Pop 1920-1929

Ain't She Sweet words by Jack Yellen and music by Milton Ager

(1927)

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C              G7              C(¼)    Cdim(¼) C(¼)  G+(¼)  C(¼)  Dm7(¼)  C(½)
There she is! There she is! There's what     keeps me     up at          night.
Am           E7            Am(¼)  F7(¼)  Am(¼)  Dm6(¼)  Am(¼)  Dm(¼)  Am(½)
Oh, gee whiz! Oh, gee whiz! There's why   I      can't    eat a        bite.
G7           G7     C          A7
Those flaming eyes! That flaming youth!
G7(½)  D7(¼)  G7(¼)  Em(½)  Adim7(¼)  Em(¼)  Am7(½)  D7(½)  G7
 Oh,  Mis  ter      Oh,  Sis      ter        Tell   me the truth;


    C    C#m6  Dm7  G7        C        C#m6    Dm7  G7
    Ain't She    Sweet?  See her coming down the street!    Now I
    C       E7   A7   A7     D9   G7  C    G7
    ask you very confidentially Ain't She Sweet?
    C    C#m6  Dm7  G7        C     C#m6    Dm7  G7
    Ain't she    nice?    Look her over once or twice.    Now I
    C       E7   A7   A7     D9   G7  C          C7
    ask you very confidentially Ain't she  nice? Just cast an


            F9   F9        C             C7
            eye    in her direction Oh, me!    Oh,
            F9   F9          C     Dm7  G7
            my!    Ain't that perfection?


C  C#m6  Dm7  G7        C           C#m6  Dm7  G7
I  re     peat,    don't you think that's kind of   neat?    And I
C       E7   A7   A7     D9   G7  C(¼)  F7(¼)    C(hold)
ask you very confidentially Ain't She Sweet?
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F9

C#m6 (Bbm7b5)
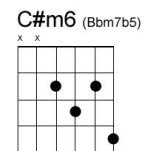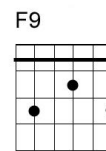
Ain't We Got Fun? words by Gus Kahn and Raymond B. Egan, music by Richard Whiting (1921)

F(½)   D7(½)   G7(½)   C7(½)

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        F              Bb                F                          F
Bill collectors gather 'round and rather haunt the cottage next door
C                  F        E7                  Am
Men the gro cer and butcher sent men who call for the rent
         Am        E7          Am             Am
But within a happy chappy and his bride of only a year
          C            Am            Dm             C7
Seem to be so cheerful!  Here's an ear full of the chatter you hear
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Just to make their trouble nearly double, something happened last night
To the chimney a gray bird cam Mister Stork is his name
And I'll bet in two pins a pair of twins just happened in with the bird
Still they're very gay and merry just at the dawning I heard

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        F     Fdim      F     Fdim      C          F#dim  C7
        Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening,    ain't we got   fun?
C7              F#dim      C7     F#dim     F          Fdim   F(½)      F7(½)
        Not much money, oh but honey,     ain't we got   fun?
Bb            Fdim        F              F(½)   Dm7(½)
        The rent's unpaid   dear,   we haven't a bus;
Am                 E          E7              Am   (Am F#dim7  Gm  Caug)
    But smiles were made, dear,   for people like us.
        F     Fdim     F      Fdim    C          F#dim  C7
        In the winter, in the summer,   don't we have  fun?
C7              F#dim      C7     F#dim      F          Fdim   F(½)      F7(½)
        Times are bum and getting bummer,    still we have fun.
Bb                  A7(½)  Dm(½)  Gm(½)   E7(½)          F
       There's nothing  sur  -  er:  the rich get rich and the poor get children
F       Fdim         G9                 C7              F      (F  F#dim7  Gm  Caug)
        In the meantime,    in between time,    ain't we  got fun?
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Every morning, every evening, don't we have fun?
Twins and pairs, dear, come in pairs, dear—don't we have fun?
We're only started as a mommer and pop
Are we down-hearted? I'll say we're not.
        Landlords mad and getting madder, Ain't we got fun?
        Times are bad and getting badder, Still we have fun.
        There's nothing surer, the rich get rich and the poor get laid off
   In the meantime, in between time, Ain't we got fun?

Any Time by Herbert Happy Lawson (1921)

(D F#7b5) **B7   B7   E7   E7** *(E7 E7 D#7 E7)*
An y   time   you're feeling lonely
        A7   A7   D   D
Anytime   you're feeling blue
        G   Gm6   D7*(D D7 C#7 C7)* **B7**
Anytime   you feel down hearted
            E7   E7   A   A7*(½)* **D***(¼)* **F#7b5***(¼)*
That will prove your love for me is true   An   y

Cm6 *(Am7b5)*   **B7b5**

Gm6   **F#7b5** *(C7b5)*
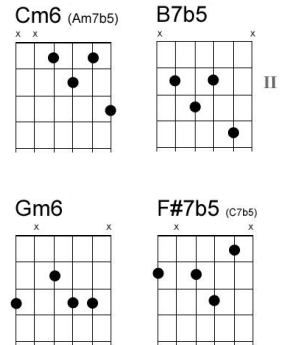
            B7   B7   E7   E7 *(E7 E7 D#7 E7)*
    Any time   you're thinking 'bout me
                A7   A7*(½)*   **(A G#7 G7)***(½)*   **F#7   F#7** *(F#7 F#7 F7 F#7)*
    That's the time   I'll be thinking of   you
            B7 B7   E7   E7*(½)* **G#dim7***(½)*
    So anytime   you say you want me back again   that's the
                A7   A7   D*(½)* **D#dim***(½)* **A7***(½)* **N.C.**
    That's the time I'll come back home to you

(D F#7b5) **B7   B7   E7   E7** *(E7 E7 D#7 E7)*
An y   time   your world gets lonely
        A7   A7   D   D
And you find   true friends are few
        G   Gm6   D7*(D D7 C#7 C7)* **B7**
Anytime   you see a rainbow
            E7   E7   A   A7*(½)* **D***(¼)* **F#7b5***(¼)*
That will be a sign the storm is through   An   y

C#dim7 E, G, A#   **G#dim7** F, B, D,

D#dim D#, A, C, F#
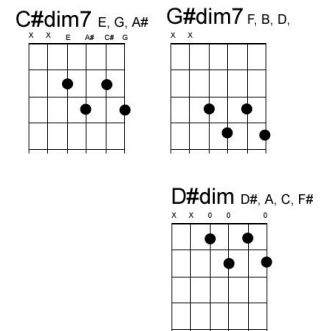
        B7   B7   E7   E7 *(E7 E7 D#7 E7)*
    time   will be the right time
            A7   A7*(½)*   **(A G#7 G7)***(½)*   **F#7   F#7** *(F#7 F#7 F7 F#7)*
    Anytime   at   all will   do
            B7 B7   E7   E7*(½)* **G#dim7***(½)*
    So anytime   you say you want only my love
                A7   A7   D*(½)* **G***(½)* **D***(hold)*
    That's the time I'll come back home to you

Big Rock Candy Mountains first recorded by Harry McClintock (1928)

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        D      A7   D       A7        D    A7      D          D
One evening as the sun went  down And the jungle fires were burning,
             D           A7  D         A7      D         A7  D         D
Down the track came a hobo humming     and he said: "Boys I'm not turning."
      G          D      G   D   G     G    A          A
"I'm headed for a land that's far away, beside the crystal fountains.
      D      A7   D    A7       D      A7    D           D
I'll see you all this comin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains."
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         D        D     D        D         G       G     D       D
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,      there's a land that's fair and bright.
             G       G      D     D       G      G    A       A
Where the handouts grow on bushes     and you sleep out ev'ry night.
             D       D    D    D        G        G   D
Where the boxcars are all empty     and the sun shinges ev'ry day.
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      G          D         G       D
Oh the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees,
      G       D           G           D
The rock rye springs where the whang doodle sings
        A7       A7    D          D
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
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In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
All the cops have wooden legs,
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.
The farmer's trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay.

