Reader's Digest

TREASURY OF
BEST LOVED SONGS

114 All-Time Family Favorites

Pleasure Programmed for your greater entertainment

Editor: William L. Simon
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Music arranged and edited by Dan Fox

The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.
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How to Enjoy
Your New Songbook
Even More

This book is truly a "by popular demand" creation, our response to
the enthusiasm which greeted the first Reader’s Digest family songbook. In
this all-new collection of songs you will find selections from every decade
since the turn of the century and folk
songs whose echoes go back even farther. There are
Broadway melodies, film hits, country music gems and
inspiring songs of faith, all congenially grouped according to the exclusive Reader’s Digest Pleasure-Programming approach to music. Moreover, on pages
4 and 5, you will find additional suggestions for song programs you and your friends are most likely to enjoy
in different moods and on varying occasions.

The arrangements, prepared especially for this book, are designed for musicians of everyday ability. They
are easy to play and yet they sound full, modern and
thoroughly professional. Arranger Dan Fox points out the following features:

“The harmonies make restrained use of many extended chords (9ths, 11ths, etc.) as well as typical alterations used by musicians of today, and the songs have been modernized rhythmically as well. The rinky-tink syncopations in songs from the '20s and '30s have been altered to conform with today's style.

“PIANISTS will see that the harmonies are incisive
and the rhythms graceful and swingy by turn. The
bass lines often move in simple scale-wise fashion,
arpeggios are easy to finger and the melody is right
out front at all times.

“Those who have studied the so-called 'popular method' will find the melody easy to pick out (it is always stemmed up unless it stands alone) and the
chord symbols unusually detailed and accurate. Al
though this is not always true in commercial sheet
music, the popular player may assume that the root of any right-hand chord is also to be played in the
bass unless otherwise specified.

“More advanced players may want to fancy things up a bit. Here are a few suggestions: The melody may
sometimes be embellished with grace notes from above
or below; or it can be doubled an octave lower or
higher for a brighter sound; the bass line can be
doubled with a lower octave for greater depth and full-
ness; arpeggios can be extended to cover two or more
octaves; if a chord is sustained, its arpeggio may be
substituted. Imaginative players will have no difficulty
in thinking up more variations to suit their own style
and taste.

“GUITARISTS will discover that a great deal of care
has been taken to insure that their part of each
arrangement is as clear and as musical as possible; the
diagrams have been carefully thought out to facilitate
fingering and obtain the best sound, and wherever
possible, the bass note of the diagram corresponds to
the bass note in the piano.

“If you have a guitar-playing friend, one of you can
play the melody in single notes and the other the chords.
If you have another friend who plays bass guitar, let him play from the lower staff, and you have a group.
In any case, there is something here for the
Of every ability, from blues and folk songs using only
a few chords to modern ballads and jazz songs which
use 9ths, 13ths, passing harmonies and altered chords.

“ORGAN PLAYERS, too, will find these arrange-
ments interesting, challenging and fun to play. The
small notes under the lower staff indicate the proper
bass note. The range of the bass line has been kept
within an octave in order that it can be played on any
model electronic or pipe organ. Like pianists, players
who have studied the popular method will find the
melody easy to pick out. Pedals are indicated by the
small notes below the staff, and the left hand can fill
in chords as indicated by the symbols.

“SINGERS will appreciate the clarity with which
these songs are presented. There are no confusing re-
peat signs, and page turns occur only where a song
runs for three or more pages. The words are printed
in a type face which is easily legible even when reading
over someone's shoulder.

“Finally, players of the VIOLIN, FLUTE, MELO-
DICA, HARMONICA and other C-melody instru-
ments can play the melody from the top line of each
system, or use the melody notes as a guide and create
improvisations based on the chord symbols above the
top staff.”

For every singer, instrumentalist, soloist or family
group, there are many hours of exciting musical fun
and exhilaration awaiting you in these pages. We hope
you will enjoy them to the fullest.

THE EDITORS
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Section 1 · Sweet and Swing Hits of the Thirties

Star Dust

Fittingly, your TREASURY OF BEST LOVED SONGS opens with what many believe is the best loved song of the 20th century. When the editors started compiling the repertoire, "Star Dust" was the first song that came to mind, and in this special instance they decided to include the introductory verse to the song—a portion that is every bit as lovely as the chorus, and almost as familiar.

How can you actually spell out the magic of "Star Dust"? One of America's greatest lyricists, the late Oscar Hammerstein II, tried in the preface of his book Lyrics: "'Star Dust' rambles and roams like a truant schoolboy in a meadow. Its structure is loose, its pattern complex. Yet it has attained the kind of long-lived popularity that few songs can claim. What has it got? I'm not certain. I know only that it is beautiful and I like to hear it. It is a mood-creating song. It has repose and wistfulness. It is something very special, all by itself. Anyone who tried to imitate it would be a fool."

"Star Dust" has become "our song" to millions of couples—the unrivaled "favorite song" of our century. Yet, oddly, "Star Dust" was never really a "hit" in the accepted Tin Pan Alley sense. Although the song was published in 1929, its first million-selling record wasn't made until 1940—an instrumental by Artie Shaw and his orchestra. But today "Star Dust" has been recorded in countless different versions; it has been arranged and printed for every range of voice, every solo instrument, and just about every imaginable combination of voices and instruments. It probably is the only song which ever had recordings made of its verse alone, without the familiar chorus.

The "Star Dust" saga began one fall night in 1927. Hoagy Carmichael, recently graduated attorney, pianist, and avid jazz fan, had returned to Indiana University, hoping perhaps to piece together some fragmented memories of his undergraduate days. Inevitably he visited a romantic spot then called the "spooning wall." Sitting there alone he looked up at the clear, star-filled sky and a phrase of music formed in his mind. He rushed over to the Book Nook, a campus restaurant, to work it out on the piano. Later he played the tune for his old roommate, Stuart Gorrell, who gave "Star Dust" its name.

It seems odd to us today that the most sentimental of ballads was conceived by Hoagy as a swingy—almost ragtime—piece. It wasn't until 1929 that Victor Young, then an arranger for the Isham Jones Orchestra, was inspired to slow it down, changing it from a "piano piece" to a "song." Mitchell Parish was asked in to write the lyrics and "Star Dust" was on its way. Parish recalls that Walter Winchell played a big part in bringing it to the public's ear. "He was so crazy about it that he plugged it almost daily in his column. Even years later, I remember sitting in the Copa with him one night listening to Nat "King" Cole. Nat sang "Star Dust" to a beautiful arrangement by Gordon Jenkins and everybody in the place, including Winchell, had a tear in his eye. I've heard the song done thousands of times, but I remember Nat's rendition above all others."
VERSE
Slowly, rather freely

\[ C \quad F9 \quad E7 \]
\[ m^p \quad And \ now \ the \ pur-ple \ dusk \ of \ twi-light \ time \quad Steals \ a-cross \ the \ mead-ows \ of \ my \]
\[ A7 \quad Dm7 \quad Em7 \quad Am \]
\[ heart; \quad High \ up \ in \ the \ sky \ the \ lit-tle \ stars \ climb, \]
\[ B7 \quad Em7 \quad E\text{maj.7} \quad Dm7 \quad G7+ \quad C \]
\[ Al-ways \ re-mind-ing \ me \ that \ we're \ a-part. \quad You \ wan-dered \ down \ the \ lane \ and \]
\[ F9 \quad E7 \quad A7 \]
\[ far \ a-way, \quad Leav-ing \ me \ a \ song \ that \ will \ not \ die; \]

Words by: Mitchell Parish  Music by: Hoagy Carmichael
Love is now the Star Dust of yesterday, The music of the years gone by.

CHORUS
Slowly, with a steady beat

Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night

Dreaming of a song? The melody haunts my reverie,

And I am once again with you, When our love was new

And each kiss an inspiration, But that was long ago, Now...
my consolation is in the Star Dust of a song. Beside a garden wall, When stars are bright, You are in my arms, The nightingale tells his fairy tale of paradise where roses grew. Tho' I dream in vain, In my heart it will remain: My Star Dust melody, The memory of love's refrain.
Moonglow

Hudson and De Lange wanted to be bandleaders, but both proved more successful—individually and as a team—writing songs. In the early '30s, Hudson was asked to put together a band for an extended engagement at the Graystone Ballroom in Detroit. He found himself with a full "book" of arrangements but nothing suitable for a theme song. He solved the problem in just ten minutes by writing "Moonglow." Two years later De Lange added the lyrics, and the song was an instant hit. This led to the formation of the short-lived Hudson-De Lange Orchestra.

By: Will Hudson, Eddie De Lange and Irving Mills

Moderate swing

It must have been Moon-glow, simile
Way up in the blue, It must have been Moon-glow that led me
straight to you;
I still hear you saying,

“Dear one, hold me fast.”
And I start in praying

Oh lord, please let this last.
We

seemed to float right thru the air.

Heavenly songs seemed to come from every
Way up in the blue, I always remember that Moon-glow gave me you.

bold until end
“Blue Moon”—as we know it—was the only Rodgers and Hart hit that wasn’t written specially for a screen or stage production. The first version, entitled “Prayer,” was composed in 1933 for Jean Harlow to sing in a film called Hollywood Revue. The project was scrapped. In 1934, Hart wrote new lyrics and it became “The Bad in Every Man,” sung by Shirley Ross in the William Powell film Manhattan Melodrama—and quickly forgotten. A third set of lyrics, suggested by the publisher that same year, produced “Blue Moon.” In 1948, Billy Eckstine “revived” it with a million-selling recording; in 1961, a rock group, called the Marcels, doubled that sale with a version in which Rodgers’ melody was altered beyond recognition and Hart’s words were unintelligible.

Music by: Richard Rodgers
Words by: Lorenz Hart
Without a love of my own, Blue Moon,
You knew just what I was there for.
You heard me saying a pray'r for,
Someone I really could care for.
And then there suddenly appeared be-
fore me The only one my arms will ev-
er hold. I heard
bod-y whis-per,"Please adore me," And when I looked the moon had turned to
gold! Blue Moon, Now I'm no long-er a-
lone With-out a dream in my heart,

With-out a love of my own.
Composer McHugh loved to tell this story of his boyhood music lessons with his mother: Mr. McHugh encouraged him to improvise melodies on the piano. If one sounded original, she gave him a nickel; if it did not, he received a smack on the knuckles. This "original," composed for the 1935 film *Every Night at Eight*, earned a considerable number of nickels for McHugh.

Words and Music by:
Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields

---

"I'm in the Mood for Love" by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields.

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I'm In The Mood For Love?

Why stop to think of whether This little dream might fade?

We've put our hearts together Now we are one, I'm not afraid!

If there's a cloud above, If it should rain we'll let it,

But for tonight, forget it! I'm In The Mood For Love.
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter

Words by: Joe Young
Music by: Fred E. Ahlert

When Ahlert first played this song for his family, Fred, Jr., a successful music publisher today, recalls, "I was eight at the time. I said it was awful, but Dad assured me it would be a big hit. Then it lay on the publisher's shelf for a year until somebody showed it to Fats Waller. He loved it at first sight!" His recording made Ahlert Sr.'s prophecy come true.
A lot of kisses on the bottom, I'll be glad I

got 'em, I'm gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feeling better"

And close "with love" the way you do.

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter

And make believe it came from you.
Red Sails

Words by: Jimmy Kennedy
Music by: Hugh Williams

Moderately slow

Lyricist Kennedy and his artist-sister were standing on a cliff in their native Donegal, Ireland, in 1937 watching the spreading sunset frame the red sails of a local boat. "You should paint that," he said. "I want if you'll write a song about it," she answered. Back kept the bargain. Will Grosz, using the pen name Hugh Williams, set Kennedy’s lyrics to music.

Red Sails in the Sunset

Oh! carry my loved one
Home safely to me.

He sailed at the dawning.
All day I've been blue,

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Music by: Hugh Williams
Red Sails In The Sunset, 'Way out on the sea,
Swift wings you must borrow, Make straight for the shore.
We marry tomorrow, And he goes sailing no more.

Oh! carry my loved one Home safely to me.
After several years of pressure and frustration in Hollywood during the '30s, composer Burke bought a one-way ticket back to New York, where, with lyricist Leslie, he produced six Number One hits in three years. When Burke played this melody for Leslie, the latter felt the theme called for "Moon over something." They finally settled on Miami, deciding to cash in on the current Florida building boom.

Words by: Edgar Leslie

Music by: Joe Burke

Moderately slow, but with a swing (played like \( \frac{3}{4} \) played like \( \frac{3}{4} \))

Moon O-ver Mi-a-mi,

Shine on my love and me, So we can stroll beside the roll, Of the rolling sea.

Moon O-ver Mi-
Am7
~-Sfr.  ,w.

D7

Am7  D11

Him  E6m

Ffffffff(5
fr.

Ffffffff

Gmaj7

mm

Am7  D11

Him  E6m

Ffffffff

C7

mm

Bm

in.

Hark  to  the  song  of  the  smiling  troubadours,

G7

Bm
 Em6

Bm

G7

Bm

G7

Em6

Hark  to  the  throb - bing gui - tars.

Hear  how  the  waves  of - fer

Bm

Gm

D

Eb/A bass

D7

thun - der - ous  ap - plause,

After  each  song  to  the  stars.
Moon Over Miami,
You know we're waiting
for, a little love, a little kiss, on Miami shore.
On the Sunny Side of the Street

For some reason, women have outnumbered the women in [song title] by a wide margin. Dorothy Fields, of the show-business Fields family, (Her father was Lew Fields, the "Dutch" comedian of Weber and Fields fame; her brother was Herbert Fields, author of Broadway musicals.) She first collaborated with Jimmy McHugh in the hit-studded Blackbirds of 1928. The following year the same team produced this song, as well as "Exactly Like You," for Lew Leslie's International Revue. "On the Sunny Side of the Street" was introduced in the show by Harry Richman.

Words by: Dorothy Fields
Music by: Jimmy McHugh

Moderately, with a lift

Grab your coat, and get your hat, Leave your worry on the door step; Just direct your feet To the

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Beep.

Can't you hear a pitter pat?

And that happy tune is your step.

Life can be so sweet

On the Sunny Side of the Street.

