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ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE
(From "VERY WARM FOR MAY")

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

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Touching your hand, my heart beats the faster,
All that I want in all of this world is you.

Refrain (with much expression)

You are the promised kiss of spring-time 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.
Some day my happy arms will hold you, And

mf a tempo e piu espressivo

some day I'll know that moment divine, When

all the things you are, are mine!

a tempo
AT LONG LAST LOVE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Piano

Con moto

\( \begin{align*}
& \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7(9)} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \\
& \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7(9)} \quad \text{F7} \\
& \text{Bb} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db6} \quad \text{Eb7} \\
& \text{Fm} \quad \text{C7sus.4} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Db7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Fm}
\end{align*} \)

with expression and not too slow

I'm so in love, And though it gives me joy in-
tense, I can't decipher, If I'm a lif-
er, Or if it's

just a first of-fense.

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love, I've no sense of values left at all. Is this a

play-time affaire of May-time, Or is it a wind-fall?

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 thing?
Coy? Is it for all time, or simply a lark?
Is it Gra-
nada I see or only Asbury Park?

Is it a fancy, not worth thinking of.

Or is it At Long Last

Love. Is it a Love.
BEGIN THE BEGUINE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Moderato

When they begin the Beguine
It brings back the sound
of music so tender
It brings back a night of tropical splendour,
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 Be-
guine.

To live it again is past all endeavour,
Except when that tune clutches my heart,

there we are, swearing to love forever,

never never to part.

What moments divine,

what rapture serene,

Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had.
And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted,

I know but too well what they mean;

Let them begin the Be-guine,

Let the

love that was once a-fire re-main an ember; 

Let it
sleep like the dead
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 a -

above you.
Till you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you!"
When they begin the Beguine,
BLAME IT ON MY YOUTH

Words by EDWARD HEYMAN
Music by OSCAR LEVANT

Moderato con sentimento

You were my adored one, Then you became the bored one, And I was like a toy that brought you joy one day, A broken toy that you preferred to throw away.

* Symbols for Ukulele, Tenor Guitar and Banjo.
Refrain

If I expected love when first we

kissed, Blame it on my youth:

If only just for you

I did exist, Blame it on my youth.

I believed in every thing

Like a child of
three,  
You meant more than any thing,
pray, Blame it on my youth.
If I cried a

dit - tle hit When first I learned the truth,

Don't blame it on my heart, Blame it on my youth.
BY MYSELF
(From "BETWEEN THE DEVIL")

Not fast
Em7\(^{b5}\)

I'll go my way by myself

G Cm A7 Bdim Em7\(^{b5}\) A7

This is the end of romance

Bm7\(^{b5}\) Adim A7 F7 Gdim F7

I'll go my way

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by myself
Love is on

ly a dance.
I'll try

to apply myself

And teach my heart how 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 myself, I'm
by myself alone.

lone.
BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON
(From The Paramount Picture "MONTE CARLO")

Moderately, not too slowly, train effect

\[\text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7}\]

\[\text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7}\]

Blow, whistle blow away,

\[\text{Fm6} \quad \text{Eb maj7} \quad \text{Fm6} \quad \text{G7b9} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm6} \quad \text{Cm(maj7)} \quad \text{Cm6}\]

blow away the past.

\[\text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7}\]

\[\text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bdim7}\]

Go engine anywhere.
I don't care how fast.

On, from darkness into dawn, from rain into the rainbow,

fly with me. Gone,
Eb9    Bbm9    Eb9

gone    all my grief and woe. What

D9    Eb9    D9    Eb9

matter where I go if I am free?

Moderately (In 2)
no chord

Moderately fast
Ab    Abdim7    Ab    Dbm    Eb7

yond the blue horizon
Joy is waiting for me.

see a new horizon.

Abdim7 Ab Dbm Eb7
Ab

My life has only begun.

Abm6

Beyond the blue horizon

Dbm Ab/Eb Edim7 Fm Bbm7 Eb7

rising lies a rising sun.

Ab Bbm9 Eb9#5

Be-sun.
CARELESS

Words and Music by LEW QUADLING, EDDY HOWARD and DICK JERGENS

Slowly

Careless now that you've got me loving you, you're

Careless Careless in every thing you do

You break appointments and think you are smart

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If you're not careful, you'll break my heart.

Careless now that my bridges all are burned, you're

Careless careless in things where I'm concerned.

Are you just careless as you seem to be, or

do you just careless for me?
DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?

Words by MACK GORDON
Music by HARRY REVEL

Piano

Moderato

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What a funny feeling

odd and yet so true,

Did a thing like this
ev - er hap - pen to you

Refrain

Did You Ev - er See A Dream Walk-ing? Well, I did!
Did you ever hear a dream talking? Well, I did!

Did you ever 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 you ever see a dream romancing? Well, I did!

Did you ever find Heaven right in your arms, saying I love you, I do. Well the dream that was walk-in' and the dream that was talk-in' And the

Heaven in my arms was you. Did you Heaven in my arms was you.
EADIE WAS A LADY

Words and Music by RICHARD WHITING,
NACIO HERB BROWN and B.G. DeSYLVA

Slowly
Cm

Eadie was a lady

Tho' her past was shady

All: Tho' her past was shady

Eadie had class

with a capital K.

