THE REAL BOOK OF BLUES

Instant no-frills arrangements of 225 great blues numbers

* melody line * chords * lyrics

That's all there is to it! Just open the book and start playing!

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A Mess Of Blues

Words & Music by Doc Pomus & Mort Shuman

Medium tempo

I just got your letter, baby; a-too bad you can't come home.
I slept a wink since Sunday; I can't eat a thing all day.

I swear I'm goin' crazy, sittin' here all alone.
Every day is just blue Monday since you've been away.

Since you're gone— I got a mess of blues.

Whoops, there goes a tear drop, rollin' down my face.

If you cry when you're in love, it sure ain't no disgrace.

I gotta get myself together, before I lose my mind.

I'm gonna catch the next train goin', and leave my blues behind.

Since you're gone— I got a mess of blues.
Afro Blue
By Ramon 'Mongo' Santamaria

Medium fast

Gm7  Am7  Bb  Am7  Gm7

F  Eb  F  Gm7

F  Eb  F  Gm7

Gm7  Am7  Bb maj7  Am7  G7

Gm7  Am7  Bb maj7  Am7  Gm7

F  Eb  F  Gm7

F  Eb  F  Gm7

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All Or Nothing At All

Words & Music by Arthur Altman & Jack Lawrence

Medium slow

Am  \(\text{mp}\)  Am7  Am6  Am  Am6

All, or nothing at all;  Half a

Am7  Am6  Bb9  Bb6  Bb\(\text{aug}\) Bb7  Gm  Em7(b5)  A7(b9)

love never appealed to me.  If your heart never could

Dm  G7  G7\(\text{aug}\)  Cmaj7

yield to me,  Then I'd rather have nothing at all!

Bm7(b5)  E7(b9)  Am  Am7  Am6

All, or nothing at all!

Am  Am6  Am7  Am6  Bb9  Bb6  Bb\(\text{aug}\) Bb7  Gm

If it's love, there is no in-between.  Why begin, then

Em7(b5)  A7(b9)  Dm  G7

cry for something that might have been.  No, I'd rather have

G7\(\text{aug}\)  Cmaj7  Bbm  Eb7  Ab  Ab\(\text{aug}\)

nothing at all.  But, please, don't bring your
lips so close to my cheek. Don't smile, or I'll be
lost beyond recall. The kiss in your eyes, the

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

So, you see, I've got to say: No!

No! All or nothing at all!
After You've Gone

Medium slow

(E♭maj7) (Eb6) (B♭maj7)

After you've gone and left me crying, After you've gone-

(G9) (C9) (F9)

there's no denying, You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad,-

(B♭7) (Eb7) (Emaj7)

You'll miss the best-est gal you've ever had._ There'll come a time,-

(Em6) (B♭maj7) (G7)

now don't forget it, There'll come a time when you'll regret it.

(Cm) (G7) (Cm) (Em6) (B♭) (D7)

Oh! Babe, think what you're doing, You know my love for you will

(Gm7) (A7) (B♭) (F7)

drive me to ruin; After you've gone, after you've gone a-

(B♭) (Eb) (B♭) (F7) (B♭7) (B♭)

- way._

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As Long As I Have You
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo
\( \text{ mf } \)
\( \text{ F } \)

\( \text{ Long as I have you, Long as I have you, } \)

\( \text{ Nothing I wouldn't do, baby, Long as I have you. } \)

\( \text{ Well, I don't mind working, I'll be your slave, Just call me, baby, and I'll rise from my grave. Long as I have you, Long as I have you, } \)

\( \text{ Nothing I wouldn't do, baby, Long as I have you. } \)

Verse 2
I'll do like a lizard,
I'll drag in the sand;
Just call me sweet names,
And I'll be your man.
Long as I have you,
Long as I have you,
Nothing I wouldn't do, baby,
Long as I have you.
You must re-mem-ber this, a kiss is still a kiss, A sigh is just a sigh;
when two lov-ers woo, they still say, “I love you,” On that you can re-ly;

The fun-da-men-tal things ap- ply, as time goes by And
No mat-ter what the fu-ture brings, as time goes

Moon-light and love songs nev-er out of date,
Hearts full of pas-sion, jeal-o-sy and hate; Wo-man needs man_ and
man must have his mate, That no one can de-ny. It’s still the same old sto-ry, a
fight for love and glo-ry, A case of do or die! The

world will al-ways wel-come lov-ers, as time goes by.
Autumn Leaves (Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma ★ Words by Jacques Prévert

Medium slow

N.C. Am7 D7 Gmaj7

The falling leaves drift by my window,

Cmaj7 F#m7(b5) B7 Em

— The Autumn leaves of red and gold.

Am7 D7 Gmaj7

I see your lips, the Summer kisses,

Cmaj7 F#m7(b5) B7 Em

— The sunburned hands I used to hold.

B7 Em

— Since you went away, the days grow long:

Am7 D7 G

— And soon I’ll hear old Winter’s song.

Am6 B7(b9) Em

— But I miss you most of all, my darling,

A/C# Am/C B7 Em

— When Autumn leaves start to fall.
Baby Doll
Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo
\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \)

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad D^7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C^7 & \quad F \\
\text{Hon-ey there's a fun-ny feel-ing 'round my heart, and it's} & \\
D^7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C^7 & \quad F & \quad C^7 & \quad F \\
\text{bound to drive your ma-ma wild.} & \text{It must be some-thing they} & \\
C & \quad G^7 & \quad C^7 & \quad C^7 \\
\text{call the Cu-ban Doll, it weren't your ma-ma's an-gel child.} & \\
F^7 & \quad B^b & \quad G^9 & \quad C^{13} \\
\text{went to see the doc-tor the oth-er day, he said I's well as well could} & \text{be:} & \text{But I said, "Doc-tor, you don't know} & \\
F & \quad G^7 \\
\text{real-ly what's wor-ry-ing me... I want to be some-bo-dy's} & \\
D^7 & \quad G^9 & \quad C^{13} & \quad F \\
\text{ba-by doll, so I can get my lov-ing all the time.} & \end{align*}
\]

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He can be ugly, he can be black, so long as he can eagle rock and ball the jack. I want to be somebody's baby doll, so I can get my lovin' all the time; I mean to get my lovin' all the time. Lord, I went to the gypsy to get my fortune told; She said "You in hard luck, Bes-sie, dog-gone your bad luck soul!" I want to be somebody's baby doll, so I can get my lovin' all the time; I mean to get my lovin' all the time.
Back Door Man
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

I am a back door man.

Well, the men don't know but the little girls understand.

When everybody's try'n to sleep,

I'm somewhere mak-in' my mid-night creep.
Verse 3
They take me to the doctor, shot full of holes;
Nurse cried “Can’t save his soul.”
Accused him for murder, first degree,
Judge wife cried “Let the man go free.”

Verse 4
When everybody’s tryin’ to sleep,
I’m somewhere makin’ my midnight creep;
Every morning the rooster crow,
Something tell me I got to go.

Verse 5
Cop’s wife cried, “Don’t kick him down,
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground.”
When you come home you can eat pork and beans;
I eat more chicken any man seen.

Verse 6
When everybody’s try’n to sleep,
I’m somewhere makin’ my midnight creep.
Just the mornin’ the rooster crow,
Somethin’ tell me I got to go.
Baby What You Want Me To Do?

Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium tempo

Got me run-nin', you got me hid-in', You got me run, hide, hide, run, any way you want to. Let it roll,

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You got me doin' what you want me; baby, why you want to let go?

Verse 2
Goin' up, goin' down,
Goin' up, down, down, up, any way you want it.
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.
You got me doin' what you want me;
Baby, why you want to let it go?

Verse 3
Got me beeping, got me hiding,
Got me beep, hide, hide, beep, any way you want to.
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.
You got me doin' what you want;
Baby, why you want to let it go?

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Backwater Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

When it rained five days and the skies turned dark as night,

Verse 2
I woke up this morning, wouldn’t even get out of my door. (Twice)
Enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she gonna go.

Verse 3
They rowed a little boat, about five miles ‘cross the farm. (Twice)
I packed up all my clothing, threwed it in and they rowed me along.

Verse 4
It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow. (Twice)
There was a thousand women didn’t have no place to go.

Verse 5
I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill. (Twice)
I looked down on the old house where I used to live.

Verse 6
Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things and go. (Twice)
‘Cos my house fell down and I can’t live there no more.

Verse 7
Mmm, I can’t live there no more. (Twice)
And there ain’t no place for a poor old girl to go.

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The minute you walked in the joint, I could see you were a
man of distinction, A real big spender, good looking, so refined. Say,

wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind? So let me get

right to the point: I don't pop my cork for ev'ry guy I see.

Hey! Big spender, spend a little time with me.
Wouldn't you like to have fun, fun, fun? How's about a few laughs, laughs? I can show you a good time.

Let me show you a good time. The minute you

Hey, big spender! Hey, big spender!

Spend a little time with me. Spend a little time with me.

Spend a little time with me.
Black Coffee

Medium slow

Words & Music by Paul Francis Webster & Sonny Burke

1. I'm feel - in' migh - ty lone - some, have -n't slept a wink; - I
    talk - in' to the sha - dows, one o' clock to four; - And

walk the floor and watch the door; - and in be - tween I drink black cof - fee,

Lord how slow the mo - ments go, - when all I do is pour black cof - fee -

Since my gal went a - way, -- My nerves have gone to pie - ces,

Love's a sor - ry af - fair, -- I know where all the blues are,

2. I'm 'cos ba - by I've been there -

and my hair's turn - in' grey, --

Now a man is born to love a wo - man, --
work and slave to pay her debts; And, just because he's only human,

To drown his past regrets in coffee and cigarettes! I'm moonin' all the mornin' and mornin' all the night;

And in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight black coffee.

Feelin' low as can be. It's drivin' me crazy, this waitin' for my baby to maybe come around.
Behind Closed Doors

Traditional

Medium tempo

N.C.  G7  C7

Now, I don't want my baby standin' behind a closed door. _ No, I don't want my baby_

G  G7  C7

stand-in' behind a closed door. Now

D7  C7  G

when the door is closed, no one but the Lord above to know._

Verse 2

When I first met you, baby, you was behind a closed door. (Twice)
You know I was beggin' and beggin' you, make me a pallet on your floor.

Verse 3

Darling, you know I love you, I love you for myself.
Don't want you to fool around and find somebody else.
I don't want you, baby, standing behind a closed door.
Blue Haze
Medium swing

By Miles Davis

Bb  Cm7  Bb  Bb7

Ebmaj7  Dm6  Ddim

Eb6/9  Ebm  F7

Bb  Cm7  Bb  Bb7

Ebmaj7  Dm7  Ddim

Eb6/9  Ebm  Bb

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Thelonius Monk
Blue Monk

Medium tempo
(\(\text{mp} = \frac{3}{4}\))

By Thelonious Monk

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Blue Train Blues (Ticket Agent Take Your Window Down)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Tick-et a-gent, tick-et a-gent, ease your win-dow down; ‘Cos my

ba-by, hon-ey ba-by’s ‘bout to leave this town. He’s tak-in’ a run-out pow-der.

I mean he’s beat-in’ it; He’s try’n to make his get a-way. The old rap-

scal-lion is go-in’ to Gal-lion. That is why I say:

Blue train’s at the sta-tion, fire-man’s shoe-lin’ coal; Engi-

ner he’s at the throt-tle, ‘bout to make that blue train roll. Tick-et a-gent,

ease your win-dow down. If you don’t I’ll

get the blue train blues. Blue train whis-tle’s blow-in’,
I can hear its shrill; You'd better stop my baby, or my Smith and Wesson will.

Ticket agent, ease your window down.

Please don't make me get those blue train blues.

Gonna lay my head up on the railroad track; Gonna lay my head up on the railroad track.

When the blue train comes along, I won't snatch it back.

I want my man, don't want no blue train blues.
Blues Ain't Nothing

Words & Music by Georgia White

Medium tempo

Well, the blues ain't nothin', no, the blues ain't nothin' but a good man feelin' bad.

No, the blues ain't nothin' but a good man feelin' bad.

must have been those weary blues I had.

Verse 2
Honey, when I die, honey, when I die, don't you go wear no black.
Honey, when I die, don't go wear no black;
For if you do, my bones'll come a-creeping back.

Verse 3
I'm a-going downtown, I'm a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue.
I'm a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue;
'Cos the woman I've been loving, she broke my heart in two.
Blues And Booze

Medium tempo

Traditional

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Went to bed last night, and boy I was in my sleep, sleep, I went—

Woke up this morn-in', the police was shakin' me.

Verse 2
I went to the jailhouse, drunk and blue as I could be. (Twice)
But that cruel old judge sent my man away from me.

Verse 3
They carried me to the courthouse; Lordy, how I was cryin'. (Twice)
They jailed me sixty days in jail, and money couldn't pay the fine.

Verse 4
Sixty days ain't long if you can spend them as you choose. (Twice)
But this seems like jail, in a cell where there ain't no booze.

Verse 5
My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze. (Twice)
I spend every dime on liquor, got to have the booze to go with these blues.
Blues Around My Bed

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium slow

I woke up this morn-in', foun' my lovin' man had fled. Did-n't say good-bye, that is why I sit and sigh.

Left with-out a warn-in', now my hap-pi-ness is dead; And I shake with fright with the com-in' of the night.

On my lone-ly pil-low, heav-ylies my head; 'Cos my man's gone and left me with the blues a-roun' my bed. Cry-in' Law-dy, Law-dy, I wish that I was dead.

---
Deep shadows taunt me, got the blues a'roun' my bed.

I'm a weepin' willow, many tears I've shed Since my man went and left me with the blues a'roun' my bed. Sighin' mercy, mercy,

because I'm so afraid. When memories haunt me,

with those blues a'roun' my bed. (Instrumental)

32
1. Boats way up the river, and it's comin' down;

2. I quake and quiver 'cos it's Alabama bound, Takin' my man away to

stay, that's what the Captain said.

Leavin' those

ever sleepin' ever creepin' blues a-round my bed;

Blues a-round my bed.
Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

Words & Music by Arthur N. Swanstrom, Charles R. McGarron & Carey Morgan

Medium swing

\[ E^b \quad A^b m7 \quad B^b \quad E^b \quad B^b aug \quad E^b \quad A^b m7 \quad B^b \]

What is that song about kisses? What is that song about

\[ E^b \quad B^b \]

smiles? If I could have my way, I'd sing a song today

\[ F^7 \quad B^b \quad E^b \quad Edim \quad B^b / F \quad E^b \quad A^b m7 \quad B^b \]

That would beat them all by miles. I wouldn't sing about

\[ E^b \quad B^b aug \quad E^b \quad A^b \]

smiling. That's not the title I'd choose. I would sing about

\[ G^m \quad A^7 \quad A^7(b5) \quad D \quad N.C. \quad D^7 \]

what I've got. And what I've got's the weary blues. There are

\[ G^m \quad Cdim \quad G^m \quad G^7 \quad Cm \]

blues that you get from worry. There are blues

that you get from pain; And there are blues when you’re lone-

- ly for your one and on - ly, The blues you can nev - er ex-

plain. There are blues that you get from long - ing;

But the blu - - est blues that be Are the

sort of blues that’s on my mind, They’re the ve - ry mean - est kind: The

blues my naugh - ty sweet-ie gives to me.
Blues Stay Away From Me

Words & Music by Wayne Raney, Henry Glover, Alton Delmore & Rabon Delmore

Slow

(F = 3/4)

F C7 F Cm7 F

1. Blues, stay away from me.
2. Life is full of misery.

Bb C7 F Dm F/C

Blues, why don't you let me be?
Dreams are like a memory,
Bring-ing

C7 F

why do you keep on haunting me?
back your love that used to be.

F C7 F Cm7 F

Love was never meant for me.
Tears, so many I can't see.

Bb C7 F Dm F/C

True love was never meant for me.
Years don't mean a thing to me.

C7 F

we never can agree.
and still I can't be free.

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Bluesette
Words by Norman Gimbel * Music by Jean Thielemans

Medium jazz waltz

G

F#m7(b5) B7(b9) Em7 A7(b9)

Poor little, sad little, blue Bluesette, don't you cry,
Long as there's love in your heart to share, dear Bluesette,

Dm7 G7(b9) Cmaj7 C6 Cm7 F7(b9)

don't you fret. You can bet one lucky day you'll waken
don't despair. Some blue boy is longing, just like you, to

Bb7 Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Abmaj7

and your blues will be forsaken. One lucky
find a someone to be true to; Two loving

Ab6 Am7(b5) D7(b9) Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D7

day, lovely love will come your way,
arms he can nestle in and stay.

G

F#m7(b5) B7 Em7 A9

Get set, Bluesette, true love is coming. Your troubled heart
soon will be humming. (Hum)

Doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya,

Pret-ty lit-tle Blues-et-tee, must-n’t be a mourn-er. Have you heard the

news yet? Love is ‘round the cor-ner; Love wrapped in rain-bows and

tied with pink rib-bon, To make your next spring-time your gold wed-ding
ring time. So dry your eyes, don’t-cha pout, don’t-cha fret; good-y

good times are com-ing, Bluet-ette. Long as there’s love in your

heart to share, dear blue-tette, don’t des-pair.

Some blue boy is long-ing, just like you, to find a some-one

to be true to. One luck-y day love-ly love will come your

way. That mag-ic day

— may just be to-day.
Body And Soul

Music by John Green * Lyrics by Frank Eyton, Edward Heyman & Robert Sour

Slow

Am7  Am6/9  Am7  D9(b5)   Gmaj9  C9  Bm7  Bb dim

Am7  Am/G  F#m7(b5)  B7(b5/b9)  Em7  Am7  D7  Gmaj7  Cmaj7  F9(#11)  E7(b9)

Bb m9  Eb7(b9)  Abmaj9  Ab6  Bbm7  Eb7  Abm7  Db9 aug  Gbmaj7  Adim

Abm7  G7(b5)  Gbmaj7  Cdim  Bm7(b5)  E7(b5)  Am7  Am6/9

Am7  D9(b5)  Gmaj9  C9  Bm7  Bb dim

Am7  Am/G  F#m7(b5)  B7(b5/b9)  Em7  Am7  D7  G6/9

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Born To Lose
Words & Music by Ted Daffan

Medium tempo

Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain;
C F 6 7 C
Ev'ry dream has only brought me pain.
C7 F C 6 7
It's so hard to face that empty dawn.
C G7 C C7 F
All my life, I've always been so blue;
C G7 C C7
You were all the happiness I knew;
C G7 C C7
Born to lose, and now I'm losing you.
Dm7 G11 C F G7 C C7
Born to lose, it seems so hard to bear;
F C G7 C G7 C
How I long to always have you near.
F C G7 C G7 C
You've grown tired and see is only loneliness.
F C G7 C G7 C
All my life, I've now you say we're through;
C7 F F G7
Born to lose, and always been so blue;
C G7 C C7
now I'm losing you. Born to you.

