billy crystal
meg ryan
when harry met sally

“Romantic and Funny! It’s Wonderful!”
Joel Siegel, WABC-TV
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It Had To Be You

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Isham Jones

Freely

Why do I do just as you say?

Why must I just give you your way? Why do I sigh?

Why don’t I try to forget?

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must have been something lovers call fate kept me saying
I had to wait. I saw them all, just couldn't fall till we
met.
It had to be you,
it had to be you; I wandered around

2° Instrumental till *
and finally found the somebody who

could make me be true, could make me be

blue, and even be glad just to be sad

thinking of you. Some others I've
Amaj9

seen

might nev - er be mean,

might nev - er be cross-

Bº

Emº

or try to be boss,

but they wouldn't do

Emº/A

Dº

Emº

For no - body else gave me a thrill;

with all your

cº7́

Gºm⁷́₃

cº7́₃

faults, I love you still. It had to be you. wonderful you,
it had to be you.

it had to be you.

woah wonderful you.

It had to be you.
LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

Con anima

F6 E7 F D7 G7 D7

The more I read the papers The less I comprehend The

Gm7 Cdim C9 F6 Fdim Gm7 C7 Bb

world and all its capers And how it all will end. Nothing seems to be

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lasting, But that isn't our affair; We've got something

permanent, I mean in the way we care.

Refrain

It's very clear Our love is here to stay;

Not for a year But ever and a day.
The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know May just be passing fancies,

And in time may go. But, oh my dear,

Our love is here to stay; Together
we're going a long, long way.

In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble,

They're only made of clay, But our love is here to stay.

It's very stay.
RAMBLIN' MAN

Words and Music by DICKEY BETTS

Brightly

G

D

C

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man, try'n' to make a livin' and
do-in' the best I can. And

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when it's time for leavin', I hope you'll understand.

that I was born a ramblin' man.

Well, my father was a gambler down in Georgia, and he

Orleans this morning, in,
wound up on the wrong end of a gun.
leavin' out of Nashville, Tennessee.

And I was born in the back seat of a
They're always havin' a good time down on the

Bayou. Greyhound bus,
Lord, rollin' down
delta women

Highway Forty-one. think the world of me.
Lord, I was born a ramblin' man,

try'n' to make a livin' and
do in' the best I can.

And

when it's time for leavin': I
Em

C

G

hope you'll un - der - stand

that I was born-

D7

G

a ram blin' man.

I'm

2

G

G

man.

Lord, I was born-

F

G

Repeat and Fade

a ram blin' man.
RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT

Moderately

1. Sun goes down on a silky day;
2. No use talking when the shadows fall;

quarter moon walking thru the Milky Way. Oh, you and me baby,
night birds calling and he says it all.

we could think of something to do. It's the
right time of the night; the stars are wink-in' above.

right time of the night for mak-in' love.

I got you and you got me; tell you

that's the way my momma always said it should be. I'll be good,
you be kind; we'll be bad if you don't mind. It's the

It's the right time of the night;

the stars are wink-in' above. It's the right time of the

night for mak-in' love. It's the
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato
C13♭9

F F/A Gm7 C9/E

Things have come to a pretty pass.
Our romance is growing flat,
for you like this and the other, while

Fmaj7
Blb7#11/F

Dm7♭5 A7♯5 D13/F# D7♯5/F#

I go for this and that.
Goodness knows what the end will be, oh, I

Dm7/A G13 C13/G

Fmaj7 F/A Gm11 C7/G

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Fmaj7     Bb13#11     Cmaj7    Am7    Dm7    G7

don't know where I'm at.    It looks as if we two will nev'er be

C    Gm7b5    C9/E

one.    Some-thing must be done.

F13sus     F13

You say ce-ther and
You say laugh-ter and

Cm7  F13  Bb6  D#dim7  Cm7  F13

I say eye-ther,    you say nee-ther and I say ny-ther.
I say lawf-ter,    you say af-ter and I say awf-ter.
Ether, ether, neether, nyther, let's call the whole thing off.

Laugh-ter, lawf-ter, afer-ter, awwf-ter, let's call the whole thing off.

