forever ella
19 Ella Fitzgerald Classics

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Scherzando

Moderato

There's a saying old, says that love is blind,
Still we're often told, "Seek and

ye shall find."

So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind.
There's a someone I'm longing to see. I hope that he Turns out to be

Someone who'll watch over me. I'm a little lamb who's

lost in the wood. I know I could Always be good To one who'll

watch over me. Although he may not be the
man some Girls think of as handsome. To my heart he carries the

Won't you sell him please to put on some speed.

Follow my lead, Oh, how I need someone to watch over me.
I love Paris in the winter, when it dzzzles,

I love Paris in the summer, when it shzzles.

I love Paris everzz everyzz moment,

I love Paris every moment of the year.
I love Paris, why, oh why, do I love Paris?

Because my love is near, because my love is near.
misty

Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Errol Garner

Slowly, with expression

Look at

me, I'm as helpless as a kiten up a tree, and I feel like I'm

clinging to a cloud, I can't understand, I get misty just hold ing your

Limerick Music Corp and Tintoco Music, USA
Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W1Y 3EA and Memory Lane Music Ltd, London WC2H 8NA
hand. __________ Walk my way, and a thousand vi-o-lins begin to

play, or it might be the sound of your hel-lo, that mu-sic I hear, I get

mis-ty the mo-ment you're near. You can say that you're

leading me on, but it's just what I want you to do. Don't you no-see how

over.
F\#dim    Fm7    Bb7    Fm7    E7

Kiss-\_en are still on my lips.

Bb    Bb9\(/D\)    Bbm9\(/D\)    C7    Fm7

I had a time of Heaven as my flag-

B9(\#11)    Bb9    Fm7    Bb7    Gm    C7

Tops, now all gone.

Fm7    Eb7    Em\#11    Eb6    Am7    G7

Gone is the rapture that thrilled my heart. Gone with The
I can't give you anything but love

Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jimmy McHugh

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Lawrence Wright Music Co Ltd, London WC2H 0EA
I can't give you anything but love, baby,
that's the only thing I've plenty of, baby.

Dream a while, scheme a while, we're sure to find

happiness, and I guess all those things you've always pruned for.
G a tempo (B)dim7 Am7 G7

Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, baby

G7 C#m7 G

diamond brace-lets Wool-worth doesn't sell, baby. Till that lucky


day you know darned well, baby. I can't give you anything but

1. G Bdim7 Am7 G7 2. allarg. Am7/B G D.C.

love a tempo

love allarg.
tenderly

Valse moderato

The evening breeze caressed the trees TENDER-ELY.

Then you and

I came wandering by And lost in a sigh were
The shore was kissed by sea and mist TENDERLY.

I can't forget how two hearts met breathlessly.

Arms opened wide and closed they inside.

You took my lips, you took my love so TENDERLY.

The evening...
I only have eyes for you

Words by Al Dubin
Music by Harry Warren

Moderately

Are the stars out tonight? I don't know if it's cloudy or

bright, 'cause I only have eyes for you, dear. The moon may be high but 1
can't see a thing in the sky, for I only have eyes for you.
I don't know if we're in a garden or on a crowded avenue.
You are here, so am I, may be
millions of people go by, but they all disappear from view, and I only have eyes for you. Are you you.
love me or leave me

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Walter Donaldson

Slowly (stuttering)

Verse 1

This suspense is killing me, I can't stand.

Tell me now, I've got to know,
Whether you want me to stay, or go.

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EMI Music Publishing Ltd., London WC2H 0EA
Chorus-Slowly with feeling

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME, and let me be lonely,

You won't believe me, and I love you only, I'd rather be lonely, than happy with somebody else.

You might find the nighttime, the right time for kissing, But nighttime is my time for just reminiscing, Reminiscing instead of forgetting with somebody else.
There'll be no one unless that someone is you.

I instead to be independently blue.

I want your love, but I don't want to borrow, To have it today, and to

give back tomorrow, For my love is your love, there's no love for nobody else.