All: She was a lady, Eadie was a lady.
Cm

Tho’ her life was merry

All: Tho’ her life was merry

Ab

She had “savor fairly”

All: Lots of “savor fairly”

G+

in a lady-like way.

All: She was a lady

C

Eadie did things

G7

Am6

She would have a golden toothpick hand

Em

In her cups she’d get her local eggs crossed,
After meals she'd flash it about.
Picked the ones that it seldom paid.

'Member how she used to drink her brandy?
But you'd never catch her with her legs crossed.

With her fingers stickin' well out after the raid.
Eddie was a lady.  All: Eddie was a lady.
Ask P. I. O'Grady

All: Not P. I. O'Grady?

Eadie had class

with a capital K.

All: Eadie was a lady Tho' her past was shady

Ask P. I. O'Grady, Eadie was a lady.
**EMBRACEABLE YOU**

(From "CRAZY FOR YOU")

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Whimsically

Dozens of girls would storm up;
I had to lock my door.

Somehow I couldn’t warm up to one before.

What was it that controlled me?
What kept my love life lean?
My intuition told—
You'd come on the scene. Lady, listen to the rhythm of my heart-beat, and you'll get just what I mean. 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...
I love all the man-y charms a-bout you;

A-bove all I want my arms a-bout you.

Don't be a naugh-ty ba-by, Come to pa-pa, Come to pa-pa, do!

My sweet em-

brace-a-ble you! you!
THE GLORY OF LOVE

By BILLY HILL

Medium beat (♩ = 100)

G    G#dim7    Am7    D7    G    G#dim7

Am7    D7    G    D7

You've got to give a little, take a little

G    Gmaj7    G7    C    G

and let your poor heart break a little

that's the story of,

D7    G    G#dim7    Am7    D7

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.
You've got to love.
A FINE ROMANCE
(From "SWING TIME")

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JEROME KERN

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C/E  E6dim7  Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7

couple of hot toma
toes, but
seals in the Arctic
Ocean, at

C

you're as cold as
least they flap
their fins to

C    E7

you won't

Dm7  G7  C  C#dim7  G7

A fine romance! You won't
A fine romance! With no

Dm7  G7  C

nestle; a fine romance,

G7#5  C  G7

quarrel, with no insults,
you won't

all
wrestle! I might as well play bridge with my old maid
moral! I've never mussed the crease in your blue serge

sweat pants, I haven't got a chance.

aunts! I never get the chance.

This is a fine romance!

(She:) Romance!
(He:) A fine romance! With My dear kisses! A fine romance, my friend, need this crutches! We True love should be like
clams in a dish of chowder. But We

we just “fizz” like parts of a Seid - litz powder. has!

don’t have half the thrills that the “March of Time” has!

A fine romance, with no good

A fine romance, my strong “Aged in the wood”
pinches. You're just as hard to land as the "Ile de
wom-an! You never give the orchids I send a
France!"
glance!
I haven't got a chance,
No! You like cactus plants,
this is a fine romance!
(He:) A mance!
GET OUT OF TOWN
(From "LEAVE IT TO ME")

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Piano

Moderato

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But now from nowhere you come to me as before
To take my heart and break my heart once more.

Get out of town—Before it's too late, my love;
Get out of town, Be good to me, please.
Why wish me harm?  Why not retire to a farm...

And be contented to charm.  The birds off the trees?

Just disappear.  I care for you much too much.

And when you are near...
Close to me, dear. We touch too much...

The thrill when we meet is so bitter sweet That, darling, it's getting me down.

So on your mark, get set, Get out of town.
I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Words by BING CROSBY and NED WASHINGTON
Music by VICTOR YOUNG

Moderately, Singable

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"I don't stand A Ghost Of A Chance with you."

If you'd surrender Just for a tender kiss or two,

You might discover, that I'm the lover meant for you, And I'd be true, But

what's the good of scheming, I know I must be dreaming, For "I don't stand A

Ghost Of A Chance with you!"

I you!
Words by AL DUBIN
Music by HARRY WARREN

Moderately

Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or

bright 'Cause I only have eyes for you,

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The moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky.

'Cause I only have eyes for you.

I don't know if we're in a garden,

Or on a crowded avenue.
You are here, so am I. Maybe millions of people go by; but they all disappear from view, and I only have eyes for you.

Are the you.
I'VE TOLD EV'RY LITTLE STAR
(From "MUSIC IN THE AIR")

Allegretto grazioso

I make up things to say on my way to you,

On my way to you, I find things to say.
I can write poems too,
When you're far away,
When you're far away,
I write poems too.

But when you are near, my lips go dry,
When you are near,
I only
Refrain (gracefully)

\[ Bb6 \quad C7 \quad F \quad \text{sigh} \quad \text{Oh, dear.} \]

\[ F \quad C7 \quad F \quad \] I've told every little star, Just how sweet I

\[ C7 \quad F \quad \text{think you are,} \quad \text{Why haven't I told you?} \]

\[ C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad \] I've told ripples in a brook,
Made my heart an open book, Why haven't I told you?

