Pop Music Lead Sheets

Ain’t She Sweet
Ballin’ the Jack
Birth of the Blues
Don't Blame Me
Five Foot Two
Forty-Second Street
Girl from Ipanema
I’ll Take Romance
Lady is a Tramp
Lullaby of Birdland
Misty
My Funny Valentine
Perdido
Prelude to a Kiss
September Song
St. Louis Blues
Star Dust
Stormy Weather
Sweet Georgia Brown
Take Five
Too Close for Comfort
When Sunny Gets Blue
When the Saints go Marching In
AINT SHE SWEET

Moderately

Eb A9/E Bb7/F Bb7 Eb A9/E Bb7/F Bb7 Eb G7

Ain’t She Sweet? See her coming down the street!
Ain’t she nice? Look her over once or twice.

Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain’t She Sweet? Just cast an eye
in her direction.

Oh, me! Oh, my ain’t that perfection?
I repeat, don’t you

think that’s kind of neat? And I ask you very confidentially, Ain’t She Sweet?
BALLIN' THE JACK
(1913)

Moderately

First you put your two knees close up tight, then you sway 'em to the left, then you sway 'em to the right.

Step a-round the floor kind of nice and light, then you twis' a-round and twis' a-round with all your might.

Stretch your lovin' arms straight out in space, then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace. Swing your foot way 'round then bring it back, now that's what I call "Ball-in' The Jack."
THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES
from GEORGE WHITE’S SCANDALS OF 1924
Words by B.G. DeSylva and Lew Brown
Music by Ray Henderson

Tempo di Blues

C C\#dim7 G7/D D\#dim7 C/E E7

They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melodies.

F D7 G7 C/F Am7 Bb7/G E7 Bb7/G

And they made that the start of the blues. And from a blues.

E7 A7 C G7/D D\#dim7

Pushed it through a horn ’til it was worn into a blue.

Am7 D7 G7 C C\#dim7 G7/D D\#dim7

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave:

C/E E7 F D7 G7 C/E E7 F D7 G7 C/E E7 F D7 G7 C/E E7 F D7 G7

out the news that the Southland gave birth to the blues!

1 C G7

2 C Bb7 Ab7 C
DON'T BLAME ME

(1932)

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JIMMY McHUGH

Slowly

\[ \begin{align*}
  &C &Bb &A7 &Dm7b5 &G7 &C &Dm7b5 &G7 \\
  \text{Don't Blame Me for falling in love with you,} &I'm under your spell but
  \text{Can't you see when you do the things you do!}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
  &Em7b5 &A7 &1 &Dm7 &G+ &C &G7 &2 &Dm7 &G7 &C &C7 \\
  \text{how can I help it! Don't Blame Me! Don't Blame Me!}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
  &F &E7 &Am &D7 \\
  \text{I can't help it if that gog-goned moon above makes me need}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
  &Dm7 &Dm7b5 &G7 &C &Bb7 &A7 &Dm7b5 &G7 \\
  \text{some-one like you to love! Blame your kiss, as sweet as a kiss can}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
  &C &Dm7b5 &G7 &Em7b5 &A7 &Dm7 &G7 &C \\
  \text{be, and blame all your charms that melt in my arms, but Don't Blame Me.}
\end{align*} \]
Moderately

C

E7

A7

D7

Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue, but oh! what those five foot could do. Has anybody seen my girl?

G7 G9#5 C D9 Dm7 G7#5

Dm7 G7 C Dm7 C

G7 Dm7 G9 G7#5 C

E7

G7 G9#5 C

A7

D7

G7

Could she, could she, could she coo? Has anybody seen my girl?
Come and meet those dancing feet,
Hear the beat of dancing feet,
Taking you to, Forty-Second Street.
Little "nifties" from the Fifties,
Innocent and sweet; Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are insistent.
They're side by side, they're glorified, Where the underworld can meet the elite, Forty-Second Street.

Naughty, bawdy, gawdy, sporty, Forty-Second Street

*Often for ending*
THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA
(Garota De Ipanema)

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English Words © Copyright 1963 Norman Gimbel
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Moderate Bossa Nova

Fmaj7

Tall and tan and young—and lovely, The Girl From Ipanema goes walking, and when she walks she's like a samba that swings so cool and sways so gently, that when she passes, each one she passes goes "a-h"

Gm7 Gb7

Oh, but I watch her so sadly. How can I tell her I love her?