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Now I was layin' around a little town,
smoking a snipe cigar.
I was waiting for a hand-out, just to catch an empty car.
Just as the freight train came rolling by, my wait was all in vain.

Back off, back off, you dirty bum, and...
D7  G7  C

Chorus

C

catch the next freight train. Now, if you wanna be a little

girl of mine. bring it with you when you come.

D7

Played around the little town, your head chock full of rum.

G7  C  C/Bb

I can't send you downtown for too little sap, now;

F/A  Fm/Ab  C/G  C

She's sitting on another man's lap. Now, you want to be a

girl of mine. bring it with you when you come.
Bright Lights, Big City
Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium fast

[A7]

Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head...

[D7]

Bright lights, big city...

[A7] [E7]

gone to my baby's head... I tried to tell the woman, but she

don't believe a word I said...

Verse 2
All right, pretty baby, gonna need my help some day. (Twice)
You gonna wish you had listened to some of the things I say.

Verse 3
Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head. (Twice)
I got to tell your mama that you don't believe a thing I said.

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Broken Hearted Blues  
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Chills—on my pillow,     ice—water in my baby's bed...

Yeah,—chills—on my pillow,—

ice—water in my baby's bed.

All the good things I have done for you woman,

and you left me for another man.

Verse 2
If you happen to see my baby, I want you to tell her I been cryin' on my knees. (Twice)
Tell me pray to my master, please hope her back to me.

Verse 3
If I had ten million dollars, woman, you know I would give you every dime. (Twice)
Just to hear you call me daddy one more time.
Buddy Bolden's Blues
By Ferdinand 'Jelly Roll' Morton

Medium slow

Thought I heard Buddy Bolden say, "You're nasty, you're dirty,
take it away. You're terrible, you're awful; take it away," I

thought I heard him say. I thought I heard Buddy Bolden shout.

"Open up that window and let that bad air out. Open up that window and let that

bad air out," I thought I heard Buddy Bolden shout.
thought I heard Judge Fogarty say, "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, gimme that money, I'm gonna

beat it out. I mean gimme that money; I'm gonna

beat it out." 'Cos I thought I heard Frankie Dusen shout.
Brother, Can You Spare A Dime

Music by Jay Gorney ★ Words by E. Y. Harburg

Medium slow

Cm   G7/D   C7/E   F   Bb/D   Eb   G7

1. Once I built a rail-road, made it run;__ Made it race a-gainst time.
2. Once I built a tow-er to the sun;__ Brick and riv-et and lime.

Dm7(b5)   G7   Cm   Ab7   Fm6   G7   Cm   G7

Once I built a rail-road, now it’s done._ Brother can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tow-er, now it’s done._ Brother can you spare a dime?

Cm   C7

Once, in kha - ki suits, gee we looked swell;

C7(b9)   Gm7(b5)/C   Cm   G7

Full of that Yan - kee Doo - dle - de-dum.

Cm   F9   Cm   Am7(b5)/Eb   D7(b5)   G7

Half a mil-lion boots went slog-gin’ thro’ hell, And I was the kid with the drum.

Cm   G7/D   C7/E

Say, don’t you re-mem-ber, they called me Al;

F7   Bb/D   Eb   G7   Dm7(b5)/Ab   G7

It was Al all the time. Say, don’t you re-mem-ber,

Cm   Ab7   Fm6   G7   Cm

I’m your pal!__ Bud - dy can you spare a dime?

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Built For Comfort
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C.   A7

Some folks built like this, some folks built like that. But the

way I'm built, well don't you call me fat. Because I'm

built for comfort, I ain't built for speed;

But I got everything,

All that a good girl needs.

Verse 2
I ain't got no diamonds, I ain't got no boat,
But I do have love that's gonna fire your soul.
'Cos I'm built for comfort, I ain't built for speed;
But I got everything all you good women need.

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Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Medium slow

Music by Jerome Kern * Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly I got to love one
man till I die, Can't help lov-in' dat man of mine

Tell me he's la-zy tell me he's slow, tell me I'm cra-zy
may-be I know, Can't help lov-in' dat man of mine

When he goes a-way dat's a rain-y day, and when he comes
back dat day is fine, the sun will shine. He can come home as
late as can be, home without him ain't no home to me,

Can't help lov-in' dat man of mine.
Can’t Stop Lovin’

Words & Music by Elmore James

Medium tempo

N.C. D7

I can’t stop lovin’, my baby tonight.

G7 D7

I can’t stop lovin’, my baby tonight.

A7 G7 D7

No matter what I do, she won’t treat me right.

Verse 2
I loved my baby, this mornin’ soon. (Twice)
I didn’t come back home till this afternoon.

Verse 3
When I leave my baby, she’s all alone. (Twice)
I can’t have no lovin’, cos my baby’s gone.

Verse 4
Oh, baby, come and walk with me. (Twice)
I’ll make you happy, baby, as any girl can be.
Canal Street Blues

By Joe 'King' Oliver

Medium tempo

$\frac{\text{MF}}{\text{=} \frac{3}{4}}$

\begin{align*}
\text{F} & \quad \text{F7} \\
\text{B}_b & \quad \text{F} \\
\text{C}_7 & \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{B}_b \quad \text{B}_b m \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F}_b \text{dim} \quad \text{G}_m \quad \text{C}_7 \\
\text{F} & \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{B}_b \\
\text{F} & \quad \text{B}_b \text{dim} \quad \text{C}_7
\end{align*}

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Careless Love

Traditional

Medium slow

F C7 F Bb F C7

1. Love, oh love, oh careless love; heed, for what I say is true; Don't

F D7 G7 C7

You spend your lives in misery. You've Don't

F F7 F7aug Bb Bdim

ruin'd the life of many a poor girl, And What

F/C C7 F Bb F Gm7 C7 F

now you've ruin'd this life of mine. 2. Pay care - less love has done to me.
Come Back Baby

Words & Music by Norman Petty & Fred Neil

Medium slow

Please come back, ba-by, please don't go For the way I love you, you'll nev-er know. So come back, ba-by, let's talk it o-ver, just one more time.

Verse 2
For the way I love you, you know I do;
For the way you love me, baby,
You never know.
Come back, baby, let's talk it over
One more time.

Verse 3
You know I love you, tell the world I do;
For the way I love you, baby,
You'll never know.
So come back, baby, let's talk it over
One more time.

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Come Sunday
By Duke Ellington

Slow

1. Oo———
   Lord, dear Lord above, God Almighty, God of love;

   Sun-day, oh come Sun-day, that's the day.
   Please look down and see my people through.

   I believe that God put sun and moon up in the sky.
   Heaven is a goodness time, a brighter light on high.

   I don't mind the grey skies, 'cos they're just clouds passing by.
   Do unto others as you would have them do to you. And

(Spoken) (Sing)

2. Freely

   have a brighter by and by. Lord, dear Lord above, God Al-
- might-y, God of love; Please look down and see my people through.

I believe God is now, was then and always will be. With God's blessing we can make it through eternity.

Lord, dear Lord above, God Almighty, God of love;

Please look down and see my people through.
Corrine Corrina
Words & Music by J. M. Williams & Bo Chatman

‘Gospel’ swing

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Corrine Corrina,} & \quad \text{where you been so long?} \\
C \quad G^7 & \quad C \quad \text{dim} & \quad C & \quad \text{Adim} & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C \\
\text{C7} & \quad F & \quad C \quad G^7 & \quad \text{C7} & \quad F & \quad C \quad G^7 \\
\text{Corrine Corrina,} & \quad \text{where you been so long?} \\
C \quad Am^6 & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad Dm^7 & \quad G^7 & \quad \text{Adim} & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C \quad F^7 \\
\text{Corrine Corrina,} & \quad \text{where you been so long?} \\
C \quad G^7 & \quad C \quad \text{dim} & \quad C & \quad \text{Adim} & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C \\
\text{C7} & \quad F & \quad C \quad G^7 & \quad \text{C7} & \quad F & \quad C \quad G^7 \\
\text{I love Corrine,} & \quad \text{tell the world I do.} \\
C \quad G^7 & \quad C \quad \text{dim} & \quad C & \quad \text{Adim} & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C \\
\text{I love Corrine,} & \quad \text{tell the world I do.} \\
C \quad Am^6 & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad Dm^7 & \quad G^7 & \quad \text{Adim} & \quad A^b7 & \quad G^7 & \quad C \quad F^7 \\
\text{I pray ev’ry night} & \quad \text{she seems to love me too.}
\end{align*}
\]

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When I was a little bit-ty ba-by, my mo-ther rocked me in the

cradle, In them old cot-ton-fields back home.

When I was a little bit-ty ba-by, my mo-ther

rocked me in the cradle, In them old cot-ton-fields back

home. Oh, when them cot-ton balls got rot-ten, you could-n't

pick ve-ry much cot-ton, In them old cot-ton-fields back

home. It was down in Lou-si-an-a, just a-bout a

mile from Tex-ar-ka-na, In them old cot-ton-fields back home.
Cotton Tail
By Duke Ellington

Medium tempo

\( \text{D7} \) G9 D7 G7

C9(#11) F G13 G#dim Am7 B7/D# D7 G Db9

D7 G9 D7 G7

C9(#11) F G13 G#dim Am7 B7/D# Dm7 G7(b9) C6

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Crazy Man Blues
Words & Music by Sonny Terry

Medium tempo

Yes, a man is got to be crazy—
follow the women everywhere.

Verse 2
Yes, a man’s got to be crazy to think he got a woman all by himself. (Twice)
I say as I’m back in town; yes, you know she’s cutting out with somebody else.

Verse 3
Yes, a man is crazy to give one woman all his pay. (Twice)
I said, before I’d be like them, I’d walk out of the front door to stay.
Crossroads Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

I went to the cross-roads, fell down on my knees.

I asked the Lord above, have mercy,

save poor Bob if you please.

Verse 2
Standin’ at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride. (Twice)
Didn’t nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.

Verse 3
Standin’ at the crossroad, risin’ sun goin’ down. (Twice)
I believe to my souls, po’ Bob is sinkin’ down.

Verse 4
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown, (Twice)
That I got crossroad blues this mornin’; Lord, I’m sinkin’ down.

Verse 5
And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west. (Twice)
Lord, I didn’t have no sweet woman, oh well, babe, in my distress.
Cry Your Blues Away

Medium slow

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

(DJ = 3/2)

G7

Dar - ling, un - veil your face,- go on and cry your blues_ a - way.

C7

Dar - ling, un - veil your face,- go on and cry your blues_ a - way.

G

You know I'm so glad_.

G

trou - ble don't last_ al - ways.

Verse 2
Remember you told me I would never hear you say. (Twice)
That is the reason, darling, why I can’t say goodbye.

Verse 3
I’m gonna find someone to love me, someone I can call my own. (Twice)
You know, I’m so tired of staying in this world alone.

Verse 4
Darling, you don’t want me, you really treat me like a slave. (Twice)
You know, some of these mornings I’ll be dead and in my grave.

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Verse 2
Well, the road seemed dark and dreary, while I travelled down that way. *(Twice)*
Well, my baby left me, she just come back home today.

Verse 3
Oh, I love my baby, tell the world I do.* (Twice)*
Well, I need a little lovin', darlin'; gonna make my dream come true.

Verse 4
Oh, I love you darlin', like a schoolboy loves his pie. *(Twice)*
Now ain't that the way to treat me, darlin'; my hurt's so long that I will die
De Kalb Blues

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax & John A. Lomax

Verse 2
Wasn't for the powder and the straightnin' comb, (Twice)
Lord, these De Kalb women would not have no home.

Verse 3
Buy me a pistol, get me a Gatlin' gun. (Twice)
Ever catch you, baby, we gonna have some fun.

Verse 4
Some folks told me De kalb blues ain't bad. (Twice)
It's the worry'st blues that I ever had.

Verse 5
If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time; (Twice)
Stay drunk, baby, to get you off of my mind.

Verse 6
Look here, baby, what more can I do? (Twice)
Well, I had five dollars and I gave you two.
Deep River
Traditional

Slowly

Deep river, my home is over

Jordon. Deep river, I

want to cross over into camp ground. Lord, I am a-

-comin'; Lord, I am a-comin'. I want to cross over into

very slow

camp ground. I want to cross over into camp ground.
Don’t Fish In My Sea

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Ma Rainey

My daddy come home this mornin’, drunk as he could be.

Verse 2
He used to stay out late, now he don’t come home at all. (Twice)
I know there’s another mule been kicking in my stall.

Verse 3
If you don’t like my ocean, don’t fish in my sea. (Twice)
Stay out of my valley, let my mountain be.

Verse 4
I ain’t had no loving since God knows when. (Twice)
That’s the reason I’m through with these no-good, trifling men.

Verse 5
You’ll never miss the sunshine till the rain begin to fall. (Twice)
You’ll never miss you ham till another mule be in your stall.
Don't Go To Strangers

Words by Redd Evans ★ Music by Arthur Kent & Dave Mann

Medium slow

Build your dreams— to the stars above; But when you need—someone

Play with fire— till your fingers burn; And when there’s no place for

true to love,— Don’t go to strangers, darling, come to me.

you to turn,— Don’t go to strangers,

For, when

you hear a call to follow your heart, You’ll follow your heart I know— I’ve

been through it all; for I’m an old hand, And I’ll understand if you go. So,

make your mark— for your friends to see;— But when you need—more than

company,— Don’t go to strangers, darling, come to me.
Down By The Riverside

'Gospel' swing

Traditional

Down by the riverside,
Down by the

1. I met my little bright eyed doll,
I asked her for a little kiss,

Down by the riverside,
Down by the

2. She said, "Have patience, little man;
I'm sure you'll understand,

I hardly know your name."

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I can have my way, maybe some sweet day,
your name and mine will be the same,
I'd wed my little bright eyed doll,
Down by the river side,
Down by the river side,
I'd wed my little bright eyed doll,
Down by the river side,
Down by the river side.
Down The Road A Piece

Words & Music by Don Raye

Medium fast

(D = \frac{3}{4}

Daug G

G7 A\text{#9} G9 C7 G

Am7 D9 D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug} G

G Am7 G6 G9

G Am7 G6 D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug}

D7 G D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug} G D7\text{aug}

G Am7 G6 D7\text{aug} G

D7\text{aug} G

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Don't Sell It (Don't Give It Away)
Words & Music by Oscar Woods

Medium tempo

It was early one mornin', 'bout the break of day.

Don't you hear me cryin', won't you listen what I say? Early one mornin'

ba-by, 'bout the break of day.

Told me not to sell it;

Pa-pa, don't you give it away.

I said yes, ba-by, yes;

no, ba-by, no. Yes, ba-by, yes; no, ba-by, no. Said

yes, ba-by, yes; hear me say no, ba-by, no.

Thought I found Jel-ly, 'shaw don't sell no more.

Verse 2
You know you didn't want me, why did you call; don't you hear me cryin' little all and all.
You know you didn't want me, baby why did you call?
I can get more women than a passenger train can haul.

Chorus
Dust My Broom
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

I'm gon' get up in the morn-in', I believe I'll dust my broom.

Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin',

girlfriend, can get my room.

Verse 2
I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know. (Twice)
If I can't find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe, I know.

Verse 3
I don't want no woman wants every downtown man she meet. (Twice)
She's a no good doney, they shouldn't 'low her on the street.

Verse 4
I believe, I believe I'll go back home. (Twice)
You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can't when I get home.

Verse 5
And I'm gettin' up in the morning, I believe I'll dust my broom. (Twice)
Girlfriend, the black man that you been lovin', girlfriend, can get my room.

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Dust Pneumonia Blues
Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

Medium tempo

N.C.  C

I got that dust pneumo-ny, pneumo-ny in my lung.

F

I got the dust pneumo-ny, pneumo-ny in my lung.

G7  F7  C

And I'm gonna sing this dust pneumo-ny song.

Verse 2
Now there ought to be some yodelling in this song. (Twice)
But I can't yodel for the rattling in my lung.

Verse 3
My good gal sings the dust pneumony blues. (Twice)
She loves me 'cos she's got the dust pneumony too.

Verse 4
If it wasn't for choppin', my hoe would turn to rust. (Twice)
I can't find a woman in this black old Texas dust.

Verse 5
Down in Oklahoma the wind blows mighty strong. (Twice)
If you want to get a mama, just sing a California song.

Verse 6
Down in Texas my gal fainted in the rain. (Twice)
I threwed a bucket of dirt in her face just to bring her back again.
Early Autumn

Words by Johnny Mercer  Music by Ralph Burns & Woody Herman

1. When an early Autumn walks the land— and chills the breeze, And
touches with her hand— the Summer trees, Perhaps you'll understand—
what memories I own. 

2. There's a dance pale
lone-ly. That Spring of ours that start-ed so April-heart-ed
Seemed made for just a boy and girl. I nev-er dreamed— did you— any
Fall could come in view so ear-ly, ear-ly.

Darling, if you care, please let me know; I'll meet you an-y-where,
— I miss you so. Let's nev-er have to share an-o-th-er ear-ly Au-tumn.

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Evil (Is Goin' On)

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

If you're a long way from home,
  can't sleep at night,

Grab your telephone,
  something just ain't right.
  That's evil,

Warning you brother,
  you better watch your happy home.

Verse 2
Well, if you call her on the telephone,
And she answers awful slow,
Grab the first thing smokin',
If you have to hobo.
That's evil, etc.

Verse 3
If you make it to your house,
Knock on the front door;
Run around to the back,
You catch him just before he goes.
That's evil, etc.
Feel So Bad
Words & Music by Chuck Willis

Medium tempo

Feel so bad, feel like a ball-game on a rainy day.

Feel so bad, feel like a ball-game on a rainy day.

Yes, I got my rain-check, shake my head and walk away.

Oo, people, that's the way I feel.
Oo, people, that's the way I feel. Sometimes I think I won't; then, again, I think I will. Sometimes I want to stay here; then, again, I want to leave. Sometimes I want to stay here; then, again, I want to leave.

