A Tribute to...
Ella Fitzgerald

A-Tisket A-Tasket
Blue Moon
But Not For Me
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye
How High The Moon
I Love Paris
It's Only A Paper Moon
Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)
Makin' Whoopee
Manhattan
My Heart Belongs To Daddy
Sentimental Journey
Someone To Watch Over Me
Summertime
Swingin' Shepherd Blues
A-Tisket A-Tasket

Moderato (steadily)

Words and Music by
Ella Fitzgerald and Al Feldman

Please listen it's awful bad.
More trouble is on the way,
Please help me I'm singin' the Blues.

I'm awfully sad.
Poor mommy, what will she say,

Please listen I'm awfully sad.
What will she say,

A - Tisket A - Tasket, a brown and yellow
I sent a letter to my mommie, on the way I dropped it. I dropped it, I dropped it, yes on the way I dropped it. A little girlie picked it up and put it in her pocket.
et. She was walk-in' on down the Avenue without a single thing
to do; she was step, step, step-pin' all around. When she spied it on the ground. A Tis ket A tas ket, she took my yellow basket and if she doesn't bring it back I think that I shall die.
A - die (was it red?)

No, no, no,-

(was it green?)

No, no, no,-

(was it blue?)-

No, no, no, no,- just a little yellow basket.
Blue Moon

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Once upon a time, be-
Once upon a time, my
-fore I took up smile-ing, I ha-ted the moon-light.

heart was just an or-gan, my life had no mis-sion,

Sha-dows of the night that po-ets find be-guil-ing, seemed flat as the noon-light.

now that I have you to be as rich as Mor-gan is my one am-bi-tion.

With no one to stay up for,

Once I a-woke at sev-en,

I went to sleep at ten. Life was a bit-ter

ha-ting the morn-ing light,

now I a-wake in
Blue moon, the saddest of all men. Blue

For heaven, and all the world's all right.

A tempo

Moon, you saw me standing alone,

Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own.

Blue moon,
you knew just what I was there for, you heard me saying a prayer

for, someone I really could care for,

and then there suddenly appeared before me, the only

one my arms will ever hold, I heard somebody whisper, 'Please a
Now I'm no longer alone,

without a dream in my heart,
without a love of my own.
But Not For Me

Music and Lyrics by
George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Old Man Sunshine listen, you! Never tell me, 'Dreams come true!' Just try it and I'll start a riot.

Beatrice Fairfax, don't you dare ever tell me he will care; I'm

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It's the final curtain, I never want to hear from any cheerful Pollyannas, who tell you fate supplies a mate; it's all bananas! They're writing
With love to lead the way I've found more clouds of gray
I know that love's a game; I'm puzzled, just the same,
than any Russian play could guarantee.

was I the moth or flame? I'm all at sea.

I was a fool to fall and get that way;

It all began so well, but what an end!

Heigh-ho! Alas! and alas, lack a-

This is the time a fellow needs a
friend, although I can't dismiss the memory when every happy plot ends with the

of his kiss, I guess he's not for marriage knot, and there's no knot for

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

Capo 1

| E6 | Am9/G | A7 |

| mf | \(/)| \(/) |

| Bb7 | moo | Gm7|D9 |

| C7sus4 | C7 | Fm/A# |

| E6/G | E5 | A# |

| Fm | Bm/D9 | C7sus4 |

| B7 | Fm6/F | Fm |

| Bb7 |

I love each other so deeply that I ask you this, sweetheart,

why should we quarrel ever, why can't we be enough clever, never to

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very slow and pensive 4

Every time we say good-bye I die a little, every time we say good-bye I wonder why a little, why the gods above me who must be in the know think so little of me they al-
When you're near there's such an air of spring about it, I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing about it, there's no love song finer, but how strange the change from major to minor every time...
we say good-bye...

