The Frank Sinatra Anthology

The definitive collection... 55 classic Sinatra songs arranged for piano, voice and guitar.
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ime was when overnight success and popular singers had a poor relationship. Big bands provided schools of learning and it was only after long and arduous tuition in such schools that major vocalists eventually made it to solo status. Bing Crosby sang in a vocal group with the Paul Whiteman Orchestra, Ella Fitzgerald spent years with Chick Webb's swingin' aggregation, Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan worked together in Earl Hines' band, Doris Day had her first hits while singing with Les Brown's Band Of Renown and Peggy Lee first made her mark as a teenage vocalist with the Benny Goodman Orchestra.

Frank Sinatra was no exception. His first break came in 1939 with a then up-and-coming outfit headed by trumpet player Harry James. By 1940 he'd moved up a division to become singer with the stellar Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. Not that Dorsey's records indicated Frank's presence. His contributions were usually listed as 'with vocal refrain' on record labels. Sinatra, who he?

But Frank was gaining an education, listening and learning as the tours rolled by and the band bus headed from town to town. He has stated over the years that he learnt much from just hearing how Dorsey played trombone, gliding effortlessly from phrase to phrase, utilising marvellous breath control. There were drawbacks, however. One of which was that virtually all of Dorsey's material was aimed at dancers. There were few opportunities to really explore songs and dig beneath the surface as he would eventually do.

Even so, Frank had few rivals and his recordings with Dorsey proved chartbusters from the very onset. 'I'll Never Smile Again', a mid-1940 release, was his first massive hit. The song had been penned by songwriter Ruth Lowe, following the death of her husband, Glenn Miller heard it, liked what he heard and recorded the song without much success. But when the Dorsey band got around to recording it some months later, Sinatra, together with the Pied Pipers, Dorsey's resident vocal quartet, opted for a more relaxed approach. It was Tommy who suggested: 'Sing it as if you were just standing around a piano at somebody's home.' Taking his advice, they delivered a wonderfully, warm, intimate version of Lowe's ballad. And Mr and Mrs Average America bought the resulting single by the truckload. The record went to No.1 and held on to pole position for twelve straight weeks.
“East Of The Sun (And West Of The Moon)” is another song that stems from Sinatra’s tenure with Dorsey. Recorded at the same April 1940 session that produced ‘I'll Never Smile Again’, it was something of a throwback for Dorsey. In 1937 the bandleader had achieved a considerable hit with a song titled ‘Marie’ on which singer Jack Leonard sang against a backdrop of shouted, rhythmic phrases stemming from the members of the band. It was a pattern that Tommy was to employ time and time again. And so the winning format was resurrected for ‘East Of The Sun’. A chart-topping hit for bandleader Tom Coakley in 1935, it had been written in 1935 for a Princeton University Triangle Club show, its success winning composer Brooks Bowman a Hollywood contract. But Bowman proved ill-starred. He was killed in a car crash soon after. The song, as it turned out, never garnered much in the way of success in its Dorsey-Sinatra version. But Frank always liked the number and resurrected it as part of his 1961 ‘I Remember Tommy’ tribute to his former employer, an album that also included a new version of the jaunty ‘Oh Look At Me Now’, a song co-penned by John DeVries and Dorsey pianist Joe Bushkin, that Frank originally recorded with Dorsey and the Pied Pipers in 1940. The arrangement, incidentally, on both the 1940 and 1961 dates was the same man, Sy Oliver.

Frank opted for a solo career with Columbia Records in 1942 and, mainly in the company of arranger Axel Stordahl, made an impact on the charts that saw him logging nearly 90 major hits over the next 10 years. Though legend has it that he was all washed up by 1952, statistics prove otherwise, the year netting Sinatra two US Top 20 singles plus a brace of Top 30 hits.

Even so, 1953 was to prove a springboard, a year for self-re-invention. Frank’s performance as Maggie in Fred Zinnemann’s film From Here To Eternity, found him grabbing both the headlines and an Oscar. Unfortunately, there was no theme-tune on which Sinatra and Capitol, his new record label, could capitalise. It mattered little. Fred Karger and Robert Wells simply wrote a song that bore the same title as the film and Frank recorded it with Nelson Riddle, an arranger with whom he was to be closely associated for many years to come. The result was predictable - a worldwide hit single.

Film-connected titles have generally served Sinatra well over the years. ‘The Tender Trap’, a fine Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen composition, formed the theme song to the 1955 film in which Frank starred opposite Debbie Reynolds. The song’s content relates to the film’s plot - Sinatra’s a grade-A bachelor but he’s fallen for the innocent Reynolds. But should he marry her and forgo his freedom? Such is the tender trap. The song, set in a lightly swinging Nelson Riddle arrangement, provided a No.2 single in the UK charts and, in retrospect, is more memorable than the film from which it came. Certainly Frank was to recall Cahn and Van Heusen’s hit fondly and re-recorded it with Count Basie during 1962. ‘All The Way’, a winner from 1957, bedeked a much stronger film. Another Cahn-Van Heusen classic, it featured in The Joker Is Wild, the true life-story of Joe E. Lewis, a nightclub singer whose act was destroyed when gangsters damaged his vocal chords. Sinatra proved outstanding as Lewis, a man who eventually rebuilt his career as a stand-up comedian, winning a battle against the bottle on-route. And if Sinatra, in character, had to croak ‘All The Way’ in the course of the movie, nobody seemed to mind. The song became a massive hit worldwide and, come Academy Award time, walked away with the Best Song From A Movie plaudit, as did Cahn and Van Heusen’s wistful ‘Call Me Irresponsible’, from the non-Sinatra film Papa’s Delicate Condition, which won the same award in 1963.

Another role that Frank made his own was that of Joey Evans, the cheapskate club entertainer, originated in a series of John O’Hara pieces for the New Yorker, around whom Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart fashioned a 1940 stage musical. Sinatra was Evans in the 1957 film version, the heel with the deal, the charmer full of harm. And when he sang ‘The Lady Is A Tramp’ in nonchalant, cocksure manner, he did it with such panache that cinema audiences sometimes forgot where they were and clapped the man onscreen as if he were performing live. Oddly, the song never came from the show. It had originally appeared in another Rodgers and Hart production Babes In Arms. But someone added it to the film version of Pal Joey because it was just sitting up and begging for the Sinatra treatment. Which it got - in spades.

New York, New York wasn’t a Sinatra film. Dramatically a Robert DeNiro starrer, musically it proved a vehicle for the talents of Liza Minnelli. And for the closing production number, Kander and Ebb, who had written the songs for Cabaret, a former Minnelli success, penned ‘Theme From New York, New York’. Liza turned the song into a showstopper. But it was Sinatra, who recorded it two years later and turned it into a hit, albeit a minor one at first. Six years later, in 1986, the single re-entered the UK charts. And this time it moved into the top five, providing Frank with his final hit of the ‘80s. Today, most people think of the ‘Theme From New York, New York’ as being a Sinatra song. And only avid Minnelli fans would dare to argue.