Yes, I would give my heart gladly, but each day when she walks to the sea, she looks straight ahead not at me.

Am7 D7b9 Gm7

Tall and tan and young—and lovely, The Girl From Ipanema goes walking, and when she passes I smile, but she doesn’t see. She just doesn’t see. No, she doesn’t see.
I’LL TAKE ROMANCE

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Ben Oakland

Medium

F Dm7 Gm7 C7 Am7 F A Ab7

I’ll Take Romance, while my heart is young and
while my arms are strong and
ea-gain to fly, I’ll give my heart a try, I’ll Take Ro-
ea-gain for you, I’ll give my arms their due, I’ll Take Ro-

F Dm7 Bb Ma7 Gm7 C C7 F Gm7 Gm7-5 C

mance.
mance.
So, my

C Db D#6 Gb7 C# Ma7 Fm7-5 F C Cdim Cm7-5

lo-ver, when you want in the hush of the
eve-ning, when you call me, In the hush of the
ev-en-ing I’ll rush to my first real ro-mance, while my heart is

Ab7 Db Ma7 Gm7-5 Fsus4 C Cdim Gm7 C C7 Gm7 C7

young and ea-ger and gay, I’ll give my heart a-way, I’ll Take Ro-

F Dm7 Bb Ma7 Gm7 C C7

mance.
D.C. al Coda

F Dm Bb Gm7 E C Fdim C F

mance, I’ll take my own ro-mance.
THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately Bright

C Cm7 Dm7 G7 C Cm7

I get too hungry for dinner at eight. I like the theatre but
I don't like crap games with Barons and Earls. Won't go to Harlem in

Dm7 G7 C Cmaj7 C9 F Fm

never come late. I never bother with people I hate.
never mine and pearls.

Wont' dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.

C Cmaj7 G7 C

That's why the Lady is a Tramp.
That's why the Lady is a Tramp.

I like the fresh

Em7 Am Dm7 G7 C A7 D7 G7 C

wind in my hair Life without care. I'm broke it's oke.

Hetie California.

Cm7 Dm E7 Am C+ Am7 D7 G7 C

for-nia It's cold and it's damp. That's why the Lady is a Tramp.
Lullaby of Birdland

(1952)

Words & Music by George David Weiss, George Shearing

Lull-a-uby of bird-land, that’s what I always hear.
Have you ever heard two turtle doves, bill and coo.

when you sigh. Never in my word-land could there be words to re-veal
when they love? That’s the kind of ma-gic mu-sic we make with our lips.

And there’s a weepy old willow, he really knows how to cry!

That’s how I cry in my pil-low, if you should tell me fare-well

and good-bye! Lul-la-uby of Bird-land whis-per 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. all because we’re in love.
MISTY
(1954)

Words by JOHNNY BURKE
Music by ERROLL Garner

Slowly, with a smooth swing

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree, and I feel like I'm
way and a thousand violins begin to play, or it might be the
own, would I wander through this wonderland alone,
cling to a cloud, I can't understand I get Misty just holding your
sound of your helo, that music I hear, I get Misty the moment you're
right foot from my left, my hat from my glove, I'm too Misty and too much in
hand. Walk my near.

You can say that you're

leading me on, but it's just what I want you to do.

Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost, that's why I'm following

you. On my

love.
My Funny Valentine
(1937)

(Cm) Cm B+ Cm7/Bb Cm6/A Ab Fm7

My Funny Valentine. Sweet comic Valentine. You make me smile with my heart.

(Fm6 G7 Fm/D G7 Cm G7/B Cm7/Bb Cm6/A)

Your looks are laughable. Unphotographable.

Yet you are my favorite work of art. Is your figure less than Greek? Is your

(Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Ebmaj7 G7 Cm Abmaj7 Ab6 Ab7 G7)

mouth a little weak, when you open it to speak. Are you smart? But

(Cm Cm7-5 Cm7 Cm6 Ab D7-5 G7)

don't change a hair for me. Not if you care for me. Stay little Valentine.