F7  Bb6  Gm7  F13
You like po-ta-to and I like po-tah-to,
You like va-nil-la and I like va-nel-la,

Bb6  Dbdim7  Cm7  F13  Bb9  Bb9/D
you like to-ma-to and I like to-mah-to. Po-ta-to, po-tah-to, to-
you sas-pa-ril-la and I sas-pa-rel-la. Va-nil-la, va-nel-la,

Eb6  Ab13  Bb(add9)  C9  F13  Bb(add9)  Cm11  Bb(add9)
ma-to, to-mah-to, let's call the whole thing off.
choc-late straw-ber-ry, let's call the whole thing off.} But oh,
If we call the whole thing off, then we must part.

And oh, if we ever part, then that might break my heart.

So, if you like pajamas and I like pajamas, I’ll wear pajamas and give up pajamas.

So, if you go for oysters and I go for oysters, I’ll order oysters and cancel the oysters.
For we know we need each other, so we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off.

call the whole thing off. I say father and you.
say padder, I say mother and you say madder.

Pa - der, ma - der, un - cle, ahnt - ic, let's call the whole thing off.

I like bananas and you like bananas.

I say Havana and I get Havahna. Bananas, banana, Havana.
va - na, Ha - vah - na. Go your way, I'll go mine.

Instrumental soli

Em7b5
A7#5 Dm6 Gm7 Gb13

F7 Em7b5 A7#5 Dm6

G7 Gb9 F9 F13 Bb6 Gm9

Instrumental ends So, if I go for scallops and
you go for lobster... so, alright, no contest. We'll order lobster.

For we know we need each other, so we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off.
BUT NOT FOR ME

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Eb Bb+  Bbm  Ab+  Eb+  Gm

P (pessimistically)

Old Man Sunshine listen, you! Never tell me,

A7  A+  Fm  Bb7  Eb  Cm7  Bb7  Eb  Cm7  Am7  Am7  D7

"Dreams come true!" Just try it And I'll start a riot.

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Beatrice Fairfax, don't you dare
Ever tell me he will care, I'm

certain
It's the final curtain, I never want to

hear From any cheerful Pollyannas, Who tell you

fate, Supplies a mate; It's all bananas! They're writing
(He's knocking)
REFRAIN  Eb  Bb7  Cm7
Rather slow (smoothly)  Bb7  Eb  Bb7  Eb  Bb7  Eb  Bb7

songs of love,  But not for me.  A lucky
on a door,  But not for me.  He'll plan a

F7  Bb7  Eb7

star's above,  But not for me.  With love to
two by four,  But not for me.  I know that

Eb+5  Ab  Fm7  Fdim  Eb  Cm  Bb7  Eb

lead the way,  I've found more clouds of gray.  Than any
love's a game;  I'm puzzled, just the same.  Was I the

Eb+5  Fm7

Russian play  Could guarantee.  I was a
moth or flame?  I'm all at sea.  It all be -
fool to fall. And get that way; Heigh-ho! A-las! and al-
gan so well. But what an end! This is the time a fell-

so, Lack-a-day! Although I can't dis-miss
- er needs a friend, When ev'ry hap-py plot

The mem'ry of his kiss, I guess he's not
Ends with the mar-riage knot, And there's no knot

for me. He's knock-ing me.
WHERE OR WHEN
from BABES IN ARMS

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

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

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

Sometimes you think you've lived before,
all that you live today.
Things you do... come back to you... as though they knew the way. Oh, the

tricks your mind can play! It seems we stood and talked like

this before. We looked at each other in the same way then,

but I can't remember where or when.
The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore. The

smile you are smiling you were smiling then, but I can't remember where or

when. Some things that happen for the

first time seem to be happening a -
And so it seems that we have met before, and laughed before, and loved before, but who knows where or when!
AUTUMN IN NEW YORK

Words and Music by VERNON DUKE

Andantino (poco rubato)

It's time to end my lonely holiday And bid the
country a hasty farewell. So on this gray and melan-

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choly day I'll move to a Manhattan hotel. I'll dis-
pose of my rose-colored chattels And prepare for my share of ad-
ventures and battles. Here on the twenty-seventh floor, Looking
down on the city I hate and adore!
REFRAIN

\[ Gm \quad Am \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad F \]

