ELLA FITZGERALD
ORIGINAL KEYS FOR SINGERS

25 CLASSIC SONGS INCLUDING:
- A-Tisket, A-Tasket
- Let's Call The Whole Thing Off
- Lullaby Of Birdland
- Oh, Lady Be Good!
- Stompin' At The Savoy
- Take The "A" Train
ELLA FITZGERALD

The music of Ella Fitzgerald will be forever remembered through her sultry ballads, her prodigious scatting, and her immortal renditions of American standards. With the voice of an angel, she seduced the world for half a century. During her lifetime, she was not only appreciated by her fans, but was revered among her fellow jazz musicians as an equal, a jazz giant, and an innovator.

Ella was born on April 25, 1917 in Newport News, Virginia. Moving to New York City with her mother, Tempie, when she was just a babe in arms, she began her education at Public School 10 in the city of Yonkers in September 1923. Despite her situation as an impoverished girl north of Harlem, she was a continually cheerful and outgoing girl determined to make it in show business — as a dancer.

Although a fine dancer, she was thankfully discovered as a singer at the age of seventeen. In the winter of 1934, Ella sang in and won the Apollo Theatre’s Amateur Night contest, as she had drawn the short straw among a group of friends. It was at that performance where she was discovered and brought forward into stardom.

After losing her mother, Ella was an orphan teenager without direction for her musical talent. It was a popular bandleader of the time, Chick Webb, who acted as a surrogate father and mentor during her early career. After joining his band in 1934, it was not very long before she drew large audiences to her performances at Harlem’s famous Savoy Ballroom.

In 1938, Ella Fitzgerald recorded “A-Tisket, A-Tasket,” a swing rendition of a popular nursery rhyme, arranged by Chick and her. This became a worldwide hit, and today still remains a Swing Era anthem. After Webb’s untimely death in 1939, the band was left in Ella’s hands. She gave it up after only a few more years, as she was not suited to the demanding whirlwind of running a big band.
The 1940s marked the true beginning of her solo career. She made a series of landmark recordings for Milt Gabler, her producer at Decca, as well as some for Norman Granz, her next producer on the Verve label. In the late 1940s, Ella began to blossom into a bebop singer as well, playing with Dizzy Gillespie’s big band for several years. It was during this period that she married jazz bassist Ray Brown, with whom she adopted a child, Ray Brown Jr.

Her career as the world renowned singer finally emerged in 1949, as Granz presented her in the Jazz at the Philharmonic concert series. This popular series featured the finest instrumentalists in jazz, from Charlie Parker to Lester Young. From 1956 to 1964, she recorded some of her most memorable versions of standard songbooks, including those by Cole Porter, Duke Ellington, the Gershwins, Johnny Mercer, Irving Berlin, and Rodgers and Hart.

Ella continued to record and tour through the 1990s, when failing health finally ended her amazing career. On June 15, 1996, Ella Fitzgerald passed on, leaving us a lifetime full of memories through her timeless recordings. Throughout her lifetime, she received accolades from U.S. presidents, universities, the Grammy® awards, and every other person who heard the purity and genius of her music.

She was a singer who responded to the musical imperatives of a song while illuminating the wit within the lyrics. She could spin a melody in any direction, transcending each note and word as sweetly and soulfully as the trumpet of Louie Armstrong, the saxophone of Johnny Hodges, and the clarinet of Benny Goodman. Her love for music was unending, while her passion was unmistakable in every concert she ever performed and every recording she ever made. Every generation that has heard her voice will never forget that there is only one Ella.
Words and Music by ELLA FITZGERALD and VAN ALEXANDER

Moderate Swing

G6

Am7/G

G6

D13

G6

Em7

Am7

D7

G6

Em7

Am7

D7

*Recorded a half step higher.
tis ket, a tas ket, a brown and yellow bas ket.