I used to walk in the shade

With those blues on parade,

But I'm not a...
This rover crossed over.
If I
never have a cent
I'll be rich as Rock e-
feller,
Gold dust at my feet
On The
Sunny Side Of The Street.
The chapel silhouetted in moonlight in this peaceful, pastoral song was a 100-year-old church located at Broadway and 55th Street—right in the bustling heart of New York City! Today the site of the church is a parking lot, but the song remains very much with us, a hit with each of the succeeding generations.

By: Billy Hill

In the Chapel in the Moonlight

Quietly

How I'd love to hear the

In The Chapel In The Moonlight

While we're strolling down the aisle

Where roses entwine. How I'd love to hear you whisper

In The Chapel In The Moonlight That the love-light in your eyes
For ev er will shine. Till the roses turn to ashes, Till the

or gan turns to rust, If you nev er come I'll still be there Till the

moon light turns to dust. How I'd love to hear the cho ir

In The Chapel/In The Moon light As they sing “Oh! Prom ise

Me” For ev er be mine.
During the depression some unemployed actors produced a co-called The Nine O’Clock Revue. The songwriters were given 24 hours to complete the score, and this song, which was staged satirically, hardly expected to be a hit. But Paul Whiteman selected “Penthouse Serenade” for a special New Year’s Day broadcast on which his orchestra, performing in Chicago, accompanied film star Bebe Daniels who sang the song in Los Angeles. It skyrocketed from there.

By: Will Jason and Val Burton
will be in truth when we're a - lone. We'll see life's mad

take your time in tempo

That we're liv - ing as we are. In our lit - tle pent - house, we'll

al - ways con - trive to keep love and ro - mance for - ev - er a - live, In

view of the Hud - son just o - ver the drive, When we're a - lone.
De Rose composed "Deep Purple" in 1934 as a piano composition, inspired no doubt by George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Parish's lyrics were not added until 1939, and Larry Clinton's recording made a star of vocalist Bea Wain. The song became such a favorite of baseball's Babe Ruth that on each of his birthdays De Rose personally played and sang it for him.

Words by: Mitchell Parish

Music by: Peter De Rose

When the Deep Purple falls over sleepy garden walls, and the stars begin to flicker in the sky,

Thru the mist of a memory you wander back to me, breathing my name with a sigh.

In the still of the night once again I hold you tight, Tho’ you’re gone, your love lives on when moon-light beams.

And as long as my heart will beat, Lover, we’ll always meet here in my Deep Purple dreams.

(No chords) here in my Deep Purple dreams.
Together Burke and Leslie wrote many Number One songs, but this one yielded the biggest return in terms of working time expended. Once they had the catchy title, it took them just 20 minutes to complete the song.

Words by: Edgar Leslie
Music by: Joe Burke
The golden voice no longer fills the air. There's nothing left for me but just a dream.

There'd be no rain in Cherry Blossom Lane, If you were there to tell me that you care.
When Robin and Rainger had completed their song for the Bing Crosby film Waikiki Wedding, Robin felt it lacked a real potential hit. "Ralph," he told his partner, "when you get up tomorrow, go to the piano and jot down the first tune that pops into your head." He did, and that tune was "Blue Hawaii."

**Blue Hawaii**

Words and Music by:
Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger

Slowly and sensuously

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad \text{slow gliss.} \\
G & \quad C \\
G & \quad Gdim \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad D7 \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad D11 \\
G & \quad D7 \\
G & \quad G \\
C & \quad G \\
E7 & \quad \text{slow gliss.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

The night is heavenly

and you are heaven to me.

\[
\begin{align*}
D7 & \quad Gdim \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
C & \quad G \\
C & \quad G \\
G & \quad E7 \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
G & \quad G \\
\end{align*}
\]

and Blue Hawaii

With all this

Lovely you
Come with me while the moon is on the sea. The night is young and so are we.

Dreams come true in Blue Hawaii.

All come true this magic night of nights with you.

love-li-ness there should be love. The

*Guitar players may do a long slide to this chord using a knife handle to hold the strings down.*
During a brief period in the Swing Era, the Hollywood film studios produced a series of "short subjects" featuring dance bands, usually playing their established hits. But only one "short," A Song Is Born (1938), effectively introduced "Heart and Soul," the band was Larry Clinton's, with vocalist Bea Wain, and the song was "Heart and Soul," Carmichael and Loesser's first collaboration. Carmichael was an established composer at the time, but Loesser—later a creator of both words and music—was still only a lyricist. Carmichael told the Digest that the song kicked around the backrooms of Paramount Pictures for a month before it was assigned to any picture. During that period, "the best use the song got was for Anthony Quinn's voice practice." This was before Quinn became a star. The writers were disappointed when their song was launched in a minor production, but the disappointment was short-lived as Clinton's recording became a big seller.

Words by: Frank Loesser
Music by: Hoagy Carmichael

Rapidly and smoothly

I fell in love with you. Heart And Soul

slowly, and somewhat dreamily.

I madly because you held me tight and stole a.
Am7

kiss in the night.

Heart And Soul

I begged to be adored.

Lost control

and tumbled overboard, gladly

that magic night we

rather freely (rush it a bit)

kissed there in the moon-mist.

Oh! but your lips were

thrilling, much too thrilling.

Never before were
mine so strangely willing. But a little more rhythmically, as before

now I see what one embrace can do.

Look at me, it's got me loving you madly.

that little kiss you stole held all my Heart And

(No chords)

more rapidly

Soul.
The Glory of Love

Hill, a one-time cowboy, classical violin student and miner, was working in New York as a doorman. But depression-time tips were meager and he turned to song-writing to supplement his income. He struck gold with "The Last Round-Up" and "Wagon Wheels," then with "The Glory of Love" in 1936. In 1967 a new generation discovered this song in the film Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.

By:
Billy Hill

With an easy swing

You've got to give a little, take a little and let your poor heart break a little:
That's the story of, That's The Glory Of

Love.

You've got to laugh a little,
cry a little, Before the clouds roll by a little:

That's the story of, That's The Glory Of Love.

As long as there's the two of us We've got the

world and all its charms. And when the world is

through with us We've got each other's arms. You've got to
win a little, lose a little, And always have the

blues a little: That's the story of That's The Glory Of

(No chords till end)

Love.
In 1931 Rudy Vallee made some changes in the lyrics of this English song and introduced it on his Thursday night radio program. By the following Saturday, 10,000 copies of the music were sold. Vallee planned to record the song, but Victor company gave the recording assignment to Wayne King. Vallee became so infuriated that he broke his contract.

By: Ray Noble, Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connelly

American Version by: Rudy Vallee

Rather slowly, but with a beat

Good Night Sweetheart

Till we meet tomorrow.

Sleep will banish sorrow.

Tears and parting may make us forlorn.

But with the dawn, a new day is born. So I'll say

Good Night Sweet-heart, Tho' I'm not beside you:

Dreams enfold you, in each one I'll hold you,

Good Night Sweet-heart, good night.
It was 1933, the depths of the depression, and shows were closing up and down Broadway. But Roberta played on, thanks to this plaintive song, first intended by Kern as an instrumental interlude to fill in during scene changes. He dusted off a march he had composed some time earlier as a theme for an unproduced radio show, slowed down the tempo and then decided he could use lyrics after all. On opening night, Tamara and the song brought down the house. Later, Irene Dunne sang it in the film version.

Words by:
Otto Harbach

Music by:
Jerome Kern

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

They asked me how I knew
My true love was true.
I of course replied,
Something here inside,
Cannot be denied.
They said some-day you'll find, All who love are blind.

When your heart's on fire, You must realize Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed to think they could doubt my love.

Yet today My love has
Now laughing friends deride Tears I cannot hide.

So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame

dies, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."
Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Today it is hard for us to conceive that this, one of the most typical and famous examples of the "torch song" idiom, was written to be performed at a fast tempo—specifically to set up a dance sequence in Show Boat. In that show it was sung by both Helen Morgan, as the tragic mulatto Julie, and by Norma Terris, as the ingenue Magnolia. But it was Miss Morgan, with her big dewy eyes and tremulous delivery, who put her personal seal on the song, singing it in nightclubs—perched on top of the piano—at a much slower tempo.

Words by: Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by: Jerome Kern

Moderately and rather freely

\[\text{Moderately and rather freely} \quad \text{slower}\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Cmaj7} & | \text{Am7} & | \text{Dm7} & | \text{G7} & | \text{Cmaj7} & | \text{Gm7} & | \text{C7} \\
\text{F6} & | \text{Fm6} & | \text{Em7} & | \text{Am7} & | \text{Ab7} & | \text{G7} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly, I got to love one man till I die, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of
Tell me he's lazy.

tell me he's slow.

Tell me I'm crazy, maybe, I know.

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of mine.

When he goes away.

Dat's a rainy day.

And when he comes
It's back that day is fine, The sun will shine.

He can come home as late as can be, Home without him ain't no home to me.

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of mine.

in tempo

Cmaj7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 Gm7 C7-5

F6 Fm6 Em7 Am7 A7-4fr. G7

Cmaj7 Es9 Amaj7 Dmaj7 Cmaj7
Make Believe

When Alexander Woolcott introduced composer Kern to Edna Ferber, author of the best-selling book Show Boat, Kern remarked, "I got a copy of your book and tried to read it, but I had to keep putting it down." The lady was visibly shocked until he continued, "I had to keep putting it down to go to the piano to work out the melodies that kept popping into my head." "Make Believe" was one of those melodies heard in Kern's memorable musical version of Miss Ferber's novel.

Words by: Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by: Jerome Kern

Rather quickly

Moderately slow

We could Make Believe I love you Only

Make Believe that you love me Others

find peace of mind in pretending Couldn't
you? Could n't I? Could n't we

Make Be-

lieve our lips are blend - ing in a

phantom kiss or two or three?

Might as

well Make Be-

lieve I love you

For to

tell the truth I do.
Why Do I Love You?

Knowing that composer Kern despised the word "Cupid" in lyrics, Hammerstein contrived a set for this song that started with "Cupid knows the way" and continued with a string of clichés about the god of love. Kern enjoyed the joke—especially when he saw the real lyrics. He had the "Cupid" version framed, and it hung in his study for many years.

Words by: Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by: Jerome Kern

Moderately flowing

Why Do I Love You?  
Why do you love me?

Why should there be two happy as we?

Can you see the why or where for,
I should be the one you care for?

You’re a lucky boy, I am lucky too,

All our dreams of joy seem to come true.

Maybe that’s because you love me,

Maybe that’s why I love you.
Look for the Silver Lining

Words by: Buddy DeSylva

Music by: Jerome Kern

Ziegfeld asked Kern and author P.G. Wodehouse to write a show for his superstar Marilyn Miller, but Wodehouse was busy finishing a serial for the Saturday Evening Post. He reminded Kern about several songs left “in the trunk” from earlier flops. One that Kern dusted off was “Look for the Silver Lining.” It became the biggest hit in the smashingly successful Sally.

Look for the Silver Lining

Freely

Cmaj7 C6 G11 G7

soft and smooth

Look For

The Silver

Lin ing _ When e’er a cloud ap pears in the

blue,

Re mem ber some where the sun is

shin ing And so the right thing to
do is make it shine for you. A heart full of joy and
gladness Will always banish sadness and
strife So always Look For The Silver
Lining And try to find the sunny side of

(Guitar tacet)
Nobody expected this song to become a hit, let alone an immortal favorite. Kern admittedly composed the complex melody for his own satisfaction, but he was certain the public would never hum it. Then the show in which it appeared, *Warm for May* (1939), was a disaster. Yet “All the Things You Are” has survived, a monument to the public’s good taste.

**All the Things You Are**

Words by: Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by: Jerome Kern

Maestoso

Fm7 8fr.


Cmaj7 5fr.  Cm7 8fr.  Fm7 8fr.  Bb7 9fr.


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

some day I'll know that moment divine, when

All The Things You Are, are mine.
Hello, Dolly!

The song "Hello, Dolly!" was strong enough to help keep the musical of the same name alive for the second longest Broadway run in history. (Fiddler on the Roof passed it in July of 1971.) It holds the record for the largest sum ever paid in a copyright infringement settlement, thanks to the similarity of its opening phrases to a part of the song "Sunflower," a short-lived hit of 1948.

Words and Music by: Jerry Herman

Medium strut tempo

Hello, Dolly, You're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're still goin'

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strong. We feel the room sway-in', for the band's play-in' one of your old fav'-rite songs from 'way back when. So

mf take her wrap, fel-las. Find her an emp-ty lap, fel-las.

Dol-ly 'll nev-er go a-way, Dol-ly 'll nev-er go a-way,

Dol-ly 'll nev-er go a-way a-gain.
After the success of the title song of Hello, Dolly!, it was only natural for the producers of Herman's next show, Mame, to request a similarly catchy self-advertising "theme." Herman resisted, insisting that "lightning never strikes twice," but finally he broke down, dashed off this song in a few minutes and decided he liked it even better than "Dolly." Mame made Angela Lansbury the brightest light on the Broadway musical stage.

Mame

Words and Music by:
Jerry Herman

Moderate Dixieland tempo
You've got the corn, Marne. You make the cotton easy to pick.

ban - joes strum - min' and plunk - in' out a tune to beat the band.

The whole plantation's hum - min' since you brought Dix - ie back to Dix - ie -

land.

You give my
You make the old magnolia tree blossom at the mention of your name,
You've made us feel alive again,
You've given us the drive again,
To make the South revive again, Mame.
I'll Never Fall in Love Again

According to Bacharach, “This was written the day after I got out of the hospital in Boston. I was there one week with pneumonia while our show Promises, Promises was trying out. Perhaps that was Hal’s inspiration for the lines: ‘What do you get when you kiss a guy?’ etc. It was the fastest song we wrote for the show (one day), the most successful and perhaps the most hazy, for I had no idea what I was doing that first day out of the hospital.”

Words by: Hal David
Music by: Burt Bacharach

© 1968 Blue Seas Music, Inc. and Jac Music Co., Inc.
Am7
m
D7
m
Gm7

After you do nev (er phone you, I'll 
A- 
gain. I'll 
Nev-er Fall In Love A-

B3 maj.7 

Don't tell me what it's all a-

FAMDm7

boug 'cause I've been there... and I'm glad I'm out,

Out of those chains those
chains that bind you
That is why I'm here to re-mind you:

What do you get when you fall in love? You only get lies and pain and sorrow.

