The Golden Era Of Rock & Roll
CONTENTS

Biographies:

THE ANIMALS
LITTLE ANTHONY AND THE IMPERIALS
BROOK BENTON
CHUCK BERRY
FREDDIE CANNON
CHUBBY CHECKER
SAM COOKE
BOBBY DARIN
BO DIDDLEY
FATS DOMINO
THE DRIFTERS
THE FLEETWOODS
BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS
HERMAN'S HERMITS
BRENDA LEE
JERRY LEE LEWIS
RICKY NELSON
THE PLATTERS
ELVIS PRESLEY
LLOYD PRICE
LITTLE RICHARD
THE FOUR SEASONS
BOBBY VINTON

140 AIN'T THAT A SHAME!
188 ALL IN MY MIND
83 ALL SHOOK UP
133 BABY (You've Got What It Takes)
33 BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY
118 BLUE MONDAY
✓ 122 BLUEBERRY HILL
126 BO DIDDLEY
168 BO WEEVIL
77 BOOK OF LOVE
✓ 226 BOOM BOOM
182 C.C. RIDER
✓ 178 COME SOFTLY TO ME
156 DON'T BE CRUEL
93 DUM DUM
✓ 218 ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY
107 ENDLESSLY
48 Goin' Out of My Head
180 GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YA NOW
121 GOOD TIMIN'
212 GRADUATION DAY
43 GREAT BALLS OF FIRE
184 HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY
170 HE DON'T LOVE YOU (Like I Love You)
160 HEARTS OF STONE
✓ 228 HEY JOE
60 HOUND DOG
191 THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN
✓ 100 A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY
✓ 166 HURT SO BAD
40 HUSHABYE
104 I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL
103 I WANT YOU TO KNOW
174 I'LL COME RUNNING BACK TO YOU
186 I'M IN LOVE AGAIN
✓ 86 I'M ON THE OUTSIDE (Looking In)
214 I'M WALKIN'
110 IT'S GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE
64 I'VE TOLD EV'RY LITTLE STAR
46 JOHNNY ANGEL
246 JOHNNY B. GOODE
136 KO KO MO (I Love You So)
129 LET THE FOUR WINDS BLOW
146 LET'S TWIST AGAIN
97 LITTLE BITTY PRETTY ONE
162 LONG TALL SALLY
138 LOVE ME TENDER
176 LOVE IS ALL WE NEED
248 A LOVER'S QUESTION

Text by Toby Goldstein
202 LUCILLE
224 MABELLENE
154 MAYBE
196 MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
53 MORE TODAY THAN YESTERDAY
206 MOTHER-IN-LAW
222 MR. BLUE
254 MY BOY LOLLIPOP
256 MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK
238 MY LOVE, MY LOVE
230 NEEDLES AND PINS
74 ONLY YOU
216 OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND
50 PALISADES PARK
144 PARTY DOLL
200 PEPPERMINT TWIST
62 POETRY IN MOTION
148 PRETTY BLUE EYES
240 THE PROMISED LAND
198 ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC
136 ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN
94 ROSES ARE RED (My Love)
220 RUNAROUND
180 SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME
174 SEALED WITH A KISS
236 SECRETLY
164 SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR
113 SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS SITTING IN THE BACK SEAT
150 SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL
232 SHERRY
114 SILHOUETTES
71 SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
252 SORRY (I Ran All The Way Home)
56 SPLISH SPLASH
89 STAGGER LEE
204 SUSIE-Q
210 SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN
242 TALLAHASSEE LASSIE
158 THAT'S ALL
172 A THOUSAND MILES AWAY
68 TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU
130 TOSSIN' AND TURNIN'
142 TUTTI FRUTTI
90 TWEEDLEDEE
117 WE BELONG TOGETHER
194 WHAT KIND OF LOVE IS THIS
208 WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?
58 YOU TALK TOO MUCH
THE ANIMALS

The Animals formed a stern contrast to all the pretty little English groups they knocked over to get into the Top Ten. Their music didn’t sound sweet and catchy -- it was mean, gritty, with Alan Price’s complex organ runs, Hilton Valentine’s harsh lead guitar, and the grating vocals of that sullen front man, Eric Burdon. The Animals were, well, different. Others might acknowledge U.S. blues influences back in the hinterlands of an LP. The Animals put their feelings up front.

Originally called the Alan Price Combo, the Animals hailed from the far northern industrial city of Newcastle and found parallels in Black American blues as relating to the slums in which they grew up. They released a blues single and an EP disc in 1963 and early 64, but what put them on the map in America and England was a traditional Southern brothel song called “House of the Rising Sun.” Disc jockeys were fascinated by the record, and by the band -- they didn’t sound like anything Top 40 had ever heard. Observers watching the group play their songs in Britain’s sweaty little clubs remarked that they did indeed resemble a bunch of wild animals, ferocious and intense.

The succession of mid-60’s Animals hit singles was a unique combination of an occasional in-group composition (“I’m Crying”) and freewheeling adaptations of American blues. They were most adept with a punchy version of John Lee Hooker’s “Boom Boom” and “Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood” (later recorded by Nina Simone), and even transformed a Barry Mann-Cynthia Weil number, “We Gotta Get Out Of This Place,” into a brooding mood piece. Animals records struck responsive chords in every kid with a problem. They stood their ground... “It’s my life and I’ll do what I want, Don’t push me!” Other British bands sucked up the hysteria they received -- The Animals dispensed with all that as trivial, having nothing to do with real music-making.

Eric Burdon moved into lead billing with the Animals in 1966 and carried the group into a psychedelic heyday for the following two years, pushing the virtues of LSD as intently as he had pressed for blues. They made the charts with “Monterey” and “San Francisco Nights,” but Burdon’s message music grew increasingly overblown, and the group split up in 1969. Eric Burdon remains a perennial figure in rock, first as the leader of War, and now periodically releasing LP’s and giving action-packed performances. Former Animal Alan Price has done well as a solo artist and actor, and bassist Chas Chandler evolved into a well-respected manager of artists such as Jimi Hendrix and Slade.

The House Of The Rising Sun / 191
Boom Boom / 226
LITTLE ANTHONY AND THE IMPERIALS

The scene is a high school dance, where couples sway back and forth to "Tears On My Pillow" by Little Anthony and the Imperials, encased in a cloud of emotion. Anthony Gourdine's nasal vocals, sham- ing his dream girls with his lonely memories, were favorites for cheek- to-cheek box-stepping from coast to coast. Unlike either the one-shot Top Ten hitters who vanished or the early '50's crooners who faded away, Anthony and the Imperials found favor in the charts even at the height of the British onslaught. Sentiment was their cup of tea.

The New York born and bred quartet was formed in 1958 by the 17-year-old Anthony, with fellow 17-year-old baritone Clarence Collins, and 16-year-olds second tenor Ernest Wright and first tenor Sam Strain. The group's personnel has changed over the years, but Anthony remains, ensuring the distinctive, emotive sound associated with the band. Anthony had played with vocal groups even in his early teens, and was brought together with the other Imperials by Richard Barrett, today manager of the Three Degrees.

Little Anthony and the Imperials' debut release was a lively, Latin-flavored tune called "Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Pop," but the next one up, and to date their biggest seller, was "Tears On My Pillow." Nothing the band released could match that song for "instant classic" status until the group took over the charts with a string of hits in 1964-65. Of course, it was the ballads that returned them to the top as, one after another, they released "I'm On The Outside (Looking In)," "Goin' Out Of My Head" and "Hurt So Bad."

Within a year, they were renamed Anthony and the Imperials, minus the "little." They were at the stage of choosing their audience and opted for the adult marketplace of plush hotel rooms, Las Vegas casinos and many television variety shows. A decade after they formed, Anthony and the Imperials sang their adolescent ballads to the parents, aunts and uncles of their early fans. It was a decision that keeps them active on the hotel circuit.

Goin' Out Of My Head / 48
I'm On The Outside
(Looking In) / 86
Hurt So Bad / 166
Out Of Sight,
Out Of Mind / 216
BROOK BENTON

President Jimmy Carter might consider having Brook Benton sing for the White House -- Benton's moving recording of "A Rainy Night In Georgia" makes a fine testimony to his home state. The smooth balladeer was South Carolina born and raised, and his many classic records have brought Southern warmth to every part of America.

Brook Benton was born on September 19, 1931 in the town of Camden. He started singing in his church choir, and made a natural transition to a series of gospel groups, which sustained him through his teens, and also cultivated an interest in popular tunes. Benton's sound eventually blended the two forms to create commercially successful ballads without a plastic gloss. Benton was determined to make a name for himself as a singer and moved to New York in the early 1950's.

Menial jobs during the day provided Benton with the time to write his own songs and hang out in the city's many night spots. He started getting work as a singer and had several songs recorded by such greats as Nat "King" Cole and Clyde McPhatter. It was inevitable that he would eventually be signed to record, and Benton hooked on to two labels before going to Mercury in 1959. His first release for them was the chilling "It's Just A Matter Of Time," which brought him nationwide acclaim and led to 16 top-twenty hits in four years, several duetting with Dinah Washington. Benton swept over the watered-down pop audience which existed at the late 50's-early 60's, as well as consistently topped the r&b charts. Other performers rushed to record his songs, which are adaptable for any style from guitar blues to country and western. It is estimated that, by the end of 1962, Benton sold 15 million records (including other artists' covers of his songs).

The late 1960's found Benton a successful record producer and songwriter, though his output on record had diminished. He punched back with the 1970 "A Rainy Night In Georgia," and seemingly, has the enviable ability to become a national star whenever he happens to write and record another excellent song.

Endlessly / 107
Baby (You've Got What It Takes) / 133
CHUCK BERRY

Despite all the trends that rock has experienced in its two and a half decades, regardless of all the “superstars” who have been and gone, no one can top the bill over Chuck Berry. The importance of this man could be observed in small part on Dick Clark’s “American Bandstand” anniversary TV show, where players from Gregg Allman to Booker T. Jones to Doc Severinson formed an immense backing band behind Chuck Berry, closing the program with “Roll Over Beethoven.” The Beatles recorded “Roll Over Beethoven” on their third album. The Rolling Stones recorded “Carol” on their first album. The Who stood in the wings of the Fillmore East in 1968, watching Chuck Berry headline over a set they had just played, saying they felt honored to be on the same stage with this man. Chuck Berry, from his songwriting to his guitar style to his stage presence, may just be rock ‘n’ roll’s most important figure.

Charles Edward Berry, who is 45 years old and still rockin’, learned to play guitar when he was in high school. In 1955, he signed with Chess Records of Chicago and proceeded to make that label world famous for its “Chuck Berry sound.” His first release, “Mabellene,” got him his first gold record. Even if a specific disc didn’t sell that much, it was bound to be critically acclaimed for its rock spirit. Chuck Berry wrote about the pleasures of being young – enjoying snazzy cars, surviving the school cafeteria, celebrating rock ‘n’ roll itself. Berry may not have been a deliberate apologist for rock, but his songs like “Sweet Little Sixteen” and “Rock And Roll Music” passed the message loud and strong that rock was unstoppable, worthy of adulation.

Ironically, Berry now receives more open audience adulation than he did in the 1950’s, when he was writing those much-copied songs and perfecting his onstage duck walk. Berry could not be easily confined to the r&b market which encapsulated most black performers. Many young people who knew about Chuck Berry’s twangy, chordy guitar style and can sing the words of “Johnny B. Goode” learned them not from Chuck’s originals but from the many British and American groups who covered his songs. Genius will find its way, however, sooner or later, and thanks to the efforts of the ’60s most famous artists, Chuck Berry is today revered as the definer of the sound of rock ‘n’ roll.
FREDDIE CANNON

New Jersey's hanging cliffs of grey rock, the Palisades, never knew what hit them the day "Palisades Park" was released. A brash young man who sounded as if he was charged with 1000 volts made history with a series of geography lessons set to rock 'n' roll. His real name was Fred Pocariello, but perhaps it's because he hopped like he was shot out of a cannon that they called him Freddie Cannon.

Freddie Cannon gained his immense popularity at a time when the initial burst of rock 'n' roll creativity had given way to a never-ending series of ditties that satisfied teenage demands for fun and frolic. By 1959, what charted on "Bandstand" was pop, not rock -- musically, it dared not compare to the Presley before or Beatles following, but if it "hadda good beat, ya can dance towit," that was sufficient. Cannon's string of top-tenners, some co-written by himself, others from the pens of master entrepreneurs Bob Crewe and Chuck Barris, fit neatly into the set formula.

Swan Records signed Cannon in 1959, after he had built a following among teenagers in his home town of Lynn, Massachusetts, outside Boston. His first hit, "Tallahassee Lassie," loaded with horns, energy and an exhilarating "whoohh!," sold over a million copies in the U.S. and overseas. He immediately toured America, following with appearances in England, Europe, South Africa, Japan and Australia. By the end of his first year's recording, Cannon got another million seller by covering a 1922 jazz hit, "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans."

Place names, old ragtime songs, and teenage pursuits continually translated into gold when Cannon put them on disc. Besides the worldwide smash "Palisades Park," he went to the hearts of fans with "Musk Rat Ramble," "Transistor Sister," "Abigail Beecher" and "Action," lasting until 1965. Trivia could only repeat itself for a limited time, and with his career waning, Cannon packed in his years as a teenage idol and became a record company promotion man.

Palisades Park / 50
Tallahassee Lassie / 242
CHUBBY CHECKER

Once upon a time, there were no discotheques, and plenty of dances. Teenagers learned new steps and practiced them by watching the Bandstand crowd. Then, in 1960, a rotund young man named Ernest Evans was re-christened Chubby Checker by Mrs. Dick Clark, who thought he resembled Fats Domino. Checker was befriended by Clark and left his job as a chicken plucker to record a Christmas record for him. The next song he recorded was an r&b tune written by Hank Ballard called “The Twist.” Chubby Checker lip-synched the song on television, doing a little hip-swiveling dance to the beat. One, two, three and America was Twisting -- in discotheques, in living rooms, at high school prims, at bar mitzvahs. It was a dance that kept trim teens trimmer and sent their parents to the chiropractor. It was a sensation.

Checker hit number one with “The Twist” twice, in 1960 and 1961. People could not get enough of this new dance craze and turned on the late news to watch Jackie Kennedy or Judy Garland Twisting at the Peppermint Lounge in Times Square, the hippest place of ’em all. Checker gained a reputation as young America’s dance master and led them through a dizzying series of steps, which resulted in his not staying “chubby” for long. There was the “Hucklebuck,” “Pony Time,” “The Fly” and, lots of fun to watch at parties, “The Limbo Rock,” with its immortal line, “how low can you go!”