I sent a letter to my mommy. 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 pock-
She was truckin' on down the avenue, with not a single thing to do. She went peck, peck, pecking all around. When she spied it on the ground, she took it, she took it, my little yellow basket, and if she doesn't bring...
I think that I will die.
I lost my yellow basket, and if that girlie don't return it, I don't know what I'll do.

Oh dear, I wonder where my basket can be. (So do we, so do we, so do we,)
Oh, gee, I wish that little girl I could see.

(So do we, so do we, so do we, so do we.)

Oh, why was I so careless with that basket of mine?
That itty, bitty basket was a joy of mine.

Attisket a tas ket, I lost my yellow basket. Won't someone help me find.

my basket, and make me happy again, again. (Was it
green?) No, no, no, no. (Was it red?) No, no, no, no. Just a litt- -le yel-low basket.

(Am7) D9 G6 Em7 Am7 D9

no, no. (Was it blue?) No, no, no, no, no. Just a litt- -le yel-low basket.

G6/B C7

C#dim7 G/D Am7 D9 G6

A litt- -le yel-low basket.
BLACK COFFEE

Words and Music by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER and SONNY BURKE

Moderate Ballad

I'm feeling mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink. I

walk the floor and watch the door, and in between I drink

black coffee. Love's a hand-me-down broom.
I'll never know a Sunday in this week-

room.

And

Lord, how slow the moments go when all I do is pour-

black...
Since the blues caught my eye,
I'm hanging out on Monday my Sunday dreams,
Now a man is born to go
A woman's born to weep and fret,
I stay at home and tend her oven and drown her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes.

I'm moody all the mornin', and mourning all the night, and in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight black coffee.
Feel in' low as the ground. It's driv'in' me crazy,

this wait-in' for my baby to maybe come around,

I'm waiting for my baby to maybe come around.
BUT NOT FOR ME

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

Moderate Ballad

D6/9

Pedal throughout

They're writ-ing songs of love, but not for me.

Instrumental on D.S.

A luck-y star's a bove,

but not for me.

With love to
I lead the way, I've found more clouds of grey.

than any Russian play could guarantee.

I was a fool to fall and get that way.

and get that way. Hi ho, a -
las, and also lack a day.

Although I can't dismiss the memory of his kiss, I guess he's not for me.
CODA

When every happy plot ends with a

It all began so well,

but what an end.

This is the time

a feller needs a friend.

When every happy plot ends with a
I'm a marriage knot, and there's no guess he's not
Moderate Swing

Heaven, I'm in
Heaven, I'm in

Heaven,
Heaven,

Heaven,
Heaven,

and my heart beats so that I
and the cares that hung around

can hardly speak,
me through the week

and I

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seem to find _ the hap - pi - ness ___ I seek ___
van - ish like _ a gam - bler’s luck _ y streak ___

when we’re out to - gether danc - in’ cheek ___
___

Oh, I’d love to climb a moun - tain, and to
Instrumental
reach the highest peak, but it doesn't thrill me half
river or a creek, but I don't enjoy it half

as much as dancin' cheek to cheek.
Oh, I'd

Instrumental ends
Lead vocal ad lib.

I want my arm about you, the charm
about you will carry me through.

to heaven. I'm in heaven, and my heart beats so that I can hardly speak, and I
I seem to find the happiness I seek.

when we’re together dancin’ cheek.

to cheek.

heaven. I’m in heaven.
and my heart beats so that I can hard
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Out to gether,

I danc-in' cheek to cheek.

Out to gether, danc-

in' cheek to cheek.
EASY TO LOVE
(You’d Be So Easy to Love)

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

I know too well that I'm wasting precious time, and thinkin’ such a thing could be that you could ever care for me.