So for at least until to-mor-row I'll Never Fall In Love Again.

I'll Never Fall In Love Again.
Section 3 • Best Songs of the Sixties

This Guy’s in Love with You

After an extraordinary string of successes with his Tijuana Brass on his own A & M record label, Herb Alpert decided it was time to try something new—singing. For his TV special in April 1968 he turned to top writers Bacharach and David for a new song tailored to the special quality of his voice. They came up with this tune. It went over so well that Alpert recorded it, and “This Guy’s in Love with You” became one of his biggest hits.

Words by: Hal David  Music by: Burt Bacharach

Moderately slow

You see this guy, This Guy’s In Love With You.

Yes, I’m in love. Who looks at you the way I do?
When you smile, I can tell we know each other very well. How can I show you I'm glad I got to know you, 'cause I've heard some talk. They say you think I'm fine. This guy's in love, and what I'd do to make you mine. Tell me now... is it so? Don't let me be the last to know. My
hands are shaking. Don't let my heart keep breaking, 'cause

I need your love.

Say you're in love, in

love with this guy. If not, I'll just die.

Repeat from \* and fade out
What the World Needs Now Is Love

In form it's a syncopated jazz waltz—a rarity in pop music, even for the unconventional Bacharach and David. But its message is that of a spiritual anthem, in fact, its joy-through-affirmation jubilation has made the song an inspiring addition to latter-day church services. David recalls the struggle he had with the lyrics—with his list of objects of which "we don't need another." But once he had hit upon the word "mountain," he had found his key. He discarded all man-made things from the list and stuck with God's creations.

Words by: Hal David
Music by: Burt Bacharach

Moderate jazz waltz

What The World Needs

Now Is Love, sweet love,
It's the only thing

that there's just too little of. What The World Needs

Now Is Love, sweet love,
No, not just for some,
but for ev'-ry-one.

Lord, we don't need another mountain,

There are mountains and

hill-sides enough to climb;

There are oceans and

rivers enough to cross.

Enough to last till the end of
time.

What The World Needs Now Is Love, sweet
Em7
C
Bm/Dbass

love,
It's the only thing that there's just too

D7
Bm7
Em7
Bm7

little of. What The World Needs Now Is Love, sweet

Em7
C
B7

love,
No, not just for some, but for everyone.

D7
G

No, not just for some, oh, but just for one.
(They Long to Be)

Close to You

Words by: Hal David
Music by: Burt Bacharach

Here we have one of the most melodic, charming and enduring songs by the prolific Bacharach-David team, but one of the few that did not become an instant hit. They wrote it in 1963 but were unable to interest anyone in recording it until the Carpenters came along in 1970. This soft-harmonizing brother-sister team had its own five-year history of rejection, trying to buck the hard-rock tide. Then suddenly the combination of their warm sound and this warm tune seems to have captivated all the generations.

Fmaj7

Moderately slow, but with a steady beat

Am7

Why do birds suddenly appear every time you are near?

(Cmfaj7

Just like me, they long to be Close To You.

Am7

Why do stars fall down from the sky every time you walk by?

Fmaj7

Just like me, they long to be Close To You.
On the day that you were born the angels got together and decided to create a dream come true. So they sprinkled moon dust in your hair of gold and star-light in your eyes of blue. That is why all the boys in town follow you all around. Just like me, they long to be Close To You.
In 1961 English singer Petula Clark married a Frenchman and moved to Paris, finding there a success that had eluded her for years back home. In fact, she was about to give up recording in English altogether. Then recording producer Hatch brought three songs to France, hoping to lure her back to his studio. When she was unmoved by them, in desperation he played a new melody he had just composed, called "Downtown," inspired by a trip to New York. "Write a lyric and I'll do it," said Pet. Her recording sold more than 3 million copies.
Downtown, things'll be great when you're Downtown.

No finer place, for sure, Downtown. Everythin's waitin' for you. Gradually getting softer.
Let It Be Me

When an American publisher obtains the rights to a foreign song, he customarily enlists several writers to do English lyrics, then selects the set he considers best. In this case, Curtis didn’t wait for an assignment—he had heard composer Bécaud’s own French recording of the song “Je T’appartiens” and felt it could be as big here as Bécaud’s other hits—“What Now My Love?” and “It Must Be Him.” When the French star came to New York to appear at the Plaza Hotel’s Persian Room, Curtis showed up with his “Let It Be Me” lyrics and won instant approval. Then a Mexican-American singer, Florencia Bisenta de Casillas Martinez Cardona (better known as Vikki Carr), who had created the hit recording of “It Must Be Him,” made “Let It Be Me” her second Bécaud smash in a row.

English Words by: Mann Curtis
French Words by: Pierre Delanoe
Music by: Gilbert Bécaud

Maestoso

I bless the day I found you, I want to stay around you,
And so I beg you, Let It Be
Don't take this heaven from one,

If you must cling to someone, Now and for -

ever,

Let It Be Me.

more broadly

Each time we meet, love,

I find com -

plete love.

Without your sweet love

*Melody may be doubled 8ve higher until the sign φ.
What would life be? Never leave me lonely, Tell me you'll love me only.

And that you'll always Let It Be Me.

holding back in tempo

Fmaj7
The Girl from Ipanema

A new music was proliferating in Brazil. It was the bossa nova, a fresh blend of the samba with "cool" modern jazz, topped with lovely, languid melodies by writers such as Antonio Carlos Jobim and Luiz Bonfa. American jazzmen like Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd picked up the music and began building an enthusiastic audience. But when music businessmen ignored the trend, Jobim himself came to New York to stir things up a bit. One convert to his music was the lyricist Norman Gimbel, who wrote this English lyric to "Ipanema" based roughly on Vinicius de Moraes' Portuguese original. Getz's 1963 recording of the song, with Jobim at the piano, won the "Record of the Year" Grammy award of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

English words by: Norman Gimbel

Original words by: Vinicius de Moraes

Music by: Antonio Carlos Jobim

Moderate bossa nova
When she walks she's like a samba that swings so cool and sways so gentle, that

when she passes, each one she passes goes "Aah!"

Oh, but I watch her so sadly.

How can I tell her I love her?

Yes, I would give my heart gladly, But each
The Girl From Ipanema

A day when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead not at me.

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The Girl From Ipanema goes walking, and

When she passes I smile, but she doesn't see.
She just doesn't see.

No, she doesn't see.
Strangers in the Night

Kaempfert, an orchestra leader, songwriter and arranger from Hamburg, Germany, was already well established with the American public when he wrote this, his biggest hit. His own band’s recordings of “Wonderland by Night” and “Red Roses for a Blue Lady” had been million-sellers, and other artists turned each Kaempfert record release, watching for new song material. It was not Kaempfert, however, but Frank Sinatra who made “Strangers in the Night” the biggest success of 1965. When the star added his “Scrobie Doobie Doo” to the tail of his otherwise romantic performance, many listeners cringed, but—no doubt—it made the record unforgettable and the biggest seller of Frank’s long and fabulous career.

Words by:
Charles Singleton & Eddie Snyder
Music by: Bert Kaempfert

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Some-thing in your eyes was so in-vit-ing,

Some-thing in your smile was so ex-cit-ing, Some-thing in my heart

told me I must have you.

Stran-gers In The Night, two lone-ly peo-ple we were

more broadly

up to the mo-ment when we said our first hel-lo,

Lit-tle did we know.
Love was just a glance away
A warm embracing dance away. And

ever since that night
We've been together, Lovers at first sight

in love forever.
It turned out so right

for Strangers In The Night.
Goin’ Out of My Head

This song, written in 1963 by rock 'n' roll star Teddy Randazzo for Little Anthony and the Imperials, was an immediate hit with the younger set, but it didn't reach the adult public until 1968, when the Lettermen made their recording of it. Their version struck a happy balance between melodic tradition and rock, establishing the song as a classic.

Words and Music by: Teddy Randazzo and Bobby Weinstein

Moderately slow rock
can't think of any thing but you. And I

think I'm going out of my head 'Cause I can't explain the tears that I

shed over you, over you.

I see you each morning but you just walk past me you

don't even know that I exist. Go in' Out Of My
It
=Cmaj7
F
head o-ver you,
=Cmaj7
F
Out of my head o-ver you,
=Cmaj7
F
head day and night
=Cmaj7
F
night and day and night
=Cmaj7
F
wrong or right,

I must think of a way gradually getting softer into your heart.

There's no reason why my being shy should keep us a-part.

And I think I'm going out of my head

Repeat and fade
New World in the Morning

F
Bright folk tempo

1. Everybody talks about a New World in the Morning,
2. met a man who had a dream he’d had since he was twenty,

F

New World in The Morning, so they say.
met that man when he was eighty-one.

F
I myself don’t talk about a New World in The Morning,
said too many folks just stand and wait until the morning.

F

New World in The Morning, that’s today.
Don’t they know tomorrow never comes.

And I can And he would
Spenser and composer Roger Whittaker, a native of Nairobi, Kenya, brought this neo-spiritual to the world's largest song festival, in Rio de Janeiro, in 1969, and walked off with three gold medals. Both as writer and performer he suddenly found himself an international star.

Words and Music by: Roger Whittaker
Love Is Blue

In 1968, "Love Is Blue" was the most popular song in the world. Everywhere, that is, except in the country of its origin—France! True, hard rock was the rage everywhere when the song was entered in the Eurovision song competition, and the judges awarded it a spot near the bottom of the list. But an American publisher heard Paul Mauriat's recording and fell in love with it. He arranged for its release here and went to work on it. The result—the largest sheet-music sale in many years and recordings by some 350 artists. But the song has never become popular in France.

Words by: Bryan Blackburn
Music by: André Popp
French Words by: Pierre Cour

Moderately

Em7    A    D    C    G    Em    C
like a hymn

Blue, blue, my world is blue, Blue is my world now

D    G    Em    A    D    C    G
I'm without you. Grey, grey, my life is grey,
Cold is my heart since you went away.

Red, red, my eyes are red,

Crying for you alone in my bed.

Green, green my jealous heart.

I doubted you and now we're apart.

When we met, how the bright sun shone.
Then love died, now the rainbow is gone.

nights I've known, longing for you so lost and alone.

Gone, gone, the love we knew, Blue is my world now

I'm without you.

Black, black, the
In Rio de Janeiro in 1962, lyricist Lees persuaded composer Jobim to let him translate some of his Portuguese lyrics into English. With this song Lees hoped that he was successful in retaining the mood, thoughts and rhyming characteristics, "including the sudden and unexpected break of rhyme in the last lines, which fits the unresolved nature of the melody." One reading of this little masterpiece shows just how successful he was.

Original Words and Music by:
Antonio Carlos Jobim

English Words by: Gene Lees
Qui-et thoughts and qui-et dreams.

qui-et walks by qui-et streams,

and a win-dow


This is where I want to be. Here, with you so

close to me, un-til the fi-nal flick-er of life's
I who was lost and

lonely, believing life was only

a bitter, tragic joke, have found with you

the meaning of existence, Oh, my love.
Red Roses for a Blue Lady

The collaboration of songwriters Tepper and Broder (both were 11 years old and lasted for 38 years—probably the fickle world of pop music. When they composed ‘Red Roses’ in 1948, Guy Lombardo and Vaughn Monroe made it a ‘best seller’ but in 1965 German bandleader Bert Kaempfert discovered it and his version, along with two others, made the Top 10 that year.

Words and Music by
Sid Tepper and Roy Broder.

Moderately, with a lilt (\( \text{\text{\scriptsize $\frac{3}{4}$}} \) to be played like \( \text{\text{\scriptsize $\frac{7}{4}$}} \) smoothly)

\begin{align*}
&\text{C/Ebass} \quad \text{Ebdim} \quad \text{G7/Dbass} \quad \text{C} \\
&\text{B7} \quad \text{E7}
\end{align*}

I want some Red Roses For A Blue Lady,

Mister Florist.

\begin{align*}
&\text{A7} \quad \text{Dm} \\
&\text{G7} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7}
\end{align*}

We had a silly quarrel the other day,

Hope these pretty
flow - ers chase her blues a - way. Wrap up some

in tempo

Red Ros - es For A Blue La - dy,

Send them to the sweet - est gal in town. And

if they do the trick, I'll hur - ry back to pick Your

best white or - chid for her wed - ding gown.
When writing the English lyrics for this French song, Beach could hear the couple next door engaged in a verbal free-for-all. Hate words bounced through the thin walls, and writing a love lyric seemed impossible. He started to reread Through the Looking-Glass and got no farther than Alice’s remark to her kitten: “First there’s the room you can see through the glass—that’s just the same as our drawing room, only things go the other way.” Beach started “mirroring” the neighbors’ hate words into opposites. His lyric was at the publisher’s the next day.
My breaking heart and I agree that you and

I could never be so with my best my very best I set you

free.

I wish you shelter from the storm a cozy

fire to keep you warm but most of all when snowflakes fall I wish you

Love.
I Want to Hold Your Hand

The Beatles, those four interesting lads from Liverpool, began setting the musical tone in 1962, and the changing character of their songs blazed new paths in rock music—pop, country, folk, even symphonic. An early Beatles hit, for example, gave Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra their first recording session since "Jalousie."

Words and Music by:
John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Sole selling agent—Duchess Music Corp. for U.S.A. and Canada
and let me be your man, and please say to me

you'll let me hold your hand. Now, let me hold your

hand. I Want To Hold Your Hand,

and when I touch you, I feel happy inside.

It's such a feeling that my love I can't hide, I can't hide,
I can’t hide.

you got that something
I think you’ll understand.
When

I say that something,
I Want To Hold Your Hand,

I Want To Hold Your Hand,
I Want To Hold Your Hand.
The "miracle" that happens to the little girl in "Scarlet Ribbons" is hardly more eerie than the circumstances under which Segal wrote the lyrics. A guest at the home of Evelyn Danzig one evening, he listened to her play a haunting little étude that stayed in his ear. That very night he started to write. The melody had cast a spell over him and he lost intellectual control over the task he had set himself. In a state of emotional excitement bordering on religious experience, Segal discovered that the song virtually wrote itself.

Words by: Jack Segal  
Music by: Evelyn Danzig

*With the diminuendo they are very important.*
All the stores were closed and shuttered, all the streets were dark and bare.