Yes, I've got my train fare; pack my bag and ride away.
Fever

Medium swing

(Dm = \[1/4 \times \frac{3}{4}\])

Words & Music by John Davenport & Eddie Cooley

1. Never know how much I love you,
   (Verses 2, 4, 5, 6, see block, lyric)

   Never know how much I care.
   When you put your arms around me,
   I get a fever that's so hard to bear. You give me fever
   when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight;

   Fever in the morning, fever all through the night.

3. Everybody's got the fever,
   That is something you all know.

   Fever isn't
Verse 2
Sun lights up the daytime,
Moon lights up the night.
I light up when you call my name,
And you know I'm gonna treat you right.
You give me fever when you kiss me,
Fever when you hold me tight;
Fever in the morning,
Fever all through the night.

Verse 4
Romeo loved Juliet,
Juliet she felt the same;
When he put his arms around her, he said
"Julie, baby, you're my flame.
Thou givest fever when we kisseth,
Fever with thy flaming youth.
Fever, I'm afire;
Fever, yea, I burn forsooth!"

Verse 5
Captain Smith and Pocahontas
Had a very mad affair;
When her daddy tried to kill him, she said
"Daddy-o, don't you dare!
He gives me fever with his kisses,
Fever when he holds me tight.
Fever, I'm his missus;
Oh, Daddy, won't you treat him right?"

Repeat Verse 3

Verse 6
Now you've listened to my story,
Here's the point that I have made:
Chicks were born to give you fever,
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade!
They give you fever when you kiss them,
Fever if you live and learn;
Fever till you sizzle -
What a lovely way to burn!
Fine And Mellow (My Man Don't Love Me)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Billie Holiday

My man don't love me, treats me oh so mean;

He's the lowest man that I've ever seen.

He wears high-draped pants, stripes are really yellow;

But when he starts in to love me, he's so fine and mellow.

Love will make you drink and gamble, make you stay out all night long;
make you drink and gamble, make you stay out all night long;  

Love will make you do things that you know is wrong.  

But if you  

Love will make you do things that you know is wrong.  

make you drink and gamble, make you stay out all night long;  

Love will make you do things that you know is wrong.  

But if you  

treat me right baby, I'll stay home ev'ry day;  

But you're so  

treat me right baby, I'll stay home ev'ry day;  

But you're so  

mean to me baby, I know you're gonna drive me away.  

Love is  

just like a faucet. It turns off and on.  

Love is like a faucet, it turns off and on.  

Some-times when you  

think it's on baby, it has turned off and gone.
Medium fast

1. I hear the train a-comin' it's roll-in' round the

( Verses 2, 3, 4 see block lyric)

bend; And I ain't seen the sun-shine since I don't know

when. I'm stuck at Folsom Prison, and time keeps

drag-gin' on. But that

train keeps roll-in' on down to San Antone.
Verse 2
When I was just a baby, my mama told me “Son,
Always be a good boy, don’t ever play with guns.”
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.
When I hear that whistle blowin’, I hang my head and cry.

Verse 3
I bet there’s rich folk eatin’ in a fancy dinin’ car;
They’re prob’ly drinkin’ coffee and smokin’ big cigars.
Well, I know I had it comin’, I know I can’t be free;
But those people keep a-movin’, and that’s what tortures me.

Verse 4
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I’d move to over a little farther down the line;
Far from Folsom Prison, that’s where I want to stay,
And I’d let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.
Five Long Years

Words & Music by Eddie Boyd

Medium slow

If you've ever been mistreated, you know just what I'm talkin' about.

If you've ever been mistreated,

you know just what I talkin' about.

I work five long years for one woman, and she had the nerve to kick me out.

Verse 2

I got a job at a steel mill, truckin' steel just like a slave.
Five long years of fright, I'm runnin' straight home with all of my pay.
Mistreated, you know what I'm talkin' about?
I work five long years for one woman, and she had nerve to throw me out.
Frankie And Johnny
Traditional

Medium tempo

C mf G7\text{aug} C G7\text{aug} C G7\text{aug} C C7

Frankie and Johnny were sweet hearts. Oh, what a couple in love!

F

Frankie was loyal to Johnny, just as true as stars above. He was her man, but he done her wrong.

C/G A7 D7 G7 C F7 C G7\text{aug} C G7\text{aug} C G7\text{aug} C C7

This is the end of my story and this is the end of my song.

F

Frankie is down in the jail house and she cries the whole night.

C/G A7 D7 Fm6 G7 C F7 C

long "He was my man, but he done me wrong."
From Four Until Late

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

\[ \text{C} \]

From four until late, I was wringing my hands and cryin'.

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \]

From four until late, I was wringing my hands and cryin'.

\[ \text{A7} \]

I believe.

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm6} \quad \text{C} \]

To my soul that your daddy's Gulfport bound.

Verse 2
From Memphis to Norfolk is a thirty-six hours' ride. (Twice)
A man is like a prisoner, and he's never satisfied.

Verse 3
A woman's like a dresser; some men always ramblin' through its drawers. (Twice)
It 'cos so many men wear an apron over-all.

Verse 4
From four until late, she get with a no good bunch and clown. (Twice)
Now she won't do nothin' but tear a good man's reputation down.

Verse 5
When I leave this town, I'm gon' bid you fare, farewell. (Twice)
And when I return again, you'll have a great long story to tell.
Go Back To Your No Good Man

Words & Music by Lonnie Johnson

Medium tempo

It's true you bake good jelly roll, the best I've ever found.

It's true you bake good jelly roll, it's the best I've ever found.

one thing you got to stop ma-ma; that's serving it all over town.

Verse 2
Don't you think because I love you, you can play me for a chump to my face. (Twice)
But I'm not as dumb as you think, there's another woman to fill your place.

Verse 3
Give me them clothes I bought you, take my diamonds off your hand. (Twice)
Now you just like I found you, go back to your handy man.

Verse 4
Now, I put shoes on your feet when your bare feet was patti'n' the ground. (Twice)
While I was out slaving for you, you was chasin' every rat in town.

Verse 5
Now, woman I stuck with you when you didn't have a friend at all. (Twice)
So give them shoes I bought you, and that wig, and let your head go bald.
Georgia On My Mind
Words by Stuart Gorrell ★ Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Freely

Me - lo - dies bring me - mo - ries that lin - ger in my heart,

Make me think of Geor - gia. Why did we _ ever part?

Some sweet day, when blos - soms fall and all the world’s a song,

I’ll go back to Geor - gia, ’cos that’s where _ I be - long.

Geor - gia, Geor - gia, The whole day through, Just an

old sweet song keeps Geor-gia on my mind. (Geor-gia on my mind.)
Georgia, Georgia, a song of you
Comes as sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines.

Other arms reach out to me; Other eyes smile tenderly;

Still in peaceful dreams I see, the road leads back to you.

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find; Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.
Going Down Slow

Words & Music by James B. Oden

Medium slow

\begin{music}
\begin{align*}
\text{C7}^{mf} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{C} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{mf} & \quad \text{mf} \\
\text{I've had my fun,} & \quad \text{if I don't ev-er get well no more.} \\
\text{C7} & \quad \text{F7} \\
\text{Had my fun,} & \quad \text{if I don't ev-er get well no} \\
\text{C7} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\text{more.} & \quad \text{I know my health is fail - ing me,} \\
\text{F7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{C} \\
\text{I know that I'm go - in' down slow.} & \quad \text{I know that I'm go - in' down slow.} \\
\end{align*}
\end{music}

Verse 2
Somebody write my mother, tell her the shape I'm in. (Twice)
Tell her to pray for me, forgive me for my sins.

Verse 3
Mother, please don't send no doctor, doctor can't do no good. (Twice)
Back when I was young, didn't do the things I should.
Verse 2
Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side. (Twice)
I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied.

Verse 3
When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed. (Twice)
I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread.

Verse 4
I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today. (Twice)
You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.
Good Morning Heartache

Words & Music by Irene S ligginbotham, Ervin Drake & Dan Fisher

Medium slow

Cm7

Good morn ing, heart ache, you old gloomy sight...

F Am7(b5) D7(b9)

Good morn ing, heart ache, thought we said good bye last night...

Gm Bbm Am7 Abm7

I turned and tossed until it seemed you had gone...

Gm Gb9(b5) F Fdim Gm7 C7 Cm7

But here you are with the dawn...

Wish I'd for get you,

F Am7(b5) D7(b9)

But you're here to stay;

It seems I met you when my love went away...

Gm Bbm Am7 Abm7 Gm7 Gb9(b5)

Now ev ry day I start by saying to you:

Good morn ing, heart ache, what's new?

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Goodbye Baby
Words & Music by Sam Ling, Joe Josea & Jules Taub

Medium slow

E             N.C.

Now, good-bye, ba-by, gotta
E7             A7

leave you now. Oh, you told me dar-lin’

E             E

love me no how. Oh, yeah, I got-ta leave
E             A7

you, ba-by good-bye.

Verse 2
Aw baby, here’s my right hand,
I love you, baby; I can’t get you to understand.
Oh, bye, goodbye, baby, baby goodbye.

Verse 3
Aw yes, here’s all of me.
I’ll take you, baby, to some place you ought to be.
Oh, bye now, goodbye, baby goodbye.
Green River Blues
Words & Music by Charley Patton

Medium tempo

N.C.  E7

I went up Green River roll in' like a log.

A7

I wade up Green River,

E7

roll in' like a log.

B7  A7  E

up Green River Lord, roll in' like a log.

Verse 2
I think I heard the Marion whistle blow. (Twice)
And it blew just like my baby gettin' on board.

Verse 3
Some people say the Green River blues ain't bad. (Twice)
Then it must not have been them Green River blues I had.

Verse 4
It was late last night, everything was still. (Twice)
I could see my baby up on a lonesome hill.

Verse 5
How long, how long, evening train been gone. (Twice)
Yes, I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.
Hear Me Talkin' To Ya

Words & Music by Louis Armstrong

Medium tempo

Ram-blín' (man-) makes no change in me, I'm gonna ramble back to my

C F C G7 C

used to be... Ah, you hear me talkin' to ya, I don't bite my tongue;

G7 Dm7 G7

You want to be my (man-) you got to fetch it with you when you come...

C F C G7 C

Eve and Adam in the Garden takin' a chance,

C7 F

Adam didn't take time to get his pants... Ah, you hear me talkin' to ya,

C G7

Don't bite my tongue; You want to be my (man-) you got to

Dm7 G7 C F C G7 C

fetch it with you when you come... I don't care whether they're
young or old, When the chips were down they had trouble Lord. Ah, you
hear me talk-in' to ya, I don't bite my tongue;

be my man you got to fetch it with you when you come.
Hello Central, give me Six-O-Nine,

his or mine? Ah, you hear me talk-in' to ya, I don't bite my

tongue; You want to be my woman you got to

fetch it with you when you come.
Here's That Rainy Day

Words & Music by Johnny Burke & Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly

G    Bb   Ebmaj7   Abmaj7

May—be I should have saved those left—over dreams;

Am7   D   D7   D9   D7(b9)   Gmaj9   G7(b9)

Funn—y, but here's that rain—y day.

Cm  Cm(maj7)  Cm7  F#9  F9  Bbmaj7  Bb9/F  E9(b5)  Ebmaj9  Eb6

Here's that rain—y day they told me a—bout, And I

Am    Am(maj7)    Am7    Eb9    D9    Gmaj7    G#dim    Am9    D13(b9)

laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way.

G    Bb   Ebmaj7   Abmaj7

Where is that worn—out wish that I threw away,

Am7   D   D7   D9   D7(b9)   Gmaj9   G9   Db9(b5)

After it brought my lover near?

Cmaj7  C/B  Am7  D13  Cdim  Bm7  Bbdim

Funny how love becomes a cold rain—y day;

Am7   D   D7   D9   D13(b9)   G   A7   Abmaj7   G

Funny, that rain—y day is here.

Hey Hey Pretty Mama

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Hey, hey, pretty mama, how you want your rolling done?

Hey, hey pretty mama, how you want your rolling done?

You get it three times a day or you can have it from sun to sun.

Verse 2

Now tell me, baby, if your love is true;
Time pass so fast when I'm loving you.
Now tell me, baby, if I love you too strong:
When I get in the mood, I can roll all night long.

Hey, hey, pretty mama, etc.
Hoochie Coochie Man
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

The gypsy woman told my mother,

before I was born:

"You got a boy child comin',

goin' be a son of a gun."

Gonna make pretty women

jump and shout:

Then the world gonna know

Chorus

D7

what it's all about... I'm him,

A7

Everybody knows... I'm him.
Verse 2
I got a black cat bone,
I got a mojo too.
I got the Johnny conkeroo;
I'm gonna mess with you.
I'm gonna make you girls
Lead me by my hand;
Then the world's gonna know
I'm that hoochie coochie man.

Chorus

Verse 3
On the seventh hour,
On the seventh day,
On the seventh month,
The seventh doctor said:
“He was born for good luck.”
And that, you'll see,
I got seven hundred dollars;
Don't you mess with me.

Chorus
How Insensitive

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim ★ Original Lyrics by Vinicius De Moraes ★ English Lyrics by Norman Gimbel

Bossa nova

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{Dbdim} \]

How ___ in - sen - si - tive ______ I must have seemed
Now ___ she’s gone a - way ______ and I’m a - lone

\[ \text{Cm6} \quad \text{G7/B} \]

_____ when she told me that she loved me. ______ How
_____ with the mem’ry of her last look. ______ Vague

\[ \text{Bb6} \quad \text{Eb7} \]

_____ un - moved and cold. ______ I must have seemed
_____ drawn and sad. ______ I see it still,

\[ \text{Em7(b5)} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Dm} \]

_____ when she told me so sin - cere ly. ______ Why,
_____ all her heart-break in’ that last look. ______ How,
she must have asked, did I just turn

and stare in icy silence?

was I to say? What can you say?

when a love affair is over?

when a love affair is over?
How Do You Want It Done?

Words & Music by Big Bill Broonzy

Medium tempo

(♩=♩3/8)

Why don’t you tell me, lov-in’ ma-ma, how you want— you roll-in’— done?

Verse 2
Lord, I got up this morning just about the break of day. (Twice)
Lord, I’m thinkin’ ‘bout my baby; Lord, the one that went away.

Verse 3
I got me a little brown skin, just as sweet as she can be. (Twice)
Lord, she low and she squatty, but she’s alright with me.

Verse 4
Lord, some of these old mornings, mama; Lord, it won’t be long. (Twice)
Lord, I know you gonna call me, mama; Lord, and I’ll be gone.

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I Can’t Stop Loving You

Medium slow

Words & Music by Don Gibson

Those happy hours that we once knew, Though long ago, they still make me blue. They say that time heals a broken heart. But time has stood still since we’ve been apart. I can’t stop loving you.

I’ve made up my mind To live in memories of the lonesome kind. I can’t stop wanting you, It’s useless to say; So I’ll just live my life in dreams of yesterday.

I Ain’t Got Nobody (And There’s Nobody Cares For Me)

Words & Music by Roger Graham & Spencer Williams

Medium slow

There’s a saying going round, and I begin to think it’s true: It’s

awful hard to love someone when they don’t care ‘bout you.

Once I had a lovin’ gal, as good as any in this town; But

now I’m sad and lonely, for she’s gone and turned me down. Now

I ain’t got nobody, And there’s

no body cares for me.
I'm so sad and lonely;

Won't somebody come and take a chance with me?

I'll sing sweet love songs, honey, all the time,

If you'll come and be my sweet baby mine. 'Cos

I ain't got nobody, And there's nobody cares for me. No, me.

1.
2.
I Remember Clifford

By Benny Golson

Slow

Fmaj7 A7 Bbmaj7 C7 C#dim Dm Dm/C

Bm7(b5) E7 Am Am/G F#m7(b5) B7 Gm7 C7sus4 C7

Fmaj7 A7 Bbmaj7 C7 C#dim Dm Dm/C

Bm7(b5) E7(b9) E7 Am7(b5) / D7(b9) D7 Gm7 C7aug Fmaj7 Bbmaj7

Bm7(b5) E7 Am Am7(b5) D7(b9) D7 Gm7 C7(b9)aug Fmaj7 F6/4

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I Just Want To Make Love To You

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium ‘Stop’ tempo

I don’t want you to be no slave,
I don’t want you to work all day,
I just want to make love to you.

D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.

I don’t want you to be true.
D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.

I just want to make love to you.
D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.

I don’t want you to keep our home.
D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.  D7 N.C.

I don’t want your money too.

Verse 3
I don’t want you to cook my bread,
I don’t want you to make my bed.
I don’t want you ’cos I’m sad and blue;
I just want to make love to you.
I Wanna Be Around

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Sadie Vimmerstedt

Medium swing

I wanna be around, to pick up the pieces when
wanna be around, to see how she does it when

somebody breaks your heart;

somebody twice as smart as I,

she breaks your heart to bits;

Let's see if the puzzle fits

A somebody who will swear to be true,

Like you used to do with me,

Who'll leave you to learn that

mis'ry loves company, wait and see!

so fine.

And that's when I'll discover that re-

venge is sweet;

As I sit there applauding from a front row seat,

When somebody breaks your heart like you broke mine.

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I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free

Words by Billy Taylor & Dick Dallas ★ Music by Billy Taylor

Medium tempo

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free.
I wish I could be like a bird in the sky.

I wish I could break all these chains holding me.
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly.

I wish I could say all the things I should say;
I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea.

Say 'em loud, say 'em clear for the whole
Then I'd sing 'cos I'd know how it feels

world to hear I to be free.
I'll Be Seeing You

Medium slow

Music by Sammy Fain | Words by Irving Kahal

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places.

That my heart and mind embraces all day through;

In that small café, the park across the way, The children's carousel, the chestnut tree, the wishing well.

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day; In everything that's light and gay, I'll always think of you that way. I'll find you in the morning sun; and, when the night is new, I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you.

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Words & Music by James Moore

Medium tempo

I'm a king bee, buzzin' 'round your hive.

Well, you know I can make good honey,

Verse 2
I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)
When you can hear me buzzin', there's some stinging goin' on.

Verse 3
I'm a king bee, I want you to be my queen. (Twice)
When we get together, make honey the world ain't seen.

Verse 4
I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)
I can make plenty honey, when your man is not at home.

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I'm So Glad
Words & Music by Skip James

Verse 1
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.

Verse 2
I'm so tired of moanin', I'm tired of groanin', I'm tired of longin' for you.
I'm so glad, and I am so glad, I am glad, I'm glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.

Verse 3
And I'm so glad, I am glad, I am glad, I'm glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.
I'm so glad, and I am glad, I am glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. Don't know what to do.