I'm sure you hate to hear that I adore you, dear, but grant me just the same, I'm not en-

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Moderate Ballad

Bm7 E13 A(add9) Bb(add9) Em9 Am11

tire-ly to blame, for you’d be so

Em7

easy to love,

A7

so easy to idolize

Dmaj9

Em7 Em7/A A7

all others above,
I so worth the yearning for, so swell to keep ev'ry home fire

We'd be so
grand at the game, so

care-free together, that it does seem a shame.

that you can't see your future with me,
'cause you'd be oh, so easy to

D.S. al Coda

CODA

oh, so easy to

Dmaj7

love.

Dmaj13

love.
Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you.

Embrace me, you irreverent you.
Just one look at you,

my heart grew tipsy in me.

You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.

I love all the many...
charms about you.

Above all,

I want my arms about you.

Don't be a naughty baby, come to Ma-ma, come to

Ma-ma, do, my sweet embrace a-ble

To Coda Ơ
EV’RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Moderate Ballad

I Ev’ry time we say good-bye, I die a little.

Instrumental

I Ev’ry time we say good-bye, I wonder why a little.

Why the gods above me, who must be in the know,

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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 goodbye.
How long has this been going on?

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

I could cry salty tears.
There were chills up my spine,

Where have I been all these years?
And some thrills I can't define.

Tell me now, how long has this been goin' on?
I repeat, how long has this been goin' on?
long has this been go in' on? Oh, I feel that

Ebmaj7 Ab7 Ebmaj9 Ab13
Più mosso

I could melt. Into heaven I'm hurled.

Dm7 E7#9 A7#5(b9) Dm7 F13 Bb9 A7 Dm Bb9 A7
I know how Columbus felt, finding another world.

Dm Dm7 Db7b9 Cml1 F9 Fdim7
Kiss me once, then once more.
Kiss me twice, then once more.

Kiss me once,
What a dunce
That makes thrice,
I was be-fore.
let's make it four.

What a break,

for heav-en's sake,
how long has this been go-in' on?

CODA

long has this been go-in' on?
I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AIN'T GOOD

Words by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

Rubato

Bb6 F+ Bb6 F+ F7sus

L.H.

po-ets say that all who love are blind,
but I'm in love and I know what time it is.
The good book says "go seek and ye shall find."

Well.

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I have sought and—my what a climb it is.

My life is just like the weather, it changes with the hours—When he's near, I'm fair and warmer,

When he's gone, I'm cloudy with showers. In emotion, like the ocean, it's

either sink or swim when a woman loves a man—like I love
Ballad

him.

Never treats me sweet and gentle,

the way he should.

I got it bad, and that ain't good.

My poor heart is sentimental, not made of
wood.

I got it bad, and that

Instrumental ends

ain't good.

But when the week end's

o ver

and Mon day rolls a

round,

I end up like I start
out, just cryin' my lil' heart out.

He don't love me like I love him. No, no-

bod-y could. I got it bad, and that

ain't good.
I got it so bad, so bad. Though folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears, I'm glad I'm mad about him. I can't live without him. Lord a-
bove me, make him love me the way he should.

Like a lonely weeping willow lost in the wood, the things I tell my pillow,

no woman should. I got it bad, bad. So

bad, and that ain't good.
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT

Words and Music by DON GEORGE, JOHNNY HODGES, DUKE ELLINGTON and HARRY JAMES

Moderate Swing

N.C.

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I began to see the light.

Used to ramble through the park,

shadow-boxing in the dark,

then you came and caused a spark

that's a four-alarm fire

now.

I never made love by lantern shine,

I
never saw rainbows in my wine, but now that your lips are burning mine,

I'm beginning to see the light.

I never cared much for moonlit skies,

never winked back at fireflies, but now that the stars are
in your eyes, I'm beginning to see the light.

never went in for afterglow, or candle-light on the

mistletoe, but now when you turn the lamp down low, I'm

beginning to see the light.

Used to ramble through...
I
the park, shadow-boxing in the dark,
then you came and caused a spark— that's a four-alarm fire now.
I never made love my lantern shine, I
I never saw rainbows in my wine, but now that your lips are burn-
- ing mine,- I'm be- ginning to see the light. 