Chubby Checker led the pack up until the Beatles wiped the American slate nearly clean in 1964, and hysteria replaced the Saturday night hop. He issued Twist tune after tune -- most sold well for awhile, particularly as long as the in-crowd glorified the sleazy Twist clubs. Checker didn’t have very much to do by the mid-60’s and settled back to watch his dance become a footnote in social history books. He has recently turned up on the revival circuit, slim and still appealing to watch, and still Twisting. The habitudes of the disco circuit of today can thank Chubby Checker for making rock dancing a national pastime.
SAM COOKE

It is impossible to determine the impact that Sam Cooke might be having on contemporary music. He was shot to death in 1964, at the height of his career. But on the basis of his recorded legacy, one may safely say that Cooke’s influence was enormous, unfettered by the color, locale or musical style of the many performers who sing his songs. The name of Sam Cooke has become identical with the term “sweet soul music.” His honey-dripping voice has ensured that his many recordings have not dated to this day.

Like many of the top black performers, Sam Cooke began singing with his church choir in his Chicago home. Cooke found his outstanding lead vocals bringing him to the attention of the Soul Stirrers, a major gospel quartet. He sang lead with the group for six years, perfecting his style, which blended soul and pop, flattering both. In 1956, Cooke was encouraged to record some popular tunes. He complied, and several ballads, notably “I’ll Come Running Back To You,” found recognition and healthy sales.

In late 1957, Cooke switched labels, and his first release for Keen, “You Send Me,” sold a phenomenal 2½ million copies. Sam Cooke was on his way -- he followed that song with “Only Sixteen,” “Wonderful World” (brought into the Top 10 by Herman’s Hermits), “Twisting The Night Away” (a favorite of Rod Stewart, who claims Cooke as a major influence), “Little Red Rooster” (a number one hit for the Rolling Stones in England) and the partying “Shake” (closely associated with the late Otis Redding). Cooke is widely acknowledged to have largely determined Redding’s style -- one giant leading another.

Sam Cooke’s material was appealing to a wide variety of performers. Although none could equal his sweet lilting tenor, many copied the oo-wah-wah backgrounds which pervaded his songs. Cooke used his fame to found his own record company, Sar Records, at the close of the 1950’s, which issued a series of hits that flavored rhythm & blues foundations with gospel overtones. He again switched labels in 1960, going to RCA, and found his power to make quality, yet commercial songs undiminished. “Chain Gang” and “Cupid” illustrate that period of his career. Cooke was on the verge of writing songs with social messages when he tragically died. No one can know what’s been missed, but all can only regret the loss.

I’ll Come Running Back
To You / 174
BOBBY DARIN

Towards the end of his years, he recorded an album under his real name, Walden Robert Cassotto, but he was known throughout the world as Bobby Darin. Darin stands out as a figure who radiated cool and control in an era of frenzy -- he never seemed old-fashioned, however, or square. He just stood onstage in a sharkskin suit, snapping his fingers, while "Mack The Knife" slid out like spun gold. Darin's image came to him naturally. No matter what kind of song he sang, it sounded right, stretching from the early teen-dream scenes through mature, sophisticated ballads, into the years of folk-rock.

Darin carved out his stratospheric career fighting against a rheumatic heart which would plague him, and ultimately end his life. He formed an early association with music mogul Don Kirshner, and the twosome made a living writing songs and jingles together. By the late 1950's, Darin was recording, at first not too successfully with songs like the traditional "Rock Island Line." But when he moved to Atco Records in 1958, his first release (which he co-wrote), "Splish Splash," was a million seller.

The seven years which followed were bountiful feasts of Bobby Darin hits. He easily made the transition from a teenage "Dream Lover" to a star for all ages with the Brecht-Weill classic "Mack The Knife" and his contemporary renditions of "Beyond The Sea," "Bill Bailey" and "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby." Darin's appealing boundary-crossing made him a natural for every top television show in America and all the most prestigious nightclubs. He proved as clever at business as he did at stardom, forming his own music publishing and recording company, T. M. Music, Inc., in 1963.

When Bobby Darin released his version of Tim Hardin's "If I Were A Carpenter" in 1966, he scooped up a new generation of young people who reacted to the sensitivity conveyed by his tender vocal. Darin was able to play both sides of the fence, bring his current interests in late 1960's rock music to his traditionally-oriented adult audiences. He hosted his own television summer series and started taking on comedy and dramatic roles with the same adeptness he brought to music. Tragically, his weak heart required him to undergo a series of operations, and he died during open-heart surgery on December 20, 1973.

Splish Splash / 56
BO DIDDLEY

Bo Diddley looks like a mean man, and can he ever play a mean guitar. The blues wailer with the wild-looking guitar collection is a long-standing idol of many current guitarists who are themselves revered. The story of “Bo Diddley,” as expressed in the song he wrote about himself, is a tale of a man, a legend and a sound all rolled into one.

Bo Diddley was born Elias McDaniel in the town of McComb, Mississippi on December 30, 1928. If Bo has not written any major songs since the mid-1960’s, it’s because, as of 1968, he had been playing guitar for over 30 years. The enterprising lad gave his first public performance on the streets of Chicago, where he was raised, at age 10, together with two other boys. The 1940’s saw McDaniel observing the rapidly developing electric r&b clubs in Chicago, teaching himself more guitar, but making his living at unskilled jobs. In 1951, he finally broke through as a music professional, winning a regular job in a night club. His style was a curious blend of r&b and stone blues, which, when infused with rock ‘n’ roll, would make him a major influence on many British bands.

Leonard Chess, one founder of Chess-Checker Records, Chicago’s well-known blues label, gave McDaniel the stage name “Bo Diddley,” because it meant “funny story-teller.” The men at Chess were impressed with Bo’s deep voiced song-stories and signed him the day he auditioned. “Bo Diddley,” his first single, was a hit, and the “Bo Diddley riff” was born. Bo’s playing emphasized his tale telling, setting it to the tune of an endlessly repeated sequence of notes, a rhythm which proved both danceable and hypnotic to listeners.

Diddley followed his first smash with the low-down blues “I’m A Man” (recorded by The Yardbirds) and “Mona” (recorded by The Rolling Stones). Diddley was frequently paired on disc with Chuck Berry, his colleague at Chess, the two classic guitar styles set to reinforce one another. He has had a lengthy career playing rock clubs and rock ‘n’ roll revivals, where the songs may be old, but the impact of his sound remains as important as the day it was conceived. Young Britshers didn’t spend their food allowances on Bo Diddley imports for nothing.

Bo Diddley / 126
FATS DOMINO

When credit is handed out to the artists who built the foundations of rock ‘n’ roll, “The Fat Man,” Fats Domino, deserves a place at the front of the line. This New Orleans born singer, songwriter and boogie-woogie piano player was writing rock tunes before the movement got its name. His major rock ‘n’ roll hits appeared in the early years of the music’s popularity, but Fats can still write them, and more importantly can still play them, flawlessly and with grace.

Antoine Domino started practicing piano at the age of five, spending hours a day at the beat-up machine a relative left him. His uncle had played with several of the earliest New Orleans jazz bands, and Fats (always his nickname) started young, following the family tradition. He formed his first band at 10. Despite a serious hand injury suffered at the factory he worked in, Domino refused to abandon his desire to play music and forced his recovery. Local clubs offered him work, and his reputation brought in fans from hundreds of miles away.

News about this excellent funky pianist reached a&r desks, and Dave Bartholomew first signed Domino to Imperial, then co-wrote “The Fat Man” with him. That first release, as far back as 1950, went top 10 on the r&b chart, and soon his name was familiar to many new audiences. By 1953, he was having hits on the pop charts too, and fortunately he was not ghettoized by many mass market disc jockeys, who often experienced opposition when they broadcasted black performers.

By 1955, the country was rocking, and so was Fats, with “Ain’t That A Shame,” and the following year brought “Blueberry Hill,” which the censors went wild over, as well as a jolly version of the 1930’s vintage “My Blue Heaven.” Domino closed out the 50’s with “Be My Guest,” “Walkin’ To New Orleans” and “Let The Four Winds Blow” and faded from the spotlight for most of the 60’s. He did cut a mean version of the Beatles’ “Lady Madonna,” reversing the many times British artists had covered their American idols.

I Want You To Know / 103
Blue Monday / 118
Blueberry Hill / 122
Let The Four Winds Blow / 129
Ain’t That A Shame / 140
Bo Weevil / 168
I’m In Love Again / 186
I’m Walkin’ / 214
THE DRIFTERS

If the sound was romantic, and the rhythm made you want to steal away with a favorite date, the song had to be one by the Drifters. A lot of sand has slipped back to the sea since the Drifters provided an outlet for summer madness in 1964 with “Under the Boardwalk,” but that tune, like many of their other hypnotic melodies, sounds better each time it’s revived. The Drifters still exist today, albeit without their original lineup and usually on the oldies circuit, but they are one group for whose songs time has always stood still.

The original Drifters were formed by the late r&b-gospel singer, Clyde McPhatter. He brought together three colleagues who had been “drifting” from one group to another, all veterans of gospel bands. Their first year together brought a major hit on the young Atlantic label, “Money Honey,” and several r&b hits through 1954 and ’55, when McPhatter went into the army. Thereafter, numerous members passed through the group which had some recorded success and was immensely popular on several rock package tours. Finally, the first Drifters split in 1958.

However, to fulfill a contract for the group at New York’s Apollo Theatre, the Drifters’ manager talked another r&b group, The Five Crowns, into becoming the Drifters, which they agreed to in 1959. Ben E. King sang lead, Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller were assigned to write for the group, and the result was the lovelorn “There Goes My Baby,” which neatly sold into the millions. Far more than an r&b-limited band, the newly made Drifters were a first class pop act, gathering hits as fast as teams like Lieber-Stoller and Doc Pomus-Mort Shuman could write them. Ben E. King earned the group another step up the ladder in 1960 with “Save The Last Dance For Me,” its swaying Latin rhythms complementing his smooth delivery.

King was soon off the stardom as a soloist, and Rudy Lewis took over leads for the quintet from 1960 until his sudden death in 1965. Each song was more gemlike than the one preceding it -- “Some Kind Of Wonderful,” “Sweets For My Sweet,” the much-recorded “On Broadway” and the classic “Up On The Roof,” all in 1962. Artists as diverse as the Rolling Stones and Eric Carmen have recorded the Drifters’ songs, and their influence certainly led millions of teenagers to dream the sweet thoughts of perfect love and great escapes.
THE FLEETWOODS

The mysterious, veiled harmonies of The Fleetwoods found immediate acceptance from the soft-rock oriented audience who closed out the 1950's. The success of this trio, although brief, was almost effortless, and to this day the sound of The Fleetwoods is instantly recognizable.

Three teenagers from the Seattle, Washington suburb of Centralia made up the group. Gretchen Christopher and Barbara Ellis, born nine days apart in February, 1940, linked up with Gary Troxel, three months older, while in high school. Local audiences remarked on their engaging three-part harmonies and the group decided to turn professional. A local label, Dolton, took them on and found itself with two #1 songs in a row, “Come Softly To Me” (released by Dolphin as well as Liberty Records) and “Mr. Blue.”

“Come Softly To Me” was a sensuous forerunner of such breathy tunes as “Je T’Aime” and even “Love To Love You Baby.” While the two girls sang the song’s few lines over and over, building in intensity, Troxel whispered a stream of “dom-dom-dom-be-do-be-do’s” behind them. Harmless on the surface, the song was genuinely erotic at a time when censors watched rock like hawks. The group’s follow-up, “Mr. Blue,” clung to a more traditional approach, telling a story of rejected love in ballad form, with the girls’ harmonies adding the appropriate dimension of mournfulness.

The Fleetwoods clicked into the top ten two years later, in 1961, with the depressing “Tragedy,” but soon slid into oblivion. Their sound has never been duplicated.
BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS

It's far from coincidental that the song which opened the "Happy Days" show was Bill Haley and His Comets' "Rock Around The Clock." If you want to recall the spirit of the '50s, or think about the first time everyone visualized rock 'n' roll, imagine jitterbugging teenagers dancing to that song, crinolines flying high over bobby sox and pegged pants. The jovial-looking spit-curled former country picker has become synonomous with the birth of rock. His records, which pale by comparison to Presley's brash early discs, kept saying "rock, rock, rock!," and the more that the 16-year-olds rocked, the closer they grew to defining an entire lifestyle based on rock. That lifestyle is today a self-sustaining part of our culture. Haley gave the whirlwind a name.

Bill Haley had been making a living with his guitar for many years before he became a universal sensation. Haley picked countryish tunes in pubs and honky-tonks, but as early as 1951 he experimented with the combination of Dixie, rhythm & blues, country & western and pop influences, resulting in some formative rock. In 1953, he formed a backing band to play his newly written tunes, calling them The Comets. One year later, he recorded both "Rock Around The Clock" and Crazy Man Crazy," which were minor hits, nothing special.

Then came 1955 and the film "Blackboard Jungle." "Rock Around The Clock" was used as the movie's theme song, and, set against the plot of teenage rebellion, the tune became a rallying cry. It went to #1 in the U.S. and England, and re-enters the British chart every few years, whenever it is reissued. Haley and His Comets followed up their million selling smash with his own version of Joe Turner's "Shake, Rattle And Roll," and occupied the top ten with that 1950's catch phrase, "See You Later, Alligator." The group starred in a movie called "Rock Around The Clock" and "Don't Knock The Rock."

Bill Haley, who by the time he found fame was approaching 30, defined the teenage hue and cry that time has hardly diminished. Bill Haley sporadically turns up at oldies shows these days and will always be remembered as one of the kings of rock 'n' roll.

Shake, Rattle And Roll / 150
See You Later,
Alligator / 164
THE 4 SEASONS

BRIAN HYLAND

CLYDE McPHATTER
HERMAN'S HERMITS

Peter Blaire Denis Bernard Noone, otherwise known as Herman, is today an engaging, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, gap-toothed man of 29. He still looks like a teenage idol, and indeed for most of the frenetic 1960's that's exactly what he was, as leader of Herman's Hermits. One of the longest-running first wave British bands, the Hermits were far from great innovators, but their songs were immediately recognizable and catchy. They behaved themselves, wore suits and generally were the kind of band who wouldn't lead a young female into rebellion, or worse.

Herman's Hermits were several years younger than The Beatles, and as they watched the Fab Four from just down the road in Manchester, England, the quintet set out in search of fame, fortune and adulation. Their original name of The Heartbeats was shed in favor of Herman's Hermits, and before 1964 was out, they had a number one record in America with "I'm Into Something Good." Herman was pleasantly nasal, and the group's material was about as easy to remember as a nursery rhyme. The mid-60's was a time when anything adolescent latched on to anything English, and before their chart run ended in America in 1967, the Hermits had three top sellers and a total of 14 singles in the top twenty, many of them Vaudevillian cuties like "I'm Henry VIII, I Am" and "Mrs. Brown, You've Got A Lovely Daughter." To the chagrin of "serious" British beat musicians, Herman's Hermits were almost as hot in their native land, and in fact clung to the British charts for an additional three years, up to 1970.

