THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Luther Vandross

Medium swing \( \frac{3}{4} \) (\( \text{\textcopyright} \))

\[ \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{Bb+/F} \quad \text{Cm7/F} \quad \text{E7(5)} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{F13} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{Bb} \quad \text{Db7} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F7} \]

L.V.: She gets too hungry for dinner at eight.

\[ \text{Bb} \quad \text{Db7} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F7} \]

F.S.: Loves the theater but she never runs in there late.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 1

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L.V.: She never bothers, honey, with people she hates.

F.S.: That's why the lady is a champ.

Doesn't like dice games with Barons or Earls.

L.V.: She won't go to Harlem in ermines and pearls.

F.S.: She
will not dish that dirt

Both: with the rest of those girls

F.S.: that is why this chick is a champ.

She loves the

free, L.V.: (free) fine, (fine) lovely wind in her hair, (hair)

She's broke
C9 F7(13) B♭ B♭/A Ab13 Dm7(♭5) G7(♭9) Cm9 Cm7/B♭

L.V.: but it's O._ K._ F.S.: Dis-likes Cal-i-fornia, it's cold and it's damp._

Am7 D7(♭9) Gm7 C9 F7 B♭ Bdim7 Cm7 Cm7

Both: That's why the lady is a tramp._

Dm7 Cm11 F9sus F7(13) B♭ D♭9 Cm7

L.V.: Shadeet de de de de deet__ shad-e-de de de de deet__

F7(13) F7 B♭3 B♭3 B♭3 G7(♭9)

Shad dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit
dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit yes—yes... No mat¬ter what they-
lay on her, she only does what she wants to—and that’s why they
call the girl a tramp... F.S.: She gets too hun¬gry to wait for din¬ner at eight.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 5
PF9509
L. V.: She loves the theatre but she never comes late.

F. S.: She'd never bother, baby, with some bum she would hate.

Both: That is why this chick is a champ.

F. S.: Doesn't like dice games with sharpies or frauds.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8.6
PF9509
B  D₇m(♭5)  G₇(♭11)  C₇m7  F₉

L.V.: She won't go to Harlem in Lincoln's or Fords. F.S.: She

B₇  E₇  A₇

won't dish that dirt with the rest of those broads.

D₇m7  G₇  C₇m7  F₇(♭9)  B₇  B₇dim/F♯  C₇m7(♭5)/F♯  B(9)

That's why this chick, she's a champ. She loves that

C₇m9  F₇9sus  F₇(♭9)  D₇m7

L.V.: (She loves the free, fine, fresh) wind in her hair,
C₃m⁹  F₇  F₇(1₉)  F₇(1₉)  E₇(1₉)  D₇(1₉)  G₇(1₉)  C₃m⁹  F₇(1₉)


B  D₃₇(₉₅)  G₇(1₉)  C₃m⁹  C₃m⁹/B  A₇m11  D₇(1₉)

Dislikes California, too crowded and damp.

G₇m  G₇m/F♯  C₃m⁷  F₇₁₁  B₇d₃₇/A♯  B₆  G₇m⁷  C₃m₁₁  F₇₁₃

That's why the lady, L.V.: that's why the lady.

B  G₇(1₉)  C₃m₁₁  F₇₁₁  A₉  B  B₁₃

F.S.: that's why this chick is a champ.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 8
PP9509
WHAT NOW MY LOVE

English Lyric by CARL SIGMAN
Original French Lyric by P. DELANOE

Music by
G. BECAUD

Duet with Aretha Franklin

Rubato

D11 C6 Bm Am7 G7(b9) Gmaj7

A.F.: Once I could see,

A/G F#m7 Bm7 Em7

once I could feel. Now I'm numb

Em7/A A13 Dmaj9 Am9 A13(#11) Gm7

and I've become unreal. I walk the night

What Now My Love - 7 - 1
PF9509

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Gm7/C  C13(9)  Fmaj9  Bmaj9  Gm7

without a goal, stripped of my heart

E7(9)  Em7/A  Fm7/B
d and my soul.

Moderate swing \( \frac{3}{2} \) = 120 (\( \frac{3}{2} \) \( \frac{4}{3} \) \( \frac{3}{2} \))

F.S.: What now my love  A.F.: (what

E6  (Fm7)  (Fm7/E6)  (E6)

now my love) F.S.: now that you’ve left me

Fm7  (B9(5))  B9  Eb

live  (How can I live—) F.S.: through another day.

*String section harmony

What Now My Love - 7.2
PF9509
Watching my dreams turning into ashes and all of my hopes A.F.: (All of my hopes) F.S.: into bits of clay. A.F.: Once I could see, once I could feel. Now I am
Fm7

lost

and I've be-come

un-real.

E6

A7m7

D7

F.S.: I walk- through the night—

A.F.: (Splee do be do um do do) F.S.: with-out a goal—

Gm7

Cm7

Fm7(+5)

A.F.: stripped of my heart,

my—

B7

Bb/C

Bbmaj7/C

—heart, my soul.—

F.S.: What now my

What Now My Love - 7.4
PF9509
A.F.: What now, what now, what now—now that it's over

What now, what now, what now

I feel the whole world falling all around

me.

A.F.: Here come the stars—

falling around me—there's the sky
Both: Where the earth ought to be.

F.S.: What now—my love—

Both: now—that you’re gone

I’d be a fool—to go on—

and on and on.—

No one would care,

A.F.: And on and on and on and on and on and on and on—

no-bod-y’s—gon-na cry

A.F.: if he should live—

What Now My Love - 7 - 6
PP9569
E7 (+9)  Am7  Cmaj 7/D

live or die. Both: What now my love...

G6

now there is nothing

Am7  D9

only my last, my last good-bye.

G9  A9(6-5)  G9

my last good-bye.

What Now My Love - 7 - 7
PP9509
I’VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU

Duet with Barbra Streisand

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN and
IRA GERSHWIN

F(9)/C  D♭7(9)/C  Fmaj7/C  D♭7(9)/C

Gm7  Am7  B♭maj7  B♭maj7/C  Bm7(b5)  B♭13(b5)  Am7  A♭13(b5)  G13  D♭9(11)  B♭maj7/C

Slowly  \( \text{d} = 60 \)  \( \text{F.S.} \): I’ve got a crush on you  sweet-ie pie,  all the day and night time

Gm9  C13  A♭m11  D♭m11  G6  F/G

I’ve Got a Crush on You - 5 - 1

PP9509
fall with so much emotion. B.S.: I wonder could you coo.

now could you care for a cozy cottage that we could share? The

world will pardon my mush 'cause I have got a

I've Got a Crush on You - 5 - 2
PF9509
F.S.: I've got a crush on you sweetie pie.

B.S.: crush on you sweetie pie, all

all the day and night time hear me sigh.

the day and night time hear me sigh.