Now that the stars are in your eyes, I'm be- ginning to see

the light.  
Now when you turn the lamp down low, I'm be-
I they you came and caused a spark that's a four-alarm fire now.

Wee yow.
Now that your lips are burning mine, I'm beginning to see the light.
I'M PUTTING ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET
from the Motion Picture FOLLOW THE FLEET

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Ballad
Ebmaj7  Abmaj7b5  Ebmaj7  Ab6/Eb

I've been a roaming Juliet, my Romeros have been many,

but now my roaming days have gone.

Too many irons in the fire is worse than not having any.

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I've had my share and from now on, I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.
I'm giving all my love to one baby.

Lord, help me if my baby don't come through.
I've got a great, big amount saved up in my love account, honey, and I've decided love divided in two won't do, so I'm putting all my eggs in one
I'm betting every thing I've got on you.

I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.
I've got everything I've got on you.

I'm giving all my love to one baby.

Lord, help me if my baby don't come through.

I've got a great, big amount.
I've decided love divided in two won't do,

so I'm putting all my love in
I'm betting ev'rything I've got on you.
I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM
from the 20th Century Fox Motion Picture ON THE AVENUE

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

The snow is snowing, but I can weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm.
I've got my coat to keep me warm. I can't remember a worse December. Just watch those icicles form. What do I—

Cm7  F7#5(b9)  Bb6  Gm9  Cm7  F9

love to keep me warm.

Bb6  Dbdim7  Cm7  F7sus  F7b9

can't remember a worse December. Just

Em7b5  A7  Bbdim7

watch those icicles form.
Don't care if ice-icles form,

I've got my love to keep me warm.

Instrumental ends

Off with my overcoat,

Lead vocal ad lib.

I need no overcoat,

glove.
I'm burning with love. My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher, so

I will weather the storm, storm, storm.

What do I care how much it may storm,
I've got my love to keep me warm.

D.S. al Coda

CODA

I've got my love to keep me warm.

Dbdim7

warm.
IF YOU CAN’T SING IT
(You’ll Have to Swing It)
from the Paramount Picture RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

Words and Music by
SAM COSLOW

The concert was over in Deutschlandhalle, the maestro took bow after bow. He said, "My dear friends, I have given my all. I’m sorry, it’s all over now." When from the balcony, way up high, there...
suddenly came a mournful cry...

Ballad (12/8 feel)
(Double-time feel on repeat)

Mister Paganini, please play my rhapsody.

And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it?

And if you can't sing it, you'll simply have to
I and swing it. Go on, and if you can't swing it,
you'll simply have to

boop-boo-ba-dee-da-do-ba-
boop-m-be-dee-doo-dee
dle-


We've heard your repertoire,

and at the final bar,

we greeted you with round ap-

plause.

But what a great ov-a-tion,
To Coda

your interpretation of “I never cared much for moon-lit skies, I

never blinked back at fireflies” would do. So Pag-ani-ni,

don’t you be a mean-ie. What have you up your sleeve?

Come on and spring it. And if you can’t spring it,
you'll simply have to... eet n-deet n-doo dit n-dit-doo boo booie.

Boo dit n-dit n-doo dit n-dit n-dit n-dit n-dit n-din di dee da do do.

CODA

doobee yoo be doobedoodoo be de ba dat da, ba-

Listen Paganini,___
now, don't you be a mean-ie.

What have you up your sleeve?

Come on and spring it.

And if you can't spring it, you'll simply have to swing it.
ILL WIND
(You’re Blowin’ Me No Good)

Lyric by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

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Go, ill wind, go away.

Skies are oh, so grey around my neighborhood, and that's so good.

You're only misleading the sunshine I'm needing. Ain't that a shame?
It’s so hard to keep up with

troubles that creep up from out of nowhere when love’s to blame.