If that song made Sinatra a winner with the citizens of the Big Apple, ‘My Kind Of Town’ almost provided him with the freedom of Chicago. After all, Frank had provided an earlier winner with his version of the evergreen ‘Chicago’, and ‘My Kind Of Town’ reiterated his belief in the city as one of America’s musical hotspots. Performed in Robin And The Seven Hoods, a 1964 film musical that featured Sinatra and buddies Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and Sammy Davis Jr, plus early rival Bing Crosby, it was yet another Van Heusen and Cahn composition. Lawford was later to observe, however, that Frank sang it as a tribute to Chicago’s gangland figures. "Why do you think Frank ended every one of his nightclub acts by singing ‘My Kind Of Town, Chicago Is’? That was his tribute to Sam Giancana, whom Frank idolised because he was a Mafia top gun.” Later, Sammy Cahn re-wrote the lyric and turned it into a campaign song for Bobby Kennedy. Not that Frank performed this version at the time. He’d fallen out with Bobby and was busy supporting Vice-President Hubert Humphrey.
‘Strangers In The Night’ also started out in Hollywood. German bandleader Bert Kaempfert wrote it as a theme for the film A Man Could Get Killed. Writers Charlie Singleton and Eddie Snyder added a lyric and both Bobby Darin and Jack Jones moved in to record this song. When Reprise A&R man Jimmy Bowen heard the news, he organised a rush session, first requesting arranger Ernie Freeman to fashion an arrangement in a hurry. Within three days, Frank was in the studio recording the song and, just 24 hours after the session was completed, America’s radio stations were playing the Sinatra version. It was to eventually top the singles chart on both sides of the Atlantic during 1966.

‘Somethin’ Stupid’, a duet with daughter Nancy, proved to be Frank’s next US No.1. The song, written by C. Carson Parks, was discovered by Nancy’s producer Lee Hazlewood. He handed it to Nancy, who, in turn, showed it to her father. It was agreed that the song would prove a cert hit and so a session was set up utilising both Nancy’s producer (Hazlewood) and Frank’s (Jimmy Bowen). There were doubts about a father and daughter singing a love song but Frank said “Don’t worry” and so nobody did. Especially the record company accountants who simply went into overdrive when the sales figures began rolling in. Not that Sinatra has ever needed hit singles. When the world went microgroove, he discovered a medium made for his approach. One of the first artists to make a concept album, he proved that albums could sell like singles when, in 1956, ‘Songs For Swingin’ Lovers’ (his third album of uptempo material) perched itself at No.12 on the UK chart. ‘I’ve Got You Under My Skirt’, a Cole Porter standard that had started life in the 1936 film Born To Dance, proved to be the track that garnered most praise. Clad in a perfect Nelson Riddle arrangement, bound around a riff that gradually grew and grew behind Sinatra’s vocal before exploding into a shouting trombone middle section, the song became an overnight favourite, one to which the singer would constantly return, hardly daring to play a concert without yet another reprise.

‘Come Fly With Me’, a breezy invitation to take a world trip, was specifically written as the title track to another Sinatra concept album – one that encompassed songs expounding the delights of various places around the globe. Yet again, Cahn and Van Heusen supplied a combination of a memorable tune and a lyric that not only hung together well but acted as a marvellous intro to the tracks yet to come. Arranged by Billy May, once a trumpet star with Glenn Miller and other big bands, it too became a much-performed part of the Sinatra canon. Written in 1929, Shapiro, Campbell and Connelly’s ‘If I Had You’ was a major hit that year for two singers, Rudy Vallee and Al Bowlly. And though to many it would seem less Sinatra-connected than most of the songs included in this anthology, it had been, in fact a song very close to Frank’s
heart. So much so that he recorded it for Columbia in 1947, for Capitol during 1956, and again for Reprise in 1962, when Frank decided to record his only made-in-the UK album 'Great Songs From Great Britain', an album of material penned by British-based writers, employing Canada’s Robert Farnon as arranger-conductor.

Sinatra has always given due credit to songwriters. "Here's a song by George and Ira Gershwin" he would say, as the band played the intro to 'Love Walked In', an evergreen that he recorded with Billy May as part of the 'Sinatra Swings' sessions in 1961. Sadly, the song was one of the last George ever wrote. It was composed as part of the series of songs that the Gershwins contributed to the film Goldwyn Follies. But, by the time it was screened, George had succumbed to cancer, thousands of mourners crowding Fifth Avenue and 65th Street in the rain as his funeral was held at New York’s Temple Emanu-El.

'Angel Eyes' could have proved equally sad in the eyes of Sinatra fans, Frank once scheduling it as the last song he would ever perform in concert. Written by Matt Dennis, who, as a staff arranger and composer with Tommy Dorsey, had worked with Frank in his early years, it appeared, sung by Dennis himself, in the 1953 Ida Lupino/Howard Duff film Jennifer. Sinatra recorded the song, with Nelson Riddle, as part of 'For Only The Lonely', a 1958 late-night mood album dedicated to those for whom love had gone wrong. In 1971, Sinatra announced his retirement from show-biz. "He's isn't really sick or doddering," announced daughter Nancy, "he's very much alive and well and kicking - but he says it's the end of an era and he's right. His kind of show business has ended. So he's going to take it easy and enjoy himself."

A final concert was arranged for June 13, 1971, a benefit show that would be attended by an audience that included Vice-President Agnew and Presidential Advisor Henry Kissinger. The concert was an ovation-packed affair, with Sinatra performing at the peak of his form, phrasing exquisitely on the ballads and swinging like a powerhouse on uptempo material.

Then, finally, lit only by a pin-spot, he began to sing 'Angel Eyes', lighting a cigarette as he did so, then casually moving offstage as he crooned the last line "Excuse me while I disappear".

But it wasn't the end. In late 1973, Frank announced a return to activity via a one-hour television special. And on January 25, 1974, he opened in Las Vegas, following this with a 10-city US tour and a five-country European tour. From that time on, through to the end of 1994, Frank Sinatra would work endlessly, fulfilling myriad live dates, recording albums (he logged US Top 10 chart albums with 'Duets' and 'Duets II', in 1993 and 1994 respectively) and fitting in a modicum of TV appearances, before his health eventually gave out.
For a man who claims that he built his career on saloon songs, intimate, early-morning confessionals that needed little more than a piano on which to rest his perfectly adjudged phrases, it's perhaps a little odd that the song by which Frank will be remembered by millions is 'My Way', an emotive beller, requiring little in the way of subtlety. But that's the way of things and, from the time Sinatra first released the song as a single, in 1963, listeners linked the lyric indelibly with him. As far as they were concerned it was the singer's autobiography set to music. It became an anthem of hope. If one man could make it over adversity and reach the very pinnacle of fame, then maybe there was hope for everyone. At least, that's how the theory went. A massive hit - the single still holds the record for the longest stay in the British charts, an incredible 122 weeks - it became covered by every singer with any pretext to ambition and many who knew they were going nowhere.

When karaoke arrived, a zillion others became onstage Sinatras - at least for three minutes. Though 'My Way' became Frank's theme, he's always had a love-hate relationship with the song that had started out, in 1967, as 'Comme d'habitude', a composition penned by French songwriters Gilles Thibaut, Claude Francois and Jacques Revaux. "I hate the song. Loathe it. It's a Paul Anka pop song which became a kind of national anthem" Sinatra once claimed. Paul Anka was the singer-songwriter who took the French original and provided it with an English lyric and an English title, 'My Way'. He maintains that he wrote it purely with Sinatra in mind. "I hung out with him for a time and I know the way he spoke, so every lyric was for him. The record company said I'd got to do it but I said, no, he's the guy."

So much for the songs. How about the singer? Harry Connick Jr., who seems the man most likely to carry on the Sinatra tradition, once claimed: "Sinatra is a total master of vocal technique. He was the first to do so many things. I believe him to be the greatest male singer of American popular song. He is accessible to people who know nothing about music."

Excuse me while I disappear...