I never had the least notion that I could fall with so much,

I never had the least notion I'd fall with

I've Got a Crush on You - 5 - 3
PF9509
so much emotion.
Could you coo,
so much emotion.
I could

could you possibly care for a lovely cottage
coo, I could care oh, that cottage

that we could share. The world will pardon my mush.
Yes, that we could share. The world will pardon my mush.
I've Got a Crush on You

I have got a crush, my Barbara on you.

Oh, you make me

Yes, I have got a crush, my baby, on blush, Francis.

I have got a crush, my baby, on you.
SUMMER WIND

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER
Original German Lyrics by
HANS BRADTKE

Music by
HENRY MAYER

Duet with Julio Iglesias

Moderately slow \( \frac{1}{4} = 98 \)

\( \text{G7}(\#11) \)

\( \text{Ab7(\#9)} \text{ G7}(\#11) \)

\( \text{Dm7(\#11)} \)

\( \text{Dm9} \)

Verse 1:

\( \text{D6} \)

F.S.: The summer wind came blowing in from a-

\( \text{Ab7} \)

\( \text{Em7} \)

cross the sea...

\( \text{J. I.:} \text{ It lingered there, so} \)

Summer Wind - 5 - 1
PF9509

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warm and fair to walk with me.

summer long J.I.: we sang a song F.S.: and then we strolled Both: on the golden sand.

J.I.: Two amigos Both: and the summer wind.

J.I.: Like painted kites, those
days and nights, they went flying by.

world was new beneath a bright blue umbrella sky.

F.S.: Then softer than that piper man,
J.L.: Then softer than a piper man, one

day Both: it called to you.
And I lost you, I
lost you to the summer wind._  F.S.: The

Verse 3:

autumn wind  J. I.: and the winter winds,  F.S.: they have come and they have gone.

Both: And still those days, J. I.: those lonely days,—  Both: they go

on and on.—  F.S.: And guess who sighs his

Summer Wind - 5 - 4
PF9509
lullabies through all the nights that never end?

J. I.: his lullabies that never, never end.

J. I.: My fickle friend, F.S.: the summer wind,


F.S.: The summer wind.
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Gloria Estefan

Slowly \( \text{d} = 62 \)

N.C.

D\(^7\)(\(\text{\#9}\)) G\(^7\)(\(\text{\#11}\)) G\(\text{b}\)13 E13 E\(\text{b}13\) A\(\text{b}11\)(\(\text{\#9}\)) D\(\text{b}13\)(\(\text{\#11}\)) B\(\text{b}13\)(\(\text{\#11}\)) B\(\text{b}7\)(\(\text{\#5}\))

(violins)

\(\text{mp}\)

Rubato

Am\(\text{maj9}\) A\(\text{b}11\) D\(\text{maj9}\) G13 Cm7 F7(\(\text{\#9}\)) B\(\text{b}m9\)(\(\text{maj7}\)) B\(\text{b}m7\)

F.S.: I'm- gon-na love you like no-bod-y's loved you, come rain or come shine...

rall.

B\(\text{b}m9\)(\(\text{maj7}\)) B\(\text{b}m7\) E\(\text{b}13\) E\(\text{b}9\)(\(\text{\#5}\)) A\(\text{b}13\) A\(\text{b}13\)(\(\text{\#9}\))

G.E.: High— as a moun-tain, deep— as a riv-er,

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 - 1

PP9509

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come rain or come shine.

F.S.: I guess when you

met me it was just

G.E.: It was just

one of those things.

But don’t you ever dare to

bet me because I’m both gonna be true— if you will

Don’t ever bet me

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 - 2
PP9509
B69  A13  A13(69)

let me.

F.S.: You're gon-na love me
G.E.: You're gon-na love me

Cm11  F7(#5)

no-bod-y's loved me,
like no-bod-y's loved me,

B7  Bm7  Gm7(#5)

We're gon-na be happy to-geth-er.
Hap-py to-geth-er.

Dm9  G7(#5)  G13  F13

Both: un-hap-py to-geth-er

and that's gon-na be just fine.

won't that be

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 - 3
PF9509
fine, fine.

G.E.: Days may be cloudy,

they may be cloudy or sunny.

F.S.: We might be in we might be

out of the money.

Both: But I'm with you baby,

I'm with you rain or shine.

I'm with you rain or shine.
F.S.: We will have days

G.E.: Days may be cloudy or

sun - ny day's may be sun - ny, yeah.

Both: We might be in, we might be out... of the
G.E.: But I'm with you always baby.

F.S.: I will love you, rain or shine.

G.E.: I love you rain or shine.

Both: rain or shine.
THEME FROM NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Words by FRED EBB

Music by JOHN KANDER

Duet with Tony Bennett

Moderate swing \( \frac{d}{\text{♩}} = 104 \) (\( \frac{3}{\text{♩}} \)= \( \frac{3}{\text{♩}} \))

\( \text{D} \)

\( \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)

\( m f \)

\( \text{mp} \)

T.B.: Start spreading the news, you're leaving to-

day.

F.S.: I want to be a part of it, New York, New York...

Theme from New York, New York - 6 - 1
PP9509

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T.B.: Your vag-a-bond shoes, they are long-ing to

stray, F.S.: And step a-round the heart of it, New York, New York...

I wanna wake up in that cit-y that does-n't

sleep. T.B.: And find you're king of the hill,

Theme from New York, New York · 6 · 2
PP9509
Em7
heap.

Your small town blues,

they're melting a-

way.

F.S.: I'm gonna make a brand new start of it

in old New York.

T.B.: You always make it there...

you make it anywhere.

F.S.: It's up to you, New
Gm7   A6   D   Em7   A7
York, New York.
T.B.: Da da da da da da da da da do do
day. F.S.: Ba da da da da ba ba ba ba ba da
in New York... T.B.: New York...

Eb9
F.S.: I wanna wake up in that
city that doesn't sleep.
And find I'm
Gm7

king of the hill.

C9
top of the list.

C6
A number one,

Bb6

king of the hill. ________ Both: These little town blues,

Bb11

Both: These little town blues,

Ebmaj9

F.S.: they have all melted away. And I'm gonna make a

Fm9

Fm7/Bb

Ebmaj9

Fm9

Bb7

F.S.: they have all melted away. And I'm gonna make a

Eb

Eb6

Ebmaj7

Cm7

brand new start of it right there in old New York.

THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME

Duet with Natalie Cole

Medium swing \( \frac{\text{d} \text{d}}{\text{d}} = 110 \) (\( \text{d} \text{d}\) \( \text{d} \text{d}\) \( \text{d} \text{d}\))

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

D7 A\( ^{7}\)\( (\#11) \) G9 C\( \text{7}\)\( (\#9) \) F13 E\( \text{7}\)\( (\#9) \)

F.S.: The way you wear your hat,
the way you sip your tea,

A\( 11\) D7 B\( ^{9}\)

the memory of all that.

