Jazz and Blues Songs

All of Me by Seymour Simons and Gerald Marks (1931)

F Fm C C/B A7 F G C Em Dm7 G7

C   C   E7   E7
All of me,   why not take all of me?
A7   A7   Dm7sus4$_{(½)}$ Dm7$_{(½)}$ Dm7
Can't you see,   I'm no good without   you
E7   E7   Am7   E+
Take my arms -- I want to lose them;
D6   D7   G9   G7
Take my lips -- I'll never use them.

C   C   E7   E7
Your good bye   left me with eyes that cry,
A7   A7   Dm7sus4$_{(½)}$ Dm7$_{(½)}$ Dm7
How can I,   go on dear without   you.
Dm7   Fm6   Cma7$_{(½)}$ Gm6$_{(½)}$ A9
You took the part that once   was my heart,
*   Fm   G6   C Cdim7 Dm7   G+*
So why not take all of me?
*   Fm   G6   C F7   Fm7   C*
So why not take all of me?

As Time Goes By by Herman Hupfeld (1931)

    Dm   G   Dm   G7   C   Am Em Am
You must remember this, a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh.
     D   D7   G   G7   C Em F G
The fundamental things apply, as time goes by.
     Dm   G   Dm   G7   C   Am Em Am
And when two lovers woo, they still say, "I love you." On that you can rely

    D   D7   G   G7   C F C C7
No matter what the future brings as time goes by.

F   F   A7   A7 Dm   Dm   F   F
Moonlight and love songs are never out of date. Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate.
Am   Am   D   D7 G   Dm   G G7
Woman needs man and man must have his mate That no one can deny.

    Dm   G   Dm   G7   C   Am Em Am
It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory A case of do or die.
    D   D7   G   Dm   C G7 C C7
The world will always welcome lovers as time goes by.
       D   D7   G   D   C F C
Oh yes, the world will always welcome lovers as time goes by.

  Dm   G7   Gm6   G7   C   G+ Em Am
You must remember this, a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh.
  D   D7   G7sus4   G7   Dm7 G7   C Em F G
The fundamental things apply,   as time   goes by.

  Dm7   G7   Gm6   G7
And when two lovers woo, they still say, "I love you."
  C   G+   Am Em
On that you can rely
  D   D7   G7sus4   Dm7(½) G7(½) C F(½) Fm(½) C C7
No matter what the future brings as   time   goes by.

    F   F   A7   A7 Dm   Dm   F#dim7   F#dim7
Moonlight and love songs are never out of date. Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate.
  Am   Am   D   D7   G7   C#dim7 G G7
Woman needs man and man must have his mate That no one can den y.
    Dm   G   Dm   G7   C   Am Em Am
It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory A case of do or die.
    D   D7   G   Dm   C G7 C C7
The world will always welcome lovers as time goes by.
      D   D7   G   D,   C Am D7 G7
Oh yes, the world will always welcome lovers as time goes by.

Autumn Leaves (Les Feuilles Mortes) by

Joseph Kosma, English lyric by Johnny Mercer (1950) and French lyric by Jacques Prevert (1946)

     Am7   *D7*   *Gma7*   *Cma7*
The falling leaves   drift by the window
     Am6 (F#m7b5) *B7*   *Em*   *Em7*
The autumn leaves   of red and gold
     Am7   *D7*   *Gma7*   *Cma7*
I see your lips,   the summer kisses
     Am6 (F#m7b5) *B7*   *Em*   *Em*
The sun-burned hands   I used to hold

     B7   *B7b9*   *Em*   *Em*
Since you went away   the days grow long
     Am7   *D7*   *Gma7* *Em7*
And soon I'll hear   old winter's song
     B7b9   *B7*   *Em*   *Em*
But I miss you most of all my darling
     A/C#(½) *Am/C(½)* *B7(½)*   *B7b9(½)* *Em* *Am* *Em*
When au   tumn leaves start to   fall

C'est une chan**s**on, _ qui nous res**s**emble _	This is a song, which resembles to us.
Toi, tu m'ai**m**ais _ et je t'ai**m**ais _	You, you loved me and I loved you
Nous vivions **t**ous, _ les deux en**s**emble _	And we lived, both together,
Toi que m'ai**m**ais, _ moi qui t'ai**m**ais _	You who loved me, me who loved you.
Mais la **v**ie sépare _ ceux qui **s**'aiment _	But life separates those who love,
Tout douce**m**ent, _ sans faire de **b**ruit _	Softly, without sound
Et la **m**er efface **s**ur le **s**able _	And the sea erases on sand
Les **p**as des a**m**ants désu**n**is _	The footsteps of separated lovers

Bring It on Home to Me by Sam Cooke (1962)

E7   A   D7   A   E7

       A   *E*   *A*   *D -*
If you ever change your mind about leavin', leavin' me behind, Baby
A(½)   *C#m(½)*   *D(½)* *E7(½)*   *A(½)*
Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin', bring it on home to me
D7(½)   *A(½)*   *E7(½)*
Yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)

     I know I laughed, when you left, but now I know I only hurt myself; please
     Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin', bring it on home to me
     Yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)

I'd give you jewelry and money too. That ain't all, that ain't all I'd do for you if you'd
Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin', bring it on home to   me
Yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)

     You know I'll always be your slave, till I'm buried buried in my grave, oh honey
     Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin', bring it on home to   me
     Yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)

I try to treat you right, but you stay out, stay out late at night, I beg you
Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin', bring it on home to   me
Yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)   yeah (yeah)

(repeat and fade):
A(½)   *E7(½)*
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
words and music by Oscar Hamerstein II and Jerome Kern, (1927)

Dma7   Bm7   Em7   A7
Fish got to swim and birds got to fly,
Dma7 Am7(½) D7b9(½) G6   C9
I got to love   one   man till I die,
F#m7 Bm7 Bb7(½)   E7b9(¼) G7b9(¼) Dma7 Fdim7 Em7 A7#5
Can't help   lovin' dat man   of   mine.

Dma7   Bm7   Em7   A7
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow,
Dma7   Am7(½) D7b9(½) G6   C9
Tell me I'm cra   zy -- maybe, I know.
F#m7 Bm7 Bb7(½)   E7b9(¼) G7b9(¼) Dma7 Em7 Am7 D7b9
Can't help   lovin' dat man   of   mine.
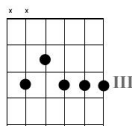

    G6   Fdim7   Dma7   E7
When he goes away,   dat's a rainy day,
   F#m7   Fma7   Em7 E9   Em7/A   A7 A7#5
And when he comes back, dat day is fine,   the sun will shine.

Dma7   Bm7   Em7   A7
He can come home as late as can be;
Dma7   Am7(½) D7b9(½) G6   C9
Home without him   ain't   no home to me
F#m7 Bm7 Bb7(½)   E7b9(¼) G7b9(¼) Dma7 F9 Bbma7 Ebma7 Dma7
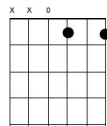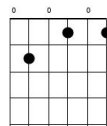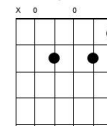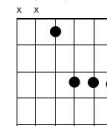Can't help   lovin' dat man   of   mine.
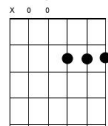
Devil And The Deep Blue Sea music by Harold Arlen

and lyrics by Ted Koehler (1931)

F Dm Gm C F Dm Gm C

F Dm Gm C   F   Dm   Gm   C
I   don't want you But I   hate to lose you
F7   F7   Bb   C#   F   C   F   G#aug
You've got me in be tween The devil and the deep blue sea
F Dm Gm C   F   Dm   Gm C
I   for   give you'Cause I can't forget   you
F7   F7   Bb C#   F   C   F   E7
You've got me in between The devil and the deep blue sea

A F#m   Bm   E   A   F#m   Bm   E
I   want to cross you off my list But when you come knocking at my door
C   Am   Dm   G   Eb   Eb   G   C
Fate seems to give my heart a twist, and I come running back for more

I should hate you, but I guess I love you
You've got me in between the devil and the deep blue sea

F Dm Gm C
F Dm Gm C   F Dm Gm C
F7 F7 Bb C#   F Dm Gm C
F C F G#aug   F7 F7 Bb C#
                           F C F E7

I want to cross you off my list, but when you come knocking at my door
Fate seems to give my heart a twist, and I com running back for more

I should hate you, but I guess I love you
You've got me in between the devil and the deep blue sea.

F7   F7   Bb   C#   Bbm   Bbm
You've got me in between, the devil and the deep-
        Bbm   Bbm,   Edim   C   F   F6add9
The devil and the deep, the devil and the deep blue sea

Dream a Little Dream of Me by Wilbur Schwandt and

Fabian Andre. 1931 (Kate Smith and Cass Elliot hits)

G   *Eb9*   *D9*
Stars shining bright above you
G   *E7*   *Bm7-5(½)*   *E7(½)*
Night breezes seem to whisper, "I love   you."
Am   *Am7*   *Cm6*   /
Birds singing in the sycamore tree
G   *A7*   *D*   *D7*
Dream a little dream of me

G   *Eb9*   *D9*
Say nightie-night and kiss me
G   *E7*   *Bm7-5(½)*   *E7(½)*
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss   me.
Am   *Am7*   *Cm6*
While I'm alone and blue as can be
G(½)   *F9(½)*   *Eb9(½)*   *D9(½)*   *G(½)*   *F9(½)*   *Bb9(½)*   *Bb9(½)*
Dream a little   dream of me

        Eb   *Cm7*   *Fm7*   *Bb9*
        Stars fading, but I linger on, dear,
        Eb *Cm7*   *Fm7*   *Bb9*
        Still craving your kiss;
        Eb *Cm7*   *Fm7*   *Bb9*
        I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear,
        Eb   *Cm7*   *Am7*   *D9*
        Just saying this:

G   *Eb9*   *D9*
Sweet dreams till sunbeams find   you,
G   *E7*   *Bm7-5(½)*   *E7(½)*
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind   you;
Am   *Am7*   *Cm6*   /
But   in your dreams whatever they be,
G(½)   *F9(½)*   *Eb9(½)*   *D9(½)*   *G(½)*   *F9(½)*   *Bb9(½)*   *Eb*   *A9(½)*   *D7b9(½)*   *G6*
Dream a little   dream   of   me.

Fishin' Blues by Henry Thomas (1929)

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D                 D           G7         D
Betcha goin fishin', all a the time, I'm a-goin fishin' too.
D           D            E7              A
Bet your life, Your sweet wife'll catch more fish than you.
D                 D7        G                         D
Many fish bites if you got good bait, here's a little tip that I would like to relate
        D                      D        D       G
        Many fish bites if you got good bait, I'm a-goin fishin',
        D          G            D       A      D
        yes I'm a-goin fishin', and my baby goin fishin too!
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Betcha goin fishin all of your time, baby's goin fishing too
Bet your wife, your sweet wife, catch more fish than you
        Many fish bites if ya got good bait, here's a little tip that i would like to relate
        Big fish bites if ya got a good bait, I 'a goin fishin, Yes i'm goin fishin, and my baby's goin
        fishin too.

I went down to my favorite fishin hole, baby grabbed me a pole and line
Throw my pole on in, caught a nine pound catfish, now i brought him on home for supper time.
        Many fish bites if ya got good bait, here's a little tip that i would like to relate
        Big fish bites if ya got a good bait,
        I'm 'a goin fishin, Yes I'm goin fishin, and my baby's goin fishin too.

Baby brother bout to run me outa my mind, say can i go fishin wit you?
I took him on down to the fishin hole, now what do you think he did do?
Pülled a great big fish outa the bottom of the pond, and he laughed and jumped cause he was
real gone.
        Big fish bites if ya got a good bait,
        I 'a goin fishin, Yes I'm goin fishin, and my baby's goin fishin too.

Put em in the pot baby, put em in the pan. honey cook em til they're nice and brown
Make a batch of buttermilk coal cakes mama, and you chew them things and you chomp em on
down
        Many fish bites if ya got good bait, here's a little tip that i would like to relate
        Big fish bites if ya got a good bait,
        I'm 'a goin fishin, Yes I'm goin fishin, and my baby's goin fishin too.

Betcha goin fishin all of your time, baby's goin' fishing too
Bet your life, your sweet wife, catch more fish than you
        Many fish bites if ya got good bait, here's a little tip that i would like to relate
        Big fish bites if ya got a good bait,
        I'm 'a goin fishin, Yes I'm goin fishin, and my baby's goin fishin too

Fly Me to the Moon by Bart Howard (1954)

Bm7   G   A   Dma7
Fly me to the moon, let me sing anong those stars
Em   G   F#7   Bm7
Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars
Em   A   Dma7 Bm7
In other words,   hold my hand
Em   A   F#7   Bm7
In other words,   baby kiss me.

Fill my heart with song, 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 you

Am7   Dm7   G7   Cma7
Fly me to the moon.   Let me sing among those stars
F7   Bb7b5   E7b9   Am7
Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars

   A7b9   Dm7   G9   G7b9   Cm9   Am7
   In   other words,   hold my   hand
   Am9 Dm7   G7   Fdim7 Cma7   Bm7   E7
   In   other words,   baby kiss   me.