Fred Dellar
UND GEWEHR
SOZIALISMUS!
A Fine Romance

Andantino moderato (sung with sarcasm)

fine romance! With no kis-ses! A
fine romance! My good fel-low! You

take romance, my friend. this is! We
take romance, I’ll take Jel-lo! You’re
should be like a couple of hot tomatoes, but

calmer than the seals in the Arctic Ocean,

you're as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes.

At least they flap their fins to express emotion;

Fine romance! You won't nestle, with

Fine romance! With no quarrels, with

Fine no insults, you won't wrestle! I've
might as well play the bridge with my old maid aunts!
never mussed the crease in your blue serge pants.

I haven’t got a chance.  
I never get the chance.

This is a fine romance!  
She: A

Dialogue

- romance!  

mf con brio
poco rit.

fineromance! With no kisses! 

fineromance! My dear Duchess! Two

fine old romances, my friend, this is! We True

love should have like the clams in a dish of chowder;

love should have the thrills that a healthy crime has!
But we just "fizz" like parts of a Seidlitz
powder. A fine romance, my
no good clinches, a fine strong
"Aged in the wood" pinch-es, you're
just as hard to land as the "Ile de France!"

never give the orchids I send a glance!

I haven't got a chance,

No! You like cactus plants,

this is a fine romance!

[Music notation]
A Foggy Day

Music & Lyrics by George Gershwin & Ira Gershwin
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Moderato

F
rather freely

Gm7
Fmaj7
F7
Gm7
C9

I was a stranger in the city.
Out of town were the people I knew.

F
E7
Am
Am7
d7

I had that feeling of self-pity.
What to do? What to do? What to do?
The
outlook was decided ly blue. But as I walked through the foggy
street alone, it turned out to be the luckiest day I've known.

brighter but warmly

A foggy day in London town.

had me low and had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm.

the British Museum had lost its charm.

How long I wondered, could this thing last?

But the age of miracles hadn’t passed.
For, suddenly, I saw you there-

and through foggy London town the sun was shining

everywhere

where.
Moderato

You took my kisses and you took my love, you taught me how to care;
am I to be just the remnant of a
One-sided love affair?
All you took, I gladly gave, there's nothing left for me to save.
All of me why not take all of me.
Can't you see I'm no good without you.
Take my lips — I want to lose them.

take my arms — I'll never use them.

C

them, your good-bye left me with

E7

eyes that cry, how can I
go on dear without you.

You took the part that once was my heart, so why not take all of me.

1.

me.

2.

me.  

C

Cdim

Dm  

Gaug
All Or Nothing At All

Words & Music by Arthur Altman & Jack Lawrence
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Moderately slow (with much expression)

Am  C  Am7  Am6
All or nothing at all!

Am  Am7  Bb7  Bb6  Bb9  Bb7
Half a love never appealed to me.
If your heart never could yield to me, then I'd rather have nothing at all!
All or nothing at all!

If it's love there is no in between.

Why begin, then cry for something that might have been. No, I'd
rather have nothing at all. But, please, don’t bring your lips so close to my cheek. Don’t smile or I’ll be lost beyond reach.

The kiss in your eyes, the touch of your hand makes me weak, and my heart may grow dizzy and fall.
And if I fell under the spell of your call,
I would be caught in the under-tow.

So, you see, I’ve got to say: No! No! All
—or nothing at all!
Angel Eyes

Words by Earl Brent. Music by Matt Dennis
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Slowly
N.C.

Try to think... that love's not around... still it's uncomfortably near...

my old heart... ain't gainin' no ground... be...
cause my angel eyes aint here. An-gel eyes that

old de-vil sent, they grow un-bear-a-ble bright.

Need I say that

my love’s mis-spent, mis-spent with an-gel eyes to-night.
So drink up, all you people,
or order anything you see,

have fun, you happy people,

the drink and the laugh's on me.
Par - don me, but I “got-ta run.”

the fact’s un - com - mon - ly clear, got - ta find who’s

now “num - ber one” and why my an - gel eyes ain’t here.

‘Scuse me while I dis - ap - pear.
The tang of wine is in the air, I'm drunk with all the happiness that Spring can give, never dreamed it could be so exciting to live.

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom, holiday tables under the trees.
All The Way

Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by James Van Heusen
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Slowly

When some-body loves you, it's no good unless she loves you all the way.

Happy to be near you, when you need some-one to cheer you all the way.
Taller than the tallest tree is, that's how it's got to feel;

Deeper than the deep blue sea is,

That's how deep it goes, if it's real. When somebody needs you, it's no good unless she needs you all the way.
Through the good or lean years and for all the in-between years, come what may.

Who knows where the road will lead us? Only a fool would say, but

if you let me love you, it's for sure I'm gonna love you all the way.

all the way.

1.  E6  B7  
2.  Eb  D9  E6  

poco rall.
Begin The Beguine

When they begin the Beguine it

brings back the sound of music so tender, it
brings back a night of tropical splendour...

brings back a memory evergreen.

with you once more under the stars and
down by the shore an orchestra's playing.

I'm
even the palms seem to be swaying
G7
when they begin the Be-guine.
G7
live it again is past all endea-vour,
C
except when that tune clutches my heart,
Bb/m
except when that
there we are, swearing to love forever, and promising never, never to part.

moments divine, what rapture serene, till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted, and
now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted, I know but too well what they mean; so don't let them begin the Be-guine, let the love that was once a-fire remain an ember, let it
sleep like the dead desire I only remember.

when they begin the Beguine.
Oh yes,

let them begin the Beguine, make them play till the stars that were there before return above you, till you whisper to me once
more,  "Darling, I love you!" And we suddenly know,

what heaven we’re in, when they begin the Be-

guine. when they begin

a tempo

the Be-guine.
Moderately

I'll be in my room alone every Post Meridian, and

I'll be with my diary and that book by Mister Gideon.
Moderately (with expression)

CHORDS

Moderately (with expression)

Bye bye baby,
re-member you're my baby
when they

give you the eye,
and just to show
that you care,
won't you write

and declare
that though on the loose,
you are still

on the square.
I'll be gloomy
but send that
rainbow to me, then my shadows will fly, though you'll be
though I'm lonely there'll be no other guy, though I'll be
gone for a while I know that I'll be smiling with my
gone for a while I know that I'll be smiling with my
baby bye and bye With my
baby bye and bye
Call Me Irresponsible

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Slowly

N.C.

Verse, with a trace of self-pity

Seems I'm always making resolutions.

Like every night for

me is New Year's Eve.

Things they chisel on those institutions,
the lofty thoughts I never quite achieve.

Each time I'm taking bows 'cause everything went well

things go awry, and there am I saying I meant well.

Refrain, slowly with a smooth, steady rhythm

Call me irresponsible, call me
unreliable, throw in undependable
too...
foolish allis bore you?
Well, I'm not too clever, I just a

Do my
dore you. Call me unpredictable.

\( \text{p a tempo cresc. poco a poco} \)

tell me I'm impractical.

rainbows I'm inclined to pursue.

Call me irresponsible.

\( \text{mf} \)
yes, I’m unreliable, but it’s
unbelievably true, I’m
irresponsibly mad for you!

rall.
a tempo

you!

a tempo rall.
Come Fly With Me

Lyrics by Sammy Cahn. Music by James Van Heusen
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Andante
N.C.

VERSE

When dad and

C G7 C G7 C G Am7
mother discovered one another, they dreamed of the day when they

G Fmaj7 C Fm6 C C
would love and honor and obey.

And during all their modest

rall. poco accel.
spooning, they’d blush and speak of honey-mooning.

And if your memory recalls, they spoke of Niagara Falls.

But today, my darling, today, when you meet the one you love, you say:

Come
fly with me! Let's fly! Let's fly away!

