderland alone,
never knowing my

Afmaj7	Dk9	Ebmaj9	Cm	FM7	Bb79

right foot from my left, my hat from my glove? I'm too misty and too much in

1. Eb	E9	FM7	Bb75	Bb9

love.

Look at love.

2. Eb	Afmaj7	Gm7	D7	Eb9


Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Andante moderato

Words by Otto Harbach
Music by Jerome Kern

They asked me how I knew, my true love was true.

I of course, replied, 'Something here inside, cannot be de-
-nied.'

They said, 'Some-day you'll

find, all who love are blind,

when your heart's on

fire, you must re-al-ise, smoke gets in your eyes.'

a tempo

So I chaffed them and I gail-y laughed to think they could doubt my

un poco più mosso
love,

yet to-day, my love has flown away, I am with-

out my love.

Now, laughing friends de-

ride tears I cannot hide,

so I smile and poco rit.
Billie Holiday
- Body And Soul
- The Man I Love
- Night And Day

Dinah Washington
- Mad About The Boy
- September In The Rain
- What A Diff'rence A Day Made

Ella Fitzgerald
- Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye
- The Lady Is A Tramp
- Manhattan

Nina Simone
- Don’t Explain
- Love Me Or Leave Me
- My Baby Just Cares For Me

Sarah Vaughan
- Little Girl Blue
- Misty
- Smoke Gets In Your Eyes