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If I Had You

Words & Music by Ted Shapiro, Jimmy Campbell & Reg Connelly

Medium slow

\[ \text{\( \frac{2}{3} \)} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b & \quad B^b9 & \quad B^b7 \\
& \quad \quad \text{I could show the world how to smile, } & \quad \text{I could be glad...}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
E^b6 & \quad E^b\text{maj}7 & \quad E^b\text{m}6 & \quad B^b & \quad D^b\text{dim}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{all of the while; } & \quad \text{I could change the grey skies to blue}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
C^m7 & \quad F^a\text{ug} & \quad B^b6 & \quad D^b\text{dim} & \quad C^m7 & \quad F^9 & \quad F^7 & \quad B^b
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{if I had you. } & \quad \text{I could leave the old days behind;}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b9 & \quad B^b7 & \quad E^b6 & \quad E^b\text{maj}7 & \quad E^b\text{m}6
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{Leave all my pals, } & \quad \text{i'd never mind...}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b & \quad D^b\text{dim} & \quad C^m7 & \quad F^a\text{ug} & \quad B^b & \quad E^m7(b5) & \quad A^7(b9) & \quad A^7
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{I could start my life all a-new } & \quad \text{if I had you.}
\end{align*}
\]

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I could climb the snow-capped mountains, sail the mighty ocean wide;

I could cross the burning desert,

If I had you at my side, I could be a king, dear, uncrowned;

Humble or poor, rich or renowned,

There is nothing I couldn’t do if I had you.
"In A Sentimental Mood"

**Words & Music by Duke Ellington, Irving Mills & Manny Kurtz**

In a sentimental mood, I can see the stars come thro' my room;

While your loving attitude is like a flame that lights the gloom. On the wings of ev'ry kiss drifts a melody so strange and sweet;

In this sentimental bliss you make my paradise complete. Rose petals seem to fall; it's all like a dream to call you mine.

My heart's a lighter thing since you made this night a thing divine.

For I never dreamt that you'd be loving sentimental me.

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In The Heat Of The Night

Words by Marilyn & Alan Bergman ★ Music by Quincy Jones

Slow

In the heat of the night, — Well I’ve got troubles — wall to
I’m praying hard to — feel the

wall. ------------ I believe — in the night
sun. ------------ Ain’t a woman yet was born

Must be an ending — to it all. — So hold on hard it won’t be long;
Knows how to make the morning come. —

Just you be strong — and it’ll be all-right — In the heat of the

night. 2. Waiting just to see the dawn — In the heat of the night.
It Makes My Love Come Down

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

When I see two sweet-hearts spoon, underneath the silver'ry moon, It makes my love come down,

I wanna be around. Kiss me, honey,

It makes my love come down.

Cuddle close, turn out the light, do just what you did.

last night... It makes my love come down,
Verse 2
Wild about my toodle-oh; when I gets my toodle-oh,
It makes my love come down, want every pound.
Hear me cryin', it makes my love come down.
Likes my coffee, likes my tea; daffy about my stingerree.
It makes my love come down, I wanna be around.
Oh, sweet papa, it makes my love come down.

Verse 3
If you want to hear me rave, honey, give me what I crave.
It makes my love come down, actin' like a clown.
Can't help from braggin', it makes my love come down.
Come on and be my desert sheik, you're so strong and I'm so weak.
It makes my love come down, to be love-land bound.
Red hot papa, it makes my love come down.

Verse 4
If you want me for your own, kiss me nice and leave me alone.
It makes my love come down, it makes my love come down.
Take me bye-bye, it makes my love come down.
When you take me for a ride, when I'm close up by your side,
It makes my love come down, ridin' all around.
Easy ridin' makes my love come down.
It Could Happen To You

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Slow

Fmaj9 Am7(b5) D7(b9) D7 Gm9 Bm7(b5) E7(b9) E7

Hide your heart from sight— Lock your dreams at night;

Am F7(b9)/A Bbmaj7 Bb6 A7 sus4 A7 Am7(b5) D7

It could happen to you.

Gm9 Bbm6 ——— Fmaj9 F6 Em7(b5) / A7(b5) A7

Don’t count stars or— you might stumble;

Dm Dm(maj7) Dm7 G9 Bbmaj7 Am7 Gm9 Gb9 (b5)

Someone drops a sigh— and down you tumble.

Fmaj9 Am7(b5) D7(b9) D7 Gm9 Bm7(b5) E7(b9) E7

Keep an eye on spring— Run when church-bells ring;

Am F7(b9)/A Bbmaj7 Bb6 A7 sus4 A7 Am7(b5) D7

It could happen to you.

Gm9 Bbm6 ——— Fmaj9 F6 Am7(b5) / D7(b5) D7

All I did was wonder how your arms would be;

Gm7 Bbm6 C13(b9) F

And it happened to me.
It's Only A Paper Moon

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

Medium slow

G mp  G#dim  Am7  D7  Am7  D7

1. Say, it's only a paper moon,_ Sail-ing over a
2. Yes, it's only a canvas sky,_ Hang-ing over a

card-board sea,_ But it wouldn't be make believe,_ If you
mus-lin tree,_ But it wouldn't be make believe,_ If you

D7  G  G  Am7  Ab9  G / Em  Am7
— be-lieved in me.___ With-out your love, it's a
— be-lieved in me._

Bm  D13  G  Am7  Ab9  G  Em
hon-ky-tonk pa-rade. With-out your love, it's a

Bm7  E7  A9  D9  G  G#dim
me-loyd played in a pen-ny ar-cade. It's a Bar-num and

Am7  D7  Am7  D7  G  G  G#dim
Bai-ley world._ Just as pho-ny as it can be,_ But it would-n't be

Am7  D7  G
make be-lieve._ If you be-lieved in me._
Jailhouse Blues
Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Clarence Williams

Medium tempo

\( \text{C} \text{7} \text{F} \text{7} \text{Bb7} \)
\( \text{F} \text{7} \text{F} \text{dim} \text{F} \)
\( \text{C} \text{7} \text{Bb7} \text{C} \text{7} \text{F} \text{Bb7} \text{F} \)

Verse 1
Thirty days in jail, with my back turned to the wall,

F F7 8"7

~6J ~

\( \text{F} \text{Fdim} \text{F} \)

--- ----

\( \text{C} \text{7} \text{F} \text{7} \text{Bb7} \)

--- ----

\( \text{C} \text{7} \text{F} \text{Bb7} \text{F} \)

--- ----

Verse 2
I don’t mind jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long. (Twice)
Well, every friend I had has done shook hands and gone.

Verse 3
Good morning blues, blues how do you do? How do you do?
Good morning blues, blues how do you do?
Well, I just come here to have a few words with you.
Kindhearted Woman Blues
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(I.J=J

N.C. A7

I got a kind-hearted woman, do anything in this world for me.

A A7 0 7

Verse 2
I love my baby, my baby don’t love me. (Twice)
But I really love that woman, can’t stand to let her be.

Verse 3
Ain’t but one thing, make Mr. Johnson drink;
I’s worried ’bout how you treat me, baby, I begin to think.
Oh, babe, my life don’t feel the same;
You break my heart, when you call Mr. So and so’s name.

Verse 4
She’s a kindhearted woman, she studies evil all the time. (Twice)
You well’s to kill me, as to have it on your mind.

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Lazy River
Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael & Sidney Arodin

Moderato

Dm7 6 7 C7 6m7 C7

Up a lazy river by the old mill-run,... That lazy, lazy river in the

Dm7  G7  C7  Gm7  C7

noon-day sun,... Linger in the shade of a kind old tree;

F C7 F Fdim Gm11 Eb7 D7

Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me.... Up a lazy river, where the

Am7(b5)  D7aug  G7  Dm7  G7

robin's song... A-wakes a bright new morning, we can loaf a-long.

Bb Bdim F/C D7 G9 C7

Blue skies up above, every-one's in love; Up a lazy river, how

F D7 G9 C7 F

happy you can be, Up a lazy river with me.
Lazybones
Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Hoagy Carmichael

Slow blues

D G D G D G A7 aug

1. Lazybones, sleepin' in the sun, How you 'spect to get your
day's work done? Never get your days work done, Sleep-in' in the noon-day
work done? Never get your days work done, Sleep-in' in the noon-day
corn meal made? Never get your corn meal made, Sleep-in' in the eve-nin'

12.

D D/F# Fdim Em7 D Em7 Fdim D/F# G G6

sun. shade. When 'ta-ters need spray-in', I
bet you keep pray-in' the slugs fall off of the vine. And

g9 G9 F9 E7 A7 E9

when you go fish-in', I bet you keep wish-in' the fish won't grab at your line.

A9 A7 A11 A7 D G D G

Lazybones, loaf-in' thro' the day,

D G A7 aug D D7 Gmaj7 C9(#11) Fm7(b5) B7 aug

How you 'spect to make a dime that way? Never make a dime that

Em E7/B Bb7(b5) A7 A11 D G9 D

way. (Well look-ly here... He nev-er heard a word I say.)

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Learnin' The Blues

Medium slow

Words & Music by Dolores Vicki Silvers

1. The tables are empty, the dance floor's deserted; you light, one after the other,

You play the same love song, it's the tenth time you've heard it. Won't help you forget her and the way that you love her.

That's the beginning, just one of the clues.
You're only burning a torch you can't lose;

You've had your first lesson in learnin' the blues. But you're on the right track for learnin' the blues.

2. The cigarettes When you're at home alone the...
blues will taunt you constantly.
When you’re out in a crowd the

blues will haunt your memory.
The nights when you don’t sleep,

the whole night you’re crying;
But you can’t forget her,

soon you even stop trying.
You’ll walk the floor.

and wear out your shoes.
When you feel your heart break,

— you’re learnin’ the blues.
My lean baby, tall and thin; Five foot seven of bones and shin. But when she tells me may-be she loves me, I feel as think she's gone. But when she calls me ba-by, I feel fine. To think she's

She's so skinny, she's so drawn; When she stands side-ways you lean ba-by, she's so slim; A broom-stick's wi-der but not as trim. And when she

My lean ba-by, she's so slim; A broom-stick's wi-der but not as trim. And when she

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Lemon Drop

Medium fast

By George Wallington

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Li'l Darlin'
By Neal Hefti

Medium slow

G\(^9\) /D D\(^b\)\(^9\) (\(#\)11) C\(^11\)

B\(^b\)\(^m\)\(^6\) Am\(^7\) Am\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^5\) A\(^b\)\(^7\) (b\(^9\)/b\(^5\))

G\(^9\) /D D\(^b\)\(^9\) (\(#\)11) C\(^11\)

C\(^7\)(b\(^9\)) F\(^13\) F\(^9\)\(^a\)u\(^g\)

B\(^b\)\(^6\) B\(^b\)\(^m\)\(^6\)

F\(^9\)

B\(^b\)\(^6\) B\(^b\)\(^m\)\(^6\) Am\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^5\) D\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^5\)

To Coda

1.

G\(^9\)

Gm\(^7\)/C C\(^9\) Am\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^5\) D\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^9\)/b\(^5\)

2.

G\(^9\) /D D\(^b\)\(^9\) (\(#\)11) C\(^11\)

C\(^7\)(b\(^9\)) F\(^6\)

Am\(^7\) D\(^7\)\(^b\)\(^9\)/b\(^5\)
G9  Gm9  C13  Am7  D7(b5)

G9  Gm9  C13  Cm9  Cm9 (b5)  B7(b5)

Bbmaj9  Bbm7  Fmaj7  Fmaj7  Bbmaj9  Bbm7  Am7(b5)  D7(b5)

D.C. al Coda

G9  Gm7/C  C9  Am7(b5)  D7(b9/b5)

CODA

G9 /D  D9(#11)  C11  C7(b9)  F6

137
Life Is Like That

Words & Music by Peter Chatman
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax

Medium tempo
(♩= 3/4)

N.C.  

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{You've got to cry a little, die a little;}} \\
\text{\textbf{Well, and sometimes you got to lie a little. Oh, life is like that;}} \\
\text{\textbf{Well that's what you've got to do.}} \\
\text{\textbf{Well, if you}} \\
\text{\textbf{don't understand, people, I'm sorry for you.}} \\
\end{array} \]

Verse 2
Sometimes you'll be held up, sometimes held down;
Well, sometimes your best friends don't even want you around. You know
Life is like that, etc.

Verse 3
There's some things you got to keep, some things you got to repeat;
People, happiness is never complete. You know
Life is like that etc.

Verse 4
Sometimes you'll be helpless, sometime you'll be restless;
Well, keep on strugglin' so long as you're not breathless.
Life is like that etc.
Fast

G:

Oh, Lime-house Kid! Oh, oh, oh, Lime-house Kid!

Going the way that the rest of them did.

Bb

D7 Gm

Poor broken blossom, and nobody's child;

C7 F7 E9

Haunting and taunting, you're just kind of wild. Oh!

Eb9

oh, Lime-house blues; got the real Lime-house blues.

C9

Can't seem to shake off those sad China blues.

Bb G7 Cm

Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown:

Cm7(b5) F7 Bb7 Bbdim Eb m6/Bb Bb

That is the story of old Chinatown.
Little David Play On Your Harp

Traditional

‘Gospel’ swing

N.C.  F  Bb7  F  Bb7  F  C7

Little David, play on your harp; Hallelu, hallelu!

F  C11  F  Bb7  C11  F  Bb7

Little David, play on your harp; hallelu!

F  N.C.  F  N.C.

Little David — Now David was a shepherd boy;

He killed Goliath and shouted for joy.

F  Bb7  F  Bb7  F  C7

Little David play on your harp; Hallelu, hallelu!

F  C11  F  Bb7  C11  F  Bb7

Little David, play on your harp; hallelu!

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Now she is a little queen of spades,
and the men will not let her be.

Hoo, she's the little queen of spades,
and the men will not let her be.

Ev'ry time she makes a spread, hoo, fair brown, cold chills just run all over me.

Verse 2
I'm gon' get me a gamblin' woman, if it's the last thing that I do. (Twice)
Well, a man don't need a woman, hoo fair brown, that he got to give all his money to.

Verse 3
Everybody say she got a mojo, now she's been using that stuff. (Twice)
But she got a way of trimmin' down, hoo fair brown, and I mean it's most too tough.

Verse 4
Now, little girl, since I am the king, baby, and you is a queen. (Twice)
Let us put our heads together, hoo fair brown, then we can make our money green.
Little Red Rooster

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

\( \frac{3}{4} \)

N.C. A7

I am a little red rooster, too lazy to crow for day-

A D7

I am a little red rooster, too lazy to crow for day-

Verse 2
The dogs begin to bark and the hounds begin to howl. (Twice)
Oh, watch out strange kin people, the little red rooster is on the prowl.

Verse 3
If you see my little red rooster, please drive him home. (Twice)
There’s been no peace in the barnyard since my little red rooster’s been gone.
Long Gone Lonesome Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Hank Williams


I went down to the river to watch the fish swim by. But I got to the river so lonesome I wanted to die.

When I find me a river, one that's cold as ice. When I find me that river, Lawd, I'm gonna pay the price.

Oh, Lawd, and then I jumped in the river but the dog-gone river was dry. Lawd, I'm goin' down in it three times but I'm only comin' up twice.

She had me a woman, she couldn't be true; She made me for my money and she made me blue. A man needs a woman that long about. Monday she was nowhere about. And here it is Tuesday, ain't he can lean on, But my leanin' post is done left and gone. She's had no news. Got them "Gone but not forgotten" blues. She's long gone and now I'm long gone.

1. I'm lonesome blues.
2. I'm lonesome blues.

G7

C
Love In Vain
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

And I followed her to the station, with a suitcase in my hand.

And I followed her to the station, with a suitcase in my hand.

Well, it's hard to tell, it's hard to tell,

when all your love's in vain, All my love's in vain.

Verse 2
When the train rolled up to the station, I looked her in the eye. (Twice)
Well, I was lonesome, I felt so lonesome, and I could not help but cry.
All my love's in vain.

Verse 3
When the train it left the station, with two lights on behind, (Twice)
Well, the blue light was my blues, and the red light was my mind.
All my love's in vain.
Love Is Blue (L’Amour Est Bleu)

Music by Andre Popp * Original Words by Pierre Cour * English Lyric by Bryan Blackburn

Medium slow

Em A7 D G Em C D G

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I’m without you.
Red, red, my eyes are red, Crying for you alone in my bed.

Em A7 D G Em C B7 Em

Grey, grey, my life is grey; Cold is my heart since you went away.
Green, green, my jealous heart; I doubted you and

[1.]

B7 Em E F#m7 E A

now we’re apart When we met, how the bright sun

E G#m G#m6 A6 B7sus4 B7 E

shone! Then love died; now the rainbow is gone.

Em A7 D G Em C D G

Black, black, the nights I’ve known; Longing for you, so lost and alone.

Em A7 D G Em C B7 Em

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I’m without you.

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Lover Man (Oh Where Can You Be)

Words & Music by Jimmy Davis, Roger Ram Ramirez & Jimmy Sherman

I don’t know why, but I’m feelin’ so sad;
The night is cold, and I’m so all alone;

I long to try something I’ve never had;
I’d give my soul just to call you my own;

Got a moon above me,

Oh, what I’ve been missin’!

Lover man, oh where can you be?

But no one to love me.

Lover man, oh where can you be?

I’ve heard it said that the thrill of romance can be like a heavenly dream.

I go to bed with a pray’r that you’ll makelove to me, Strange as it seems.

Some day we’ll meet, and you’ll dry all my tears;

Then whisper sweet little things in my ears.

Huggin’ and kissin’;

Oh, what we’ve been missin’!

Lover man, oh where can you be?
Lush Life
Words & Music by Billy Strayhorn

Slow D♭6 B7 D♭maj7 B7

I used to visit all the very gay places; those come-what-
girls I knew had sad and sul-len gray faces with distin-

D♭maj7 B7 D♭maj7 E♭m E♭maj7 F♯m7

— may places where one relaxes on the axis of the
- que traces that used to be there; you could see where they’d been

wheel of life, to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. The

1.

Abm7 D9 D♭6/9 D9 D♭maj9

washed away by too many thru-the-day twelve-o’clock tales. Then

2.

Abm7 D9 D♭6/9 D9 D♭6/9 C7aug

you came along with your siren song to tempt me to madness.

Fm Fm6 Fm7 Dm7(b5) Gm7 C7(b9)

thought for a while that your poign-ant smile was tinged with the sad-

E♭m7 A♭9 B♭9(b5) B♭7(b9) E♭m7

— of a great love for me. Ah! yes I was wrong,
A gain I was wrong, 
Life is lonely a 

again, and only last year every thing seemed so sure. Now 
life is awful again, a trough-ful of hearts could only be a bore. 