If you can use some exotic views, there's a bar in far Bombay, come fly with me! Let's fly!

Let's fly away!

Come
fly with me! Let's float down to Peru!

In Llama Land there's a one man band and he'll
toot his flute for you, come fly with me! Let's take

off in the blue!

(Once I get you)
Up there! Where the air is rarified, we'll just glide.

starry eyed. (Once I get you) Up there!

I'll be holding you so near, you may hear.

angels cheer, 'cause we're together. Weather wise, it's such a lovely day!
Just say the words... and we'll beat the birds down to

Acapulco Bay. It's perfect for a flying honey-

moon, they say, come fly with me! Let's fly! Let's fly a-

1. C6 Dm7 F7 G7
way!

2. C6 C
Come way!
Come Rain Or Come Shine

Music by Harold Arlen, Words by Johnny Mercer
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Freely

Slowly and very tenderly

I’m gonna love you like nobody’s loved you, come

rain or come shine.

High as a mountain and
deep as a river, come rain or come shine.

I guess when you met me it was molto espres.

just one of those things, but don't ever bet me, 'cause I'm gonna be true if you let me.
You're gonna love me like nobody's loved me, come
rain or come shine.

Happy together,

-happy together, and won't it be fine.

Days may be cloudy, or
sunny, we're in or we're out of the money, but

I'm with you (Auggie)
(Delila)

I'm with you rain or

1. D7

| shine! |

2. D7

| shine! |

| rit. e dim. |

| p dim. e rall. |

| G7 |

| C7 |

| D |

| pp |
Don't Blame Me

Moderato (with expression)

1. Ev-er since the luck-y night I found you I've hung a-round you, just like a
2. I like ev-ry sin-gle thing a-bout you with-out a doubt you are like a

C G7 C
fool dream.
Fall - ing head and heels in love like a
in my mind I find a pic - ture of a

kid out of school.
My poor heart is in a aw - ful
team.
Ev - er since the hour of our

state now but it's too late now to call a halt,
meet - ing I've been re - peat - ing a sil - ly phrase,

so if I be - come a nuisance it's all your fault!
hop - ing that you'll un - der - stand me one of these days.
Don’t blame me for falling in love with you, I’m
under your spell but how can I help it! Don’t blame me!
Can’t you see when you do the things you do!
If
I can’t conceal, the thrill that I’m feeling, don’t blame me.
I can't help it if that dog-gone moon above
makes me need, someone like you to love!
Blame your kiss, as sweet as a kiss can be
and blame all your charms, that melt in my arms but don't blame me.
This is the one moment that I thought I never could live through but

now somehow, that it’s here, my dear, that foolish fear disappears, and
saying goodbye seems sweet. It's plain that

Fate didn't want us on a one way street. Don't

worry 'bout me, I'll get along; for

get about me, be happy, my love. Let's say that
our little show is over and so, the story ends; why not

call it a day the sensible way, and still be friends. ‘Look

out for yourself should be the rule;

give your heart and your love to whoever you love, don’t
be a fool. Darling, why should you cling to some fading thing that used to be? If you can forget, don’t worry ’bout me.

Don’t me...
East Of The Sun (And West Of The Moon)

Slowly

N.C.

wish that we could live up in the sky,
where we could find a place a-way up
high, to live among the stars, the sun, the moon, just

you and I. East of the sun and

west of the moon, we’ll build a dream-house of

love, dear. Near to the sun in the day,
near to the moon at night, we'll live in a lovely way, dear,

living on love and pale moonlight, just you and I, for

ever and a day, love will not die, we'll

keep it that way, up among the
stars we'll find a harmony of life to a lovely tune,

east of the sun and west of the moon,
der, east of the sun and west of the moon.

1. G Am7 D7

2. G C6 Bdim Am7 Abmaj7 Gmaj7
Everything Happens To Me

Words by Tom Adams. Music by Matt Dennis
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Slowly

\[ Gm \quad E^{b9}(b5) \]

Black cats creep a-cross my path un-

\[ f \quad Gm \quad E^{b7} \quad f \quad Gm \quad D_{aug} \quad E^{b9} \quad G^{b7} \quad F \]

-til I'm al-most mad, I must have roused the dev-il's wrath 'cause all my luck is bad. I

\[ \text{rall.} \]

\[ Cm^{b9} \quad F^{b9} \quad Cm^{b7} \quad Dm^{b7} \quad B^{b}dim \]

make a date for golf and you can bet your life it rains, I

90
Cm  Faug  Dm9(5)  G7  Ddim  Ebm6

try to give a party and the guy upstairs complains, I guess I'll go thru' life just catch-in'

Dm7  G7  Cm7  B7  B9

colds and missin' trains, Everything happens to me.

Cm9  F9  Cm7  Dm7  Bbdim

never miss a thing, I've had the measles and the mumps, and

Cm7  Faug  Dm9(5)  G7

every time I lay an ace my partner always trumps, I
guess I'm just a fool who never looks before he jumps, everything happens to me.

At first my heart thought you could break this jinx for me, that

love would turn the trick to end despair, but now I just can't fool this head that

thinks for me, I've mortgaged all my castles in the air I've
te - le - graphed and phoned, I sent an “Air - mail Spec - ial” too, your

ans - wer was “Good - bye,” and there was ev - en post - age due, I

fell in love just once and then it had to be with you.

ev - ry - thing hap - pens to me.

1.  
2.  

I
Fly Me To The Moon (In Other Words)

Words & Music by Bart Howard
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Slowly

C          G7          C6          G7(9)          C
Po - et - s of - ten use many words to say a

a tempo

Am7        Dm7          G7          Dm           A7aug          A7
sim - ple thing. It takes thought and
time and rhyme to make a poem sing. With music and words I've been playing, for you I have written a song. to be sure that you'll know what I'm saying I'll translate as I go along.
Slowly and tenderly

CHORUS

Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars; let me see what

spring is like on Jupiter and Mars. In other words: hold my

hand! In other words: darling kiss me!

Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for ever more;
you are all I long for all I worship and adore. In other words:

please be true! in other words: I love

1.

you!

true! In other words:

I love you!

poco rit.  mf a tempo cresc.  rit. e dim.
Fools Rush In

Words by Johnny Mercer. Music by Rube Bloom

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Moderately slow (with expression)

tempo rubato

“Romance is a game for fools”, I used to say;

A game I thought I’d never play.
"Romance is a game for fools",
I said and grinned;
then

you passed by, and here am I throwing caution to the wind.

Slowly (with expression)

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and so I come to

you, my love, my heart above my head. Though I
see the danger there. if there's a chance for me then I don't care.

Fools rush in where wise men never go.

but wise men never fall in love so how are they to
know?

When we met

I felt my life begin;

so open up your

heart, and let this fool rush in.

from

in...

1. C Fm6

2. C Fm6 A7 C
From Here To Eternity

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Moderately, with expression

N.C.

CHORUS

You

vowed your love from here to eternity, a

love so true, it never would die. You
gave your lips, gave them so willingly.

how could I know your kiss meant good

bye?

Now I'm alone.

with only a memory, my
empty arms will never know why.

Tho you are gone, this love that you left with me, will live from here to eternity.
Here’s That Rainy Day

Slowly with expression

May be I should have saved those leftovers

dreams;

Funny, but here’s that rainy day.
Here's that rainy day they told me about
And I laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way.

Where is that worn-out wish that I threw aside,
After it brought my lover near?
Funny how love becomes a
cold rainy day.