So, ill wind, blow away.

Let me rest today. You’re blowin’ me no
CODA

Blow, ill wind, blow.

D.S. al Coda
IT DON'T MEAN A THING
(If It Ain't Got That Swing)

Words and Music by DUKE ELLINGTON
and IRVING MILLS

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no difference if it's sweet or hot, just give that rhythm every thing you
mean a thing—

— got. Oh, it don’t mean a thing—

if it

Doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

Doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

I—

I

Doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

A9

Dm

G9

ain’t got that swing.

Doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

C13

F6/9

Em7b5

A

—

doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—
doo—wah—

Boot—
doot—dot—m—bop

ba—doot—n—dee—dee—dit

doot—doo—
yoot—
It makes no difference
if it's sweet or hot, just
give that rhythm ev'rything you've got.
Doo - yoo-doo-doot, boo-dee - yoo-doo-doot, doo - yoo-doo -
doot, doo - yoo-doo-doot, doo,
makes no difference if it's sweet or hot,
give that rhythm everything you've got.
Oh, it don't mean a
thing if it ain't got that swing.

Doo - wah - doo wah.

Don't mean a thing...
THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

I've wined and dined on mul-ligan stew and

never wished for tur-key, as I hitched and hiked and
grift-ed too, from Maine to Al-bu-quer-que.
I missed the Beaux Arts ball, and what is twice as sad, I was never at a party where they honored Noel CAD, but social circles spin too fast for me. My "Hobo-Hemia" is the place to
Bright Swing

D7sus

D13b9 G6 Gmaj7

I get too hungry
I go to Connecticut

Bb6 Am7 D7b9 D9 D7b9

I go to ball games, the beach is divine.

G6 Gmaj7 Bb6 Am7 D7b9

I like the theatre, but the bleachers are fine.

D9 D7b9 G G7

I never both er with
I follow Win chell, and
people I hate.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

I read every line.

I don't like crap games with barons and earls,

I like a prize fight that isn't a fake.

won't go to Harlem in ern...
mine and pearls,—

Central Park Lake.

won’t dish the dirt... I go to op-

with the rest of the girls.

er-a, and stay awake.

That’s why the lady is a tramp.

That’s why the lady is a tramp.

like the free, fresh wind in my hair,

I like the green grass under my
shoes.

What can I lose?

I'm broke, it's oke. Hate California, it's cold and it's damp.

That's why the laundry is a tramp.
CODA

I'm flat, that's that. I'm all alone when I lower my lamp, that's why the lantern is a tramp.
JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

Rubato (fast)

Cmaj7  Bbmaj7  Abmaj7  G7  Cmaj7  Bbmaj13

As Dorothy Parker once
did to her boyfriend, "fare-thee-well." As Col

Dm7  G7sus(b9)  Cmaj7  G7sus  G7  Csus  C

C6/9  Am  Am7  Am7b5

lum-bus an-nounced when he knew he was bounced, "It was
swell as a bell, swell."

As Abigail said to Eloise, "Don't forget to drop a line to me, please."

As Juliet cried in her Romeo's ear, "Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?"

Moderate Swing
one of those things, just one of those flings. One of those bells that now and then ring, just
one of those -

It was -

just one of those nights,

just one of those nights,

just one of those -

fabulous flights,

a trip to the moon -
on gossamer wings,
just one of those things.
If we'd thought a bit of the end of it
when we started painting the town,
we'd have been aware that our love

af-fair, it was too hot not to

cool down.

So, good

bye, dear, and man, man, here's hop-
-ing we meet now and then. It was one of those-

great fun, but it was just one of those-

things.

If we'd
I just one of those things.
Let's call the whole thing off

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato

C13b9  F  F/A  Gm7  C9/E

Things have come to a pretty pass. Our romance is growing flat. For you like this and the other, while I go for this and that. Goodness knows what the end will be, oh, I
I don't know where I'm at. It looks as if we two will never be one. Something must be done.