In our town no scarlet ribbons, not one ribbon for her hair.

Thru the night my heart was aching.

just before the dawn was breaking, I peeked in and on her bed in gay profusion lying there, lovely ribbons, scarlet ribbons.
scarlet ribbons for her hair.
cresc.

If I live to be two hundred, I will never

know from where,
Came those lovely scarlet ribbons.

dying away
“Matilda,” a West Indian calypso, is identified almost exclusively with singer Harry Belafonte. If Harry may be said to have a theme song, this is it. He recorded it first in 1953, and then several times later. His live performances of the number sometimes run as long as 15 minutes as he winds up a concert exercising all his considerable charm and humor to make his audience sing the chorus. “And now—all the big spenders!” or “All ladies over 40!” The latter usually draws a complete silence, followed by a gust of laughter and another—this time successful—appeal to the ladies to sing.

Words and Music by: Norman Span

Moderate Calypso tempo

CHORUS

Matilda
Matilda
Matilda She

take me money and run Ve-ne-zue-lah.
Ev’rybod-y! Matilda
Matilda

Ma - til - da

Ma - til - da She

Verse 2. (Well, de money was) just inside me bed,
Stuck up in de pillow beneath me head. Don’t you know

CHORUS

Verse 3. (Well, me friends) nevah to love again,
All de money gone in vain, Hey-a

CHORUS
Modern folklore collectors tell us that "Michael" originated in the islands off the coast of Georgia, where it has been sung since slave days. It is fairly unusual in that it is both a spiritual and a work song—specifically, a sea chantey—which was sung by slaves rowing plantation riverboats. When the load was heavy, they invoked the help of the Archangel Michael, intoning the lines to the stroke of the oars. In 1961, the Highwaymen, a vocal quintet, made the song a universal favorite with their million-selling record.

Very steady and not too fast
2. Jordan's river is chilly and cold, halleluiah,
   Jordan's river is chilly and cold, halleluiah,
   Jordan's river is wide and deep, halleluiah,
   Jordan's river is wide and deep, halleluiah,
   Michael, row the boat ashore, oh, yes.

3. Gabriel, blow the trumpet horn, halleluiah,
   Gabriel, blow the trumpet horn, halleluiah,
   Michael's boat is a gospel boat, halleluiah,
   Michael's boat is a gospel boat, halleluiah,
   Michael, row the boat ashore, oh, yes.
Youngsters will probably love this fox eternally because the canny little fellow defied adult authority and got away with it. Although thought to have been a nursery favorite even in the eighteenth century, the song first appeared in print in Scotland in 1832 in a small collection edited, it is believed, by the Scottish publisher James Ballantyne. More than a hundred years later American folk singers such as Burl Ives, Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie rediscovered "The Fox" with its bright, singable lyrics and have made it a highlight of every children's concert.

The Fox went out on a chilly night
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Be-
2. He ran till he found a big, big pen
   Where the ducks and the geese were put therein,
   "Tonight two of you will grease my chin
   Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o,
   Tonight two of you will grease my chin
   Before I leave this town-o."

3. He grabbed a big goose by the neck,
   And threw a duck across his back;
   He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack
   And their four legs dangling down-o, down-o, down-o,
   He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack
   And their four legs dangling down-o.

4. He ran till he got back to his den;
   Where little ones waited, eight, nine, ten.
   "Daddy," they said, "better go back again,
   For it must be a very fine town-o, town-o, town-o,
   "Daddy," they said, "better go back again,
   For it must be a very fine town-o."

5. Then the fox and his wife without any strife
   Cut up the birds with a fork and knife;
   For the best supper they'd had in their life,
   And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o.
   For the best supper they'd had in their life,
   And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.
This rocking folk song probably originated on a Texas prison farm. The train that inspired it may have been the Golden Gate Limited, which pulled out of Houston at midnight headed for San Francisco. Less than an hour later its “ever-lovin’” headlight shone through the prison bars, stirring fantasies of freedom. The great folksinger, Huddie Ledbetter, better known as Leadbelly, knew that particular prison all too well. In his youth he was a rambler and a “rounder.” He knew the rural South, from its churches to its chain gangs. He remembered hundreds of songs heard from anonymous singers—which he reshaped with his powerful voice and his hard-driving 12-string guitar. “Midnight Special” was just one of the many songs he brought to light.

Traditional

Moderate boogie-rock tempo

Repeat this bar at least four times. Start very slowly and gradually pick up speed. Repeat at least four times continuing to pick up speed.

Now you wake up in the morning,
You hear the ding-dong ring,
You go marching to the table,
You see the same darn
2. A knife and a fork on the table, 
And nothin' in your pan; 
But just say a word about it, 
And you're in trouble with that man. 
Chorus

3. Yonder Miss Rosie's a-comin'. 
You're askin' me how do I know? 
I know her by her apron, 
And by the dress she wore. 
Chorus

4. She's bringin' me some coffee, 
She's bringin' me some tea. 
Man, she's bringin' just about everythin' 
But not the jailhouse key! 
Chorus
In her autobiography, Lady Sings the Blues, Billie Holiday tells about growing up on the streets of Harlem, where she learned firsthand about prostitution, drugs and the blues. She also learned the special meaning of the proverb “God blesses the child that’s got his own,” a black variation on “God helps him who helps himself.” In 1941, when she was on the brink of stardom, she and Arthur Herzog Jr. made this the basis of a song—one which was rendered especially poignant by Billie’s own singing. Billie died in 1959, but in the late ’60s Aretha Franklin revived her song, followed by other black stylists and numerous young folk singers. In 1969 it reached its biggest audience when it was included in an LP by Blood, Sweat and Tears that sold more than 3 million copies.

Words and Music by: Arthur Herzog Jr. and Billie Holiday
God Bless' The Child that's got his own! That's got his own.

Yes, the strong gets more, While the weak ones fade, Empty pockets don't ever make the grade; Mama may have, Papa may have, But God Bless' The Child that's got his own! That's got his own.
lots o' friends,_
Crowd-in' 'round the door,
When you're gone and

spend-in' ends,_
They don't come no more. Rich:

la-tions give, Crust of bread, and such, You can help your self, but don't:
take too much!
Ma-ma may have, Pa-pa may have. But:

God Bless' The Child that's got his own! That's got his own...
Section 5 • The Tuneful Twenties

Songwriting was just a sideline to Harry Woods, who preferred to spend his time among fishermen, sailors and farmers. Still he managed to toss off dozens of great songs including "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin’ Along," "I’m Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," "Try a Little Tenderness" and the theme songs for Kate Smith and Rudy Vallee. Woods was born without fingers on his left hand, but he learned to perform prodigious feats at the piano with his large, powerful right, while his left, playing almost entirely on the black keys, managed to thump out a terrific bass. Introduced in 1927, "Side by Side"—with its very appealing note of sunny optimism and togetherness—came into its own during the Great Depression.

Side by Side
By: Harry Woods

Moderate ragtime feeling (\( \text{\#\#\#\#} \) to be played like \( \text{\#\#\#\#} \))

\[ \text{C} \]

Oh we ain’t got a barrel of money
Maybe we’re ragged and

\[ \text{F/C bass} \]

funny but we’ll travel along

\[ \text{C} \]

\[ \text{A7} \]

singin’ a song

© 1927, renewed 1955, Bernstein & Co., Inc.
Don't know what's com-in' to
mor-row
May-be it's trou-ble and
sor-row but we'll
travel the road_
shar-in' our load_
Thru all kinds of wea-ther,
what if the sky should fall,
Just as long as we're to-

Side By
Side.

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C

F/C bass
C
Side By Side.

G7    Gdim   G7

geth-er it doesn’t mat-ter, at all.

When they’ve

C

all had their quar-rels and part-ed

We’ll be the same as we

F/C bass  C

start-ed, Just trav’-lin’ a long

ing-in’ a song

D7  G7  C

Side  By  Side.
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue
(Has Anybody Seen My Girl?)

Words by: Sam Lewis and Joe Young
Music by: Ray Henderson

Few songs of the Charleston Era have captured its wacky, high-spirited, devil-may-care flavor as perfectly as this delightful ditty. And few songs have been so easy to remember and so inviting to “sing-along” addicts. Composer Henderson wrote it in 1925, the year before he teamed with Buddy DeSylva and Lew Brown to form the quintessential songwriting team of the decade. That was the year that he also wrote “I’m Sitting on Top of the World” and “Alabamy Bound.”

Copyright © 1925 (Renewed 1953), 1949 1972 Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N.Y.
anybody seen my girl? Now if you run into a

five foot two, covered with fur, diamond rings and

all those things, you can betcha' life it isn't her, But could she love.

could she woo? Could she, could she, could she coo? Has anybody

seen my girl?
It's the only thing I've plenty of, Baby,

Dream a while, scheme a while, We're sure to find

I Can't Give You Anything But Love

Words by: Dorothy Fields  Music by: Jimmy McHugh

In 1972, the veteran film comedienne Patsy Kelly was starring in the Broadway revival of No, No, Nanette. In 1927, less than two years after that show closed its first run, Miss Kelly introduced this song in Delmar's Revels, which ran just two weeks. But the following year it was interpolated in Lew Leslie's Blackbirds of 1928, and it has been a hit ever since, with over 450 different recordings and performances in at least nine movies.
take it easy

Hap-pi-ness and I guess All those things you've al-ways pined for,

Gee I'd like to see you look-ing swell, Ba-by,

Dia-mond brace-lets Wool-worth does n't sell, Ba-by,

Till that luck-y day, you know darned well, Ba-by.

I Can't Give You An-y-thing But Love.
"S'posin'" is a 1929 collaboration between Razaf, who wrote the lyrics to some of Fats Waller's most famous songs (including "Honeysuckle Rose," "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now"), and Denniker, pianist and arranger with Will Osborne's band and creator—with Razaf—of "Milkmans Matinee" and "S'posin'".

Words by: Andy Razaf
Music by: Paul Denniker

"Make Believe Ballroom." Razaf, whose full name is Andreamenania Razafinker-jeo, is the nephew of Ranavalona III, the last Queen of Madagascar, and the son of the Grand Duke of Madagascar. When the Duke was killed fighting the French invasion of the island in 1896, his widow fled to Washington, where Andy was born.
or distress you?

say for you I yearn

suddenly broad

speaking out of turn And S'pos' in' I'd declare

it, would you take my love and share it? I'm not S'pos' in'

I'm in love with you.
Who's Sorry Now?
Words by: Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby
Music by: Ted Snyder

There has never been a generation gap where this song was concerned. Written specifically for the vaudeville team of Crafts and Haley, it was taken over by the biggest team of all—Van and Schenck—to become one of the top hits of 1923. About 35 years later a young rock singer, Connie Francis, was looking for a song to launch her career. Her father remembered this hit and suggested she sing it against a strong rock beat. By early '58 her record was No. 1 on the charts.

Moderately, with a ragtime lilt (\( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textbf{(J\text{J}T\text{J}I}}} \) to be played like \( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textbf{(J\text{J}T\text{J}I}}} \))}

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{G#dim} \]

Who's Sorry Now?
Who's Sorry Now?

Whose heart is aching for breaking each vow?

Who's sad and blue? Who's crying too?

© 1923 Mills Music, Inc. Copyright renewed
Just like I cried over you.

Right to the end, Just like a friend,

I tried to warn you somehow.

You had your way, Now you must pay;

I'm glad that you're sorry now.
It has become traditional for dance bands to play an unmistakable, even mandatory, "goodnight" theme at the close of a dance evening. "Three O'Clock in the Morning" is such a song. But even without such theme use, the tune has been one of the most popular waltzes since the Strauss era. Our version—with lyrics—was introduced in a review, Greenwich Follies of 1921.

Words by: Dorothy Terriss
Music by: Julian Robledo

We've danced the whole night thru, And daylight soon will be dawning, Just one more waltz with
That melody so entrancing seems to be made for us two.

I could just keep right on dancing forever dear

with you.
One portion of this song's lyrics has required updating three times—the lines referring to a current long-running show. In the original version, the long-run record holder was Abie's Irish Rose.

Words by: Lorenz Hart

Music by: Richard Rodgers

Later, new lyrics referred to South Pacific. Then came a version that celebrated My Fair Lady. For the latest edition the publisher picked the successful but controversial all-nude Oh! Calcutta!

MANHATTAN

Quickly

VERSE

freely and rather quickly

Summer journeys

to Ni-ag-ra

Am7

and to other places aggravate all our cares;

D7-9

We'll save our fares;

Gm7

I've a cozy little flat in

C7-9

what is known as
old Man-hat-tan, We'll set-tle down right here in town:

Fmaj7

CHORUS
Moderately, in tempo

Fmaj7/A bass

We'll have Man-hat-tan,
We'll go to Green-wich,

Am7

It's lovely going through the Zoo;

Fmaj7/A bass

And Bowl-ing Green you'll see with me;

Gm7

It's ver-y fan-cy We'll bathe at Bright-on

Bbmaj7

On old De-lan-cy The fish you'll fright-en
When balm-y
The sub-way
Your bathing
Street, you
breezes blow
shell-fish grin
To and fro;
And tell me what street
When you're in:
Your bathing
will so thin.
I'd like to take a
And fair Can-
Fin to fin;
I'd like to take a
And fair Can-

com-pares to Mott Street
sail on Ja-mai-ca
湾 with you;
Sweet push-carts

ing we'll
by:
The great big
city's a wond-rous
view:
The city's bus-

can-not des -
We'll go to Yonkers
Where true love conquers
In the wilds;
And starve together, dear, in Childs'
We'll go to Coney
And eat bologna on a roll;
In Central Park, we'll stroll
Where our first kiss we stole,
Soul to soul;
• Though “Oh! Calcutta!” has raised a flutter on Broadway
We both may see it clothed some day;
The city's clamor can never spoil
The dreams of a boy and girl
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

• Original Lyric: Our future babies we'll take to “Abie's Irish Rose.”
I hope they'll live to see it close.
First Revision: And “South Pacific” is a terrific show they say:
We both may see it close some day.
Second Revision: And for some high fare we'll go to “My Fair Lady” say,
We'll hope to see it close some day.
In the 1920s everyone knew the name of Irving Berlin, but few people outside the music business knew the name of his closest song-writing rival—Walter Donaldson. In 1927, the year when Berlin's hit "Blue Skies" overshadowed most others, Donaldson's similarly tinted "My Blue Heaven," written three years before, burst out as the biggest hit so far in the century. Although sales records have been lost, it is estimated that Gene Austin's recording of the song sold more than 12 million copies.