Friends ask me: Am I in love? I always answer "Yes,"

Might as well confess, If I don't, they guess.
Maybe you may know it too, Oh, my darling,

if you do, Why haven't you told me?
I WISH I WERE IN LOVE AGAIN
(From "BABES IN ARMS")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

You don't know that I felt good
When we up and parted.

You don't know I knocked on wood,

Gladly broken hearted. Worrying is through.

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sleep all night, —

You don’t know how much I’m bored!

The sleepless nights,
The daily fights,
The quick to bogган when you reached the heights;

The self-deception that believes the lie,

The attenuated and health restored.

The blackened eye,
The words “I’ll love you till the day I die,”

The misses the kisses and I miss the bites,

The self-deception that believes the lie,
wish I were in love again! The broken dates, The endless waits, The endless waits.

love - ly, loving and the hateful hates, The conversation with the double-crossing of a

faint aroma of the performing seals, The conversation with the double-crossing of a

flying plates, heels I wish I were in love again! I wish I were in love again!

No more pain, No more care, No more strain, No more despair.
I'm all sane, there now, but I would rather be

But I'd rather be

The pulled out fur of cat and cur, I much prefer The

The punch drunk! The believe me sir, I much prefer The

fine mismatching of a him and her, I've learned my lesson, but I

I don't like quiet and I

wish I were in love again! The

The wish I were in love gain!
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
(From "RIGHT THIS WAY")

Lyrics by IRVING KAHAL
Music by SAMMY FAIN

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Who knows, if we shall meet again?

But when the morning chimes ring sweet again:

Refrain

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places

That this heart of mine embraces all day thru:
Ebdim Eb Cm Fm7

In that small café, The park a-

più espressivo

cross the way, The children's car-

ousel, The

chestnut trees, the wishing well. I'll be

seeing you. In every lovely summer's day, In
Every thing that's light 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 be looking at the moon — But I'll be seeing you! —
I'M PUTTING ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET
(From The Motion Picture "FOLLOW THE FLEET")

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderately
C/G Em/G C/G G7 C Am Dm G7

C C6/G G+/C C6/G C C6/G

I've been a roaming Romeo, my Julies have been many.

But now my roaming days have gone.

Too many irons
in the fire is worse than not having any.

I've had my share and from now on

I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.

I'm betting everything I've got on you.
I'm giving all my love to one baby. Lord help me if my baby don't come through. I've got a great big amount saved up in my love account, honey, and
I've decided love divided in two won't do. So

I'm putting all my eggs in one

basket. I'm betting everything I've got on you.
In a sentimental mood, I can see the stars come through my room, while your loving attitude is like a flame that lights the gloom. On the wings of every
In this sentimental bliss you make my parole
dise complete. Rose petals seem to fall, it's all like a dream to call you mine.

kiss

drifts a melody so strange and sweet.

Rose petals seem to fall, it's all like a dream to call you mine.
My heart's a lighter thing since you made this night a thing divine.

In a sentimental mood, I'm within a world so heavenly, for I never dreamt that you'd be loving sentimental me. In a sentimental me.
ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?
(From The Paramount Picture "LOVE ME TONIGHT")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

I've never met you,
My face is glowing,
I'm eager.

I can't forget you,
The art of sewing,
I've thought you

out, dear.
My needle punctuates the rhythm of romance.

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kiss mance! just the thing I miss on a night like

this. If dreams are made of imagination, I'm not a rich. A custom tailor who has no custom, is like a

fraid of sailor, my own creation. With all my

heart, my heart is here for you to take. Why should I

mag - ic in the mu - sic of my shears; I shed no
quake? I'm not a - wake. Isn't it ro - man - tic? tears. Lend me your ears! Isn't it ro - man - tic?

Music in the night, a dream that can be heard. Isn't it ro -

Soon I will have found some girl that I a - dore. Isn't it ro -

man - tic? Moving shad - ows write the old - est mag - ic man - tic? While I sit a - round, my love can scrub the

I hear the breez - es play - ing She'll kiss me ev - 'ry hour,
in the trees above.

While

all the world is saying you were meant for love.

Isn't it romantic?

Mere ly to be young on such a night as

this? Isn't it romantic?

Ev'ry note that's sung is

soup. Kid-dies are romantic,

and if we don't fight, we
like a lover's kiss. Sweet
soon will have a troupe!

symbols in the moonlight, do you mean that I will fall in
help the population, it's a duty that we owe to

love perchance? Is 't not romance?
dear old France. Is 't not romance?

Isn't it romance?
INKA DINKA DOO

Words and Music by JIMMY DURANTE and BEN RYAN

Moderato

What is that haunting refrain that you hear in the air?

Here and there, everywhere, It's just a
Beautiful strain that keeps taunting my brain constantly, It's my melody.

It's my symphony.

Chorus

INK - A DINK-A DOO, A dink-a dee, A dink-a doo.
Oh, what a tune for crooning,
INK-A DINK-A DOO, A dink-a

dee, A dink-a doo;

It's got the whole world spoon-ing.

Eskimo bells up in Iceland, Are ringing,
They've made their own Paradise Land, Singing

INK - A DINK-A DOO, A dink-a dee, A dink-a doo,
Simply means INK - A DINK-A DEE A DIN-KA DOO.
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER
(From The Paramount Picture "MISSISSIPPI")

Slowly

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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It's easy to remember but so hard to forget.

