LEGENDARY PERFORMERS - VOLUME 9

Nat "King" Cole

UNFORGETTABLE
## Nat "King" Cole

**UNFORGETTABLE**

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It was the year 1937. In America, the hopes of everyone were rooted in the word “recovery.” But if the depression seemed to be nearing an end for most of the nation, it had only deepened early that year for the wandering minstrels of a road show with the peculiarly fitting title “Shuffle Along.”

The revue had shuffled all the way from Chicago to Long Beach, California, when an employee with obviously scant optimism for the show’s future resigned without notice. More than that, he helped himself to the company’s entire bankroll, $800.00, as his severance pay. “Shuffle Along” ground to a dead stop right there—and disintegrated.

Being broke and stranded in a strange town is never a pleasure to anyone. To one member of the company, its 18-year-old bandleader, Nathaniel Adams Coles, it was akin to a major calamity. Not only was he a rookie in show business, but he was very reluctant to write home for money since his father, the Rev. Edward Coles, a Baptist minister in Chicago, was considerably less than enthusiastic over having his children trotting around the country tooting horns and plunking pianos.

Young Nat wisely decided to make the best of his bad bargain and rough it out in California—at least until he could raise enough money to home with his head held high.

For the next several months he pounded beer-soaked Baldwins and Scotch-stained Steinways in dives from Bakerfield to San Diego. His asking price was five bucks a night, but he could be had for less, and usually was.

During that year one thing happened to the lanky, good-natured youngster. He abbreviated his name to Nat Cole, and one night while he was working in the old Los Angeles Century Club, a gagster slipped a paper crown on his head and dubbed him “King.” From that night forward, he was to be Nat “King” Cole.

From the fold-up of “Shuffle Along,” his life was punctuated with setbacks that turned out to be breaks. Some of them were large enough to provide him with footholds in his climb to the top of one of the toughest heaps in the world.

His singing was perhaps the most outstanding example. One of Cole’s stops on his job-hunting rounds as an itinerant pianist was a Hollywood nightclub, the Swanee Inn. Their manager offered to pay Cole $75 a week if he could come up with a quartet overnight. At the time, for that kind of money, Nat would have produced the Philadelphia Symphony—or at least tried. He rushed out and corralled guitarist Oscar Moore, bass player Wesley Prince and a drummer whose name remains unrecorded because he failed to show up for work on opening night.

The trio was hardly an immediate sensation. That was the era of the big bands. Club owners demanded plenty of bodies and plenty of noise for their money. An instrumental trio—the group was strictly voiceless—was about as marketable as a vaudeville juggling act. Still, the “King” Cole Swingsters, as they were known then, did begin attracting the attention of jazz aficionados, attracted by the trio’s musical purity. In time, club bookers
became aware that these fans, small in number and
strange in tastes though they might be, were willing to put
their money where their loyalty was. When that under-
standing got around, Cole and his cohorts found that they
were working with encouraging regularity. Sometimes
their leader's take-home pay ran as high as $25 a week.

It was during this cushy engagement at the Swanee
Inn in Los Angeles, that Cole suffered another humiliating
setback — or so, at least, it seemed to him at the time. One
of those inevitable lushes in the audience, who wouldn't
have known a dissonant chord from a harpsichord and
wouldn't have cared, came stumbling to the bandstand
and demanded that Nat sing his favorite tune "Sweet
Lorraine."

Nat was gentle. "We don't sing," he said softly.
The portly patron was in no mood to be put
off, however. He brought his eyes to focus on Cole and in the
voice of a platoon sergeant commanded, "Sing!" That
brought the manager of the place on the double. He
summed up the situation on his mental cash register and
gave Cole the word: "Sing. This guy's a big spender.
Sometimes three bucks a night."

Nat Cole sang, nervously, reluctantly and, although
there were no critics around at the time to comment on
his performance, probably not very well. That voice was
to become among the best-known in the world of popular
music.

If Nat Cole's success story followed the Hollywood
film formula, that first timorous rendition of "Sweet Lor-
rain" would have been the climax. But it wasn't. The
truth is that Cole wasn't then particularly impressed with
his voice, although in the years since then critics have
grazed it with such terms as "pussy-willow textured."

And so he submerged himself again in the trio, which
prospered increasingly as its cult of followers swelled.
The bookings were progressively better until the group
reached the once famous Trocadero, where a room was
named for it.

With that sort of encouragement, the next logical step
was a nation-wide tour. It was logical, but it wasn't
especially successful. The trio's lukewarm reception was
made worse when bass player Prince was drafted into
the Army. Cole's return to the kindlier atmosphere of Los
Angeles was anything but triumphant.

Meantime, however, Glenn Wallichs, a music store
owner whom Cole had met while playing at the Radio
Room next door, had teamed with songwriter Johnny
Mercer and formed a new recording company — Liberty
Records, later to become Capitol.

The company struggled through its first year and, in
1943, Wallichs heard Cole and his reorganized trio play
"Straighten Up And Fly Right," a tune Nat had written
during his lean years and sold for $50 to pay the rent. On
the strength of it, Wallichs offered Cole a contract to
record that song and do some other solo singing. That
last part didn't appeal to Nat much, but he agreed.
"Straighten Up And Fly Right," of course, was the first of
his — and Capitol's — smash hits.
Still, Cole considered himself a full-time instrumentalist and a part-time singer. In the next three years, he and the trio made a number of records which today are regarded as collectors' items by jazz buffs, who rank Cole among the finest jazz pianists of all time.