They Can't Take That away from Me - 7 - 1
FP9509

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No, no — they can’t take that away from me. N.C.: The way your smile just

beams, the way you sing off key.

the way you haunt my dreams. F.S.: No, no — they

can’t take that away from me. — We may never, never

They Can’t Take That away from Me - 7 - 2
PP59509
F₇m  G₇m7  C♯7  F₇m  G♯7(♯5)  G₇m11  C♯7 (+9)

meet again on that bumpy road to love.  N.C.: But I'll

F₇m  G₇m7  C♯7  F₇m7  B₁3  E₁3  B₆₉  A₁₁

always, always keep the memory of

D₇  A₁₁  F₇m7  F₁₃

F.S.: the way you hold your knife,  N.C.: the way we danced 'til

Em₇  B₇m(♭₅)  Em₇  A₁₁

three,  Both: the way you've changed my life.

They Can't Take That away from Me - 7 - 3
PF9509
Both: We may never, never, never
meet again on that bumpy road to love.
But I'll always, always keep that memory of

They Can't Take That away from Me - 7 - 5
PP5099
F.S.: they way you hold your knife,  N.C.: I love the way we dance till

A11  Em7  Bb9  A11  D9  A7(#5)
three,
F.S.: the way you’ve changed my life.

D7(#9)  G6  F#7  Bm7  Gm9
Oh, no they can’t take that away from me.  F.S.: No, they

Fm7  B7(#9)  Em7  A7  Fm7  B7(#9)
can’t take that away,  N.C.: baby, they can’t take that away,
Hey, no they can't take that away from me. No, they can't take that away from me.

C6 Cmaj9 Em7 Am7

Dm7 Ebdim7 Dm7 Ab9 G11 C9 Ab7

Gm9 C7(F5) Fmaj7 Dm7 Em7 Am9 Dm7 Ebm7 Ab11

They Can't Take That away from Me - 7 - 4
PP9509
They Can't Take That away from Me - 7 - 7
PP9509
YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG

Words by
MACK GORDON

Music by
JOSEF MYROW

Duet with Charles Aznavour

Moderate swing \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)}} \)

\[ \text{N.C.} \quad \text{Am7/D} \quad \text{Gdim7/D} \]

\[ \text{G6} \quad \text{Gdim7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Am7/D A\#dim7} \quad \text{G6/B} \quad \text{Gdim7} \]

F.S.: You make me feel so young; you make me feel like

\[ \text{Am7(\#5)} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{G7(\#9)} \quad \text{Cmaj9} \]

spring has sprung. Every time I see you grin, I'm

You Make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 1

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such a happy individual. C.A.: The moment that you speak, I wanna run and play hide and seek.

F.S.: Wanna go and bounce the moon, just like a big toy balloon.

Because: Both: You and I, we are

You make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 2
PP9309
just like a couple of tots, C.A.: running a round... the
meadow, F.S.: pickin' up all those forget-me-nots. C.A.: You know you
make me feel so young: you make me feel there are songs-

to be sung, F.S.: lots of bells to be rung, Both: and a wonderful fling to be flung.
F.S.: And even when I'm old and gray,

I'm gonna feel the way I do
Both: this here day, F.S.: because

Both: you make me feel so young.

C.A.: You make me feel so young.
... make me feel like spring has sprung. F.S.: Ev'ry time...

Dm maj9  Gb7  Fm11  Fm7  E7(9)  Eb9

see you grin. Both: I'm such a cuckoo individual.

Ab6  Adim7  Bbm7  Bbm7/Eb  /Db  Cm7  Adim7

C.A.: The moment that you speak, I wanna run and play hide-

Bbm7(95)  Eb7  Ab6  D7(9)  Dm maj9  Gb7

... and seek. F.S.: Like to go and bounce the moon, like
a big fat balloon. C.A.: because: Both: You and I.

{ C.A.: we are just like a couple of tots, }

running around the meadow, picking up all those for-

get-a-me-nots.

F.S.: You make me young.

C.A.: You make me you
young, make me feel there are songs to be sung, lots of bells to be rung.

and a wonderful fling to be flung.

F.S.: And even when I'm old.

C.A.: even when I'm old and gray, I'm gonna feel the way I do this here

day, day, because you make me feel so,
Cm7  G7(9)  Fm7  Bm7
you make me feel so, _

{ F.S.: you make me

E♭13(♭9)  A♭
C.A.: I feel, _ so very young, so very young, _

B♭m7  A♭  D♭7(11)
— so very young, _
you make feel

G9  A♭9sus
me so young.
GUESS I’LL HANG MY TEARS OUT TO DRY/
IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

"Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry"
Words and Music by
SAMMY CAHN and JULE STYNE
Duet with Carly Simon

Slowly & freely
B(9)/F♯ Bmaj9/F♯ C♭m11/F♯ F♯13 B(9)/F♯ Bmaj9/F♯

F.S.: The torch I carry is

C♭m11/F♯ F♯7 B(9)/F♯ Bmaj9/F♯ F♯m11 B13

handsome; it's worth its heart-ache in ransom.

Now when that

E(9) B(9)/F♯ G7/D C♭m7 F♯13 D6 Cmaj7 B B9

twilight steals, I know how the lady in the harbor feels.
F.S. & C.S.: When I want rain, I get sunny weather,

I'm just as blue, F.S.: blue as the sky. Both: Since love has gone,

can't get myself together; F.S.: guess I'll hand my tears out to

C.S.: In the
dry.  My friends ask me out, but I tell them I'm busy;
wee small hours of the morning, while the

I've got to get, got to get a new alibi.
whole wide world is fast asleep, you

I hang around at home, and ask myself, "Where is she?"
lie awoke and think about the boy.
Guess I'll hang my tears out
to dry.

Both: Dry, little tears, my little tears,
F.S.: moving on a string of dreams.

My little memories, those little memories
remind her of our crazy schemes.

C.S.: When your

Broadly

F.S.: Then somebody said, "Just forget about her,"

lone-ly heart has learned its lesson,
you'd be

and I gave that treatment a try.

his if only he would call.

poco a poco dim.

Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry/
In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning - 6 - 5
PP9509
Strange ly e nough, I got along without her; then one day she passed me right

wee small hours... then one day he passed me right

Tempo ad lib.

by. Oh well, I guess I'll hang my tears out to

by. Oh well, I guess I'll hang my years out to

Tempo I

dry ...tears out to dry.

dry. ...that's the time you miss him most of all.

Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry/
In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning - 6 - 6
PP9509
I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING

Words by
TED KOEHLER

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Liza Minnelli

Slowly

F.S.: I've got the world—on a string, sitting on a rain-bow; got the string a-round my

Moderate swing (♩♩♩♩)

fing er. Both: What a world,—what a life,—I'm in

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 1

PF9509

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love.

L.M.: I've got a song that I sing; I

can make the rain go any time. I move my finger.

Both: Lucky me;

can't you see, I'm in love.

Life's a wonderful thing.

as long as I hang on to the string.
F.S.: I'd be a silly so-and-so if I should ever let it go.