O I'm bound to go, where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
You never change your socks,
And the little streams of alkyhol
Come trickling down the rocks.
The shacks all have to tip their hats

And the railroad bulls are blind,
\There's a lake of stew and of whiskey, too,
And you can paddle all around in a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
The jails are made of tin,
And you can bust right out again,
As soon as they put you in.
There ain't no shorthandled shovels
No axes, saws or picks-

I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day
Where they boiled in oil the inventor of toil
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Blue Ridge Mountain Blues by Cliff Hess (under pseudonym of Cliff Carson) (1924)

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G                          D7    D7              G
When I was young and in my prime, I left my home in Caroline
G                      D7  D7             G
Now all I do is sit and pine for all the folks I left behind


          G                      D7         D7              G
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to hear those hound dogs bay
          G                         D7                 D7        G
I want to hunt the possum where the corn tops blossom in the Blue Ridge far away


G                      D7   D7            G
I see your window with a light, I see two heads of snowy white
G                      D7    D7                     G
I seem to hear them both recite: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"


          G                      D7         D7                  G
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to hear those hound dogs bay
          G                     D7              D7          G
I want to hunt the possum where the corn tops blossom in the Blue Ridge far away


G                  D7    D7            G
I've always stood by my Ma;    I've always stood by my Pa.
G                  D7    D7            G
I'll hang around that cabin door;   no work or worry anymore


          G                      D7         D7              G
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to stand right here and say
          G                     D7              D7          G
My grip is packed to travel and I'll scratch the gravel to the Blue Ridge far away
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Blue Skies by Irving Berlin (1923)

Am   Am/Ab   Am7/G   Am/F#
Blue skies smiling at me
    C   G7 C C(¾) E7(¼)
Nothing but blue skies   do I see
Am   Am/Ab   Am7/G   Am/F#
Bluebirds   singing a song
    C   G7   C C
Nothing but bluebirds   all day long

    C   Fm(½) C(½)
I never saw the sun shining so bright
   Fm(½) C Fm(½) C(½)
Never saw things going so right
   C   Fm(½) C(½)
Noticing the days hurrying by
   Fm(½)   C(½) G7(½)   C(¼) E7(¼)
When you're in love oh my how they fly

Am   Am/Ab   Am7/G   Am/F#
Blue days   all of them gone
    C   G7   C C
Nothing but blue skies from now on

       Am Eaug(¼) E7(½) C D9(¾)   Fm(¼)
       Blue skies   smiling at me, Nothing but
       C F9(½) Aaug(½) C C(½) E(¼) Eaug(¼)
       blue skies do I see.
       Am Eaug(¼) E7(½) C D9(¾)   Fm(¼)
       Bluebirds   singin' a song, notin' but
       C F9(½) Aaug(½) C(½) Am(½) C
       blue birds all day long.

        C   Fm(½) C(½)
        Never saw the sun shining so bright,
        Fm(½) C(½) Fm(½) C(½)
        Never saw things going so right.
        C   Fm(½) C(½)
        Noticing the days hurrying by,
        Fm(½)   C(½) G7(½)   C(¼) Eaug(¼)
        When you're in love, my, my, how they fly.

       Am Eaug(¼) E7(½) C D9(¾)   Fm(¼)
       Blue days,   all of them gone Nothing but
       C F9(½) Aaug(½) C(½) Am7(½) Eaug(¼) E7(¼)
       blue skies from now on.

Buddy Bolden's Blues music by Buddy Bolden and lyrics by

Jelly Roll Morton (1923) Charles "Buddy" Bolden pioneered jazz cornet before the turn of the century. Frankie Dusen was a trombonist in Buddy's band who took over when Buddy was committed to an asylum. Mamie Desdoumes was a blues singer and pianist with three fingers on her right hand. Judge J.J. Fogarty was a New Orleans judge who reportedly had a vendetta against Bolden and the boys in his band.

C   Cdim(½) G7(½) C   C7   *Cdim7=Ebdim7*
I thought I heard   Buddy Bolden say
         F   Ebdim   C   C7
You're nasty, you're dirty,   take it away
          F   Ebdim C   A7
You're terrible, you're awful,   take it away
 D(½)   Eb(½)   A7(½   D7(½)   G   G7
I thought I   heard him   say

    C(½)   C7(½) Cdim   Ddim C   C9   *sub Ddim for G7*
    I thought I   heard Buddy Bolden shout
    F   Ebdim   C   C7
    Open up the window, let that bad air out
    F   Ebdim   C   A7
    Open up the window, let that bad air out
     D7(½)   D7b9(½) G7   C   C
    I thought I heard   Billy Bolden shout

I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say
Stinky butt funky butt, take it away
Stinky butt funky butt, take it away
I thought I heard him say

    I thought I heard Judge Fogarty say
    Give him thirty days in the market, take him away
    Give him a good broom to sweep with, take him away
    I thought I heard him say

I thought I heard Frankie Dusen shout
Gal, give me that money or I'm gonna beat it out
Give me that money, I explain you, or I'm gonna beat it out
I thought I heard Frankie Dusen say

    I thought I heard Mamie Desdoumes play,
    The blues, I understood evey word she say
    I understood every word she say
    I thought I heard Mamie Desdoumes play

Bye, Bye, Blackbird words by Mort Dixon and music by Ray Henderson (1926)

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F              F              C7        F
Pack up all my cares and woe, here I go, singin' low
F    Ddim7  C7        C7
Bye bye      blackbird.


C7               C7           C7               C7
Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, and so is she
C7  C     F          F
Bye bye    blackbird.


F              F(½)        C7(½)  Gm7(½)  C9(½)   F
Pack up all my cares and woe,   here I   go,      singin' low
F/A    Abdim7   Gm7(½)  C7(½)   C7
Bye    bye        black    bird.


Gm(½)          Eb/G(½)   Gm6 (½)  Eb/G(½)   Gm7              C7
Where somebody      waits for me,        sugar's sweet, and so is she
Gm7  C7     Fma7(½)   Fma7(½)     F6(½)  F6
Bye   bye   black      bird.


      F7                F7           Cm6   D7
      No one here can love or understand me;
      Gm               Gm             Bbm6   C7
      Oh what hard luck stories   they all hand    me.


F              F           Eb7        D7
Make my bed and light the light, I'll   arrive late tonight --
Gm7      Gm7 (½)  C7 (½)   F(½)    Dm7(½)   Gm7(½)   C7(½)
Blackbird,           bye        bye,


Gm7      Gm7 (½)  C7 (½)   F(½)    Bb(½)  Bbm(½)  F6(½)
Blackbird,           bye bye,
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California Here I Come by Al Jolson, Bud DeSylva, and
Joseph Meyers (1924

A   A+   D   D   E   E7+5   A   A
California, here I come! Right back where I started from.
A   Cdim   Bdim   E7
　Where bowers   of flowers bloom in the spring.
A   Cdim   Bdim   E7
　Each morning   at dawning, birdies sing an' everything.
　　　A   A+   D   D   E   E7+5   A   A(½) F#7(½)
　　　A sunkist miss said, "Don't be late" That's why I can   hardly wait.
　　　Bm(½) F#m D   Dm   F#m   B7   F7   E7   A   A
　　　O   pen   up that Golden Gate, California here I   come.

C#m   Cm(ma7) C#m7   F#7(½)   F#m7(½)
When the wint'ry   winds are blowin', and the
C#m   A7(½) G#7(½) C#m   C#m6   C#m(ma7) C#m
snow is starting to   fall,
C#m   Cm(ma7) C#m7   F#7(½)   F#m7(½)
Then my eyes turn   westward knowing', that's the
C#m   A7(½)   G#7(½) C#m(½)   C#m6(½)   C#m(ma7)(½)   C#m(½)
place I love the best of all.

E7 Edim7(½) E7(½)   D(¼) A(¾) A
Californ   ia   I've   been blue,
E7   Edim7(½) E7(½)   D   G7
since I've been   a   way from you.
C#m   Cm(ma7) C#m7 F#7(½) F#m7(½)
I can't wait 'til   I get   going, even
C#m   A7(½)   G#7(½) C#m E7(½) Eaug(½)
now I'm starting in   to   call,   Oh!

Any one who likes to wnder outght to keep this saying in his mind
Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the good old place you leave behind
When you've hit the train a while, seems you rarely see a smile
That's why I must fly out yonder, where a frown is mighty hard to find. Oh!