Autumn in New York, Why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York, The gleaming rooftops at sundown.

\[ Gm \quad Am \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad Am7 \quad D7 \quad Am7 \quad D+ \]

Autumn in New York, It spells the thrill of first nightingale,
Autumn in New York, It lifts you up when you're rundown.

\[ Gm7 \quad Bbm7 \quad Eb7 \quad A\# \quad Cm \quad Ddim \]

Glittering crowds and shimmering clouds in canyons of steel,
Jaded roués and gay divorcées who lunch at the Ritz,
Will making me feel I'm home.
Will telling you that "it's divine!"

It's Autumn in New York.
This Autumn in New York.
that brings the promise of new love;  
transforms the slums into Mayfair;

is often mingled with pain.  
you'll need no castles in Spain.

hands may sigh for exotic lands;  
dark on benches in Central Park.

It's good to live it again.  
It's good to live it again.
WINTER WONDERLAND

Words by
DICK SMITH

Music by
FELIX BERNARD

Moderately ($\text{\textit{}} = \text{\textit{$\frac{3}{4}$}}$)

Verse:

Over the ground lies a

mantine of white, a heaven of diamonds shine down through the night:

Two hearts are thrillin' in spite of the chill in the weather.
Love knows no season, love knows no clime;

romance can blossom any old time. Here in the open, we're

walk-in' and hop-in' together! Sleigh bells

Refrain:

ring, are you listen’? In the
lane, snow is glis-t'nn'; a beau-ti-ful sight, we're

hap-py to-night, walk-in' in a win-ter won-der-land! Gone a-

way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a

new bird. {He sings a love song, as we go a-long.}
walkin' in a winter wonderland!

In the meadow we can build a snowman,

And pretend that he is Porson Brown,

He'll say, "Are you married?"
We'll say, "No, man!

But
you can do the job when you're in town!"

When it's snowing, we'll conspire,
as we dream by the fire,

Though your nose gets a chillin',

We'll frolic and play the Eskimo way,

"till the other kids knock 'em down!

To face unafraid the plans that we made.

Walkin' in a winter wonderland!

Sleigh bells ring!
I COULD WRITE A BOOK
(From "PAL JOEY")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

If they asked me I Could Write A Book,
About the way you walk and whisper and look,
I could write a preface on how we met, so the world would never for-
And the simple secret of the plot

is just to tell them that I love you a lot,

Then the world discovers as my book ends, How to make two

lovers of friends.
No 3

The Surrey With The Fringe On Top

Curly: If I was to ask you, they'd be a way
to take you, Miss Laurey Smarty.

Laurey: Oh, they would?

Brightly

When I take you out tonight with me

Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be,

You will set behind a team of snow-white horses

In the slickest gig you ever see!

AUNT ELLER: "Lands!"

C-543-
Tempo giusto

CURLY:

Chicks and ducks and geese better scur-ry When I take you

out in the sur-rey When I take you out in the sur-rey with the

fringe on top! Watch that fringe and

see how it flutters When I drive them high-step-pin'strut-ters!
Nos - ey - pokes -'ll peek thru their shut - ters and their eyes will pop!

The wheels are yel - ler, the up - hol - ster - y’s brown, The
dash - board’s gen - u - ine leath - er, With i - sin - glass cur - tains you can

roll right down, in case there’s a change in the weath - er.
Two bright side lights, wink-in' and blink-in' Ain't no finer rig, I'm a-think-in'! You can keep yer rig if you're thinkin' at I'd keer to swop fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top!
Brightly

AUNT ELLER: (spoken)

Would y' say the fringe was made of silk?

CURLY: (sings)

Would n't have no other kind but silk

LAUREY:

Has it really got a team of snow-white horses?

CURLY:

One's like snow, the other's more like milk.

AUNT ELLER:

"So y' can tell 'em apart!"
Tempo giusto

All the world 'll fly in a flurry
When I take you out in the surrey
out in the surrey
When I take you out in the surrey with the

fringe on top!
When we hit that

road, hell fer leath-er,
Cats and dogs 'll dance in the heath-er
Birds and frogs'll sing all together and the toads will hop! The wind'll whistle as we rattle along, The cows'll moo in the clover, The river will ripple out a whispered song, and whisper it over and over:
(In a loud whisper)

Don't you wish you'd go on forever? Don't you wish you'd go on forever and ever never stop in that shiny little surrey with the Fringe on the top?

