HE LOVES AND SHE LOVES

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Moderato
Fm7-5  F7  E7  pAmm

Now that I have found you

D9  Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7

I must hang around you, Though you may refuse me.

Fm7  F6  Bm7  Eb7  Bm7  Eb7

You will never lose me. If the human race is

He Loves and She Loves - 4 - 1

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Julien Piano, Étienne

150, Cours Julien
13006 MARSEILLE
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Abmaj7  Ab6  Abmaj7  A9  C  F7-5
full of happy faces, It's because they

Ebm7  C  Dm7  G7  C
all love That wondrous thing they call love.
coll' voice

Slowly, with sentiment
Refrain:  F    C9  Am7-5
He loves and she loves and they love, So

D-  D7  Gm7  Gm7-5  C  C7  F  Dm7
why can't you love and I love, too?

He Loves and She Loves - 4:2
Gm7   C7   F   C9   Am7-5

Birds love and bees love and whispering

D+   D7   Gm7   Gm7-5   C   C7   F   Em7-5   Bb7

trees love, And that's what we both should do.

Am7   Abm6   Gm7   C7   F7   C7   F9

Oh, I always knew, some day

Bb6   F7   Bb   Bb6   D7

you'd come along, We'll make a
two - some that just can't go wrong, hear me:

He loves and she loves and they love, So

won't you love me as I love you too?
I used to dream that I would discover
The perfect lover some day.
He can't play golf, or tennis, or polo,
Or sing a solo, or row.
He isn't half as handsome as dozens of
Bill.
(Refrain)

came round my way. I always used to fancy then. He'd be
men that I know. He isn't tall and straight and slim, And he

one of the God-like kind of men. With a giant brain and a
dresses far worse than Ted or Jim; And I can't explain why

noble head. Like the heroes bold in the books I read,
he should be just the one, one man in the world for me.

But along came Bill, Who's not the type at all. You'd meet him on the street and never
He's just my Bill, An ordinary boy. He hasn't got a thing that I can
not see him; His form and face, His manly grace Are not the kind that you Would brag about; And yet to be Up on his knee So lovely and roomy Feels

find in a statue, And I can't explain. It's surely not his brain That natural to me, And I can't explain. It's surely not his brain That

makes me thrill. I love him Because he's wonderful. Because he's just old Bill. He's

I don't know. Because he's just my Bill. —
Showboat

CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by
JEROME KERN

Blues tempo

\[ \text{Eb6} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb13} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{C745} \]

Oh listen, sister,

\[ \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Emaj7} \quad \text{Eb7} \]

I love my Mister man and I can't tell you why.

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Alm} \quad \text{Abm} \quad \text{Eb} \]

Dere ain't no reason why I should love dat man.

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It must be sump-in' dat de angels done plan.

De caimb-ley's smok-in'.

De roof is leak-in' in, but he don't seem to care.

He can be hap-py wid jus' a sip of gin.
Es6          Cm7  
mine.  

When he goes away

Esdim7   Es/G   Ab6   Adim7

dat's a rainy day,

F7/C

and when he comes

Esdim7/Br  Fm7/Br

back dat day is fine, de sun will shine.
He can come home as late as can be.
home wid - out him ain't no home to me.
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.
mine.

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man - 5 - 3
MAKE BELIEVE

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by
JEROME KERN

Allegro grazioso

C      Cmaj.7     C7
The game of "just supposing" is the sweetest game I know.

Our dreams are more romantic than the world we see.
And if the things we dream about don't happen to be so,
That's just an unimportant technicality.

Refrain At a slow even pace (expressively)

We could make believe — I love you, Only make believe —

— that you love me. Others find peace of mind in pre-
tend-ing; Could - n't you? Could - n't I? Could - n't we

make be-lieve our lips are blend-ing. In a

phantom kiss, or two, or three? Might as well make be-

lieve I love you. For, To tell the truth, I
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Words by OTTO HARBAKH

Music by JEROME KERN

Andante moderato

They asked me how I knew
My true love was true,

I of course replied,
Something here inside,
Cannot be described.

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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

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes - 3-2
Yet to-day—My love has flown away—I am without my love. Now laughing friends do ride. That I cannot hide, So I smile and say, "When a love-like flame dies, Smoke gets in your eyes."