(Cm Eb7 Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb)

stay Each day is Valentine's day.
PERDIDO

Medium Swing

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb Dm7 G7
Per - di - do, I look for my heart, it's Per - di - do, I lost it way down in Tor -
le - ro, she glanced as she danced a bo - le - ro, I said, tak - ing off my som -

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb6 Dm7 G7b9 Bb6
ri - do, while chanc-ing a dance fi - es - ta.
bre - ro, "Let's meet for a sweet si -

D13 D9 A♭9 G13 C13 Cdim7
High was the sun when we first came close; low was the moon when we said, "A - dios!"

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
Per - di - do, Since then has my heart been Per -

Bb Dm7 G7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb6 Eb9 Bb6
di - do, I know I must go to Tor - ri - do, that yearn-ing to lose Per - di - do.
PRELUDE TO A KISS

(1938)

Words by IRVING GORDON and IRVING MILLS
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

Slowly

D9       G7♭5     C9       Fmaj7     B7       E7       A7     Dm

If you hear a song in blue—like a flower crying for the dew—

Dm7     G7♭5     C       D7       Dm7     G7♭9     C     A7     D9     G7♭5

that was my serenade—my Prelude To A Kiss—If you hear a

C9       Fmaj7     B7       E7       A7     Dm     Dm7     G7♭9     C     D7

song that grows from my tender sentimental woes—that was my heart trying to compose

Dm7     G7♭9     C     E     C♯m     F♯m7     B7       E     C♯m

a Prelude To A Kiss—Though it's just a simple melody with nothing fancy,

F♯m     B7       E     C♯m     F♯m7     B7       E     A7     D9

nothing much you could turn it to a symphony—Schubert tune with a

Dm7     D♯m7     Em7     A7♭9     D9     G7♭5     C9       Fmaj7     B7       E7

Gershwin touch. Oh! How my love song gently cries for the tenderness with

A7     Dm     Dm7     G7♭5     C     D7     Dm7     G7♭9     C

in your eyes—my love is a Prelude that never dies—a Prelude To A Kiss.
SEPTMBER SONG
(1938)

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

When I was a young man courting the girls I played you a waiting game. If a maid refused me with tossing curls I let the old earth take a couple of whirls, while I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls. And as clover rings. But if you examine the goods they bring they have little to offer but the songs they sing. And a time came around she came my way, as time came around she came. Oh, it's a beautiful waste of time of day, a beautiful waste of time.

When you reach September. When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame one hasn't got time for the waiting game. Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few, September, November! And those few precious days I'll spend with you. These precious days I'll spend with you.
ST. LOUIS BLUES
from BIRTH OF THE BLUES
(1914)

Words and Music by
W.C. Handy

Slow Blues tempo

1. I hate to see__
2. Been to de Gyp-sy
3. (See additional lyrics)

G7

C7

G

G7

C

de ev'-nin' sun go down,____
'thate to see__

to get ma for-tune tole,____
'to de Gyp-sy

G

C7

D7

G

G7

G

feet in to-mor-row____

St. Lou-is wom-an____

lak I feel to-day,____

Go to St. Lou-is,

D7

G

Gm

Cm

D7

G

Gm

Gm

C#dim7

D7

G

Gm

A7

D7

G

rings____

picks dat man roun'____

by her a-pron strings____

'Twant for pow-der

Cm

D7

G

Gm

C

C7

G

G

G

C

G

G

G

G

man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.____

Or else he wouldn't have gone.

Ken-tuck-y Col-’nel loves his mint an’ rye.____

In'll love ma baby ill-

D

D7

G

G

G

D, C

1, 3, 5, 6

2, 4

D.C.

(Spoken) Dog-gone it! I__

so far from me.____

the day ah die.__
STAR DUST

Words by MITCHELL PARISH
Music by HOAGY CARMICHAEL

(1929)

Moderately

C                                           E7                                           A7
...And now the purple dusk of twilight time steals across the meadows of my heart.

Dm C                                          Am B7                                          Em Edim7 Dm7 G7
High up in the sky the little stars climb, always reminding me that we're apart.

C                                           F9                                           E7                                           A7
You wandered down the lane and far away, leaving me a song that will not die.