(Dialogue)
Listesso tempo

AUNT ELLER:

Y'd shore feel like a queen settin' up in that carriage!

CURLY:

Only she talked so mean to me a while back, Aunt Eller, I've a good mind not to take her.

LAUREY:

Aint said I was goin'.

CURLY:

Aint last you!

LAUREY:

Whur'd you git such a rig at?

I bet he's went and h'ard a rig over to Claremore! Thinkin' I'd go with him!

CURLY:

'S all you know about it.

LAUREY:

Spent all his money harin' a rig and now aint got nobody to ride in it!

CURLY:

Have, too! Did not h'ar it. Made the whole thing up outa
LAUREY:
What! Made it up?

CURLY:
Dashboard and all.

LAUREY:
Oh! git offa the place, you!
Aunt Eller, make him git hisse'f
outa here. Telling me lies!

CURLY:
Makin' up a few look out now! Makin' up a few parties ain't agin' no law at I know of. Don't you wish they was such a rig, though?

'Nen y' could go to the play party and do a hoe-down till mornin' if you was a mind to.
'Nen when you was all wore out, I'd lift you onto the surrey and jump up alongside of you.

And we'd jest point the horses home. I can jest pitch the whole thing.
Con sentimento (*slowly*)

**CURLY: sings**

I can see the stars git-tin' blurry When we ride back home in the surrey, Rid-in' slowly home in the surrey with the fringe on top.

I can feel the day git-tin' older, Feel a sleepy head near my shoul-der,
Nod-din', droop-in' close to my shoulder till it falls, ker-
plop! The sun is swim-min' on the rim of a hill, The
moon is tak-in' a head-er, And jist as I'm think-in' all the
earth is still, A lark'll wake up in the med-der.
Hush! You bird, my baby's asleep-in'— May be got a

(ce1)

(gradingly slower to the end)

dream worth a-keep-in'— Whoa! you team, and jist keep a-creep-in' at a

slow clip clop. Don't you hurry with the surrey with the
SAY IT ISN'T SO

Words and Music by Irving Berlin

Not too fast
Gmaj7/D A7/D A7b9/D D7 Ddim rit. Am7 D7sus D7sus 4

a tempo

5
G6
Say it isn't so,

G+
Say it isn't so.

8
G
Everyone is saying you don't love me,

Em

Em7

11
A7
say it isn't so.

D7
Ev'rywhere I go,

© 1932 Irving Berlin Music Corp
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- everyone I know

Whispers that you're growing tired of me, say it isn't so.

People say that you

found somebody new.

And it won't be long be -
-fore you leave me, say it isn't true.

Say that everything is still okay, that's all I want to know.

And what they're saying, say it isn't.
STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

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

Moderately slow Swing

\[ \text{Db/F} \quad \text{Edim7} \quad \text{Ebm7} \quad \text{Edim7} \quad \text{Db/F} \]

\[ \text{Bb13b9} \quad \text{Eb7#9} \quad \text{Ab13b9} \quad \text{Db9} \quad \text{Dbmaj7} \quad \text{Ebm7} \]

Sav oy, the home of sweet romance.

\[ \text{Db/F} \quad \text{Ab13b9/Gb} \quad \text{Db9/Ab} \quad \text{Gb6} \quad \text{Db/F} \quad \text{Bb7b9} \]

Sav oy, it wins you at a glance.

\[ \text{Ebm7} \quad \text{Ab13} \quad \text{Ab13b9} \quad \text{Db/F} \quad \text{Bb7#5} \]

gives happy feet a chance to dance.

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International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
Your form, just like a clinging vine. Your lips, 

so warm and sweet as wine. Your cheeks, so soft and close to

mine, divine.

How my heart is singin’ while the band is
swing-in'

stomp-in' with you at the Savoy. What joy, a perfect holiday.