Words by: George Whiting
Music by: Walter Donaldson
Will lead you to

My

Blue

Heaven.

You'll see a

smiling face, a

fireplace, a

cozy room,

A

little nest that's

nestled where the

roses bloom.
Just Mollie and me
And Baby makes three.
We're happy in My
Blue Heaven.
Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head

The rhythms, language and even the eccentric moods of the '60s and '70s dance forth from every phrase of the many hits of Bacharach and David. When "Raindrops" is sung off-screen in Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, you know all about the characters and their feelings, even though the words have nothing at all to do with the on-screen action. The song won the Academy's Oscar for the Best Film Song of 1969.

Words by: Hal David
Music by: Burt Bacharach

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head. They keep fall - in’!

...C7 Am7 ...

done. Sleep - in’ on the job. Those rain - drops are fall - in’ on my

head. They keep fall - in’!

...Bb/C bass ...

But there’s one thing I know, The

blues they send to meet me won’t de - feat me. It won’t be long -
Rain-drops Keep Fall-in' On My Head, But that doesn't mean my eyes will
soon be turn-in' red. Cry-in's not for me 'cause

I'm never gonna stop the rain by complain-in'. Because I'm

free Noth-in's worry-in' me.
Call Me Irresponsible

When Cahn and Van Heusen wrote this song—in 1955—it was for Fred Astaire to sing in a film entitled Papa's Delicate Condition. But Paramount didn't get around to making the picture until 1963, with Jackie Gleason instead of Astaire. The song was inserted at the last minute and won the Academy Award. It was a record hit for both Frank Sinatra and Jack Jones.

Words by: Sammy Cahn
Music by: James Van Heusen

Moderate swing (♩♩♩ to be played like ♩♩♩ ♩♩♩)

Ir - re-spon-si-ble, call me un-re-li-a-ble, throw in un-de-pend-a-ble

Do my fool-ish al - i-bis bore

you?

Well, I'm not too clev - er, I just a-
dore you.

Call me un-predict-a-ble, tell me

I'm imprac-ti-cal, rain-bows I'm in-clined to pur-sue...

Call Me Ir-re-spon-si-ble, yes, I'm un-re-li-a-ble.

but it's un-de-ni-a-bly true, I'm

ir-re-spon-si-bly mad for you.

(hold on organ note only)
For Breakfast at Tiffany's, Mercer and Mancini wrote this wistful tune to be sung by wistful Holly Golightly (Audrey Hepburn). Mercer's original title was "Blue River," but he discovered an earlier, unsuccessful song by that name, composed by a friend. Rather than risk offending anyone, he changed the word "Blue" to "Moon." The effect was magical, and "Moon River," despite the concurrent rage for rock 'n' roll, won the Academy Award as Best Film Song of 1961.

Words by: Johnny Mercer  Music by: Henry Mancini

Maurice Chevalier performed it in New York in 1964, and the song was a hit. It has since been recorded by numerous artists, including Andy Williams and Julie London, and has become a classic of the American songbook.
Two drifters, off to see the world. There's such a lot of

world to see. We're after the

same rainbow's end. Waitin' 'round the

bend, my Huckleberry friend, Moon

River and me.
ALFIE

Michael Caine starred in the British film Alfie as an irresponsible philanderer whose charm could never quite disguise the desperation of his own moral blindness. Musical scores for films are usually added after the picture has been shot, and most of the music for Alfie was improvised to the on-screen action by jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins. But one song was needed at the end of the story to sum up the central character. Lyricist David read the script in his Long Island home while composer Bacharach flew to California to see a "rough cut" of the film. They conferred by phone and Hal wrote the lyric that, in his words, "put a button on the picture." P.S.: Hal David never did see the picture until it played in his neighborhood movie house.

Words by: Hal David
Music by: Burt Bacharach

Very slowly, not in strict tempo

What's it all about, Alfie?
Is it just for the moment we live?

What's it all about when you sort it out, Alfie?

Are we meant to take more than we give, or are we meant to be kind?

And if

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only fools are kind, Al-fie, then I guess it is wise to be cruel. And if life belongs only to the strong, Al-fie, What will you lend on an old golden rule? As sure as I believe there's a heaven above, Al-fie, I know there's something much more. Something even non-believers
can believe in.
I believe in love,
Al-fie.

Without true love we just exist,
Al-fie. Until you find the love you've

missed you're nothing,
Al-fie. When you walk let your heart lead the way and

you'll find love any day, gradually getting softer
Al-fie.
Al-fie.
I Will Wait for You

When the French film Umbrellas of Cherbourg became a "sleeper" hit on the art-film circuit, much of the credit went to the melodious, mood-spinning score by the talented Legrand. Gimbel learned about this song—part of the score—from a French colleague. By the time the rights were assigned to an American publisher, he had finished this lyric.

English Words by: Norman Gimbel
Music by: Michel Legrand

Moderately, with a lilt

Em

If it takes for - ev - er I Will

Am

Wait For You, For a thou - sand sum - mers I Will Wait For

Am7

You, 'Til you're back be - side me, 'til I'm hold - ing you. 'Til I

B7

hear you sigh here in my arms. An - y - where you
wander, anywhere you go, everyday remember how I love you so, in your heart believe what in my heart I know. That forever more I'll wait for you.
The
INTERLUDE
Moderate swing tempo
clock will tick away the hours one by one And then the time will come when all the waiting's done.
The time when you return and find me here and run
Straight to my waiting arms.

If it takes forever I will wait for you, for a thousand summers I will wait for you, 'til you're here beside me, 'til I'm touching you and forever more sharing your love.
Composer Kaper, Polish-born, is a conservatory-trained musician, the creator of dozens of impressive film scores and a handful of top hits. Miss Deutsch is a writer of screen plays with such credits as National Velvet, King Solomon's Mines, Golden Earrings and Lili. It was for the last-named that she turned lyricist, supplying the delicious folklike words that match the happy-go-lucky feeling of this ingenuous Kaper melody. For his overall scoring of the film, Kaper won an Oscar in 1953, but it was this charming little waltz tune, as sung by petite Leslie Caron, that won the hearts of millions of moviegoers, young and old alike.

Words by:
Helen Deutsch

Music by:
Bronislau Kaper

Bright French waltz
ask me how I know.

A song of love is a sad song. For I have loved and it's so.

I sit at the window and watch the rain. Hi-lili, Hi-lo.

Tomorrow I'll probably love again.

Hi-lili, Hi-lili, Hi-lo.
Mona Lisa

In 1949 songwriters Livingston and Evans were asked by Paramount to write a song for Captain Carey of the U.S.A., an Alan Ladd film about the O.S.S. in Italy during World War II—a warning song. Every time the Nazis were in the neighborhood, a strolling accordionist was to play this melody. “Mona Lisa” was the song, and it was given the Academy Award.

Words and Music by: Jay Livingston and Ray Evans

Slow and pretty

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa men have named you:
You’re so like the lady with the mystic smile.
Is it only ’cause you’re lonely they have blamed you for that Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile?

Do you
smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa, Or is this your way to hide a broken heart? Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep. They just lie there, and they die there. Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa, Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art? Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa.
Franco Zeffirelli’s poetic filming of Romeo and Juliet in 1968 produced a love song that seemed to hark back to Elizabethan, or even earlier, times. It was sung at the candlelit ball when Romeo first caught sight of Juliet.

Words by: Larry Kusik and Eddie Snyder
Music by: Nino Rota

Slowly, with expression

Em/Gbass F C/EBass Dm
Us, some-day there’ll be when chains are torn By cour-age born of a love that’s free; A time when dreams so long de-nied can flour-ish, As we un-veil the love we now must hide.

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Time For Us at last to see A life worth-
while for you and me. And with our love through tears and thorns we will endure as we pass surely through ev'ry storm. A Time For Us, some-day there'll be a new world; A world of shining hope for you and me.
LOVER

Words by: Lorenz Hart
Music by: Richard Rodgers

Some of the most exhilarating, melodious waltzes since the heyday of the Strauss family have been composed right here in North America by Richard Rodgers. These include “Falling in Love with Love,” “The Carousel Waltzes” and—the first of his big waltz hits—“Lover,” a favorite of musicians because of its sophisticated chromatic melody and harmonic progression. It was composed for a Jeanette MacDonald-Maurice Chevalier film of 1932—Love Me Tonight.
Lover, when we're dancing

Glancing in my eyes,

Own entrancing music dies.

All of my future is in you.

Your every plan I design.
Promise you'll always continue to be mine.

Please be tender, when you're tender fears depart,

Lover, I surrender.

to my heart.
In 1929, for the first time, Hollywood films produced more hit songs than the Broadway stage. The era of big Hollywood Musicals exploded with such hit-producing vehicles as Hollywood Revue of 1929, Broadway Melody, Love Parade, Gold Diggers of Broadway, On with the Show, The Vagabond Lover, Sunny Side Up, and Maurice Chevalier's American debut film Innocents of Paris. The Frenchman's smashing success with the American public was assured when he sang this new "name" song. When the decade began, our musical flame was "Margie" (page 188), but when it closed, all North America was serenading a new sweetheart—"Louise."

Words by: Leo Robin
Music by: Richard A. Whiting
Ev'ry little breeze seems to whisper "Louise."
Birds in the trees seem to light and gay

Twitter "Louise."
Each little rose tells me it knows I

Love you, love you. Ev'ry little beat that I feel in my heart

Seems to repeat what I felt at the start. Each little sigh

Tells me that I adore you, Louise Just to see and
I hear you Brings joy I never knew, But to be so near you

Thrills me through and through, Anyone can see why I rather dramatically

Wanted your kiss, It had to be, But the wonder is this:

Can it be true, someone like you Could love me, Louise?
To promote a movie, a title song is often added to the sound track. When Laura, a suspense thriller, opened in 1944, it had only a background theme that recurred to identify the central character. Unexpectedly, audiences went wild over Raksin's untitled music, and Twentieth Century-Fox's music firm quickly commissioned Mercer to write appropriate lyrics. Some months later, Woody Herman's recording made "Laura" a million-seller.

Words by: Johnny Mercer
Music by: David Raksin

Slow and pretty

Laura is the face in the misty light,

Footsteps that you hear down the hall,

The laugh that floats on a summer night

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She gave your very first kiss to you, That was very softly, like an echo
Laura, but she’s only a dream.
Pennies from Heaven

A storm was crashing outside; inside the ramshackle house Bing Crosby, accompanying himself on an ancient lute, sang “Pennies from Heaven” to lull little Edith Fellows to sleep. The scene took place in the film of the same name in which Louis Armstrong also appeared, and both Bing and “Satchmo” have been identified with the song ever since. The film also marked the beginning of a 20-year association between Crosby and lyricist Burke. During this period Burke turned out hit after hit with such collaborators as Johnston (“The Moon Got in My Eyes” and “One, Two, Button Your Shoe” as well as “Pennies from Heaven”), Jimmie Monaco (“I’ve Got a Pocketful of Dreams,” “An Apple for the Teacher”) Jimmy Van Heusen (“Polka Dots and Moonbeams,” “Imagination” and the Oscar-winning “Swinging on a Star”).

Words by: John Burke
Music by: Arthur Johnston

Don't you know each cloud contains

Pennies From Heaven?

You'll find your

fortune falling

All over town.

Be sure that your umbrella

Is upside down.

Trade them for a package of
Sunshine and flowers,
If you want the things you love,
You must have showers,
So when you hear it thunder Don’t run under a
tree, There’ll be Pennies From Heaven for you and me.
Pass Me By

Words by: Carolyn Leigh
Music by: Cy Coleman

Early in his career, Cary Grant (he was known then as Archie Leach) was a performer in English music halls. Years later, when planning his picture Father Goose, he asked for a main musical theme in the vein of those old music hall songs. Composer Coleman recalls that Grant would sing some of these in his ear while they were lunching with a table full of Hollywood executives. But the inspiration eluded Cy for two weeks until one day he was walking with the star and stopped to talk with a friend. Grant walked on ahead and Cy noticed “the jaunty, jolly way that he walked.” He took his tempo and rhythm from that walk and then realized that these were right in step with Grant’s music hall ditties. He completed the tune that same afternoon, put in a phone call to lyricist Leigh in New York, and the result was this “jaunty, jolly” march song.

Brightly, with spirit

I've got me ten fine toes to wiggle in the sand. Lots of idle fingers snap to my com-
A lively pair of heels that kick to beat the band.

Contemplating in nature can be fascinating. Add to these a
	nose that I can thumb,

And a mouth by gum have I, To tell the whole darn
world if you don't happen to like it deal me out thank you kindly Pass Me By. If you don't happen to like it Pass Me By.
The phenomenal success of Erich Segal’s Love Story, both as a book and as a movie, demonstrated that the rock (and roll)-ribbed world still welcomes old-fashioned sentiment and even pathos. When the film hit in 1970, the very pianistic, almost Mozartean theme music became the biggest seller of the year. It should be a symbol of young love for years to come.

Words by: Carl Sigman
Music by: Francis Lai
she gave a meaning to this empty world of mine. There'd never be another

love another time, She came into my life and made the living fine.

She fills my heart, She fills my heart with very special things, With angel songs, with wild imaginings. She fills my soul with so much love. That anywhere I go I'm never
How long does it last, Can love be measured by the hours in a day?

I have no answers now, but this much I can say, I know I'll need her till the stars all burn away. And she'll be there.
When the controversial Italian film Mondo Cane (A Dog's World) was first shown in the United States, Ortolani's rich theme was heard only instrumentally. But after an English writer, Newell, added lyrics, a complete vocal version was dubbed into the sound track. The vocalist was Ortolani's wife, the Italian star Katyna Ranieri. Actually, the purely romantic song had nothing to do with the premise of the film, which was a study of bizarre, often unappetizing, social behavior. Today the film is all but forgotten, but "More" has become one of our most-performed perennials and a big favorite at weddings, threatening to displace "Oh, Promise Me." It won the Grammy Award for the best instrumental theme of 1963 and has been recorded by more than 400 different artists.