Fill my heart with song. Let me sing for ever more
You are all I long for, all I worship and adore

   A7b9 Dm7   G9   G7   Em7b5
     In other words,   please be   true
   A7b9 Dm7   Dm7/C G7b9   C6 Bm7   E7
     In other words,   I   love you
   A7b9 Dm7   G7 G7b9   C6   B6   B6   C6/9
     In other words,   I   love you

Hang on Little Tomato by Pink Martini (2004)

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F            Eaug      F     Eaug
   The sun has left and forgotten me
     F     Eaug   F    F7
It's dark, I cannot see
       Bb            Bb              Bbm     Bbm
Why does this rain pour down? I'm gonna drown
      F   Fm  C7           C
In a sea        of deep confusion


F            Eaug      F          Eaug
  Somebody told me, I  don't know who
      F     F7              Bb    Bbm
Whenever you are sad and blue
          F         A7            Dm   G7
And you're feelin' all alone and left behind
      Bb          Bbm            F    F7
Just take a look inside and you will find


               Bb6  Bb  Bbm             Bbm
       You gotta hold on, hold on through the night
       F     F    F7              F7
       Hang on, things will be all right
       G7            G7        G7         G7
       Even when it's dark and not a bit of spark     ling
       C                 C7         C6             C
       Sing-song sunshine from above, spreading rays of sunny love


            Bb6   Bb  Bbm           Bbm
       Just hang on,  hang on to the vine
       F     F    F7              F7
       Stay on, soon you'll be divine
       G7            G7   G7          G7
       If you start to cry,  look up to the sky
       C                 C7         C6             C
       Something's coming up ahead to turn your tears to dew instead


F          Eaug      F     Eaug
   And so I hold on to this advice
       F         F7            Bb    Bbm
When change is hard and not so nice
      F          A7             Dm      G7
You listen to your heart the whole night through
          Bb                Bbm(½)     C(½)   F    C9(½) Eaug(½) F6(hold)
Your sunny someday will come one day soon to you
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Honey Pie by John Lenon and PaulMcCartney (1968)

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Em    /      A6      Am/D  Cm        /       G    /
  She was a working girl        North of England way
Em    /      A6      Am/D  Cm        /      G     /
Now she's in the big time      In  the  U   S  A

A7  /  / /         A7 /  /    /
     And if she could on   ly  hear me
D7  / /    /  D / / /
This is what I'd say:

          G           G                 Eb7        E7
          Honey Pie      You are making me Crazy        I'm in love but I'm
          A7          D7                     G          Eb7     D7
          Lazy          So won't you please come Home              Oh
          G           G              Eb7        E7
          Honey Pie      My position is Tragic       Come and show me the
          A7          D7                 G          F#      F
          Magic          Of your Hollywood Song


Em           C#m         G
You became a legend of the silver screen
G7           C
   And now the thought of meeting you
E7/B               Am        D7
makes me weak in the knees       Oh

          G           G                 Eb7        E7
          Honey Pie      You are driving me frantic        Sail across the Atlan-
          A7          D7
          tic           To be where you belong
          G         Eb7             D7
             Honey Pie, come back to me

 (Piano) |A7   |D7   |G    |Eb7 D7 |G     |   |Eb7   |E7   |A7   |D7   |G   |F# F |

Em             C#m7        G            G7
Will the wind that blew her boat across the sea
 C               E7/B        Am       D7
 kindly send her sailing back to me      T. T. Tee!  Now

G          G                 Eb7        E7
Honey Pie      You are making me crazy       I'm in love but I'm la-
A7         D7
zy            So won't you please come home
G        Eb7      D7
Come, come back to me Honey Pie, Ha ha ha

Outro:|G    |Eb7   |E7   |A7   |D7   |G    |Eb7 D |G     |
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I Ain't Got Nobody (and Nobody Cares for Me)

words by Roger Graham, music by Spencer Williams and Dave Peyton (1915)

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     G   G(¼) F#7(¼)   F7(¼)    E7(¼) A7     A7(½) A7b5(½)
Say, I       ain't     got      no    bod   y,    and
G        A7(½) D7(½) G(½)        Daug(½) G(½)       D7(½)
nobody cares  for    me! I got the blues     the weary blues
       G   G(¼) F#7(¼) F7(¼) E7(¼) A7    A7(½) Adim7(½)
That's why      I'm   sad   and   lonely,
A7                A7                       D(½)  C7(¼)  Ddim7(¼)  D7
  Won't somebody come and take a chance with me?


     G7           G7              Csus2(½) A7½) C
    I'll sing sweet  love songs, honey,   all    the   time,
    E(½)  E7+(¼) E7(¼) E7+(¼) E7(¼) E7+(¼) E7(¼) A7         D7
       If     you'll come  and  be   my        sweet baby mine,


     G   G(¼) F#7(¼)  F7(¼)    G(¼) A7     A7(½) A7b5(½)
Cause, I     ain't    got      no   bod   y,    and
G        A7(½) D7(½) G(½)  Daug(½) G
nobody cares  for    me!


     G(½)     G+(½)       G6(½) G+(½)      G(½)      A7(¼)  D7(¼) G(½)  G(¼) B7(½)
Well there's a sayin' been goin'   round, and I began to think    it's    true:        It's
Em(½)  B7(½)  Em(½)    Bm7(½)     A7(½)     A7b5(½)    D7(½)   D7+5(½)
awful  hard to love someone,   when they don't care about you.

Wish I only had someone that I could really call my own.  For
I would marry her at once, and take her to my home.

G(½)     G+(½) G6(½) G(¼) B7(¼)  G(½)          A7(¼)  D7(¼)  G(½)  G(¼)  G#dim7(¼)
Once I had a lovin' gal, As     good as any in    this   town.        but
D(½)      Ddim7(½) D(½)    D#dim7(½) A7(½)  A7b5(½)     D7(¼)  C(¼)  D(¼)  D7+5(¼)
now I'm sad and   lonely for she     done  turned me down.


Every night I sigh and cry, no happiness at all I find, I
have no one to love me, no one to content my mind.  Because
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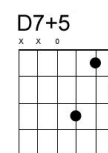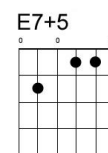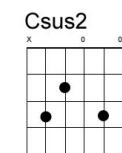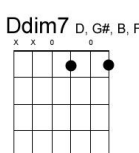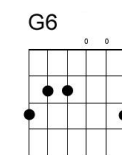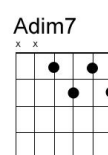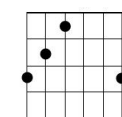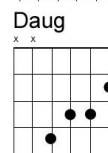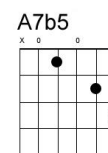
I'm All Right by Walter Becker, Larry Klein, and Madeleine Peyroux
(2006)

Ama7   *A7*   *Dmaj7*   *Dm6*
He made me laugh. He made me cry. He smoked his stogies in bed
     Amaj7(½)   *F#m7(½)*   *B7*   *Bm7*   *E9*
but I'm all right   I'm all right.   I've been lonely before

Amaj7   *A7*   *Dmaj7*   *Dm6*
I asked the boy for a   few kind words.   He gave me a novel instead
     Amaj7(½)   *F#m7(½)*   *B7*   *Bm7*   *E9(½)* *Amaj (¼)* *A7(¼)*
but I'm all right   I'm all right. I've been lonely before

        Dmaj7 *Dm6*   *Amaj7*   *A7*
It's fine, it's OK. It was wrong either way
    Dmaj7   *D9*   *Amaj7(½)* *F#m7(½)*   *Bm7(½)*   *E9(½)*
 I just wanted to say: "There isn't much fun when you're drinking for one."

Ama7   *A7*   *Dmaj7*   *Dm6*
  He got drunk, he fell down. He threw a few of my things around
     Amaj7(½) *F#m7(½)*   *B7*   *Bm7*   *E9(½)* *Amaj (¼)* *A7(¼)*
but I'm all right   I'm all right. I've been lonely before

        Dmaj7 *Dm6*   *Amaj7* *A7*
I'd like to believe that it's easy to leave
    Dmaj7   *D9*   *Amaj7(½)* *F#m7(½)*   *Bm7(½)*   *E9(½)*
But I have to conceive that wherever you are you're still driving my car

Ama7   *A7*   *Dmaj7*   *Dm6*
Sticks and stones'll break my bones but tears don't leave any scars
     Amaj7(½) *F#m7(½)*   *B7*   *Bm7*   *E9* *A6/9(hold)*
but I'm all right   I'm all right. I've been lonely before

I Can't Get Started with You music by Vernon Duke and

lyrics byIra Gerschwin (1936)

I'm a glum one   All the papers
It's explainable   Where I lead the news
I've met someone   With my capers
unattainable   Now will spread the news
Life's a bore   Superman turned out to be
The world is my oyster no more   A flash-in-the-pan

       Gma7   Em7   Am7
I've flown around the world in a plane
D7   B7 Em7   A7+6
I've settled revolutions in Spain
D7sus4   Gma7 Em7
The North Pole I have charted
    Am7   D7b9(+Eb) F7b5(+B) E7 A7 D7sus4
But I can't get started with you

Around the golf course I'm under par
And all the movies want me to star
I've built a house and show place
    Am7   D7b9   G6   F7
But I can't get no place with you

   Gma7   Gma7   Bm7/E   E7
  You're so su   preme
Bm7/C#   E7   Ama7 Dma7
Lyrics that I write of you, scheme,
Ama7/B Ama7/B   Am7   D7
just for a sight of you, and I dream
Am7/B   D7
both day and night of you
Bm7/E   E9   D7   D7sus4
And   what good does it do. In nineteen

I
In 1929, I sold short   And I dream both day and night of you
In London, I'm presented at court   And what good does it do
But you've got me down hearted,
Cause I can't get started with you   In 1929, I sold short
                                        In London, I'm presented at court
You're so supreme   But you've got me down hearted,
Lyrics that I write of you   Cause I can't get started with you, with y ou
Scheme, just for a sight of you

I Want to Be Seduced by Gary Richard Tigerman (1981)

A bar

        A   A   E7   E7
I want to be seduced.   Want a woman to take me out to dinner for two
       E7   E7   A   A
Like to see her eyes get moody, flirtin' with the thought of what flirtin' ought to do.
   E7#5 A A   E7   E7
Like to be real cool,   let her think about gettin' little me in bed
       E7   E7   A   A
Have a chat about   Magna Carta, Puerto Vallarta, somethin' Gandhi said.

F#7 bar

 A7   D   D#dim   A   *chromatic slide down to* F#7
I might demur politely,   falter slightly, if she tried to fondle my knee
     B7   E7   A E7#5
But I'm relatively certain I'd compromise if I know me.

E7
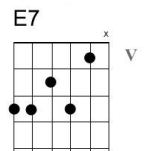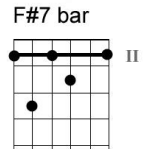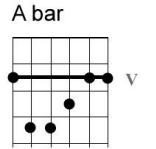
        A   A   E7   E7
I want to be seduced,   want a woman to talk to me suggestively
          E7   E7   A   A
Want to hear her say she'll be with me tomorrow morning drinkin' hot jasmine tea.
      E7#5   A   A   E7   E7
Want her to make me laugh,   make a point of touching me when she talks
E7   E7   A   A
Leavin' all the jealous men in the joint to mumblin' in their beer and gawk.

D#dim D#, A, C, F#

 A7   D   D#dim   A *chromatic slide down to* F#7
I know it   only happens   when I'm nappin', noddin' in a rever   ie
      B7   E7   A   E7#5
That I find myself a woman who wouldn't mind seducing me.

E7+5

A A E7 E7 E7 E7 A A
 A7   D   D#dim   A *chromatic slide down to* F#7
I know it   only happens   when I'm nappin', noddin' in a rever   ie
     B7   E7
That I find myself a woman who wouldn't mind seducing…

E7 #5
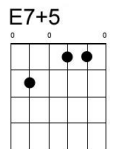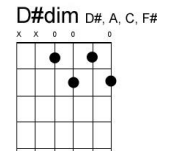
A   *chromatic slide down to*   F#7
Startin' from the moment that we've been introduced.
      B7   E7   A   E7#5(½) A(end)
I'd like to find a woman who wouldn't mind seducing me.

