THE GREATEST SONGS OF GEORGE GERSHWIN
SUMMERTIME

THE GREATEST SONGS OF GEORGE GERSHWIN

Chappell & Co., Inc.
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THE REAL AMERICAN FOLK SONG
(Is A Rag)*

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Near Barce-lo-na the peas-ant croons The old tra-di-tion-al
You may dis-like, or you may a-dore, The na-tive songs from a

Spanish tunes; The Ne-a-poli-tan Street Song sighs, You
for-eign shore; They may be songs that you can't for-get, They

think of I-tal-ian skies. Each na-tion has a cre-
may be dis-tin-c-tive, yet They lack a some-thing, a

Written for "Ladies First" (1918)
The first George and Ira Gershwin collaboration used in a Broadway show

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Active vein Originating a native strain, With folk songs plaintive and certain snap, The tempo ticklish that makes you tap; The invitation to others gay, In their own peculiar way. American folk songs, I agitate And leave the rest to fate. A raggy refrain anyway.

Have a much stronger appeal.

Sends me a message sublime.

The real American folk song is a rag.
A mental jag.

A rhythmic

tonic for the chronic blues. The critics called it a joke song, but now.

They've changed their tune and they like it somehow.
For it's inoculated with a syncopated sort of meter,
Sweet-er than a classic strain.

Boy! You can't remain still and quiet,
For it's a riot! The

real American folk song is like a Fountain of
Youth; You taste, and it elates you, And

then invigorates you. The real American

folk song. A master stroke song, is a rag.

The rag.
BESS YOU IS MY WOMAN

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato, poco allargando

Piano

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Bess, you is my woman now,
You is,
You is! An'
you mus’ laugh an’ sing an’ dance for two instead of one.
how, because de sorrow of the past is all done,
done. Oh, Bess, my Bess! De real-

happiness is jes' begun.
Tempo I°  A7  C#m7  D  F  D7  Gsus4  G  Em7 (b5)

Por — gy, Is yo’ wo-man now, I is, I is! An’

D  C#m7(b5)  G7  F#m  C7

I ain’ nev—er go—in’ no-where ’less you shares de fun.

F maj7  A7  poco rall.  D  a tempo  A7  C#m7(b5)  C#m7(b5)  D  F#m  Bm7

— Dere’s no wrin—kle on my brow no—

poco rall.  a tempo

C#7  C#7  D#m  Bb7

Subito piu mosso  how, but I ain’go-in’! You hear me say—in’, if you ain’ go-in’,
Wid you I'm stayin'. Por - gy, Is yo' wo - man

now! Is yours for - ev - er, Morn - in' time an' ev - nin' time an'

sum - mer time an' win - ter time. Morn - in' time an' ev - nin' time an'

summer time an' winter time; Bess, you got yo'
I am yo' woman

Bess, you is my woman

now, I is, I is! An' I ain' never go'in' nowhere

nowan' for-ev-er. Dis life is jus' begun,

'less you shares de fun.

Dere's no

Bess, we two is one—nowan' for-ev-er. Oh, Bess, don'
I 'min' duse wo-men, You got yo' Por-gy, you loves yo' Por-gy, I knows you

wrinkle on my brow no-how, but I ain' go-in'!

You hear me say-in', if you ain' go-in', Wid you I'm stay-in'.

means it, I seen it in yo' eyes, Bess.

Por-gy, I's yo' wo-man now! I's

Well go swing-in' through de years a -
yours for-ev-er
Morn-in' time an' ev'-nin' time an' sum-mertime an' win-ter time.

(Morning time an' evening time an' summer time an' winter time.)

Oh, my Por-gy,
My Bess,
my man Porgy, From dis minute I'm tellin' you, I keep dis vow:

my Bess, From dis minute I'm tellin' you, I keep dis vow:

Por - gy, Is yo' wo - man now.

Oh, my Bes - sie, we's hap - py now.

We is one now!
I GOT PLENTY O' NUTTIN'

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN & DuBOSE HEYWARD
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Moderato

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De folks wid plen-ty o' plen-ty
Got a lock on de
door,

'Fraid some-bod-ys a-goin' to rob 'em while dey's out a-makin'

more.

What for?

I got no lock on de
door, (dat's no way to be.)

Dey kin steal de rug from de floor,
Oh, I got plenty o' nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plenty fo' me. I

Dat's o-keh wid me, 'cause de things dat I prize, like de stars in de skies, all are free.

Oh, I got plenty o' nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plenty fo' me. I

got my gal, got my song, got Hebben the whole day long.

(Spoken in high voice)

No use com-plain-in'! Got my gal, got my Lawd,
I got plenty o' nuttin',
An' nuttin's plenty fo' me. I
got the sun; got the moon,
Got the deep blue sea.

folks wid plenty o' plenty
Got to pray all de day.
Seems you're plenty you sure got to worry how to keep the debble away, I ain't frettin' bout hell Till de time arrive.