Funnny that

rainy day is here.

here.

rall.
Moderato

When the steeple bells sound their “A”, They don’t play it in tune,

But the world will ring one day And that day will be soon.
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, let your heart be light.
Next year all our troubles will be out of sight.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas, make the Yuletide gay.
Next year all our troubles will be miles away.
way.
Once again as in olden days,
happy golden days of yore,

Faithful friends who were dear to us will be near to us once more.

Some day soon we all will be together
If the fates allow, until then, we'll have to muddle through somehow,

So have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

Now, rall.
I Only Have Eyes For You

Words by Al Dubin, Music by Harry Warren
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Moderato

\[ \text{C}^{\#\text{dim}} \]
\[ \text{Dm} \]
\[ \text{Fm} \]
\[ \text{G}^7 \]
\[ \text{C} \]
\[ \text{G}^\text{dim} \]
\[ \text{G}^7 \]
\[ \text{G}^\text{aug} \]

\[ C \]
\[ \text{Am} \]
\[ \text{Am}^7 \]
\[ F \]
\[ \text{Fm} \]
\[ \text{G}^7 \]
\[ C \]
\[ \text{D}^7 \]
\[ \text{G}^7 \]

My love must be a kind of blind love,
I know the thrill of nature's wonders,

\[ C \]
\[ \text{Am} \]
\[ \text{Am}^7 \]
\[ F \]
\[ \text{Fm} \]
\[ \text{G}^7 \]
\[ C \]
\[ \text{D}^7 \]
\[ \text{B}^7 \]

I can't see anyone but you;
I know they're lurking everywhere;

112
And, dear, I wonder if you find love
I'm sure I'm making many blunders

by passing up these wonders rare,
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright, 'cause I

only have eyes for you, dear.
The
moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky, 'cause I only have eyes for you.

I don't know if we're in a garden, or on a crowded avenue. You are
here, so am I, maybe millions of people go by, but they all disappear from view, and I only have eyes for you.

Are the you.
I Wish You Love

Moderato

by George

no use leading with our chins,

le vent qui frappe à ma porte

this is where our story

me parle des amours

ends, never lovers, ever friends.

devant le feu qui s'éteint

Good
-bye, let our hearts call it a day, but before you walk a-
-soir c'est une chanson d'au-tomme, dans la mai-son qui fris-

way, I sin-cere-ly want to say: I wish you Que res-te-
-sonne et je pense aux jours loin-tains.

blue-birds in the Spring, to give your heart a song to sing: and then a
-til de nos a-mours, que res-te-til de ces beaux jours, u-ne pho-

kiss, but more than this I wish you love. And in Ju-
-viel-le pho-to de ma jeu-nesse.

Que res-te-
I’ll Never Smile Again, Until I Smile At You

Words & Music by Ruth Le Sueur
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Moderato, with expression

N.C.

You loved me in the past, but oer

romance didn’t last, you thrilled me with your kiss, darling, now — I promise

CHORUS

this, I’ll never smile again until I smile at

120
you,

I'll nev - er laugh a - gain

what good would it

For tears would fill my eyes, my

heart would re - al - ise, that our ro - mance is

through.

I'll nev - er love a - gain

I'm so in love with
I’m Beginning To See The Light

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Medium bounce

G     E7     D7     G     E7     D7     E7
G     E7     G     Dm     E7

never cared much for moon-lit skies, I nev-er knew love was such a prize, but

G     Em     D7     G     Dm     E7     A7     Am7     D7     G     Gdim     D7

now that the stars are in your eyes, I’m be-gin-ning to see the light,
never went in for moonlight glow, or stealing a kiss by
mistletoe, but now when you turn the lamp down low, I'm beginning to see the light, used to ramble
through the park, all alone there in the dark,
then you came and caused a spark, and my heart is on fire now.

I never made love by lantern shine, I

never saw rainbows half so fine, but now that your lips are

burning mine, I'm beginning to see the light I
I’m Gettin’ Sentimental Over You

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Very slowly

I was just another who laughed at romance,
Never was a dreamer until I met you,
Funny how one gets that way.

Then you made your entrance and right at a glance,
Cupid’s just a schemer and I never knew,
Now I’m dreaming dreams all day.
Never thought I’d fall, but now I hear love call, I’m getting sentimental over you...

Things you say and do just thrill me thro’ and thro’, I’m getting sentimental over you.

I thought I was happy, I could live without love,
Now I must admit that love is all I'm thinking of.

won't you please be kind, and just make up your mind, that

you'll be sweet and gentle, be gentle with me?  Because I'm sentimental over you.
I’ve Got You Under My Skin

Moderately

N.C.

Bb7

I’ve

Beguine tempo

Fm7  Bb7  Ebmaj7

got

you

under

my

skin,

a tempo

Cm7  Eb  Fm7  Bb7

I’ve

got

you

deep in the
heart of me, so deep in my heart,

you're really a part of me. I've got you under my skin.

I tried so not to give
in,

I said to myself, “This af-

fair never will go so well.”

But

why should I try to res-tist when, dar-ling I know so well

I’ve

got you un-der my skin.
I'd sacrifice anything, come what might, for the sake of having you near, in spite of a warning voice that comes in the night and repeats and repeats in my ear: "Don't you know, little fool, you never can win, use your mentality, wake up to re-
a - li - ty."
But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me
stop, be - fore I be - gin, 'cause I've got you un - der my
skin.
I've

1. 2.

poco rìt.
poco rall.

piu rall.
morendo
I'm Gonna Live Till I Die

Words & Music by Al Hoffman, Walter Kent & Mann Curtis
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Brightly, with abandon

I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
I'm gonna live, until I die,
I'm gonna say, "What a guy."
I'm gonna laugh, instead of cry,
I'm gonna play for the sky;
take the town and turn it upside down.

I'm gonna have my fling.

live, live, live till I die.

They're gonna

The blues'll lay low.

I'll make 'em stay low.

They'll never trail over my head.
I'll be a devil till I'm an angel, but until then, hal-le-lu-jah! Gonna dance, gonna fly. I'll take a chance.
riding high
Before my number's up

I'm gonna fill my cup
I'm gonna

live, live, live, live, live
until I
die.

[f]
If I Had You

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Moderately

N.C.

Freely

I (My)

dream'd all my dreams... and schem'd all my schemes... but some-how it just... seem'd
whole life would be... just hea-ven to me... dear, if you'd learn...
to

wrong; un-til I met you... and then, dear, I knew... was
to me you must belong.

I could show the world how to

smile,

I could be glad all of the while.

I could change the grey skies to blue if I had you.

I could leave the old days behind, leave all my
pals, I'd never mind. I could start my life all anew if I had you.

I could climb the snow capp'd mountains, sail the mighty ocean wide, I could cross the burning desert.
if I had you by my side.
I could be a king, dear, un-
crown’d, humble or poor, rich or re-
owned,
there is nothing I couldn’t do if I had you.
2.
2. My you.
Moderately

1. When I was seventeen,
   it was a very good year,
   it was a very good year,
   it was a very good year,

2. twenty-one,
   it was a very good year,
   it was a very good year,
   I'm in the autumn of the year,

3. thirty-five,
   it was a very good year,
   it was a very good year,
   it was a very good year,

4. days are short,
   it was a very good year
   for small town girls
   and city girls who
   and now I think of my life as vintage wine from


Dm | Am | F | A7
---|----|---|---
Dm | E+ | Dm | Dm |
soft summer nights,
lived up the stair,
independent means,
fine old kegs
we'd hide from the lights
with perfumed hair
we'd ride in limousines
from the brim to the dregs

on the village green
that came undone
their chauffeurs would drive
it poured sweet and clear.
when I was seventeen!
when I was twenty-one!
when I was thirty-five!
very good year!