You say either and
You say laughter and

I say either, you say neither and I say neither.
I say laughter, you say after and I say awfter.
Ee - ther, eye- ther, nee- ther, ny- ther, let's call the whole thing off.

Laugh- ter, lawf- ter, af- ter, awf- ter, let's call the whole thing off.

You like po- ta- to and I like po- tah- to,
You like va- nil- la and I like va- nel- la,

you like to- ma- to and I like to- mah- to. Po- ta- to, po- tah- to, to-
you sas- pa- ril- la and I sas- pa- rel- la. Va- nil- la, va- nel- la,

ma- to, to- mah- to, let's call the whole thing off.}

But oh.
if we call the whole thing off, then we must

and oh, if we ever part, then

that might break my heart.

So, if you like pajamas and

I like pajamas,
I'll wear pajamas and give up pajamas.

I go for oysters,
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.

I say father and you.
I say pader, I say mother and you say mader.

Pa - der, ma - der, un - cle, ahnt - ie, let’s call the whole thing off.

I like ba - na - nas and you like ba - nah - nas,

I say Ha - va - na and I get Ha - vah - na. Ba - na - nas, ba - nah - na, Ha -
va-na, Ha-vah-na. Go your way, I'll go mine. Instrumental soli

Em7b5

A7#5

Dm6

Em7b5

A7#5

Dm6

G7

Gb9

F9

F13

Bb6

Gm9

So, if I go for scallops and
you go for lob-ster...
so, al-right, no con-test. We'll or-der lob-ster.

For we know we need each oth-er, so we bet-ter call the call-ing off off.

Let's call the whole thing off.
LULLABY OF BIRDLAND

Words by GEORGE DAVID WEISS
Music by GEORGE SHEARING

Rubato (slowly)

Moderate Swing

Oh, Lull-a-ry of Bird-land, that's what I-
Have you ev-er heard two tur-tle doves-

always hear__ when you sigh. __ Never in my word-

bale and coo__ when they love? __ That's the kind of mag-

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could there be ways to reveal,
in a phrase, how I feel.

music we make with our lips

when we kiss.

And there's a weep-y old

He really knows how to cry.

That's

how I'd cry in my pillow

if you should tell me fare-well
and good-bye.
Lull-a-by of Bird-land, whisper low.

Kiss me sweet, and we'll go

fly-in' high in Bird-land, high in the sky up above, all because

we're in love.
Lull-a-by, lull-
Have you ever heard two turtle doves—bale and coo—when they love?

That's the kind of magic music we make with our lips—when we kiss.
CODA  

I'll all be

cause we're in love.

Lull-a-by of Bird-land, whisper low.
Kiss me sweet,

and we'll go
fly-in' high in Bird-land,
high in the sky up above,

all be

cause we're in love.
MIDNIGHT SUN

Words and Music by LIONEL HAMPTON, SONNY BURKE and JOHNNY MERCER

Ballad

A bmaj9

B13

1 Emaj9

Abmaj9

A7#11

2 Emaj9

A7#11

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than

Abmaj9

D9#11

G9

G#maj9

the summer night. The clouds were like an alabaster
palace rising to a snowy height, each star...

its own aurora borealis. Suddenly you held me tight...

I could see the midnight sun. I can't...

explain the silver rain that found me, or was that a
The moon-lit vale? The music of the universe around me, or was that a night in gale? And then—your arms miraculously found me. Suddenly the sky turned pale, I could see the midnight sun.
Was there such a night?
Solo ad lib.

It's a thrill I still don't quite believe.

But after you were gone, there was still some star-dust on my sleeve.