English Words by: Norman Newell

Italian Words by: M. Ciorciolini

Music by: R. Ortolani and N. Oliviero
More than the simple words I try to say.

I only live to love you more each day.

with a Latin touch

More gradually getting louder

More than you'll ever know, My arms long to hold you so my life will be in your keeping gradually getting softer

slowing down as before

waking, sleeping, laughing, weeping. Longer than always is a
Am7  D7  G  Em7
long    long    time  But    far    beyond forever

Am7  F#m7  B7  Em
speeding up    again with a Latin touch

you'll    be    mine.    I    gradually getting    know I    never lived be-

Em7  Em6  Am7  D11  D7
fore    and my    heart is very    sure    No one    else could love you

Em7
in tempo

E9maj7  Abmaj7  D11  G6add9
more.
For Me and My Gal

In 1917, according to composer Meyer, "I was writing songs for a living and I needed money, so I wrote this ballad." Leslie borrowed the title from the last line of that earlier hit, "Shine on Harvest Moon." When first introduced in vaudeville it "laid an egg," until the legendary songplugger Max Winslow placed it with such hit-makers as Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. In 1942 it served as the title song of a movie starring Gene Kelly (his first) and Judy Garland, and it became a hit all over again.

Words by: Edgar Leslie and E. Ray Goetz
Music by: George W. Meyer
For Me And My Gal.

Ev'rybody's been knowing
To a wedding they're going,
And for weeks they've been sewing.

Ev'ry Susie and Sal.
They're congregating
For Me And My Gal.
The parson's waiting

For Me And My

Gal.

And sometime

I'm gonna build a little

home for two,

For three or four or more

In

love land

For Me And My

Gal.

(For Me And My Gal!)
Cruising Down the River
(On a Sunday Afternoon)

Two middle-aged lady musicians wrote this to win a British songwriting contest in 1945. It achieved worldwide fame in World War II when H.M.S. Amethyst made its historic dash down the Yangtze—the crew sang this song as they defied Chinese guns. In the U.S.A. both Blue Barron and Russ Morgan recorded million-selling versions.

By: Eily Beadell
and
Nell Tollerton

Moderate Waltz tempo

Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon
With one you love, the sun above waiting for the moon.
The old accordion playing

A sentimental tune

Cruising Down The River on a Sunday afternoon.

The birds above all

sing of love A gentle sweet refrain
The winds a-round all make a sound like

soft-ly fall-ing rain. Just two of

us to-geth-er We'll plan a hon-ey-

moon Cruis-ing Down The Riv-er

on a Sun-day af-ter-noon.
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
(I'm in Love with You)

Words by: Beth Slater Whitson
Music by: Leo Friedman

Moderate waltz

Illinois-born Friedman (1869-1927) was the composer of popular instrumental "reveries," "Indian" novelties and cakewalks in the turn-of-the-century mold. Mrs. Whitson (1879-1930) was a poetess from Tennessee whose verses appeared in magazines. In 1909 they collaborated on "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," which they sold outright for a small fee to a publisher, only to watch it sell 2 million copies of sheet music. The following year they wrote "Sweetheart," which sold 5 million, but this time they had been shrewd enough to make a contract for royalties on every copy sold.
I love you,

Keep the love light glowing in your eyes

so true.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart,

I'm in love with you...
"Heart of My Heart, I Love You So" was just a line in "The Story of a Rose," a hit song of 1899 which, as "Heart of My Heart," endured for years as a favorite with barbershop quartets. A quarter of a century later, Ryan capitalized on its lasting popularity by writing another song about singing that old favorite. It proved to be as popular as the original.

Words and Music by: Ben Ryan

Freely (Barbershop style) in tempo, moderately

Heart Of My Heart, I love that melody (love that melody).

Heart Of My Heart brings back a memory.

When we were kids on the corner of the street,
We were rough and ready guys. But oh, how we could harmonize.

Heart Of My Heart meant friends were dearer then (they were dearer then).

Too bad we had to part (too bad we had to part). I know a tear would glinten if once more I could listen.

To that gang that sang Heart Of My Heart, (Heart Of My Heart).
Robinson was pianist with the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and "Margie" was the band's biggest record. But its greater popularity is due to Eddie Cantor, who sang it for his daughter Marjorie in his revue, The Midnight Rounders of 1921. "Margie" was the second Cantor female thus celebrated. Earlier Cantor had appropriated the old tune "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider" for his wife.

Words by: Benny Davis  
Music by: Con Conrad and J. Russel Robinson

Maestoso

F

light and spirited

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Margie, I'll tell the world I love you, Don't forget your promise to me.
I have bought a home and ring and

everything, For Margie, you've been my

inspiration, Days are never blue.

After all is said and done, There is really only

one, Oh! Margie, Margie it's you.
The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

Words by: Byron D. Stokes
Music by: F. Dudleigh Vernor

Moderate waltz

The most popular of all fraternity songs was born in 1912 on the campus of Albion College in Michigan. Vernor was practicing on the chapel organ when Stokes handed him the words. In the space of one hour he composed the tune. Of course the writers and their fraternity brothers sang it, and its fame spread around the campus. Vernor and his "brother" printed 500 copies of the song, sending one to each Sigma Chi chapter. Orders flooded in, the fraternity turned the song over to a major publisher, and in no time all the world was serenading "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl of all the girls I know. Each sweet coaxed like a rainbow trail
Fades in the afterglow.

The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair Are a blend of the western sky;

And the moonlight beams On the girl of my dreams, She's The

Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi.
The Whiffenpoof Song
(Baa! Baa! Baa!)

One of Yale’s most cherished traditions—this song—was probably composed by a Harvard man! Guy Scull is believed to have set this melody in the ’90s to a freely adapted version of Kipling’s poem titled “Gentlemen Rankers.” In 1909, The Whiffenpoofs, an offshoot of the Yale Glee Club, was organized, taking its name from an imaginary fish out of Victor Herbert’s operetta Little Nemo. In that same year, Whiffenpoofers Minnigerode, Pomeroy and Galloway altered Kipling’s words and Scull’s music. The song was altered again slightly in 1935 when a 1927 Yale grad, Rudy Vallee, decided to popularize it through his radio program and recording.

Words and Music by: Meade Minnigerode, George S. Pomeroy, Tod B. Galloway
Revision by: Rudy Vallee

Copyright © 1936 (Renewed 1964), 1972 Miller Music Corporation, New York, N.Y.
Whif-fen-poofs, assembled with their glasses raised on high, And the magic of their singing casts its spell. Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well. "Shall I Wast-ing" and "Ma-vour-neen," and the rest; We will ser-e-nade our Lou-is while life and voice shall last Then we'll...
pass and be forgotten with the rest. 

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way: Baa! Baa! Baa! We're

lit - tle black sheep who have gone a - stray:

Baa! Baa! Baa! Gent - le - men
song-sters off on a spree, Doomed from here to eternity; Lord have mercy on such as we: Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Old-timers tend to look down upon the latter-day variety of nonsense ditties. But the generations that frowned on "Three Little Fishies" and "Mairzy Doats" once had a ball singing and dancing to "Barney Google," "YES! We Have No Bananas" and, before that, during World War I, to the lively, lilting "Ja-Da," written as a take-off on the pseudo-Oriental songs popular at that time. ("Japanese Sandman" and "Hindustan" led the way.) On the serious side, musicologist Sigmund Spaeth saw in this gibberish song "a foretaste of modern Dadaism, Dali and Gertrude Stein." Although it would probably have gradually faded away as a popular tune, Dixieland bands took up "Ja-Da," finding it melodically and harmonically ideal for free-wheeling collective improvisations, and it became established as part of the traditional Dixieland repertoire. And when the cha-cha rage hit in the '50s, the lyric became "Ja-Da Ja-Da Cha-Cha-Cha" as easily as it made the rhythmic transition to the new Latin beat of the day.

Words and Music by:
Bob Carleton

Moderately, with lots of ja-da (to be played like)

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Ja Da,} & \quad \text{Ja Da,} \\
\text{Ja Da,} & \quad \text{Ja Da,}
\end{align*}\]
That's a funny little bit of melody.

It's so soothing and appealing to me. It goes Ja Da.

Ja Da, Ja Da ja ding jing jing.
LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH
(I Loved Her Best of All)

Carl Schraubstader wrote one unforgettable hit: then he turned his back on Tin Pan Alley forever, to become a businessman in New York City. "I went to high school with Richard Rodgers," he told the Digest, "and I knew I'd never be another Rodgers." He wrote this during his sophomore year at Cornell for the annual Masque Show. It became the campus favorite, and at house-party time all the bands were asked to play it. One of these was a bunch of kids from Penn State University. Their leader, Fred Waring, liked it enough to take it with him on his first big-time job in Pittsburgh. When the song was published, the great lyricist Lew Brown rewrote parts of the verse, but the chorus, which appears here, is pure Schraubstader.

Words and Music by:
Lew Brown and Carl Schraubstader

Moderate ragtime feeling

I love her in the morning, And I love her at night:
I love her, yes I love her when the

© 1923 Skidmore Music Co. Copyright renewed
I loved her in a Packard
And a Locomobile,
I loved her in a Buick
While she held on to the wheel.
I loved her in a fitzver
And we ran into a wall,
But last night in a taxi
I loved her best of all.

[In between time]
I loved her at breakfast
And I loved her at tea,
I loved her yes! I loved her
When she took her lunch with me.
I loved her after supper
When I paid her folks a call,
But last night in between time
I loved her best of all.

[Rowboat]
I loved her in a sailboat
And a big birch canoe,
I loved her on a tugboat
And an ocean liner too.
I loved her in a schooner
And I loved her in a yawl,
But last night in a rowboat
I loved her best of all.

[College]
I loved her in the classroom
In Latin and Greek,
I loved her in Italian
That’s a language she can’t speak.
I loved her on the campus
And in the dining hall,
But last night at the junior prom
I loved her best of all.
Show Me the Way to Go Home

Since it was first published in 1925, this theme has been used by dance bands as the none-too-subtle signal that "the party's over." There have been many songs with a similar message, even similar lines, but none that has managed to convey the damp, convivial mood of an evening's end so succinctly and harmoniously. Irving King was actually a pseudonym—the song was the first collaboration of the British writers and publishers Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connelly, who founded their successful London firm with it. Six years later they collaborated with orchestra leader Ray Noble to compose that other and more romantic "closer," "Goodnight Sweetheart" (page 44).

Words and Music by:
Irving King

Moderately, with a steady beat

© 1925 Campbell Connelly Inc. Sole selling agent for USA
Edward B. Marks Music Corporation
gone right to my head. Wherever I may roam, On

land or sea or foam, You can always hear me

singing this song. Show Me The Way To Go Home.

The image contains sheet music with chord progressions and lyrics.
The writers purportedly wrote this concoction after hearing the phrase from a Greek fruit peddler, but, according to Sigmund Spaeth, its melody borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," "My Bonnie," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" and Cole Porter's "An Old-Fashioned Garden." Substituting the original lyrics from those to the appropriate melodic phrases you get: "Hallelujah, Bananas! Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls—the king that you seldom see. I was seeing Nellie home, to an old-fashioned garden: but, Hallelujah, Bananas! Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!"
all kinds of fruit and say, We have an

old-fashioned to MAH-to, Long

Island po-TAH-to, But YES. We

Have No Bananas, We

have no bananas today.
In 1919 the fashions favored a shade of light blue which was dominant in the wardrobe of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Teddy Roosevelt. This topical note was played by Tierney and McCarthy in their first musical, Irene, Broadway’s biggest hit up to that time. (It played 670 performances and sent 17 companies on the road!) On stage, this lovely waltz tune was sung by Irene, assistant and model to a fashionable dressmaker. As is the way in such Cinderella-like plots, Irene inevitably marries a millionaire.

Words by:
Joseph McCarthy

Music by:
Harry Tierney

Moderate waltz

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and
shy, As I felt ev'ry eye, But in ev'ry shop window I'd
primp, passing by; Then in manner of fashion I'd
frown.
And the world seem'd to smile all a-
round.
Till it wilt-ed I wore it, I'll al-
dore it. My sweet lit-tle Alice Blue Gown.
HARRIGAN

For his 1907 show, The Talk of the Town, Cohan wrote a “spelling hit,” “When We Are M-A-Dou-ble R-I-E-D.” But the following year the formula was even more successful with “H-A-Dou-ble R-I-G-A-N.” The show this time was Fifty Miles from Boston, Boston being, then as now, the Irish capital of North America. “Harrigan” became a new Irish rallying cry—an anthem in a class with Cohan’s own “Give My Regards to Broadway,” “I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy” and—much later—“Over There.” It was typically Cohan’s way of saying he was “proud of all the Irish blood that’s in me.” Cohan was a performer, producer and director as well as a writer and composer. He died in his sleep at the age of 64 in 1942, the same year Jimmy Cagney portrayed him and sang “Harrigan” in his filmed biography, Yankee Doodle Dandy. At Cohan’s funeral, held in New York’s St. Patrick’s Cathedral, “Over There,” played as a dirge, became the first popular song ever heard in the cathedral.

© 1907 George M. Cohan Music Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright renewed
in me, "Di - vil" a man can say a word a - gin' me.

H - O - b - b - R - I - G - A - N, you see, Is a name that a shame nev - er has been con - nect - ed with, Har - ri - gan. that's me, (Kiss me, I'm I - rish!) Har - ri - gan, that's me!
NOTRE DAME VICTORY MARCH

America's best-known college victory march was composed in 1908, many years before victory became a habit for Notre Dame football teams. The first performance was on the organ of the college's Sacred Heart Church.

Words by:
John F. Shea

Music by:
Rev. Michael J. Shea

March tempo

Caug F C7

Cheer for old Notre Dame.

F#dim C7 F

Wake up the echoes cheering her name.

Bb C7 Gm F#bass A7 Dm

Send the volley cheer on high.

© Copyright 1928 the University of Notre Dame
Shake down the thunder from the sky.

What tho' the odds be great or small,

Old Notre Dame will win over all,

While her loyal sons are marching onward to Victory.
Translated from Czech, its original title was "Unrequited Love," hardly suitable for the merriest, most popular polka of all time. But in 1939, the American labels for a German recording carried the present title. At that time, any mention of liquor on radio was taboo, but the juke box business had begun to roll, and in no time at all, the song could be heard from every box in every tavern in the land.

gloom there
Oh there's music and there's dancing and a lot of sweet ro-

man-cing
When they play a pol-ka they all get in the swing

Ev 'ry
time they hear that oom-pa-pa

Ev 'ry
body feels so tra-la-la

They want to throw their cares a-way
They all go lah de ah de ay.