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(hold)
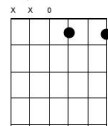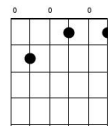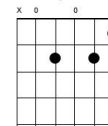Can't help   lovin' dat man   of   mine.
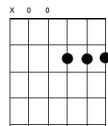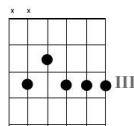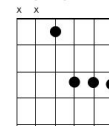
Coquette music by Johnny Green and Carmen Lombardo, words by Gus Kahn (1928)

F   F(½)   Adim7(½)   Gm7   +2
Tell me, why you keep foolin',   little   coquette
C7   C7(½)   C7+(½)   F   G7(½)   C7(½)
Makin' fun of the ones   who love you?
F   F(½)   Adim7(½)   Gm7   +2
Breakin' hearts you are ruling,   little coquette
C7   C7(½)   C7+(½)   F   F
True hearts tenderly dreamin' of you.

    F7   F7   Bb   Bb
    Someday, you'll fall in love like I fell in love with you
    G7   G7   C7   C(½)   C7+5(½)
    Maybe some one you love will just be fool   in'
    F   F(½)   Adim7(½) Gm7   Gm9
    And when you're all a lone with only re grets
    C7   C7(½)   C7+(½))   F   G7(½)   C7(½)
    You'll find, little coquette, I love you

Ooh, tell me, why you keep foolin', little coquette
Making' fun of the ones who love you?
Breakin' hearts you are ruling, little coquette
The true hears tenderly dreamin' of you.

    Well, someday you'll fall in love like I fell in love with you
    Maybe the one you love will just be foolin'
    And when you're alone with all your regrets
    You'll find, little coquette, I love you.

    I love you, I love you.

F (1/2)   E(1/2) Gm6(1/2) D(1/2)   F(1/2)   Gm(1/2)   C(1/2)   F
You love to flirt   and you don't mean to hurt, But you leave those who love you to sigh,
F(1/2)   E(1/2) Gm(1/2) D(1/2)   F(1/2)   Gm(1/2)   C(1/2)   F
Each heart's a flow'r that you want for an hour, Then for -get like a gay but -ter -fly.
G7(1/2)   Em(1/2)   Em   C(1/2) Gm(1/2)   Gm6(1/2) C7(1/2)
But -ter -flies play in the sum -mer sun, But are they gay   when their day is   done?

Drinking Song music by Sigmund Romeberg and lyrics byDorothy Donnelly (from the "*Student Prince*") (1924)

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      D     D     D     D     D     D     D     D
         Drink!  Drink!  Drink!  Drink!  Drink!  Drink!  Drink!
      D  D  D  D  D     D      A       A7
      Ein zwei drei vier, lift your stein and drink your beer!
      D  D  D  D  D     D      A       A7
      Ein zwei drei vier, lift your stein and drink your beer!
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D     D     D       D           D       D               A         A
Drink! Drink! Drink! To eyes that are bright as stars when they're shining on me
D     D     D       D         D       D           A         A
Drink! Drink! Drink! To lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the tree
A7      A7              D           D7  G(2) D(1)  G(2)  D(2)  Em       A7
Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine, lovingly,   longingly    soon into mine
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      C7        F           C7      F         D7      G     E7     A7
      May those lips that are red and sweet , tonight with joy my own lips meet
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G     G     D(2)   A(1)  D   G   G     D(2)      A(1)   D
Drink! Drink! Let the toast start!  May young hearts never   part!
G     G     D         G(1) D(1) Em6(1)  D(1)  Em6(1)  D(1)  E9(1)  A6(1)  E7(1)  A7
Drink! Drink! Drink!  Let ev' ry   true      lov er     sa    lute  his     sweetheart!
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Drink! Drink! Drink! To arms that are white and warm as a rose in the sun
Drink! Drink! Drink! To hearts that will love one, only when I am the one
Here's a hope that those soft arms will twine, tenderly, trustingly soon around mine
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      C7  F        C7      F          D7      G     E7        A7
      All I ask is the right to see those smiling eyes beguiling me
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G     G     D(2)    A(1)  D   G   G      D(2)       A(1)   D
Drink! Drink! Let the toast start!  May young hearts never  part!
G     G     D         G(1) D(1) Em6(1)  D(1)  Em6(1)  D(1)  A7(1)  E9(1)  A7(1)  D(2)   A7(1)
Drink! Drink! Drink!  Let ev' ry   true      lov er     sa    lute  his    sweet heart! Let's
D
drink!
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Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue lyrics by Sam Lewis and
Joe Young, music by Ray Henerson (1925)

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C              Gm(½)  A7(½)  Gm(½)  A7(½)  Gm(½)  A7(½)
Now, I just saw a mani   ac,    mani   ac,    mani    ac,
D7(¼)   C(¼)   Fm6(¼)    D7(¼)    G7              C(½)  C#dim7(½)  Dm7(½)  G7(½)
Wild                         and tearin' his hair
C              Gm(½)  A7(½)  Gm(½)  A7(½)  Gm(½)  A7(½)
Jumpin' like a jumpin' jack,  jumpin' jack,  jumpin'  jack
D7    G7                  C(½)  Dm7(½)  C(½)  B7(½)
Child,   you should'a been there
      E7(½)      Dm(½)    E               A7sus4    A7
He laughed so loud, I  thought that I would cave    in
D7(½)    Cm(½)       D7  G7(½)  C#dim7(½)  Dm7(½)  G7(½)
When I heard that silly daf     fy-dilly    rav        in'
```


Love made him a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic
Gee, he hollered and cried
Like a monkey on a stick, on a stick, on a stick
He was fit to be tied
He laughed so loud, I thought that I would cave in
When I heard that silly daffy-dilly ravin'


```
C              E7              A7sus4            A7
Five foot two, eyes of blue, But oh!  what those five foot can do!
     D7        G(½)   Gaug7(½)   Cma7(½)   A7(½)   D9(½)   G7(½)
Has anybody seen  my          gal?
C              E7              A7sus4            A7
Turned up nose, turned down hose -- Flapper?  Yes, sir, one of those.
     D7        G(½)  Gaug7(½)   C6(½)     F6(½)    C6
Has anybody seen my          gal?              Now if you
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     E7              E7       A7              A7
     run into a five foot two, covered with fur,
     D7                  D7                   G7          Dm7(½)   Gaug7(½)
     Diamond rings and all those things, you can betc'ha' it isn't her.        But
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C              E7              A7sus4            A7
could she love, could she woo?  Could she, could she, could she coo?
     D7        G(½)   Gaug7(½)   C(½)     A7(½)   D7(½)   G7(½) G7   C(hold)
Has anybody seen  my          gal?
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Four or Five Times by Byron Gay and Marco H. Hellman (1927)

Four or five times, ___ Four or five times. ___ There is de-light, do-ing things right, Four or five times. ___ May-be I'll sigh, ___ May-be I'll cry, ___ But if I die, I'm gon-na' try, Four or five times.

[Scatting]
I'm never a flop,
I started on top,
Just keep strolling, keep the
ball a-rolling,
This isn't a boast,
But what I like most
Is to have someone who is
true,
Who will love me, too!

Four or five times,
Four or five times,
There is delight,
To doing things right,
Four or five times,
Four or five times!

Maybe I'll sigh,
Maybe I'll cry,
And if I die,
I'm gonna try,
Four or five times.
Six or seven times!

We like to play,
We like to swing,
We like to go,
Ski-dat-a-dat doh,
Four or five times.
Four or five times!

Bip-bop one,
Bip-bop two,
Bip-bop three,
Ski-adda-dadda-dee,
Four or five times,
Four or five times!