I hear you whisper, "I'll always love you." I know it's over and yet,

So I must dream to have your hand caress me, fingers press me.
I'd rather dream than have that lonely feeling stealing through the night.

Each little moment is clear before me, and though it brings me regret, it's easy to remember and so hard to forget. Your sweet ex-
JOHNNY ONE NOTE
(From "BABES IN ARMS")

Moderately

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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Poor John—
y took—
one—
Note—
yelled—
Howled—
like—
the—
nil—
North—
Wind—
Brought—

F

C7

Eb

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

F

Gm7

D7

F

C7

Gm7

C7

F

Verdi turned round in his face.

C7

F

Ab

C7

F

Am

brass, flute

Could—n't hear the big trombone.

He was in a

While the wind—
that blue
made the critics rave.

Could—n't hear the
class mute,
By him self, by gum!

lone,
Cats and dogs stopped yap ping,

Li ons in the zoo all were jeal ous of John ny’s big trill.

Thunder claps stopped clapping,
Traffic ceased its roar, and they tell us Niagra stood
still.

He stopped the train-whistles, boat-whistles, steam-whistles,

Copper whistles; all whistles bowed to his skill.

Sing Johnny One-Note, sing out with gusto. And

just overwhelm all the crowd.
Ah!

Sing, Johnny One Note... out loud!

Sing, Johnny One Note... out loud!
Twas in a Paris café that first I
Der kleine Leutnant, er war der beste

found him, He was a French-man, a hero of the war,
Reiter, und alle Herzen, sie flogen ihm gleich zu.

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o-ver, and here's how peace had crowned him, A few cheap
küss-en und tan-z-en wie kein zwei-ter, er kam und
med-als to wear, and noth-ing more. Now ev-ry
sah und sieg-te auch im Nu. Viel Mon-de
night in this same ca-fé you'll find him, And as he
hat er ge-kämpft in Frank-reich drü-ben, bald an der
strolls by the la-dies hear him say, "If you ad-mire me, please
Weich-sel, Pi-a-ve ir-gend-wo... Jetzt ist ihm nichts mehr ge-
hire me, A
gi-go-lo who knew a bet-ter
day
bleiben, er
mur-de Gi-go-lo!

REFRAIN

Just A Gi-go-lo,
Schö-ner Gi-go-lo,
Ev-ry-where I go,
ar-mer Gi-go-lo,

Peo-ple know the part I'm play-ing,
den-ke nicht mehr an die Zei-ten,
Paid for ev-ry dance,
Wo du als Hu-sar,

Sell-ing each ro-mance,
gold-ver-schnürt so-gar,
Ev-ry night some heart be-
tray-ing,
konn-test durch die Stras-
sen rei-ten!
There will come a day, Youth will pass away,
Uniform passe, Liebchen sagt: Adieu!

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.}

Schöne Welt, du gingst in Franken! Wenn das Herz dir auch bricht, zeig' ein lachen des Gesicht, man

Wenn das Cdim. A7 I know they'll say "Just a Gigolo," As life goes on without me.

zahlt und du musst tanzen! tanzen!
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF
(From "SHALL WE DANCE")

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE and IRA GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Brightly

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.

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Good-ness 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 ee-ther And I say ee-ther, You say nee-ther And
You say laugh-ter And I say lawf-ter, You say af-ter And

I say ny-ther; Ee-ther, eye-ther, nee-ther, ny-ther, Let's call the whole thing
I say awf-ter; Laugh-ter, lawf-ter, af-ter, awf-ter, Let's call the whole thing
off! You like po-ta-to and I like po-tah-to, You like to-ma-to and
off! You like va-nil-la and I like va-nel-la, You, sa's- pa-ril-la and
I like to-mah-to; Po-ta-to, Po-tah-to, To-ma-to, To-mah-to!
I sa's'- pa-rel-la; Va-nil-la, va-nel-la, Choc'-late, straw-bry!
Let's call the whole thing off! But oh! If we call the whole thing
off, Then we must part. And oh! If we ev-er part, Then
So, if you like pajamas and I like pajamas,
that might break my heart!
So, if you go for oysters and I go for ersters
for oysters and I go for ersters.

I'll wear pajamas and give up pajamas.
I'll order oysters and cancel the ersters.
For we know we
need each other, So we
better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off! off!
LITTLE GIRL BLUE

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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

Sit there and count your little fingers, Un-

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It's time you knew, all you can

No use, old

girl, you may as well surrender, Your hope is getting
slen-der, Why won't some-bod-y send a ten-der Blue boy to

cheer a lit-tle girl blue?

When I was ver-y young the world was young-er than

I, As mer-ry as a car-ou-sel.
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.
LOVELY TO LOOK AT
(From "ROBERTA")

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS and JIMMY McHugh
Music by JEROME KERN

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gown can almost speak, If it is
wear, But just an air, Of great re-

chic. Should you select the right effect, you cannot
pose... You are quite perfect from your head down to your

quasi cadenza

miss, You may be sure,
toes Both night and day,

He I will tell you this.
I am moved to say.
Refrain (gracefully)

Lovely to look at, Delightful to know and

Heaven to kiss. A combination like this, Is quite my

most impossible scheme come true, Imagine finding a dream like you! You're
love-ly to look at, It's thrill-ing to hold you
ter-ri-bly tight.
we're to-geth-er, the moon is new, And oh, it's love-ly to look at you to-
night!
You're
LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES
(From "GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS")

Words and Music by LEW BROWN
and RAY HENDERSON
Where are we going? It's time that we found out.