L.M.: Here we go, don't you know— you can never let go.

sitting on a rainbow; L.M.: got the string around my finger.

Both: What a world, what a life, I am in love.
Em7/D  Ddim7  A7(#5)  D9  N.C.

F.S.: Life's a wonderful thing.

C₇m9  C₇m7/F♯  F♯9(#5)  Amaj7/B

L.M.: Life is a wonderful thing, as long as I hang on to the string.

B13  E9

I'd be a silly so-and-so. I'd be a silly so-and-so, if I should ever let it go.

A13  Ddim7/E  N.C.  A13  N.C.  D  B7

Just don't let it go. I've got the world on a string, and I'm

I've Got the World on a String - 5.4
PF9509
sittin' on a rain-bow.  }

Both: Got that string around my finger.

F.S.: What a world,     L.M.: What a world, there ain't no other way

Hey, now,          }

Both: I'm,          }

I'm in love.       

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 5
PP9909
WITCHCRAFT

Music by
CY COLEMAN

Words by
CAROLYN LEIGH

Duet with Anita Baker
Slowly and freely

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{D(6)} \quad \text{D9} \quad \text{D9} \quad \text{D9} \quad \text{D9} \]

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{C9}(\text{9}) \quad \text{B7}(\text{9}) \quad \text{B7}(\text{9}) \quad \text{B7}(\text{9}) \quad \text{B7}(\text{9}) \]

\[ \text{Em7} \quad \text{C9}(\text{11}) \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Bb13}(\text{11}) \]

\[ \text{Em7/A} \quad \text{A13} \quad \text{Bb13} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{BbAlt.} \]

Moderate swing (\( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \) } \))

Witchcraft - 6 - 1
FF9309

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F.S. Those fingers in my hair, that sly, come hither stare.

leaves my conscience bare; it's witchcraft.

— and I've got no defense for it; the heat is too intense for it.
What good would common sense for it do?  
F.S.: Because it's

— witchcraft —

that wicked witchcraft,

and although I know it's strictly taboo,

A.B.: when you arouse the need in me, my heart says
“Yes indeed” in me; proceed with what you’re leading me to.

Sop-boo-day-doo-n-sa-da-do.
F.S.: And it’s such an ancient pitch,... one that I would never switch;... Both: there ain’t no nicer witch than you.

Witchcraft - 6 - 4
PF9309
F.S.: my heart says "Yes indeed" in me; proceed with what you're leading me to.

Ah, la, it's such an ancient pitch, but one I would not switch; F.S.: there ain't no nicer witch than you; than you, than you. (Spoken:) Hey, ya little witch!
A.B.: "Cause it's witchcraft, that wicked witchcraft.
Darling, and although I know it's strictly ta-
 boo, ooh, oh, when you arouse the need in me,
Dmaj13

heart of me...

B.: So deep in my heart, you're really a

Dmaj7

Bm9 Ebm11

cpart of me...

I've got you under my

Dmaj13

Ebm7 Ebm7/Ab

skin.

F.S.: I have tried so not to give in...

Dmaj13

Gm6

I have said to myself... "This affair..."
A♭9

D♭maj9

Ddim7

come what might, for the sake of holding you near, in spite of a warn-

G♭maj9

G♭m6

Fm7

E9

ing voice, that comes in the night and repeats till it shouts in my ear:

cresc.

E♭m11  A♭13  Adim7  B♭m6

E♭m9  D9  D♭maj9

—

B. "Don't you know, Blue Eyes, you never can win:

mf

E♭dim7  E♭m7  A♭7  E♭m7  D7  D♭maj7  D♭6

use your mentality, wake up to reality."

I've Got You under My Skin - 8 - 4
PF9509
F.S.: But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop. Both: before I begin, 'cause I've got you under my skin.

B.: Ooh, ooh, ah.
E₇m

D₆

G₆m₆

C₇/₆₆

D₆

C₇

F₁₃

A₇(-9)

B₆

E₇m₇

E₇m₇/A♭

D₆/G₉

E₇m₇

A₇/₉

B₆

I’d sac ri fice an y thing, come what might, for the sake

I’ve Got You under My Skin - 8 - 6
PP9509
of having you near. F.S.: in spite of a warning voice that comes in the night and repeats and it shouts in my ear: B.: “Don’t you know, ya’ old fool, you never can win; Both: use your mentality, wake up to re-
al - i - ty."

B.: But each time that I do, just the

thought of you makes me stop Both: be - fore I be - gin, 'cause I've

got you un - der my skin. And I

love you un - der my skin.
ALL THE WAY/ONE FOR MY BABY
(AND ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD)

One for My Baby (And One More for the Road)
Words and Music by
JOHNNY MERCER
and HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Kenny G

Slowly

All the Way
Words and Music by
SAMMY CAHN
and JAMES VAN HEUSEN

One For My Baby (And One for the Road) - 7 - 1
PP9509

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All the Way
Copyright © 1957 (Renewed) MARAVILLE MUSIC CORP.
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It's quarter to three; there's no one in the place.

All the Way/One for My Baby
(And One More for the Road) - 7 - 2
PP9509
'cept you and me.
So let 'em up, Joe;

I've got a little story
I think you ought'a know.

We're drinking, my friend,
to the end
of a brief... ep-i-sode;

so make it one-- for my ba-by,--
and one more-- for the

All the Way/One for My Baby
(And One More for the Road) - 7 - 3
PF9509
road.

I know the routine;

put another nickel in that there machine.

I'm feeling so bad;

won't you make the music easy and sad.

I could tell you a lot,

but you've got to be
true to your code. So make it one for my baby.

and one more for the road.

You’d never know it, but, Buddy, I’m a kind of poet, and I’ve

got a lot of things I wanna say. And if I’m gloomy,
please listen to me, 'til it's all, all talked away.

Tempo I

Emaj7 F↓m11 G↓m7 F↓m11 Emaj7 3 F↓m11

that's how it goes, and, Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close.

G↓m7 F↓m11 B7 Emaj7 3 F↓m11 G↓m7 F↓m11 B7

So, thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my

Emaj7 Bm7 E9 A A(#5) Amaj7 A6

bending your ear. But this torch that I've found,
it's got to be drowned, or it soon might explode.

So make it

tempo I

one for my baby, and one more for the road.

That

long, that long, man, it's long, it's a long,

dim. poco a poco

long, long road.
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE

Lyrics by
RONALD MILLER

Music by
ORLANDO MURDEN

Duet with Gladys Knight and Stevie Wonder

Moderately, with rubato

Am7    E7(‡5)    Am    Am(maj7)    Am7    D7(‡5)    G    Am7    D7

G    F#m7(‡5)    B7    Em    B7/D‡    G/D

A7Alt.    G/D    Em7    Am7    Am7/D

For Once in My Life - 6 - 1
PP5905

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For Once in My Life

Tempo \( \frac{\text{m}f}{\text{m}f} \) 92

N.C. A6 B6 D6 E6 Edim7 Bb/F A9 G9

G7 D7\((9)\) C7\((9)\) F7\((\#5)\) Bb6 G7\((\#5)\) Cm9 F7\((\#5)\) Bb Bb+3

F.S.: For once in my life,

Bb6 Bdim7 Cm7 Cm\((\#5)\) F9

someone who needs me,
someone I’ve needed for so long.