A week in Paris will ease the bite of it; all I care is to smile in spite of it. 

I'll forget you, I will, while yet you are still burning inside my 

brain. Romance is mush, stifling those who strive. I'll 

live a lush life in some small dive; and there I'll be, while I 

rot with the rest of those whose lives are lonely too.
Low Down Blues

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium tempo

1. Lord I went to the doctor, he took one look; He said, "The never knew a man could feel so bad,"

trouble with you ain't in my book. I'll tell you what it is, but it never knew livin' could be so sad. All I do is:

ain't good news. You got an awful bad case of them Low Down Blues. I got the sit and cry. Lord, I'd have to get better before I could die.

mean old miser-ies in my soul. I went to the river but the

water's too cold; I walked the floor till I wore out my shoes. Lord, they're

killin' me, I mean them Low Down Blues. 2. Lord, I Low Down Blues.

Make Me A Pallet On Your Floor

Traditional

Medium tempo

\[ F \text{ mf} \]

\begin{align*}
F & \quad C \\
\text{Make me a pallet on your floor.} & \quad \text{ Make it}
\end{align*}

\[ F \quad C \]

\begin{align*}
E^7 & \quad F \quad F^\# \text{dim} \\
\text{soft, make it low, so my good gal will never know.} & \quad \text{ Make it}
\end{align*}

\[ C/G \quad G^7 \quad C \quad F^7 \quad C \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Make me a pallet on your floor.} & \quad \text{ Make it}
\end{align*}

Verse 2
I'd be more than satisfied,
If I could reach that train and ride.
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Verse 3
Gonna give everybody my regards,
Even if I have to ride the rods.
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor.
Mad About Him, Sad Without Him,
How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues

Medium Swing

Words & Music by Larry Markes & Dick Charles

I went to bed last eve-nin', feel-in' blue as I could be.

C7       F7
I could-n't sleep last eve-nin', with what was wor-ry-in' me.

G7       F7       G7       C       F9
Oh, the tears I've wast-ed would surely fill the deep blue sea.

C         G7          C
I've got those cry-a-bout him, die-with-out him Lor-dy where am I with-out him
blues.

C7       F7
He keeps me walk-in' on the floor, and like a fool I ask for

C         G7
more.

Al-tho' I know he is-n't good, I would-n't leave him if I could, ah no!

C         C/Bb         Adim         Fm6/Ab         C/G         G7
I'm not the first on his list, I'd nev-er be missed, I
C7 F6

wish I had a dime for ev'ry gal he's kissed; I swear

F7 G7 C G7

I'd be a millionaire. And yet I wouldn't care, as

C F9 C G7

long as I could get my share. I've got those

C

mad about him sad without him how can I be glad without him blues.

C7 F7 C

He makes my dreams go up in smoke, and then he treat it like a joke.

G7

He's just an orn'ry sort o' guy, and yet I'll love him 'til I die, poor me!

1.

C C/Bb Adim Fm6/Ab C/G G7

2.

C C/Bb Adim Fm6/Ab C/G F/G C N.C.

I went to
Matchbox Blues
Words & Music by Blind Lemon Jefferson

Medium tempo

\[ \text{A7} \]
\[ \text{I'm sit-tin' here won-d'ring, will a} \]
\[ \text{match-box hold my clothes? I'm} \]
\[ \text{D7} \]
\[ \text{sit-tin' here won-d'ring, will a match-box hold my clothes?} \]
\[ \text{A7} \]
\[ \text{I got so many matches, but I} \]
\[ \text{D7} \]
\[ \text{got so far to go.} \]
Mean And Evil
Words & Music by Elmore James & Joe Josea

Medium tempo
\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{A7} \)

My ba-by’s so mean and ev-il, I don’t know what to do.

\( \text{D9} \)

My ba-by’s so mean and ev-il, I don’t know what to do.

\( \text{A7} \)

Treat me low down and dir-ty,

\( \text{D7} \)

well, I can’t get a-long with you.

Verse 2
When we lived in a small town, you was nice and neat. (Twice)
I brought you to Chicago, you do nothin’ but walk the street.

Verse 3
Well, she used to cook my breakfast and bring it to my bed.
She used to wash my face and even comb my hair.
She’s so evil I don’t know what to do.
You treat me so low and dirty,
And I can’t get along without you.
Mean Old Bed Bug Blues

Words & Music by Jack Wood

Medium slow

Gals, bed bugs—sure is evil, they don’t mean me no good.

Yeah, bed bug sure is evil, they don’t mean me no good.

Thinks he’s a woodpecker.

and I’m a chunk of wood.

Verse 2
When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a poor gal sleep, (Twice)
When some is holding my hand, others eating my feet.

Verse 3
Bed bug as big as a jackass will bite you and stand and grin. (Twice)
They’ll drink all they can, and then turn around and bite you again.

Verse 4
Something moan in the corner, I went over and see. (Twice)
it was the bed bug a-prayin’: “Lord, gimme some more cheese.”
Mean To Me

Words & Music by Roy Turk & Fred E. Ahlert

Medium tempo

D7 aug  G  Em7  Am7  D9  Bm7  Em7

1. You’re mean to me, why must you be mean to me?

C  C6  C#dim G/D  E7  Am7  D7

Gee, honey, it seems to me you love to see me

2. I stay home each night when you say you’ll phone;

Cmaj7  Am7  Dm7  G7(b9)  C6  F9  E9aug E7(b9)

coldly each day in the year. You always

Am  F9  E9aug E9  A9  Am7/D  D7 aug

scold me whenever somebody is near. Dear,

G  Em7  Am7  D9  Bm7  Em7  C  C6  C#dim

it must be great fun to be mean to me; You shouldn’t, for

G/D  Em7  Am9  D13(b9)  G  C9  G

can’t you see what you mean to me?

Mean Woman Blues

Fast

Words & Music by Claude DeMetrius

I got a woman mean as she can be...

I got a woman mean as she can be...

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me...

black cat up and died of fright, 'Cos she crossed his path last night!

kiss so hard she bruise my lips; Hurts so good, my heart just flips!

strangest gal I ever had; Never happy 'less she's mad!

4. She makes love without a smile; Ooh, hot dog, that drives me wild!

I got a woman mean as she can be...

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me...

1. 2. 3.

al-most mean as me....

2. She me...

3. The

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Million Years Blues  
(a.k.a. When My Heart Beats Like A Hammer)  

Words & Music by John Lee Williamson

Medium slow  
\( \text{\(\text{mf} \)} \text{\(\text{C} \)} \)

When my heart gets to beat-in' like a hammer, and my eyes get full of tears.  

When my heart gets to beat-in' like a hammer,  

and my eyes get full of tears.  

You only been gone twenty-four hours, but it seems like a million years.

Verse 2  
If I ever mistreat you, darlin'; God knows I never meant no harm. (Twice)  
You know I'm just a little country boy, that raised down on the farm.

Verse 3  
You give me so much trouble, I don’t know what to do. (Twice)  
I ain’t got nothing now, and it’s all on account of you.

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Meditation (Meditação)

Medium Words by Newton Mendonça ★ English Lyric by Norman Gimbel ★ Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Mediun Bossa nova

1. In _______ my lone-li-ness ______ _ When you’re gone-

2. Though________you’re far_ a-way________ I have on-

_and I’m all_by myself and I__ need your ca-ress,-

__ly to close__ my eyes_and you_ are back_to stay.__

1. _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______

2. _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______ _______

_of you hold-ing me near__ make my lone-li-ness soon__ dis-ap-pea-

-ness that miss-ing you brings__ soon is gone__ and this heart__ of mine sings

Yes,________ I love____ you so,_____

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And that for me is all I need to know.

I will wait for you, till the sun falls from out of the sky for what else can I do?

I will wait for you, meditating how sweet life will be when you come back to me.
Memphis Blues
Words & Music by W. C. Handy

Medium slow
($ \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$)

\( G^7 \)

\( B^\flat \text{dim } G^7 \)

\( C \)

\( E^7 \)

\( A^7 \)

\( D^7 \)

\( G^7 \)

\( C \)
Midnight Sun

Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Sonny Burke & Lionel Hampton

Slowly Cmaj⁹

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than the summer night; The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a snowy height; Each star its own aurora borealis; suddenly you held me tight, I could see the midnight sun... I can’t explain the silver rain that found me, or was that a moonlit veil? The music of the universe around me, or was that a nightingale? And then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly the sky turned pale,...
I could see the midnight sun.
Was there such a night, it's a thrill I still don't quite believe,
But after you were gone, there was still some stardust on my sleeve.
The flame of it may dwindle to an ember, and the stars forget to shine,
And we may see the meadow in December, icy white and crystalline.
But, oh, my darling always I'll remember, when your lips were close to mine.
And we saw the

1. Cmaj9 C6 Dm9 Gl3(b9) Cmaj9 Dbb9(11) C6/9
2. Cmaj9 C6 Dm9 Gl3(b9) Cmaj9 Dbb9(11) C6/9

midnight sun.
Your midnight sun.
Mind Your Own Business

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium fast

If the wife and I are fuss-in', brother, that's all right; 'cos

me and that sweet woman got a license to fight. Why don't you

mind your own business? Mind your own business! 'Cos if you

mind your business then you won't be minding mine.

Verse 2
Oh, the woman on the party line's a nosey thing;
She picks up the receiver when she knows it's my ring.
Chorus

Verse 3
I got a little gal that wears her hair up high;
The boys all whistle when she walks by.
Chorus

Verse 4
Well, if I want to honky tonk around till two or three,
Now brother, that's my headache, don't you worry 'bout me.
Chorus

Verse 5
Minding other people's business seems to be high-toned;
I got all that I can do just to mind my own.
Chorus

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Misty

Medium slow

Music by Erroll Garner ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree, And I feel like I'm way, And a thousand violins begin to play; Or it might be the clinging to a cloud; I can't understand, I get misty just holding your sound of your hello, That music I hear, I get misty the moment you're hand, Walk my near. You can say that you're leading me on, But it's just what I want you to do.

Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost, that's why I'm following you. On my own, would I wander through this wonderland alone, Never knowing my right foot from my left, My hat from my glove; I'm too misty and too much in love.

Moonglow
Words & Music by Will Hudson, Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills

Medium slow

F9(#11) G6

It must have been moon - glow,­ way up in the blue;
I still hear you say - ing  “Sweet - heart, hold me fast.”

Am7

It must have been moon - glow­ that led me straight to you.
And I start a - pray - ing:

G/B Bb dim Am7 Bb dim G/B G7 aug

“Oh Lord, please let this last.” We seemed to float right thro’ the

E9 A9 Am9 Eb9 D9 G9 aug

air; Heavenly songs seemed to come from ev - ry - where.

Cadd9

And now, when there’s moon - glow way up in the blue,

Am7

I al - ways re - mem - ber that moon - glow gave me you.

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Moonlight Becomes You

Medium slow

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Moonlight becomes you, it goes with your hair;—You
Moonlight becomes you, I'm thrilled at the sight;—And

certainly know the right thing to wear.

You're all dressed up to go

dreaming—now don't tell me I'm wrong. And what a night to go

dreaming! Mind if I tag a-long? If I say I

love you, I want you to know. It's not just because there's

moon-light, although Moonlight becomes you so.
More Than You Know
Words & Music by William Rose & Edward Eliscu ★ Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

More than you know, more than you know, Man o' my heart, I love you so. Lately I find you're on my mind more than you know.

Whether you're right, whether you're wrong, Man o' my heart, I'll string a-long. You need me so, more than you'll ever know.
Loving you the way that I do there’s nothing I can do about it; Loving may be all you can give, but honey I can’t live without it. Oh, how I’d cry, oh, how I’d cry if you got tired and said goodbye; More than I’d show, more than you’d ever know.
My Babe

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium fast

E7

My baby don't stand no cheat-in', my babe.

Verse 2
My babe, I know she love me, my babe. (Twice)
Oh yeah, I know she love me.
She don’t do nothin’ but kiss and hug me.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

Verse 3
My babe, she don’t stand no cheatin’, my babe. (Twice)
Oh no, she don’t stand no cheatin’.
Everything she do, she do so pleasin’.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

Verse 4
My baby don’t stand no foolin’, my babe. (Twice)
My baby don’t stand no foolin’.
When she’s hot there ain’t no coolin’.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

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My Baby Left Me

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium fast

F7

1. Yes, my baby left me, never said a word; Was it something I done, something that she heard? My baby left me, my baby left me.

C7

My baby even left me, never said a word.

F

Verse 2
Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and cry.
I hate to lose that woman, hate to say goodbye.
You know she left me; yes, she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.

Verse 3
Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won't be long,
You'll look for me, baby, and Daddy he'll be gone.
You know you left me, you know you left me.
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.

Verse 4
Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and moan.
All I know is that the one I love is gone.
My baby left me, you know she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.

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My Handy Man Ain’t Handy Any More

Music by Eubie Blake * Words by Eubie Blake & Andy Razaf

Medium tempo

Once I used to brag about my handy man, But I ain’t braggin’ no more.

Some-thin’ strange has happened to my handy man,— He’s not the man he was before. Wish some-body could explain to me About this dual personality: He don’t perform his duties like he always used to be impatient.

used to do;— He never hauls the ashes less I tell him to.— Begin;— He never used to wait to be invited in. But now he hardly gets to work he says he’s through. My

(laugh)

My
Verse 1
Handyman ain’t handy no more… Handyman ain’t handy no more…

Bridge
He’s forgotten his domestic science,

F7
And he’s lost all of his self-reliance.

Ebmaj7 F7 F#7 G7
He won’t make a single move unless he’s told.

Ab C7
He says he isn’t lazy, claims he isn’t old.

Fm7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb7
But still he sits around and lets my

Ab Eb7 Ab G7 Cm F7
stove get cold! My handyman ain’t handy no more.

Verse 2
Time after time, if I’m not right there at his heels,

He lets that poor horse in my stable miss his meals.

There’s got to be some changes, ’cos each day reveals

My handyman ain’t handy no more.

He used to turn in early and get up at dawn,

And, full of new ambitions, he would trim the lawn.

Now, when he isn’t sleeping, all he does is yawn!

My handyman ain’t handy no more.

Bridge
Once he used to have so much endurance;

Now it looks like he needs life insurance.

I used to brag about my handyman’s technique;

Around the house he was a perfect indoor sheik.

But now the spirit’s willing but the flesh is weak!

My handyman ain’t handy no more.
My Creole Belle

Words & Music by J. Bodewalte Lampe

Verse 1
My Creole belle, I love her well;
I love her more 'n anyone can tell.
My Creole belle, I love her well;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.

Verse 2
My Creole belle, I love her well;
I love her more 'n anyone can tell.
My Creole belle, I love her well;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.

Verse 3
When the stars are shining, I'll call her mine;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.
My Creole belle, I love her well;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.
Mystery Train

Medium fast

\( \text{N.C.} \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{E}^7 \)

Train I ride, is sixteen coaches long.

\( \text{B}^7 \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{E}^7 \)

Well, that long black train, take my baby and gone.

Verse 2
Mystery train, rolling down the track. (Twice)
Well, it took my baby and it won’t be coming back.

Verse 3
Train, train, rolling ’round the bend. (Twice)
Well, it took my baby, won’t be back again.

Verse 4
Train I ride, is sixteen coaches long. (Twice)
Well, that long black train take my baby and gone.
New York Town
Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

Medium tempo

I was standing down in New York town one day.

I was standing down in New York town one day.

I was standing down in New York town one day.

Verse 2
I was broke, I didn’t have a dime. (Three times)
Every good man gets a little hard luck sometime.

Verse 4
Down and out and he ain’t got a dime. (Three times)
I’m gonna ride that new mornin’ railroad train.

Verse 4
Holdin’ my last dollar in my hand. (Three times)
Looking for a woman that’s looking for a man.

Verse 5
If you don’t want me, just please leave me be. (Three times)
I can buy more lovers than the Civil War set free.
Medium slow

Nightmare
By Artie Shaw

I woke up this mornin', feelin' awful sad;

thought that you had left me, and my head was achin' bad. Oh, it was a nightmare, as plain as it could be.

Yes, it was a nightmare, but baby don't do that to me!

Lips so sweet and tender, you were mine for life;

Your didn't want my money, least that's what you said;

Now eyes they held the promise but your hand it held the knife. Oh it was a nightmare, you're in someone else's arms, I'm wishin' I was dead. Oh it was a nightmare,

as plain as it could be.

Yes, it was a nightmare, but

baby don't do that to me!

You
No More Blues (Chega De Saudade)

Original Words by Vinicius de Moraes  *  English Words by Jon Hendricks & Jessie Cavanaugh  *  Music by Antonio C. Jobim

Bossa nova

No more blues, I'm goin' back home. No, no more
No more blues, I promise no more to roam.

Home is where the heart is; The funny part is, my heart's been right there all along.
No more tears and no more
sighs; and no more fears, I'll say no more good-byes.

If travel beckons me I swear I'm gonna refuse; I'm gonna
settle down, and there'll be no more blues.

Every day while I am far away, My thoughts turn

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A7

~ff

home - ward. For ev - er home - ward.

F#m7

Fdim

Em7

E7

trav- elled 'round the world in search of hap - pi - ness. But all the hap-

pi - ness I found was in my home - town.

Dmaj7

Bm7

E7

F#7

No more blues, I'm goin' back home. No, no more

dues, I'm through with all my wan - drin'. Now I'll set - tle down and

live my life, and build a home and find a wife. When

we set - tle down, there'll be no more blues; Noth-in' but hap - pi - ness. When

we set - tle down, there'll be no more blues.
No Matter How She Done It
Words & Music by Hudson Whittaker

Medium tempo

I know a gal by the name of Mae-Lou. She shook it so much she had the German flu. No matter how she done it,

No matter how she done it, She done it just the same.

Verse 2
The women don’t like her, they call her Ida Mae, But the way the men love her is a cryin’ shame.
No matter how she done it, etc.

Verse 3
She shakes all over when she walks. She made a blind man see, and a dumb man talk.
No matter how she done it, etc.

Verse 4
The copper brought her in, she didn’t need no bail. She shook it for the judge, and put the cop in jail.
No matter how she done it, etc.
No More Lovers
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo
{(n=J,I)}

We won't be no more lovers, we gon' be old friends.

We won't be no more lovers, we gonna be old friends.

You can help me find a woman, I'll help you out with your man.

Verse 2
I was in love with you baby, you was in love with someone else. (Twice)
You know darn well that I loved you, and wanted you for myself.