[Scatting]
Wow!
Yes! Sure! Okay!
What? Yeah!
Four or five times,
Four or five times,
There is delight,
To doing things right,
Four or five times

Gang That Sings Heart of My Heart by Ben Ryan (1926)

```
 G           Cdim7(½)  Em(½)  A7         A7
I sometimes wish       I       was a kid again,
Am7(¼)  D7(½)  Ddim7(¼)  D7(¾)      D#5im7(¼)  G(½)  Am7(½)  Edim7(½)  G(½)
Down    in     the       old neighbor        hood,
G            Bm7(¼)  G7(½)  Edim7(¼)  D7(½)  Am7(¼)  B7(¼)  Em(½)
Just to be with Char    lie,     with      little  Joe      and     Pete,
A7            A7            A7                  Am7(½)  D7)
Boy, we had a quartette that was mighty hard to beat,
    D7              Ddim7          D7(½)  Am7(½)  D7(¼)  Cdim7(½)
I'd love to stand down by that cellar door,
Em7            A7                  D7(½)   Am7(½)  D7
Just to hear that quartette sing once more,


G               G(¾)    Edim7(¼)  Am7(¼)  D7(½)    Ddim7(¼)  D7
"Heart Of My Heart," I         love      that melo        dy,
D(½)    Ddim7(¼)  D7(¼)  D7              G              G
"Heart Of       My     Heart" brings back a memory,
E            E7           A9(½)  Gm6(½)  A7
When we were kids on the corner of the    street,
A7                  A9                 D(¼)  C#(¼)  C(¼)  Cdim7(¼)  D6(½)  D7(½)
We were rough and ready guys, but Oh!  How   we    could      harmonize,
G               G(¾)    Edim7(¼)  Am7(¼)  D7(½)    Ddim7(¼)  D7
"Heart Of My Heart," meant     friends  were dearer        then,
D7           Am6    B7(½)  A(½)  Dm(½)  B7(½)
Too bad we had to part.
 E7                    E#5(½)  E7(½)  A7                  A7
I know a tear would glisten     if   once more I could listen
A7                  Am7(½)    D7(½)  G       G(½)  D7(½)
To that gang that sang "Heart Of My Heart."
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Happy Days are Here Again music by Milton Ager and
lyrics by Jack Yellen (1929)

Cm   Bb   Ab   G
So long sad times. Go long bad times
Cm   Cm (½) G7 (½) Cm   Cm (½) G7 (½)
We are rid of you   at   last
Cm   Bb   D7   G
Howdy gay times. Cloudy gray times
Em(¾)   Am(¼) A9(¼) D7(¾) G   G7
You are now a   thing of the past

C   Gaug   C   Em
Happy days are here again
       C   Gaug   C   C
The skies above are clear again
      Cdim7 G7   G7   G   G7
Let us   sing a song of cheer again
         C   F   C   G7
Happy days are here again

C   Gaug   C   Em
Altogether shout it now!
        C   Gaug   C   C
There's no one who can doubt it now
      Cdim7 G7   G7   G   G7
So let's tell the world about it now
         C   F   C   C(½) Am(½)
Happy days are here again   Your

       E   F#m(¼) G#m(½) B7(¼) E(½) B7(½) E(½)   Cm(½)
Your cares and trou   bles   are   gone.   There'll
G   Am(¼) Bm(½) D7(¼) G7   G7
be no more   from   now   on

Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
So, Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy times! Happy nights! Happy days are here again!

Heart of My Heart (To the Gang That Sang Heart of My Heart) by Ben Ryan (1926)

G   *Cdim7(½)* *Em(½)* *A7*   *A7*
I sometimes wish   I   was a kid again

Am7(¼) *D7(½)* *Ddim7(¼)* *D7(¾)*   *Daug7(¼)*   *G(½)* *Am7(½)* *Edim7(½)* *G(½)*
Down   in   the   old neighbor   hood

G   *Bm7(¼)* *G(½)* *Edim7(¼)* *D7(½)* *Am7(¼)* *B7(¼)*   *Em*
Just to be with Char   lie,   with   little Joe   and   Pete

A7   *A7*   *A7*   *Am7(¾)*   *D7(¼)*
Boy, we had a quartet that was mighty hard to beat   I'd

D7   *Ddim7*   *D7(½)* *Am7(½)* *D7(½)* *Cdim7(½)*
love to stand down by that cellar door

Em   *A7*   *D7(½)*   *Am7(½)*   *D7(½)*   *G(½)*
Just to hear that Quartet sing once more....

G(½)   *Gdim7(½)*   *C(½)*   *Gdim7(½)*   *D(½)*   *Gdim7(½)* *D(½)*   *D7(½)*
"Heart of My   Heart,"   I   love that melo   dy.

D(½)   *Gdim7(½)*   *D(½)*   *Cdim7(½)* *G(¼)*   *Am7(¼)*   *G(½)*   *G(½)* *G/F#(¼)*   *G/F(¼)*
"Heart of My   Heart" brings   back   those   memories.

E7(½)   *Ddim7(½)* *E7*   *A9(½)*   *Cdim7(½)*   *A7*
When we were   kids on the corner of the   street,

A(½)   *Gdim7(½)*   *A7*   *D7(¼)* *C#(¼)*   *C(¼)*   *Ddim7(¼)*   *D7(¼)* *Cdim7(¼)*   *D7(¼)*
We were rough and ready guys, but oh,   how   we   could   har   mon   ize.

G(½)   *Gdim7(½)*   *G(½)*   *Gdim7(½)* *D(½)*   *Gdim7(½)*   *D(½)*   *D7(½)*
"Heart of My   Heart" meant   friends were dearer   then.

Cdim7   *D7(½)*   *F#m7b5(½)*   *B*   *B7*
Too bad we had   to   part.

E7(½)   *Cdim7(½)*   *E7*   *A(½)*   *Gdim7(½)* *A(½)*   *A7(½)*
I know a tear would glisten, if once more I could   listen,

C(½)   *Cdim(½)*   *D(½)*   *Cdim(½)*   *G*   *G(½)* *G/F#(¼)*   *G/F(¼)*   *E7*
to that gang that sang, "Heart of My   Heart."

A(¼)   *Ama7(¼)*   *A7(½)*   *C(½)*   *D(½)*   *G(½)*   *Am7(½)*   *G*
to   that   gang that sang, "Heart of My   Heart."

# In Apple Blossom Time lyrics by Neville Fleeson and music
by Alvert Von Tilzer (1920) 3/4 time

Gaug7   *C6*

Gaug5 G5+   *G9*

C   C(2)   Gaug(1) C6   C6(1) Gaug7(2)
I'm writing you dear, just to   tell you   in Sept-
C6   C6   G9   G9
ember,   you remember, 'neath the
G7(2)   Cdim7(1) G9   G7(2)   Cdim7(1) G7
old   apple   tree, you whispered to   me, when it
G7   Dm7(1) G7(1) Gaug7(1)   C   C(2) Edim7(1)
blossomed again,   you'd be   mine   I've

Daug5, Bbaug5, F#aug5
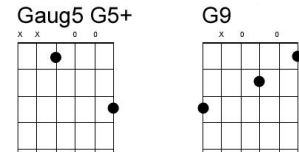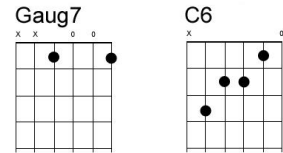
Bb7(1) Gm7(1) Bb7(1) Bb7(1) Gm7(1) Bb7(1) Eb   Eb
Wait   ed   un   til   I   could   claim you   I
Fm   Bb7(2) Bbaug7(1) Eb Eb
hope I've not waited in   vain   For
G7   D7(1) Bm(1) D7(1) G(1) Daug(1) Dm(1)   E7
when it's spring in   the   val   ley   I'm
Am7(1) D7(2)   Am7(1) D7(2)   G7(2) Dm7(1) G7(1) Dm7(1) G7(1)
com   ing, my sweet   heart again
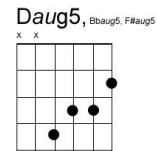
C   C   Em7   F
I'll be with you in apple blossom time,
F   F   C   C6(2) Cdim7(1)
I'll be with you to change your name to mine.
G7(2)   Gdim7(1) G7(1) Dm(1) Ddim7(1) C(1) Cma7(1) Ebm(1) A7(1) Em(1) A7(1)
One day in   May,   I'll come   and   say,
D7   D 7   G7(1) Cdim7(1) C#dim7(1) G7(1) Dm7(1) G7(1)
"Happy the bride the sun shines on   to   day."

C   C   Em   Em
What a wonderful wedding there will be.
F   F   E   E(1) Ema7(1) E7(1)
What a wonderful day for you and me.
A7(2)   Adim7(¼) A7   D9(2)   C#7(1) D7
Church bells will   chime, you will be   mine
Fm6(2) G7(1) D7(2) G7(1) C(1) F7(1) F#7(1) G7(1) Ab7(1) G7(1)
in ap   ple   blos som   time.

I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover lyrics by

Mort Dixon and music by Harry Woods (1927)

Am   Dm Am(¾)   E7(¼)   Am
Farewell ev'ry old familiar   face,
Am   E7   E7   Am(½) E7(½)
It's time to stray,   It's time to stray.
Am Dm   Am(¾)   E7(¼)   Am
Only wait till I com muni   cate
D(½)   D7(½) Ddim(½)   D7(½)   G7   G7
Here's just   what   I'll   say.

C   C   C   C(¾)   Cm(¼)
I'm looking over a four leaf clover, that
D   D(¾)   A(¼)   D7   D7
I overlooked be   fore;
G   G7   C6(¼) Bma7(¼) Bbma7(¼)   A7(¼)   A7
One leaf is sunshine, the se   cond   is   rain,
D7   D7   G(¼) Am7(¼) Adim7(¼) G7(¼)   G7
Third is the roses that grow in   the   lane,

C   C   C   C(¾)   Cm(¼)
No need explaining, the one remaining, is
D   D(¾) A(¼)   D7   D7
somebody I   a   dore,
F   Fm   Cma7(½)   Dm6(½)   A7
I'm looking over a four   leaf   clover
     D7   G7   C(¾)   G#7(¼)   Dm7(¼)   Gdim7(¼)   G7(½)
That I overlooked before.

It Had to BeYou lyrics by Gus Kahn and music by Isham Jones (1924)

D7aug   Gma7(½) Daug(½) G(½) D(½)   E7 E9
   It had to be you,   it had to be you.   I wandered

  A9   A9   A9 A9
around, and finally found the somebody who   could make me be

  D7 D7(½) D#dim(½)   Em Em
true   could make me be blue   and even be

  A7   A7   D7(½) Eb7-5(½) D7(½)   Daug(½)
glad, just to be sad just thinking of you.   Some others I've

  Gma7(½) Daug(½) G(½)   D(½)   E7   E9
seen   might never be mean,   might never be

  A9   A9   A9 A9(½) Em(½)
cross or try to be boss, but they wouldn't do   for nobody

  Am(½) Am7(½)   Adim(½) D7(½)   G(½) B7(½)   Em(½) Gdim(½)
else   gave me the thrill   with all your faults, I love you still, it   had to be

  D7(½) Gdim(½)   D7   G   G
you   wonderful you, it had to be you

  Gma7(½) Daug(½) G(½)   D(½)   E7   E9
  A9   A9   A9 A9(½) Em(½)

                           for nobody
  Am(½) Am7(½)   Adim(½) D7(½)   G(½) B7(½)   Em(½) Gdim(½)
else   gave me the thrill   with all your faults, I love you still, it   had to be

  D7(½) Gdim(½)   D7   G   G
you   wonderful you, it had to be you

Just a Little While to Stay Here by E. M. Bartlett

(1921)

      A   *A*   *A*   *A*
Soon this life will all be over and all pilgrimage will end
      A   *A*   *A7*   *E(½)* *A(½)*
Soon we'll take our heavenly journey Yeah, and be at home again with friends
      A   *A*   *A*   *A7*
Heaven's gates are standing open, waiting for our entrance there
        D   *A*   *A*   *A*
Some sweet day we're going over and all the beauties there to share
             That's why I'm saying

A   *A(½)* *D(½)*   *A*   *A*   *A(½)* *D(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)* *A*   *A7*
Just a little while to stay here. Just a little while to   wait
D   *D(½)* *Dm(½)* *A* *Fm7* *B7*   *B7)* *E7*   *E7#5*
Just a little while to   la bor   in the path that's always straight
      A   *A(½)* *D(½)* *A* *A*   *A(½)* *D(½)*   *A(½)* *E7(½)* *A*   *A7*
    Oh, just a little more of   sorrow in this low and sin   ful   state
D   *D(½)* *Dm(½)* *A* *F7* *B7*   *E7*   *A*   *A*
    Then we'll enter heaven's   portals, sweeping through those pearly gates

Soon we'll see the light of morning, then the new day will begin
Soon we'll hear the Father calling,, "Come my children, enter in."
      Then we'll hear a choir of angels singing out the victory song,
      All our troubles will be ended and we'll live with heaven's throng

Soon we'll meet again our loved ones and we'll take them by the hand,
Soon we'll press them to our bosom over in the promised land;
      Then we'll be at home forever, thru-out all eternity,
      What a blessed, blessed morning that eternal morn shall be.

Mack the Knife words by Bertolt Brecht (German) and Marc Blitzstein (English), music by Kurt Weill (1928)

Bb   *Bb*   *Cm*   *Cm(½)* *Cm7(½)*
Well, the shark has   pretty teeth dear,   and he
F7   *F7*   *Bb*   *Bb*
keeps them   pearly white
    Gm   *Gm(½)* *Gm7(½)* *Cm7*   *Cm(½)* *Cm7(½)*
Just a jackknife   has old Mac Heath dear,   and he
Cm7   *F7*   *Bb*   *Bb(½)* *Fdim7(¼)* *F7(¼)*
keeps it   out of sight.

    When the shark bites with his teeth dear,
    Scarlet billows start to spread
    Fancy gloves though wears old MacHeath dear,
    So there's never a trace of red

Sunday morning on the sidewalk,
Lies a body oozing life
And some one's creeping around the corner,
Could that some one be Mack the knife?

    From a tug boat on the river
    A cement bag's dropping down
    The cement's just for the weight dear,
    Five'll get you ten ol' Macky's back in town

Louis Miller disappeared dear,
After drawing all his cash
And old MacHeath spends like a sailor -
Did our boy do someting rash?

    Suky Tawdry, Jenny Diver,
    Look out, Miss Lotte Lenya and old Lucy Brown
    Well, the line forms on the right girls,
    Now that Macky's back in town!

Merry Widow Waltz (Love Remained) music

by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Sidney D. Mitchell (1925)

C   C   C   C   G7   C G7   G7
Long ago a belle and beau with hearts in   tune
G7   G7   G7   G7   C G7 C   C7
Met and danced became entranced and parted   soon
F   G7   C Am Dm   Dm6 E7   E7
For the dance was o   ver   when the music waned
G7   G7   C   F   Dm7 G7 C$_{(hold)}$ C
That was oh! So long ago but love   re   mained

                          Dm7 G7   C   C
Although they said good-bye   the parting made them sigh
                       Dm7   G7   C   C
And soon they wondered why their lonesome hearts began to cry
         Dm7   Dm7   C   C$_{(sus6)}$
For tho' they were far apart,   each had a sad and lonely heart
         Dm7   G7$_{(sus6)}$ C   C
The kind of lonely heart that pained for love remained.

Lovers often hum this soft and sweet refrain
Even after youth and laughter cease to reign
It recalls a night when hearts were unrestrained
With the dawn that night was gone but love remained

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