---

Every single time we say good-bye...
How High The Moon

Words by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis

Moderately

G6/D

Un - til I fell in love my life was very easy; the

moon just made it moon - light, the breeze just made it breezy,

and then I fell in love, and things that once were clear

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
I now scarcely see or hear. Some-where there's

music, how faint the tune! Some-where there's

heaven, how high the moon! There is no
moon above when love is far away, too, 'til it comes true that you love me as I love you. Some-where there's music, it's where you are, some-where there's heaven, how near, how far!
The darkest night would shine if you would come to me

soon, until you will, how still my heart, how high the moon!

Some-where there's moon!
I Love Paris

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

C Am F6 G11 G7

Every

C F6/G

time I look down on this time - less town, whe - ther

G7 C C6 Cm7/C G

blue or grey be her skies, whe - ther

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8DS
loud be her cheers, or whether soft be her tears, more and
more do I realize.

slow foxtrot tempo

I love Paris in the spring-time,

I love Paris in the fall.
I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles,

I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles.

I love Paris every moment,
I love Paris, why, oh why, do I love Paris?

Because my love is near.

Because my love is near.
It's Only A Paper Moon

Words by E Y Harburg and Billy Rose
Music by Harold Arlen

Moderately poco rall.

G Dm7 Am7 D7 Dm7 Em A9 D11 D7

a tempo rubato

Am G Am G Am G D9 G Am7 D7

I ne- ver feel a thing is real when I'm a-way from you, out of your en-

a tempo rubato

G Am D7 G C G/B

-bace, the world's a tem-po-ra-ry park-ing place,

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
mm mm mm, a bubble for a minute, mm

mm, you smile, the bubble has a rainbow in it.

Say, it's only a paper moon, sailing over a

cardboard sea, but it wouldn't be make believe, if you.
I believed in me. Yes, it's only a canvas sky, hanging over a muslin tree,

but it wouldn't be make believe, if you believed in me.

Without your love, it's a
honky-tonk parade, without your love, it's a melody played in a penny arcade. It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be, but it wouldn't be make believe, if you believed in me.
Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

When the little blue-bird, who has never said a word, starts to sing; 'Spring, spring'

lit-tle blue-bell, in the bot-tom of the dell, starts to ring; 'Ding, ding'

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
lit- tle blue clerk, sit- ting sad- ly in the park starts a tune to the moon up a-bove,
it is

na-ture, that's all, sim- ply tell- ing us to fall in love.

And that's why

Chinks do it, Japs do it, up in Lap-land, lit- tle Laps do it,
gales in the dark, do it, larks, k- ra- zy for a lark, do it,
In Spain, the Canaries,
best upper sets do it,
caged in the house, do it,
when they're out of season, grouse do it,
let's do it, let's fall in love.

The Dutch in
let's do it, let's fall in love.

The most se-
old Amsterdam do it, not to mention the Finns, folks in Si-
date barn-yard fowls do it, when a chant-a-cleer cries; high-browed old

-ram do it, think of Si-a-mese twins. Some Ar-gen-tines, with-out owls do it, they're sup-posed to be wise. Pen-guins in flocks, on the

means, do it, peo-ple say, in Bos-ton, ev-en beans do it, let's do it, rocks do it, ev-en lit-tle cuc-koos in their clocks do it, let's do it,
Verse 1:
Mr Irving Berlin
Often emphasizes sin
In a charming way
Mr Coward we know
Wrote a song or two to show
Sex was here to stay
Richard Rodgers it's true
Takes a more romantic view
Of that sly biological urge
But it really was Cole
Who contrived to make the whole
Thing merge

Refrain 1:
He said that Belgians and Dutch do it
Even Hildegarde and Hutch do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Monkeys whenever you look do it
Aly Khan and King Farouk do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The most recherché cocottes do it
In a luxury flat
Locks, Dunns and Scotts do it
At the drop of a hat
Excited spinsters in spas do it
Duchesses when opening bazaars do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Verse 2:
In the Spring of the year
Inhibitions disappear
And our hearts beat high
We had better face the facts
Every gland that overacts
Has an alibi
For each bird and each bee
Each slap-happy sappy tree
Each temptation that lures us along
Is just nature elle-même
Merely singing us the same
Old song