Ab Bb7 Ab7 Abdim Dim6 Ab A7 Ab6
There's no escape that I can see.

And still those little things remain,

That bring me happiness or pain.
1. A cigarette that bears a lipstick trace
2. Gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow
3. First saffodils and long excited cables

D Em(9) Em(+5) A6 A9

An airline ticket to romantic places
Wild strawberries only seven francs a kilo

D Bm Em9 E9/A A7+

And candlelight on little corner tables


And still my heart has wings. These foolish things
And still my heart has wings. These foolish things
And still my heart has wings. These foolish things

Em9 E9 Em7 A7 E7+ A9

things Remind me of you.


And candlelight on little corner tables


And still my heart has wings. These foolish things
And still my heart has wings. These foolish things
And still my heart has wings. These foolish things

Em9 E9 Em7 A7 E7+ A9

things Remind me of you.
A tink-ling pha-no in the next a-part-ment,
The Park at ev-ning when the bell has sound-ed.....
The smile of Gar-bo and the scent of ros-es.....

Those stubb-ling words that told you what my heart meant,
The "Ile de France" with all the gulls a-round it.....
The wait-ers whis-tling as the last bar clo- ses

A fair-ground's paint-ed swings..... These fool-ish
The beau-ty that is spring's..... These fool-ish
The song that Cros-by sings..... These fool-ish

things Re-mind me of you.
things Re-mind me of you.
things Re-mind me of you.
You came, you saw, you conquered me.
I know that this was bound to be.
How strange, how sweet, to find you still.

When you did that to me, I somehow knew that this had to be.
These things have haunted me, for you've entirely enchanted me.
These things are dear to me that seem to bring you so near to me.

The winds of March that make my heart a dancer,
The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations,
The scent of smouldering leaves, the wall of steamers.
A telephone that rings... but who's to answer?...
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations...
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers...

Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
These foolish things...
These foolish things...
Remind me of you.
Remind me of you.

1. D6(9) D6 C13 A7+
2. D6(9) D6

Dm Em9 E9 E9/A A13
D6 D6 D(maj7) D7 Gmaj7 E9
D6/A A7+

poco cresc.

37
the very thought of you

Words and Music by Ray Noble

I don't need your p-ho-t-o- graph,
I hold you res-pon-si- ble. To keep by my bed,
I'll take it to law.

Your pic-ture is al-ways in my head.
I've never have felt like this be-fore.

I don't need your por-trait, dear.
To call you to mind.

For sleeping or waking, dear, I find,
I'll only be satisfied with you.

REFRAIN

The very thought of you,
And I forget to do.

The little ordinary things that everyone ought to do,
I'm living in a kind of
I'm happy as a king, and foolish tho' it may seem, to me that's everything. The mere desire of you is the longings here for you. You'll never know how slow the moments go 'til I'm
near to you, I see your face in ev'ry flower.
Your eyes in stars above.

It's just the thought of you. The very thought of you, my love.

The very love.
you do something to me

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

I was mighty blue,
Since you came my way,

thought my life was through,

till the heavens opened,
and I gazed at you

Won't you tell me,

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WarnerChappell Music Ltd., London W1Y 3FA
Tell me, why should it be,

Fm    Fm

you have the power to hypo no nise me?

E7/D bm7

Let me live 'neath your spell,

B9    C7

do do that voo doo that you do so
I won't dance

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II, Dorothy Fields,
Otto Harbach and Jimmy McHugh
Music by Jerome Kern

Allegro moderato

She: Think of what you're missing by constantly refusing to dance with me, you'd be the idol of France with me, and yet, you stand there and shake your foolish head dramatically, while I wait here so ecstatically, you just look and say emphatically:

© 1934 T.B. Harms & Co and Jerome Kern, USA
He, No, this  

there's a reason!

I won't dance!  

Don’t ask me!  

I won’t dance!  

Don’t ask me!