Peter Noone was specifically in demand as a solo performer, and resulting difficulties led to the disbanding of Herman's Hermits in 1971. The other Hermits occasionally play cabarets in Britain billed as The Hermits, and Noone consented to appear with the group for a "British Invasion" revival tour in 1973. However, Noone's own career has prospered on a variety of fronts. He did very well in England, recording a David Bowie song, "Oh, You Pretty Things," and has done sporadic recording in America. Noone has guested on several television shows, hosted a teen-oriented series and made wise investments. He is most un-"Hermits-like, but, rather, dresses, well and lives with his wife Mireille in California, England and France.

Silhouettes / 114
BRENDA LEE

She was described as “the little girl with the big voice.” Brenda Lee, who outshone her diminutive stature with a razz-ma-tazz robust voice, sparked the early '60's with a lengthy string of hits. She was among the most demanded entertainers at a time when warbling women held their own on the airwaves. Brenda could equally emote a mournful ballad or belt out the healthy animalism contained in a rocker like “Sweet Nothin’s.” Sure, she was thought of as cute, petite, adorable and the rest, but Ms. Lee has proven her staying power musically right up to the present.

Brenda Lee Tarpley was born on December 11, 1944 in the small town of Lithonia, Georgia and was educated in Nashville. At the age of 12, she entered a talent contest in Augusta, Ga., and was spotted by country star Red Foley. He was so impressed by her performance that he arranged her TV debut -- March, 1956, on the Ozark Jubilee Show. Brenda Lee's success story is an enviable, almost immediate one. Her showcase led to many similar offers, and eventually she was signed to record.

"Jambalaya" was her first release and her first hit, though mainly on a local basis. National and European recognition followed her early 1960 release, "Sweet Nothin's." Now, the audiences of American Bandstand, Perry Como and Steve Allen's TV shows had the chance to be won over by this youthful talent, who at age 16 was already a polished profesional. Her next record, "I'm Sorry," showed the Brenda Lee who could beg for forgiveness in a totally captivating way. It went straight to the top, as did "I Want To Be Wanted" later that same year.

Through 1961-63, it took an Elvis Presley disc or the latest dance craze to knock Brenda Lee records off the top. Her versions of "Emotions," "Dum Dum" and "All Alone Am I" helped forge the chain of hits, while "Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree" has become a holiday perennial. When Brenda found a diminishing pop audience for her down-home style, she very sensibly went back to her roots and the places she was raised. Today, as effervescent as always, Brenda Lee is one of the top female country singers – just in time for country music to be accepted all over the world.
JERRY LEE LEWIS

If a piano bench went flying across the stage, thrown with a whoop and a holler, and a long slather of wavy blond hair, the perpetrator had to be none other than Rock's original "bad boy," Jerry Lee Lewis. Southern-born Lewis was raised on a mix of Louisiana bayou, down-home country, and boogie-woogie, which he fused together and sparked with a charge of rock 'n' roll. He was Sun Records' most consistent hitmaker next to Presley, and the classic rockers he created in the mid-50's are still considered amongst rock's finest songs.

Lewis was born to the idea of star quality, and his life is a prime example of a constantly enlarging legend. It's an archetypal tale about Jerry Lee that his parents mortgaged their home to buy him a $900 piano when he was 8, then couldn't meet the payments. The young bopper took a brief foray into ministry school, but returned to Ferriday, Louisiana with a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint that he could meld into his piano style. When Lewis heard about how the Phillips brothers had made Elvis Presley a star on Sun Records, he traveled to Memphis, auditioned, and found the audition tape turned into his first release, "Crazy Arms."

The songs which ensure Lewis' membership in rock's Hall of Fame are two tempestuous numbers, "Great Balls Of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." They leave no room for one to catch a breath, but stand as monuments to the energy rock breathed to its fans throughout the early years. Lewis guested in the rock movies "Disc Jockey Jamboree" and "High School Confidential," gaining a hit with the latter film's title song. By 1958, he was in demand all over the U.S. and Europe, but ran straight into a morality hotseat when he married his 13 year old cousin, Myra. The marriage lasted 13 years, but Jerry Lee was, for all intents, blacklisted on two continents until the changing times made his decision seem far less sinful.

Lewis, in no way toning down his style, chose to apply his energies to the country music on which he was raised. He found renewed success with songs like "What Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made A Loser Out Of Me)" and often capped his performance with a medley of his rock 'n' roll hits. Lewis has since returned to featuring rock in his frequent live performances, proving his versatility at complementary musics, still kickin' that old piano around, and shaking his long curls.
RICKY NELSON

Television idolatry and rock 'n' roll fused neatly together in the case of Ricky Nelson. The sweet-faced teenager whose songs were sympathetic to adolescent plights of lost love and too-late dates, began his lengthy stint at the top of his parents' radio show, "The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet," at age 8. When the program was transferred to television in the mid-50's, Ricky, already the favorite, increased the sacks of fan mail arriving at the studio every time he sang a song to close the show.

Although Ricky, who had smoldering good looks, was lumped with a raft of other Elvis "lookalikes," the fact is that he did not present the same challenge to the family. Anyone watching that TV show, typical of the '50's programs in its wide-eyed innocence, could see that the youngest son Ricky was a good boy. No pelvis-wiggling here, and none needed, since one glance from his pleading eyes could melt the coolest cutie's heart. After a while, with each of Ricky's releases heading straight for the top, the Ozzie and Harriet show frequently resembled an excuse to get Ricky into the hop, or at the prom, or anywhere he could sing, accompanied by female frenzy. Still, the Nelsons never hid their pride in their son's success, and Ricky (later Rick) Nelson was the first major idol to be respectable.

His songs were not threats, either. "Poor Little Fool," his first number one disc, cast himself as the victim of a two-timing girlfriend, something the macho-rockers would never have accepted. Nelson's delivery was similarly gentle, almost crooned over a background which could be harmonized by a barbershop quartet. It was a winning formula, and worked for almost a decade.

In 1972, Rick Nelson left off making the films which had carried him through the late 1960's and started recording again. His style is country-rock, best known for the single "Garden Party." A masterpiece of cynicism, the song describes Nelson's frustration at not finding an "oldies" audience receptive to his current musical direction, wanting him to remain "Ricky" in the past. Nelson, like many other early rockers who have broken new ground, has found it an uphill battle to shake free of the stereotype which originally made him a star.
THE PLATTERS

There are times when the writer of a song must offer thanks that an artist has interpreted his creation to perfection. Such should be the feelings of the author of “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes,” as performed by The Platters. The four men and one woman who made up this 1950’s vocal group are today still remembered for their outstanding harmonies, which combined to send chills up one’s spine whenever a Platters song was played on the radio.

The first five years of the rock era saw the Platters overwhelm other vocal groups with a string of top hits, both in the United States and abroad. The group had actually been recording within the rhythm & blues market for several years previous to their across-the-board conquest. First tenor Tony Williams had sung in church choirs, gospel groups and even with the company band in his Air Force unit. He left for the West Coast, trying for a career in show business, when talent scout Buck Ram pulled him out of a car wash job and signed him to a contract. The other members of The Platters similarly caught the ear of Buck Ram -- second tenor David Lynch, baritone Paul Robi, bass player and band comedian Herbert Reed, and female vocalist Zola Taylor, who was picked out of a talent contest.

The Platters first released a slew of “boogie-woogie”-type tunes in the early ’50’s, but when they signed to a major record label, Mercury, their first release, “Only You,” catapulted to number one. The Platters, with their tingling high notes set against fervent lead lines, knew how to pick the songs just right for them. “The Great Pretender,” “My Prayer,” “Twilight Time” and of course, “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes” proved their consistency in a way that only The Drifters, who were more rock oriented, could match.

Early rock movies hustled to sign The Platters for guest sequences, and the quintet can be seen performing in “Rock Around The Clock,” and “The Girl Can’t Help It” among others. They did concerts in South America, the Far East and Australia and were feted across Europe. By 1961, Tony Williams had left the group, and although The Platters had success in 1967 with the single “With This Ring,” their golden era had passed into memory.
ELVIS PRESLEY

Spanning over two decades of rock history, King Elvis has placed more records into the Top 20 than any other artist who emerged before or after him. Presley was undeniably rock's first superstar, the man who proved that rock could have its own mythology. Elvis' staggering success forced rock's opponents to reckon with a music that was absolutely here to stay. For his millions of fans, rock became more than the song, or even Elvis, the man -- it was a way of standing, talking, behaving, an entire modus operandi, punctuated by the look of dark hair, a sneer on the lips and tight pants surrounding wiggly hips.

Presley's earliest records for Sun, now worth hundreds of dollars in their original form, were almost countryish in tone. The former truck driver from Tupelo, Mississippi incorporated fillips of many Southern style-points into his delivery, blending black boogie, country crooning and a lonesome twang. When he signed with RCA in 1956, that label honed Presley's delivery to a straight rock edge, which carried through both in ballads like "Heartbreak Hotel" and the thundering "All Shook Up." Elvis' voice was rich and downright sexy, and when coupled with his hip swivels, it proved irresistible to teenage women, was a role to copy for their boyfriends and gave moralizers plenty to stew over.

When Presley's movie career supplanted his recordings, going into the progressive 1960's, he was long since legendary, impossible to tarnish. No matter that the records might not rock as before or that the movies were candy floss, Elvis had a decade of ruling behind him which the fans would not relinquish. And when he released genuinely fine singles, like "In The Ghetto" and "Suspicious Minds," every rock follower, fan or not, was secretly pleased. Elvis' aging has been simultaneous with the advancing years of rock's maturity, and one burst from the Pelvis has always been enough to dispell all the "rock is dead" doomsayers.

Presley hit the concert trail at the close of the '60's, on the wave of praises for a lively, well-produced television special. Despite a bout with overweight that led to hospitalization, he is today out there giving the country what it wants, a chance to get a shiver of memory, to recall the man who gave the raucous sound a tangible hero, the first indication that there was definitely heaven in the land of rock.

Hound Dog / 60
All Shook Up / 83
Love Me Tender / 138
Don't Be Cruel / 156
The Promised Land / 240
LLOYD PRICE

"Look out now, Go, go Stagger Lee. Go, go Stagger Lee. Go, Go!"
Lloyd Price's hot firing of that folklorish ballad "Stack-o-Lee" is a favorite
show stopper for rock fans like Bruce Springsteen, who has incorporat-
ed it into his own show. Price seemingly whizzed into the national eye
all at once, and was gone not much later, but he wrote several out-
standing songs and sang them all with the glow of conviction.

Price was born on March 9, 1935 in New Orleans, into a family
devoted to music. His father had been a professional guitarist, his
mother was actively involved in gospel music, and every one of his ten
brothers and sisters played an instrument. Price gained a local
reputation for his proficiency on trumpet and formed a dance band
which played on a local radio station at the end of the '40's. He wrote
music for the band and commercial jingles for the station, and one day
in 1951 he played a song of his, "Lawdy Miss Clawdy," on the air. The
song was a listener smash and led to Price's recording that tune, as well
as many others which would be successful in the r&b market.

A hitch in the army found Price forming a band on his base, and
when he returned, he led a new 9-piece group to international
prominence with the rocketing "Stagger Lee" and the captivating sing-
along "Personality." Five times in 1959 alone saw Price in the Top 20,
selling a million and picking up another gold record with almost every
new release. Far from being only a wonder of the studios, Price was
able to recreate his hit-making sound on the road and was sought after
in the U.S. and abroad as the 1960's began. He offered a dynamic live
show, enthusiastically showing his vocal and instrumental abilities.

When Price found his hit-making streak quickly tapering off, he
switched his energies to the operation of his own record label, Double
LL, where he was responsible for starting Wilson Pickett on his
recording career.

Stagger Lee / 89
LITTLE RICHARD

Outrageous! In rock 'n' roll there are many contenders to that title, and all of 'em would have to fight Little Richard Penniman for the honors. For over 20 years, this madman, satinsheathed painted-up piano pumper has devoted his performances to giving the audience something to remember, the catharsis of an unabated rock show. Richard invented phrases that are classics of rock jabberwocky, and in a way he patented style. It would be awfully hard for anyone to follow Little Richard and sing standing still.

Richard, born on Christmas Day 1935, sang in his church choir as a boy, and began learning piano as he started into his teens. By the late 1940's, the increasing popularity of rhythm & blues and boogie-woogie had pervaded his hometown of Macon, Georgia, and he started writing his own songs modeled after those two forms. Determined to make music his livelihood, Richard washed dishes in a bus station until he got a contract after winning a local talent show. He first recorded at age 15, sticking to blues forms, although within a few years his writing was obviously rock 'n' roll.

Armed with songs like "Long Tall Sally" and "Lucille," which 20 years on rank as some of the most creative rock ever recorded, Richard changed labels. He didn't tell Specialty Records about his rock songs, knowing his club audiences had only wanted blues. The staff heard him playing "Tutti Fruitti" on a break, told him to record it, and watched as the song remained on the charts for a solid six months in 1956. No more apologies for the rock, said Richard as he carried through the remainder of the decade recording infectious boppers and tearing up concert halls in his pomaded hair, whooping across the piano and hollering for all he was worth. English kids like Lennon and McCartney went wild over him, as did fans across America. He was constantly cited as a prime example of "degenerate" rock 'n' roll.

Abruptly, Richard stopped rocking and entered the ministry, following a narrow escape on an overseas flight. He was back on the road by 1963, playing Europe with the just-beginning Beatles and Rolling Stones. His foreign fans encouraged Richard to tour the rock revival circuit at the close of the '60's, which he has successfully done many times in Europe and the U.S. Richard was featured in the early rock films and the revival "Let The Good Times Roll." His talent and his vitality easily span rock's diverse spectrum.
THE FOUR SEASONS

Various things have been claimed about Frankie Valli’s falsetto — that it can summon dogs ultrasonically, that it can shatter glass, that it can make teeth chatter, not to mention heads ache. Whatever one’s personal reactions to that unique sound, the facts remain that behind it lies a run of top-selling records almost unparalleled in American popular music. The Four Seasons were born out of an unsuccessful group called The Four Lovers from New Jersey, in 1962. To Frankie Valli, Nick Massi and Tommy de Vito, record producer Bob Crewe introduced the considerable writing talents of Bob Gaudio. Crewe also suggested the group change its name, which they did, and became The Four Seasons.

Crewe’s advice worked wonders. Gaudio’s first contribution was “Sherry,” which made ample use of Valli’s impossibly high shriek. Needless to say, it went straight to number one and gold status, followed in similar fashion by their next two outings, “Big Girls Don’t Cry” and, starting 1963 with a flourish, “Walk Like A Man.” The Four Seasons were unchallenged East Coast champions of pop, rivaled only by the Beach Boys with their California stronghold. Even at the height of Britain’s takeover of the American charts, The Four Seasons held their own, racking up million sellers with “Dawn,” “Rag Doll,” “Let’s Hang On” and “I’ve Got You Under My Skin,” several of which proved equally powerful among English kids who wanted to try something different. Whether the Four Seasons wept or wailed, they were irresistible and continued the pattern unabated even at the time of “progressive” music. They ventured into the mysterious territory of Bob Dylan in a great show of nerve, recording his “Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right” as the Wonder Who? Of course, no one had to guess.