D#dim D#, A, C, F#
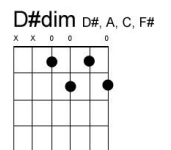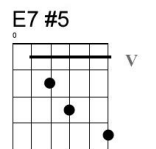
Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby? by Billy

Austinand LouisL.Jordan (1943)

Fm   Fm7   Db7   C7   Fm   Fm7   Db7   C7
I got a gal who's always late   Every time we have a date. But I
Bb7   Bb7   Eb7   Eb7   Ab   Ab   Db7 C7
love her,   Yes I love her
Fm   Fm7   Db7   C7   Fm   Fm7   Db7 C7
I'm gonna walk right up to her gate, and see if I can get it straight
         Bb7   Bb Eb7   Eb7   Ab   Ab   Eb7+5 Ab+
Cause I want her,   I'm gonna ask her

   Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G   Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G
Is you is or   is you   ain't my baby
   Bb7   Bb7   Eb7   Eb7   Ab   Fm   Db7   C7
Way you're acting lately makes me doubt
Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G   Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G
You'se   is   still my   baby,   baby
Bb7   Bb7   Eb7   Eb7   Ab   Fm7   Eb7+   Ab+
Seems my flame in your heart's done gone out

      Db   Db   Dbm   Dbm   Ab   Ab   Ab7 Ab+
   A woman is a creature that has always been strange
      Db   Db   Dbm   Dbm   F#9   F7   Bbm   C7
   Just when you're sure of one you find she's gone and made a change

Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G   Fm   C7/G   Fm/Ab   C7/G
Is you is or   is you   ain't my baby
Bb7   Bb7   Eb7   Eb7   Gb9   Gb9 F7   F7
Maybe baby's found somebody   new
   Bb7   Bb7   Eb7   Eb7   Ab   Ab
Or is my baby still my baby true

It's Only a Paper Moon (If You Believed in Me) lyrics by Billy Rose and E.Y Harburg, music byHarold Arlen (1932)

```
G          G#dim7 Am7   D9
  Say, it's only a    paper moon,
Am7      D9     G6          G6
  Sailing over a cardboard sea,
G        Bm7-5      C         Am7
  But it wouldn't be make believe,
   D9      D9         G   D13
If you believed in me.
```

```
G          G#dim7  Am7      D9
  Yes, it's only a     canvas sky,
Am7         D9     G6     G6
  Hanging over a muslin tree,
G        Bm7-5      C         Am7
  But it wouldn't be make believe,
    D9      D9         G   G
If you believed in me.
```

```
        Am7  G#9  Gma7  Gma7
    Without    your  love,
         D13    D13      G6  G6
    It's a honky tonk parade,
         Am7  G#9  Gma7  Gma7
    Without    your  love,
         Bm7       E9       Am7      D9+5
    It's a melody played at a penny arcade.
```

```
G       G#dim7      Am7    D9
  It's a Barnum and Bailey world,
Am7      D9        G6   G6
  Just as phony as it can be,
G        Bm7-5      C         Am7
  But it wouldn't be make believe,
   D9₍½₎ Am7₍½₎ D13₍½₎ D9₍½₎  G  G6
If you    be       lieved   in      me.
```

Java Jive lyric by Milton Drake and music by Ben Oakland (1940)

D   Fdim7(½)   D6(½)   A7(½)   Em7(½)   A7   Gdim7   Em7(½)   A7(½)   D   D6
I love cof   fee,   I   love   tea.   I   love the Java   Jive and it loves me.

D   D7   G6   Gm6   D(½)   A7(½)   D(½)   A7(½)   D   Fdim7(½)   A7(½)
Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me, a   cup, a cup, a cup,   a cup, a cup!

I love java sweet and hot.   Whoops!   Mr. Moto, I'm a coffee pot.   Fdim7(½)   D7(½)
Shoot me the pot, and I'll pour me a shot, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!   So

       G7   Gdim7   Dm6   Dm7   G7   Gdim7   D   D
       slip me a slug from that wonderful mug, And I'll cut a rug till I'm snug in the jug.

       D   D   D7   D7   Gm6   A7   Bm7-5   A7   Cdim7   A7
       A slice of onion and a raw   one,   draw   one.   Waiter,   waiter,   perco   lator

I love coffee, I love tea, I love the Java Jive and it loves me.
Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

       Fdim   D   Em7   A7   D   D6   Fdim7   A7
       Oh, Boston bean, soy   bean, Green beans, cabbage and greens,

       D   D7   G   Bb7   D7   Adim   A7(½)   Bb7(½)   A7(½)   Edim7(½)
       I'm not keen, for a bean, unless it is a   cheery coffee   bean,   boy.

I love coffee, I love tea, I love the Java Jive and it loves me
Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

I love java sweet and hot   Whoops!   Mr. Moto, I'm a coffee pot.
Shoot me the pot, and I'll pour me a shot, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

       G7   Gdim7   Dm6   Dm7   G7   Gdim7   D   D
       Oh, pour me that slug from the wonderful mug And I'll cut a rug till I'm snug in a jug

       D   D   D7   D7   Gm6   A7   Bm7-5   A7   Cdim7   A7
       Drop a nickel in my pot,   Joe taking in slow.   Waiter,   waiter,   perco   lator

I love coffee, I love tea, I love the Java Jive and it loves me
Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

Lazybones by Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael (1933)

A   D9   F7   E7 F7 E7   A   D(½)   A(½)
Long as there is chicken gravy on your rice, ev'rything is nice;
A   D9   F7   E7 F7 E7   A   D(½)   A(½)
Long as there's a watermelon on the vine, ev'rything is fine.   You got no
A7   A7   A7   A7   B7   B7   E7(½) C#m(½) G#(½) Eaug(½)
time to work, no time to play, busy doin' nothin' all the live long day;
A   D9   F7   E7 F7   E7   A(½) D(½) A
You won't ever change, no matter what I say, you're just made that way.

A(½) A7(½) D9   A(½)   A7(½) D9
La   zy   bones, sleepin' in the sun,
A(½)   A7(½)   D9(½) Eaug(½) A   A7
How you 'spect to get   your   day's work done? You'll
B9   F#7(½) Em7(½) Bm   Bm
never get your day's   work   done
B7b9(½)   E7(½) D(½) A(½) D(½) A
sleepin' in the noon day   sun.
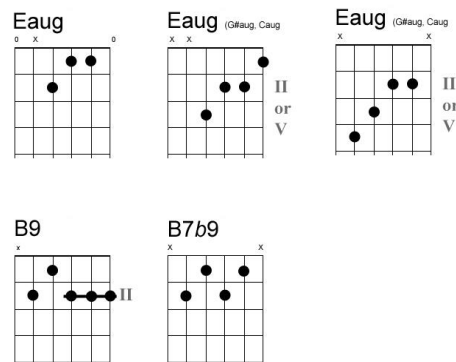
A(½) A7(½) D9   A(½)   A7(½) D9   A(½)   A7(½)   D9(½) E+(½) A   A7
La   zy   bones, sleepin' in the shade, how you 'spect to get   your cornmeal made?
B9(½)   F#7(½) Em7(½) Bm Bm B7b9   E7(½) D(½) A(½) D(½) A
Never get your corn   meal   made   sleepin' in the eve   nin' shade.   When

D   Bm7   F#m   Bm7   A   E7   A   A
taters need sprayin', I bet you keep prayin' the bugs fall off the vine;
     D9   C7   B7   E7   B9   B7   Bm7 E7
And when you go fishin' I bet you keep wishin' that the fish won't grab at your line.

A(½) A7(½) D9   A(½)   A7(½)   D9
La   zy   bones, loafin' through the day,
A(½)   A7(½)   D9(½) Eaug(½) A   A7
how you 'spect to make a   dime that way? You'll
B9   F#7(½) Em7(½) Bm   Bm
never make a dime that   way.   You
B7b5   E7(½) D(½) A   A
never heard a word I   say.

Let the Mermaids Flirt with Me by Mississippi John Hurt (1966)

```
C        G     C   C7  F       F    C    C7
```
Blues all on the ocean,   blues all in the air;
```
F        F      C     C  D      D        G   G7
```
Can't stay here no longer,   I have no steamship fare.
```
          C      G      C   C7      F    F        C    C7
```
When my earthly trials are over,   cast my body out in the sea;
```
F        F    C    C         G      G7      C   G7
```
Save on the undertaker bill - let the mermaids flirt with me!

       I do not work for pleasure; earthly peace I'll see no more;
       The only reason I work at all is to drive the wolf from my door.
       When my earthly trials are over, cast my body out in the sea;
       Save on the undertaker bill - let the mermaids flirt with me!

My wife controls our happy home; my sweetheart I cannot find.
The only thing I can call my own is a troubled and a worried mind.
When my earthly trials are over, cast my body out in the sea;
Save on the undertaker bill - let the mermaids flirt with me!

       Blues all in my body; my darlin' has forsaken me.
       If I ever see her face again, have to travel 'cross the sea.
       When my earthly trials are over, cast my body out in the sea;
       Save on the undertaker bill - let the mermaids flirt with me!


```
C        G     C   C7  F       F    C    C7
```
Blues all on the ocean,   blues all in the air;
```
F        F      C     C  D      D        G   G7
```
Can't stay here no longer,   I have no steamship fare.
```
          C      G      C   C7      F    F        C    C7
```
When my earthly trials are over,   cast my body out in the sea;
```
F        F    C    C         G      G7      C   G7
```
Save on the undertaker bill - let the mermaids flirt with me!

Limehouse Blues, lyrics by Douglas Furber and music by Phillip Braham

C7   C7   C7   C7
Oh, Limehouse kid, oh, oh, oh, Limehouse kid
A7   A7   A7   A7
Goin' the way that the rest of them did
G   G   B7   Em
Poor broken blossom and nobody's child
A7   A7   D7   D7
Haunting and taunting, you're just kind of wild.   Oh oh
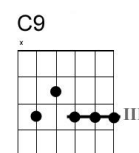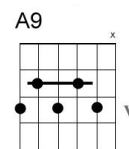
C7   C7   C7   C7
Oh, Limehouse blues, I've the real Limehouse blues
A7   A7   A7   A7
Can't seem to shake off those sad China blues
G   E7   Am   Cm
Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown
Am/C   D7/A   G6   G6(½) C#9(½)
This is the story of old China town
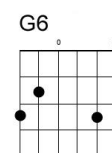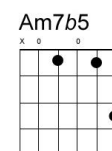
C9   C9   C9   C9
Oh, Limehouse kid, oh, oh, oh, Limehouse kid
A9   A9   A9   A9(½) Ab9(½)
Goin' the way that the rest of them did
G   G   B7   Em
Poor broken blossom and nobody's child
A7   A7   D7   D7(½) C#7(½)
Haunting and taunting, you're just kind of wild.   Oh oh

C9   C9   C9   C9
Oh, Limehouse blues, I've the real Limehouse blues
A9   A9   A9   A9(½) G#9(½)
Can't seem to shake off those sad China blues
G   E7   Am   Am7
Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown
Am7b5   D7   G6(¼) Gdim7(¼) Am7b5(¼) G(¼)   G(½) C#9(½)
That is the story of old   Chi   na   town

A9

C9

Am7b5

G6

Louis Collins by Mississippi John Hurt

C(½)   G(½)   C(½)   G7(½) C   C
Miz Col   llins weeped and   Miz Collins moaned
C   C   F   F
To see her son Louis leaving home
C   G   C   C
The angels laid him away


          G   C
     The angels laid him away
     C   C   F   F
     They laid him six feet under the clay
         C   G   C   C
     The angels laid him away

Oh Bob shot one and Louis shot two
Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through
The angels have laid him away

Oh when they heard that Louis was dead
All the people they dressed in red
The angels laid him away

Oh kind friends, oh ain't it hard
To see poor Louis in a new grave yard
The angels laid him away

Love and Marriage by James Van Heusen (1955)
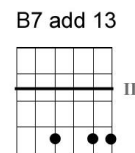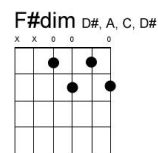
F#dim D#, A, C, D#

B7 add 13

```
A                       E7
Love and marriage, love and marriage
A(½)          A7(½)          D(½)          Dm(¼)   Dm6(¼)
   They go together like a horse and car        riage
A            C#7(½)   D(½)
This I tell ya broth     er
        F#dim(½)    A(½)                  B7add13(½)   E7(½)
You can't have one without the oth                   er


A                       E7
Love and marriage, love and marriage
A(½)         A7(½)           D(½)          Dm(¼)   Dm6(¼)
   It's an institute you can't dispar        age
A                C#7(½)   D(½)
Ask the local gen        try
        F#dim(½)   A(½)           E7(½)   A(½)
And they will     say it's element'   ry



        F(½)   Fma7(½)   F6                      Gm7(½)   C7(½)    F
        Try,  try,          try to separate them;    It's         an illusion
        F(½)   Fma7(½)   F6                    A(½)   Bm7(½)   E7
        Try,  try,          try, and you will only come            to this conclusion


A                       E7
Love and marriage, love and marriage
A(½)             A7(½)          D(½)          Dm(¼)   Dm6(¼)
   They go together like a horse and car        riage
A                C#7(½)   D(½)
Dad was told by moth     er
        F#dim(½)   A(½)         F#dim(½)   A(½)
You can't have one, you can't have none
        F#dim(½)    A(½)                  B7add13(½)   E9(¼)   E7b9(¼)   A(¼)   Bb7(¼)   A(hold)
You can't have one without the      oth                                er
```

Lulu's Back In Town lyrics by Al Dubin (additional British lyrics by Charles Dunn) and music by Harry Warren (1935)

```
F              G7     C7   Fmaj7
Gotta get my old tuxedo  pressed,
F              G7     C7     Fmaj7
Gotta sew a button on my vest,
          Bbmaj7  Gaug   F        D7
'Cause tonight I've gotta     look my best,
G7    C7       F       C7
Lulu's back in town.
```

```
D7          G7    C7        Fmaj7
Gotta get a half a buck somewhere,
D7              G7        C7       Fmaj7
Gotta shine my shoes and slick my hair,
      Bbmaj7  Gaug   F        D7                          or Bb   Bbm   F   D7
Gotta get my   self a  boutonniere,
G7    C7      F      F
Lulu's back in town.
```

```
          Dm(½)  Am(½)  Gm(½)  Am
You can tell     all      my     pets,
          Dm   Am(½)  Gm(½)  Fmaj7
All my Har  lem    co       quettes;
          Dm   Am(½)  Gm(½)  F      Daug
Mister O   tis        re       grets
          G7       Em   C7    C7
That he won't be a  roun'.
```

Where's that careless chambermaid?
Where'd she put my razor blade?
She mislaid it, I'm afraid,
It's gotta be foun'!

Ask her when she cleaned my room
What she did with my perfume;
I just can't lose it, I've gotta use it
'Cause Lulu's back in town.