We're not here to stay, We're on a short holiday.

Life is just a bowl of cherries, Don't make it serious, Life's too mysterious.

You work, you save, you worry so, But you can't take your dough when you
go, go, go. So keep repeating it's the Berries

The strongest oak must fall. The sweet things in life, To you were just loaned, So

how can you lose what you've never owned. Life Is Just A Bowl Of

Cherries, So live and laugh at it all.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD
(From "JUMBO")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Dm7 G7 G+ C Dm7 G7 G+
We used to spend the spring together before we learned to

C G7
walk;

We used to

G+ C Dm7 G7 C
laugh and sing together before we learned how to talk.
Spring would end as it would start.

Now the season has a reason, And there's spring-time in my heart.
The most beautiful girl in the world — Picks my ties out,
eats my candy, Drinks my brandy; — The most beautiful
girl in the world. — The most beautiful

star in the world — isn't Garbo, Isn't Dietrich
But the sweet trick who can make me believe it's a beautiful world.

Social, not a bit,

Natural kind of wit,

And she hasn't got platinum hair,
The most beautiful house in the world
Has a mortgage

what do I care, it's goodbye care
When my slippers are

next to the ones that belong
To the one and

only beautiful girl in the world!
In tropical climes, there are certain times of day,
When all the citizens retire,
To tear their clothes off and perspire. It's
English are effete, They're quite impervious to heat.

Moderato

It's such a surprise for Eastern eyes to see
That tho' the greatest fools obey,
Because the white man rides every native hides in glee,
Because the
sun is much too sultry, And one must avoid its ultraviolet
simple creatures hope he will impale his Solar Topee on a

ray tree.

Papa-laka, Papa-laka, Papa-laka too! Papa-laka, Papa-laka, Papa-laka too!

Digari-ga, Digari-ga, Digari-ga too! Digari-ga, Digari-ga, Digari-ga too!
Ha-ba-nin-ny, Ha-ba-nin-ny, Ha-ba-nin-ny haa! Ha-ba-nin-ny, Ha-ba-nin-ny, Ha-ba-nin-ny haa!

Digari-ga too! The natives grieve, when the white men leave their huts;
Ha-ba-nin-ny haa! It seems such a shame when the English claim the earth,
Because they're obviously, definitely nuts!
That they give rise to such hilarity and mirth.

1. Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, The 
2. Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, The 
3. Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, The 

Japanese don't care to, The Chinese wouldn't dare to. The Hindus and toughest Burmese bandit Can never understand it. In Rangoon, the smallest Malay rab-bit Deplores this stupid habit. In Hong-kong, they

Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one, But Englishmen detest a si-
heat of noon Is just what the natives shun; They put their Scotch or Rye down and strike a gong And fire off a noon-day gun, To repri-mand each in-mate who's
In the Philippines, there are love-ly screens To pro-tect you from the lie down.

In a jungle town, where the sun beats down To the rage of man and in late.

In the man grove swamps, where the py-thons romp, There is peace from twelve till

glare; In the Malay states, they have hats like plates Which the Brit-ish-ers won't beast, The En-glish garb of the En-glish Sa-hib Mere-ly gets a bit more
two. Ev-en ca- ri-bous lie a-round and snooze, For there's noth-ing else to

wear. At twelve noon, the na-tives swoon, And no fur-ther work is done; But creased. In Bang-kok, at twelve o'clock, They foam at the mouth and run; But do. In Ben-gal, to move at all, Is sel-dom, if ev-er done; But

mad dogs and En-glish-men go out in the mid-day sun.
Very gaily, but moderately

My left shoe's on my right foot, my

right shoe's on my left. Oh! listen to me

Mi - mi, of rea - son I'm be - ref! The but - tons of my
trousers are button'd to my vest; Oh!

lis - ten to me Mi - mi, mere pas - sion's in my

breast! Mi - mi, you

fun - ny lit - tle good for noth - ing Mi - mi,
am I the
Mimi, you guy?

sunny little honey of a Mimi,
I'm aiming high!

You've got me sad and dreamy.
you could free me, if you'd see me.

Mimi, you know I'd like to have a little son of a Mimi bye and bye.

bye.
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
(From "LEAVE IT TO ME")

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

I used to fall._ In love with all_

Those boys who maul_ The young cut-ies.

But now I find_ I'm more inclined_
A game of golf I may make a play for the

While tearing off A game of golf I may make a play for the

But when I do I don't follow through'Cause my heart belongs to
Dad-dy. If I invite a boy some night, To dine on my fine finnan had-die, I just adore His asking for more, But my heart belongs to Dad-dy. Yes, my heart belongs to Dad-dy, So I simply couldn't be bad, Yes, my
heart belongs to Dad-dy, Da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da - ad! So I

want to warn you, lad-die, Tho' I know you're perfectly

swell, That my heart belongs to Dad-dy 'Cause my

Dad-dy, he treats it so well. While well.
Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom:
When the jungle shadows fall.