Valli embarked on a solo career in 1967 with the top-ranking “Can’t Take My Eyes Off You” and managed to work his own songs and The Four Seasons material simultaneously. Except for a brief slowdown in the early ’70’s, both recording acts are as strong as ever, and in their rare concerts, the Seasons pack ’em in. Despite severe hearing difficulties, Valli has recorded recent smashes with “My Eyes Adore You,” and a largely new-personnel Four Seasons entered the top ten in 1975 on the disco front with “Who Loves You.” A decade and a half has not dimmed the luster of a group whose fans find them right for playing every season of the year.
BOBBY VINTON

Bobby Vinton will be 42 years old on April 16, 1977, and growing older hasn't seemed to have affected the curly-blonde-haired, blue-eyed balladeer one bit. Vinton has never been taken seriously by the music critics, and he can ignore them at his leisure -- for a decade and a half, he has been recording hits. It's one of life's little ironies that the "schlock-rocker," as he is often cynically styled, should enjoy success in many media -- on record, as a live entertainer, and recently, hosting his own television series.

Vinton followed in the footsteps of his father, bandleader Stan Vinton. At the age of 15, Bobby was leading a dance band -- he was the youngest professional bandleader in the U.S. at the time. As if that wasn't enough to keep the young man busy, he also played clarinet and doubled on saxophone, trumpet and other instruments. Vinton released several albums of band music before turning to solo singing, where he became a fixture in the Top Ten.

One of his first records, "Roses Are Red (My Love)," was also his biggest hit. In addition to being #1 in America, it marked Bobby's only foray into the British charts. After that smash, nothing could hold him back. He hit the top with "Blue Velvet" and "There! I've Said It Again" in 1963 and with the mournful "Mr. Lonely" in 1964. Those hits are the tip of the Vinton iceberg, which counts no less than 14 singles in the top twenty between 1962 and 1972.

Vinton's decidedly non-threatening demeanor and pleasant if cajoling voice found favor with more 1970's adults than teenagers. His songs have often centered on the problems of loneliness and the delights of falling in love, but did not portray the aggressive treatment given to these themes by hard-core rock 'n' rollers. Vinton's television show neatly fits into the early evening hours, with guests like his 1960's hitmaking colleague Lesley Gore bridging the past decade. Bobby Vinton stuck with the standards, and his non-trendiness has proved a saving grace.
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY

Moderate beat

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, they don't cry.

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY... (Who said they don't cry.)
1. My girl said goodbye. My, oh my.
(
2. Baby, I was true. I was true. 

My girl didn't cry. (I wonder why) (Silly boy) Told my girl we had to break up, (Silly boy) Thought that she would

Boy) Shame on you, your mama said, (Silly girl) Shame on you, you're
call my bluff; (Silly boy) Then she said to my surprise, 

cryin' in bed; (Silly girl) Shame on you, you told a lie, 

2549
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.

Cry, they don't cry.

Cry, (Who said they don't cry)

Cry, (That's just an alibi)

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY, BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY.
ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Well I'm a write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local D.J.

Yes, it's a jumpin' little record I want my jockey to play,

VER BEE-THO-VEN, I gotta hear it again today.

tem-pa-ture's ris-in' and the juke box blow-in' a fuse,

My heart's beatin' rhythm and my

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soul keeps a-sing-in' the blues;
ROLL O-VER, BEE-THO-VEN and tell Tchai-kow-sky the news.

I got the rock-in' pneu-mo-nia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.

I caught the roll-in' ar-thri-tis, sit-ting down at a rhythm re-view;
ROLL O-VER, BEE-THO-VEN, they're rock-in' in two by two.

Well, if you feel you like it, go get your lover. Then reel and rock it. roll it o-ver, Then
move on up just a trifle further, Then reel and rock with one another, ROLL O-

VER, BEE-THO-VEN. Dig these rhythm and blues. Well, early in the mornin' and I'm
givin' you my warnin', Don't you step on my blue suede shoes; Hey, diddle diddle, I'm a playin' my fiddle,

Ain't got nothin' to lose; ROLL OVER, BEE-THO-VEN and tell Tchai-kowsky the news.

You know she wiggles like a glow-worm, Dance like a spinnin' top,
She got a crazy partner, You oughta see 'em reel an' rock; Long as

She's got a dime, the music won't ever stop. ROLL OVER, BEE-

THO-VEN, ROLL OVER, BEE-THO-VEN, ROLL OVER, BEE-

THO-VEN, ROLL OVER, BEE-THO-VEN, ROLL OVER, BEE-

THO-VEN and dig these rhythm and blues.
HUSHABYE

Words and Music by
DOC POMUS
MORT SHUMAN

Moderately

VERSE

F  Dm  Bb  C7

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;
Guardian angels up above,
Oh, my dar-lin', don't you cry.
Take care of the one I love.

CHORUS

F  Dm  Bb

Ooh.

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Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye; oh, my darling, don't you cry.
Guardian angels up above, take care of the one I love.

Ooh.

Pillows lying on your bed; oh, my darling, rest your head.
Sandman will be coming soon, singing you a slumber tune.

Ooh.
Lullaby and goodnight.

In your dreams I'll hold you tight.

Lullaby and goodnight.

Till the dawn's early light.

D.S. al Fine
Recorded by JERRY LEE LEWIS on SUN Records

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

Words and Music by
JACK HAMMER
OTIS BLACKWELL

Bright Rock Tempo

Chorus

You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain
Too much love drives a man insane.
You broke my will, but what a thrill.
Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!
I laughed at love 'cause I thought it was funny.

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You came along and moved me, honey. I changed my mind;
this love is fine. Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!
Kiss me, baby, Oh, yo! It feels good.
Hold me, baby. I want to love you like a lover should.
You're fine, so kind, I'm gonna tell the world that you're mine, mine, mine, mine.

I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumbs. I'm real nervous but it sure is fun!

Oh, baby, you're drivin' me crazy.

Goodness gracious, great balls of fire! balls of fire!
JOHNNY ANGEL

Words by
LYN DUDY

Music by
LEE POCKRISS

Moderate tempo

CHORUS

Johnny Angel How I love him, He's got something that I can't resist. But he doesn't even know that I exist. Johnny

Angel How I want him, How I tingle when he passes by. Every time he says, "Hello" my heart begins to fly. I'm in.

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heaven. I get carried away. I dream of him and me. And

how it's gonna be. Other fellas call me up for a date. But

I just sit and wait, I'd rather concentrate for Johnny Angel. 'Cause I love him. And I

pray that some-day he'll love me. And together we will see how lovely heaven can

be. Johnny be.
Goin' Out of My Head

Slowly with a beat

Well I think I'm going out of my head
(And I) think I'm going out of my head
Yes I 'Cause I think I'm going out of my head
can't explain the tears that I shed
over you
over you

you you
I want you to want me
I see you each morning;
But

I need you so badly,
you just walk past me you
don't even know that I ex-

Go-in' Out Of My Head

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head o-ver you Out of my head day and night,

Night and day and night wrong or right, I must think of a

way in-to your heart, There's no rea-sion

why my be-ing shy should keep us a-part,

And I think I'm go-ing out of my head. Yes I

Repeat and fade out.
PALISADES PARK

Recorded by FREDDIE CANNON on SWAN Records

Moderate twist

Words and Music by
CHUCK BARRIS

Chorus

Last night I took a walk after dark,
A swing-in' place called

PALISADES PARK;
To have some fun and see what I could

see,
That's where the girls are.
I took a ride on the
"Shoot-the-shoot", The girl I sat beside was awful cute;

And when we stopped she was holdin' hands with me,

My heart was flyin' Up a-like a rocket-ship,

Down a-like a roller-coaster, Fast a-like a "Loop-the-loop"

And a-

round a-like a merry-go-round. We ate and ate at a hot dog stand,
We danced around to a rock-in' band; And when I could I gave that girl a hug, In the "Tunnel of love".

You'll never know how great a kiss can feel, When you've stopped at the top of the

"Ferris Wheel" Where I fell in love, Down at PAL-I-SADES.

PARK. PARK. Down at PAL-I-SADES.

Repeat - fading out
I don't remember what day it was;

I didn't notice what time it was. All I know is that I

fell in love with you. And if all my dreams come true, I'll be spending time with
From this point, the song may be sung an octave lower.

you. Every day's a new day in love with you. With

each day comes a new way of loving you. I

every time I kiss your lips my mind starts to wander. If

all my dreams come true, I'll be spending time with you, Oh!

always will be true, I know you feel the same way too, Oh!
I love you more today than yesterday,
But not as much as tomorrow.
I love you more today than yesterday.
But darling not as much as tomorrow.
Every day's a new day,
Every way's a new way,
Every time I love you.
SPLISH SPLASH

By
BOBBY DARIN
JEAN MURRAY

Moderately, with a beat

Splish splash, I was tak–in’ a bath,
'Long a–bout a Sat–ur–day

Bug hang, I saw the whole gang,
Danc–in' on my liv–in' room

night,

rag. (Vocal)

A rub dub, just re–lax–in' in the tub,
Think–in' ev–ry–thing was all right.

Flip flop, they were do–in' the bop,
All the teens had the danc–in' bug.

Well, I stepped out the tub, put my feet on the floor.
There was a Lollip–op with Peggy Sue.

2549

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wrapped the towel around me and I opened the door. And then a splosh splash, I got a-bout the bath, Well, how was I to know there was a party going on? I went and put my dancing shoes on. I was a-spilsh-in' and a-splash-in', I was a-roll-in' and a-stroll-in', I was a-movin' and a-groov-in', I was a-reelin' with the feel-in'.
Recorded by JOE JONES on ROULETTE Records

YOU TALK TOO MUCH

Words and Music by
JOE JONES
REGINALD HALL

With a beat

Refrain

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, you worry me to death, YOU TALK TOO MUCH, you even

wor-ry, my pet, You just talk, TALK TOO MUCH.
You talk about people that you don't know,

You talk about people wherever you go,

You just talk,

TALK TOO MUCH...

You talk about people that you've never seen,

You talk about people, you can make me scream, You just talk,

TALK TOO MUCH...

YOU
HOUND DOG

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS (tacet)

You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog, cryin' all the time.

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.
When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

You ain't nothin' but a mine.
POETRY IN MOTION

Words and Music by PAUL KAUFMAN
MIKE ANTHONY

With a beat

When I see my baby,
What do I see?

POETRY, POETRY IN MOTION.

Refrain—with a beat

POETRY IN MOTION,
Walkin' by my side;
Her lovely locomotion
Keeps my eyes open wide;
POETRY IN MOTION,
See her gentle sway,
A wave out on the ocean
Could never move that way.
I love every movement,
There's nothing I would change;
She doesn't need improvements,
She's much too nice to rearrange POETRY IN MOTION,
(1) Dancing close to me,
(2) All that I adore;
No flower of devotion,
Awaying gracefully.
Number Nine love potion Could make me love her more.
I'VE TOLD EV'RY LITTLE STAR

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by
JEROME KERN

Allegretto grazioso

I make up things to say on my way to you,

On my way to you I find things to say.

I can write poems too When you're far a-

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When you're far away
I write poems

But when you are near my lips go dry.

When you are near I only sigh,
Oh, dear.

poco deliberato e marcato
I've told every little star Just how sweet I think you are,
Why haven't I told you? I've told
ripples in a brook, Made my heart an open book, Why haven't
I told you?

Friends ask me: Am
I in love? I always answer "Yes," Might as well confess, If I don't, they guess. Maybe you may know it too, Oh, my darling, if you do, Why haven't you told me?
TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU
(To Know Him Is To Love Him)

Words and Music by
PHIL SPECTOR

Moderately

know, know, know him
is to love, love, love him
Just to see him smile

Makes my life worth while... To know, know, know him
Is to love, love, love him
And I

I'd be good to him
And
I'd bring love to you—

Everyone says there'll come a day—

I'll walk along side, yes, yes, to know you—

Is to love, love, love you—

And I do

Why can't he see—

How blind he can be?

Some day (you'll) see—

That
(you were) meant for me.
To know, know, know—him—Is to

love, love, love—him—Just to see him smile—Makes my life worth while—To

know, know, know—him—Is to love, love, love—him—And I do.

To do.
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Words by
OTTO HARBACH

Music by
JEROME KERN

Andante moderato

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

I of course replied, "Something from inside, Cannot be de-

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Yet to-day,—My love has flown away,—I am without my love.

Now laughing friends deceive,

Tears I cannot hide,

So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies, Smoke gets in your eyes."

allarg.
ONLY YOU
(And You Alone)

Words and Music by
BUCK RAM
ANDE RAND

Slowly, with feeling

ONLY YOU can make this world seem right.

ONLY YOU can make the darkness bright.
ONLY YOU and you alone can

thrill me like you do and fill my heart with

love for ONLY YOU.

ONLY YOU

can make this change in me, for it's
true you are my destiny. When you

hold my hand, I understand the magic that you do. You're my dream come true, my one and only

YOU. ONLY YOU.
BOOK OF LOVE

Tell me, tell me, tell me, Oh, who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE? I've got to know the answer, Was it someone from above? I wonder, wonder who,

who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE? I love you, darling, Baby, you know I do, But I've got to see this
BOOK OF LOVE, Find out why it's true; I wonder, wonder who,

who. Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE.

Chapter One says to love her, To love her with all your heart, Chapter Two you

tell her You're never, never, never, never, ever gonna part. In

Chapter Three remember the meaning of romance, In Chapter Four you
break up, But you give her just one more chance. Oh, I wonder, wonder

who, who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE?

Baby, baby, baby, I love you, yes, I do; Well, it says so in this

BOOK OF LOVE, Ours is the one that's true. I wonder, wonder who,

who, Who wrote the BOOK OF LOVE?
SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME

Words and Music by
DOC POMUS
MORT SHUMAN

Variation No.

Moderately

Chorus

You can dance ev'ry dance with the guy who gave you the eye; let him know that the music is fine, like sparkling wine; go and hold you tight.

You can smile ev'ry time we're apart don't give your heart to any one.

Laugh and sing, but while smile for the man who held your hand 'neath the pale moonlight.

But don't forget who's taking you home and in whose arms you're
gon-na be. So dar-lin', save the last dance for me.
Oh, I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?
I will never let you go. I love you, oh, so much.
You can dance, go and carry on till the
night is gone and it's time to go.
If he asks if you're all alone,
can he take you home,
you must tell him no.
'Cause don't forget who's taking you home and in whose arms you're gonna be.
So, darlin', save the last dance for me.
You can me.
ALL SHOOK UP

Medium Shuffle Rhythm

A-well-a, bless my soul, What's wrong with me? I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree. My friends say I'm actin' queer as a bug. I'm in love I'm

ALL SHOOK UP! Mm... mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

My
hands are sh-a-ky and my knees are weak._ I can't seem to stand on my

own two feet._ Who do you thank when you have such luck? I'm in love! I'm

ALL SHOOK UP!_ Mm._ mm oh, oh, yeah._ yeah!