Gotta get a half a buck somewhere,
Gotta shine my shoes and slick my hair,
Gotta get myself a boutonniere,
Lulu's back in town.

You can tell all my pets,
All my blondes and brunettes;

Mister Otis regrets
That he won't be aroun'.

You can tell the mailman not to call,
I ain't comin' home until the fall,
And I might not get back home at all,
Lulu's back in town.

You can bet I've got it bad,
Best complaint I've ever had;
We'll be stepping out tonight,
An' struttin', an' how.

We're in for the swellest time,
Finish up without a dime;
Look here, you fellers,I'll make you jealous,
My Lulu, she's a wow.

Mame by Jerry Herman (from the musical *Mame*) (1966)

C(½)   C6(½)   Cma7(½)   C#dim7(½) Dm7   G7
  You coax the blues right out of the   horn, Mame,
Dm(½) Aaug(½)   Dm7(½)   G7(½)   Cma7   C6
  You charm the husk right off of the corn,   Mame,
Am(½)   G#aug(½) Am7(½)   Am6(½)   Em   A9
  You've got the   banjoes strummin' and plunkin' out a tune to beat the band,
Dm(½) Aaug(½)   Dm7(½) G7(½)   Cma7(½)   C#dim7(½)   Dm7(½) G7(½)
  The whole plantation's hummin' since you brought Dixie back to Dixie land.

  C(½)   C6(½)   Cma7(½) C#dim7(½) Dm7   G7
   You make the cotton   easy to   pick, Mame,
  Dm(½) Aaug(½) Dm7(½)   G7(½) E7   Dm6(¼) E7(¾)
   You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame,
  Am(½) G#aug(½) Am7(½) Ebdim7(½) Em   A9
   You make the old magnolia tree   blossom at the mention of your name,
  Dm(½)   Aaug(½) Dm7(½) G7(½)   Em(½)   Baug(¼) Em(¼) A9
   You've made us feel   alive again,   You've giv   en   us the drive again,
  D7   Dm7(½)   G7(¼) G7b9(¼) C(½) Cdim7(½) Dm7(½) G7(½)
   To make the South revive a   gain,   Mame.

You've brought the cake-walk back into style, Mame
You make the weepin' willow tree smile, Mame,
Your skin is Dixie satin, there's
rebel in your manner and your speech,
You may be from Manhattan, but
Georgia never had a sweeter peach.

You make our black-eyed peas and our grits, Mame,
Seem like the bill of fare at the Ritz, Mame,
You came, you saw, you conquered and
absolutely nothing is the same.
You're special fascination'll prove to be inspirational,
We think you're just sensational, Mame.

Midnight Special (traditional major blues)

4/4 time, with one 2/4 measure at the end of the chorus

Note the dissonance of using all 7th chords and the mixing of the major and the minor modes in the E9+ chord. A less bluesy version uses E7 and starts the song singing a G# instead of a G.

E9+7(E7)   *A7*   *A7*   *E7*
   Well, you wake up in the mornin',   you hear the ding dong ding
E7   B7   A7   E7
 And you look upon the table,   You see the same old thing
E9+(E7)   A7   A7   E7
   Ain't no food upon the table,   nothin' in the fryin' pan,
E7   B7   A7   E7
But if you say a thing about it,   you'll get in trouble with the man

   E9+(E7)   *A7*
   Let the midnight special
   A7   *E7*
   Shine its light on me
   E7   *B7*
   Let the midnight special
   A7   *A7 ½   E7   E7*
   Shine its ever-lovin' light on me

E9+
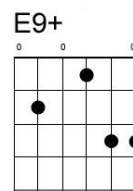
Yonder come Miss Lucy, how in the world did you know?
I can tell by her apron and the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
She's gonna see the sheriff to try an free her man

If you're ever down in Houston, you'd better walk on by
Oh, you'd better not gamble, and you'd better not fight.

Because the sheriff will arrest you,, his boys will pull you down,
And then, before you know it, you're penitentiary bound.

Mississippi Delta Blues by Jack Neville and Jimmie Rodgers
(1927)

A_(½)   Adim7_(½) A_(¼) B7_(¼) F#7_(½)   B7   B7
With friends around and e   ven   pals that I know are true
E7   E7   A   B7_(½) E7_(½)
Still I'm lonely, homesick and blue
        A   A_(½)   Am_(½)   E7_(¼) B7_(¼) E7_(½)   E7
There's no one who can cheer me   when I'm   a   lone
B7   B7   E   E
    Longing for my Mississippi home

    A   A   A   E7
    Way down in the delta on that Mississippi shore
    E7   E7   E7   A
    In that muddy water, I long to be once more
    A   A   C#7   F#m
    When night shadows creep about and the whippoorwill call
    B7   B7   B7   E7
    You can hear old mammy shout, "Come in here, you all."

    A   A   A   E7
    Way down on the levee, strolling in the pale moon light
    E7   E7   F#m_(½) C#_(½)   F#m
    You can see those steamboats and the fields of snowy white
            Bm   Bm   A   F#7
    That's a feeling I can't lose that muddy water in my shoes
    E   E7   A   A
    When I get that Mississippi Delta blues

I long to hear them talk and sing those old melodies
Swanee River and Ol' Black Joe
That sweet magnolia perfume floating on the breeze
Way down south is where I long to go

    Way down in the delta on the Mississippi shore
    In that muddy water, I long to be once more
    When night shadows creep about and the whippoorwill call
    You can hear old mammy shout, "Come in here, you all."

Way down on the levee, strolling in the pale moon light.
You can see those steamboats and the field of snowy white
That's a feeling I can't lose that muddy water in my shoes
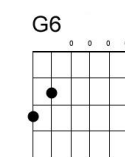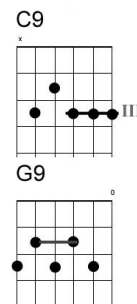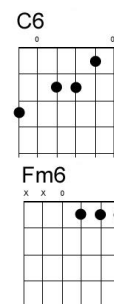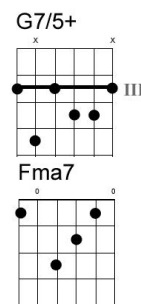When I get that Mississippi Delta blues

More Than You Know
music by Vincent Youmans, words by
Billy Roseand Edward Eliscu and Vincent Youmans (1920)

G7+5
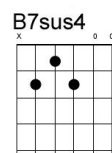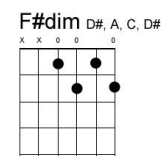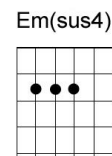More than you

C6   G7+5   Gm7   C7
know,   more than you know,   girl of my
Fma7   Em7(½)   A7(½)   Dm7   Fm6
heart, I love   you   so;   Lately I
G6(½)   G7(½)   Ab7b5   G6   G7
find,   you're on my mind more than you
Em7   A7   Dm7   G7+5
know.   Whether you're
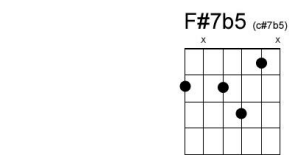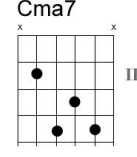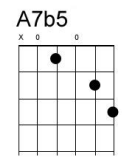
C6   G7+5   Gm7   C7
right,   whether you're wrong,   girl of my
Fma7   Em7(½)   A7(½)   Dm7   Bb7
heart, I'll   string   a   long;   You need me
Cma7   A7   Dm7   G7   C6   C6   F#-7b5   B7
so,   more than you'll ev   er   know.   Lovin' you the

Emsus4   Em7   F#dim7   B7sus4(½)   B7#9(½)
way that I do, there's nothing I can do   a
Em7   Em7   Am7   D7
bout it.   Loving may be
Gsus4(½)   Gma7(½)   Em7   Am7   Dsus4(½)   D7(½)
all   you can give, but honey I can't live   with
G7   Ab7   G7   G7#5
out it.   Oh how I'd
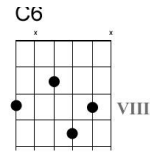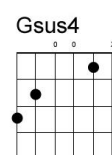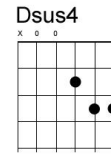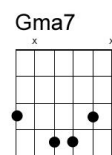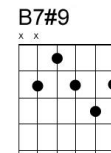
C6   G7+5   Gm7   C7
cry,   oh how I'd cry,   if you got
Fma7   Em7(½)   A7(½)   Dm7   Fm6
tired, and said   good -bye;   more than I'd
Em7   A7   Dm7   G7   C   Ab7   C6(hold)
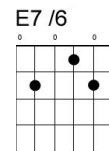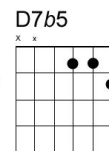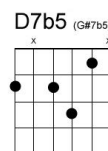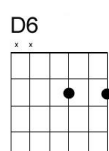show, more than you'd ev   er   know.

My Blue Heaven
music by Walter Donaldson and lyrics by George Whiting. (1927)

A   F#dim   Bm7   E7   A   F#dim   Bm6   F#7
Day is   end   ing, Birds are   wend ing
B9   E   E9   C#m   A   B9   E9   Eaug
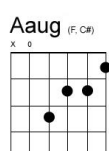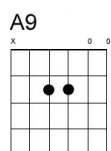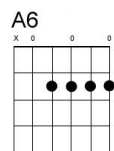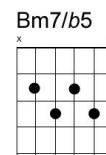Back to the shelter of   Each little nest they love.
A   F#dim   Bm7   E7   A   F#dim   Bm6   F#7
Night shades fall   ing, Love birds   call   ing,
B9   B9   B7   B7   E(½)   E9(½)   C#m(½)   G#7
What makes the world go 'round?   Nothing but love!

Edim7(½)   E7(½)   F#m(½)   E7(½)
                        When whippoorwills

A6   G#7   A6   Bm7b5(½)   Cdim7(½)   A   Ama7   F#7   A6
call   and evening   is   nigh   I   hurry to
Bm7b5   Bm7b5   E7/6   E7/6   A9   A   Edim7(½)   E7(½)   F#m(½)   E7(½)
My   Blue   Heaven   A   turn to the
A6   G#7   A6   Bm7b5(½)   Cdim7(½)   A   Ama7
right   A little   white   light,
F#7   A6   Bm7b5   Bm7b5   E7/6   E7/6   A9   A
    Will lead me to My   Blue   Heaven

A(½)   Adim7(½)   A(½)   Aaug(½)   D   D7b5
        I'll   see   a   smiling face a
D6   F#7   Bm   Bm   Bm   Bm/E
Fire place, a cozy room   A
E   E+9   D   E7   A   A   Edim7(½)   E7(½)   F#m(½)   E7(½)
Little nest that nestles where the roses bloom;   Just   Molly   and

A6   G#7   A6   Bm7b5(½)   Cdim7(½)   A   Ama7   F#7   A6(½)
me   and baby   makes   three   We're happy in
Bm7b5   Bm7b5   E7/6   E7/6   A9   A   A6(hold)
My   Blue   Heaven

Bm7/*b*5

A6   A9   Aaug (F, C#)   Edim7 C#, G, A#   Cdim7 Eb, A, C, F#   D6   D7b5 (G#7b5)   D7*b*5   E7 /6
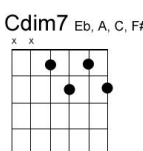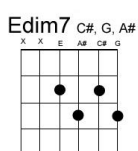
My Creole Belle traditional ((Mississippi John Hurt)

```
C            F
  My Creole Belle
F           C
  I love you well
C           G
  My darling baby
G           C
  My Creole Belle.
```

```
    C                    F
      When the stars shine
    F              C
      I'll call you mine
    C           G
      My darling baby
    G            C
      My Creole Belle.
```

```
C            F
  My Creole Belle
F           C
  I love you well
C           G
  My darling baby
G           C
  My Creole Belle.
```

Night Life written by Willie Nelson, Walter Breeland, and Paul Buskirk (1959)

A7 *(A7 Bb A7)*   A7 *(B7 Bb A7)*
When the evenin' sun goes down
  D9   Dm7
You will find me hangin' 'round
  A7 *(½)* *(G# G)* F#7 *(½)* Bm *(½)* E9+5 *(½)*
Oh, the night life   , ain't no good life
   A7 *(½)* C7 *(½)* B7 *(¼)* Bb7 *(¼)* A7 *(½)*
But it's my life

Many people just like me
Dreamin' of old used-to-be's
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life
Ah, but it's my life

  A7 *(½)*   A7 A7 A7
Listen to the blues that they're playin'
D7   D9 *(½)* A7 A7 *(½)* Bm7 *(¼)* E9#5 *(¼)*
Listen what the blues are sayin'

Life is just another scene
In this old world of broken dreams
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life
But it's my life

   A7 *(½)* *G# G* F#7 *(½)* Bm *(½)* E9+5 *(½)*
Oh, the night life   , ain't no good life
     A7 *(½)* C7 *(½)* B7 *(¼)* Bb7 *(¼)* A7 *(½)*
Oh, but it's my life
     A7 *(½)* E9 *(¼)* F9 *(¼)* A7 *(hold)*
Yeah, it's my life

Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out music by by Jimmy Cox (1923)

```
C                E7      A    A7
Once I lived the life of a millionaire,
Dm         A7            Dm(½) A7(½)  Dm
Spendin' my money, and I  di    dn't   care,
F               F#dim   C7(½)  Bb(½)    A7
Takin' my friends out for a mighty good time, Buyin'
D9          D9     Ab7            G7
High-priced liquor, champagne and wine. But
```

```
C          E7    A      A7
Then I began to be so low;
Dm           A7          Dm(½)  A7(½)   Dm
I didn't have a dollar and no place   to       go.  Well if I
F         F#dim      C7(½)    Bb7(½)  A7
Ever get my hands on a dollar     a -      gain,
D9          D9        G7    C
I'll hold on to it till that eagle grins, 'cause
```

```
C   E7    A7   A7    Dm             A7         Dm(½)   A7(½)  Dm
No -   body knows you      when you're down and out;
F       F#dim    C7(½)  Bb7(½)   A7
In your pocket,    not    one       penny; And
D9              D9        Ab7         G7
When it comes to friends, you don't have any.
```

```
   C              E7           A7       A7
But when you get back on your feet a - gain
Dm         A7            Dm(½)  A7(½)   Dm
Everybody wants to be your long      lost    friend  Well it's
F      F#dim    C7(½)    Bb7(½)  A7
Mighty strange, without a        doubt
D9      D9                G7         C
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.
```

```
G7(½)       C(½)   A7   Ab7(½)  G(½) G7         C    C
Down and out,    oh  when    your down and out
```

Runnin' Wild
lyrics by Joe Grey and Leo Wood, music by A. Harrington Gibbs (1922)

    G   *G*   *C*   *G*
My gal and I, we had a fight And I'm all by my self,

 G   *G*   *D*$_{(1/2)}$ *A7*$_{(1/2)}$ *D*
I guess she thinks, now that she's gone, I'll lay right on the shelf;

   G   *G*   *C*   *G*
I'm gon -na show her she's all wrong, No lone -some stuff for mine,

 G$_{(1/2)}$ *Gdim7*$_{(1/2)}$ *D7*$_{(1/2)}$ *Bb7*$_{(1/2)}$ *Em7*$_{(1/2)}$ *Fm7*$_{(1/2)}$ *D7*
I won't sit home,   all   a -lone,   She'll soon find that   I'm:

      G   *G7*
Run -nin' wild, lost con -trol,

      C   *G*
Run -nin wild, might -y bold,

  B7   *Em*
Feel -in' gay reck -less too,

   A7   *D7*
Care free mind all the time, nev -er blue;

     G   *G7*
Al -ways goin' don't know where,

    C   *B7*
Always show -in', I don't care;

      C   *G*$_{(1/2)}$ *E7*$_{(1/2)}$
Don't love no -bod -y, it's not worth while;

  A7$_{(1/2)}$ *D7*$_{(1/2)}$ *G*
All a -lone   run -nin' wild.

Patter:
  G$_{(1/2)}$ *D9*$_{(1/2)}$ *G*   *G*$_{(1/2)}$ *D9*$_{(1/2)}$ *G*$_{(1/2)}$ *G7*$_{(1/2)}$
No gal will ev -er make a fool of me, No, gal! I mean just what I say;

  C$_{(1/2)}$ *G9*$_{(1/2)}$ *C*   *C7*$_{(1/2)}$ *D+*$_{(1/2}$ *G*
I ain't the sim -ple -ton I used to be, Won -der how I got that way.

  G$_{(1/2)}$ *D9*$_{(1/2}$ *G*   *G*$_{(1/2)}$ *D9*$_{(1/2)}$ *G*$_{(1/2)}$ *G7*$_{(1/2)}$
Once I was full of   sen -ti -ment, it's true, But now I got a cru -el heart;

  C$_{(1/2)}$ *G9*$_{(1/2}$ *C*   *C7*$_{(1/2)}$ *D+*$_{(1/2}$ *G*
With all that oth -er fool -ish -ness I'm through, Gon -na play the vil -lian part.

St. James Infirmary Blues Traditional

Standard Chords

```
        Dm      A7              Dm   Dm
I went down to St. James Infirmary
  Dm      Gm          A7      A7
I saw my baby        there
            Dm        A7          Dm   Dm
Stretched out on a long, white table
    Gm         A7        Dm   Dm
So young, so cold, so  fair
```
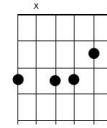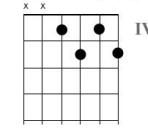
Bbma7   Cdim7 Eb, A, C, F#

Slow Blues chords

```
        Dm7    A7/E          Dm   A7sus4
I went down to St. James Infirmary
  Dm7      Em7b5     A7(½)  Bm7(½)  C°7(½)     A7      ¼ note tripletss
I saw my ba          a      a        by        there
            Dm7      A7/C#        Dm(½)  C#m(½)  Cm(½)       G/B      1/8 note triplets
Stretched out on a long, white ta                      ble
      Bbma7      A7b13     Dm   Dm
So young, so cold, so  fair
```

Swing chords

```
        Dm7    A7              Dm   Dm7
I went down to St. James Infirmary
  Dm7      Em7b5     A7      A7
I saw my baby         there
            Dm7      A7              Dm   Dm
Stretched out on a long, white table
      Bb7         A7        Dm   Dm
So young, so cold, so  fair
```
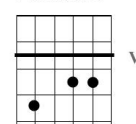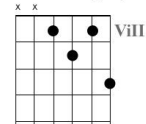
A7sus13-   Em7b5 (gm6)

It was down at old Joe's bar room at the corner by the square
They were serving drinks as usual, and the usual crowd was there

On my left stood big Joe MacKenned, hHis eyes were bloodshot red
And as he looked at the gang around him, these were the very words he said.

I went down to St. James Infirmary, I saw my baby   there
Stretched out on a long, white table, so young, so cold, so fair

Seventeen coal-black horses hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard, only six of them are coming back

Let her go. Let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over, and never find another man like me

When I die just bury me in my high-top Stetson hat
Place a gold piece on my watch chain to let the Lord know I died standing pat

I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers, a chorus girl to sing me a song
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon to raise hell as we roll along

Now that you've heard my story, I'll take another shot of booze
And if anyone here should ask you, I've got the gambler's blues

Each indicated chord gets two beats. The only substitution is for the Gm chord.

Gm   G, Bb,D
Gm7   G, Bb, D, F
Bbmaj7   Bb, D, F, A
                (Dm with a Bb in it or Dm*b*6)
Em7b5   E, G, Bb, D (Gm with an E or Gm6)

Note that the chord is named by the root note played in the bass. The blue color is for the 7th, the green color for the major 7th, and dark red for the *b*5. The <u>edginess</u> of the blues increases moving from Gm to Em7*b*5.

Some occasionally substitute an F for Dm7. I don't like this but it is common.
Dm7   D, F, A, C
F   F, A, C

St. Louis Blues by Wiliam Christopher Handy (1916)

```
A7              E7                    A      A7
 I hate to see   that evening sun go down,
D            D7                    A      A
 I hate to see   that evening sun go down,
E7                   D7            A    A(½)   F7(¼)   E7(¼)
'Cause my lovin' baby    done left this town.


    A7              E7            A      A7
    Feelin' tomorrow,    like I feel to day,
    D             D7            A      A
    Feelin' tomorrow,    like I feel to day,
    E7             D7                A    A(½)   F7(¼)   E(¼)7
    I'll pack my trunk    make my get a  way.


                Am      Dm                  E7    E7
            St. Louis woman,   with her diamond rings,
                  E7         E7              Am       B7(½)  E7(½)
            Pulls my man around    by her apron strings.
                          Am      Dm(½)    D#dim7(½)   E7    E7
            If it weren't for the powder   and her store-bought hair,
                  E7         E7                  Am   B7(½)   E7(½)
            The  man I love    would not gone no where.


         A                 A            A7   A7
I got those St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be,
         D9                 D7                   A    A
Oh, that man got a heart like a rock in the bottom of the sea,
   A                     E7            A   D7  E7
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.
```

Been to the gypsy, to get my fortune told
To the gypsy, done got my fortune told
Cause I'm most wild, 'bout my jelly-roll

Gypsy done told me, "Don't you wear not black."
Yes she done told me, "Don't you wear no black."
Go to Saint Louis, you can win him back"

Help me to Cairo, find my old friend Jeff
Going' to pin myself close to his side
If I flag his train, I sure can ride

I loves that man like a schoolboy loves his pie
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his rocker and rye
I'll love my man until the day I die, Lord, Lord.

I got the St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be, Lord, Lord!
That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

I got those St. Louis blues, I got the blues, I got the blues, I got the blues,
My man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me, Lord, Lord!

Same Old Blues by Don Nix (1970)

G   Fdim/G#   D/A(½) D7/C(½)   B7   E7   A7   D   Aaug

D   F#   Bm   Bm7
   Morning rain, keeps falling
D   F#   Bm   D7/A
    Like the tears that fall from my eyes
        G   Ddim   D/A(½) D7/C(½)   B7
As I sit, in my room, staring out,   at the gloom.
         E7   A7   D   Aaug
It's the rain, it's the same old blues.


G9   Fdim/G#   D/A(½) D7/C(½)   B7   E9   A7   D9   A7aug

C C# D7   E F F#7   B Bb Bm   Bm7
      Morning rain, keeps falling
C C# D7   E F F#7   Bm   D7+13(½) D7(½)
    Just like the tears that fall from my eyes
      G9   Ddim   D9 A Bb   B7
As I sit, in my room, staring out, at the gloom.
         E9   A7   D9   A7aug
It's the rain; it's the same old blues.

Morning rain keeps on falling
Like the tears that fall from my eyes
As I sit in my room, staring out at the gloom
It's the rain; it's the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but thinking
When the sun used to shine on my back door
Now the sun is turned to rain, all my laughter is turned to pain
Yes it's the pain of the same old blues

Sunshine, sunshine is all you see now
But it all, it all looks like clouds to me
When I sit in my room, staring out at the gloom
It's the rain; it's the same old blues

Yeah, yes it's the rain; it's the same old blues
Yeah, yes it's the rain; it's the same old blues

D9

F#7 bar

E9

Ddim F, B, D, G#

G9

A7aug5

Bm (Dm shape)

D13
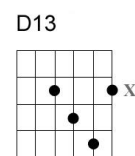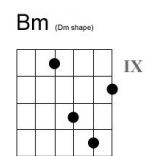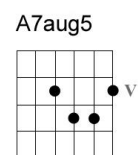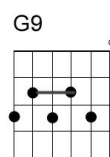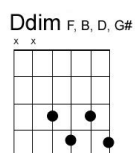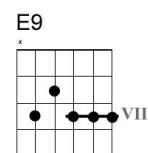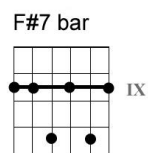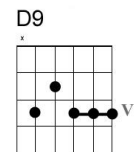
Santa Baby by Joan Javits, Tony Springer, and Philip Springer (1953)

```
D        B7       G           A7        D       B7
    Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree for me;
G          A7(½)   A7sus(½) D          B7
  Been an awful   good      girl, Santa Baby,
   G(½)   G/F#(½)   A7         D       Bm7    Bm7-5    A7
So hurry down the chimney tonight
```

Santa baby, a 'fifty-four convertible too - light blue.
I'll wait up for you, dear Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

```
        F#7        F#7   F#7     F#7   B7          B7         B7       B7
     Think of all the fun I've missed, think of all the fellas that I   haven't kissed;
E7         E7         E7          E7      A7          Cdim   E7         A7   /
Next year I could be      just as good, if you'll check off  my Christmas list.
```

Santa Baby, I want a yacht and really that's not   a   lot
Been an angel all year, Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa honey, one little thing I really need -- the deed
to a platinum mine, Santa   Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a du plex and checks
Sign your 'x' on the line, Santa cutie, so hurry down the chimney tonight

```
    F#7           F#7    F#7         F#7   B7          B7            B7     B7
     Come and trim my   Christmas tree   with some decorations bought at Tiffany
    E7         E7   E7       E7    A7          Cdim   E7         A7
     I really do believe  in  you - Let's see if you  believe in me
```

Santa Baby, forgot to mention one little thing – a ring
I don't mean on the phone, Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

```
G(½)    G/F#(½)   A7          D       Bm7  G(½)    G/F#(½)   A7          D       Bm7
Hurry down the chimney to    night,          Hurry down the chimney to    night,
```

Save the Bones for Henry Jones by Danny Barker
and Vernon Lee (1947)

G(½) A7(½) G(½) Cm6(½) G D7#5 G(½) Am7(½) G(½) Cm6(½) G G7(½) G7#5(½)
Tonight I'll serve a supper, we'll eat some food that's rare. and
C F9 G(½) Am7(½) G A9 Am7 D7b9 G6(Em7)(½) D7(½)
at the head of the table, I'll place brother Henry's chair. Invite
G(½) Am7(½) G(½) Cm6(½) G G7 C C C#dim7 C#dim7(½) C7(½)
all the lo cal big dogs, we'll laugh and talk and eat, But we'll
G B7#5 E9(½) A9(½) D9(½) Dm7(½) G Am7(½) Abmaj7(½) G D7#5
save the bones for Hen ry Jones, 'cause Henry don't eat no meat.

Today I'll go to market and buy a lot of fish,
That will thrill brother Henry, because that's his special dish.
Get a large can of molasses, so we'll have something sweet,
But we'll save the bones for Henry Jones, 'cause Henry don't eat no meat.

Am7 Am7 G G Am7 Am7 G7 E7#5
Henry is not a drinker, he rarely takes a nip,
A7 Bm7 A7 A7 B7#5(½) E9(½) A9(½) D9#5(½)
He don't need a napkin, 'cause the things he eats don't drip.