Like the tick, tick, tock of the state-ly clock, as it stands against the wall.
Like the drip, drip, drip, of the rain-drops, When the summer show'r is
through; So a voice within me keeps repeating, you, you, you.

Refrain

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

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 yearn-
ing, burning inside of me. And its torment won't be

'Til you let me spend my life making love to you, day and night,

night and day.
Liltingly

Object Of My Affection can change my complexion from white to rosy red.

Any-time she holds my hand and tells me that she's mine.

There are many girls who can thrill me and
some who can fill me with dreams of happiness,

But I know I'll never rest until she says she's mine.

Now I'm not afraid that she'll leave me 'cause

she's not the kind who'll be unfair,

But instead I trust her
She can go where she wants to go, do what she wants to do, I won't care. Oh, The Object Of My Affection can change my complexion from white to rosy red, anytime she holds my hand and tells me that she's mine. The mine.
THE PICCOLINO

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN

Brightly

D

C/D

D

C/D

D

C

Em6/B

ne-tian sons and daugh-ters are strum-ming a

By the Adri-a-tic wa-ters Ve-

G/D

D

D/C

C

Em6/B

new tune up-on their gui-tars.
It was written by a Latin, a gondolier who sat in his home out in Brooklyn and gazed at the stars. He sent his
mel - o - dy      a - cross the sea      to

It - a - ly.      And we know      they wrote some

words to fit      that catch - y bit      and

christ - ened it      the Pic - co - lino.
And we know that it's the reason why everybody this season is strumming and humming a new melody.

Come to the Ca...
si - no
and hear them

play the Pic - co - li - no.
Dance

with your bambi - no
to the

strains of the catch - y pic - co - li - no.
Drink your glass of

Vino, and when you've had your plate

of Scallopino, make them

play the Piccolino, the catchy Piccolino
G/D  D  D/C  C  Em6/B  Gm6  Bb+  D/A

li - no.  And dance to the strains of that

E9/G#  Cm/G#  A9  D  C/D  D

new mel - o - dy,

the Pic - co - li - no.
PICK YOURSELF UP
(From "SWING TIME")

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderato

He: Please teach-er,

Dmaj7 D6 Edim7 A9 Dmaj7 D6

Teach me some-thing

A A7 D Em7 A7

I'm as awk-ward as a cam-el,

D C#7 F#maj7 F#6 G#dim C#9

That's not the worst,

My two feet have-n't met yet,
But I'll be teacher's pet yet, 'Cause I'm gonna learn to dance or burst.

She: 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? So
take a deep breath, PICK YOUR-SELF UP,

DUST YOUR-SELFF OFF, START ALL O-VER A-GAIN.
A SHINE ON YOUR SHOES

Words and Music by HOWARD DIETZ and ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Moderato

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Adim} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Adim} \quad \text{Eb7}\]

Don't you be a good for noth-in'; Nev-er mount to noth-in'; Hang-in' round the cor-ners!

\[\text{Bb7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7}\]

Can't you see you nev-er will be get-tin' an-y-where.
If you want to get employment Tidy up your faces and amount to sumthin',

Those big men who got up there all declare:

When there's a shine on your shoes, There's a melody in your heart,

With a singable happy feeling, A
wonderful way to start to face the world every day, With a
deedleum-deedledidit Little melody that is
making the worrying world go by. When you walk down the
street, With a happy-go-lucky beat,
You'll find a lot in what I'm repeating—When there's a

shine on your shoes, There's a melody in your heart; What a

wonderful way to start the day. When there's a

day.

(day)

(to Patter)

(day)
There’s the shine that you get in the barber shop, While the barber’s going, “ziggy-ziggy” with his strop! There’s the shine that you get in the pull-man car, While the train is going, “chug-chug-chug-chug-chug-chug,” going far away! There’s the shine that you get on the
ferry boat, While the water's going, wish-y-wash-y - wish-y-wash-y-wish-y-wash-y-

But it doesn't matter where you get it, It'll do a lot of good if you let it;

little bit of polish will abolish what's bothering you.
SING FOR YOUR SUPPER
(From "THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderate and Graceful

Hawks and crows do lots of things, But the canary only sings.

She is a courtesan on wings, So I've heard.

Eagles and storks are twice as strong, All the canary knows is song.

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But the canary gets along, Gilded bird!

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast, Songbird always

If their song is sweet to hear.

Sing for your luncheon And you'll get dinner,
Dine with wine of choice
If romance is in your voice.
I heard from a wise canary,
Trilling makes a fellow willing;
So, little swallow, swallow now.
Now is the time to
Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast, Song-birds are not dumb.

They don't buy a crumb of bread, It's said, So sing and you'll be fed.
I hear music when I look at you,
A beautiful theme of every dream I ever knew,
Down deep in my heart,
I hear it play,
I feel it
Cmaj9  C  G7  G9  Cmaj7  C  Cdim

start.  Then melt a-way.  I hear mu-sic when I touch your hand.

Dm7  G7  G9  C  C6  Gdim

A beau-ti-ful mel-o-dy from some en-chant-ed land.