(Whistle first and last time)

1-3.

2. When I was
3. When I was
4. But now the

(last time poco rit.) poco rit.
In The Still Of The Night

Andantino (in a steady movement, but not too fast)

Mysteriously

In the still of the night,

as I gaze from my window,
at the moon in its flight, my thoughts all stray to you.

In the still of the night, while the world is in slumber,

oh, the times without number, darling, when I
say to you: "Do you love me as I love espressivo you?
Are you my life to be, my dream come true?"
Or will this dream of mine fade
out of sight, like the moon, growing
don't the rim of the hill
in the chill, still of the
It’s Nice To Go Trav’ling

Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by James Van Heusen
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Moderately
C6

G9\(5\)
G9
G9\(5\)
C6

G9\(5\)
G9
G9\(5\)

It’s very

nice to go trav’ling to Paris, London and Rome, it’s oh so

(2nd Instrumental)

Dm7
G7
Dm7
G6
A7

nice to go trav’ling, but it’s so much nicer, yes, it’s so much nicer to come
home! It’s very nice to just wander the camel route to Iraq, it’s oh so nice to just wander, but it’s so much nicer, yes, it’s oh so nice to wander back! 

1. The mam-selles and (Verse 2 see block lyrics)

fраulein and the se-no-ritas are sweet, but they can’t com-
"pete, 'cause they just don't have what the models have on Madison Ave.

It's very nice to be footloose with just a toothbrush and comb, it's oh so nice to be footloose, but your heart starts singing when you're home-ward wing-ing 'cross the foam. And you know your
fate is where the Empire State is, all you contem-
plate is the view from Miss Liberty’s dome. It’s very
nice to go traveling, but it’s oh so nice
to come home!
Verse 2:
You will find the Maedchen
And the gay Muchachas are rare
But they can’t compare with the sexy line
That parades each day at Sunset and Vine.
It’s quite the life to play gypsy
And roam as gypsies will roam
But your heart starts singing
When you’re homeward winging ’cross the foam.
And the Hudson river
Makes you start to quiver
Like the latest flivver
That simply is dripping with chrome.

It’s nice to go trav’ling
But it’s oh so nice to come home!
It’s Only A Paper Moon

Music by Harold Arlen, Words by E.Y. Harburg & Billy Rose
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Moderato

\( \text{Am} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{Am} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{Am} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{D}^7 \)

\[ \text{a tempo-rubato} \]

I never feel, a thing is real, when I’m away from

you, out of your embrace, the world’s a temporary parking
place. Mmm, mm, mm, mm, a bubble
for a minute, mm, mm, you smile, the bubble
has a rainbow in it. Say, it's only a paper moon,

sailing over a cardboard sea... but it wouldn't be make believe, if you...
I was resting comfortably face down in the gutter, life was serene, I knew where I was at. "There's
no hope for him,” My dearest friends would mutter.

I was something dragged in by the cat, then...

poco rall.

with a lift

Just in time I found you just in time Before you

came, my time was running low.
I was lost, The losing dice were tossed, My bridges all were crossed, nowhere to go.

Now you're here and now I know just where I'm going, no more doubt or fear.
I've found my way.
For love came just in time.
You found me just in time
and changed my lonely life, that lovely day.

1. B♭

2. B♭ B♭dim B♭ B♭dim B♭6

mf
Let's Get Away From It All

Medium bounce

I'm so tired of this
dull routine,
up to town on the eight fifteen,
back at night, off to bed and then—
get up and start it all over again—
Let's take a boat to Bermuda, let's take a plane to Saint Paul,
let's take a kayak to Quincy or Nyack, let's get away from it all,
Let's take a trip in a trailer, no need to come back at all,
let's take a powder to Boston for chowder, let's get away from it all.
We'll
travel round from town to town, we'll visit every state, I'll repeat "I
love you, Sweet!"
In all the forty eight, Let's go again to Ni-a

g'ra- this time we'll look at the "Fall" let's leave our hut, dear, get

out of our rut, dear, let's get away from it all
Love And Marriage

Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by James Van Heusen
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Schottische tempo

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{G}^7 \]

Love and marriage, love and marriage,

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{C}^7 \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{C} \]

Go together like a horse and carriage, This I tell ya

\[ \text{It's an institute your can't disarray, ask the local} \]

165
brother, Ya can’t have one without the other.

men’try. Try, try, try to separate them.

It’s an illusion, Try, try.

try and you will only come to this conclusion.
C    G7    C    C7
Love and marriage, love and marriage, Go together like a

F    Fm    C    E7    F
horse and carriage, Dad was told by mother, You

Cdim    C    Cdim    C    Cdim    C
can't have one, You can't have none, You can't have one without the

D6    G9    G7(+9)    C    N.C.    D17    C
other!
Moderato

N.C.

CHORUS

C7m7 F C7m7 Fdim

You see a pair of laughing eyes
and hand in hand beneath the trees
and

Cm7 C7 F9

suddenly you’re sighing sighs,
soon there’s music in the breeze,
and you’re thinking nothing’s wrong, you string.

you’re acting kind of smart until
along, boy, then snap!
your heart just goes whap!

Those eyes,
Those trees,

those sighs,
that breeze,
they're part of the tender trap!

You're

Some starry night, when her kisses make you
She'll hold you tight and you'll hate yourself for being single. And all at once it seems so nice, the folks are throwing shoes and rice, you
hurry to a spot, that's just a dot on the map!

You wonder how it all came about, it's too late now, there's no getting out, you fell in love, and love is the tender trap!
Moderato

N.C.

Nothing seemed to matter any more,

a tempo
legato

didn't care what I was headed for;

\[ E^b \]
\[ E^b_{maj7} \]
\[ Edim \]
\[ Fm \]
\[ Fm^7 \]
\[ G^7 \]
\[ D^b_{m6} \]
\[ F^7_{sus4} \]
\[ F^7 \]
\[ fr^7 \]
\[ Cm \]
\[ F^7 \]

\[ F^7 \]
\[ Ab^6 \]
\[ Dm7(\flat5) \]
\[ G7(\flat5) \]
\[ C^7_{aug} \]
\[ F7(\flat5) \]
\[ B^7 \]
\[ Eb \]
time was standing still, nothing counted till there
came a knock-knock-knocking at the door.

CHORUS (slowly, with much expression)

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away;
love walked right in and
brought my sunniest day. One magic moment

and my heart seemed to know that love said "Hello,"

though not a word was spoken. One look and I for-

got the gloom of the past; one look and I had
found my future at last. One

look and I had found a world completely

new, when love walked in with you.

B♭7 B♭maj7 Fm7 B♭maj7

2.

you.

pp
Luck Be A Lady

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Moderato

They

con la voce

call you Lady Luck but there is room for doubt at times you have a very unlady-like

way of running out, you’re on a date with me, the pickings have been lush and
yet before this evening is over you might give me the brush. You
might forget your manners, you might refuse to stay, and so the best that I can do is

Brightly
a tempo

pray.

Luck be a lady tonight.
luck be a lady to-night.

Luck if you've ever been a lady to be-
gin with. luck be a lady to-night.

luck be a lady to-night.
Luck let a gentleman see,
how nice a dame you can be,
I know the way you’ve treated other guys you’ve been with,
luck be a lady with me.
lady doesn't leave her escort, it isn't fair, it isn't nice, a lady doesn't wander all over the room and
blow on some other guy's dice.