G.K.: For

Cm Cm\((\#5)\) F7 Bb Fb+

once, unafraid, I can go where life leads me

and somehow I know I’ll be

For Once in My Life - 6 - 2
PF9505
F.S.: For once, I can touch what my heart used to dream of

long before I knew

could make my dreams come true.

I won’t let sorrow hurt me, not like it’s hurt me before.

For once in my life,
Once, I've got someone I know won't desert me, and I'm not alone any more.

G.K.: For once, I can say, "This is mine, you're not gonna take it."

F.S.: Long as I've got love, babe, you can bet I'm gonna make it.

Both: For once in my life, I've got someone who needs me.
I'm gonna make it.

G.K.: For once in my life, I've found someone. Yes, for once in my life, I've got someone.

Once in my life, I've got someone who needs me.

For Once in My Life - 6 - 6
PP9905
COME FLY WITH ME

Words by
SAMMY CAHN

Music by
JAMES VAN HEUSEN

Duet with Luis Miguel

Swing \( \frac{J}{4} \) 144 (\( \frac{J}{4} \) 144)

N.C.

\( \text{F7}^7 \) \( \text{F13} \)

\( \text{F.S.: } \) Come

\( \text{B}^7 \text{maj9} \)  
\( \text{Bdim7} \)  
\( \text{Cm7} \)  
\( \text{F9} \)  
\( \text{Gb9 F9} \)

fly with me... Let's fly... let's fly away...

\( \text{L.M.: If} \)

\( \text{B}^7 \text{maj7} \)  
\( \text{B6} \)  
\( \text{B7} \)  
\( \text{Ebmaj9} \)  
\( \text{Ab13} \)

you can use some exotic booze... there's a bar in far Bombay... \( \text{F.S.: Come on,} \)

Come Fly With Me - 6 - 1
PP9509

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fly with me, we'll float down in the blue.

L.M.: Fly with me, float down to Peru.

lla-ma land, there's a one-man band and he'll toot his flute for you.

Both: Fly with me, we'll take off in the blue.

F.S.: Once I get you.
Gm maj 7  Gb+  Cm maj 7  Ab m7
— up there— where the air is rar- e- fied.

Dm9  Gb+  N.C.
L.M.: we’ll just glide— star- ry-eyed. Once I get you up—

Gb  Gb+  Gb6  Fm maj 9  D7(9)
— there,— I’ll be hold- ing you— so ver- y near—

Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  N.C.
F.S.: You might e- ven hear— Both: a gang of an- gels cheer just be—

Come Fly With Me - 6 - 3
PP909
cause we're together. L.M.: Weather-wise, it's such a cool, cool day.

F.S.: You just say those words, we'll ship those birds down to Acapulco Bay. It is

perfect for a flying honeymoon, they do say. Come on.

Come Fly With Me - 6 - 4
PF9509
Come Fly With Me

fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away...

B♭maj9  G♭7(6-5)  Cm7  Cm7/F

L.M.: Doo--doo

D.S. 8\₃ al Coda

do do dodoo do do dodoo do do dodoo.

F.S.: Once I get you
F.S.: It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they do


Pack up your bags and let's get out of here. L.M.: Come on, let's fly.

a way.
BEWITCHED

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Patti La Belle
Moderately, with rubato

Cm7        Dm7         Emaj7       Dm7          Cm7
\( with pedal \)

A\( ^\flat \)maj7    Db          C

F.S.: She's a fool and don't I know it.

Cm7        F13         B\( ^\flat \)maj9     G7(b9)       Cm7          Dm7          Gm7

P.L.: But a fool can have her charms. F.S.: I'm in love and don't I show it.

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Cm7    Eb/F    B♭maj9    Cm7    F13    B♭maj9    Gm7
like a babe in arms.  P.L.: Love's the same old sad sensation,

Cm7    F13    B♭maj9    G7(+9)    Cm7    F13
 lately I've not slept one wink since this silly

Dm7    Gm7    Cm7
 situation put me on the blink.

\textbf{Tempo} \; 72

\textbf{C/E} \; F/\textbf{E} ▶\; B♭/D ▶\; B♭m/D♭ ▶\; A♭m7/C♭ ▶\; G♭/B♭ ▶\; D7/A ▶\; A♭m7 ▶\; G♭maj9 ▶\; E♭maj9 ▶\; E♭m11

cresc. poco a poco

poco rit.
F.S.: I am wild again, beguiled again.
molto rit.

Bb/D₃ D7₃ Ebmaj7 Cdim7 Bb/D C13
simpering, whimpering, child again. Bewitched, bothered and be-

Cm7 F9 G7(♭9) Cm7 G♭7(♭9) F9sus F7(♭9)
widened am I. P.L.: Oh, I

Bb maj7 Cm7 Bb/D D7
couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep. Love came and told me I

F.S.: Couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered

 shouldn't sleep.

I lost my heart, but what of it? Oh, don't you

know the man is cold. I agree.

She might laugh, but I

love it. Although the laugh's on me.

I will.

Oh, I, I'm gonna

poco rit.
sing to her, bring spring to her and
sing, yes, I'm gonna bring spring to

a tempo

long for the day when I'll cling to her. Bewitched, bothered and be-

him and long for the day when I'll cling to him. Bewitched, bothered and be-

cresc. f rit. a tempo

will-dered am I.

will-dered am I.

poco rit.
THE BEST IS YET TO COME

Music by
CY COLEMAN

Words by
CAROLYN LEIGH

Duet with Jon Secada
Swing \( \text{Swing} \quad \text{N.C.} \)

F.S.: Out of the tree of life— I just picked me a plum.

You came a-long and ev 'ry-thing's start-in' to hum.

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Still it's a real good bet— the best is yet to come.

J.S.: The best is yet to come— and babe, won't it be fine?

You think you've seen the sun,— but you ain't seen it shine.

F.S.: Wait till the warm-up
is under way,  wait till our lips have met.

J.S.: Wait till you see that sunny day,  Both: you ain't seen nothin' yet!

F.S.: The best is yet to come... and babe, won't it be fine?

Both: The best is yet to come... come the day that you're mine...

The Best Is Yet To Come - 6 - 3
PP9509
J.S.: Come the day that you're mine.

I'm gonna teach you how to fly.  
Both: We've only tasted that wine.

we're gonna drain that cup dry.  
J.S.: All dry.

F.S.: Wait till your charms are ripe for these arms to surround you.
J.S.: For these arms to sur-
round you.  

J.S.: You think you’ve flown before but you ain’t left the ground...