One day we had a banquet, it really was a bake,
They started off with short-ribs, then they finished up with steak.
But when the feast was over, brother Henry kept his seat,
And we served the bones to Henry Jones, 'cause Henry don't eat no meat.

Our banquet was most proper, right down to demitasse,
From soup to lox and bagels, and pheasant under glass.
We thought the chops were mellow, he said his chops were beat, REET!
We served the bones to Henry Jones, 'cause Henry don't eat no meat.

G B7#5 E9(½) A9(½) D9 G Am7(½) Abmaj7(½)
save the bones for Hen ry Jones, 'cause Henry don't eat no
G(½) G(½) E9 A9 D13 G E9
meat He's a egg man, Henry don't eat no meat. He's loves a pullet

He's an egg man…..He loves a pullet, He eats the gristle A vegetarian…

Henry!
Coming, mother!
Soup's on!

Sentimental Journey words and music by Bud Green, Les Brown, and Ben Homer (1944)

Cma7   *Cma7*
  Gonna take a sentimental journey,
Cma7(½)   *A7(½)*   *D9(½)*   *G7(½)*
Gonna   set my heart at ease;
Cma7   *F7*   *Bb9*
  Gonna take a sentimental journey
C(½)   *A7#5(½)*   *D9(¼)*   *G7(¼)*   *C6*
  To renew old   mem   o   ries.

Cma7   *Cma7*
  Got my bag, I got my reservation;
Cma7(½)   *A7(½)*   *D9(½)*   *G7(½)*
  Spent each dime I could afford.
C   *F7*   *Bb9*
 Like a child in wild an-ti-ci-pa-tion,
C(½)   *A7#5(½)*   *D9(¼)*   *G7(¼)*   *C6*
  Long to hear that "All   a   board!"

        Fdim7   *Fma7*   *Fdim7(½)*   *Fma7 (½)*
        Sev   en...   that's the time we'd leave,
        Cdim7   *Cma7*   *Cdim7(½)*   *Cma7(½)*
        At sev   en.   I'll be waitin' up for
        C#dim7   *D7*   *C#dim7(½)*   *D9*
        Hea   ven, countin' ev'ry mile of
        G7(½)   *Dm7(½)*   *G6(¼)*   *Gdim7(¼)*   *G9(¼)*   *G7(¼)*
        railroad track that takes me   back.


Cma7   *Cma7*
  ever thought my heart could be so yearny;
Cma7(½)   *A7(½)*   *D9(½)*   *G7(½)*
  Why did I de   cide to roam?
Cma7   *F7*   *Bb9*
  Gotta take a sentimental journey,
C(½)   *A7#5(½)*   *D9(¼)*   *G7(¼)*   *C6*
  Sentimental   jour   ney   home.

Small Fry words by Frank Loesser and music by Hoagy Carmichael (1938)

```
     C                  C              D7b9    G7
       Here comes that good for nothin' brat of a boy.
     C              C          D7b9         G7
       He's such a devil I could whip him with joy.
     C          C7           F      Ab7
       He's been carousin' at the burleycue.
     C                  C               D9        G7
         Just watch me teach him with the sole of my shoe.
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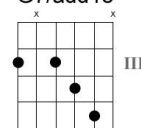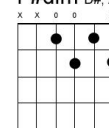
A7b9
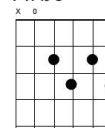
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C       A7b9   D7           F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
  Small fry,     sittin' by the pool    room,
C       A7b9   D7              F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
  Small fry,     should be in the school room;
C   C9      F9           A7/G
My, my, put down that cigarette,
    D9            D7            G7sus4   G7
You ain't a-grown up high and mighty yet.
```
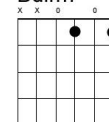
G7/add13

```
C     A7b9   D7           F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
Small fry,     dancin' for a pen    ny,
C     A7b9   D7              F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
Small fry,     countin' up how many.
C   C9      F9           A7/G
My, my, just listen here to me
    D9             D7(½)          C   C9
You ain't the biggest catfish in the sea.    You practice
```

F#dim D#, A, C, D#

```
     F9            C            E7    Am(½)  G(½)
       peckin' all day long to some old radio song,    Oh
     F      G7    C    C9
       yes!  oh yes, oh yes!     You'd better
     F9           C            E7        Am
       listen to your Maw and someday practice the law, And then you'll
     D7    D7   G7sus4   G7
       be a real success.
```

Bdim7

```
C     A7b9    D7                  F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
Small fry, you kissed the neighbor's daughter,
C     A7b9       D7          F7(¼)  G7+6(¾)
Small fry, should stay in shallow water.
C     C9      F9            A7/G
Seems I should take you 'cross my knee
      D7           F          C   C7
You ain't the biggest catfish in the sea.    You've got your
F9           C            E7         Am
feet all soakin' wet, you'll be the death of me yet  Oh me!
     F      G7       C   F#dim7(½)  Bdim7(½)
Oh me!  Oh my!,  small fry.
```

Stormy Weather music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by Ted Koehler, (1933)

D7b9#5(½)
Don't know
G(½)   G#dim(½)   Am7(½)   D9sus4(¼) D7b9#5(¼) G(½) G/F#(¼) G/E(¼)
why   there's no sun up in the sky,   Stormy   Weather
Am7(½)   D9sus4(½)   G(½) G/F#(¼)   G/E(¼)
Since my man and I ain't   together,
Am7(½)   D9sus4(¼) D7b9#5(½)   G   Am7(½)   D9(¼)   D7b9#5(¼)
Keeps rainin' all   the   time.   Life is

G(½)   G#dim(½)   Am7(½)   D9us4(¼) D7b9#5(¼)   G(½) G/F#(¼)   G/E(¼)
bare,   gloom and mis'ry ev'rywhere,   Stormy   Weather.
Am7(½)   D9sus4(½)   G(¼) G/F#(¼)   G/E(½)
Just can't get my poor self together;
Am7(½)   D9(½) G   C(¼) G(¼) G#dim7(½) Am7(½) D9(½) G(½) Am7(¼)   G(¼)
I'm weary all the time, the time,   so weary   all the time.

        C   G
        When he went away, the blues walked in and met me;
        C   G
        If he stays away, old rockin' chair will get me.
        C   G
        All I do is pray the Lord above will let me
        G   G(¼) E7b5(¼)   A(½)   D9(¼)   D7b9#5(¼)
        Walk in the sun   once   more.   Can't go

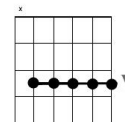G(½)   G#dim(½) Am7(½)   D9sus4(¼) D7b9#5(¼)   G(½) G/F#(¼)   G/E(¼)
On   ev'rything I had is gone,   Stormy   Weather
Am7(½)   D9sus4(½)   G(½) G/F#(¼)   G/E(¼)
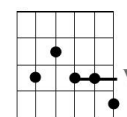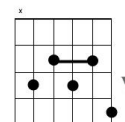Since my man and I   ain't together,
Am7(½)   D9(½)   G
Keeps rainin' all the time,
Am7(½)   D9(½)   G(hold) G7(hold)
Keeps rainin' all the time,

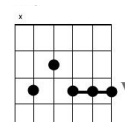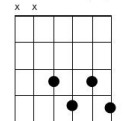D9sus4

D7b9#5

G#dim F, B, D

Summertime
music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Ira Gerswhin and Dubose Heyward (1935)


```
        Em    Am7   Em        B7      Em   Am7  Em Em7
Summertime,            and the livin' is  ea     sy         Fish are
Am7  Am7   C         C         B7  C7   B7  F7/-5
Jumpin'        and the cotton is high
              Em  Am7 Em             B7            Em    Am7 Em7  A9
Your daddy's rich,           and your momma's good look in''
G          Em    A    Am7  Em  Am7 Em
So hush little baby, don't yo'   cry           One of these


          Em    Am7   Em            B7       Em   Am7   Em  Em7
One of these mornings,       you gonna rise up sing in'
              Am7          Am7  C         C           B7  C7   B7   F7-5
Then you'll spread your wings     and you'll take to the sky
              Em  Am7 Em         B7           Em    Am7 Em7  A9
But till that morning,   there's a nothin' can harm you
          G        Em          A    Am7  Em  Am7 Em
With daddy and mammy   stand in'     by
```

Sweet Georgia Brown words and music by Ben Berne, Maceo Pinkard, and Kenneth Casey (1925)

D7   D7   D7   Ab7(b5)
No gal made has got a shade, on Sweet Georgia Brown,
G7   G7   G7   Db7(b5)
Two left feet, oh, so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown!
C7   C7   C7   C9
They all sigh, and want to die, for Sweet Georgia Brown!

                F(½) Gm7(½) C7#5   F(½) Em(b5(½) A7b9
      I'll tell you just why,   You know I don't lie, not   much:

D7   D7   D7   Ab7(b5)
It's been said She knocks 'em dead, When she lands in town!
G7   G7   G7   G7   A7
Since she came, why it's a shame, How she cools them down!

           Dm   Ddim(½) A7(½)   Dm   Ddim(½) A7(½)
           Fellows she can't get are fellows she ain't met!

F7 E7 Eb7   D7 G7 C7 F   A7   or F7 E7 Eb7 D7
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her,
G7   C7   F
Sweet Georgia Brown!

All those gifts some courters give, to Sweet Georgia Brown,
They buy clothes at fashion shows, with one dollar down,
Oh, boy! Tip your hat!
Oh, joy! She's the cat!
Who's that, Mister? 'Tain't a sister!
Sweet Georgia Brown

Sweet Pea by Amos Lee (Ryan Anthony Massaro) (2006)

E   G#7   C#m   F#
E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)   E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)

E   G#7   C#m   F#
  Sweet pea, apple of my eye,   don't know when and I don't know why
E(½)   C#m(½   A(½)   B(½)   E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)
your the only reason, I keep on comin' home

E   G#7   C#m   F#
  Sweet pea, what's all   this about?   don't get your way all you do is fuss and pout
E(½)   C#m(½   A(½)   B(½)   E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)
your the only reason, I keep on comin' home

          G#7   G#7   C#m   C#m
I'm like the rock of gibralter, I always seem to falter, and the words just get in the way
  F#   F#   B   B
I know I'm gonna crumble, I'm tryin to stay humble, but I   never speak before I say

E   G#7   C#m   F#
E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)   E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)

E   G#7   C#m   F#
  Sweet pea, keeper of my soul,   I know sometimes I'm out of control
     E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)
but you're the only reason I keep on comin'
E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)
you're the only reason I keep on comin' yeah,
E(½)   C#m(½)   A(½)   B(½)   E   E(¼)   A(¼)   E(hold)
you're the only reason I keep on comin' home

Swinging on a Star by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen
(1944)

                          Em7   A7   D7   D7
          Would you like to swing on a star?
                      Dm7   G7   C   Edim7
          Carry moonbeams home in a jar?   And be
          Em7   A7   D7   D7
          better off than you are
          Dm7   G7   C½   F½   C½   Dm7½
            Or would you rather be a mule?   pig? fish?

          C   F   C   F
          A mule is an animal with long funny ears,
          C   F   C½   Bb½   C
          Kicks up at anything he hears.
            D7   Am7   D7   G
          His back is brawny but his brain is weak,
            Am7½D7½ Am7½ D½   G½ Bm½   G7
          He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak.
                     C   F   C½ Gm7½ A7
          And by the way, if you hate to go to school,
          Dm7   G7   C½   F½   C½   Edim7½
            You may grow up to be a mule.

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face; His shoes are a terrible disgrace.
He's got no manners when he eats his food, He's fat and lazy and extremely rude;
But if you don't care a feather or a fig, You may grow up to be a pig.

A fish won't do anything, but swim in a brook; He can't write his name or read a book.
To fool the people is his only thought, And though he's slippery, he still gets   caught;
But then if that sort of life is what you wish, You may grow up to be a fish.

          Edim7   Em7   A7   D7
           And all the monkeys aren't in a zoo
                  Dm7½   G ½   C
          Every day you meet quite a few
          Edim7   Em7   A7   D7
             So you see it's all up to you
          Dm7   G7   Edim7   A7
          You can be better than you are,
          Dm7   G7   C   F C
          You could be swingin' on a star.

Talk to Me by Jimmy Burns (1996)

```
A                 D        E7       A
Ladies, as you can see I'm an old man , and as an old man, I don't need very much, a little
D                      E7                        A              D
water once in a while, a sandwich now and then, and no sex, but now there's one thing I
do
  E7                           A                      D              E7
require, and that is a little conversation now and then, so to keep me happy just
```

```
        A   A       D   E7   A6  A    D        E13
Talk to me,   talk to me,   oh I love    the things you say
        A  A7       D   Dm      A    E7        A     E7
Talk to me,   talk to me,   in your own,     special way
```

```
        A   A       D   E7       A6   A  D              E13
Let me hear,   tell me dear,   tell me how,       you love me so
        A  A7       D   Dm      A  E7       A     A7
Talk to me,   talk to me,   darlin', I     love you so
```

```
            D              E    A       A7       Note:  for coloring use A6, D+4, E13, A4
    The many ways you speak of love, I heard before
            D      E7        A    A7
    But it sounds so good, every time
                 F#m       F#m      F#m7          F#m7
    You just say the part that I love girl, just once more
B7     B7       E7                 E
Darlin',   I'm so glad that you're mine
```

```
        A   A       D   E7         A6   A  D         E13
Talk to me,   talk to me,   hold me close,       whisper low
        A  A7           D   Dm      A  E7          A       E7
Talk to me,    can't you see,     darlin' I      love you so
```

```
        A   A       D   E7        A                A    D    /    E7
Talk to me,   talk to me,    hold me closer and closer and closer,    never let me go
        A  A7       D   Dm      A  E7       A    A7
Talk to me,   talk to me,   darlin', I    love you so
  D   E13    A
I love you so
```

TB Blues by Jimmie Rodgers and Raymond Hall (1931)

```
    C7                C7                C7  C7
My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me,
         F        F                      C   C
Yes, my good gal's trying to make a fool out of me
         G7              G7              C    C
Tryin' to make me believe I ain't got that ole T. B.
         C  G7  C
I got the T.  B.    blues
```

When it *r*ained down sorrow it *r*ained all over *m*e
When it *r*ained down sorrow it *r*ained all over *m*e
'Cause my *b*ody rattles like a *t*rain on that ole S.*P*.
I got the T. B. blues.