```
        A                  A              E        E7
With friends around and even pals that I know are true
E7             E7            A    A
Still I'm lonely, homesick and blue
         A                 A          E        E
There's no one who can cheer me when I'm alone
B7                B7          E      E
    Longing for my Mississippi home
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         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
            F#m          F#m                F#m         D
        When night shadows creep about and the whippoorwill call
        B7              B7             E              E7
        You can hear old mammy shout, "Come in here, you all."
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 A                A    A                      E7
Way down on the levee, strolling in the pale moon light
E7                E7                E7              A
You can see those steamboats and the fields of snowy white
        D          D           A        F#7
That's a feeling I can't lose that muddy water in my shoes
B7             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, lyrics 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
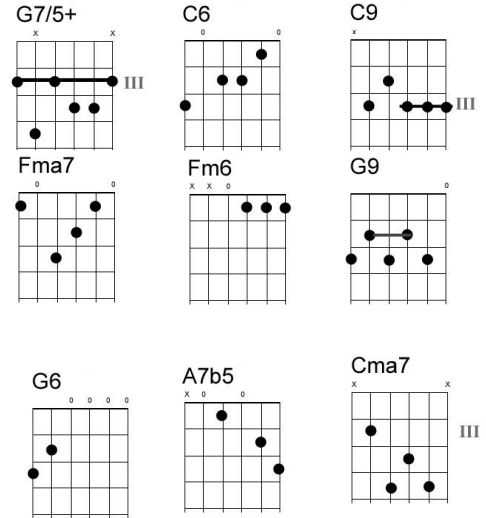
C6   G7+5   Gm7   C7
right,   whether you're wrong,   girl of my
Fma7   Em7(½)   A7(½)   Dm7   Bb7
heart, I'll   string   a   long;   You need me
Cma7   A7   Dm7   G7   C6   C6   F#-7b5   B7
so,   more than you'll ev   er   know.   Lovin' you the