1. Please don't ask what's on my mind, I'm a little mixed up but I'm feel-in' fine. When I'm
2. Tongue gets tied when I try to speak, My insides shake like a leaf on a tree. There's.

near that girl that I love best, My heart beats so it scares me to death! She
touched my hand, What a chill I got, Her kisses are like a volcano that's hot! I'm proud to say she's my buttercup, I'm in love!

ALL SHOOK UP! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! 2. My

2. B♭

yeah! I'm All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm

All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm All Shook Up!
I'M ON THE OUTSIDE
(Looking In)

Slowly

Chorus

I'M ON THE OUT-SIDE LOOK-ING

Eb  

Gm7  

IN,

And I wanna be, and I wanna be back on the

in-side with you, You are with some-bod-y new and I don't know what to

Fm7  

Bb7  

do, 'Cause I'm still in love with you.  

I'M ON THE OUT-SIDE LOOK-ING
IN,
I don't wanna be, I don't wanna be left on the
outside all alone, Well I guess I've had my day, and you let me go my
way, Now it's me who has to pay.

never should have gone away, I never should have gone away and left you like I did
with tears in your eyes, I thought you'd take me back. But now to my surprise, to my surprise, I'm on the outside looking in.

Got to find a way, got to find a way back to your heart, dear, once again. Won't you take me back again, I'll be waiting here till then on the outside looking in.

[1.]

IN.

I'm on the outside looking in.

[2.]

IN.
STAGGER LEE

By

HAROLD LOGAN
LLOYD PRICE

Bright Rock Tempo

I was standing on the corner when I heard my bull-dog bark.

Lee told Billy, "I can't let you go with him.

Lee went to the bar-room, and he stood across the bar-room.

Lee shot Bill-y, oh, he shot that poor boy so bad.

bark.

He was barking at the two men who were gambling in the dark.

That, you have won all my money and my brand new slot-box hat.

You have to move and he pulled his forty-four.

Till the bullet came through Bill-y, and it broke the bartender's.

It was Stagger Lee and Bill-y, two men who gambled for my life.

Stagger Lee and Bill-y cried Bill-y, "Oh, please don't gamble late.

Stagger said, "I'm tired.

Lee threw seven, Bill-y going to the bar-room just to three little children, and a sworn that he threw eight.

Stagger Stagger Stagger Stagger

Red cloth glass.

With a solid rock

1. TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE DEE,
2. TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE, TWEED-LEE DOT,

I'm as happy as can be;
How you're gonna keep that honey you got?

Jim-ny Crick-ets, Jim-ny Jack, You make my heart go click-ity clack,
Hunk-ies, hunk-ies, piece-es, bite, I'm gonna see my honey to-night,
TWEEDE-LEE, TWEEDE-LEE, TWEEDE-LEE DEE,
TWEEDE-LEE, TWEEDE-LEE, TWEEDE-LEE DOT.

TWEEDE-LEE DEE: TWEEDE-LEE DEE DEE,
TWEEDE-LEE DO, TWEEDE-LEE DEE DO

Give it up, give it up, give your love to me.
Give that kiss to me before you go;

TWEEDE-LEE DOT, TWEEDE-LEE DEE DOT,
TWEEDE-LEE DUM, TWEEDE-LEE DEE DUM,

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, give me all the love you got,
Lookie, lookie, lookie, lookie, look at that sugar plum.
Hun-ty, um bum tum. Tweed-lee, Tweed-lee, Tweed-lee (do, dum)

I'm a lucky so and so;
You're as sweet as bubble gum;

Hub-ba, hub-ba, hoo-cy, do,
Mercy, mercy, pudding pie.

I'm gonna keep my eyes on you;
You've got somethin' that money can't buy;

1. F F+ F6 F
2. F F+ F6 F
Recorded by BRENDA LEE on DECCA Records

DUM DUM

By

SHARON SHEELEY
JACKIE DE SHANNON

Moderato

G

C

G

C

G

D7

(Spoken) I wanna love you just a little bit more. I couldn't love you any more than I do. So say the word and make my dreams come true.

Your ma's in the kitchen, your pa's next door,

Tell me you love me and

You'll be mine. There's so many things that we could do,

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2549
1. A long, long time ago, I wrote in your book,
    She looked at me, wrote next to my name:

   A - go, you big - tion day,
   I wrote in to your book,
   You signed this way:
   ROS - ES ARE RED, my love.

   and when the school
   she like you.
   some - day some boy will write
   some - day some boy will write

Moderately

Al Byron
Paul Evans

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Violets are blue, sugar is sweet my love, but not as sweet as you. 2. We dated you.

To Next Strain

Then I went far away and you found someone
I read your letter, dear, and I wrote back to you:

ROSES ARE RED, my love.
VIOLETS ARE BLUE,
SUGAR IS SWEET, my love
GOOD LUCK, may God bless you.

3. Is that your
(Three Voices)

Oh

Oh

(Lead) Little Bitty

2.4. I can tell you a

Pretty One Come on and talk to me

story happened a long time ago

Lovely daisy lovely one Come sit down on my knee

Little Bitty Pretty One I've been watching you grow

2549
Spoken: Come on everybody. Let's put our hands together and

D. S. and fade

Sing along.
A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY

Words and Music by
BOB ELGIN
LUTHER DIXON
KAY ROGERS

Recorded by GENE McDANIELS on LIBERTY Records

Moderato

1. He took A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY and then He said, "Hey!
2. (With just A) HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY He made my life worth

Listen, I'm gonna fix this world today because I know what's
livin', And I will thank Him every day for every kiss you're

missin'! Then He rolled His big sleeves up and a brand new world began,
givin', And I thank Him every night for the arms that hold me tight,

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He created a woman and a lot of
And He did it all with just A

lov'in' for a man.

HUNDRED FOUNDS OF

CLAY. Yes, He did! Oh, yes, He did!
Now, can't you just see Him walkin' round and round, pickin' clay up off the ground,
Know-in' just what He should do to make a living dream like you, He
rolled His big sleeves up and a brand new world began,
He created a woman and a lot of
lovin' for a man.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW

Moderato

I want you to know, I love her so well, And I love her so much. I could never, never tell. Oh boy, yay, yay, yay, oh boy, whoa.

I love to love her in the morning, Love her till the dawning, don't you know? Whoa.

Don't you know that I love her so? And I'll keep my poor heart in misery. Oh boy, whoa.

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Recorded by FRANKIE LYMÖN & THE TEENAGERS on GEE Records

I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL

By

MORRIS LEVY

With a solid rock

Refrain

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, I love you,

ba-by, And I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Well, come on, ba-by, let's go down-town

Rock, Jump, Kid a-round.

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I love you, baby, And I WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Well,

Come on, baby, I love you so, I'll never, never let you go; Come on, baby, will you

Treat me nice, Please don't put my love on ice, I love you, baby, And I

WANT YOU TO BE MY GIRL... Come and take me by the hand, Tell me I'm your
lover man; We'll have fun, just we two, You for me, me for you. Oh,

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh,

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, I love you, baby, And I

Want you to be my girl.

Oh, girl.
ENDLESSLY

Words and Music by
CLYDE OTIS
BROOK BENTON

Brightly

Very sustained

Higher than the highest mountain and

deep than the deepest sea.

That's how I will love you

darling ENDLESSLY

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Recorded by BROOK BENTON on MERCURY Records
Soft-er than the gentle breezes
and stronger than a
wild oak tree.
That’s how I will
hold you
dar-ling
END-LESS-LY.

Oh, my love
you are my heav-en
You are my
king-dom
you are my crown.
Oh, my love, you're all I prayed for, you were made for,
these arms to surround.
Faithful as a morning sun rise and sacred as a love can be,
That's how I will love you.
dar-ling. END-LESS-LY. END-LESS-LY. END-LESS
IT'S GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE

Words and Music by
TEDDY RANDAZZO
BOBBY WEINSTEIN
LOU STALMAN

Slowly with a beat

Loving you so I was to blind to see You let-ting me go,

now that you've set me free, It's Gon-na Take A Mir-a-cle ooo ooo, yes, It's

Gon-na Take A Mir-a-cle, ooo ooo, to make me love some-one new while I'm

cra-zy for you, Oh, Oh, did-n't you know, it would-n't be so ea-sy
letting you go
I could have told you that It's
Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, yes, It's Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, to make me
love some-one new when I'm crazy for you, Oh
Though I know, I can't get thru to you, I'm
gonna try to show you how much, you're turning me around, de-
saying me, I'll never be the same any more, You

must realize you took your love and left me quite by surprise

you can be sure that, now It's Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, yes, It's

Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, to make me love someone new while I'm

crazy for you. Yes, It's Gonna Take A Miracle, ooo ooo, Yes, It's

Repeat-fade out
SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS SITTING IN THE BACK SEAT

Moderately

F

1. Seven little girls sitting in the back seat, Huggin' and a-kiss-in' with
   Fred. I said, "Why don't one of you come up and sit beside me?" And
   Fred. I said, "How do you like my triple car bu-re-tor?" And

Bb
   Drove thru the town, drove thru the country, Showed them how a motor could
   I said, "You don't need me, I'll get off at my house," And

F
   Smooth-in' in the back seat, Ev'ry one in love with

C7
   this is what the seven-girls said; (Spoken) All to-geth-er now, one, two, three! Keep your mind on your driving, keep your
   this is what the seven-girls said:

Bb
   hands on the wheel; Keep your snoop-y eyes on the road a-head. We're hav-in' fun

F

Gm7
   sitting in the back seat, Kiss-in' and a-huggin' with Fred."

C7

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SILHOUETTES

Words and Music by
FRANK C. SLAY, Jr.
BOB CREWE

Took a walk and passed your house late last night, All the shades were pulled and drawn 'way down tight; From within a dim light cast two silhouettes on the shade, Oh what a lovely couple they made. Put his arms around your waist, held you tight, Kisses I could almost
taste in the night, Wondered why I'm not the guy whose silhouette's on the shade I couldn't hide the tears in my eyes Ah, I was lost control, and rang your bell, I was sore, "Let me in, or else I'll beat down your door." When two strangers, who had
been two silhouettes on the shade said my shock
You're on the wrong block Rushed down to your house with
wings on my feet Loved you like I've never loved you my sweet, Vowed that you and I would
be two silhouettes on the shade All of our days, two silhouettes on the shade.

Ah,

Fade out repeat ad lib.
WE BELONG TOGETHER

Words and Music by
ROBERT CARR
JOHNNY MITCHELL
SAM WEISS

You're mine, and we belong together,
Yes, we belong together forever for eternity.
You're mine,

Yes, it belongs to only me,
You're my, my baby, as you'll always be,

I love you so much.
I swear by every thing, every thing I own, I'll always, always love you.
You're
BLUE MONDAY

By
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW
ANTOINE DOMINO

Rock Tempo

Blue Monday how I hate Blue Monday. Have to work like a slave all day.

Here comes Tuesday, oh hard Tuesday, I'm so tired I've got no time to play. Here comes Wednesday, I'm beat to my

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socks. My gal calls, got to tell her that I'm out, 'Cause Thursday is a hard working day. And Friday I get my pay. Saturday morning, oh Saturday morning, all my tiredness has gone away. Got my money, and my honey And I'm
out on the stem to play. Sunday morning my head is bad,

But it's worth it for the time I have had, But I got to get my rest, 'Cause Monday is next.
GOOD TIMIN’

Words and Music by
CLINT BALLARD, Jr.
FRED TOBIAS

Moderato

1. If little, little David hadn’t
   grabbed that stone
   A-lin’ there on the ground
   Hadn’t just happened to meet,

2. Who in the world would’ve
   ever known
   what Columbus could do,

3. What would’ve happened if
   you and I
   stomped on him
   In the rest of our lives

Big Goliath might’ve
We might’ve spent
spread of the other
Fourteen ninety
Walkin’ down Mission Street.

But he had
But she had
Timin’ a

Tick-a tick-a tick-a, Good
tim-in’, a’ tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, tick-a.
Timin’ is the thing.

It’s true, good timin’ brought me— to you.

Blueberry Hill

Words and Music by
AL LEWIS
LARRY STOCK
VINCENT ROSE

Do you recall a year ago tonight?

We stood and watched the golden sun descending
When love had just begun, Why did there have to be an ending?

Do you recall a year ago tonight?

I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill,

On Blueberry Hill When I found
you. The moon stood still On Blue-berry

Hill, And lingered until my dreams came true. The wind in the willow played

— Love's sweet melody; But all of those
vows we made  Were never to be

Tho' we're apart,  You're part of me still

For you were my thrill  On Blueberry Hill.

I found my Hill.
BO DIDDLEY

Brightly (a la Calypso)

G

BO DIDDLEY 'll buy baby a diamond ring,

If that diamond ring don't shine,

He's gonna take it to a private eye.

If that private eye can't see,

He better not take that ring from me.

Words and Music by E. McDANIELS

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HO DID-DL-EY caught a nan-ny goat,
To make his pretty ba-by a Sun-day coat.

BO DID-DL-EY caught a bear-cat,
To make his pretty ba-by a Sun-day hat.

Instrumental Interlude
Won't you come to my house and rack that bone,
Take my baby all the way from home.
Look at that bo-do, Oh, where's he been,
Up to your house and gone again.

Refrain (Repeat ad lib. gradually fading out)

BO DID-DL-EY, BO DID-DL-EY, have you heard.
My pretty baby said she was a bird.
I like the way you walk,
I like the way you talk,
To tell my troubles to.

Let me hold your hand,
Don't you be afraid,
Try to understand,
You heard what I said.

I want a girl like you,
Let the four winds blow,
Let 'em blow, let 'em blow.
From the east to the west,
I'll love you the best.

Let the four winds blow,
Let the four winds blow,
Let the four winds blow.
TOSSIN' AND TURNIN'

Moderato

C
Am
F7
G7

Baby, baby can't you see what you're doing to me?

With a Beat

C
F
C

I couldn't sleep a wink last night just a-thinking of

a tempo

F
C
G7

you. Baby things weren't right I kept on

tossin' and turnin' turnin' and tossin' tossin' and turnin' all

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night. I threw the blankets on the floor, turned my pillow upside down,

Then I thought of you some more And I kept on tossin' and
turnin' turnin' and tossin' tossin' and turnin' all night.

Jumped out of bed, turned on the light, Pulled down the shade went to the
kitchen for a bite. Pulled up the shade, turned off the light, I
jumped back into bed it was the middle of the night.