Verse 3
I even tried to love you when I knew you was untrue. (Twice)
You went away and left me, I'll find someone who is true.
No Smoking
By Duke Ellington

Slow

\[ C_{maj}^9 \quad C^6 \quad A^7 \quad Dm^7 \quad Fm^6 \]

No smoking—let these dying embers remain; 'Cos

\[ C_{maj}^7/E \quad Eb_{dim} \quad Dm^7 \quad Db^9 \quad C_{maj}^7 \quad Dm^9 \quad G^13 \]

where we're concerned I may get burned again.

\[ C_{maj}^9 \quad C^6 \quad A^9 \quad Em \quad A^9 \quad Em^7 \]

No smoking—for me; I know the

\[ Am^7 \quad D^7 \quad Am^7 \quad D^7 \quad Dm^7 \quad G^9 \quad Dm^7 \quad G^7 \]

glow from this cigarette is the torch that I'm carrying yet.

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Remember where there's smoke there's always fire.

And my love lit the flame, but not your desire.

No smoking, let the ashes fall where they may; They're like burned out dreams, like smoke that is blown away. No joking;

No smoking for me.
Nobody Knows You When You’re Down And Out

Words & Music by Jimmie Cox

Medium slow

Once I lived the life of a millionaire; Spending my money, I didn’t care. I took all my friends out for a good time, Buy-in’ high price liquor, champagne and wine. When I began to fall so low, I didn’t have a friend and no place to go. If I ever get hold of a dollar again, Gonna hold on to it till the eagle grins.

No - bo - dy knows you when you're down and out.

In your pock - et not one pen - ny; And your friends, you

have-n't a - ny. But if you ev - er get on your feet a - gain,

Then you'll find your long lost friends. It's migh - ty strange.

with - out a doubt; No - bo - dy knows you when you're
down and out. I mean when you're down and out.
Nobody Knows The Trouble I’ve Seen

Traditional

No-body knows the trouble I’ve seen,
No-body knows but Jesus;

No-body knows the troubles I’ve seen,
Glory Hallelujah! Sometimes I’m up, sometimes I’m down;
Oh, yes, Lord! Sometimes I’m almost to the ground,
Oh, yes, Lord!

No-body knows the trouble I’ve seen,
No-body knows but Jesus;

No-body knows the troubles I’ve seen,
Glory Hallelujah!

One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)
Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Harold Arlen

Medium slow
(Medium slow)

\[ \text{It's quarter to three, there's no one in the place except you and me.} \]

\[ \text{So set 'em up, Joe; I've got a little story you ought-a know.} \]

\[ \text{We're drinking, my friend, to the end of a brief episode.} \]

\[ \text{So make it one for my baby, and one more for the road.} \]

\[ \text{I got the routine, so drop another nickel.} \]
in the machine. I'm feeling so bad,

wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad. Could tell you a lot,

but you've got to be true to your code. So make it

one for my baby, and one more for the road. You'd

never know it, but buddy I'm a kind of poet and I've gotta lot-ta things to say.

And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me un-
- till it's all talked a-way. Well, that's how it goes: and,

Joe, I know you're get-ting an-xious to close. So

thanks for the cheer; I hope you didn't mind my bend-ing your ear. This

torch that I've found must be drown-ed or it soon might ex-plode.

So make it one for my ba-by, and one more for the road;

That long, long road.
Ol’ Man River
Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Slow

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Edim} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb9} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb9} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab6} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab7} \quad \text{Eb/G} \quad \text{Gb}^{\text{dim}7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb9} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab6} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Am7(b5)} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{D7(b9)} \]

Ol’ man river, dat ol’ man river, he must know sump-in’, but
don’t say noth-in’; He jus’ keeps roll-in’, he keeps on roll-in’ a-
long. He don’t plant ‘ta-ters, he don’t plant cot-ton, an’
dem dat plants ‘em is soon forgot-ten; But ol’ man river, he
jus’ keeps roll-in’ a-long.

You an’ me, we
sweat an' strain, body all ach-in' an' racked wid pain.

‘Tote dat barge! Lift dat bale!’ Git a little drunk an' you land in jail. Ah gits wea-ry an' sick of try-in', Ah'm tired of liv-in' an'

skeered of dy-in'. But ol' man river, he jus' keeps roll-in' a-

long.

long.
One More River

Traditional

Medium tempo

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Old Noah once he built the Ark,} & \quad \text{There's one more river to cross;} \\
\text{patched it up with hick-ry bark.} & \quad \text{And}
\end{align*}\]

Chorus

\[\begin{align*}
\text{One more river,} & \quad \text{and that's the river of Jordan;} \\
\text{One more river,} & \quad \text{There's one more river to cross.}
\end{align*}\]

The animals went in one by one...

The animals went in seven by seven...

The elephant chewing a caraway bun...

Said the ant to the elephant, "Who are you shovin'?"

The animals went in two by two...

The animals went in eight by eight...

The rhinoceros and the kangaroo...

They came with a rush 'cos it was late...

The animals went in three by three...

The animals went in nine by nine...

The bear, the flea and the bumble bee...

Old Noah shouted, "Cut that line!"

The animals went in four by four...

The animals went in ten by ten...

Old Noah got mad and hollered for more...

The Ark she blew her whistle then...

The animals went in five by five...

The animals went in ten by ten...

Leapin' and dancin' and doin' the jive...

And then the voyage did begin...

The animals went in six by six...

The animals never knew where they were at...

The hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks...

Till the old Ark bumped on Ararat...

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Please Warm My Wiener
Words & Music by Bo Chatmon

Medium tempo

I got some-thin’ to tell you, ba-by, don’t get mad this time;

If you want my wi-ner, you gim-me, he’s all up in my mind. Ba-by,

please warm my wiener; ba-by, please warm my wiener. Won’t you

just warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 2
Now listen here, sweet baby, I ain’t no lyin’ man;
If you warm my wiener one time you’ll want to warm him again.
Baby, please warm my wiener; oh, warm my wiener.
Won’t you just warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 3
Says some say to take hot water, baby can’t you see;
But your heat, baby, is plenty warm enough for me.
Baby, please warm my wiener; please warm my wiener.
Won’t you just warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 4
Now listen here, sweet baby, you know that time is growing old;
I don’t want you to warm half of my wiener, I want you to warm him all.
Baby, please warm my wiener; baby, please warm my wiener.
Won’t you warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.
Pickpocket Blues

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

My best man, my best friend, told me to stop peddlin' gin.

They even told me to keep my hands out people's pocket where their money was in.

But I wouldn't listen or have any shame, 'long as someone else would take the blame.

Now I can see it all come home to me. I'm
sit-tin' in the jail-house now.
I mean, I'm in the jail-house now.
I done stop runnin' a-round with
this one and these good-look-in' browns.
Any-time you see me I was
good-time bound, with this one, that one, most all in town.

I'm in the jail-house now, I'm sit-tin' in the jail-house now.
If you hear a song in blue, like a flower crying
for the dew, that was my heart serenading you;
My prelude to a kiss.

My prelude to a kiss.
If you hear a song that grows from my tender sentimental woes,
That was my heart trying to compose My prelude to a kiss.
Tho' it's just a simple melody, With nothing fancy,

no-nothing much, You could turn it to a symphony; A

Schubert tune—with a Gershwin touch. Oh! How my love song gently cries. For the tenderness within your eyes! My

love is a prelude that never dies: A prelude to a kiss.
Police Dog Blues
Words & Music by Arthur Phelps

Medium tempo

Verse 1
All my life I've been a trav-lin' man.

Stay-in' a lone and do-in' the best I can.

Verse 2
I shipped my trunk down to Tennessee. (Twice)
Hard to tell about a man like me.

Verse 3
I met a gal, I couldn't get her off my mind. (Twice)
She passed me up, said she didn't like my kind.

Verse 4
I'm scared to bother around her house at night. (Twice)
She got a police dog cravin' for a fight.

Verse 5
His name is Rambler, when he gets a chance, (Twice)
He leaves his mark on everybody's pants.

Verse 6
Guess I'll travel, I guess I'll let her be. (Twice)
Before she sticks her police dog on me.
Ramblin' On My Mind
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

I got ram-blin', I got ram-blin' on my mind.

Verse 2
I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind. (Twice)
Hate to leave you here, babe, but you treat me so unkind.

Verse 3
Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see. (Twice)
I got the blues about Miss So-and-so, and the child's got the blues about me.

Verse 4
I'm leaving this morning with my arms fold up and cryin'. (Twice)
I hate to leave my baby, but she treats me so unkind.

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Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)

English Words by Gene Lees ★ Music & Original Words by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Quiet nights of quiet stars, quiet chords from my guitar

Floating on the silence that surrounds us.

Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams, quiet walks by quiet streams,

And a window looking on the mountains and the sea. How lovely!
This is where I want to be; here, with you so close to me, until...

...the final flicker of life's ember.

I, who was lost and lonely, believing life was only...

A bitter tragic joke, have found with you...

The meaning of existence, oh my love.
Recado Bossa Nova (The Gift)

Words & Music by Djalma Ferreira & Luiz Antonio

Bossa nova

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Richlands Woman Blues

Words & Music by Mississippi John Hurt

Medium tempo

N.C.  F  C

\(\text{Gimme red lipstick and a bright purple rouge.}\)

G  C

\(\text{a shingle-bob haircut and a shot of good booze.}\)

F  C

\(\text{Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn.}\)

G  C

\(\text{If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.}\)

Verse 2
Come along young man, everything settin' right;
My husbands goin' away till next Saturday night.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.
Verse 3
Now I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet,
My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 4
The red rooster said, "Cockle-doodle-do-do."
The Richlands' woman said, "Any dude will do."
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 5
With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet,
Turkey red bloomers, with a rumble seat.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 6
Every Sunday mornin', church people watch me go,
My wings sprouted out, and the preacher told me so.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 7
Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low;
Don't think I'm a sport, keep on watchin' me go.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.
Robertta
Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
Arranged & Adapted by John A. Lomax & Alan Lomax

Medium tempo

Run here, Robertta, sit down on my knee.

Run here, Robertta, sit down on my knee.

Got something to tell you, and that's been worrying me.

Verse 2
I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground. (Twice)
I'm gonna stay right here, Lord, till Roberta comes down.

Verse 3
Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long? (Twice)
I'm gonna wait for you baby, I've gotta see you since you been gone.

Verse 4
Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see. (Twice)
Lord, I thought I'd find my old time used to be.

Verse 5
She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair. (Twice)
And I can't subscribe her, anymore, anywhere.

Verse 6
I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police. (Twice)
Roberta done quit me, I can't see no peace.
Rockin' Chair
Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Medium slow

Old rock-in' chair's got me, cane by my side;

Fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide.

Can't get from this cabin, goin' nowhere;

Just sit me here grabbin' at the flies 'round this rock-in' chair.

My dear old Aunt Harriet, in heaven she be;

send me sweet chariot for the end of these trouble I see.

Old rock-in' chair gits it, judgment day is here.

chained to my rock-in' chair.
San Francisco Bay Blues

Medium fast

N.C. \( \text{C} \) \( \text{F} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

I got the blues for my ba-by, left me by the San Francisco bay;

O-cean liner took her so far a-way.

Did-n’t mean to treat her so bad, she was the best gal I ev-er had;

Said good-bye, made me cry.

I wan-na lay down and die... I ain’t got a nick-el and I ain’t got a lous-y dime;

If she ev-er comes back, I...
Verse 1
I think I'm gonna lose my mind.
If she ever comes back to stay,
It'll be another brand new day.
Walk-in' with my baby down by the San Francisco bay.

Verse 2
Sitting down by my back door, wondering which way to go;
Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no more.
Think I'll take me a freight train, 'cos I'm feeling blue;
Ride all the way till the end of the line, thinking only of you.

Verse 3
Meanwhile, in another city, just about to go insane,
Sound like I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name.
If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.
Salty Dog

Medium fast

Chorus

\[ \text{Why don't you let me be your salty dog?} \quad \text{Don't want to be your man at all.} \]

\[ \text{Salty dog, mama's little salty dog.} \quad \text{Just like huntin' for a needle in a bale of sand,} \]

\[ \text{Tryin' to find a woman hasn't got no man.} \quad \text{Salty dog, you salty dog.} \quad \text{Why don't you let me be your salty dog?} \quad \text{Don't want to be your man at all.} \]

Verse 2

Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water.
Come on back here, man, and give me my quarter.
Salty dog, you salty dog.

Chorus

Verse 3

God made the women and he made her mighty funny.
Kiss 'em on the mouth, just as sweet as any honey.
Salty dog, you salty dog.

Chorus
Medium slow

I'm so un-hap-py, I feel so blue; I al-ways feel so sad. I made a mis-take right from the start, Tho' it seems so hard to part._ A-bout this let-ter that I will write, I hope he will re-mem-ber rit.

when he re-ceives it. See see ri-der, see what you have done.

Lawd, Lawd, Lawd. Made me love you, now your own girl come.

You made me love you, now your real girl come.

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When I hear that serenade in blue, I'm somewhere in another world—a

lone with you, Sharing all the joys we used to know Many moons ago.

Once again your face comes back to me,

Just like the theme of some forgotten melody

In the album of my memory; Serenade in blue. It
It seems like only yesterday, A small café, a crowded floor, And

as we danced the night away, I heard you say "Forever more." And

then the song became a sigh, Forever more became goodbye, But

you remained in my heart. So tell me, darling, is there still a spark;

Or only lonely ashes of the flame we knew?

Should I go on whistling, in the dark, Se-reenade in blue?
Now everybody's cryin' about the seventh son... In the whole round world there is only one... I'm the one,

Yeah, I'm the one.

Now I can tell your future, before it comes to pass.
I can do things for you, make your heart feel glad.
I can look in the skies, and predict the rain.
I can tell when a woman's got another man.
I'm the one, etc.

Verse 3
I can hold you close and squeeze you tight.
I can make you grab for me, both day and night.
I can heal the sick, I can raise the dead.
I can make you, little girl, talk out of your head.
I'm the one, etc.

Verse 4
I can talk these words, and sound so sweet,
And make your lovin' heart even skip a beat.
I can take you, baby, hold you in my arms,
And make the flesh quiver lovely forms.
I'm the one, etc.
Medium tempo

**Seventh Son**

(Version 2)

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

1. Ev'rybody's talkin' bout the seventh son. In the whole wide world there's only one. I'm the one; Yes, I'm the one.

2. I can tell your future, it will come to pass; I can do things for you, make your heart tell glad; Look in the sky, predict the rain; I can tell when a woman's got another man. I'm the one; Yes, I'm the one.

3. I can talk these words that will sound so sweet They will even make your little heart skip a beat; I can heal the sick and raise the dead; I can make little girls talk out their head.

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Shake That Thing
Traditional

Medium fast

Now, the old folks like it, and the young folks too. The old folks tell the young folks how to do. You gonna shake that thing, aw, shake that thing. I'm getting sick and tired of tell-in' you to shake that thing.

Verse 2
Now, it ain't no Johnson, ain't no chicken wings. All you do is to shake that thing. Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing? I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.

Verse 3
I was walking downtown and stumbled and fell. My mouth jumped open like a front wheel well. Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing? I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.
Shake Your Money Maker

Words & Music by Elmore James

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Verse 1
Well, I got a gal, she lives up on the hill.

Chorus
You've got to shake your money-maker, shake your money-maker,

Verse 2
Love you, baby, tell you the reason why. (Twice)
Every time you leave me, I want to lay down and die.

Chorus

Verse 3
I got a baby, she lives up on the hill. (Twice)
Says she gonna love me, but I don't think she will.

Chorus

Verse 4
I got a gal and she just won't be true. (Twice)
She got to the place, won't do a thing I tell her to.

Chorus
She Ain't Nothing But Trouble
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo
(D=J ~)

I don't want my baby, Lord, fool-in' around on me.

Verse 2
Darlin', you ain't nothin' in the world but trouble; I love you just the same. (Twice)
I don't want my baby talkin' to another man.

Verse 3
Take me, darlin', hold me in your arms.
Love me, baby, love me all night long.
You ain't nothin' in the world but trouble, wherever she may be.

Verse 4
Now when the sun starts risin', Lord, I'm wringin' my hands and cryin'. (Twice)
I love you, baby, I just can't get you off my mind.
Singing The Blues
Words & Music by Melvin Endsley

Medium tempo

Well I nev - er felt more like sing - ing the blues _ 'cos never felt more like cry - in' all night _ 'cos

F

C7

Bb

I nev - er thought _ that I'd ev - er lose _ your love, dear,
ev - ry - thing's wrong _ and no - thing ain't right _ with - out you.

F

Bb

C7

why do you do me this way? Well, I

F

Bb

F

C7

You got me sing - ing the way?

F

F7

Bb

F

blues The moon and stars no long - er shine, The
dream is gone I thought was mine. There's nothing left for

me to do but cry over you. Well, I

never felt more like running away but why should I go 'cos

I couldn't stay without you, You got me singing the

blues. Well, I blues.
Silver City Bound

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax

Chorus

Silver City bound, I'm Silver City bound,

Well, I tell my baby I'm Silver City bound.

Hey, blind Lemon gonna ride on down.

Verse

Catch me by the hand, aw, baby.

Blind Lemon was a blind man.

Blind Lemon was a blind man.

Verse 2

Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,
Blind Lemon was a blind man. He'd holler: (Twice)
Chorus

Verse 3

Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,
And lead me all throughout the land. (Twice)
Chorus
Slow

They asked me how I knew my true love was true. I, of course, replied, "Something here inside cannot be denied."

They said some-day you'll find all who love are blind. When your heart's on fire, you must realize smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed to think they could doubt my love.

Yet to-day my love has flown away. I am without my love.

Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide. So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."

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Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Otto Harbach

I knew I'd miss your smile, And miss your kisses for a while, But never knew that I'd be oh, so blue.

Both sleeping And waking, My poor heart is aching; You know dear, It's breaking for you.

I'll be in heaven when I hold you in my arms again, But, until then, I'll just be oh, so blue.
Solitude

Words by Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills ★ Music by Duke Ellington

Medium slow

In my solitude you haunt me with solitude you taunt me with reveries of days gone by. Memories that never die.

I sit in my chair, I'm filled with despair; there's no one could be so sad. With gloom everywhere, I sit and I stare; I know that I'll soon go mad. In my solitude I'm praying; dear Lord above, send back my love.

Someday
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

(S跨界尾=%)

Some-day, ba-by, some, some-old lone-some
day,

You know I won't be wor-ried and
treated this-a way.