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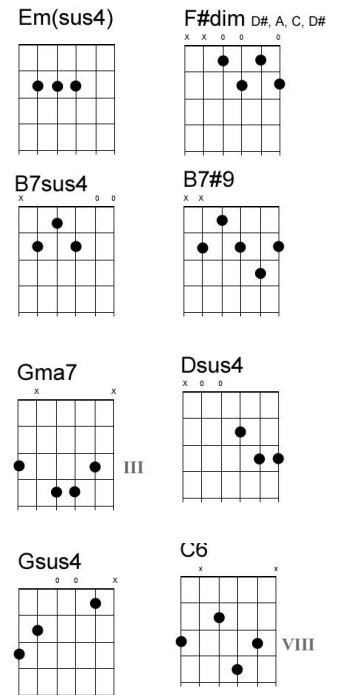
My Blue Heaven
music by Walter Donaldson and lyrics by George Whiting. (1927)

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
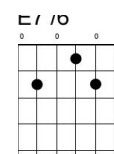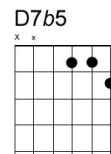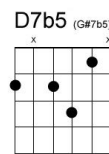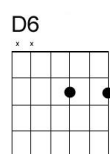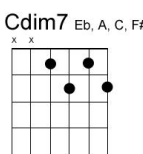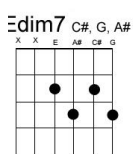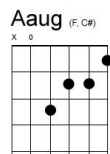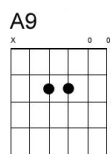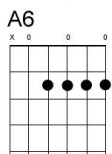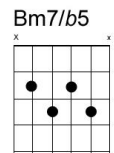
My Buddy music by Walter Donaldson and lyrics by Gus Kahn (1922) (3/4 and 6/8)

6/8

G(3)   *Cm6(3)*   *G(6)*
Life is a book that we study,
Em(3)   *Am(3)*   *Em(6)*
some of its leaves bring a sigh
Am(3)   *Dm6(1)* *Dm7(1)*   *Fdim(1)*   *Am(3)*   *Am7(3 F# E D)*
There it was writ   ten   my   buddy,
A9(6)   *D7(3)*   *Daug(3 F# E D)*
that we must part, you and I

3/4

G(2)   *Em7(1)*   *G#dim7*   *D(1)* *D6(1)* *D7(1)* *D6(2)* *D7(1)*
Nights are   long since you went a   way,   I
G(2) *Em(1)*   *Bbdim7*   *Am7*   *D9(2)* *D7(1)*
think a   bout you all through the day.   My
Em7   *G(2)* *G/F(1)*   *E7(2)*   *E6(1)*   *E7*   *G F# F E walkdown on G chord*
buddy,   my   buddy.   No
Am   *A(2)*   *A7(1)*   *D7*   *Daug7*
body quite so   true   I

G(2)   *Em7(1)* *G#dim7*   *D(1)*   *D6(1)*   *D7(1)*   *D6(2)*   *D7(1)*
miss your   voice, the touch of   your hand, just
G(2) *Em(1)*   *Bbdim7*   *Am7*   *D9(2)* *D7(1)*
long to   know that you understand. My
Em7   *G(2)*   *G/F(1)*   *E7(2)*   *E6(1)*   *E7*
buddy,   my   buddy,   your
Am   *A9(2)*   *D7(1)*   *G(1)*   *Am7(1)* *Bm(1)*   *D(bass)(1)*   *Am7(1)* *Daug5(1)*
buddy miss es   you

6/8

G(3)   *Cm6(3)*   *G(6)*
Buddies thru all of the gay days,
Em(3)   *Am(3)*   *Em(6)*
buddies when something went wrong.
Am(3) *Dm6(1)* *Dm7(1)*   *Fdim(1)*   *Am(3)*   *Am7(3 F# E D)*
I wait alone   thru   the   gray days,
A9(6)   *D7(3 F# E D)*   *Daug(3 F# E D)*
missing your smile and your song.

My Buddy music by Walter Donaldson and lyrics by Gus Kahn (1922)

(adapted to 4/4 time and additional lyrics by Jerry Jeff Walker (1977)

C   Cma7   C   Cma7

C   Am7   Dm7   G7
Nights are long since you went away,
 C/E   Am7   Dm7   G7
   I think of you   all through the lonely days
                     C   C(C C B Bb)   A7   A7   Dm   Dm7   G7   Gaug7
            My buddy,   my   buddy.   Nobody's   quite so true

C   Am7   Dm7   G7
   I miss your voice,   I miss the the touch of your hand,
C/E   Am7   Dm7   G7
   I miss the way your eyes saw things upon the land
                     C   C(C C B Bb)   A7   A7   Dm   Dm7   G7   Gaug7
            Old Buddy,   Old   Buddy.   Your buddy's   missin' you

C   Am7   Dm7   G7
   They tell me that life's a book to study   with lessons to find
C/E   Am7   Dm7   G7
   Well ours was written every part you and I
   C   C7   F   Fm
But buddies through the good days and pals if things should fall,
C/E   Am7   Dm7   G7
   It's just the gray days I miss you most of all.
                     C   C C(C C B Bb)   A7   A7   Dm   Dm7   G7   Gaug7
            Old Buddy,   Old Buddy,   your buddy's   sure missin' you

C   Am7   Dm7   G7
   Yes sir they say that it must be in his plan
C/E   Am7   Dm7   G7
   So I'll quack like a good boy,   say I'll understand
                     C   C C(C C B Bb)   A7   A7   Dm   Dm7   G7   Gaug7
            Good Buddy,   your buddy,   will always   have the blues

C   C#dim7   Am7   G7   C/E   Ebdim7   Dm7   G7
C   C#dim7   Am7   G7   C/E   Ebdim7   Dm7   G7

                     C   C(C C B Bb)   A7   A7   Dm   Dm7(½) G7(½)   C(½)   F(½)   C(hold)
Old Buddy,   your Buddy,   your buddy's miss   in'   you   (missing you)

Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out 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   Ab7(½) G7(½)   C
          I'll hold on to it till that ea   gle   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   Ab7(½) G7(½)   C
Nobody knows you when you're down   and   out. Oh
A7   D9(½)   Ab7(½) G7(½)   C   C6(hold)
No!   When you're down   and   out

Rockin' Chair by Hoagy Carmichael (1929)

C(½)   Cma7(½)   Gm7(½) C7(½) Fma7(½) F6(½) Fm7(½)   Bb7(½)
 Ol' rock - in' chair's got me,   my cane   by my side;
        Em7   A7#5(½) A7(½) D7(½) Gm6(½) G7sus4(½)   G7(½)
     Fetch me that gin,   son, 'fore I tan your hide.

C(½)   Cma7(½)   Am7   Am6(½) B7(½) Em7
  Can't get from this cabin, go   no   where
      Am7   D7   Cma7(½)   G#7(¼) G7(¼) C6
       Just sit me here grabbin' at the flies 'round my rock   in'   chair.

        F9   F9   Cma7 G7sus4(½) Cma7
         My dear old Aunt Harriet in Hea   ven she   be
        Am6(½) B7(½)   Em7   Am7(½)   D7(½)   G7sus4(½) G7(½)
         Send me sweet chariot, for the end of that trouble I see.

C(½) Cma7(½)   Gm7(½) C7(½) Fma7(½)   F6(½) Fm7(½) Bb7(½)
  Ol' rock - in' chair gets it;   judgment day is here,
       Em(½)   A7(½)   Dm7(¼) C#ma7(½) Cma7(½)   F9(½) C6(hold)
        Chained to my rock   in'   chair.