The clock downstairs was striking four, couldn't get you off my mind.

Heard the milkman at the door but I was tossing and
tossin' tossin' and turnin' turnin' and turnin' all night.
BABY
(You’ve Got What It Takes)

Words and Music by
CLYDE OTIS
MURRAY STEIN

Medium shuffle beat

Piano

Refrain

Well, now, it takes more than a rob-in To make the win-ter go,

(Opt. Bass) (simile)

And it takes two lips of fire To melt a-way the snow.

(Opt.)

Well, it takes two hearts a-cook-in’ To make a fire grow,

Ab7

And BA-BY,
You’ve Got What It Takes.

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You know it takes a lot of kiss-in' To make a romance sweet,

Ooh, it takes a lot of lovin' To make my life complete,

And it takes a lot of woman To knock me off my feet,

And BABY, You've Got What It Takes.
Uh-huh-huh, Mm—
You know you've got just what it takes. Because it takes more than an effort
To stay away from you.
It takes more than a lifetime To prove that I'll be true; But it takes somebody special
To make me say, "I do," And BABY,
You've Got What It Takes... Well, now, it
KO KO MO
(I Love You So)

Moderately bright
Mambo-Blues tempo

Verse

Talk to me baby whisper in my ear,
heard what you told me heard what you said.
dimples on her elbows dimples on her knees.

Talk to me baby whisper in my ear,
heard what you told me heard what you said.
dimples on her elbows dimples on her knees.

Don't She

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Come a little closer don't have no fear.
Worry my pretty won't lose my head.
Thrills and thrills me with just a little squeeze.

Chorus - let it rock

Know I love you so-o. Don't you

Know I love you so-o. When I hol-ler hey, hey

KO KO MO. 2nd time I MO.
3rd time There's
LOVE ME TENDER

Moderately slow

Verse

1. Love me tender, love me sweet;
2. Love me tender, love me long;
3. Love me tender, love me dear;

Never let me go.
For it's there that you have made my life complete,
And I love you so.

Take me to your heart.
I'll be yours through all the years,
And we'll never part.

Tell me you are mine.
Till the end of time.

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Chorus

Love me tender, love me true, All my dreams full-

fill. For, my dar-lin', I love you,

And I al-ways will. And I al-ways will.

EXTRA VERSE

4. When at last my dreams come true,
Darling, this I know:
Happiness will follow you
Everywhere you go.
AIN'T THAT A SHAME!

Words and Music by
ANTOINE DOMINO
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW

Moderately

1. You made me cry
   when you said goodbye.

2. (You) broke my heart
   when you said we'll
   bye part Ain't That A Shame!
   My tears fell like rain

Ain’t That A Shame!
You’re the one to blame...

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Oh well goodbye although I'll
cry, Ain't That A Shame! My tears fell like
rain, Ain't That A Shame! You're the one to

1. G Am7 D7 2. G G6
blame. You blame.
Recorded by LITTLE RICHARD on SPECIALTY Records

TUTTI FRUTTI

Words and Music by
R. PENNIMAN
D. LABOSTRIE

Bright rock tempo

G

Gm

A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop bop boom!

Chorus

G

G7

Tutti Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au

C7

G7

D7

Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au rut-ti, Tutti Frutti au

C7

G Am7 G Am7 G Verse G

rut-ti, A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop bop boom! I got a gal, her name's Sue, She

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knows just what to do,

I got a gal, her name's Sue,

She knows just what to do.

almost drives me crazy.

I got a gal, her name's Daisy,

She almost drives me crazy.

I've been to the east,

I've been to the west,

But she's the gal I

She's a real gone cock-ie,

yes sir-ree,

But pretty little Suzy's the

love the best.

gal for me.

Tutti Frutti au rut-ty,

Tutti Frutti au

rut-ty,

Tutti Frutti au rut-ty,

Tutti Frutti au rut-ty,

Tutti Frutti au rut-ty,

A-bop bop a-loom-op a-lomp bop boom! 2. I got a lomp bop boom!
Recorded by BUDDY KNOX on ROULETTE Records

PARTY DOLL

Words and Music by
JAMES BOWEN
BUDDY KNOX

Moderato, with a beat

Verse

1. All I want is a PAR-TY DOLL, To come a-long with me, when I'm feel-in' wild, To
2. I saw a gal walk-in' down the street, The kind of a gal I would love to meet, She

be ev-er lov-in' and true and fair, To run her fin-gers a-through my hair.

had blonde hair and eyes of blue, Ba-by, I'm a-gon-na have a par-ty with you.

Refrain

Come a-long and be my PAR-TY DOLL, Come a-long and be my PAR-TY DOLL,
Come along and be my PARTY DOLL, I'll make love to you, to you.

I'll make love to you. 2. Well I'll make love to you.

Interlude

Every man has got to have a PARTY DOLL, To be with him, when he's feelin' wild, To be ever lovin', true and fair, To

run her fingers through his hair, To run her fingers through his hair.
Recorded by CHUBBY CHECKER on PARKWAY Records

LET'S TWIST AGAIN

Words and Music by
KAL MANN
DAVE APPELL

Moderately Bright

Let's twist again like we did last summer.

Yeah, let's twist again like we did last year.

Do you remember when things were really hummin'?

Yeah, let's twist again; twist in' time is here,

Chorus

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Around and around and up and down we go again.
Oh baby, make me know you love me

So again
Let's twist again
Like we did last summer.

Yeah, let's twist again
Like we did last year.

Let's twist again
Medium tempo

Thought I was in

love be-fore— Then you moved in next door— PRETTY BLUE EYES,

PRETTY BLUE EYES. All the guys in the

neigh-bor- hood_ keep say-in' that you sure look good___ with your blue eyes,
PRETTY BLUE EYES.

Saw you from my window,

My heart skipped a beat——

Gonna sit by your door-step
So that I can

meet PRETTY BLUE EYES, Please come out to-day, so I can tell you what I

have to say that I love you,

love you, PRETTY BLUE EYES.
SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

Moderately (bright bounce)

1st Verse

Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans,

Well, roll my breakfast, 'cause I'm a hungry man.
Chorus

C6

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL,

C7

You

F9

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL,

C6

Cdim

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL,

Dm7

ever do nothin' to save your dog-gone

G7

soul.

C6

Segue to 2nd Verse

Segue to 3rd Verse

C6

Fine

soul.

soul.
2nd Verse

C6

Wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so right,

F9

Wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so right;

C6

look so warm, but your heart is cold as ice.

Dm7

D.S. to Chorus

3rd Verse

C6

I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store,
I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store;

I can look at you, tell you don't love me no more.

4th Verse

I believe you're doin' me wrong and now I know, I believe you're doin' me wrong.

-and now I know; The more I work, the faster my money goes.
Moderately slow, with a beat
Repeat as required under monologue.

Y'know girls, it's hard to find a guy that really blows your mind, and you just dig everything he does, like when he gives you that great big special hug, and that, mmmhl heavy kiss.

Girls, you know the kind, the kind that's in the wrong place at the wrong time.

It happens to all of us, we had an argument, and like all, I mean all of us girls, I said some pretty dumb things like, like "Get lost, I don't wanna see you anymore!"

But he was cool, he just stood there looking so hurt, and he said, "If that's the way you want it," and he split.

And I just stood there lookin' dumb and let that man walk right out of my life, and I've been as evil as a wet hen ever since.

I told myself I wasn't gonna sweat it, but I did. Oh, he was inside of me, in my thoughts, in my dreams.

Every place I went, I saw his face, and my friends, they knew, I know they knew.

And then one evening I was standing on the bus stop, and I heard a voice behind me say, "Hi, baby." Oh, I just fell all apart inside, because I hadn't heard that voice in such a long time!

I turned around and there he was, lookin' good! Oh, I just can't tell you how good that man looked to me!

And as I stood there trying to maintain myself, he asked me if I had a few minutes. I really wanted to tell him that I had a lifetime, but I couldn't blow my cool!

We stopped at a cozy little place, and I guess the shock of seeing him made me order a martini, because that's something that I've never done before, but I thought I needed something stronger than coffee to lean on.

Oh, the music was soft, and the lights were low, and that drink had started going to my head.

He hadn't said anything about us, so I knew it was my move, and it had to be now!

I could feel my nerve building, I couldn't let him go, not this time! So I took his hand, looked him straight in the eyes, and I said,

I said...

I said...

May

be

if I prayed ev'-ry night

you'd come home
to

May

be

if I could hold your hand

you'd un - der -
me, and ba-by, May-be, May-be, if I cried ev-ry day.
May-be, May-be, if I just kissed your sweet lips.

you'd come back, You'd come back to stay.
you'd be at my com-mand, May-be, May-be, May-be,
DON'T BE CRUEL
(To A Heart That's True)

Words and Music by
OTIS BLACKWELL
ELVIS PRESLEY

Medium Bright (with good beat)

You know I can be found sitting home all alone
If you can't come around, at least, please telephone
DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true.

Baby, if I made you mad for something I might have said
Please let's forget the past. The future looks bright ahead.
DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true.

I don't want no other love, Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.
Don't stop thinking of me, Don't make me feel this way. Come on over here and love me. You walk up to the preacher, and let us say, "I do." Then you'll know you have me. And I'll know what I want you to say. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. Why I don't know I'll have you too. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. Why I don't

should we be a part? I really love you, baby, cross my heart. Let's want no other love. Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.

of DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. DON'T BE CRUEL to a heart that's true. I don't want no other love Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.
Recorded by RICKY NELSON on IMPERIAL Records

THAT'S ALL

By ALAN BRANDT

BOB HAYMES

Slowly, with expression

C G7
I can only give you love that lasts for-
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
on ly give you coun try walks in ev er.
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
Spring-time, and the prom ise to be near each time you call;
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
and a hand to hold when leaves be gin to fall;
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
on ly heart I own, love whose burn ing light
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
will warm the win ter night,
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
That's all, that's all.
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
There are those, I am sure, who have told you
C
G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
they would

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Gm7  C9  Fmaj7  F6  Am7  D9  Gmaj7  G6

give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a

Am7  D9  Dm7  G7  C  G7

love time can never destroy. If you're wondering what I'm asking in re-

c G7  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7

turn dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small: Say it's

Am7  D9  Dm7  Fdim

me that you'll adore, for now and ever more. That's all, that's all.
HEARTS OF STONE

Words by
EDDY RAY

Music by
RUDOLPH JACKSON

Recorded by THE CHARMS on DELUXE Records

Moderato (with after-beat, hand-clapping accompaniment)

Hearts made of stone will never break, For the love you have for them, they just won't take. You can ask them, please, please, please break And all of your love is there to take.

Yes, HEARTS OF STONE will cause you pain.
Al-though you love them, they'll stop you just the same. You can ask them,
please, please, please, please break And all of your love

is there to take. But they'll say, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, No, Ev-ry-bod-y knows, I thought you knew

hearts made of stone. Hearts made of stone.
Recorded by LITTLE RICHARD on SPECIALTY Records

LONG TALL SALLY

Words and Music by
ENOFRIS JOHNSON
RICHARD PENNIMAN
ROBERT BLACKWELL

Bright Rock Tempo

1. Gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John, He
2. (Well,) Long Tall Sally has a lot on the ball, And
3. (Well, I) saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally, He

says he has the blues, But he has a lot of fun, Oh, baby,
no body cares if she's long and tall, Oh, baby,
saw Aunt Mary comin' And he ducked back in the alley, Oh, baby,

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Hav' in' me some fun to-night, yeah! 2. Well, I
Hav' in' me some fun to-night, yeah! 3. Well, I
Hav' in' me some fun to-night, yeah! We're gon-na

have some fun to-night, Gon-na have some fun to-night woo! We're gon-na
have some fun to-night Ev'-ry-thing will be all right. We're gon-na

have some fun, gon-na have some fun to-night!
SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR

Words and Music by ROBERT GUIDRY

Verse

(1. Well, I saw my baby walking, With another man today,
(2. When I thought of what she told me, Nearly made me lose my head,
(3. She said, I'm sorry, pretty daddy, You know my love is just for you,
(4. I said, wait a minute, 'gator, I know you meant it just for play,

Well I saw my baby walking, With another man today,
When I thought of what she told me, Nearly made me lose my head,
She said, I'm sorry, pretty daddy, You know my love is just for you,
I said, wait a minute, 'gator, I know you meant it just for play,

When I asked her what's the matter, This is what I heard her say. (To Refrain)
But the next time that I saw her, Reminded her of what she said. (To Refrain)
Won't you say that you'll forgive me, And say your love for me is true. (Segue to 4th Verse)
Don't you know you really hurt me, And this is what I have to say. (To Refrain)
Refrain
(Tacet)

SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR,
After a while, crocodile,

SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR,
After a while, crocodile,

Can't you see you're in my way, now,
Don't you know you cramp my

1, 2, 3.
(Tacet)

Back to Verse

4.

2. When I thought of what she style?
3. She said, I'm sorry, pretty
4. I said, wait a minute,
HURT SO BAD

Words and Music by
TEDDY RANDAZZO
BOBBY HART
BOBBY WILDING

Slowly

I know you

You've been mak-in' out O.K.
You don't know what I'm go-ing through
She's in love, don't stand in her way

Standing here looking at you

Well let me tell you that it hurt so bad,
But let me tell you that it hurt so bad,

It makes me feel so bad,
It makes me hurt so bad,
It's gon-na hurt so bad,
If you walk a-way,
like needles and pins. People say why don't you stay...

and let me make it up to you. Stay, I'll do anything you want me to; You

loved me before, please love me again. I can't let you go back to him. Please don't go, please don't

go. It hurts so bad, Come back, it hurts so bad. Don't make it hurt so bad...

I'm beggin' you please. Please don't go, please don't go.
BO WEEVIL

Moderate beat

On Saturday night, where I was born, down on the farm,

Guitar plink-ing and we start-ed sing-ing 'til the break of dawn. About

twelve o'clock ev-ry-thing gets hot, up steps old Jones.
We started clap-pin' and he started sing-in' a sweet little country song.

WEE-VIL, BO WEE-VIL, whereabouts you been all day, Your

momma's been lookin', hasn't stopped lookin' since you went away, BO

WEE-VIL, BO WEE-VIL, where did you go and stay,

You'll get a lick-in' as sure as I'm sittin' on this bale of hay. On hay.
HE DON'T LOVE YOU
(Like I Love You)

Words and Music by
J. BUTLER
C. MAYFIELD
C. CARTER

Recorded by JERRY BUTLER on VEE JAY Records

Originally Recorded Under the Title
"HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART"

Moderately

VERSE

Fare thee well — I know you're leaving,
He uses all — the great quotations,
And when the final act is over,

For the new love that you found.
He says things I wish I could say.
And you're left standing all alone.

The handsome guy that you've been dating,
I've got a girl to

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feeling he's gonna put you down.

him it's just a lover's play.

I'll be there to take you home.

CHORUS

He don't love you like I love you.