Dm C                                          Cdim7 G7                                          C                                           C7#5
Love is now the Star Dust of yesterday, the music of the years gone by. Sometimes I

F6                                           Fm6
wonder why I spend the lonely night bright, dreaming of a song? The

C                                           Em7                                           A7                                           Dm7
side a garden wall when stars are in my arms. The

A7                                           Dm7                                           Fm6
melody haunts my reverie, and I am once again with you, when our

G7 Gdim7 G7                                          G7#5                                           C
love was new, and each kiss an inspiration. But

D9                                           G7                                           Dm7/G
that was long ago: now my consolation is in the Star Dust of a song. Be

CODA

C                                          G/B                                           Am C/G                                           B7/F#                                           F7#5                                           E7                                           E7#5
dream in vain, in my heart it will remain; my

F6                                           A7/E                                           Edim7 G7/D                                           G7                                           C                                           Cm6                                          C5
Star Dust melody, the memory of love's restraint.
STORMY WEATHER
(Keeps Rainin' All the Time)
from COTTON CLUB PARADE OF 1933

Lyric by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

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Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky, Storm-y Weather.

D9         Am7          D7b9          G

Since my [man] and I ain't to-geth-er, keeps rain-in' all the time.
Just can't get my poor self to-geth-er, I'm wear-y all the time.

Am7        G           Am7           D7b9         G

Life is time, the time, so wear-y all the time.

C           G           C           G

When he [she] went a-way, the blues walked in and met me. If he [she] stays a-way, old rock-in' chair will get me.

E7b5       A           D7b9          D7

All I do is pray the Lord above will let me walk in the sun once more. Can't go

G          Gdim7        Am7          D9          G

on, ever-y-thing I had is gone, Storm-y Weather. Since my [man] and I ain't to-

Am7          D7b9         G           Am7           G

gether, keeps rain-in' all the time, keeps rain-in' all the time.
Sweet Georgia Brown
(1925)  Bernie, Pinkard & Casey

D7
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

G7
Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

C7
They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown, I'll tell you just

FΔ C7♭5
why, you know I don't lie (well, not much!).

D7
It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.

G7
Since she came why it's a shame how she's cooled 'em down. Well,

D- A7
Fel-las she can't get Must be fel-las she ain't met.

1. FΔ E7 E♭7 D7 G7 C7
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown.
Too Close for Comfort

Words and Music by JERRY BOCK
LARRY HOLOFCENER and GEORGE WEISS
from the Musical MR. WONDERFUL

(1956)

Medium Swing

C6 Cm6 Gm6 A7 Fm6 G7 C

Be wise, be smart, behave my heart, don't upset your cart when she's so close.

G7 C6 Cm6 Gm6 A7 Fm6 G7 C

Be soft, be sweet, but be discreet, don't go off your beat. She's Too Close For

C6 C+ F6 F7 Fm G7b9 C C7 F6 F7

Comfort, too close. Too Close For Comfort, please not again. Too close, too

Fm G7b9 Ab7 G7 C6 Cm6 Gm6 A7

close to know just when to say "when."

Be firm, be fair, be sure, beware, on your

Fm6 G7 C C6 C+ F6 F7 Fm G7b9

guard, take care while there's such temptation. One thing leads to another,

Cm6 D7 Ab9 G9 Fm6 G7b9 Cm

too late to run for cover, she's much Too Close For Comfort now!
When Sunny Gets Blue

Fisher/Segal
arra. R. Grayson

Reading chord symbols:
m7 = minor 7th chord (minor triad + minor 7th); ex. Gmin7 = G-Bb-D-F
7 = dominant 7th chord (major triad + major 7th); ex. Eb7 = Eb-G-Bb-Db
maj7 = major 7th chord (major triad + major 7th); ex. F maj7 = F-A-C-E
m7b5 [same as m7-5] = ø7th chord (dim. triad+ minor 7th); ex. Bm7b5 = B-D-F-A
7(b9) = dominant 7th + minor ninth; ex. D7 (b9) = D-F#-A-C-Eb
7(9) = dominant 7th + major ninth; ex. D7 (9) = D-F#-A-C-Eb
sus4 = major triad with 3rd raised 1/2 step; ex. Csus4 = C-F-G (C7sus4 = C-F-G-Bb)
7#5 [same as 7+5] = dominant 7th with 5th raised 1/2 step; ex. G7#5 = G-B-D-F
/ = play the note after the slash (/) in the bass; ex. F6/A = A-C-D-F (F-A-C-D with A in bass)
When the Saints Go Marching In

traditional American song

Oh, when the saints go marching in, Oh, when the

F

Oh, when the saints go marching in, Oh, when the

F C C7

Well I want to be in that number When the

F F7 Bb Bbm

F/C G7 C7 F

When the saints go marching in.