So let's keep the party polite,

never get out of my sight,

stick with me baby I'm the
fellows you came in with, luck be a lady,
luck be a lady, luck be a lady tonight...
My Kind Of Town (Chicago Is)

Allegro
N.C.

Don’t

ever, ever ask me what Chicago is, un-

less you’ve got an hour or two or three. ‘Cause
I need time to tell you what Chicago is,
all the things Chicago is to me. Gee! It's

CHORUS (nice walking style)

my kind of town, Chicago is, my kind of town, Chicago is,
kind of town!

This is the Wrigley Building, Chicago is, The Windy City, Chicago is, the Union
Stockyards, Chicago is, Comiskey

Ballpark, Chicago is, one town that

cresc.

won't let you down, it's my kind

of town!
My Way

Slow tempo

1. And now the end is
2. I've had a
3. I've laughed and

near and so I face the final curtain,
but then again to few to mention,
I've had my fill my share of losing,

friend I'll say it clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm
what I had to do, and saw it through without ex-
now as tears subside, I find it all so am-

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certain... I've lived a life that's full, I've travelled each careful and may I
-tempt-... I planned each char-tered course, and more, much more than and more, much more than
-uss-... To think I did all that

each and ev-ry high-way... and more, much more than
step a-long the by-way... and more, much more than
say, not in a shy way... oh no, oh no not

Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7
this, I did it my way. Re-
this, I did it my
me, I did it my

2. Yes there were times... I'm sure you knew... when I bit-
way. For what is a man what has he got. if not him-
off
self
more than I could chew.
then he has not
to say the things
when there was
doubt
feel
I ate it up and not the words
and spit it out.
I faced it
and not the words
of one who kneels.
The record

To Coda
all and I stood tall and did it my way.
I've

°Coda
blows and did it my way.
New York, New York

Words by Fred Ebb, Music by John Kander
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Moderately, with rhythm

Start spread-in' the news, I'm leaving today,

I wanna be a part of it New York, New York.
These vagabond shoes are longing to stray,

and step around the heart of it New York, New York.

I wanna wake up in the city that doesn't

sleep to find I'm king of the hill, top of the hill.

To Coda
heap.

My little town blues are melting away,

I'll make a brand new start of it in old New York.

If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere. It's up to you, New York, New York.
York.

D.C. al Coda

Am7

king of the hill, head of the list, cream of the crop at the top of the heap.

My little town blues are melting away.

I'll make a brand new start of it.
In old New York.

If I can make it there—— I'd make it anywhere.

Come on, come through New York, New York.
Moderato

Walked with no-one, and talked with no-one, and I had nothing but shadows.

Then one morning you passed and I brightened at last.
now I greet the day, and complete the day with the sun in my heart,

all my worry blew away when you taught me how to say:

Grab your coat, and get your hat, leave your worry on the doorstep.

Just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street. 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 afraid this Rover crossed over, if I never have a cent I'll be rich as Rockefeller, gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street. Grab your street.
One For My Baby
(And One More For The Road)

Words by Johnny Mercer. Music by Harold Arlen
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Lazily

\[ E^6 \quad E^9 \]

It's quarter to three...

\[ E^6 \quad F^7 \quad E^6 \quad E^9 \]

no-one in the place except you and me,
set 'em up, Joe, I've got a little story you ought-a know,

we're drinking, my friend, to the end of a brief episode,

make it one for my baby and one more for the road.

I
got the routine,
so drop another nickel

in the machine,
I'm feelin' so bad,

wish you'd make the music
dreamy and sad,

could tell you a lot,
but you've got to be
true to your code,
make it one for my ba - by and
one more for the road.
You’d
nev - er know it, but Bud - dy, I’m a kind of po - et and I’ve got - ta lot of things to
say, and when I’m gloomy, you simp - ly got - ta lis - ten to me, un -
Gm7 | E79 | D7 Aug | G | Bm

Til it's talked away. Well, that's how it goes and

G | D7 | G | Cmaj7

Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close,

G7 | G | Bm | G | D7

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

pp

G | Dm7 | G7 | C | Em7

Bending your ear, this torch that I've found,
must be drowned or it soon might explode.

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

long, long road.
Oh Look At Me Now

Words by John DeWees, Music by Joe Bushkin
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Moderately

For I'm not the guy who cared about love, and

I'm not the guy who cared about fortunes and such, never cared much,

but, look at me now.
I never knew the technique of kissin',
I never knew the thrill I could get from your touch,
never knew much. Oh! Look at me now.
I'm a new man, better than Cassanova at his best.
With a new heart,
brand new start, I'm so proud I'm bust-in' my vest. So,

I am the guy who turned out a lover, so, I'm the guy who

laughed at those blue diamond rings, one of those things. Oh! Look at me

1. now.

2. now.
Somethin’ Stupid

Words & Music by C. Carson Park
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Moderately slow

N.C.

\[ F \]

\[ F^6 \]

\[ Fm7 \]

\[ F \]

know I stand in line until you think you have the time to spend an
practice every day to find some clever lines to say to make the

\[ Gm7 \]

\[ C^9 \]

\[ Gm7 \]

\[ C^9 \]

\[ Gm7 \]

\[ C7 \]

evenin’ with me. And if we go someplace to dance, I
meaning come through. But then I think I’ll wait until the
know that there’s a chance you won’t be leavin’ with me.

Then The

af - ter - wards we drop in - to a quiet little place and have a
time is right, your perfume fills my head, the stars get red, and oh, the

drink or two.

And then I go and spoil it all by

night is so blue.

To next strain

say - in’ some - thin’ stu - pid, like “I love you.”

I can
love you."

see it in your eyes that you despise the same old lines you heard the night before.

And though it's just a line to you, for me it's true and never seemed so right before.

D.\#. al Fine
September Song

Words by Maxwell Anderson, Music by Kurt Weill
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Moderato assai

When you

mf

a tempo

I was a young man court-ing the girls,

meet with the young men ear-ly in spring,

I played me a wait-ing
game; If a maid re-fused me with toss-ing curls

They woo you with words and a clo-ver ring, but

poco rit.
let the old earth take a couple of whirls while I plied her with tears in
if you examine the goods they bring they have little to offer but the

lieu of pearls. And as time came around she came my way, as
songs they sing, and a plentiful waste of time of day a

with expression
time came around she came. But it's a
plentiful waste of time.

long, long while from May to December; and the days grow
short, when you reach September; and the Autumn weather turns the leaves to flame, and I haven’t got time for the waiting game; For the days dwindle down to a precious few September poco expressivo
-tem-ber,
No-vem-ber,
and these few

pre-cious days
I'd spend with you,
these gold-en
days
I'd spend with you.

But it's a you.
Stormy Weather

Words by Ted Koehler. Music by Harold Arlen.
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Slow lament

Don’t know

why there’s no sun up in the sky, stormy weather,

since my gal and I ain’t together, keeps raining all the
Life is bare
gloom and
mis'ry ev'rywhere, stormy weather.
just can't get my poor self together, I'm weary all the
time, the time, so weary all the
time. When she went away the blues walked in and met me. If she stays away old rock-in'
chair will get me. All I do I pray the Lord above will let me walk in the sun once more. Can't go
on everything I had is gone, stormy weather,
since my gal and I ain't together, keeps rainin' all the time,

Don't know time...
Strangers In The Night

Words by Charles Singleton & Eddie Snyder. Music by Bert Kaempfert
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Beguine tempo

Strangers in the night, exchanging glances, wondering in the night.

What were the chances we'd be sharing love before the night was
through. Something in your eyes was so inviting.

something in your smile was so exciting, something in my heart told me I must have you.