I got that *o*ld T. B. *I* can't eat a *b*ite,
I got that *o*ld T. B. *I* can't eat a *b*ite,
Got me *w*orried so, *I* can't even sleep at *n*ight
I got the T. B. blues.

I've been *f*ighting like a lion, *l*ooks like I'm going to *l*ose
I've been *f*ighting like a lion, *l*ooks like I'm going to *l*ose
Cause there *a*in't nobody *e*ver whipped the T. B. *b*lues
I got the T. B. blues

Gee, but the graveyard *i*s a lonesome *p*lace
Gee, but the graveyard *i*s a lonesome *p*lace
They put you *o*n your back, throw that *m*ud down in your *f*ace.
I got the T. B. blues

T for Texas (Blue Yodel #1) by Jimmie Rodgers (1928)

```
        E     E     E           E
Well, 'T' for Texas, 'T' for Tennessee
        A7      A7              E   E
'T' for Texas, 'T' for Tennessee
        B7      B7          B7      B7        E   E
'T' for Thelma,   that gal that made a wreck out of me
   E        B7      E       E
O la ee oo, la  ee  oo, la  ee;


            E               E       E               E
    If you don't want me mama, you sure don't have to stall
            A7                      A7              E   E
    If you don't want me mama, you sure don't have to stall
                B7              B7                          E     E
     'Cause I can get more women   than a passenger train can haul
       E        B7      E       E
    O la ee oo, la  ee  oo, la  ee;
```

I'm goin' buy me a pistol, just as long as I'm tall
Goin' buy me a pistol just as long as I'm tall
I'm goin' shoot poor Thelma, just to see her jump and fall.
O la ee la ee, oo
    I'm goin' by me a shotgun, with a great long shiny barr'l
    Goin' buy me shotgun with a great long shiny barr'l
    I'm goin' shoot that rounder that stole away my girl

Well, I'm going where the water drinks like cherry wine
I'm going where the water drinks like cherry wine
'Cause this Georgia water tastes like turpentine
    I'd rather drink muddy water and sleep in a hollow log
    I'd rather drink muddy water and sleep in a hollow log
    Than to be here in Atlanta, [and] get treated like a dirty dog

If you're ever down in Mobile be sure to look me up
If you're ever down in Mobile be sure to look me up
And if you're ever in Atlanta tell Lucille to go to hell

That Lucky Old Sun music by Beasely Smith and lyrics by Haven Gillespie (1949)

C   C   Cmaj7   Cma7
Up in the morning, out on the job
(Fm7) C   F   C   C7
(I)   Work like the devil for my pay
             F   Fm7   C   Am7
While that lucky ole sun's got nothin' to do
       C   G7   C   C
But roll around heaven all day
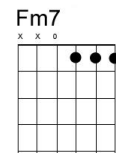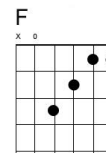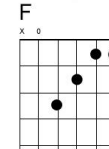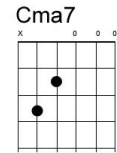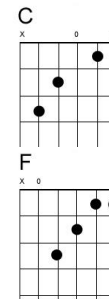
Fuss with my woman, toil for my kids,
I work 'till I'm wrinkled and grey
And that lucky ole' sun's got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day

        C   Cmaj7   F   C
     Lord a bove can't ya hear me cryin'?
          C   G7   C   G7
     The tears they   fall from my eyes
     C   Cmaj7   F   C
     Send down that cloud with a silver linin'
          D7   D7 G7   Gaug5
     And take me to Paradise.....
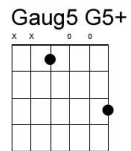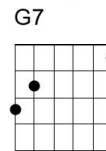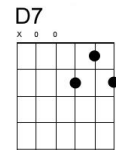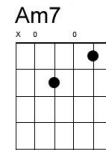
Show me that river, lead me across
Take all my troubles away
While that lucky ole' sun's got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day

Show me that river, take me across
Wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothin' to do

But roll around heaven
Let me roll around heaven
I just wanna roll around heaven
All day

Tishmingo Blues

by Spencer Williams (1917). "Tishomingo Blues" was named after a northeast Mississippi town. The song, which also serves as Garrison Keillor's theme song for A Prairie Home Companion, was a hit in 1917.

```
     G7                    C(½)              G½    G7
I'm goin' to Tishomingo,       because I'm sad today,
C7              Eb7(½)          D7(½)  G     G#dim
  I wish to linger,    way down old Dixie   way.
D7/A                D7              G                    G
Oh, my weary heart cries out in pain,  Oh, how I wish that I was back again,
D           A7      D(½)                A7(½)            D
With a race, in a place, Where they make you welcome all the time.


     G                   C                  G    G7
  Way down in Mississippi,    among the cypress trees,
 C                  C7                   B    B
   They get you dippy,    with their strange melodies,
     G       B7/F#    Em          Eb7
  To resist temptation,   I just can't refuse,
 G/D             D7              G/D(½)          D7(½)
 G(½)G#dim7(½)D7/A(½)D7(½)
     In Tishomingo,  I wish to linger, where they play the weary blues.
```

Oh, Mississippi,	Tonight I'm prayin',
Oh, Mississippi,	Tonight I'm sayin',
My heart cries out for	Oh Lord please take the
You in sadness,	Train that takes me,
I want to be where	To Tishomingo,
The wintry winds don't blow,	'Way down old Dixie way,
Down where the southern	Where southern folks are
Moon swings low,	Always gay,
That's where I want to go	That's why you hear me say.

Tom Traubert's Blues by Tom Waits

Intro: A Bm7 A Dsus2 D A Asus4 E7

D   D   A   F#m   Bm7   E7   A A7
Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did, I've got what I paid for now
D   D   A(½) Ama7(½) F#m   B   B7   E E7
See you tomorrow, hey Frank, can I   borrow a couple of bucks from you? To go
*   A   Asus4   A   D*
Waltzing Mathilda,   waltzing Mathilda,
*   A   Ama7   Bm7   E*
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
No one speaks English, and everything's broken,
and my strength is soaking away (Stacys are soaking wet)
       To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
       You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Now the dogs are barking and the taxi cab's parking
A lot they can do for me
I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open,
And I'm down on my knees tonight
Old Bushmill's I staggered, you'd bury the dagger
In your silhouette window light go
       To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
       You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Now I lost my Saint Christopher now that I've kissed her
And the one-armed bandit knows
And the maverick Chinamen, and the cold-blooded signs,
And the girls down by the strip-tease shows, go
       Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
       You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

No, I don't want your sympathy, the fugitives say
That the streets aren't for dreaming now
And manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
They want a piece of the action anyhow
       Go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
       You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

And you can ask any sailor, and the keys from the jailor,
And the old men in wheelchairs know
And Mathilda's the defendant, she killed about a hundred,
And she follows wherever you may go
       Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
       You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me
And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace,
And a wound that will never heal
No prima donna, the perfume is on an

* Bm   E7   A   Asus4*
Old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey
*   D   D   A(½)   Ama7(½) F#m*
And goodnight to the street sweepers, the night watchmen flame   keepers
* Bm7   E7   A A   Bm7   E7   A   A*
And goodnight to Mathilda, too.   And goodnight to Mathilda, too

Tomorrow Night by Sam Coslow/Will Grosz (1939)

E E7 A A Am B7 E

E(½) A(½)   E
  Tomorrow night
E7   A
  will you remember what you said tonight
A   Am   B7   E(½) Fdim(½) F#m(½) B7(½)
   Tomorrow night   will all the thrill be gone

  N.C.   E
Tomorrow night
E7   A
  will it be just another memory
A   Am
   Or just another song
B7   E   A(½)   E(½)
  that's in my heart to linger on

        B   E
        Your lips are so tender,
        B   E
         your heart is beating fast
        G#m   G#m
         And you willingly surrender
        C#m(½)   B(¼)   A(¼)   B7
        to me, but darling will it last

N.C.   E
Tomorrow night
E7   A
will you be with me when the moon is bright
A   Am
  Tomorrow night
B7   E(½)   A(½)   E
will you say those lovely things you said tonight

Trouble In Mind written by Richard M Jones. (1926)

*Major chords, major 7th chords, and major 9th chords
can be used interchangeably in the blues.*

A   E$_{(1/2)}$ E7$_{(1/2)}$ A$_{(1/2)}$ A7$_{(1/2)}$ D$_{(1/2)}$ D7$_{(1/2)}$
Trouble in mind, I'm blue,   but I won't be blue always
    A$_{(1/2)}$ F#7$_{(1/2)}$ B9$_{(1/2)}$ E7$_{(1/2)}$ A9$_{(1/2)}$ D7$_{(1/2)}$ A9$_{(1/2)}$
E9#5$_{(1/2)}$
For the sun gonna shine in   my back door someday

    I'm goin' down to the river, I'm gonna take me a rockin' chair
    Lord, if the blues overtake me, I'm gonna rock on away from here

Trouble in mind, I'm blue,   my poor heart is healing (beatin') slow
I've never had such trouble in my whole life be fore

    I'm gonna lay down my head, on some lonesome railroad line
    and let that two nineteen freight, ease (pacify) my troubled mind

I'm alone at midnight and the lamp is burning low
I ain't had so such trouble in my life before

    Trouble in mind, I'm blue, and I've almost lost my mind
    Sometimes I feel like livin', and sometimes I feel like dyin'
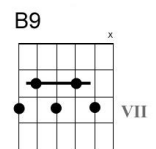
My good gal, she done quit me, and it sure does leave my mind
When you see me laughin', it's laughin' to keep from cryin'
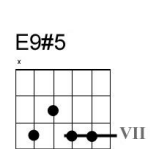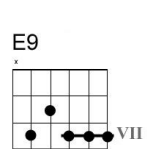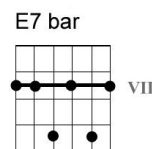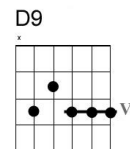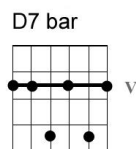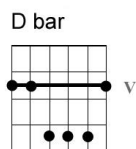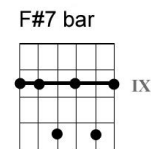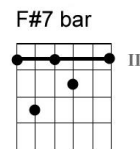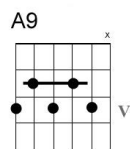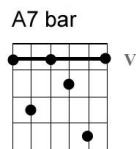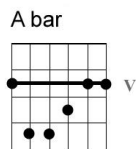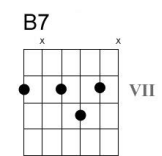
Why Try to Change Me Now? music by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Joseph A. McCarthy (1952)

Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½) Fma7   Dm9   *F or Fma7*
  I'm sentimental, so I   walk in the rain   *Cm6=Am7b5*
Gm7   C9(½) C7b9(½) Am7b5   Daug7   *D7b9b5 or Daug7*
I've got some habits even   I can't ex plain   *Eb9 or*
Gm7b5=Bbm6
        Gm7   Eb9   Am7   Abdim7   *C9 or Cm7b5 or*
C13
Could start for the corner, turn up in Spain
     Gm7   C13   F(½)   C7b9(½) Am(½) Am7(½)
But why try to change me   now

Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½)   Fma7   Dm9
  I sit and daydream, I've got daydreams galore
Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½)   Am7b5   D7b9b5
Cigarette ashes; there they go on the floor
     Gm7   Eb9   Am7   Abdim7
I'll go away weekends, leave my keys in the door
     Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½) F(½)   C7b9(½)   Dm7(½)   Dbm7(½)
But why try to change me   now

     Cm7   F7(½) F7#5(½)   Bb6   Gm   *Bb6 or Bb6/9*
     Why can't I be   more conventional,   People   *Gm or Gaug7*
     Cm7   F7#5   Bb6   Em7(½)   Ebm7(½)   *F7#5 or F7b9*
     talk, and they stare, so I try   but
     Dm7   G7   Cma7   Am
     that's not for me, cause I can't see
     Dm7   G7   Gm7   C7(½)   F#m7(½)   or Am70Abm7
     My kind of crazy world go passing me by   So

Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½) F   Dm7
let people wonder,   let 'em laugh, let 'em frown
Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½) Am7b5   D7b9b5
You know I'll love you till the moon's upside down
Gm7   Eb9   Am7   Abdim7
Don't you remember I was always your clown
Gm7   C9(½)   C7b9(½) F   D7
                     F   Gm7(½)   Gb7(½)   F(hold)
  Why try to change me   now

Willow Weep for Me by Ann Ronell (1932)

