THE HALF OF IT, DEARIE, BLUES

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Moderato

(He) Each time you trill a song with Bill, or look at Will, I get a chill— I'm
(She) You dare as-sert that you were hurt each time I'd flirt with Bill or Bert— You

gloom-y. I won't re-call the names of all the men who fall— it's all ap-
brute, you! Well I'm re-paid; I felt be-trayed when an-y maid whom you sur-

-pal-ling to me. Of course I real-ly can-not blame them a bit,—
-veyed would suit you. Com-pared to you, I've been as good as could be—
For you're a hit,—
Yet here you are,—
I know it's so, but dear-ic,

wher-e'ryou flit—
lee-tur-ing me!—
You're just a guy who makes me

oh! you'll nev - er know the blues that go
ery, yet though I try to "cut" you I
Right through me.
Sa - lute you.

Refrain smoothly

I've got the "You don't know the half of it, dear-ic," blues!—
I've got the "You don't know the half of it, dear-ic," blues!—

The trou-b-le is you have so
Oh, how I wish you'd drop an
man-y from whom to choose.
an-chor and end your cruise.

If you should marry Tom, Dick or Har-ry, Life would be the bunk-
You're just a duf-fer Who makes me suf-fer; All the young-er set

I'd be-come a monk. I've got the "You don't know the half of it, dear-ie" blues!
Says your heart's to let. I've got the "You don't know the half of it, dear-ie" blues!