Strangers in the night, two lonely people, we were strangers in the night, up to the moment when we said our first hello.
little did we know
love was just a glance a-way,
a warm "embracing dance a-way and
ever since that night—we've been together,
lovers at first sight,
in love for ever,
a tempo
it turned out so right,
for strangers in the night.

2.
night.
That Old Black Magic

Moderato con espressione

That

soft with gradual cresc.

old black ma - gic has me in its spell

That

pp rhythmically but sustained

old black ma - gic that you weave so - well

Those
icy fingers up and down my spine.

same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

same old tingle that I feel inside.

cresc. poco a poco

then that elevator starts its ride.

rit. f a tempo
down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go
like a leaf that's caught in the tide. I should stay away
but what can I do? I hear your name and I'm a

flame, a flame with such a burning desire
that only your kiss can put out the fire. For

you're the lover I have waited for. The

mate that fate had me created for. And
cresc. poco a poco

every time your lips meet mine, darling

molto espre.
down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go

in a spin, loving that spin I'm in, un-der that

old black ma-gic called love!

That

love!

a tempo
The Night We Called It A Day

Words by Tom Adair. Music by Matt Dennis.
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Authors and poets in prose and in rhyme,

G/B B\textsuperscript{b}dim Am\textsuperscript{b} D\textsuperscript{9} D\textsuperscript{9(\#9)} Gm\textsuperscript{7(\#9)} B/D\textsuperscript{b} Em

seem to agree that night is the time of lovers' meetings,

Am\textsuperscript{b} E\textsuperscript{7} D\textsuperscript{7} G/B B\textsuperscript{b}dim Am\textsuperscript{b} D\textsuperscript{9(\#9)}

romantic greetings. To my misfortune, I found this a lie,
for it was night when you whispered, “Good-bye.” A night of madness

that turned to sadness much too soon. There was a

Slowly, a tempo

moon out in space, but a cloud drifted over its face. You

kissed me and went on your way, the night we called it a day. I heard the
song of the spheres, like a minor lament in my ears. I hadn't the heart left to pray, the night we called it a day. Soft through the dark, the hoot of an owl in the sky, sad tho' his
song, no bluer was he than I. The moon went down, stars were gone, but the sun didn’t rise with the dawn, there wasn’t a thing left to say, the night we called it a day. There was a day.
Witchcraft

Words by Carolyn Leigh. Music by Cy Coleman

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Medium bounce

F

Shades of old Lu-cre-tia Bor-gia!

Gm

There's a de-vil in you to-night... 'n' al-though my heart ad-ores ya

Am7 Dm7 Gm7 C A7(5) D7 Gm

my head says... it ain't right... right to let you make ad-va-nces, oh no!
Under normal circumstances, I'd go but oh!

Those fingers in my hair, that sly, come-hither stare,

that strips my conscience bare, it's witchcraft.

And I've got no defence for it, the heat is too intense for it,
what good would common sense for it do?
'Cause it's

witchcraft!
Wicked witchcraft, and all

though I know it's strictly taboo,

when you arouse the need in me, my heart says, "Yes, indeed" in me,
“Proceed with what you’re leading me to!”

It’s such an ancient pitch, but one I wouldn’t switch.

’cause there’s no nicer witch than you!

2.

you!
Yes Indeed (A Jive Spiritual)

Words & Music by Sy Oliver
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Moderately

Yes indeed, indeed, I've got that

feel in me, indeed, You will
F    Dm7   Gm7       C11     F    Bb   F    C11   Dm7   F6
shout when it hits you, yes indeed. Yes you’ll shout, when it
out if it’s in you, yes indeed. Makes you shout, “Jack it

Bb   F6   Gm7   C7   F7
hits you, yes indeed; sends you, yes indeed; when the spirit moves you, you’ll
when that Jive starts jump in’, you’ll

G7(13)   Gm7   Bb6   Fmaj7   Dm7
shout “Hallelujah”, when it hits you, you’ll
shout “Let me in there”, when it hits you, you’ll

Gm7   C11   F6   Bb   F
hol-la “Yes indeed.” It comes
hol-la “Yes indeed.”
You Go To My Head

Music by J. Fred Coots. Words by Haven Gillespie
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Tenderly

You go to my head...

and you linger like a haunting refrain—

and I find you spinning 'round in my brain—

like the bubbles in a glass of champagne.
You go to my head like a sip of sparkling Burgundy brew and I find the very mention of you like the kicker in a julep or two.

The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought to my plea casts a spell over me.
Still I say to myself, “Get a hold of yourself, can’t you
see that it never can be.” You go to my head
with a smile that makes my temperature rise, like a summer with a
thousand Julys,—You intoxicate my soul with your eyes.
Though I'm certain that this heart of mine
hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy romance,
You go to my head.

You go to my head.

1. 
2. 

a tempo

rit.
You Make Me Feel So Young

Words by Mack Gordon. Music by Josef Myrow
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Moderato

You make me feel so young,

spring has sprung,

a happy individual.

The moment that you speak,
I wanna go play hide and seek,
I wanna go and bounce the moon,
just like a toy balloon.

You and I are
just like a couple of tots,
running across a
meadow,
picking up lots of forget-me-nots.
You make me feel so young,
you make me feel there are
songs to be sung, bells to be rung, And a wonderful fling to be
flung.
And even when I'm old and grey.
I'm gonna feel the way I do today, 'cause you make me feel so young.

2.

young.
You’re Nobody ’Til Somebody Loves You

Words & Music by Russ Morgan, Larry Stock & James Cavanaugh
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Moderately

G  B7  B7aug  B7  Em  B7  A  B7

Some look for glory, it's still the old story, of

E7  D  E7  D  E7  D  E7  Am  E7  A7  A7aug  D9  D7aug

love versus glory, and when all is said and done. You're
Slowly

G       B7       E7(9)       E7       Dm

no - bo - dy 'til some - bo - dy loves you,

mp-mf

E7      B7      E7

you're no - bo - dy till some - bo - dy cares.

G6      Bm7      G6

You may be king, you

Bm7      G6      Bm    G6      D7    aug

may pos - sess the world and its gold, but
gold won't bring you happiness when you're growing old.

The world still is the same, you'll never change it.

As sure as the stars shine above; You're
Young At Heart

Music by Johnny Richards. Words by Carolyn Leigh
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Slowly

Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you if you're

young at heart.

For it's hard, you will find, to be

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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

better by far to be young at heart. And if

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you should survive to a hundred and five, look at all you'll derive out of being alive, and here is the best part, you have a head start, if you are among the very young at heart, Fairly young at heart.
The Lady Is A Tramp

Words by Lorenz Hart, Music by Richard Rodgers
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Moderately

N.C.

1. She gets too hungry for dinner at eight.

2. She don't like crap games with barons and earls.

---

C

Cm7

Dm7

G7

---

C

Cm7

Dm7

---

she likes the theatre but never comes late.

---

won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls.

---
She won't dish the dirt with the people she hates, that's why the lady is a tramp.

1. C F G7

2. C C7

She likes the free, fresh wind in her hair.
life without care. She’s broke.

D7    G7
it’s oke. Hates California, it’s

Dm    F7

cold and it’s damp. that’s why the

D7    G7
lady is a tramp.
58 Sinatra classics including:

I’ve Got You Under My Skin
Strangers In The Night
My Way
New York, New York
One For My Baby
The Tender Trap
That Old Black Magic
Fools Rush In
The Lady Is A Tramp
Just In Time
All Of Me
You Make Me Feel So Young
Come Fly With Me
Young At Heart
Fly Me To The Moon
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