The flame of it may dwindle to an
ember, and the stars forget to shine, and we

may see the meadow in December. I see white

and crystalline, but oh, my darling, always I'll re-

member when your lips were close to mine, and I saw
I see white-and-

we may see the meadow in December. I see white-and-

Solo ends The flame of it may dwindle to and

ember, and the stars forget to shine, and

G9
but oh, my darling, always I'll remember when your lips were close to mine, and I saw the midnight sun, the midnight sun, the midnight sun.
MISTY

Words by JOHNNY BURKE
Music by ERROLL GARNER

Ballad
B♭maj7   Cm7   Dm7   Gm7
Pedal throughout

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Walk my way, and a thousand violins begin to play, or it might be the sound of your hello, that music I hear. I get misty the moment you're near.

Can't you see that you're lead...
ing me on, and it's just what I want.

Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost?

That's why I'm following you.

On my own, would I
I wander through this wonderland alone, never knowing my right foot from my left, my hat from my glove. I'm too misty and too much in love.

Too misty,

and too much in love.
OH, LADY BE GOOD!

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato
Dsus  D7sus  Gm/D  Dsus  Eb7/D  D  Ab7#11

Listen to my tale of woe, it's terribly sad, but true:
All dressed up, no place to go, each evening I'm awfully blue.
I must win some handsome guy; can't go on like this.

I could blossom out, I know, with somebody just like you, so...
Oh, sweet and
lovelly lady, be good, oh, lady, be good

to me. I am so

awfully misunderstood, so, lady, be good

to me.
Oh, please have some pity,

I'm all alone in this big city. I tell you,

I'm just a lonely some babe in the wood,

so lady, be good to
Oh, please have some pity. I'm all alone in this big city.

I tell you, I'm just alone some
babe in the wood,
so, lady, be good
SATIN DOLL

Moderately slow Swing

Gm7  C9  Am7  D9  Gm7  Adim7  Bb6  C7sus

Db7#11  Cl3  Gm7  C7  Gm11  C7

Doo-dle-ooodoo,doo.
(D.S.) Lead vocal ad lib. (scat)

D7sus  D9  Am11  D7  G9

Doo-dle-oo, doo-doo. Boo-doo-dee,

Gb9  F6

boo-doo-doo.
F6  Cm11  

Boo -

do -

Bb6  F7b9  
do-

G13  

yoo-

Gm7  C7  

Ooh
Gm7   C7  Gm11 C7  Am7/E  D9
- da-doo-doo-doo,  doo-doo.  Doodle-oo-doo-doo,

Am11/E  D7  G9
       doo-doo.  Doodle-oo-doo,  doo-doo-

F6  F7#9  D7  (trem.)

D.S. al Coda (with repeat)  CODA

G9
Doo-doo,

Gb9  F6

Gb9,9  F6
doo-doot-n-doo.
I
Your form, just like a cling-ing vine.
-Your lips,-
so warm and sweet as wine.
Your cheeks, so soft and close to mine,
divine.
How my heart is sing-in’
while the band is
swing-in'.

Nev-er
tired
of
romp-in'
and

stomp-in' with you
at the Sav-oy.
What
day.

Sav-oy, where we can glide and sway. Sav-oy.

there let me stomp a-way with you.
TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Moderate Swing

Words and Music by
BILLY STRAYHORN

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You must take the "A"—

If you miss the "A"—

train

to you'll find

to Sugar Hill way up in Harlem.

you've missed the quickest way

to Harlem.

Hurry, get—
on, now it's coming.

Listen to those rails a-thrumming.

All "board, get on the "A"

train. Soon
you will be on Sugar Hill in Harlem.

Boo-doot-n-yeedoot-n-da-ba-yoot-n-baabadee... You,
must take the "A" train to

go to Sugar Hill way up in Harlem.

If you miss the "A" train, you've missed the quick

-est way to Ha, Ha, Har-
Hurry, get on board, it's comin'.

Listen to those rails a-thrum-min'.

All aboard, get on the "A" train.

Soon you will be on Sugar Hill.
in Harlem.

Next stop: Harlem.

Come on, get aboard the “A” train.
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