Shine words by Cecil Mack and Lew Brown, music by Ford Dabney (1924)

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F            F                              G7                G7
Hap -py Jack,    known a -round the town as "some" boot -black,
                            C7              C7
Nev -er wor -ried tho' he worked like sin, had a grin
F                      C7
   guaranteed to bring the bus'ness in,
F            F                              G7              G7
Ev -'ry day   when they'd ask him how he got that way,    He would tell 'em
C(½)    C+(½)  A7        Dm(¼) Fm(¼) Em(¼) G7(¼) C7
"If you en -vy me, Just try     my     re  -   ci  -   pe:"
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Bdim7
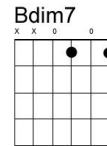
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F      Fm(½)  Bdim(½)  C7       C7
Shine    a  - way your  bluesies
F      Fm(½)  Bdim(½)  C7       C7
Shine,   start with your shoesies
A7(½)   Em(½)  A7        Dm              Dm
Shine each     place up, make it look like new,
G7(½)   Dm(½)  G7       C7        C7
Shine your    face up, wear a smile, or two,
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C aug Eaug, G#aug

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F      Fm(½)  Bdim(½)  C7        C7
Shine    your these and thosies,
A7              A7                  Dm(½) A7(½) Dm
You'll find that ev' -ry -thing will turn     out     fine,
Gm        Gm              F             D7
Folks will shine up to ya,   Ev' -ry -one will howdy do ya,
Gm(¼)   D7(¼)  Gm(½)  C7(½)   C+(½)   F      F(½)  C7(½)
You'll   make the      whole world    shine,
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Because my teeth are pearly
Because, my hair is curly
Just be cause I always wear a smile
And I dress up, in the latest style

        Because, I'm glad I'm living.
        Face my troubles with a smile
        Just because I'm slightly shady that's the difference maybe
        That's whey they call me shine
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Show Me the Way to Go Home by Irving King (1925)

(pseudonym for James Campbell and Reginald Connelly**)**

A   A7 D(½) Dm(½)   A
Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed
A   A   B7   E7
I had a little drink about an hour ago and it went right to my head
   A   A7   D   C#
Where ever I may roam, on land or sea or foam
    A   A(½) F#m(½) B7(½)   E7(½) A
You will always hear me singing this song, show me the way to go home

    A(½)   A7(½) D(½)   Dm(½)
    When I'm happy, when I'm happy
    A(½) B7(½) E7
    Singing all the while
    A(½) A7(½) D(½) Dm(½)
    I don't need nobody then
     A(½)   E7(½) A
    To show me how to smile
      E(½)   B7(½)   E(½)
      When I've been out on the spree
      E(½)   B7(½)   E
      Toddling down the street
      E(½)   B7(½) E
      With this little melody
      A(½) B7(½) E(½) E7(½)
      Everyone I greet

Some folks say, eat more fruit, some say, eat more meat
Others say what's wrong with fish and how's your poor old feet?
I think it's a waste of time, you must with me agree
Everyone should sing more songs , so sing this one with me.

Side by Side   Harry Woods (1927)

F(½) F#dim(½) C(¼)E7(¼) A7(½)   D7(½) G7(½) C(½) G7(½)

C   C
See that sun in the morning
D7   D7
Peeking over the hill
   G7   C(½)   Bb(¼) A7(¼)
I'll bet you're sure it always has   and
B7   Em(½) G7(½)
Sure it always will

C   C
That's how I feel about someone
        D7   D7
How somebody feels about me
        D7   G
We're sure we love each other
        D7   G(¼) Gdim(¼) G7(½)
That's the way we'll always be

We're all hunting for some thing
Something we don't know what
Cause none of us are satisfied
With things we know we've got

We all forget about moonlight
As soon as we've given our vow
But we'd all be so happy
If we'd start and sing right now

         C   F(½)C(½)
Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
C   F(½)C(½)
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
      F(½)   F#dim(½) C(¼)   E7(¼) A7(¼) D7(½) G7(½) C
But we'll travel along,   singin' a   song, side by   side.

F#dim D#, A, C, D#
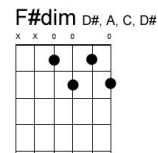
C   F(½)C(½)
Don't know what's comin' tomor row;
C   F(½)C(½)
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
      F(½)   F#dim(½) C(¼)   E7(¼) A7(¼) D7(½) G7(½) C
But we'll travel our road   sharin' our   load side by   side.

Gdim7
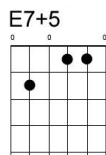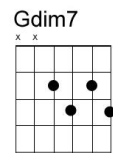
E7+5
                E7+5   E7   A7   A7
Through all kinds of weather, what if the sky should fall?
                D7   D7   G7(½)   Gdim(½) G7
As long as we're together, it doesn't matter at all.

C   F(½)C(½)
When they've all had their troubles and parted,
C   F(½)C(½)
We'll be the same as we started,
      F(½)   F#dim(½) C(¼)   E7(¼) A7(¼) D7(½) G7(½) C
But we'll travel along,   singin' a   song, side by   side.

Singin' in the Rain music by Nico Herb Brown and lyric by Arthur Freed (1929)

$G_{(½)}$ $G6/9_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6/9_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$
I'm sing   ing in the rain,   just sing   ing in the rain,
        $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(¼)}$ $Ddim7_{(¼)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$
what a glor   ious feel in',   I'm   hap   py again.

$D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$
I'm laugh   ing at clouds,   so dark   up above,
    $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$
the sun's   in my heart,   and I'm read   y for love.

$G_{(½)}$ $G6/9_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6/9_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$
Let the storm   y clouds chase   ever'y-one   from the place,
        $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(¼)}$ $Ddim7_{(¼)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$
 come on   with the rain,   I've a   smile   on my face.

 $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D9_{(½)}$
I walk   down the lane   with a hap   py refrain,
    $D_{(½)}$ $D7_{(½)}$ $D_{(½)}$ $D6/C_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(½)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G6_{(hold)}$
and singin',   just singin' in the   rain.

Tip-Toe through the Tulips with Me music by
Joe Burke and lyrics by Al Dubin (1929, from the movie "Gold Diggers of Browdway")

D(½)   A7(½)   A7   A7(½) D(½)   Bm7
Shades of night are creeping, willow trees are weeping,
A7   A7+   D   E7(½) A7(¼) A7#5(¼)
Old folks and babies are sleeping;
D(½) A7(½)   A7   A7(½) D(½)   D
Silver stars are gleaming, all   alone I'm scheming,
A   A+   D(½) B7(½) E9(½) A7(½)
Scheming to get you out here, my   dear, Come

D(¾)   B7(¼)   Em(¾) A7+(¼) D(¾)   F#7(¼) G(¾)   Gm6(¼)
Tiptoe, through the window, by the window, that is where I'll be come
D(¾)   B7(¼)   Em(¾) A7(¼) D(¾) Gm(¼) D(½) E7(¼) A7(¼)
tiptoe, through the tulips with   me   Oh,

D(¾)   B7(¼)   Em(¾) A7+(¼) D(¾)   F#7(¼) G(¾)   Gm6(¼)
tiptoe, from your pillow, to the   shadow, of the willow tree and

tiptoe, through the tulips, with   me   Knee

G6   G6(½) Fdim(½) F#(¼) Fdim7(¼) A7(¼) B7(¼)   B7(½) C#7(½)
deep   in   flow   ers   we'll stray;   We'll
C#7 C#7 F#m(½)   Fdim7(¼) A7(¼) A7(¼) B7(¼) E9(¼) A7(¼)
keep   the showers a   way   And   if   I

D(¾)   B7(¼) Em(¾) A7+(¼) D(¾)   F#7(¼) G(¾)   Gm6(¼)
kiss you, in the garden, in the   moonlight, will you pardon me? and
D(¾)   B7(¼)   Em(¾) A7(¼) D(½) G(¼) Gm6(¼) D(hold)
tiptoe, through the tulips with   me

Tonight You Belong to Me music by David Lee and lyrics

by Billy Rose (1926)
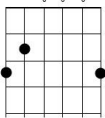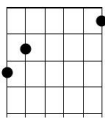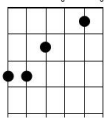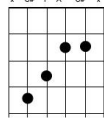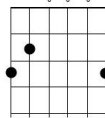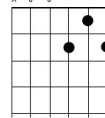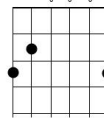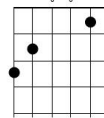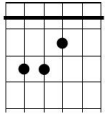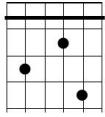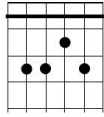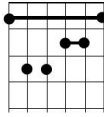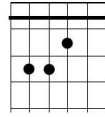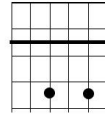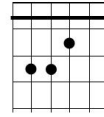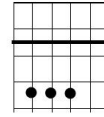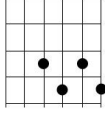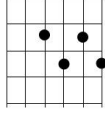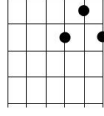
$G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$

  G   G7   c/G   Gaug

I know (I know) you belong to somebody new   but

  G   D7 $G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$

tonight you belong to me

  G   G7   C/G   Gaug

Although we're apart, you're part of my heart and

  G   D7 $G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$ $G_{(¼)(⅛)}$ $Gsus4_{(⅛)}$ $G_{(½)}$

tonight you belong to me.   Way

  Cm   Cm(slide into) Cm(slide into)   Cm(slide into)

down, by the stream, how sweet it would seem, once

  G   E7   A7 $D_{(½)}$ $D7_{(½)}$

more just to dream in the moonlight   My honey I

  G   G7   C/G   Gaug

I know with the dawn that you will be gone   but

  G   D7 $G_{(¼)}$ slowly $Ddim7_{(¼)}$ $C\#dim7_{(¼)}$ $D7_{(¼)}$ $G_{(hold)}$

tonight you belong to me   Just to   little   ole'   me.