Never worry long as I'm well, Never one to strive to be good, to be bad, What the hell? I is glad I is alive.

Oh,
I got plenty o' nut-tin', An nut-tin's plenty for me. I got my gal,

got my song, Got Hebben the whole day long. No use complainin'! Got my gal,

Got my Lawd.
IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

1. It ain't necessarily so, It ain't necessarily so,
Da - vid was small, but oh my! Li'l Da - vid was small but oh

2. De tings dat yo' li'ble To read in de Bi - ble, it
He fought big Go - li - ath Who lay down an' di - eth! Li'l
B dim
ALL
Ab

D7
SP. L.
Em7

Fm6
ALL
D7

Zim bam bod-dle-oo, Hoo-dle ah da wa da, Hoo-dle ah da wa da,

Gm
SP. L.

ALL

D
SP. L.

Scatty wah, Scatty wah. Yeah! It

 Tempo I

Gm

C

Gm

C

Gm

C

Gm

A tempo

ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so, It ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so. Dey

tell all you chil-lun De deb-ble's a vil-lun, But 'taint ne-ces-sa-ri-ly
To get into Heb-ben don't snap for a seb-ben! Live, clean! Don't have no fault. Oh, I takes dat gos-pel When-ever it's pos'-ble, But wid a grain of salt. Me-thus-lah lived nine hun-dred years, Me-thus-lah lived nine hun-dred years, But who calls dat liv-in' When
I won’t give in To no man what’s nine hundred years?

I’m preachin’ this sermon to show,

ain’t ness-a, ain’t ness-a, ain’t ness-a, ain’t necessarily

so.
MY MAN'S GONE NOW

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto ben ritmato

My man's gone now, ain' no use a - lis - tenin'

For his tired foot - steps climb - ing up de stairs.

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Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me my prayers.

Ah,

Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me

company, Whisperin' beside me when I say my prayers.

Ah,
Ah,

Ain' dat I min'

work-in'__ Work an' me is travellers Journey-in' to-

ged - der to de promise land.__ But

(increasing in voice) a tempo e poco cresc.

Ole Man Sorrow's march - in' all de way wid me,
Tell in', me I'm ole now Since I lose--my man.

CHORUS
Since she lose--her man. Since I lose--my man.

CHORUS
Ah, Ah, Ole Man

Sorrow sit--tin' by de fire--place, Ly--in' all night
OH BESS, OH WHERE'S MY BESS

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Poco agitato

Andantino con molto calore \( \text{\( \text{l} = 99 \)} \) 

mp (with much expression)

Bess, oh where's my Bess, Won't

some-bod-y tell me where? I

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ain' care what she say, I ain' care what she done, won't some-bod-y tell me where's my Bess? Bess, Oh Lawd, My Bess! I want her
now, Wid - out her I can't go
on. I count - ed de days dat I was
gone till I got home
to see her face. Won't
some-bod-y tell me where's my Bess? I

want her so, my gal, My

Bess, where is she Oh

Gawd, in yo' big Heav'n please
show me where I mus' go, Oh give me de strength,

show me de way!

Tell me de truth, where is she, where is my gal, where is my

Bess!
SUMMERTIME

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto semplice

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So hush, little baby, don't yo'
One of these morn-ins
You goin' to rise up
sing-in;
Then you'll spread yo' wings
an' you'll take the sky.
But till that
With Dad-
dy an' Mam-
my stand-
in'
by.
THERE'S A BOAT DAT'S LEAVIN' SOON FOR NEW YORK

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato (Tempo di Blues)

There's a boat dat's leavin' soon for New York, Come wid me,
dat's where we belong, sister
You an' me kin live dat high life in New York.

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Come wid me, dere you can't go wrong,
sis-ter.
I'll buy you de swell-est man-sion Up on
up-per Fi'th Av-en-ue,
An' through Har-l-em we'll go strut-tin', We'll
go a-strut-tin' An'dere'll be nut-tin' Too good for you.
I'll
dress you in silks and sat-ins In de lat-est Pa-ris styles. All de blues you'll be for-get-tin', You'll be for-get-tin', There'll be no fret-tin', Jes' noth-in' but smiles. Come a-long wid me, dat's de place.

Don't be a fool, come a-long, come a-long.
There's a boat dat's leav-in' soon for New York.

Come wid me, dat's where we be long.

sis - ter, dat's where we be long.
A WOMAN IS A SOMETIME THING

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

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But a woman is a sometime.

Yes, a woman is a sometime thing.