G7  C  Cmaj7  A7+5

Down deep in my heart, I hear it say.

Dm  G9  C

Is this the day?
I alone have heard this lonely strain.

Must it be forever inside of me, Why can't I let it go, Why can't I let you know, Why can't I
let you know the song my heart would sing. That beautiful
rhapsody of love and youth and spring. The music is
sweet. The words are true. The song is
you.
STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

Medium Swing Tempo

Words and Music by BENNY GOODMAN, ANDY RAZAF, CHICK WEBB and EDGAR SAMPSON

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so soft and close to mine, divine!

How my heart is sing-in'.
While the band is swing-in'!
Never tired of rom-in'.
And stomp-in' with you
at the Savoy. What joy!
A perfect holiday!

Savoy, where we can glide and sway:
Savoy, there let me stomp a way

with you.
Savoy.
STORMY WEATHER
(KEEPS RAININ' ALL THE TIME)
(From "COTTON CLUB PARADE OF 1933") (From "STORMY WEATHER")

Slow lament

Lyrics by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Don't know why
there's no

sun up in the sky, storm - y weath - er,

since my man and I ain't to - geth - er, keeps rain - in' all the
Life is bare, gloom and misery everywhere, stormy weather,

just can't get my poor self together, I'm weary all the time,

the time, so weary all the time,
When she went away the blues walked in and met me. If she stays away old rocking 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-ry-thing I had is gone, storm-y weath-er,
SOLITUDE

Slowly, with expression

In my solitude you haunt me with reveries of days gone by.

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you taunt me with memories that never die.

I sit in my chair, I'm filled with despair, there's no one could be so sad.

With gloom everywhere, I
I sit and I stare, I know that I'll soon go mad. In my solitude I'm praying dear Lord above send back my love.

In my love.
I work at the Palace Ball-room, but, gee, that palace is cheap. When I get back to my chilly hall room I'm much too tired to sleep. I'm one of those lady teachers, a beautiful hostess, you
I know; one that the palace features at exactly a dime a

Slowly, quasi rubato

throw. Ten cents a dance, that's what they pay me. Gosh, how they weigh me

down! Ten cents a dance, pansies and rough guys,

tough guys who tear my gown! Seven to midnight, I hear drums,
loudly the sax-o-phone blows, trumpets are tearing my ear-drums.

Customers crush my toes. Sometimes I think I've found my hero.

but it's a queer romance. All that you need, is a ticket;

come on, big boy. ten cents a dance! ten cents a dance!
Fight-ers and sail-ors and bow-leg - ged tail-ors can pay for their tick-ets and
rent me! Butch-ers and bar-bers and rats from the har-bors are
sweet-hearts my good luck has sent me. Though I've a cho-rus of
el-der-ly beaux, stockings are por-ous with holes at the toes.
I'm here till closing time, dance and be merry, it's only a dime. Sometimes I think I've found my hero but it's a queer romance. All that you need is a ticket! Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance!
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
(From The Paramount Picture "BIG BROADCAST OF 1938")

Words and Music by LEO ROBIN
and RALPH RAINGER

Moderately (♩= ♩)

G#dim7 F/A Db7/Ab Gm7 C7

F#dim7 C7/G F/A

D#dim7 C7/E F#dim7 Gm7 Adim7

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love - ly it was!

Thanks for the

mem - o - ry of rain - y af - ter - noons,

mem - o - ry of lin - ge - rie with lace,

swing - y Har - lem tunes,

Pils - ner by the case,

and mo - tor trips and burn - ing lips and

and how I jumped the day you trumped my

burn - ing toast and prunes.

one and on - ly ace.

How love - ly it

How love - ly it
Bbm6/Db  C7  Eb7  Ab  Eb9

was!
was!

Man-y's the time that we feast-ed
We said good-bye with a high-ball;
then

I

man-y's the time that we fast-ed.
Oh, well, it was swell while it
I got as "high" as a steeple.
But we were in-tel-li-gent

Dm  Fm6/C  G7  Gm7  Gm7b5  C7  C+  Db dim7

last-ed;
peo-ple;
no
did
have
fun
and
no
harm
done.
And

C13  F6  F# dim7

thanks
thanks
for
for
the
the
mem-
mem-
ory
ory
of
of
sun-burns at the shore,
and
strict-ly en-tre-nous,
nights in Sing-a-pore, You might have been a headache but you
darling, how are you? And how are all the little dreams that

never were a bore, so thank you so much.

never did come true? Awf'ly glad I met you, cheery-

and too-dle-oo and thank you so much!
THEM THERE EYES

Moderately, with a Swing beat

I fell in love with you first time I looked into them there eyes. You've got a certain li'l cute way of flirtin' with them there eyes. They make me

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feel happy, they make me blue. No stallin'.

I'm fallin', going in a sweet way for sweet little you.

My heart is jumpin', you sure started somethin' with them there.

You'd better watch them if you're
They sparkle,

they bubble, they're gonna get you in a whole lot of trouble.

You're over workin' 'em, there's danger lurkin' in them there eyes.
THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND
(From "ROBERTA")

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN

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happy land That we had planned.

I had hoped that our way might end

Where the sky and blue horizon blend.

Yet we've both walked our one last mile.