Refrain 2:
Our leading writers in swarms do it
Somerset and all the Maughams do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The Brontës felt that they must do it
Mrs Humphry Ward could just do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Anouilh and Sarret - God knows why - do it
As a sort of curse
Eliot and Fry do it
But they do it in verse
Some mystics, as a routine do it
Even Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Refrain 3:
Girls from the R.A.D.A. do it
B.B.C. announcers may do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The Ballet Russe to a man do it
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
My kith and kin, more or less, do it
Every uncle and aunt
But I confess to it
I've one cousin who can't
Critics as sour as quince do it
Even Emile Littler and Prince do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Refrain 4:
The House of Commons en bloc do it
Civil servants by the clock do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Deacons who've done it before do it
Minor canons with a roar do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Some rather rotty old rips do it
When they get a bit tight
Government Whips do it
If it takes them all night
Old mountain goats in ravines do it
Probably we'll live to see machines do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Sentimental Journey

Words and Music by Les Brown, Bud Green and Benjamin Homer

Slowly

Ev-ery roll-ing stone gets to feel a-lone when home sweet home is far a-way,

I'm a roll-ing stone who's been so a-lone un-til to-day.

Gon-na take a sen-ti-men-tal jour-ney, gon-na set my

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heart at ease, gonna make a sentimental journey to renew old memories.

Got my bag, I got my reservation,

spent each dime I could afford, like a child in wild anticipation,

long to hear that 'All a board!' Seven, that's the time we leave, at
seven,_
I'll be wait-ing up for hea-ven,_
count-in' ev-ery mile of

rail-road track that takes me back.
Ne-ver thought my

heart could be so year-ny, why did I de-cide to roam?
Gor-ta take this

sen-ti-ment-al jour-ney,
journey home.
journey home.
Makin' Whoopee

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Walter Donaldson

Moderately

Every time I hear that march from

Lohengrin. I am always on the outside looking in. Maybe that is why I see the

funny side when I see a fallen brother take a bride.

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EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0EA
Weddings make a lot of people sad, but if you're not the groom they're not that bad. Another bride, another June, another sunny honeymoon, another season, another reason for makin'

A lot of shoes, a lot of whoop - eee!
I—rice, the groom is nervous, he answers twice. It's really

I—killing—that he's so willing to make whoop—ee!

Picture a little love—nest, down where the roses cling,

picture the same sweet love—nest, think what a year can bring. He's washing
dish - es and ba - by clothes, he's so am - bi - tious he ev - en
sews. But don't for - get, folks, that's what you get, folks, for mak - in'

1. G G7 F7/E7 E7/D G7 C D7

whoo - pee!

2. G D7 G

An - oth - er whoop - ee!
Manhattan

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderato

"I'm summer journeys to Niagara And to other places aggravate all our
cares; We'll save our fares; I've a cozy little flat in

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Francis Day & Hunter Ltd, London WC2H 0EA
what is known as old Man-hat-tan, We'll set-tle down right here in town.

We'll have Man-hat-tan
The Bronx and Staten Island too,
We'll go to Green-wich
Where mod-ern men itch
To be free,
And Bow-ling
We'll go to Yon-kers
Where true love con-quers
In the wilds,
And starve to-
We'll have Man-hat-tan
The Bronx and Staten Island too,
We'll try to go-ing through the Zoo,
Green you'll see with me,
geth-er, dear, in Childs'
cross Fifth Av- en ue,
It's very fancy On old Delancey Street you know, The subway
We'll bathe at Brighton, The fish you'll frighten When you're in, Your bathing
We'll go to Coney And eat bologna On a roll, In Central
As black as onyx We'll find the Bronx Park Express, Our Flatbush

It charms us so When balmly breezes blow, To and fro,
suit so thin Will make the shellfish grin, Fin to fin,
Park we'll stroll Where our first kiss we stole, Soul to soul,
flat, I guess Will be a great success, More or less,