Yo' Mam-my is the first to name you, An' she'll tie you to her apron string; Then she'll
shame you and she'll blame you till yo' woman comes to claim you,

'Cause a woman is a some-time thing,

Don't you never let a woman
grieve— you
Just 'cause she got yo' wed - din' ring.
She'll love you and de - ceive you, Then she'll take yo' clo'es an' leave you, 'Cause a - wo - man is a some - time thing— Yes,— a
A woman is a sometime thing, Yes, a
JUST ANOTHER RHUMBA

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato (Rhumba rhythm)

It happened to me—On a trip to the West Indies. Oh, I'm all at sea—Since that trip to the West Indies. I'm jittery, I'm twittery, I guess I'm...
I do. It's just an other thing about which there's nothing anyone can do. It isn't love, it isn't money trouble. It's a very funny trouble. But it's just another rhumba.
Why did I have to plan a Vacation in Havana? Why did I take that trip certainly has my num-bah,

So much so that I can't eat or slum-bah. Can you im-

agine an-ything dumb-ah?

Why did I have to plan a Vacation in Havana? Why did I take that trip
That made me lose my grip? Oh! That piece of music laid me low.

There it goes again! Just Another Rhumba!

Which I heard only last September!

I'm a wreck. Why did I have to suc-
Why did I have to succumb to that rum-bah?

Can you imagine anything?

Why did I have to succumb to that rum-bah?

I'm the cu-ca-ra-cha who just went blah.

Ah! Ah!
I gave up swing and hot-cha, Ah, ah, ah!

Ah, at first it was di-vine-ah, But it turned out a Cu-ban Frank-en-

stein-ah!

It's got me by the throat-ah. Oh what's the an-ti-dote-ah? Ah, ah,
ah! It made me lose my wife—ah,

It brought me woe and strife—ah,

It's the rhumba that blighted my life.

There it goes again!

Just Another Rhumba

Which has got me under its
thum-bah. So much so—that I can't eat or

slum-bah. Can you imag-ine any-thing

dum-bah? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that
cresc.

rhum-bah?
SLAP THAT BASS

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

I - zoom -zoom!
he world is in a mess!
With politics and taxes And people grinding axes, There's no hap - pi-

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-ness. Zoom-zoom! zoom-zoom! Rhythm, lead your ace! The future doesn't fret me If I can only get me

Someone to slap that bass! Happiness is not a riddle

When I'm listening to that big bass fiddle.
Slap that bass, slap it till it's dizzy, Slap that bass,
Keep the rhythm busy! Zoom! Zoom! Misery you got to go!
Slap that bass,
Use it like a tonic! Slap that bass, Keep your Philharmonic!

Zoom! zoom! zoom! And the milk and honey'll flow!

Dictators would be better off. If they zoom zoomed now and then. Today you can see
that the happiest men
All got rhythm!

In which case
If you want to bubble,
Slap that bass,

Slap away your trouble!
Learn to zoom, zoom, zoom!
Slap that bass!
(I've Got) BEGINNER'S LUCK

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

At any gambling casino From Monte Carlo to Reno, They tell you that a beginner Comes out a

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Beginner fishing for flounder

That's what I always heard

And always thought absurd, but

now I believe ev'ry word.
For I've got beginner's luck. The first time that I'm in love,

I'm in love with you. Gosh, I'm lucky! I've got be-

gin-ner's luck. There nev-er was such a smile. Or such eyes of blue!

Gosh, I'm fortunate! This thing we've be-

gun is much more than a
pastime, For this time is the one
Where the first time is the last time! I've got begin-ner's luck,
Lucky through and through, 'Cause the first time that I'm in love,
I'm in love with

1. G D6 A7(b6) D7

you. For you.

2. G G6 C

L.H.
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

I

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Goodness knows what the end will be. Oh, I don't know where I'm at. It looks as if we two will never be one, Something must be done.

Refrain

You say either And I say eye-ther, You say neither And You say laughter And I say lawf-ter, You say after And

I say ny-ther; Ether, eye-ther, nee-ther, ny-ther, Let's call the whole thing I say awf-ter; Laughter, lawf-ter, after, awf-ter, Let's call the whole thing
off! You like po-ta-to and I like po-tah-to, You like to-ma-to and
off! You like va-nil-la and I like va-nel-la, You, sa's' pa-ril-la and

I like to-mah-to; Po-ta-to, Po-tah-to, To-ma-to, To-mah-to!
I sa's' pa-rel-la; Va-nil-la, va-nel-la, Choc'-late, straw-b'ry!

Let's call the whole thing off! But oh! If we call the whole thing

off, Then we must part. And oh! If we ev-er part, Then
I -

So, if you like pajamas And I like pajamas,
that might break my heart! So, if you go for oysters And I go for oysters

I'll wear pajamas and give up pajamas.
I'll order oysters and cancel the oysters. For we know we

need each other, So we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off!
PROMENADE (Piano Solo)

Allegretto moderato

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