Both: Wait till you’re locked in

my embrace, wait till I hold you near.  

J.S.: And

wait till you see that sunny place,  

F.S.: There ain’t there ain’t nothin’, nothin’ like it here, nothin’ like it here.

The Best Is Yet To Come - 6 - 5
PF9509
J.S.: The best is yet to come—and babe, won’t it be fine?

Both: The best is yet to come,

cresc.

N.C. A6

F.S.: Come that day when you’re—

N.C. A6

J.S.: This woman sure—looks fine.

F.S. Come that day when you’re—

N.C. A6

The Best Is Yet To Come - 6 - 6
PF9509
MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT

Words by
JOHN BLACKBURN

Music by
KARL SUESSDORF

Duet with Linda Ronstadt

Slowly  \( \text{\textfrac{1}{4}} = 58 \)

\begin{align*}
\text{Dimaj7/Ab} & & \text{Ebm7(\text{\textfrac{1}{2}}/Ab)} & & \text{Dimaj7/Ab} & & \text{Ebm7(\text{\textfrac{1}{2}}/Ab)} \\
\text{pp} & & & & & & \\
\text{L.R.:} & & \text{Pen-nies in a stream,} & & \text{F.S.:} & & \text{fall-ing leaves, a syc-a-more,} \\
\text{Es9} & & \text{Ebm7(\text{\textfrac{1}{2}}/Db)} & & \text{Es9} & & \text{Ebm7(\text{\textfrac{1}{2}}/Db)} \\
\text{L.R.:} & & \text{moon-light in Ver-mont.} & & \text{F.S.:} & & \text{Ic-y fin-ger waves,} \\
\text{Ebm9} & & \text{Ebm7/Ab} & & \text{Ds9} & & \text{Ds9} & & \text{Ds9} & & \text{Es9 Ab1369} \\
\end{align*}

Moonlight in Vermont - 5 - 1

PP9505

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Tel-e-graph ca-bles, they sing down the high-way and travel each bend in the road.  

F.S.: People who meet in this romantic setting are

(F.S.) so hypnotized by the lovely evening.

L.R.: Evening summer
summer breeze, the sweet warbling of a meadow-lark,
breeze, warbling of a meadow-lark,

moonlight in Vermont.

moonlight in Vermont. icy finger

(L.R.) waves, ski trails on a mountain-side, snowlight in Vermont.
F.S.: Telephone cables, how they sing down the highway,

as they make every bend in the road. People who meet

in this romantic setting are so hypnotized by the lovely

are so hypnotized by the lovely

molto rit. mf
Moonlight in Vermont - 5-5
PF9509
FLY ME TO THE MOON

Words and Music by
BART HOWARD

Duet with Antonio Carlos Jobim

Bossa nova  \( \frac{\dot{\text{d}}}{} = 144 \)

\( \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \)

\( \text{A.C.J.:} \quad \text{(scat singing)} \)

\( \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \)

\( \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G13} \)

\( \text{* Sing } 8^{\text{th}} \)
\( \text{** Sing at pitch} \)

Fly Me to the Moon - 6 - 1
PP9509

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Fly Me to the Moon - 6 - 2
PF9509
—— Jupiter and Mars ——
F.S.: In other words, hold my hand.

A.C.J.: What's that?
F.S.: In other words, baby, kiss me.

A.C.J.: Fill my heart with song.

—— and let me sing forevermore ——

Fly Me to the Moon - 6-4
PF9509
You are all I long for, all I worship and adore.

Both: In other words, please be true.

F.S.: In other words.

Both: I'm in love with you.
Coda

Dm7/G

G7

Em7(+5)

F.S.: please be true.

cresc.

A7(15)

Dm7

In other words,

F.S.: I.

A.C.J.: I

in other words...

G7m7/G

C6

N.C.

love, I love you.

P

mf
LUCK BE A LADY

Words and Music by
FRANK LOESSER

Duet with Chrissy Hynde

Slowly and freely

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{A}^\flat \text{7Alt.} & & & & & & \text{Gdim7} \\
\end{align*}}

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{p cresc.} & & & & & & \text{mp} \\
\end{align*}}

(with pedal)

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{D}^\flat/\text{A}^\flat & & \text{A}^\flat \text{7}\left(\begin{array}{c}
19 \\
15
\end{array}\right) & & \text{A}^\flat 13 & & \text{D}^\flat 9 \\
\end{align*}}

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{F.S.: Yeah, they call you Lady Luck} & & & & & & \text{but} \\
\end{align*}}

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{A}^\flat \text{7}\left(\begin{array}{c}
19 \\
15
\end{array}\right) & & \text{A}^\flat 13 & & \text{D}^\flat 9 & & \text{G}^\flat 6 & & \text{Gdim7} \\
\end{align*}}

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{there is room for doubt.} & & & & & & \text{At times, you have a} \\
\end{align*}}

\text{\begin{align*}
\text{f mp cresc.} & & & & & & \text{mp} \\
\end{align*}}
very unladylike way of running out. C.H.: You’re on this date with me and the pickings have been lush. And yet, before the evening is over you might give me the brush. F.S.: You might forget your
manners, you might refuse to stay.

Fast swing $\frac{3}{4}$ = 160

so, the best that I can do is pray.

poco rit.
F.S.: Luck—be a la-dy to-night.

C.H.: Luck—be a la-

dy to-night.

F.S.: Luck,—if you've ev-er been a la-dy to be-gin—
with, please be a lady to-night.

C.H.: Luck let a gentleman see.

just how nice a dame
I can be.

I know the way you've treated all those gals before.

me.

F.S.: Please be a lady with me.

Luck Be a Lady - 14 - 6
PF9509
C.H.: A lady does n't leave her estranged sibs.

It is n't fair, she'd have a heart,

and it is n't nice, she'd be nice.

lady does n't wander all over the room.
and then blow on some other guy's
dice.
C.H.: Why don't we keep

this party polite?

Never get out of my sight.
Stick with me baby, I'm the gal—

that you came in with. Luck be a la—

dy to-night.
just how nice a

dame you can be.

C.H.: I know the way—

you've treated all those gals before me.

F.S.: Luck be a lady with me.
Coda

F.S.: So, why don't we keep this party polite?

F.S.: Never get out of my sight.
C.H.: No way!

Luck Be a Lady - 14 - 12
PP9509
F.S.: Stick with me baby, I'm the guy—
C.H.: Stick with me baby, I'm the gal—

F.S.: Luck be a lady.
C.H.: Luck be a lady.
Luck be a lady

F.S.: this very night.

C.H.: This night,

F.S.: be a lady!
I viewed the morning with much alarm.

F.S.: the British Museum

had lost its charm.

How long, I wondered, could this thing last?
W.N.: But the age of miracles had never passed, for
suddenly, I saw you standing right there. Both: And in
foggy London town the sun was shining, shining, shining everywhere.
F.S.: A foggy day—
back in London town, it had me low-

and it also had me down.