Then they hear a rumble on the floor.

It's the big surprise they're waiting for.

And all the couples form a ring.

For miles around you'll hear them sing:
(No chords)

Roll out the barrel

We'll have a barrel of fun

Roll out the barrel

We've got the blues on the run.
Zing get, louder gradually

Ring out a song of good cheer

Now's the time to roll the barrel for the
gang's all here.
Toyland

Early in 1903 a musical version of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz had captivated both the young and the young-in-heart. For an immediate follow-up for the same “family trade” the producers asked Herbert to compose the score. Babes in Toyland was one of his biggest hits, and “Toyland” its most enduring delight.

Words by: Glen MacDonough
Music by: Victor Herbert

Gently

Gm7/F bass C7/F bass F

Toyland, Toyland, Little girl and boyland,

While you dwell within it You are ever happy then.

Childhood’s joyland, Mystic, merry Toyland!

Once you pass its borders You can ne’er return again.

*Note: Guitarists tune lowest string ½ tone higher to F.
This first of the big Christmas pop songs had rough sledding at first—publisher after publisher turned it down. Coots, who was writing special material for Eddie Cantor's radio shows, asked the star to introduce it, but Cantor felt it unsuitable for an adult audience. But his wife, Ida, persuaded him to sing it just before Thanksgiving in 1934. The song was an instant hit.

Words and Music by:

J. Fred Coots and Haven Gillespie

Moderately, with a lilt

You better watch out, you better not cry.

Organ: No pedal

Better not pout, I'm telling you why: Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list, and checkin' it twice,

Gonna find out who's naughty and nice: Santa Claus is comin' to town.
He sees you when you're sleepin'
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness' sake
Oh! You better watch out, you

Better not cry,
Better not pout
I'm telling you why

Santa Claus is comin' to town.
Beautiful Ohio

Words by: Ballard MacDonald
Music by: Mary Earl

Moderate waltz

In 1918, after the F. W. Woolworth chain had sold 100,000 copies of this hit, the publisher, Shapiro, Bernstein, decided to raise its wholesale price from 8¢ to 18¢ per copy—an unheard-of amount in those days. But public demand for the song swept away all resistance and it went on to sell more than 5 million copies. The composer, Robert A. King, who used the pseudonym of Mary Earl, was an employee of the publisher, under contract to write four songs a month, which were to become the outright property of the firm. Although under no obligation to do so, Shapiro, Bernstein eventually paid King $60,000 in royalties. In 1969, "Beautiful Ohio," a tribute to both a river and a state, became the official state song of Ohio.
Twinkle in the sky.

Seeming in a paradise of love divine,

Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked in mine.

Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see

Visions of what used to be.
Ma (He’s Making Eyes at Me)

Vaudeville was the entertainment firmament in 1921, and Eddie Cantor was one of its top stars. For a Shubert revue called The Midnight Rounders, the ebullient Cantor style cried out for a novelty number, preferably one which would give him a chance to roll those “saucer” eyes. Cantor’s rendition of “Ma” helped keep the show running for two years.

Words by: Sidney Clare
Music by: Con Conrad
I'm beside him, Mercy! Let his conscience guide him!

Ma, he wants to marry me.

Be my honey bee.

Ev'ry minute he gets bolder, Now he's leaning on my shoulder.

Ma, he's kissing me!
Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie

The idea for this song came to Von Tilzer in 1905 from a newspaper item reporting a fire in which only the father and youngest child in a family were saved. The father accepted his tragedy as a deal of Fate which was certain to be followed by a spell of happiness. Von Tilzer abstracted the optimistic notion and constructed a new story line about two lovers whose plans for a Sunday together are frustrated by bad weather.

Words by:
Andrew B. Sterling

Music by:
Harry Von Tilzer

*Note: Both melody and bass may be played in octaves.
We'll face the years together,

Sweet hearts you and I, So, won't you

Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie,

Bye and bye.
I Walk the Line

While Johnny Cash was in the Air Force, stationed in Germany, he discovered that someone had been fooling with his tape recorder. When he turned it on a weird melody sounded. This stayed in his head for months. Then one day he happened to play the tape “backwards” and discovered that it actually was somebody practicing a series of guitar runs. He started practicing the same runs, in between chanting that backwards melody to the words, “Because you’re mine I walk the line.” The song grew gradually, was recorded and gave Cash his first million seller, a theme song and international fame.

Words and Music by: John R. Cash
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.

Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you.

Because you're mine. I Walk The Line.

Because you're mine. I Walk The Line.

1, 2, 3, 4.

2. I find it Line.
1. I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses,
    One for sorrow,
    Ev'ry time you broke my heart,
    And you're
    As the door of love be leaving me to face each new tomorrow
    Tears will fall like petals when we part.
    Copyright 1946 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc. Used by permission.
One of the biggest country hits of all time was written by two city "fellers"—in a New York recording studio! When Nelson sang the melody to Hilliard, a comment that the melody was "flowery" led to the subject of roses, but for the sake of freshness this ordinarily romantic subject was given a reverse twist.

Words and Music by:
Steve Nelson
and
Bob Hilliard

F
begged you to be
dif-f'rent but you'll
al-ways be un-
true,
I'm

D7
tir-ed of for-
giv-ing,
Now there's
noth-ing left to
do.
So I'm

G7

C

send-ing you a
big Bou-quet Of
Ros-es,
One for
ev-
ry
time you broke my
2nd time, slower

2. You
Wildwood Flower

No one can be sure when this flower of a song began to bloom—it could be several hundred years old. But it seems to have hidden away among the Appalachian mountains until the late A. P. Carter transplanted it to the main furrow of country- and folk-music consciousness. Its sweet, mournful theme is in the purest country tradition, so it's easy to understand how the Carter Family's recording, in 1928, captured an almost universal audience. Mother Maybelle's guitar pickin' on that disc set a new style and standard for the field. Today virtually every country star, including the latter-day Carters—Anita, June and Helen (and June's husband Johnny Cash)—has his or her own special version of the song.

Traditional

Bright country tempo

I will twine with your tresses of raven black

hair,

With the roses so red and the
With the myrtle as lilies so fair,

bright as the emerald dew,
The pale and the lynder and eyes of light blue.

He promised to love me, he promised to love;
I’ll dance and I’ll sing and my life shall be gay;
He taught me to love him; he called me his flower;
I’ll dance and I’ll sing and my heart will be gay.

to cherish me always all others above.
I’ll charm every heart in the crowd I survey.
To cheer him through life’s weary hour.
I’ll banish this weeping, drive troubles away.

he promised to love; he promised to love;
Though my heart now is breaking he never will know.
So from my dream and my idol was clay;
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow.

Passion for loving had vanished away.
Though my heart now is breaking he never will know.
He taught me to love him; he called me his flower.
I’ll live yet to see that he’ll rue this dark hour.

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In 1946, when blues artist Ivory Joe Hunter was performing at a club in Nashville, he stayed in a rooming house on the outskirts of town, where he became particularly friendly with Martha Spencer, a waitress, and her Pullman-porter husband. A few years later Joe returned to the same club and the same house, but Spencer was gone—the couple had separated. Martha told him, "When he first left me, I almost lost my mind." "You know," Joe told the Digest, "I went right to the piano and the whole song came to me all at once—that's how it goes when an idea is for real—and Martha wrote down the words while I sang them."

Words and Music by: Ivory Joe Hunter
3. I went to see a gypsy
   And had my fortune read.
   I hung my head in sorrow
   When she said what she said.

4. Well, I can tell you people,
   The news was not so good.
   Well I can tell you people,
   She said your baby has quit you,
   This time she's gone—for good.
Johnny Cash's love for the Carter Family developed when he was a boy in Oklahoma, soaking up all the country and folk music he could manage to hear. In the early '60s he recorded several songs written by June Carter, one of the three daughters of Mother Maybelle of the original A. P. Carter Family group. These included "The Matador," co-written with Johnny, and "Ring of Fire," which she co-authored with Merle Kilgore. Around that time when Cash became addicted to pep pills and tranquilizers, it was Mother Maybelle and her girls who helped him "walk the line" again. Finally, in 1968, the "ring of fire" enveloped June and Johnny and they were married. This song, now a real country classic, has been recorded by top stars in the pop, country, soul and folk fields, including Tom Jones, Ray Charles, Burl Ives, and, of course, both Johnny and June.

By: Merle Kilgore and June Carter
Bound by wild desires, I fell for you like a child.

Oh, I fell into a but the

Ring Of fire went down, down, down and the

burning Ring Of Fire.
flames went higher And it burns, burns, burns

The Ring Of Fire, The Ring Of Fire.

The Fire. The Ring Of Fire.

repeat and fade
Young at Heart

When the late Nat Cole was introduced to Carolyn Leigh, his first words were “I goofed.” He was referring to the fact that he had turned down this song a year before, dismissing it as one for the “geriatric set.” In the interim, Frank Sinatra had made the definitive recording of it. Avant-garde arranger Richards altered the melody, determined to produce a “commercial,” singable hit. Several writers attempted lyrics, but none came up with a set to match the sunny mood of the tune until the publisher approached Miss Leigh. At the time her father, a man with a great zest for life, had become ill and depressed. “I wrote the words for him,” she recalled for the Digest, “using some of his own philosophy to cheer him up. When the song became Number 1, he was the most happy fella in the hospital.”

Words by: Carolyn Leigh
Music by: Johnny Richards

Slowly, but with a lil

Fair - y tales can come true, it can hap - pen to you if you’re

Young At Heart... For it’s hard you will find, to be...
Narrow of mind... if you're Young At Heart...

You can go to extremes with impossible schemes, You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams, And life gets more exciting with each passing day, And

love is either in your heart or on the way. Don't you know that it's worth every
treasure on earth... to be Young At Heart... For, as
rich as you are, it's much bet-ter by far to be Young At Heart...

And if you should sur-vive to a hun-dred and five... Look at

all you'll de-rive out of be-ing a-live, And here is the best part...

You have a head start, If you are a-mong the ver-y Young At Heart...
Tenderly

The late Walter Gross, a marvelous pianist, wrote just one beautiful immortal hit. Most of the singers he accompanied in the '40s were familiar with "Walter's melody," but it remained untitled and unsung until singer Margaret Whiting introduced him to lyricist Lawrence. Lawrence recalls that Gross was reluctant to accept his title, feeling it sounded like directions to a performer. Today, when someone suggests, "Play Tenderly," you can be sure it's this song they have in mind.

Slowly, but somewhat freely

Words by: Jack Lawrence
Music by: Walter Gross

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sigh were we. The shore was kissed by sea and

mist Tender-ly. I can’t for-get how two hearts

met breath-ly. Your arms op-ened wide and

closed me in-side. You took my lips, you took my love so Ten-der-

(No chords)

ly.
That's Amore
(That's Love)

Words by: Jack Brooks
Music by: Harry Warren

Dean Martin has been indelibly associated with this American-Italian song ever since he introduced it in his 1953 film, The Caddy. Originally the movie's director wanted to use an old Neapolitan song like "O! Marie" for an Italian family celebration scene, but composer Warren, himself of Italian descent, persuaded him to try a new "Italian" song. The result was the hit "That's Amore."

Bright and happy

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, That's Amore.

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, That's Amore.
Bells will ring, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling, and you'll sing, "Vee-ta bel-la."

Hearts will play, tip-py-tip-py-tay, tip-py-tip-py-tay like a gay tar-an-tel-la.

Lucky fel-la. When the stars make you drool just like pas-ta-fazool, That's Amor-e.
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in love.

When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreaming, Signor.

Scuzza me, but you see, back in old Napoli,

That's Amore.
The Breeze and I

It began in 1929 as a piano piece called “Andaluza,” part of the Andalucia Suite by the Cuban composer Lecuona. Stillman had been commissioned to write an “art song” lyric to the piece, but this went nowhere. Then, he recalls, he heard a now-forgotten dance band broadcast the melody in a fox-trot arrangement, and he saw the song in an entirely new light. Adapted to a standard 32-bar pop format, it ideally suited his lyric. “The Breeze and I.” The composer and lyricist met only once. According to Stillman, “Lecuona didn’t speak English and I didn’t speak Spanish. We had a very short conversation.”

Words by: Al Stillman
Music by: Ernesto Lecuona

Sensuously but in strict rhythm

That you no longer
The Breeze And

are whispering goodbye

to

dreams we used to share.

Ours was a love song that

seemed constant as the moon, Ending in a strange, mourn-
first tempo again

And all about me, they know you have delayed

And all about me, they know you have delayed

Parted without me and we wondered

first tempo

why, The Breeze And I

The Breeze And I
Autumn Leaves

This lovely, mood-inspiring song began as a French poem, “Les Feuilles Mortes” by Jacques Prévert. It was set to music by Hungarian-born Joseph Kosma and became a favorite among the better French café singers after World War II. Mercer, America’s most prolific lyricist, was also, at that time, a busy recording executive and singer, but he loved the song and agreed to write the English lyrics. Then he became preoccupied with other matters. Reminded of his commitment, he hurriedly scribbled the lyrics in a cab on his way to a plane, stopping off enroute to slip them under the publisher’s door. The song really hit its stride, however, in 1955, when a young pianist, Roger Williams, made a recording of a piano version which went on to sell 2½ million copies.

Words and music by:
Joseph Kosma, Jacques Prévert and Johnny Mercer

Freely throughout

The falling leaves drift by the window. The autumn leaves of red and gold I see your lips the summer
kisses The sun-burned hands I used to hold.
Since you

went away the days grow long And soon I'll hear old winter's song
But I miss you most of all my darling When

Autumn Leaves start to fall.
Blue Tango

In the 20-odd years of radio’s Hit Parade only one instrumental selection made the No. 1 spot. (Lyrics were added immediately by the prolific Mitchell Parish, who had performed the same stunt for “Star Dust,” “Deep Purple” and “Moonlight Serenade.”) The composer of this phenomenon was a onetime music teacher at Radcliffe College, director of the Harvard Band, and house composer-arranger for the Boston Pops Orchestra. Each of Anderson’s pieces for the Pops was a miniature tone poem with a decidedly popular appeal—“Blue Tango,” for example, because of its contagious rhythm and the sly bit of fun that the song poked at the deep-dipping dance style of a generation ago.