Verse 2
When I go in my room, I fall down on my knees and pray, (Twice)
That I have someone to love me, and I wish that you were there.

Verse 3
I have found somebody, some woman that really cares for me. (Twice)
I mean I found a woman who wants to be my honey bee.
Someone To Watch Over Me

Music & Lyrics by George Gershwin & Ira Gershwin

Slow

\[ C_m p \, C^7 \, F \, Fdim \, C/E \, E_b dim \]

\[ G^7/D \, C^# dim \, Dm \, A^7/E \, Dm/F \, F\#m^7(b5) \, F/G \]

1.

\[ C \, E^7 aug \, Fmaj^7 \, G^7 \]

2.

\[ C \, C^7 \, F \, G^11 \, C \, C^7 \, F \]

\[ Fm \, C/E \, B^7/D^# \, E/D \]

\[ A^7/C^# \, A^9 \, D^9 \, G^7 \, C \, C^7 \]

\[ F \, Fdim \]

\[ C/E \, E_b dim \, G^7/D \, C^# dim \, Dm \, A^7/E \, Dm/F \, F\#m^7(b5) \, F/G \, G^7 \]

1.

\[ C \, C^7 \, F \, G^11 \, C \]

2.

\[ C \, C^7 \, F \, Fm^6 \, C \]

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Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child

Traditional

Slowly

Em

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a

Em

motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, A

C9 Em Am6 Em C9 B7sus4 B7 Em

long way from home; A long way from home.

Am6 Em C9 Em

True believer, I’m a motherless child A long way from

Am6 Em rit. C9 B7sus4 B7 Em

home; A long way from home.
Sorrowful Blues
Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

\[ \text{(Medium tempo)} \]

\[ \text{If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no}\]

\[ \text{If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no}\]

\[ \text{It's a mark in my family and it}\]

\[ \text{must be car-ry-in' on.}\]

Verse 2
I got nineteen men and I won't want no mo'. (Twice)
If I had one more, I'd let that nineteen go.

Verse 3
It's hard to love another woman's man. (Twice)
Can't catch him when you want him, you got to catch him when you can.

Verse 4
Have you ever seen a preacher throw a sweet potato pie? (Twice)
Just step in my backyard and taste a piece of mine.
It could be a spoonful of diamonds, just a little spoon of your precious love, satisfy my soul.

Men lie a little, some of 'em dies a little. Everyone fight about a spoonful; that spoon, that spoon, that spoonful.

Verse 2
It could be a spoonful of coffee, it could be a spoonful of tea; But a little spoon of your precious love is good enough for me.

Men lies about that spoonful, Some of them dies about that spoonful, But everybody fight about that spoonful; That spoon, that spoon, that spoonful.

Verse 3
It could be a spoonful of water, saved from the desert sand; But one spoon of luck from my little forty five save me from another man.
Sporting Life Blues

Traditional

Medium slow

N.C.

G

G9

I'm gettin' tired of hangin' 'round, Get a job and settle down.

C7

Cm

G

E7

This old night life, this old sportin' life, is killing me.

Verse 2
I got a letter from my home;
Most of my friends are dead and gone.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 2
There ain't but one thing that I've done wrong;
Lived this sportin' life too long.
This old night life, this sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 3
I've been a liar, and a cheater too;
Spent all of my money and my booze on you.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 4
I'm getting tired of running around;
I think I'll marry and settle down.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.
Squeeze Me
Words & Music by Clarence Williams & Thomas 'Fats' Waller

Medium slow

(D = \( \text{mf} \))

\( \text{G}^7 \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F}^6 \)

Ba - by you’ve been dog - gone sweet to me, Ba - by

\( \text{G}^7 \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F}^6 \) \( \text{F}_{\text{dim}} \) \( \text{F}^7 \) \( \text{B}^b \) \( \text{A}^7 \) \( \text{Bm}^7 \) \( \text{C}_{\text{dim}} \) \( \text{A}^7/\text{C}^# \)

you’re the on - ly one I see. You know I need but you, ‘cos

\( \text{Dm} \) \( \text{B}_{\text{dim}} \) \( \text{C} \) \( \text{G}^7 \) \( \text{Gm}^7 \) \( \text{C}^7 \)

you’re my gal; You love me like no one can. Some - thing

\( \text{Dm}^7 \) \( \text{G}^7 \) \( \text{C} \) \( \text{Gm/Bb} \) \( \text{A}^7 \) \( / \) \( \text{Dm}^7 \) \( \text{G}^7 \)

‘bout you I can’t re - sist, When you kiss me, mom - ma, I stay kissed.

\( \text{C} \) \( \text{C}_{\text{dim}} \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{E}^b \) \( \text{D}^7 \) \( \text{G}^7 \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F}^6 \) \( \text{E}^b_{\text{maj}7} \) \( \text{D}^7 \)

— Oh, ba - by, squeeze me and squeeze me a - gain;— Oh, hon - ey.
don't stop, till I tell you when._ Now, ba- by, squeeze me and kiss me some

more_, Just like you did be - fore. Your ba- by

cu - pid is stand - ing close by,oh, mom - ma don't let your sweet ba - by

cry. Just pick me up_ on your knee, I

feel so good - y good - y when_ you kiss me._ Oh, mom - ma, you kiss me._
St. James Infirmary
Words & Music by Joe Primrose

Slow

\[ \begin{align*}
&Dm &A7 &Dm &Bb \\
&I went down to St. James' Infirmary, To see my baby there. \\
&A7 &A7 &Dm &A7 &Dm &A7 &Dm
&\text{She was lyin' on a long wooden table, So} \\
&Bb9 &A7 &Dm &A7 &Dm &A7 &Dm &A7
&\text{cold, so still, so bare. Good luck, God speed and bless her, Where} \\
&Gm7 &C7 &F &A7 &Dm &A7
&\text{ever she may be. She could search this whole wide world} \\
&Dm &Bb9 &A7 &Aug &A7 &Dm
&\text{over, She'd never find a better man than me.}
\end{align*} \]

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Medium tempo

I hate to see the ev'rin' sun go down,

Hate to see the ev'rin' sun go down;

'Cos my baby he done left this town.

Feel-in' to-mor-row like I feel to-day;

Feel to-mor-row like I feel to-day.

I'll pack my trunk make my get-a-way.

St. Lou-is
woman, with her diamond rings, Pulls that man 'round, by her apron strings, 'Twant for powder, and for store-bought hair, The man I love, would not gone nowhere, nowhere. Got the St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be. That man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea, Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(See over for block lyrics)
Verse 2
Been to the Gypsy to get my fortune told;
To the Gypsy, to get my fortune told.
'Cos I'm most wild about my jelly roll.

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

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by myself;
Gone to Cairo, find my old friend Jeff.
Goin' to pin myself close to his side;
If I flag his train, I sure can ride.

I love that man like a schoolboy loves his pie;
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his mint and rye.
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

Verse 3
You ought to see that stovepipe brown of mine;
Like he owns the diamond Joseph line.
He'd make a cross-eyed old man go stone blind.

Blacker than midnight, teeth like flags of truce;
Blackest man in the whole St. Louis.
Blacker the berry, sweeter is the juice.

About a crap game, he knows a powerful lot;
But when work time comes, he's on the dot.
Goin' to ask him for a cold ten spot;
What it takes to get it, he's certainly got.

A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track;
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.
But a red-headed woman makes a preacher ball the jack.
Stars Fell On Alabama

Words by Mitchell Parish ★ Music by Frank Perkins

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white,
I can't forget the glamour, your eyes held a tender light,
And stars fell on Alabama last night.

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly,
A fairy-land where no one else could enter, and in the centre just you and me, dear.

My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight,
And stars fell on Alabama last night.
Stella By Starlight

Music by Victor Young ★ Words by Ned Washington

Medium slow

The song a robin sings

Through years of endless Springs;

The murmur of a brook at eventide

That ripples by a nook where two lovers hide;

A great symphonic theme:

That’s Stella by starlight, and not a dream.

My heart and I agree,

She’s everything on earth to me.
Have you heard these blues that I'm goin' to sing to you? When you hear them they will thrill you thro' and thro'. They're the sweet-est blues you ever heard; Now listen and don't say a word. Sugar blues,

Ev'-ry-body's sing-ing the su-gar blues; The whole town is ring-ing.
Lovin' man's sweet as he can be,_ But the dog-gone fool turned_
love my coffee, I love my tea,_ But the dog-gone cream turned_

so - ur on me._} I'm so un - hap - py, I feel so bad._ I could
lay me down and die._ You can say what you choose,_ But I'm

all con - fused; I've got the sweet, sweet su - gar blues, more su - gar; I've

got the sweet, sweet su - gar blues. I've got the blues.
Summertime Blues
Words & Music by Eddie Cochran & Jerry Capehart

Medium rock

E A B E A B E

I'm a-gon-na raise a fuss, I'm a-gon-na raise a hol-ler,
(Verses 2, 3 see block lyric)

B E

A-bout a-work-in' all sum-mer just to try to earn a dol-lar.

A B E A

Ev'ry time I call my ba-by to try to get a date, My

E N.C.

boss says "No dice, son, you got-ta work late". Some-times I won-der what

E N.C.

I'm a-gon-na do, But there ain't no cure for the Sum-mer-time blues.

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Verse 2
A-well my 'n' Poppa told me "Son, you gotta make some money, If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday."
Well, I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick.
"Now you can't use the car 'cos you didn't work a lick."
Sometimes I wonder, etc.

Verse 3
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation.
Gonna take my problem to the United Nations.
Well, I called my Congressman, and he said "Nope,
I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote."
Sometimes I wonder, etc.
Sunny
Words & Music by Bobby Hebb

Medium tempo

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{Bb\textnormal{maj7}} \quad \text{Em}\textsuperscript{(b5)} \quad \text{A7}\textsuperscript{(b9)} \text{N.C.} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{(Instrumental)} \]

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{A7\textnormal{sus4}} \quad \text{A7} \]

1. Sunny, yesterday my life was filled with rain;
2. Sunny, thank you for the sunshine bouquet;

Sunny, you smiled at me and really eased the pain; Oh, the
Sunny, thank you for the love you’ve brought my way.

dark days are done, the bright days are here; My sunny one shines
You gave to me your all and all; Now I feel

so sincere, Sunny one so true, I love you.

ten feet tall, Sunny one so true, I love you.
thank you for the truth you've let me see;
thank you for that smile upon your face;

thank you for the facts from A to Z,
Thank you for that gleam that flows with grace.

life was torn like wind blown sand,
You're my spark of nature's fire;

we held hands...

Sun-ny one so true, I love you.

Bb maj7  Em7(b5)  A7(#9) N.C.  Dm

3. Sun-ny,
4. Sun-ny,

F7  Bb maj7  A7 sus4  A7  Dm

Bb maj7  A7 sus4  A7

F7  Bb maj7

Dm

You're my spark of nature's fire;

You're my sweet complete desire.

Sun-ny one so true, I love you.
Swingin' Shepherd Blues

Medium tempo

Words by Rhoda Roberts & Kenny Jacobson ★ Music by Moe Koffman

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Take These Chains From My Heart

Words & Music by Fred Rose & Hy Heath

Medium tempo

Take these chains from my heart and set me free; You've grown

heart just a word of sympathy; Be as

cold and no longer care for me. All my faith in you is

fair to my heart as you can be. Then, if you no longer

gone, But the heartaches linger on. Take these chains from my heart and set me

care for the love that's beating there, Take these chains from my heart and set me

free. Take these tears from my eyes and let me see. Just a

free. Take these chains from my heart and set me free; You've grown

spark of the love that used to be. If you love some-body

cold and no longer care for me. All my faith in you is

new, Let me find a new love too. Take these chains from my

gone, But the heartaches linger on. Take these chains from my

heart and set me free. Give my free.
Tenor Madness

Medium swing

\( \text{(J} = \frac{3}{4}) \)

By Sonny Rollins

\[
\begin{align*}
&Bb7 & & E_b7 & & Bb7 \\
&\text{mf} & & E_b7 & & Edim \\
&\text{E}_b7 & & G7(#9) & & Cm \\
&\text{F}7 & & Bb7 & & G7(#9) & & C7 & & F7(#9) \\
&\text{Bb7} & & E_b7 & & Bb7 \\
&\text{E}_b7 & & Edim \\
&\text{Bb7} & & G7(#9) & & Cm \\
&\text{F}7 & & Bb7 & & G7(#9) & & C7 & & F7(#9) \\
&\text{Bb7} & & E_b7 & & Bb7 \\
&\end{align*}
\]
Texas Blues
Words & Music by Lowell Fulson

Medium tempo

I'm Texas bound, freight train on my mind.

I'm Texas bound, I got a freight train on my mind.
If you miss me on the local look for me on the blind.

Verse 2
My suitcase is packed, my trunk's already on. (Twice)
You know by that, this sweet papa's going to be gone.

Verse 3
Just look around the corner, see that passenger train. (Twice)
Be a long, long time before you see my face again.

Verse 4
It takes a good ol' fireman, a cool kind of engineer, (Twice)
That'll pull that train, take me away from here.

Verse 5
I'm Texas bound, got no time to lose. (Twice)
'Cos my sweet mama quit me, left me with the Texas blues.
That Ole Devil Called Love

Medium slow

Words & Music by Doris Fisher & Allan Roberts

Fm7    Emaj7  Fm7  Eb6

Some-one’s whis-p’rin’ in my ear, I say no, no, go a-way but he don’t hear—

Dm7  G7(b5)  Ab  G7  Cm7  Cm6

He fol-lows me a-round, builds me up, tears me down—

Cm9  F13  Fm7  Bb7(b5)  Fm7  C7(b5)

try my best to shake him but he just hangs a-round. It’s that ole dev-il called

Fm7 / Bb7  Bb7aug  Ebmaj7  D7aug  Ab9(#11)  Gm7  C9

love a-gain; Get’s be-hind me and keeps giv-ing me that shove a-gain. Put-ting

Cm7  F9  B7(b5)  Bb13  Abdim  Eb6/G  F#dim  Fm7 / Bb7(b5)  Bb7

rain—in my eyes, Tears—in my dreams, and rocks—in my heart. It’s that

Cm7  F9  B7(b5)  Bb13  Abdim  Eb6/G  F#dim  Fm7 / Bb7(b5)  Bb7

sly son-of-a-gun a-gain, He keeps tell-ing me that I’m the luck-y

Gm7  C9  Cm7  F9  B7(b5)  Bb13

one a-gain. But I still have the rain, Still have those tears and those

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rocks in my heart....

Suppose I didn’t stay,...

ran away, wouldn’t play, that devil what a potion he would brew.

He’d follow me around, build me up, tear me down, ’til

I’d be so bewildered, I wouldn’t know what to do. Might as well give up the

fight again. I know darn well he’ll convince me that he’s right again, When he

sings that siren song, I just gotta tag along with that

ole devil called love. It’s that love.
That's Why I'm Lonesome
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium fast

Well, I've got no one to love me, guess I'm all alone,

That's why I'm worried, darling, and I'm all alone. You know I'm worried, yes, I'm lonesome. You know I'm lonesome baby, in this world for you.

Verse 2
Sometimes I'm on the wonder, wonder to myself;
You know I love you, baby, and you love somebody else.
But I am wondering, yes, I'm wondering;
You know I'm wondering, baby, in this world for you.

Verse 3
I ain't got nobody, I'm here all alone;
The one I love, she really don't stay at home.
That's why I'm lonesome, yes, I'm lonesome;
You know I'm lonesome, baby, in this world for you.

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The Birth Of The Blues

Medium slow

Words & Music by Ray Henderson, Lew Brown & Buddy DeSylva

They heard the breeze in the trees—singing weird melodies,—

And they made that—the start of the blues—

And from a jail came the wail of a down heart-ed frail,—And they

played that—as part of the blues—from a whip-poor-

will out on a hill,—they took a new note;—Pushed it thro’ a

horn till it was worn—into a blue note.—And then they

nursed it, rehearsed—it, and gave out the news—That the

South-land gave birth to the blues—
The Breeze (That's Bringing My Honey Back To Me)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Tony Sacco, Dick Smith & Al Lewis

Day after day, I'm waiting patiently; And,
I always keep my window open wide;

when the salty wind is blowin' from the sea,
like to let the friendly breeze come right inside.

I pretend that it's the breeze that's fillin' the sail that's movin' the ship that's
And pretend that it's the breeze that's fillin' the sail that's movin' the ship that's

bring-in' my honey back to me.
bring-in' my honey back to

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wind keep blowin' stronger, 'Cause I must have that gal of mine.

Ev'ry day seems so much longer, Don't forget it's daylight-saving time.

Ev'ry breath of air that lingers on my cheeks Seems to whisper it's the breeze that's

fill-in' the sail that's movin' the ship that's bringin' my honey back to me.
The Blues Never Die

Words & Music by Otis Spann

Medium slow

\[ G7 \]
\[ C7 \]
\[ G \]

Ev'ry-body won'drin' where the blues come from.

\[ G7 \]
\[ C7 \]

Ev'ry-body won'drin' where did the blues come from.

\[ G7 \]
\[ D7 \]

Way back in the low lands,

\[ C7 \]
\[ G7 \]
\[ C7 \]
\[ G7 \]

right off of my country farm.

Verse 2
When you in trouble, blues is a man's best friend. (Twice)
Blues ain't gonna ask you where you goin', and the blues ain't gonna ask you where you been.

Verse 3
We can't let the blues die, blues don't mean no harm. (Twice)
I'm gonna move back in the lowlands, that's where the blues come from.
The First Time I Met The Blues
Words & Music by Eurreal Montgomery

Medium slow

The first time I met the blues, I was walk-in' down thro' the woods.

Verse 2
The blues got after me, they ride me from tree to tree. (Twice)
Yeah, you should have heard me beggin' "Blues, blues, don't bother me."

Verse 3
Yeah, good morning blues; blues, I wonder what you're doin' here so soon. (Twice)
You know you'll be with me every morning, every night, and every noon.
The Lady Sings The Blues

Words by Billie Holiday ★ Music by Herbie Nichols

Slow
\( \text{Tempo: } \frac{3}{4} \)

Am\(^6\) (maj7) F\(7/\text{A} \)

La - dy sings the blues, she's got them bad, she feels so sad;

Am\(^7\) Dmaj\(^7\) A G\(9\) (#11) F\(7\) Bm\(9\) E\(7\) (#9)

Wants the world to know just what the blues is all about.

Am\(^6\) (maj7) F\(7/\text{A} \)

La - dy sings the blues, she tells her side, nothing to hide;

Am\(^7\) Dmaj\(^7\) A G\(9\) (#11) F\(7\) Bm\(9\) E\(7\) (#9)

Now the world will know just what the blues is all about.