If he did he wouldn't break your heart.

He don't love you like I love you.

He's trying to tear us apart.
A THOUSAND MILES AWAY

By
JAMES SHEPPARD
WILLIAM MILLER

Slow beat

Refrain

You're A THOU-sand MILES A-WAY, But

I still have your love to re-mem-ber you by; Oh, my dar-ling, dry your eyes,

Dad-dy's com-ing home soon. On my knees ev'-ry day, all I

do is pray, ba-by, just for you, Hope you'll al-ways want me too,
Daddy's coming home soon.
It may be on Sunday morning, it may be on Tuesday afternoon;
But no matter what the day is, I'm gonna make it my business to get home soon.
You're a thousand miles away, but I still have your love to remember you by;
Oh, my darling, dry your eyes, Daddy's coming home soon.
You're a thousand miles away, but I still have your love to remember you by;
Oh, my darling, dry your eyes, Daddy's coming home soon.
I'LL COME RUNNING BACK TO YOU

By BILL COOK

Slowly

F

A7

Bb

F6 C7-9 F6 Dm

A7 3 Dm Dm7 G7

F6 C7-9 F6

C7 C7-9 F

A7 3

Bb 3 3

F6 C7-9 3 F6

Dm

Folk say that you found someone new
To do the things I used to do for you.
Just call my name, I'm not ashamed,
I'll come running back to you.

Can't sleep at night, can't eat a bite.

When you were mine - I didn't treat you right - Just call my name,

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I'm not a-shamed, I'll come running back to you. Just like a king who's lost ev - ry-thing, I sit all a - lone on my throne. I've got my pride, but deep down in - side, I'm yours and yours - a - lone. I tried to for-get, have no re-grets. This love of ours - could al - ways start a - new - Just call my name,

I'm not a-shamed, I'll come running back to you. you.
LOVE IS ALL WE NEED

By
BEN RALEIGH
DON WOLF

Introduction (Moderately Slow with a beat)

Love me, love me! Love me, love me!

Love Is All We Need, so won't you take me in your arms and love me,

love me! Love Is All We Need, so darling, press me to your heart and

love me, love me! Tell me we'll always have each other,

'Cause that's all I ever want to know. Tell me you'll always be my

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COME SOFTLY TO ME

By
GARY TROXEL
GRETCHEN CHRISTOPHER
BARBARA ELLIS

Moderately, with a beat

Verse

doo.

Come softly darling. Come softly darling, come to me

stay.

You're my obsession forever and a day.

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Chorus

I want, want you to know I love, I love you so
I've waited, waited so long For your kisses and your love

Please hold, hold me so tight all thru all thru the night. I speak softly darling.
Please come, come to me from one from up above. Come softly darling.

Hear what I say I love you always, always, always.
Come softly darling

I need, need you so much one kiss, one touch
Doo, dom dom
Recorded by PATIENCE & PRUDENCE on LIBERTY Records

GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YA NOW

By MILTON KELLEM

Moderately, with a beat

Got a-long with-out ya be-fore I met ya, gon-na get a-long with-out ya now. Gon-na

find some-born twice as cute, 'cause ya didn't love me an-y-how.

ran a-round with ev'-ry [girl] boy in town and ya nev-er cared if it got me down. You

lost my mon-e-y and I lost my pride, didn't have much mon-e-y but I real-ly tried. It

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had me worried, always on my guard, but ya laughed at me 'cause I tried too hard,

made you happy when you made me cry, and ya broke my heart so I said goodbye.

Boom-boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now.

boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now.

D. S. al Coda

boom, Boom-boom, Gonna get along without ya now. Repeat and fade
Moderate rock

C. C. RIDER

Chords:
C9   C
F   Gm
E7
Bb7

Words and Music by
CHUCK WILLIS

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1. Yes, C. going away, C. Rid er, Girl,
   yes, yes, yes,

   won't be back till fall,
   yes, dar ling,

   moon is shin ing bright,
   Lord, Lord, Lord,

   C. C. Rider,
   C. C. Rider,

   see what you have done.

   Going away, baby,
   the moon is shin ing bright.
Girl, you
If I
If I could
make me love you,
find me a good girl,
just walk with you,
Now your man has
I won’t be back at
Ev’rything will be
all

1.2.
come.
all.

2. Well, I’m
3. Well,
right.
HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY

Slow beat

Words and Music by
MARGO SYLVIA
GILBERT LOPEZ

Recorded by THE TUNE WEAVERS on CHECKER Records

(Harpsichord)

HAP-PY, HAP-PY BIRTH-DAY, BA-BY,

Al-though you’re with some-bod-y new,

Thought I’d drop a line to say That I wish this hap-py day Would find me be-side you.

(Harpsichord)

HAP-PY, HAP-PY BIRTH-DAY, BA-BY,

No, I can’t call you my ba-by,

Seems like years a-go we met On a day I can’t for-get,’Cause that’s when we fell in love.

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Do you remember the names we had for each other?

You were my pretty, I was your baby.

How could we say goodbye? Hope I didn't spoil your birthday,

I'm not acting like a foolish lady.

So I'll close this note to you, With good luck and wishes too, Happy, Happy Birthday,

1. C

2. C, Fm, C

Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby.
Yes it means
Yes it's me and I'M IN LOVE A-GAIN.
Had no lov-in' since you know when,

You know I love you, yes I do... And I'm sav-in' all my lov-in' just for you...

Need your lov-in' and I need it bad,... Just like a dog when he's go-in' mad... Just think-in' of you makes me feel so glad...
Hoo-ea ba-by hoo-ee._
Ba- by won't you give your love-to me._
Ee-ny mee-ny_ mi-ney mo._
You know it's you that 'round no more._
I love so_
Hoo-ea ba-by hoo-ee._
Ba- by don't you let your Ba- by won't you give your dog bite me.
dog bite me.
love to me.
love to me._

You know it's you that
ALL IN MY MIND

Words and Music by
MAXINE BROWN
FRED JOHNSON
LEROY KIRKLAND

I think that you don't care, And it's more than I can bear,
I don't know, baby, Maybe it's ALL IN MY MIND.
(All in my mind!) I know that I've been

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true, But honey, sweetie, baby, what about you?

I don't know, baby, Maybe it's ALL in my mind.

We've been going steady so long I never

dreamed you could ever do me wrong. I knew I was yours. And I
thought you were mine, And ev'-ry lit-tle thing was so fine. Woh-woh, oh
Dar-ling, I hate to see, Some-one else with you, oth-er than
me, I don't know, ba-by May-be it's ALL IN MY
MIND.
THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

By
ALAN PRICE

Verse 1
There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

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mother was a tailor
only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk
My

father was a gamblin' man
only time he'll be satisfied is when he's all a-drunk.

3. Now the

4. Oh! mother, tell your children
   not to do what I have done
   spend your lives in sin and misery
   in the house of the Rising

Verse 4
Verse 2 & 3
5. Well I've got one foot on the platform
      is a house in New Orleans
      They

other foot on the train
      I'm going back
to

New Orleans
      To wear that ball and chain.

many a poor boy,
      And God, I know I'm one.

6. Well, there
WHAT KIND OF LOVE IS THIS

Words and Music by
JOHNNY NASH

Moderately

F

Dm

Bb

C7

1. What Kind Of Love Is This
That makes me want to jump and shout? I want to

2. What Kind Of Love Is This
That haunts me ev'ry day? I want to

1. know What Kind Of Love Is This
That turns my heart inside out? What is that

2. know What Kind Of Love Is This
That makes me say the things I say? — Well, I'm

knowledge What Kind Of Love Is This
Yeah, my situation is sad. — Well, I

itchy, twitchy feeling that I have inside,
Some-thing o-ver-whe-ling that I

walking 'round and grinn- ing with my head in the air,
The peo-ple think I'm cra-zy but I

just can't un-der-stand it, it just ain't real — I know no one has ever felt the
just can’t hide. I want to know, oh yeah,— oh tell me,
just don’t care. I want to know, oh yeah,— oh tell me,
way I feel. I want to know, oh yeah,— oh tell me,

What Kind Of Love Is This? What Kind Of Love Is
What Kind Of Love Is This? What Kind Of Love Is
What Kind Of Love Is This? What Kind Of Love Is

2. To next strain
3. Fine

F Eb6 F

This? This? This?

Well I feel like a man in

outer space. I’m acting like a psycho case. Hey, girl,

stop this feeling. Look at me, you’ve got me rocking and a reel- ing. Yeah, 3. What Kind Of

D.S. at Fine

2549
Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Moderate bright tempo

1. Long distance, information, Give me Mem-phis, Ten-nes-see;
2. Help me, information, Get in touch with my Ma-rie; She's the
3. Help me, information, More than that I can-not add;
4. Last time I saw Ma-rie, she's waving me good-bye; With

Help me find the par-ty try-ing to get in touch with me. She
on-ly one who'd phone me here from Mem-phis Ten-nes-see. Her
on-ly that I miss her and all the fun we had. But
hur-ry home drops on her cheek that trick-ld from her eye. Ma-

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could not leave her num-ber, but I know who placed the call 'cause my
home is on the south side, High up on a ridge,
we were pulled a-part, be-cause her Mom did not a-gree,
rie is only six years old, in-form-a-tion, please,
un-cle took the mes-sage and he wrote it on the wall.
just a half a mile from the Mis-sis-sip-pi Bridge.
tore a-part our hap-py home in Mem-phis Ten-nes-see.
try to put me through to her in Mem-phis Ten-nes-see.

(Long)
ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

With a solid rock

Refrain

Just let me hear some of that ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC,

any old way you choose it; it's got a back beat, you can't lose it,

any old time you use it.

It's gotta be ROCK ROLL MUSIC,

if you wanna dance with me.

If you wanna dance with me.

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Verse

1. I've got no kick against modern jazz,
2. I took my loved one over 'cross the tracks,
3. Way down South they gave a jubilee,
4. Don't care to hear 'em play a tag, go,

Unless they try to play it too darn fast,
So she can hear my man a wail a sax,
The joky folks they had a jamboree;
I'm in the mood to hear a Mambo bo;

And change the beauty of the melody,
I must admit they have a rockin' band,
They're drinkin' home brew from a water cup,
It's 'way too early for a con go,

Un' til they sound just like a symphony,
That's why I go for that;
Man, they were goin' like a hurricane,
That's why I go for that;
The folks dancin' got all shook up,
And start-ed playin' that;
So keep a-rockin' that piano,
So I can hear some of that.

D.S. Refrain

2549
Brightly

Verse 1

Got a new dance and it goes like this;

Name of this dance is the PEPPER-MINT TWIST;

like it like this, the PEPPER-MINT TWIST

Chorus

Round and 'round, up and down,
'Round and 'round, Up and down, It's
'round and 'round and up and down, One-two-three kick! One-two-three jump!

Verse 2

Meet me, ba-by, on Forty-fifth Street;

Where the PEP-PER-MINT TWIST-ERS meet; You'll

learn to do this, The PEP-PER-MINT TWIST.
Lucille, Lucille, Lucille,
Won't you do your sister's will?

Please come back where you belong,
Baby, satisfy my heart.

Oh, Lucille,
Oh, Lucille,
Oh, Lucille,
Won't you do your sister's will?

Please come back where you belong,
Baby, satisfy my heart.
Well, you ran away and left,
I been good to you baby,
I slaved for you baby,
Please don't leave me alone.
I love you still.

I asked her friends about her,
But all their lips were tight,
Lucille was not in sight.

I woke up this morning,
Lucille,

Please come back where you belong.
I been good to you baby,

Please don't leave me alone.
SUSIE-Q

With a good beat

Refrain

1. Oh, SUSIE Q.
2. Oh, SUSIE Q.

Oh, SUSIE Q.
Oh, SUSIE Q.

Oh, SUSIE Q.
Oh, SUSIE Q.

how I love you, my SUSIE Q.

I like the way you walk.
Well, say that you'll be true.
Moderate rock 'n roll

Recorded by ERNIE K. DOE on MINT Records

MOTHER-IN-LAW

By

ALAIN TOUSSAINT

The worst person I know, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law. She

worry me so, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law. If she

leaves us alone we would have a happy home. And

Sent from down below, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

don't come back no more, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

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Law.
Sin should be her name, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law;
To me they're about the same, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law;
Everytime I open my mouth, She steps in, tries to put me out.

How could she stoop so low? Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-

Law, Mother-In-Law, Mother-In-Law.
The Law.
Recorded by FRANKIE LYMON & THE TEENAGERS on GEE Records

WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?

Words and Music by
FRANKIE LYMON
MORRIS LEVY

With a good beat
F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F  Dm7

Gm7  C7  F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F (tacet)

oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah, WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?

Verse
F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F  Dm7

Why do birds sing so gay And lovers a-wait the break of day?

Gm7  C7  F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F  Dm7

Why do they fall in love? Why does the rain fall from up above?

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WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE? Why do they fall in love?

1. Love is a losing game, Love can be a shame; I know of a fool, you see, For that fool is me! Tell me why,

2. Why does my heart skip a crazy beat? For I know it will reach defeat! Tell me why:

Tell me why:
Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Solid shuffle beat

Chorus

 seguro (Tenet)

C

G7

C

G7

C

F

G7

C

Fine

Segue to
Refrain

C

All the cats wanna dance with SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN.

Refrain

(Tenet)

SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN,

She's just got to have

A-bout a half a mil lion

She's got the grown-up blues,

Tight dress-es and lip stick.

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Famed auto graphs. Her wallet's filled with pictures, She gets 'em one by one;
Shes sportin' high-heel shoes. Oh, but tomorrow morning, She'll have to change her trend.

Becomes so excited Watch her look at her run:
And she sweet sixteen And back in class again.

Patter

Oh, mommy, mommy, Please may I go? It's such a sight to see

Somebody steal the show Oh, daddy, daddy, I beg of you
Whisper to mommy, It's all right with you.

D.S. 2nd time
GRADUATION DAY

Words by
NOEL SHERMAN

Music by
JOE SHERMAN

It's a time for joy, a time for tears, a time we'll treasure thru the years

We'll remember always GRADUATION DAY.

Senior Prom we danced till three, and then you gave your heart to me

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We'll remember always GRADUATION DAY.

Though we leave in sorrow all the joys we've known,

We can face tomorrow knowing we'll never walk alone. When the

Ivy Walls are far behind, no matter where our path may wind,

we'll remember always GRADUATION DAY! It's a DAY!
I'm Walkin',—yes indeed,—and I'm talkin'—'bout you and me,—I'm
hopin'—that you'll come back to me. (yes)—I'm lonely— as
I can be,—I'm waitin'—for your company,—I'm hopin'—that you'll come back to
What'ya gonna do when the well runs dry?

You're gonna run away and hide.

I'm gonna run right down and cry

What'ya gonna do when I say "bye-bye"?

All you're gonna do is even die,

dry your eye.

I'm walkin', yes indeed,

I'm talkin' 'bout you and me.