Savoy, where we can glide and sway.

there let me stomp away with you.
Have Yourself

from the MGM film Meet Me in St. Louis
Words and Music by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Slowly and delicately

Have yourself a merry little Christmas; Let your heart be light.

From now on, our troubles will be out of sight.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas; Make the Yuletide gay.

From now on, our troubles will be miles away.

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Here we are as in olden days, happy golden days of yore:

Faithful friends who are dear to us gather near to us once more.

Through the years we all will be together If the Fates allow.

Hang a shining star upon the highest bough.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas now.
CALL ME

Key of C (Eb-Eb)

Words and Music by
TONY HATCH

Moderato

Piano

If you're feeling sad and lonely, there's a service I can render, Tell the one who loves you only,

I can be so warm and tender. CALL ME!

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*Chord names and diagrams for guitar.
Don't be afraid; you can CALL ME. Maybe it's late, but just CALL ME. Tell me and I'll be around.

When it seems your friends desert you, there's somebody thinking of you. I'm the one who'll never hurt you.
Maybe that's because I love you. CALL ME!

Don't be afraid; you can CALL ME. Maybe it's late, but just

CALL ME. Tell me and I'll be around. Now don't forget me, 'cause if you let me, I will always stay by you. You gotta trust me; that's how it must be. There's so much that I can
If you call, I'll be right with you.

You and I should be together. Take this love I long to give you, I'll be at your side forever. CALL ME!

Don't be afraid; you can CALL ME. Maybe it's late, but just CALL ME.

Tell me and I'll be around.
Don't Get Around Much Anymore

Words by Bob Russell
Music by Duke Ellington

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Don't get a-round much a-ny-more.
Don't get a-round much a-ny-more.

2. Thought I'd vi-sit the

Now, dar-lin', I guess my
mind's more at ease.
But, nev-er-the-less,

why stir up old me-mo-ries? Been in- vi- ted on dates;
I might have gone, but what
It's awfully different without you.

Don't get around much anymore.

Amen.

Don't get around much anymore. Awfully different without you.

Don't get around much anymore.
ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?
from the Paramount Picture LOVE ME TONIGHT

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Calmly

\[ \text{Ab Abm Eb Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Fm7 Bb7 Ab Abm} \]

I've never met you, yet never
My face is glowing, I'm enter-

doubt dear, I can't forget you. I've thought you
get ic, the art of sewing. I found po-

\[ \text{Eb/G Gbdim Fm7 Bb7#5} \]

\[ \text{Eb7 Ab Bb7} \]

out dear. I know your profile and I know the way you
et ic. My needle punctuates the rhythm of ro-

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kiss just the thing I don't give a stitch
mance! I don't like

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

afraid of my own creation. With all my
sailor, no one will trust 'em. But there is

heart, my heart is here for you to take. Why should I
magic in the music of my shears; I shed no
Steadily, not too fast

*quack* I'm not awake. Isn't it romantic?

*tears* Lend me your ears! Isn't it romantic?

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

Soon I will have found some girl that I adore. Isn't it romantic?

Moving shadows write the oldest magic.

While I sit around, my love can scrub the floor.

I hear the breezes playing.

She'll kiss me every hour.
Cm \ G7#5 \ Cm \ Eb7/Bb \ Ab \ C7/G

in or she'll get the sack. While

Fm \ Bb7 \ Bdim7 \ Cm \ F9 \ Bbdim7 \ Bb7

all the world is saying you were meant for love. Isn't it ro-

man-tic? Mere-ly to be young on such a night as

this? Is n't it ro-

man-tic? Kids are ro-

man-tic.

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

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

love perchance?
Is n’t it romance?
dear old France.
Is n’t it romance?

Isn’t it romance?
AULD LANG SYNE

Words by Robert Burns; Music Traditional

Moderately

D7    G    Em    Am/C    D7    G

Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind?
And here's a hand, my trusty friend, And gives a hand o' thine;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days of Auld Lang Syne?

C    G    Em    Am/C    D7    B7    Em    C    D7    G

Chorus

C    G    Em    Am/C    D7    C    G

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne; We'll

G    Em    Am/C    D7    B7    Em    C    D7    G

take a cup of kindness yet For Auld Lang Syne.