The blues ain't nothin' but a pain in your heart, When you get a bad start, when you and your man have to part.
I ain't gonna just sit around and cry; And now I know I won't die because I love him. Lady sings the

blues, she's got 'em bad, she feels so sad; But now the world will

know she's never gonna sing them no more.

The CODA

never gonna sing them no more, no more.
The Nearness Of You

Music by Hoagy Carmichael ★ Words by Ned Washington

Slow

N.C.  F  Fmaj7  Cm7/F  F7aug

It's not the pale moon that excites me, That

Bbadd9  Bb  Bbdim  Bbm6  F/A  Ab9  Gm9  C7(b9)

thrills and delights me; Oh no, it's just the nearness of

Am7  F#dim  Gm7  Gm7/C  F  Fmaj7  Cm7/F  F7aug

you. It isn't your sweet conversation That

Bbadd9  Bb  Bbdim  Bbm6  F/A  Ab9  Gm9  C7(b9)

brings this sensation; Oh no, it's just the nearness of

F6  Bb6/F  F  N.C.  Edim  C7(b9)

you. When you're in my arms, and I feel you so

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close to me, All my wild - est dreams come true. I need no soft lights to en - chant me, If you’ll only grant me the right to hold you ev - er so tight, And to feel in the night the near - ness of you.
The Lonesome Road

Words by Gene Austin ★ Music by Nathaniel Shilkret

Medium swing

Look down, look down that lonesome road

Look horn weary

totin' such a load, Tredg ing

down that lonesome road. Look down, look

down that lonesome road

Before you travel on.
The Night We Called It A Day
Words by Tom Adair † Music by Matt Dennis

Medium slow

There was a moon out in space, But a cloud drift-ed ov-er it's
song of the spheres, Like a min-or la-ment in my
face; You kissed me and went on your way, The night we called it a
ears; I had-n’t the heart left to pray, The night we called it a
day. I heard the day. Soft thro' the dark, The
hoot of an owl in the sky; Sad tho' his song, No
blu-er was he than I. The moon went down, stars were
gone, But the sun did-n’t rise with the dawn; There
was-n’t a thing left to say, The night we called it a day.

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The Old Piano Roll Blues

Medium bounce

(\( \text{N.C.} \))

\( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{Cdim} \) \( \text{C}^7 \)

\( \text{F} \) \( \text{C}^7 \)

\( \text{The old piano roll blues. We're sit-ting at an up-right, my} \)

\( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{Cdim} \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F} \)

\( \text{runk-i-ty tink,- and we hear plink-i-ty plink,- We cuddle closer it seems.} \)

\( \text{D}^7 \) \( \text{Gm} \) \( \text{Bb}^m6 \)

\( \text{And while we kiss, kiss, kiss away all our cares,- The} \)

\( \text{F} \) \( \text{Cdim} \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{Cdim} \)

\( \text{player piano's play-in' razz-a-ma-tazz. I wanna hear it again- I wanna} \)

\( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{Dm}^7 \) \( \text{Gm}^7 \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{F} \)

\( \text{hear it again- The old piano roll blues.} \)

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The Very Thought Of You

Medium slow

Words & Music by Ray Noble

The very thought of you, and I longing

The little ordinary things that everyone here for you; You'll never know how slow the moments go 'till I'm

ought to do. I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm near to you. I see your face in every flower, your

happy as a king; And, foolish tho' it may seem, to

that's everything. The mere above; It's just the

thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.
Well, the woman I love ain't much more than skin and bone. Yes, the woman I love

ain't much more than skin and bone. She's on her way to the grave, but she won't leave mus-cat alone.

Yes, her legs are so little, they look just like a cigarette. Yes, her legs are so little, they look just like a cigarette.

Yes, she's on her way to the grave, but moonshine is still the best.
Here it is three hours past mid-night, and my baby's nowhere 'round.

Verse 2
Yes, I toss and tumble on my pillow, but I just can't close my eyes. (Twice)
If my baby don't come back pretty quick, yes I just can't be satisfied.

Verse 3
Well, I want my baby; I want her by my side. (Twice)
Well, if she don't come home pretty soon, yes I just can't be satisfied.
These Foolish Things

Medium slow  
Words by Eric Maschwitz  Music by Jack Strachey

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm9} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \]

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,  
An airline ticket to romantic places,  
And still my heart has wings; These foolish things remind me of you.  
A tinkling piano in the next apartment,  
Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant,

\[ \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb7}_{\text{aug}} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{C7} \]

\[ \text{F7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \]

\[ \text{Fm9} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb7}_{\text{aug}} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F9} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

A fairgrounds painted swings; These foolish things remind me of

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you. You came, you saw, you conquer'd me;

When you did that to me, I knew somehow this

had to be. The winds of March that makes my heart a dancer,

A telephone that rings but who's to answer? Oh, how the ghost of you

clings! These foolish things remind me of you.
Time On My Hands

Words by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon * Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

Time on my hands, you in my arms,

Nothing but love in view.

Then, if you fall once and for all,

I'll see my dreams come true.

Moments to spare for someone you care for,

One love affair for two;

With time on my hands and you in my arms,

Love in my heart for you.

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Trane's Blues

By John Coltrane

Medium swing

Bb7

F7 F11 Bb7

Eb7

Bb7

F11 Eb7 Bb7

Bb7

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Travelling Riverside Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

If your man__ gets person-al
want to have your fun...

If your man__ gets person-al...

want to have your fun...

Just come on

back to Friar's Point, ma-ma, and barrel-house all night long.

Verse 2
I got women in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee. (Twice)
But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me.

Verse 3
I ain't gonna state no color, but her teeth crowned with gold. (Twice)
She got a mortgage on my body, now, and a lien on my soul.

Verse 4
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side. (Twice)
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cos it's on the river side.

Verse 5
You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my leg. (Twice)
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, an' I'll be rockin' to my head.
Trouble In Mind
Words & Music by Richard M. Jones (Chippie Hill)

Medium slow

Trouble in mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always;

'Cos the sun gonnna shine on my back door some day.

Verse 2
I'm all alone at midnight, and my lamp is burning low;
Never had so much trouble in my life before.
I'm gonna lay my head on that lonesome railroad track;
But when I hear that whistle, Lord, I'm gonna pull it back.

Verse 3
I'm going down to the river, take along my rocking chair;
If the blues don't leave me, I'll rock away from here.
Trouble in mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always;
'Cos the sun gonna shine on my back door some day.
Way down south in Birmingham, I mean south in Alabama. An old place where people go to dance the night away.

They all drive or walk for miles To get jive that southern style; Slow jive that makes you want to dance 'til break of day.

It's a junction where the town folks meet. At each function in their tux they greet you. Come on down, forget— your care. Come on down, you'll find me there. So long town! I'm heading in for Tuxedo Junction now.
Unforgettable

Words & Music by Irving Gordon

Medium slow

Unforgettable, that's what you are;

Unforgettable, tho' near or far. Like a song of

love that clings to me, How the thought of you does things to me! Never before-

— has someone been more Unforgettable, in every way; — And forever more that's how you'll stay.

That's why, darling, it's incredible that someone so

unforgettable thinks that I am unforgettable too.

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Walk Right In

Words & Music by Gus Cannon & H. Woods

Medium tempo

C  A7  D7  G7

Walk right in, sit right down; and, ba-by, let your mind roll on.

C  A7

Hey, walk right in, stay a while; but,

D7  G7  C

dad-dy, you been stayin' too long. Now ev-'ry-bo-dy's talk-in' 'bout a

C7  F

new way of walk-in'; do you want to lose your mind? Hey,

C  A7  D7  G7  C

walk right in, sit right down; dad-dy let your mind roll on.
Walkin' Shoes
By Gerry Mulligan

Medium slow

(G = 3/4)

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{C6} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Ab9(b5)} \]

\[ \text{B7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{B7} \]

\[ \text{Am7} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Eb7(b5)} \quad \text{Am7/D} \]

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C9} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bm7(b5)} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am7(b5)} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Ab9(b5)} \quad \text{G} \]

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Walkin' Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

Verse 1
I woke up this morn-in', feel-in' round for my shoes.
Know by that I got these old walk-in' blues, well. Woke this mornin'.
Feel 'round for my shoes. But you know — by that I got these old walk-in' blues.

Verse 2
Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blind.
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.
Leave this mornin', if I have to, ride the blind.
Babe, I been mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.

Verse 3
Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad.
Worst old feelin' I most ever had.
People tell me that these old worried blues ain't bad.
It's the worst old feelin' I most ever had.

Verse 4
She got an easy movement from her head down to her toes.
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.
Ooh, to her head down to her toes.
Lord, she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.

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Walking My Troubles Away

Traditional

Medium tempo

E

Pa-per boy hol-lerin', "Ex-tra, have you read the news?"

Shot the brown I love, I got them walk - ing blues. I keep on

A7

walk - ing, trying to walk my trou - bles a-way...

B7  A7  E

I'm so glad, trou-ble don't last al - ways.

Verse 2
You used to be my sweet hip, you soured on me;
We won't be together like we used to be.
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.

Verse 3
I got the bad, luck blues, my bad luck time done come.
They said bad luck follow everybody; seem like I'm the only one.
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.
Way Down In The Mine

Traditional

Medium fast

C F G

MF

Come— all you young fel-lers, so brave and so fine,____ And

C F C G7

seek not your fort-une 'way down in the mine;________ It'll

C F G

form as a hab-it and seep in your soul,____ Till the

C F C G7

streams of your blood run as dark as the coal. It's dark as a

dun-geon and damp as the dew, where the dan-gers are dou-ble and the
Verse 2
There's many a young feller I knew in my day
Who lived just to labour his whole life away;
Like a fiend with his dope, or a drunkard his wine,
A man may have lust for the lure of the mine.
It's dark as a dungeon, etc.

Verse 3
I pray, when I die and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
As I stand at the door of my heavenly home,
I'll pray for the feller a slave to my bones.
It's dark as a dungeon, etc.
Weary Blues

Medium tempo

G7       C7       G7       C7

1. Wish I could lose these weary blues.
   big. your love was small.

Gm7      C7       F7      C7

My tired heart can't love no more.
And now I've got no love at all.

G7      C

Can't love the way it did before.
Wish I could lose these weary

G7      C

2. My love was blues.
   Want you in the mornin' and
   I

C7      F      C7      F

want you in the evenin'. Yes, I want you, yes, I want you but it don't do no good.

C7

Miss you when it's rainin' and I miss you when it's shinin', and I
wish that I could kiss you and I would if I could. But my heart can’t forget the run-around it used to get. Oh, can’t you see? I’m tired of this old un-fair one-sided love. Come back to me, please don’t refuse, And help me lose these weary blues.
Weeping Willow Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

\[\text{A} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{A}\]

Lord, that weep-in' willow, and that mourn-in' dove!

\[\text{Dm} \quad \text{A}\]

That weep-in' willow, and that mourn-in' dove!

\[\text{E7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A}\]

I got a gal up the country you know... I sure... do love.

Verse 2
Now if you see my woman, tell her I says hurry home. \((\text{Twice})\)
I ain't had no loving since my gal been gone.

Verse 3
Where it ain't no love, ain't no getting along. \((\text{Twice})\)
My gal treat me so mean and dirty, sometime I don't know right from wrong.

Verse 4
Lord, I laid down last night, tried to take my rest. \((\text{Twice})\)
My mind started wandering like the wild geese in the west.

Verse 5
Gonna buy me a bulldog, watch you while I sleep. \((\text{Twice})\)
Just to keep these men from making the 'fore day creep.

Verse 6
You gonna want my love, baby, some lonesome day. \((\text{Twice})\)
Then it will be too late, I'll be gone too far away.
When The Lights Go Out

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

1. I love to look at my baby’s face... I love to feel that
2. I love to see her walk-in’ down the street. She always dresses so

silk and lace... And when she kiss it nearly makes me shout...

You never know what it’s all about...

Great

Great

God Almighty, when the lights go out!

use your imagination... You’d still be far behind. There is

no-thing in cre-a-tion like that girl, that

gal of mine...

I love to hold her when she talks that talk...

I love to watch her when she walks that walk...

And if I pet her when she’s

try’n’ to pout... Great... God Almighty, when the lights go out!
When Sunny Gets Blue

Words by Jack Segal ★ Music by Marvin Fisher

Slow

When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get grey and cloudy, Then the rain begins to fall;

Pitter pat-ter, pitter pat-ter; Love is gone, so what can matter?

No sweet lover man comes to call. When Sunny gets blue, she

breathes a sigh of sadness, Like the wind that stirs the trees;

Wind that sets the leaves to sway in', Like some violins are playin'

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Weird and haunting melodies. People used to love to hear her laugh, see her smile; That’s how she got her name.

Since that sad affair, she’s lost her smile, changed her style;

Somehow she’s not the same. But memories will fade, and pretty dreams will rise up where her other dreams fell through.

Hurry, new love, hurry here to kiss away each lonely tear, And hold her near when Sunny gets blue.
When You Got A Good Friend

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

When you got a good friend, that will stay right by your side;

When you got a good friend,

that will stay right by your side,

Give her all of your spare time, love and treat her right.

Verse 2
I mistreat my baby, and I can't see no reason why. (Twice)
Every time I think about it, I just wring my hands and cry.

Verse 3
Wonder, could I bear apologise, or would she sympathise with me. (Twice)
She's a brownskin woman, just as sweet as a girlfriend can be.

Verse 4
Mmm, babe, I may be right or wrong.
Baby, it your opinion, I may be right or wrong.
Watch your close friend, baby, you enemies can't do you no harm.

Verse 5
When you got a good friend that will stay right by your side, (Twice)
Give her all of your spare time, love and treat her right.
When Your Lover Has Gone

Words & Music by E. A. Swan

Slow

When you're a lone, who cares for star-lit skies?
When you're a lone, the magic moon-light dies.
At break of dawn, there is no sunrise.
When your lover has gone.

What lonely hours, the evening shadows bring!
What lonely hours, with memories lingering
like faded flowers! Life can’t mean anything
when your lover has gone.

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Wild About That Thing

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium tempo

C7

Honey baby won’t you cuddle near,

G7 C

Let sweet mama whisper in your ear.

C

I’m wild about that thing.

Bb7 A7 D7

It makes me laugh and sing.

G7

Give it to me, papa;

C F C

I’m wild about that thing.

Verse 2

Do it easy, honey, don’t get rough; from you, papa, I can’t get enough.

I’m wild about that thing, I’m wild about that thing;

Everybody knows it, I’m wild about that thing.

Verse 3

Please don’t hold it, baby, when I cry; Give me every bit of it or else I’ll die.

I’m wild about that thing, I’m wild about that thing;

All the time I’m cryin’, I’m wild about that thing.
Verse 4
What's the matter, papa, please don't stall; don't you know I love it and I want it all?
I'm wild about that thing, just give my bell a ring;
You touched my button, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 5
If you want to satisfy my soul, come on and rock me with a steady roll.
I'm wild about that thing; gee, I like your ting-a-ling.
Kiss me like you mean it, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 6
Come on turn the lights down low; say you're ready, just say let's go.
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;
Come on and make me feel it, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 7
I'm wild about it when you hold me tight; let me linger in your arms all night.
I'm wild about that thing, my passions got the fling;
Come on, hear me cryin', I'm wild about that thing.
Willow Weep For Me

Words & Music by Ann Ronell

Slow

Willow weep for me, willow weep for me;

G D9 aug G D9 aug

Bend your branches green along the stream that runs to sea.

C9 Daug G Dm7 G D9aug

Listen to my plea; listen, willow and weep for me.

G D9 aug G D9 aug

Gone my lover's dream, lovely summer dream;

G Em Bm Em

Gone and left me here to weep my tears into the stream.

C9 Daug G Dm7 G

Sad as I can be; hear me, willow, and weep for me.

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Whisper to the wind, and say that love has sinned.

To leave my heart a-breaking and making a moan.

Murmur to the night to

 hide her starry light.

 So none will find me sighing and crying all alone.

Oh, weeping willow tree, weep in sympathy.

Bend your branches down along the ground and cover me.

When the shadows fall, bend, oh willow, and weep for me.
Worried Man Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

Verse 1
I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep. (3 times)
When I woke up, I had shackles on my feet.

Verse 2
Twenty one links of chain around my leg. (3 times)
And, on each link, an initial of my name.

Verse 3
When everything goes wrong, I sing a worried song. (3 times)
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.
You'll Like My Loving

Medium tempo

(A7)

I know you like my lovin', I can tell

from the way you whine.

I know you like my lovin', I can tell from the way you whine.

Let you taste my jelly you just worries me all the time.

Verse 2
I told you, pretty mama, I had the best jelly in town. (Twice)
Since you got a little taste, you just keep on hanging around.

Verse 3
I swim deep, pretty mama, just like a catfish loaded down. (Twice)
And every time you see me, you wants to fall down on the ground.

Verse 4
When me and my baby starts to lovin', we wants to fight like cats and dogs. (Twice)
But before it's over with, we hollerin' “Lord, oh, Lordy Lord.”
You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Fast  G7

You can't judge an apple by lookin' at a tree.

You can't judge honey by lookin' at the bee.

You can't judge a daughter by lookin' at the mother.

You can't judge a book by lookin' at its cover, oh!

Can't you see,

Whoah,

Chorus

C7
Verse 2
You can’t judge sugar by looking at the cane.
You can’t judge a woman by looking at her man.
You can’t judge a sister by looking at her brother.
You can’t judge a book by looking at the cover.
Chorus

Verse 3
You can’t judge a fish by looking in the pond.
You can’t judge right from looking at the wrong.
You can’t judge one by looking at the other.
You can’t judge a book by looking at the cover.
Chorus
Your Cheatin’ Heart

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Jack Long

Jack Long's career began in his teens when he played piano with many luminaries of the British jazz world. He first came to the attention of the music industry in the 1970s as a big band arranger with his transcriptions of some of the classic American recordings in this genre - all still widely played today.

He has since acted as musical director for several well-known entertainers, notably Ray Ellington, and worked as a session pianist and accompanist, while combining a parallel career in contemporary 'serious' music, editing for a number of publishers, including Chester and Novello, and composers such as Alexander Goehr. His own compositions have featured in film and television productions along with a wide range of original material for innumerable singers, producers such as Bruce Welch, and ensembles of all descriptions, including the National Youth Jazz Orchestra.

An experienced arranger, both in broadcasting and recording, his credits range from small studio groups to 150-piece orchestra and chorus.