W.N.: I viewed the morning with much alarm,

the British Museum.
F9  B9sus  B13(6-9)  Eb9  Gm7(6-5)  C7(19)

had lost its charm.  F.S.: How long, I wondered,

Fm9  F9  B13sus  B13(6-9)  Eb9  A9(6-5)

could this thing last?  W.N.: But the age of mir-

cles, it hadn't passed, and

A9  F13  B9(6-5)  B13sus  B7(19)

suddenly, I saw you standing right there.

A Foggy Day - 6 - 5
PP9509
Both: And in foggy London town the sun was shining, shining,

shining everywhere.

Here and there,

everywhere.
WHERE OR WHEN

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme

Slowly

F11  E11  Eb11

(with pedal)

F11  E11  Eb13(9)

E.G.: When you're awake the things you think come from the dreams you dream.

A9  Fm11  D13(11)  Bb9sus  Eb9

S.L.: Thought has wings, and lots of things are seldom what they seem.

Where or When - 9 - 1
PP9309

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E.G.: Sometimes you think you’ve lived before all that you live today.

S.L.: Things you do come back to you, as though they knew the way. Both: Oh, the tricks your mind can play.

Refrain 1:

E.G.: It seems we stood and we talked like this

*S.L. sings harmony part indicated in cue notes throughout*

Where or When - 9 - 2
PP9509
S.L.: Just like this, once before, once before. We looked at each other in the same way then.

E.G.: but I can’t remember where, where or when. S.L.: I swear I can’t remember.

F.S.: The clothes you’re wearing——are the clothes——that you wore—

darling. Both: where——or when——
The smile you're smiling, you were smiling then;— I can't remember—

S.L.&E.G.: That you wore— The smile you're smiling, you were smiling then;—

where or when—

I swear I just can't remember where or when—

Some things that have happened for the first time,

Doo doo 'n' doo doo 'n'
they all seem to be happening once a -
doo doo 'n' doo doo doo.

And, so it seems, we have
Seems to be it just keeps hap'nin' again.

met once be - fore, and then we laughed once be - fore, we al - so

We have met once be - fore; ho ho ho, once, we al - so

cresc. poco a poco
Fm7  C7(+9)  Ab6  Fm7  Fm7/Bb  Bb13

loved once before.  But who knows, who knows where or when...

loved once before.  Who knows where or when...

E♭  Edim7  Fm11  Fm7/B♭  E♭(9)  F9  Fm7/B♭

All: Bop bah, doo bah doo bah doo doo, doo-

E♭maj7

Abmaj7

ba da doo ba doo doo, ba da dah.

E.G.: Can't re-

Where or When - 9 - 6
PF509
member, can’t re-member where or when.

Refrain 2:
Cm6
Fm7
G7
Cm

S.L.: Something that have happened for the first time,

E.G.: Doo doo ’n’ doo doo ’n’

G7 Dm7(♭5) A♭7 G7 Cm

F.S.: they all seem to be happening once a-
doo doo ’n’ doo doo doo.
S.L.&E.G.: Here we go, it's happening. And, so it seems.

we have met once before, and then we
we have met once before;
cresc. poco a poco

laughed once before, also loved once before,
and then we laughed, once before, also loved
C7 (i-9) Fm7

fore. But who knows, who knows. once before But who knows,


where or when. who knows— where—

cresc. E.G.: Where or when—

G7(#5) G♭13 C7(#5) Fm11 A♭/B♭ Eb13(#11)

S.L.: where— or when, where— or when—

Where or When - 9 - 9
PP9509
EMBRACEABLE YOU

Spanish Version by
JOHNNIE CAMACHO
French Version by
EMELIA RENAUD

Words and Music by
GEORGE GERSWIN and
IRA GERSHWIN

Duet with Lena Horne
Slowly

L.H.: Embrace me,
my sweet embraceable you.

F.S.: Embrace me,
your irreplaceable you.

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L.H.: Just one look at you,
my heart grew tip-sy in me.

F.S.: You and you a lone bring out the gyp-sy in me.

L.H.: I love all the man-y charms a-bout you;

Both: a-bove all,
I want my arms a-bout you.
F.S.: Don't you be a naughty baby; come to papa, come to papa do; my sweet em-
brace able you.

L.H.: I love all the many charms about
(From “THE THREE PENNY OPERA”)

MA CK T HE KNIFE

English Words
MAR C BLITSTEIN
Original German Words
BERT BRECHT

Music by
KURT W EILL

Duet with Jimmy Buffet
Moderate swing $\frac{3}{4}$

Verse 1:

G6  Bm11  E7(#9)  Am7  E7

shark has — pret-ty teeth, dear, and he

Mack the Knife - 11 - 1
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Am7          D9          G6          B7(b9)  
shows 'em,       pearly white.  Just a  

Em7          Bm Bdim7  Am7  
jack-knife      has Mac heath, dear,  and he  

D11          D7          G6          E7sus  Aml1  D11  
keeps it       way outta sight.  J.B.: When that  

Verse 2:  
G6          Cmaj7          Bml1          E7          Am7          D11  
shark bites.  with his teeth, dear,  scarlet  

Mack the Knife - 11 - 2  
PP9505
Am7

D11

G6

B7(9)

billos, they begin to spread.

Fancy

Em7

Bm Bdim7 Am7

Bdim7

white gloves... has... Mac heath, dear... so there's

Am7

D11

G6

B13

never, never a trace of red.

F.S.: On a side cresc.

Verse 3:

Ab6

Bbm7

walk one Sunday morning,

J.B.: lies a

Mack the Knife - 11 - 3
PP9505
bod-y
ooz-ing life.

F.S.: Some-one's

sneak-in'
'round that cor-ner;
Both: could that some-

one per-haps per-chance be Mack the Knife?

Verse 4:

J. B.: From a tug boat on the riv-er, go-in' slow,
F.S.: a cement bag is droppin' down.

J. B.: You know that cement is for the weight, dear;

F.S.: you can make a large bet that bum's in town.

J. B.: (spoken): Yeah, he's in town!

Verse 5:

My man, Louie Miller,

J. B.: he split the scene,
babe,  F.S.: after draw-in' out all the bread from his stash.  J.B.: Now Mac - heath spends like a sailor; do you sup - pose, this guy, he did some - thing rash?  F.S.: Ol' Satch - mo, Lou - ie Arm-

Verse 6:
strong, Bobby Darin, they did this song nice:

Lady Ella too. They all sang it

with so much feeling. F.S.: that Ol’ Blue Eyes, he ain’t gonna add—

Verse 7:

— anything new. J.B.: Oh yes you do. But when this big fat
band jump in behind me, swing-in' hard, Jack,

J. B.(spoken): That's Jimmy, Frank!

I know I can't lose.

When I tell you

Both: all about Mack the Knife, babe,

F.S.: it's an offer

Both: you can never refuse.