I'm hopin' that you'll come back to me.

I'm me.
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

Words and Music by
IVORY JOE HUNTER
CLYDE OTIS

Solid Rock
Refrain

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND,

So the story goes,
You forgot I exist,
My broken heart

knows.
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND,
You found someone new,

But I can't change my love,
The way that you do.

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sit a-round a-won-der-ing A-bout your new af-fair, I should for-get to re-

mem-ber And re-mem-ber not to care! I'd for-get if I could, But my heart is

blind, You are gone out of sight, But not out of my

mind, OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF mind; Out of

sight, But not out of my mind.
ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY

Words and Music by
BOB LIND

1. You might wake up some morn-in',
   Out on the new hor-izon,
   to the sound of some-thing mov-ing past your win-dow in the wind.

2. You might have heard my foot-steps
   You might have seen me run-ning
   see the float-ing mo-tion of a dis-tant pair of wings.

   long, a-ban-doned, ru-ins of the dreams you left be hind.
   soft-ly in the dis-tance, through the can-yons of your mind.

And if you're quick e-nough to rise, you'll catch the fleet-ing glimpse of
And if the sleep has left your ears, you might hear foot-steps run-ning
I might have e-ven called your name as I ran search-ing af-ter
If you re-mem-ber some-thing there that glid-ed past you fol-lowed
G7 C

some one's fading shadow,
through an open meadow,
something to believe in,
close by heavy breathing.

Dm G7 C

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you it's only
me pursuing something I'm not sure of. Across my dream.

G7 C

with nets of wonder I chase the bright, elusive Butterfly of

D. S. at Coda

love.
RUNAROUND

Words and Music by CIRINO COLACRAI

Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

Slowly

I'll never be the one to part,
You found a place here in my heart;
Go have your fun, RUN-A-ROUND.

I'll never leave you, I'm forever bound. The streets are noisy, I'm all alone,

I sit and wait, dear, for you to phone; Go have your fun Go have your fun, RUN-A-ROUND.
I've waited so long, it seems,
You vanished out of my dreams,
Maybe a new love you've found,
Settle down, RUN-A-ROUND.
I'll never be the one to part,
You found a place here in my heart;
Go have your fun,
Go have your fun, RUN-A-

ROUND!
ROUND!
Recorded by THE FLEETWOODS on DOLTON Records

**MR. BLUE**

By
DeWAYNE BLACKWELL

Moderately

I'm Mister Blue,

When you love me, Then prove it by goin' out on the sly

Prov'lin' your love isn't true, Call me Mister Blue.

I'm Mister Blue, When you say you're sorry, Then turn a-round,
Am7  Dm  Gm7  
head-in' for the lights of town, Hurt-in' me thru and thru, Call me Mis-ter

F  C7  Gm7  C7  F  C7  Gm7  C7  F  
Blue, I stay at home at night, Right by the phone at night, But

Am7  Dm7  G7  Gm7  Ebm6  C7  Gm7  C7-9  F  
you won't call and I won't hurt my pride; Call me Mis-ter, I won't tell

Am7  Bb  C7  Dm7  Am7  Bb  C7  Am7  Dm7  
you While you paint the town A bright red to turn it up-side down,

Gm7  Am7  Gm7  
I'm paint-ing it too, But I'm paint-ing it blue. Call me Mis-ter Blue.
MABELLENE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY
RUSS FRATTO
ALAN FREED

Bright

C9+5     F6
MA-BEL-LENE, Why can't you be true? Oh! MA-BEL-LENE,

F7    Bb9

Why can't you be true? You've started back do-in' the

Segue to Verse Fine

things you used to do. do.

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Verse

1. As I was motivatin' over the hill, I
2. The Cadillac pulled up ahead of the Ford, The
3. The motor cooled down, the heat went down. And

saw MA-BEL-LENE in a Coup de Ville, A
Ford got hot and wouldn't do no more, It
that's when I heard that high-way sound, The

Cadillac a-rollin' on the open road, I
then got cloud-y and started to rain, A
Cadillac a-sittin' like a ton of lead, A

Noth-in' will outrun my V. S. Ford, The Cadillac do-in' bout
toot-ed my born for a pass-in' lane, The rain water blow-in' all
hundred and ten half a mile ahead, The Cadillac lookin' like it's

nine-ty five, She's bump-er to bump-er, roll-in' side by side,
under my hood I know that I was do-in' my motor good, MA-BEL-
sittin' still And I caught MA-BEL-LENE at the top of the hill. MA-BEL-

D. S. al Fine
C9+5
Recorded by THE ANIMALS on MGM Records

BOOM BOOM

Words and Music by
JOHN LEE HOOKER

With a beat

1. Boom, boom, boom, boom, I'm gonna shoot you right down;
   I like the way you talk.
   Now, I mean right now.

Take you in my arms, I'm in love with you.
When you walk that walk, And you talk that talk.
I don't mean tomorrow, I mean right now.

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Love that is true,
You knock me out,
Come on, come on,

Booom, boom, boom, boom.
Right off my feet.
Come shake it up, baby.

2. I like the way you
need you right

Come on and shake,
(Shake it, ba - by)
Shake it up, ba - by,

mf (Repeat and fade at end)

Come on, now, ba - by,
(Shake it, ba - by)
I don't mean may be,

Come on, come on,
(Shake it, ba - by)
Come on, come on,

You're driv - in' me cra - zy,
Come on, come on,
All right, all right,

(Shake it, ba - by)
Come on and
(Shake it, ba - by)

2549
Bright Rock Beat

HEY JOE, where ya goin' with that gun in your hand, (I said)

HEY JOE, where ya goin' with that gun in your hand, I'm goin'

out and find my woman now, She's been runnin' round with some other man, I said I'm goin' out and find my woman, she's been runnin' round with some other man.
1. HEY JOE— tell me what are— you gon-na do—
2. HEY JOE— tell me where are— you gon-na go—

Well, I guess I'll shoot my wo-man, that's what I'll do._
Well, I think I'll go down to my fav'-rite place, Mex-i-co._

Well, I guess I'll shoot 'em both _be-fore_ I'm through._
Well, I think I'll go down to where _a man_ can be free._

And there ain't gon-na be no hang-man's ropes gon-na be put a-round me._
Recipeed by THE SEARCHERS on KAPP Records

NEEDLES AND PINS

Words and Music by
SONNY BONO
JACK NITSCHE

Moderately, with a beat

I saw him to-day,
I was the face I love,
and I knew

I saw his face,
It was the face I love,
and I knew

I had to run away,
And get down on my knees and pray

That they'd go away,
But still they be

gin.
Nee-dies and pins.
I saw him to-day,
I saw his
face, It was the face I love, I can't let go, Al- tho' I know he'll make me
cry, oh un- till the day I die, But peo- ple, I got- ta live, And Lord knows
I should for- give When they be- gin, oh I feel those nee- dles and
pins Some- bod- y stops 'em now Stop those nee- dles and pins!
SHERRY

Moderate beat

C Am Dm G7 C Am Dm G7

SHER - RY, SHER - RY ba - by, SHER - RY, SHER - RY ba - by.

C Am Dm7 G7 C Am7

SHER - RY ba - by,

Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7

SHER - RY ba - by, SHER - RY, can you come out to -

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night? Come, come, come out to-night. night?

Why don't you come on to my twist party? Come on where the

bright moon shines. Come on, we'll dance the night away. I'm gonna make you

mi-yi-yi-yine. SHER - RY ba by.
SHER-RY ba-by, SHER-RY, can you come out to-
night? Come, come, come out to-night... You _ better ask your_
ma-ma, SHER-RY ba-by. Tell her ev'-ry-thing is all
right. Why don't you come on, put your red dress on?_
Come on, mm, you look so fine.  Come on, move it nice and easy.

Girl, you make me lose my mind, SHER- RY-

baby, SHER- RY ba-by, SHER- RY, can you come out to-

night? Come, come, come out to-night.  Come, come, come out to-night.

SHER- RY, SHER- RY ba-by.

(Repeat ad lib.)
SECRETLY

Words and Music by AL HOFFMAN, DICK MANNING, MARK MARKWELL

Verse

1. Why must I meet you in a secret rendezvous?
   Why must we wait until we're dancing cheek to cheek?

   Why must we steal away to steal a kiss or two?
   To whisper all the words of love we long to speak?

   Why must our love be like a game of hide-and-seek?
   Why, oh, why, oh, why, oh, why?

Refrain

Wish we didn't have to meet secretly, wish we didn't have to

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kiss SE-cret-ly; Wish we didn't have to be a-fraid To
show the world that we're in love! Till we have the right to
meet o-pen-ly, Till we have the right to kiss o-pen-
ly; We'll just have to be con-ten-t to be in love SE-cret-ly!

Why, oh, why, oh, why? oh, why, oh, why?
Recorded by JONI JAMES on MGM Records

MY LOVE, MY LOVE

Words and Music by
BOB HAYMES
NICK ACQUAVIVA

Moderately Slow

Who makes makes what
the rob - in sing? My
my poor I
heart have to give

My

Gm7 C7 F Gm Am Bb

My

Who brings the joy to
Whose eyes are stars on
As long as I shall

C7 Gm7 C7

My

To Coda

Who

else but you, my love.

None else but yours, my love.

Who

You'll always

spring? high? live

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love As sweet as morning mist Are the lips that Heaven kissed; As endless as the sea Is the love that He gave to me And be My Love; you'll always be my love
THE PROMISED LAND

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

Medium smart tempo

left my home in Norfolk, Virginia, California on my mind.

straddled that greyhound and rode him into Raleigh And on across Carolina.

stopped at Charlotte, We bypassed Rock Hill. We never was a minute late;

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2nd Verse

Right away I Bought me A through train ticket.
Ridin’ across Mississippi clean,
And I was on the Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham.
Smokin’ into New Orleans.
Somebody helped me get out of Louisiana.
Just to help me get to Houston Town.
There are people there who care a little about me.
And they won’t let a poor boy down.
Sure as you’re born, they bought me a silk suit.
They put luggage in my hand,
And I woke up high over Albuquerque on a jet
to the Promised Land.

3rd Verse

Workin’ on a T. bone steak,
I had a party flyin’ over to the Golden State,
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would get us at the Terminal Gate.
Swing low, chariot, come down easy,
Taxi to the Terminal Line;
Cut your engines, and cool your wings,
And let me make it to the telephone,
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk, Virginia,
Tidewater 4-10-0-0,
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land
callin’ and the poor boy’s on the line.
With a rock

Refrain

Well, she comes from Tallahassee, She's got a Hi-Fi chassis, Maybe

looks a little sassy, But to me she's real classy, Yes, my

TALLAHASSEE LASSIE, Down in "F.L.A." Well, she's

ropin' to the drag, The cha-cha rag-a-mop, Stompin' to the shag, Rocks

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the bunny hop. Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Well, she
dances to the hop. She dances to the stroll. She dances to the walk,
She can rock and roll. She's my TALLAHASSEE LASSIE, Yea, my
TALLAHASSEE LASSIE, She's my TALLAHASSEE LASSIE,
Down in "F-L-A," Well, she
SEASED WITH A KISS

Slowly With Solemn Expression

Words by
PETER UDELL

Music by
GARY GELD

Recorded by BRIAN HYLAND on ABC Records

Tho we gotta say goodbye for the summer, Darling, I promise you

this: ’Til send you all my love ev’ry day in a letter, Sealed With A

Kiss. ’Guess it’s gonna be a cold lonely summer, But I’ll fill the empti-

ness, I’ll send you all my dreams ev’ry day in a letter, Sealed With A

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Kiss. I'll see you in the sunlight. I'll hear your voice every where.

I'll run to tenderly hold you. But, darling, you won't be there. I don't wanna say goodbye for the summer, knowing the love we'll miss. Oh, let us make a pledge to meet in September, and seal it with a kiss.

'Though we gotta say good-bye.
Recorded by CHUCK BERRY on CHESS Records

JOHNNY B. GOODE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

With a beat

1. Deep down in Lou- si- an- a, close to New Or- le- ans, 'Way back up in the woods a- mong the
car- ry his gui- tar in a gun- ny sack, Go sit be- neath the tree by the
moth- er told him, 'Some day you will
be a man And you will be the lead- er of a

ev- er- greens; There stood an old cab- in made of earth and wood, Where
ev- er- greens; There stood an old cab- in made of earth and wood, Where
rail- road track; Ol' en- gi- neer in the train sit- tin' in the shade,
big old band; Man- y peo- ple com- in' from miles a- round, To

lived a coun- try boy named JOHN- NY B. GOODE. Who'd nev- er ev- er learned to read or
Strum- min' with the rythm that the driv- ers made. The peo- ple pass- in' by, they would
hear you play your mu- sic till the sun goes down. May- be some day your name'll be in
Does she love me________ with all her heart?________ Should I
worry________ when we're apart?________ It's a lover's question,
I'd like to know________ Oh.________ Does she
Is this a game and will I win
It's a lover's question
I'd like to know
Oh

I'd like to know when she's not

need me as she pretends?
with me,

Is she still true to me?

I'd like to know when we're kissing,

Does she feel just what I feel?

And how am I to know it's really real?
Oh, tell me where the answer lies

Is it in her kiss, or in her eyes?

Well, it's a lover's question, I'd like to know.

Oh,
SORRY
(I Ran All The Way Home)

By
HARRY GIOSASI
ARTIE ZWIRN

Moderato

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

I ran all the way home
Just to say I'm SOR-RY.
What can I say?
I ran all the way.
Yay, yay, yay.
I ran all the way home
Just to say I'm SOR-RY.
Please let me stay.
I ran all the way

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way. Yay, yay, yay. And now I'm SOR-RY, SOR-RY,

SOR-RY. I didn't mean to make you cry. Let's make a-mends of the

wrong. We're more than friends. Yay, yay, yay. I ran all the way

home. Just to say I'm SOR-RY. What can I say?

I ran all the way. Yay, yay, yay. I ran all the way. Yay, yay, yay.
Moderato

My Boy Lollipop,
You made my heart go
giddy up.
You are as sweet as candy,
You're my sugar daddy.

Ha, ho My Boy Lollipop,
Never ever leave me,

Because it would grieve me,
My heart told me so.
love ya, love ya, love ya so, That I want ya to know. I
need ya, need ya, need ya so, And I'll never let you go. My Boy Lollipop,

You make my heart go giddy up, You set my world on fire You are my one de-

sire, My Boy Lollipop My Boy Lollipop

(Repeat Ad Lib and Fade)
MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK

Moderato

F

C7

Gm7

C7

F

My heart is an open book.

I love you.
My love is honest and
I love nobody but you.

[2. To next strain] Fine

true.

F

F

Bb

F

C7

Some jealous so and so
Wants us to

part.

F

Bb

F

G7

C7

That's why he's tellin' you
That I've got a cheatin' heart.

Don't believe all those lies.
Darlin', just believe your eyes And