

THE HALF OF IT, DEARIE, BLUES

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Moderato

mf *p* *poco rit*

p

(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 eachtime 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. Compared to you, I've been as good as could be—

mf

For you're a hit, — wher - e'er you flit. — I know it's so, but dear - ie,
 Yet here you are, — lec - tur - ing me! — You're just a guy who makes me

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

poco rit.

Refrain *smoothly*

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

p

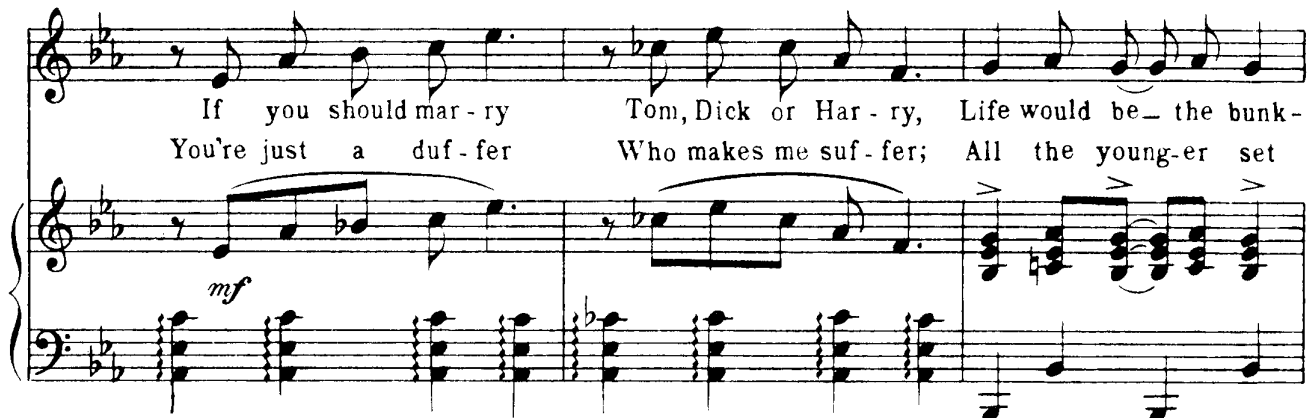
The troub - le is you have so
 Oh, how I wish you'd drop an

man-y from whom to choose.
an-chor and end your cruise.



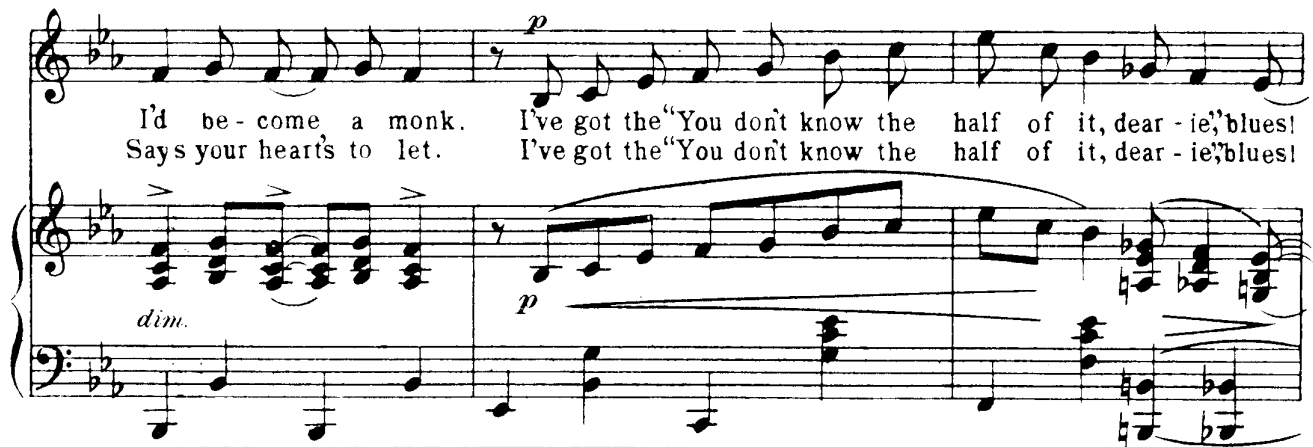
If you should mar-ry Tom, Dick or Har-ry, Life would be—the bunk-
You're just a duf-fer Who makes me suf-fer; All the young-er set

mf



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!

p
dim.



1 2

mf *rit.* *sf*