J. B.: We've got Patrick
Verse 8:

D♭6

Williams, F.S.: Bill Miller play-in' that piano, and this wonderful

A♭11 A♭7 D♭6
great big band bring-in' up the rear. Both: All these

B♭m7 E♭m7

bad cats in this band, now, F.S.: they make the

A♭11 A♭7 D♭6 A13
greatest sound you're ever gonna hear.
Verse 9:

D6

Oh, Su-key
Taw-dry,
J. B.: Oh, Su-key Taw-dry
Jen-ny Div-er
Jen-ny Div-

A11

Pol-ly Peach-um,
I know her well, Miss Lu-lu Brown-
er,

F#7 Bm7

J. B.: Yeah the line forms-
on the right, dear,

Em7 Em9 Fdim7

F.S.: now that Mack-ie,
J. B.: oh, Mack-ie yeah that bum is back,

Mack the Knife - 11 - 10
PP9505
now I'm gon-na tell you what I think that you should do. What should I do?

You bet-ter lock your doors and call the Law, be-cause Mack-ie,

he's come back to town.

J. B.: Look out, old Mack-ie's back.
“How Do You Keep the Music Playing?”
Words by ALAN and MARILYN BERGMAN
Music by MICHEL LEGRAND

“My Funny Valentine”
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Lori Morgan

Slowly
Gm

D/F♯
Gm/F
C9/E

(with pedal)

B♭maj7
Dm7
Cm7
F13(♭9)
E♭/B♭

Adim/B♭

L.M.: How do you keep the music playing?

How do you make it last?
How do you keep the song from fading too?
How do you lose yourself to someone?

and never lose your way?

new things to say?

F.S.: My funny Valentine, sweet comic Valentine,
you make me smile—— with my heart.

Your looks are laugh-a-ble, un-pho-to-

L.M.: And, since we know we’re al-ways chang-ing—— how-can it be the

graph-a-ble, yet-your my fa-vorite work of art.

You’re sure your heart will fall a-

How Do You keep the Music Playing?/
My Funny Valentine - 6 - 3
PP9309
Is your figure less than Greek? Is your mouth a little part each time you hear his name?

weak? When you open it to speak, are you smart?

L.M.: If we can be the best of lovers, yet be the best of friends;
Don't change one
if we can try with every day to make it better as it goes...
poco a poco cresc.

hair for me, not if you care for me. Stay, little
Stay, little

Valentine, please stay.
Valentine, please stay.
Each day is Valentine's Day.

With any luck, then I suppose the music never ends.

Winter-time, summer-time, evening-time,

Winter-time, summer-time, evening-time...

Gm6

or any-time...

I love you.

I love you.
MY KIND OF TOWN

Words by
SAMMY CAHN

Music by
JAMES VAN HEUSEN

Duet with Frank Sinatra Jr.

Moderate swing

\[ \text{Eb } \text{Bb7Alt. } \text{Eb6} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{F13(11)} \\
\text{Eb9(11)} \\
\text{Bb} \\
\text{C7} \\
\text{C9(11)} \\
\text{C7} \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \text{D+ } \text{Bb9(11)} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{F.S.Sr.: My kind of town,} \\
\text{Chi-ca-go is:} \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{my kind of town,} \\
\text{Chi-ca-go is:} \\
\end{array} \]
A6  Adim7  Eb/Bb  Bdim7  Cm7
My kind of people too;

F7  Cm7  F7  Fm7/Bb  Bbdim7  Fm7/Bb  D/Bb
people who, they all smile at Both: you, and

E6  D+  D9(11)  C7  C9(#5)
each F.S.Jr.: time I roam, Chicago is,

Fm7  Bb7(#9)  Es(9)  E9(#5)
it's calling me home, Chicago is.
Both: One town that'll never ever let you down.

it's my kind of town.

sub. p
cresc. poco a poco

My Kind of Town - 6 - 3
PF9509
Chicago is; Sr.: my kind of town,

Chicago is; Jr.: Yes, my kind of

raazz ma-tazz; Sr.: and it has, it has

all that jazz and, each time I leave,

cresc.
Chicago is, it's tugging my sleeve,
Chicago is.
Jr.: The Wrigley Building,
Chicago is.
Sr.: The Chicago Cubbies,
Chicago is.
Both: One town, that'll
Jr.: (spoken) Hey, don't forget them Sox!
Never ever let you down. Jr.: it's my, Sr.: it's my, it's.

my, it's my, my kind of town.

Chicago, Chicago, Chicago,

Chicago, Chicago.
THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

Words by
LEWIS ALLAN

Music by
EARL ROBINSON

Duet with Neil Diamond

Slowly & dramatically

N.C. C Dm6 C/E C/G N.C. F Dm7

F.S.: What is America to me? N.D.: A name, a map, or a

(with pedal)

Em7 C(9) Em Am Am/G

flag I see? F.S.: A certain word: Democracy?

cresc.

F Dm7 Dm/G C C6

N.D.: What is America to me? The house I live in;

dim.

The House I Live In - 6 - 1
PF9509

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Gm7  G7  C(9)  C  Dm/G  G9  Cmaj7

A plot of earth, the street. The grocer and the butcher and all the

E♭(9)  E♭  C(9)  C  Dm9  G7

People that I meet. F.S.: The children in the

C6  C/G  G9/D  G13  G♭dim7

Playground, the faces that I

e cresc.

Am  Em/G  F  F6  F♭dim7  C/G  Dm/G  G7

See, all races and religions; that's America to

rit.  a tempo  F  a tempo  molto dim.
me. N.D.: The place I work in, the work-er by my side.
The little town or cit-y where my peo-ple lived and died.
The “how-dy” and the hand-shake; the air of feel-ing free;

F.S.: and the right to speak your mind out; Both: that’s A- mer-i-ca to
me.

F.S.: The things I see about me, N.D.: the big things and the

small; F.S.: that little corner newsstand, N.D.: or the house a mile

tall. F.S.: The wedding and the churchyard; N.D.: the laughter and the

tears. Both: The dream that's been growing for more than two hundred
years.

F.S.: The town I live in; the

molto dim.

street,

N.D.: The pavement of the

Gm7/D

G13

C9

C6

Dm

Dm/G

street, the house, the room.

N.D.: The pavement of the

Cmaj7

C6

Eb(9)

Eb

C(9)

C6

G7

city, or a garden all in bloom.

F.S.: The church, the school, the
cresc.

C/G

G7

Gdim7

Am

Em/G

clubhouse; N.D.: the million lights I see:

Both: es-
cresc.

molto rit. e cresc.

The House I Live In - 6 - 5
PP9509
Majestically

F       F6       C/G
pe-cial-ly, the peo-ple...

Am      D/F♯     G      C/E  C7       F      E+     E7

Am      Slower   Dm7    G13   G7     N.C.  F/C
that's  A-mer-i-ca to me.

C       Am      F      G      G7       C

The House I Live In - 6 - 6
PF9509