I won’t dance  

Ma, dance, with you...  

My heart won’t

let my feet do things they should do.
She: When you dance, you're charming and you're genteel,

special—ly when you do "The Con-ti-nental."

He: But this feeling isn't purely mental, for heaven's rest, I'm not as bes—ton, and that's why
I won't dance, Why should I? I won't dance! How could I?

I won't dance, Merci beaucoup... I know that

music leads the way to romance... so if I

hold you in my arms, I won't dance...
mountain greenery

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately

Cmaj7/G

G7/G

Em

Am

© 1924 Harms Inc., USA
Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W1Y 3FA
D7    G11    G7    C    Am
while I stand looking.

Dm7    G7    C    Am
get no keener reception

Gm7    G7    C    Am
find no cleaner retreat

Gm7    G7
mountain greenery home!

T. Trio-Putter
C
home!
He: When the world was young, old Father Adam with sin would grapple, so we're en-

- ti led to just one apple, I mean to make apple sauce ____(over L.H.)

She: Underneath the bough, we'll learn a lesson from Mister Omar, underneath the

eyes of no Pa and no Ma, old lady nature is boss ____(over L.H.)
I'll search for wood,
so you can cook

while I stand look-
ing.

Bear's could get no keen-er re-
spi-n-a tion in a bea-

bless our moun-

F C G7 F Fm6

Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7

Am G7 C
I've got my love to keep me warm

Words and Music by Irving Berlin

Bright jump tempo

REFRAIN

The snow is snowing, the wind is blowing, but I can weather the storm, what do I care how much it may storm?

I've got my love to keep me warm, I can't remember a worse December, just watch those icicles form.

What do I

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cared if icicles form? I've got my love to keep me warm.

Off with my overcoat Off with my glove I need some overcoat

I'm burning with love My heart on fire the flame grows higher so I will

weather the storm? What do I care how much it may storm

I've got my love to keep me warm
Words by George David Weiss
Music by George Shearing

Lullaby of Birdland

Moderately

Lullaby of Birdland, that's what I always hear.

when you sigh, Never in my world
could there be ways
to reveal.
Have you ever heard two turtledoves, bill and coo, when they love?

That's the kind of magic music we make, with our lips when we kiss!

And there's a weepy old willow

in a phrase, how I feel.
low; He really knows how to cry!

That's how I'd cry in my pillow

if you should tell me farewell and goodbye!

Laid by of Birdland, whisper low.
Kiss me sweet— and we'll go— fly-in' high in Bird-land,

High in the sky up a-bove all be-cause

we're in love all be-cause

we're in love.
on the sunny side of the street

Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jimmy McHugh

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last.  

come.  

Now I greet the day, and complete the day

Life's a holiday, just a silly day

with the sun in my heart, all my worry blew away,

made for laughter and play, if you'd have your share of

fun, when you taught me how to say:

there's but one thing to be done: Grab your

a tempo

and get your hands, leave your worry on the door - lives,

a tempo
Nothin' but a parade, but I'm not afraid this

rover crossed over, if I never have a cent, I'll be

such as Rockwell, gold dust at my feet on the
twenty side of the street. Grab your street.

D.C.
I get a kick out of you

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

I get no kick from champagne, more alcohol

doesn’t thrill me at all, so tell me why

should it be true that I get a kick

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out of you
Some get a kick from co-
caine, I'm sure that if I took
just one more sniff that would bore me ter-
ri-fically too,
yet I get a kick out of you I get a
kick every time I see you standing there before me, I get a kick though it's painfully clear that you obviously don't adore me. I get no kick in a plane, flying too high with sorrow.
...
one for my baby
(and one more for the road)

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harold Arlen

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Warner-Chappell Music Ltd., London W1Y 3FA
way, ..... Well, that's how it goes, and Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close, So little thanks for the cheer; I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear. This torch that I've found Must do drowsed or it soon might explode, Make it one for my baby and one more for the road, That long, long road.

It's road,