Chord diagrams: G major, G7, C/G, G aug (D#auug Baug / x C# F A C# x / IV), G major, D7, G major, Gsus4

G bar (III), G7 (III), G6 (III), Gaug5 (G+) (III), G bar (III), D7 bar (V), G bar (III), Gsus4 (III)

Ddim7, C#dim (E, Bb, C#, G), D7

Tonight You Belong to Me (ukulele-style chords) music

by David Lee and lyrics by Billy Rose (1926) (ukulele style chords—capo up five frets and play on four strings only—or play on a soprano ukulele in root position!)
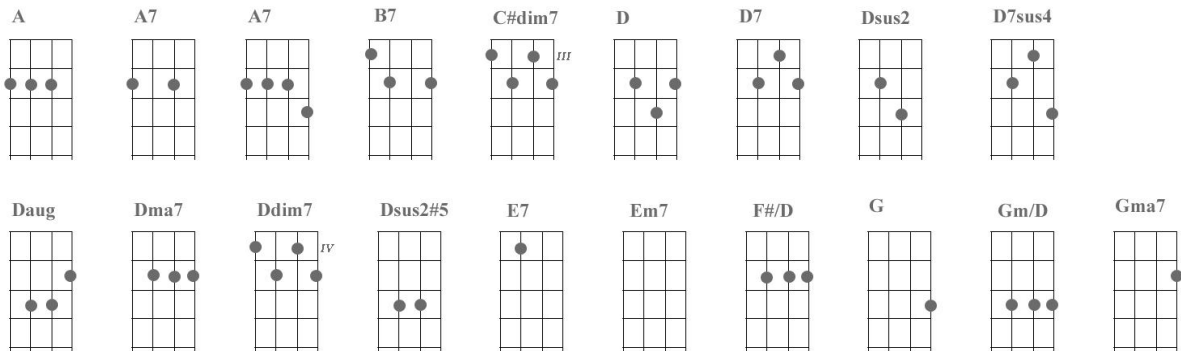

D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)   D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)

D   D7sus4(½)   D7(½)   Gma7(½)   Em7(½)   Daug(½)   Dsus2#5(½)
I know (I know) you belong   to some   body new   but
   D   A7   D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)   D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)
tonight you belong to me

D   D7sus4(½)   D7(½)   Gma7(½)   Em7(½)   Daug(½)   Dsus2#5(½)
Although we're apart,   you're part   of my heart   and
   D   A7   D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)   D(¼)(⅛)   Dsus4(⅛)   D(½)
tonight you belong to me.   Way

      Gm(¾)(⅛)   F#m(⅛)   Gm(¾)(⅛)   F#m(⅛)   Gm(¾)(⅛)   F#m(⅛)   Gm
      down,   by the   stream, how   sweet   it would seem, once
      D   B7   E7   A(½)   A7(½)
      more just to dream in the moonlight   My honey I

D   D7sus4(½)   D7(½)   Gma7(½)   Em7(½)   Daug(½)   Dsus2#5(½)
know with the dawn   that you   will be gone   but
   D   A7   D(¼)   slowly   Adim7(¼)   G#dim7(¼)   A7(¼)   D(hold)
tonight you belong to me   Just to   little   ole'   me.

Chord diagrams: A, A7, A7, B7, C#dim7, D, D7, Dsus2, D7sus4

Daug, Dma7, Ddim7, Dsus2#5, E7, Em7, F#/D, G, Gm/D, Gma7

Ukulele Lady by Richard Whiting & Gus Kahn (1925)

D   D   Ddim7(1/2)   A7(1/2)   D
    I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Honolu   lu   Bay
          D   D   Ddim7(1/2)   A7(1/2)   D
There's something tender in the moonlight On Honolu   lu   Bay
Bm   Bm   Bm   Bm
    And all the beaches   are filled with peaches   Who bring their ukes along
D   D   E7   A7
    And in the glimmer of the moonlight They love to sing this song

        D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2) D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2) D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2)   D(1/2)   Ddim7(1/2)
    If you   like   Ukulele   Lady,   Ukulele Lady   like a'you
      A7   A   A7   D
    If you like to linger where it's shady, Ukulele Lady linger too
      D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2) D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2) D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2)   D(1/2)
Ddim7(1/2)
    If you   kiss   Ukulele   Lady,   while you promise ever to be true
        A7   A   A7   D
    And she sees another Ukulele, lady foolin' 'round with you

    G   G   D   D
    Maybe she'll sigh (an awful lot). Maybe she'll cry (and maybe not)
    E7   E7   A   A7
    Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by
      D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2) D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2)   D(1/2)   Dma7(1/2)   D(1/2) Ddim7(1/2)
    To sing to   when it's cool and shady,   where the tricky wicky wacky woo
      A   A7   A7   D
    If you like Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like a'you

She used to sing to me by moonlight on Honolulu Bay
Fond memories cling to me by moonlight although I'm far away
Some day I'm going, where eyes are glowing and lips are made to kiss
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss

Walk Right In by Gus Cannon and Hosea Woods (1929)

G   G(½)   E(½)   A7(½)   D7(½)   G

G   G7(½)   E7(½) A7(½)   A7(¼) D7(¼)   G
Walk right in, sit right down, Daddy let your mind roll   on.
G   G(½)   E7(½)   A7   D7
Walk right in, sit right down, Daddy let your mind roll on.

        G(¼)   Em(¼) G(¼)   Em(¼) G(¼) Em(¼) G(¼)   Em(¼)
        Everybody's talkin' about a new way of walkin',
        C9   C(½)   D7(½)
        Do you want to lose your mind.
        G   G(½)   E7(½)   A7(½)   D7(½)   G
        Walk right in, sit right down, Daddy let your mind roll on

        ,
Walk right in, sit right down, Baby let your hair hang down.
Walk right in, sit right down, Baby let your hair hang down.

        Everybody's talkin', about a new way of walkin',
        Do you want to lose your mind.
        Walk right in, sit right down. Baby let your hair hang down.

Walk right in, sit right down, Daddy let your mind roll on.
Walk right in, sit right down, Daddy let your mind roll on.

        Everybody's talkin' about a new way of walkin',
        Do you want to lose your mind.
        G   G(½)   E7 (½)
        Walk right in, sit right down,
        A7(½)   D7(½)   G(¼) E7(½)
        Daddy let your mind roll on,
        A7(½)   D7(½)   G
        Daddy let your mind roll on

Wreck of Old 97 by Henry Whittier, Charles Noell, and Fred Lewey

(1923 court assignment of authorship to song about train wreck of September 27, 1903)

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              C        C7        F            F
On one cloudless morning I stood on the mountain
       C            D7            G   G
Just watching the smoke from below
         C      C7     F         F
It was coming from a tall, slim smokestack
         C          G7        C       C
Way down on the southern railroad
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It was 97, the fastest train
Ever ran the southern line
All the freight trains and pass'gers take the side for 97
For she's bound to be at stations on time

       They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
       Saying, "Stevie, you're way behind time
       This is not 38, but it's Old 97
       You must put her into Spencer on time"

He looked 'round and said to his black greasy fireman
"Just shovel in a little more coal
And when I cross that old White Oak Mountain
You can just watch Old 97 roll"

       It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
       And the lie was a three-mile grade
       It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
       And you see what a jump that she made

He was going down the grade making 90 miles an hour
When his whistle began to scream
He was found in that wreck with his hand on the throttle
He was scalded to death by the steam

       Did she ever pull in? No, she never pulled in
       And at 1:45 he was due
       For hours and hours has the switchman been waiting
       For that fast mail that never pulled through

Did she ever pull in? No, she never pulled in
And that poor boy, he must be dead
Oh, yonder he lays on the railroad track
With the cart wheels over his head

       97, she was the fastest train
       That the south had ever seen
       But she run so fast on that Sunday morning
       That the death score was numbered 14

Now, ladies, you must take warning
From this time now and on
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband
He may leave you and never return

You've Got to See, 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