And tell me what street compares with Mott Street in July, Sweet push carts
I'd like to take a sail on Jamaica Bay with you, And fair Can-
And South Pacific is a terrific show they say, We both may
A short vacation on Inspiration Point we'll spend, And in the
The great big city's a wondrous array
We'd view the city's bus- tle can-not des-

The city's clam -our can nev -er end.
But Civ -ic Vir -tue can-not des-

toy, Just made for a girl and boy
We'll turn Man -hat -tan
troy The dreams of a girl and boy
We'll turn Man -hat -tan
spoil The dreams of a boy and goil
We'll turn Man -hat -tan
troy The dreams of a girl and boy
We'll turn Man -hat -tan
My Heart Belongs To Daddy

Words and Music by Cole Porter

I used to fall in love with all

those boys who maul the young cuties.

But now I find I'm more inclined

© 1938 Buxton Hill Music Corp., USA
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For since I came to care for such a sweet millionaire.

While tearing off a game of golf, I may make a play for the caddy; but when I do, I don't follow through 'cause my
If I invite a boy some night to dine on my fine finnan haddie, I just adore his asking for more, but my heart belongs to Daddy. Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy, so I simply couldn't be bad. Yes, my
I heart be-long to Dad- dy, da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da-
ad! So I want to warn-you, lad-die, tho' I

know you're per-fect-ly swell, that my heart be-long to

Dad-dy 'cause my Dad-dy, he treats it so well. While well.

rall. a tempo

rall. a tempo
Someone To Watch Over Me

Lyrics and Music by
George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

There's a saying old, says that love is blind. When you're all alone, life is never gay and I've got to own things are looking grey.

So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind. But I know there's someone who will come my way some day.

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Looking everywhere, haven't found him yet; he's the big affair I cannot forget.
Though I'm by myself, I should hate to be sitting on the shelf; I prefer a knee!

Only man I ever think of with regret.
And I'm sure there's somebody who's meant for me.

I'd like to add his initial to my monogram.
Somewhere I know there's a heart that isn't hard or cold;

Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb?
Somewhere there is a hand that I long to hold.
There's a somebody I'm longing to see, I hope that he turns out to be some-one who'll watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in a wood; I know I could always be good to one who'll watch over me. Although he may not be the
I man some girls think of as handsome, to my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,

follow my lead? Oh, how I need someone to watch over me...

1. D.C.
Summertime

Music and Lyrics by George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward

Moderately

Adim

Am

Am/E

mf' aspr.

E

Eaug

Summer-

Am6

E7/B

Am6

E7/B

Am6

E7/B

-time

an' the liv' in' is eas-y,

pp

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poco rit.

fish are jumpin',

an' the cotton is

poco rit.

a tempo

high,

oh, yo' daddy's rich,

a tempo

and yo' ma is good lookin',

so

hush little baby, don' yo' cry.
One of these a tempo

morn-in's you goin' to rise up singin',

then you'll spread yo' wings, an' you'll take the sky,

but till that morn-in',

E7/B E7/B Am6 Am6 Dm F Dm7/A D7b9

E/G# B7 E Em6/B E7/B Am6 E7/B

Am6 Am(maj7) D9 D9(11) poco rit.
there's nothin' can harm you,

with daddy an' mammy standin' by.
Swingin' Shepherd Blues

Words by Rhoda Roberts and Ken Jacobson
Music by Moe Koffman

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Along a mountain pass, there is a patch of grass where the mountain pass, there lives a pretty lass who's waitin'

swing-in' shepherd plays his tune, his sheep never stray, dancin'
for the moon to shine above, she dresses with care, braid-in'
all day till they see the pale and yellow moon. And then he
her hair for her one and only swingin' love. And she knows he'll

leads his flock and homeward they all rock to the tune of The Swing-in'
never roam because she waits at home for the tune of The Swing-in'

Come home shepherd, play those haunting
Come home shepherd, let it echo through the hills, the Swing-in' Shepherd blues.

Blues. And down the blues.
A Tribute to...
ELL FLTZGERALD

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