It's goodbye for a while.
When you shall see flowers that lie on the plain,

Ly- ing there sigh- ing for one touch of rain;
Then you may

bor- row,
Some glimpse of my sor-

row,
And you'll un- der- stand How I

long for the touch of your hand.
THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL
(From "ON YOUR TOES")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

She: I'd like to get away, Junior, Somewhere alone with you.

It could be oh, so gay, Junior! You need a laugh or two.
There's a small hotel With a wishing well; I

wish that we were there together.
Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6 G

There's a bridal suite; One room bright and neat, Complete for us to share together.

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6

Looking through the window you can see a distant steeple;

C Dm7 G7 C Ddim E7/A E7

Not a sign of people, Who wants people?
When the steeple bell says, "Good night, sleep well," we'll thank the small hotel together. We'll creep into our little shell and we will thank the small hotel together.
UNDECIDED

Words by SID ROBIN
Music by CHARLES SHAVERS

Moderato

Verse

It seems that you keep slowly driving me crazy.

I can't make head or tail out of you.

My mind's gone bad. I feel that everything's hazy.

Don't know exactly just what to do.

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Refrain

First you say you do and then you don't, and then you say you will and

then you won't. You're UN-DE-CI-DED now, so what are you gonna do?

Now you want to play, and then it's no, and when you say you'll stay, that's

when you go. You're UN-DE-CI-DED now, so what are you gonna do?

I've been sitting on a fence, and it doesn't make much sense, cause you
keep me in suspense and you know it. Then you promise to return. When you

don't, I really burn. Well, I guess I'll never learn, and I show it.

If you've got a heart and if you're kind, then don't keep us apart. Make

up your mind. You're UNDECIDED now, so what are you gonna do?
THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU

Words and Music by RAY NOBLE

I don't need your photograph,
I hold you responsible,

to keep by my bed;
I'll take it to law,

Your picture is never have

always in my head.
felt like this before.

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I don't need your portrait, dear,
I'm suing for damages,

to call you to mind,

For sleeping or
I'll only be

waking, dear,

satisfied with you;

With a slow, easy swing (\( \frac{3}{4} \) swing)

The very thought of you, and I for -
I get to do the little ordinary things that everyone ought to do.

I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king, and foolish tho' it
may seem, to me that's every thing.

The mere idea of you, the longing here for you. You'll never know how slow the moments go 'til I'm near to 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.
The very love.
THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT
(From "SWING TIME")

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JEROME KERN

Andantino

mf

E♭          Cm          A♭          Fm7          B♭7          E♭

C7–9        Fm7          B♭7          E♭7

Cold, soft, I will feel a glow just thinking of you.

There is nothing for me but to love you,

Some day, when I'm awfully low,

With your smile so warm,

When the world is cold,

I will feel a glow just thinking of you.

There is nothing for me but to love you,

And the way you look tonight,

Just the way you look tonight.

Oh, but you're

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never, never change, Keep that breathless charm,

Won't you please arrange it, 'Cause I love you,

Just the way you look tonight, mm mm mm

Just the way you look tonight.
WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Moderately

I was a hum drum person,
You gave me days of sunshine,

Lead ing a life apart,
When love flew in through my en-

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window wide dream, And quickened my hum drum heart.

Somebody else came near you. I was so happy I felt the winter's

then. But after love had stayed a little while, and

Love flew out again. Why I love you still?
What is this thing called love?

This funny thing called love?

Who can solve its mystery?
You took my heart and threw it a

Why should it make a fool of me?

saw you there one wonderful day.

You took my heart and threw it a
That's why I ask the Lawd in Heaven above, what is this thing called love?
WHEN I TAKE MY SUGAR TO TEA
(From The Paramount Picture "MONKEY BUSINESS")

Words and Music by SAMMY FAIN, IRVING KAHAL and PIERRE NORMAN

I'm just a little "Jack-ie Hor-ner"

since I met my sugar cane.

been reve-al-in' that they're feel-in' sore.

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on the corner, For the moon in lover's lane;

I'm doing things I never did before:

REFRAIN

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 Ritz-y as I can be,'Cause I never take her where the gang goes.

When I take my sugar to tea. When I tea.
YESTERDAYS
(From "ROBERTA") (From "LOVELY TO LOOK AT")

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately
Dm7
Gm7
E59

Yes youth was days, mine,

Dm7
Gm7
Dm7

yes truth was mine,

days I knew as joyous, free and

D57 Dm7/C Bm755 Bb7 A7 E7

hap - py, sweet seques - tered days.

flam - ing life, for - sooth, was mine.
Old sad days, I, glad am
days, I, for mad romance and
days, I, of today I'm dreaming
love, then gay

then gay
days.
YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME
(From The Paramount Picture "THE BIG POND")

Words and Music by SAMMY FAIN, IRVING KAHAL and PIERRE NORMAN

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Would you turn away or could you really learn to care
If I'd ever dare to say, "I love you."

REFRAIN (not fast, with expression)
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 sand-man brought me dreams of you I'd want to sleep my whole life thru. 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.
If the
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Thanks For The Memory
There’s A Small Hotel
The Very Thought Of You
The Way You Look Tonight
You Brought A New Kind
Of Love To Me