Words by: Mitchell Parish

Music by: Leroy Anderson

© 1951, 1952 Mills Music, Inc.
While the music plays, we recall the days when our love was a tune that we couldn't soon forget.

As I kiss your cheek, we don't have to speak. The violins like a choir, ex-
press the desire we used to know not long ago. So just

hold me tight in your arms tonight,

and this Blue Tango will be our thrilling memory of love.
Arrivederci, Roma

Vienna has its song, "Vienna, City of My Dreams," for instant and enduring nostalgia. The same depth of feeling for a city was struck by the Italian writer-actor-entertainer Renato Rascel in 1954 with "Arrivederci, Roma" which means "Good-bye to Rome," but a "good-bye" that says "I will see you again." In a very short time this became the best-known, best-loved song about the Eternal City, one that brings a tear to the eye of any old or young Roman, to every tourist who ever has luxuriated in its ancient and modern splendor. Much of its success in North America is due to the English lyrics by the prolific Carl Sigman which capture completely the images and feeling of the Italian original. These were sung by Mario Lanza in his 1958 film "The Seven Hills of Rome."

Words by: Carl Sigman
Music by: R. Rascel

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places, City of a million warm embraces Where I found the

one of all the faces far from home.

Arrived the wedding

It's time for

us to part. Save the wedding
bells for my return ing Keep my lover's arms out-stretched and
yearning Please be sure the flame of love keeps burn ing in her (his)

heart.

Ar ri ve-
der ci Roma.
Galway Bay

There is no spot in Ireland as beautiful and as Irish as Galway. Though it faces the turbulent North Atlantic, its waters are gentled by the isles of Aran. Even in our modern time, its beaches are clear and clean, its meadows are emerald green and its air “perfumed by the heather.” Sure, and it’s a spot that has moved Irish bards to eloquence and all Irishmen to a fierce pride. Since it was written in 1926, this song has taken its place alongside “Danny Boy” and “Wearin’ of the Green” as a rallying cry and, to Irishmen everywhere, as a hymn to home. In its poignant, poetic way it decries the harsh fact of British domination—ironic, since its composer, a prominent neurologist, was British!

Freely and moderately throughout

1. If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then breezes blowing o’er the sea from Ireland are

maybe at the closing of your day, you will sit and watch the moon rise over

per-fum’d by the heather as they blow, and the woman in the up-lands dig-gin’

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Sole Selling Agent—Leeds Music Corp. for U.S.A. and Canada
Clad-dagh and prai-ties speak a lan-guage that the strang-ers do not know. Just to see the sun go down on Gal-way Bay. For the

hear a-gain the ripple of the trout stream, the wo-men in the mea-dows mak-ing their way. They scorn'd us just for be-ing what we

hay, and to sit be-side a turf-fire in the cab-in and moon-beams, or

watch the bare-foot gos-soons at their play.

1. For the star.

2. For the star.
In this Jet Age, a song can become a 'round-the-world hit within a few weeks, but in 1934 tastes differed radically from country to country. In England, for example, the big hit was a dramatic ballad, "If"; in the U.S.A. the public ear was tuned to light movie love songs and swing-band rhythms. But by 1951 the mood had changed and "big" ballads became the rage. Perry Como remembered "If" and recorded it and—after 17 years—the song became an "overnight" best-seller.

Words by: Robert Hargreaves and Stanley J. Damerell

Music by: Tolchard Evans
Still I'd turn for light to you.  
If the world to me bow'd, yet humbly I'd plead to you;  
If my friends were a crowd I'd turn in my need to you.  
If I ruled the earth, what would life be worth  
If I had-n't the right to you?
The eastern European melody of J. Ivanovici's "Danube Waves" had made it a perennial favorite at Jewish weddings (although few people knew its title) long before it reached the popular hit status as "Anniversary Song." The composer first published it in his native Rumania in 1880. In 1946, while filming The Jolson Story, the tune was used to recall the warm memory of a wedding waltz, and lyrics by Jolson were added to tell the story. Al Jolson's rendition was a high spot of the picture, and his recording became one of the biggest sellers in his career. In 1947, 45 years after the original composer died, his waltz led the Hit Parade for six weeks, and to this day it is the song played at anniversaries everywhere. In 1949, Jolson, acknowledging its success for him, repeated the song in the motion picture Jolson Sings Again.

Oh how we danced on the night we were wed; We vowed our true
love though a word was not said.

The world was in bloom there were

stars in the skies. Except

for the few that were there in your

eyes. Dear, as I held you so close in my
arms, Angels were singing a hymn to your charms. Two hearts gently beating were murmuring low, “My darling I love you so.” The night seemed to fade into bosing, something dawn, The sun shone a new but the
dance lingered on. Could we

but relive that sweet moment sub-

time We'd find that our love

is altered by time.
Stella by Starlight

The Uninvited was a 1944 film starring Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey—and one beautiful musical theme by Victor Young. In discussing the theme with lyricist Washington, Young identified it as “Stella by Starlight,” referring to a character in the film and the photography of the sequence it accompanied. Ned stayed with Young's title but found that there was just one place in the lyric where he could make it fit.

Words by:
Ned Washington

Music by:
Victor Young

Broadly, not too fast

\[ \text{Melody* (stems down)} \]

The song a robin sings through

years of endless springs.

similarly throughout

\[ \text{Melody (stems up)} \]

*Note: Melody may be doubled an octave higher as far as the sign $\phi$. 
rip - ples by a nook where two lov - ers hide.  A

great sym - phon - ic theme,  That's Stel - la By

Star - light and not a dream.  My down -

heart and I a - gree  She's ev - ry -

thing on earth to me.  dying away
In 1930 Black sold “Paper Doll” to a publisher, E. B. Marks, for a $100 advance against royalties, but neglected to mention that he himself had copyrighted the song back in 1915. It collected dust in Marks’s file until 1942, when the Mills Brothers recorded their hit version. Then someone discovered that the copyright was due to expire momentarily and Marks could lose the song unless he could sign up the renewal rights. But Black was dead and it was necessary to locate his heirs. A trail of alcohol fumes led to an ancient father and ex-wife. Both were persuaded to sign, but the latter demanded a bonus—one week in New York for her and a friend as guests of the publisher. The pair spent the entire week drinking bourbon in their hotel room!

By: Johnny S. Black
I have to flirt with dolls that are real.

When I come home at night she will be waiting,

She'll be the truest doll in all this world.

I'd rather have a Paper Doll to call my own,

Than have a fickle-minded, real live girl.
Bob Merrill estimates that in 1952 ninety recordings were made of his songs! Victor Herbert had made it a practice to write a song a day and, compulsively, Bob felt he could do the same. But one day "inspiration ground to a halt." He tried playing free association with objects around him, scraping for an idea: lampshade, refrigerator. . . . Finally he spotted a stuffed dog on the bar. After a few tries he had the doggie placed in the window and the song came easily. It was introduced in a Patti Page children's album, but disc jockeys, seeing pop appeal, promoted its release as a single and it led the best-selling charts for eight weeks.

Words and Music by: Bob Merrill
1. I must take a trip to California
2. I read in the papers there are robbers
   And leave my poor
   sweet-heart alone,
   If he has a dog he won't be
   gone some, and the doggie will have a good home. How
   and the doggie will scare them away with one bark.
   My love needs a doggie to pro-
   shine in the dark;
There Will Never Be Another You

The late Sonja Henie was a better ice-skater than actress, but the Northland pixie managed to generate considerable warmth at movie box offices. Iceland, co-starring John Payne, was one of those World War II films tailored to her particular talents. Movies were more innocent then—witness this farewell scene—GIRL: “Don't forget me.” BOY: “You know I won't. There will never be another you.” SONG... The film has long since been filed away and forgotten, but Gordon and Warren's song with its fresh, long lines and provocative harmonies will always be a great favorite with musicians.

Words by: Mack Gordon    Music by: Harry Warren

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There will be other songs to sing, another fall another spring, but there will never be other lips that I may kiss, but they won't thrill me like yours used to do.
Yes, I may dream a million dreams,
But how can they come true,
If there will never ever be another you.
The Christmas Song

(Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire)

Before his birthday in 1946, Bob Wells noticed a bag of chestnuts his mother intended to use to stuff the turkey for his birthday dinner. This brought to mind New York street vendors with their roasting chestnuts, and he was inspired to write a poem, "Thoughts of Christmas." He showed it to singer Mel Tormé, who composed the tune. Christmas songs are usually recorded many months before the holiday, but the boys played "The Christmas Song" for Nat "King" Cole in early November. He was so overwhelmed by its sweet simplicity that he recorded it immediately.

Words and Music by:
Mel Tormé and Robert Wells
Folks dressed up like Eskimos, Ev'rybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe.

Help to make the season bright.

Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way; He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh And ev'ry mother's child is gonna
spy To see if reindeer really know how to fly. And

so I'm offering this simple phrase To kids from one to nine-ty-

two. Al tho' it's been said many times, many ways "Mer-ry

Christmas to you."

slowly
Cole Porter once said that Rodgers' best songs have "a kind of holiness about them." He might have been talking about "You'll Never Walk Alone," a musical, emotional, philosophical and spiritual high point of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 show Carousel, based on Ferenc Molnár's play Liliom. Rodgers' wife, Dorothy, counts this as one of her four favorite Rodgers compositions—the others are "Hello, Young Lovers," "Little Girl Blue" and a personal, sentimental favorite, "Dear, Dear," the very first love song Rodgers wrote after they were married.

Words by: Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by: Richard Rodgers

Andantino, molto cantabile

C

F/A bass  
C/G bass  
G

G/Bb bass

Ped. simile throughout

And

crumb hold your head up high

don't be afraid of the dark.

..
At the end of the storm is a golden sky and the sweet silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain, though your dreams be tossed and
You'll never walk alone

With hope in your heart

You'll never walk alone!
May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You

One of the last lavish radio shows before TV wiped out network radio was "The Big Show," which headlined Tallulah Bankhead and presented dozens of other big stars. Willson was her music director and, as he tells it, "The broadcast took place on Sunday; so, in searching desperately for a closing-theme idea, the only thought I could get hold of was... my mother's weekly benediction to her Sunday-school class back in Mason City, Iowa: 'May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You.' Twenty-four hours later I taught the new song to Tallulah, who threw back her long tawny bob and broadcast the first performance from NBC's Studio 'H'... Incongruous? Not for a moment—Tallul was a smash."

Words and Music by: Meredith Willson

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Good Lord Bless And Keep You till we meet a-gain. May you walk with sunlight shining, And a blue-bird in ev'ry tree, May there be a silver lining. Back of
Good Lord Bless And Keep You till we meet again.

May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You till we meet again;
Considering that John Newton (1725-1807) wrote this hymn in the 18th century, one marvels at the hold it has on today's younger generation. Teenagers may have become aware of it first in the movie Alice's Restaurant when folk-singing hero Arlo Guthrie and friends sang the song—an old family favorite—at his hilltop wedding. Other folk singers like Judy Collins and Joan Baez picked it up and now it has gained momentum through the youthful religious revival. But whether or not one is moved by its old-fashioned message, it is a simple joy to sing and harmonize. As the song implies, Newton led a fast life in his youth, but then he was converted and became a leader of the Evangelical movement in Britain. For a time he served as a minister at Olney, where he wrote a book of hymns for his parishioners. The melody with which we are most familiar seems to have evolved in the rural South of the United States in the 19th century.
found, was blind but now I see. 

'Twas

The Lord has promised good to me, and His grace my heart. 

How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed. 

fears relieved. 

How will my shield and grace my heart? 

hope secured. 

How will my shield and grace my heart?
(There'll Be)

Peace in the Valley (for Me)

In spiritual and gospel music, Thomas A. Dorsey is as big a name as the late Tommy Dorsey was in the Swing Era. Thomas A. recalls that in 1939 "while Hitler was rumbling his war chariots," he was on a train racing out of Indiana into the Ohio hills, and his eyes took in a beautiful green valley with all varieties of livestock grazing. A stream rippled down the hill, struck a rock and formed a waterfall. Dorsey took out his pencil—"If animals could have such peace in this valley, why couldn't man, with all his intelligence and ingenuity, have peace in the world." The song wasn't recorded until 1949, and then by the country singer Red Foley. It became a million-seller. About 10 years later it was a "new" hit for Elvis Presley.

Words and Music by:
Thomas A. Dorsey

Moderately

I am tired and weary but I must toil on Till the Lord comes to call me away. Where the morning is

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bright and the lamb is the light
And the night is as fair as the

(No chord)

There'll be Peace In The Valley for me some day.
There'll be Peace In The Valley for me.

I pray no more sorrow and sadness or trouble will be,
There'll be Peace In The Valley for me.
With These Hands

Words by:
Benny Davis

One of the most moving inspirational songs of modern times originated in a wildly different concept. The title was that of a documentary film about the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union; its message: "With these hands we sew the lining in your coat," etc. But the publisher of the song envisioned a loftier theme and commissioned this song accordingly.

Music by:
Abner Silver

Maestoso

With These Hands

I will cling to you,
I'm yours forever and a day.

A tender love as warm as May.

Music:

Am7 Dm7 G7 Cmaj7

With These Hands

I will bring to you,

Em7 A7 Dm7 Fm6 G7

A tender love as warm as May.

© 1950 Ben Bloom Music Corp.
With this heart, I will sing to you, Long after

stars have lost their glow, and With These Hands, I’ll pro-
vide for you, Should there be a stormy sea, I’ll turn the
tide for you, And I’ll never No, I’ll never
let you go.
If ever it was decided to change our national anthem by popular vote, the winner—by a landslide—would be “God Bless America,” a song that sums up in just a few phrases the deep love, honor and hope that we share in our great and beautiful land. When Berlin wrote his first Army show, Yip Yip Yaphank, in 1918, he cut out the song rather than risk being accused of “flagwaving.” Twenty years later Kate Smith was persuaded to risk the same accusation and introduced the song on an Armistice Day radio program. Berlin, refusing to cash in on his patriotism, assigned all royalties from the song to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts.

Words and Music by:
Irving Berlin