Emaj7   A9(13) Emaj7   A9(13)
Willow weep for me Willow weep for me
Emaj7   F#m   G#m   F#m(½) B7(½)
Bend your branches green along the stream that runs to sea
A9   A9
Listen to my plea
Am7 Am7 F#m   B7
Listen willow and weep for me

Emaj7   A9(13) Emaj7   A9(13)
Gone, my lover's dream, lovely summer's dream
Emaj7   F#m   G#m   F#m(½) B7(½)
Gone and left me here to weep my tears into the stream
A9   A9
Sad as I can be
Am7 Am7 F#m B7 Emaj7 E9
Hear me willow and weep for me

  Am   F   Em   E
  Whisper to the wind and say that love has sinned
  Am   G   F   E7
  Leave my heart a-breaking and making a moan
  Am   F   Em   E
  Murmur to the night to hide her starry light
    Am   G   F   E7
  So none will find me sighing and crying all alone

Emaj7   A9(13) Emaj7   A9(13)
Weeping willow tree, weep in sympathy
Emaj7   F#m   G#m   F#m(½) B7(½)
Bend your branches down along the ground to cover me
A9   A9
When the shadows fall
Am7 Am7 F#m B7 Ema7 A9 E
Bend oh willow and weep for me

Won't You Be My Neighbor by Fred Rogers (1967)

```
      C                    A7
It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood
   Dm7              G7
A beautiful day for a neighbor would you
C        A7          Dm7     G7
be mine?    Could you be mine?
```

```
       C                    A7
It's a neighborly day in this beauty wood
   Dm7         /        G7
A neighborly day for a beauty would you
C        A7          Dm7       G7
be mine?     Could you be mine?
```

```
         F               A7           Dm      Cdim7
I've always wanted to have a neighbor just like you
          C               Dm7         Cdim7       G7
I've always wanted to live in a neighborhood  with you
```

```
     C                    A7
So, let's make the most of this beautiful day
Dm7                  G7
Since we're together we might as well say
 C          A7    Dm7         Dm7
Would you be mine? Could you be mine?
G7       G7   C         C7
Won't you be my neighbor
```

```
     F       Em7   Dm       Em7
Won't you please, won't you please
Dm7              G7    C        C
Please won't you be my neighbor
```

Worried Man Blues traditional

  C   *C*   *C*   *C7*
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
  F   *F*   *F*   *C*
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
  C   *C*   *C*   *C*
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
   G   *G7*   *C*   *C*
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

      I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
      I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
      I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
      When I woke up with the shackles on my feet.

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
And on each link is initial of my name.

      I asked the judge what might be my fine,
      I asked the judge what might be my fine,
      I asked the judge what might be my fine,
      "Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain line."

The train arrived, sixteen coaches long,
The train arrived, sixteen coaches long,
The train arrived, sixteen coaches long,
The girl I love is on that train and gone.

      If any one asks you who composed this song,
      If any one asks you who composed this song,
      If any one asks you who composed this song,
      Tell him it was I and I sing it all day long.

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere by Bob Dylan (1067)

D   *Em*
Clouds so swift, rain fallin' in
G   *D*
Gonna see a movie called Gunga Din.
D   *Em*
Pack up your money, put up your tent in the wind,
G   *D*
You ain't a-goin' nowhere.

           D   *Em*
Ooo-ee! Ride me high
     G   *D*
Tomorrow's the day my bride's a-gonna come.
D   *Em*
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
G   *D*
Down into the easy chair.

Clouds so swift	Buy me a flute
Rain won't lift	And a gun that shoots
Gate won't close	Tailgates and substitutes
Railings froze	Strap yourself
Get your mind off wintertime	To the tree with roots
You ain't goin' nowhere	You ain't goin' nowhere
I don't care	Genghis Khan
How many letters they sent	He could not keep
Morning came and morning went	All his kings
Pick up your money	Supplied with sleep
And pack up your tent	Well climb that hill no matter how steep
You ain't goin' nowhere	When we get up to it

You Are My Sunshine disputed authorship (1933-1937)

        G   *G*   *G*   *G*
The other night dear   as I laid sleeping
          C   *C*   *G*   *G*
I dreamed I held you in my arms
          C   *C*   *G*   *G*
But when I woke dear   I was mistaken
      G   *D*   *G*   *G*
And I hung my head and I cried

           G   *G*   *G*   *G*
You are my sunshine,   my only sunshine
             C   *C*   *G*   *G*
You make me happy   when skies are gray
         C   *C*   *G*   *G*
You'll never know dear,   how much I love you
         G   *D*   *G*   *G*
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me and love another
You'll regret it all some day

You told me once dear you really loved me
And no one could come between
But now you've left me to love another
You have shattered all of my dreams

In all my dreams you seem to leave me
When I awake my poor heart pains
So won't you come back and make me happy
I'll forgive dear I'll take all the blame

You Are The Sunshine of My Life by Stevie Wonder (1972)

C(add9) / G7#5 /

C / G / Em7 / A7b9 /
  You are the sunshine of my life
Dm7 / G7 / C / Dm7 G7
  That's why I'll always be around
C / G / Em7 / A7b9 /
  You are the apple of my eye
Dm7 / G7 / C / Dm7 G7
  Forever you'll stay in my heart

Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7
  I feel like this is the be ginning
Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7 Bm7b5 / E7 E7#5
  Though I've loved you for a million years
Amaj7 / Bm7 E7 Am Am(maj7) Am7 Am7
  And if I thought our love was ending
D / D7 / Dm7 / G7 /
I'd find myself drowning in my own tears   Whoa, Whoa

Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7
  You must have known that I was lonely
Cmaj7 / Dm7 G7 Bm7b5 / E7 E7#5
  Be cause you came to my rescue
A Amaj7 Bm7 E7 Am Am(maj7) Am7 Am7
  And I know that this must be heaven
D / D7 / Dm7 / G7 /
How could so much love be inside of you   Whoa   Whoa
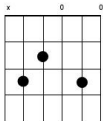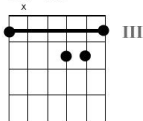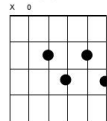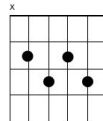
C+9   G7 #5   A7b9   Bm7/b5   Am(ma7)   E7+5
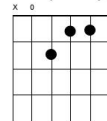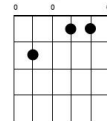
You'd Be Surprised by Irving Berlin (1919)

```
              G      (Cº)   G                    G      (Cº)  G  (Gº)
She's not so     good in a      crowd, but when you get her a     lone,
D7      D7        D7       D7
   You'd be   sur -   prised;    She isn't
D7            D7             D7            D7   (F#7)
much at a    dance, but when I take her    home,
G       G   (Cº)    G        G7
   You'd be   sur      prised.    She down't

      C        C        Cm+2   Cm
      look like much of a lo       ver,   but
      G            B7        E+    E7
      don't judge a book by it's cov    er;
      A        A       A7          A7
        She's got the face of an   an   gel     but
      A7         D              D9          D7
      There's a  dev - il in  her    eye.


She's such a  del - i - cate thing but when we start to squeeze,
   You'd be   sur -   prised;      She doen't
look ver - y strong and tho' she's weak in the knees,
    You'd be   sur       prised.      She down't

      C   C        Cm+2   Cm
      At a party or at a ball,      I've
      G         B7      E+           E7
      Got to ad  mit she's noth - ing at all, but in a
      D       D    D9            D7    G
      Morris chair,    you'd be sur prised  .
```

She's not so good in the house, but on a bench in the park, You'd be sur prised;
She is - n't much in the light but when she gets in the dark, You'd be sur prised.
I know she looks as slow as the Erie, You don't know the half of it, dearie;
She looks as cold as an Eskimo, But there's fire in her eyes.

She doesn't say very much, but when she starts in to speak, You'd be surprised;
She's not so good at the start, but at the end of the week, You'd be surprised.
On a streetcar or in a train, You'd think she was born without any brain,
but in a taxi cab, you'd be surprised.

You'd Be Surprised

Music and lyrics by IRVING BERLING 1919.

He's not so good in a crowd but when you get him a-lone, You'd be sur-prised. He is-n't much at a dance but then when he takes you home, You'd be sur-prised. He does-n't look like much of a lov-er, but don't judge a book by its cov-er. He's got the face of an an-gel but, there's a dev-il in his eye. He's such a del-i-cate thing but when he starts in to squeeze, You'd be sur-prised. He does-n't look ver-y strong but when you sit on his knees, You'd be sur-prised. At a par-ty or at a ball, I've got to ad-mit he's noth-ing at all but in an eas-y chair, You'd be sur-prised.

You Got Me Runnin' by Jimmy Reed (1959)

```
                A                    A
You got me runnin', you got me hidin'
                A
You got me run, hide, hide, run
A                    D
Anyway you wanna let it roll
D          A      A
Yeah, yeah, yeah
                E
You got me doin' what you want me
  D                      A      E7
A baby why you wanna let go?
```

I'm goin' up, I'm goin' down
I'm goin up, down, down, up
Anyway ya wanna let it roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You got me doin' what you want me
A baby why you wanna let go?

You got me peepin', you got me hidin'
You got me peep, hide, hide, peep
Anyway you wanna let it roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You got me doin' what you want me
Oh baby why you wanna let go?

You Rascal You (I'll Be Glad When You're Dead) by Sam Theard (1931)

```
        Em            Em(½)    B7(½)  Em(½)  Edim7(½)   Em
```
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!
```
        Em            Em              B7(½)  Bdim7(½)   B7
```
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!
```
        Em            Am6(½)  B7       Em6(½)  C7(½)    B7
```
When you dead in your grave,   no more women will you crave.
```
        Em            Em(½)    B7(½)  Em    Em(½)   B7(½)
```
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!
```
                                E(½)   Am(½)   Em(½)
```

I trust you in my home, you rascal, you.
I trust you in my home, you rascal, you.
I trust you in my home, you wouldn't leave my wife alone.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

I fed you since last fall, you rascal, you.
I fed you since last fall, you rascal, you.
I fed you since last fall, then you got your ashes hauled.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

You asked my wife to wash your clothes, you rascal, you.
You asked my wife to wash your clothes, you rascal, you.
You asked my wife to wash your clothes and something else I
    suppose.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

You asked my wife for a meal, you rascal, you!
You asked my wife for a meal, you rascal, you!
You asked my wife for a meal, and something else you tried to
    steal.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

You know you done me wrong, you rascal, you.
You know you done me wrong, you rascal, you.
You know you done me wrong, you done stole my wife and
    gone.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

Please don't me find you, rascal, you.
Please don't let me find you, rascal, you!
Please don't let me find you cause you'll leave this world behind
    you.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

Ain't no use to run, you rascal, you.
Ain't no use to run, you rascal, you.
Ain't no use to run, you all through having your fun
And you still having your fun, you rascal, you!

I'm gonna kill you just for fun, you rascal, you!
I'm gonna kill you just for fun, you rascal, you!
I'm gonna kill you just for fun; the buzzards gonna have you
    when I'm done.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

You done messed with my wife, you rascal, you!
You done messed with my wife, you rascal, you!
You done messed with my wife, I swear I'm gonna take your life.
I'll be glad when you dead, you rascal, you!

Now I'll be glad when you die, you rascal you, uh-huh.
I'll be glad, when you leave this earth it's true, oh yeah.
When you're lyin' down six feet deep, no more fried chicken will
    you eat.
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you, oh yeah.

'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you, uh-huh.
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you, oh yeah.
I'll be standin' on the corner high, when they drag your body by,
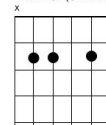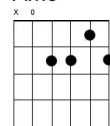I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you
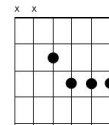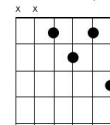
Em7b5 = Gm6
Am7b5 = Cm6

C#m7b5=Em6
F#m7b5=Am6

You've Got to See Your Mamma Every Night by Billie Rose and Con Conrad (1923)

C(½)   G9(½)   C(½)   A7(½)
You gotta see,   Mamma, every night or you
D9(½)   G7(½)   C(½)   D9(¼)   G9(¼)
can't see Mamm at all.   You've got to
C(½)   G9(½)   C(½)   A7(½)
kiss,   Mamma, treat her right, or I
G9(½)   D7(½)   G(½)   D9(¼)   G9(¼)
won't be home when you call

C7(¼) C9(¼) C7(¼) C9(¼) C7(¼) C9(¼) C7(½)
If   you   want   my   com   pan   y,
F7(¼) F6(¼) F7(¼) F6(¼) F7(¼) F6(¼) F7(¼) F6(¼)
You   can't "fif   ty   fif   ty"   me.   You got to
C(½)   G9(½)   C(½)   A7(½)
see,   Mamma, every night or you
D9(½)   G7(½)   C
can't see Mamma at all.

C(½)   Am(½)   C(¼) D7b9(¼) G7(½)
Monday night, I sat a   lone
C(½)   Am(½)   C(¼) D7b9(¼) G7(½)
Tuesday night, you did n't   phone
C(½)   Am(½)   F6(½) D7(½)
Wednesday night, you didn't call, and on
C(¼) F(¼) A7(½)   D9(¼) G7(¼) C(½)
Thursday night, the same old   stall

Now I don't like that kind o' man
That works on the installment plan
You gotta see your Mamma every night
Or you won't see your Mamma at all

Friday night, you dogged my path
Saturday night, you took your bath
Sunday night, you called on me
But you brought three girls for company