So great was their reverence for him, in fact, that when he decided in 1946 to stake his future on his voice, instead of his fingers, some of his fans screamed with outrage that he was “selling out.”

But Cole had set his course, a risky one but one he was determined to follow. For every jazz devotee who had listened raptly to his pianistics, hundreds of new followers were waiting just to hear his unique, breathy singing. As a single attraction in nightclubs and on records, he made more money than he had dreamed possible before.

And in 1947, in a $20,000 wedding, the second largest in Harlem history, Cole married Maria Ellington, a pretty band vocalist, who was more than willing to abandon her own career to become “King” Cole’s queen. While they were honeymooning in Mexico, Nat received a call from a very close friend, music publisher, Ivan Mogull, stating that Nat’s latest recording, the strange, haunting “Nature Boy” was another smash hit. The world was a bright place, indeed, for Nat Cole.

His tenure on Cloud Nine was characteristically brief. Cole still had a lot to learn — and quite a few things to teach.

Nat became aware that the Internal Revenue Service made a claim on back taxes, at which time Nat resolved this matter. With sudden luck smiling at him, he had one hit after another, which enabled him to pay off the IRS within two years.

In 1953, all the long smouldering worries, frustrations and resentments erupted within him, and he collapsed in the wings of Carnegie Hall during an Easter recital. The diagnosis was acute ulcers and internal hemorrhaging. Immediate surgery was recommended and performed with satisfactory results.

Since that brush with tragedy, Nat Cole became more taciturn, more introspective and less easy to lean on. He learned to invest his money — and built an efficiently operating organization around himself that allowed him a more reasonable amount of time for the things he loved most — his wife, their children, Carol, Natalie, Nat Kelly, Casey and Timolin, and baseball, to which he was hopelessly addicted.
No amount of planning, however, can stave off all defeats, especially for a man as willing to gamble as Nat Cole. And so he had his fair share of them, perhaps even more, to go with his incredibly indestructible success as a nightclub and recording artist.

Probably the bitterest of them, to Cole, was what happened to his network television show in 1957. Actually, the show was on the air for 64 weeks and could have remained if Cole had submitted to an airtime change insisted upon by NBC. But it didn’t accomplish what Nat had hoped for and sacrificed for. It was a costly venture. Besides plowing part of his own salary back into the production costs, he turned down $500,000 worth of nightclub dates to stick with it.

Why did it mean so much to him? Although Cole never had been a shouting crusader for black rights, in his own quiet way he had always espoused the cause of racial equality, often more effectively than its more militant adherents. As the first black ever to have his own weekly show on TV, to him fell the opportunity, and the burden, of proving that such a program could achieve public acceptance on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Cole proved that. His show had good ratings and drew excellent reviews. The biggest “names” in show business guest-starred on it. But one of the peculiar details of the electronic medium defeated him. No national sponsor dared back Cole’s play. In some areas, the program was sponsored regionally and successfully by the tab payers, but the big spenders of Madison Avenue, without whose support the show could not long survive, looked the other way.

His record of accomplishment over set-backs and disappointments is one that anyone would be proud to claim. For such a record to belong to the Alabama-born son of a minister who might never have sung at all if a slicker had not absconded with $800 and a nightclub drunk had not insisted on hearing someone wail “Sweet Lorraine,” it might be classified as a minor miracle.

Nat “King” Cole became one of the hottest selling artists through the forties, fifties, and sixties. He became a legend with his fantastic sound. On December 7th, 1964, he suddenly took ill and he entered St. James Hospital in Santa Monica, California, where he was diagnosed as having lung cancer. On January 25, 1965, his left lung was removed. His sky rocketing career ended with his death on February 15, 1965.

Included in this collection are most all of the great standards which have become associated with Nat “King” Cole. We hope you enjoy playing and singing them, as they are a lasting tribute to one of the greatest performers of all time.
WHEN I FALL IN LOVE

Words by
EDWARD HEYMAN

Music by
VICTOR YOUNG

Slowly, with much feeling

VERSE

May-be I'm old fash-ioned, feel-ing like I do. May-be I am

liv-ing in the past, But when I meet the right one I

know that I'll be true, My first love will be my last.
When I give my heart, it will be completely,

or I'll never give my heart, And the moment I can

feel that you feel that way too, is when I fall in

love with you.
UNFORGETTABLE

Words and Music by IRVING GORDON

Moderato

I

UN-FORGET-TA-BLE, That's what you are, UN-FORGET-TA-BLE,

Tho' near or far. Like a song of love that clings to me,

How the thought of you does things to me, Never before has some-one been more.
UN-FOR-GET-TA-BLE, in ev'-ry way,

And for-ev-er-more, that's how you'll stay.

That's why, dar-ling, it's in-cred-i-ble, That some-one so

UN-FOR-GET-TA-BLE Thinks that I am UN-FOR-GET-TA-BLE,

too.
MONA LISA

Words and Music by
JAY LIVINGSTON and
RAY EVANS

Slowly

In a villa in a little old Italian town

lives a girl whose beauty shames the rose. Many yearn to love her but their

hopes all tumble down What does she want? No one knows!

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Refrain Slowly Rubato

Mo-na Li-sa, Mo-na Li-sa men have named you: You're so

like the la-dy with the mys-tic smile. Is it on-ly 'cause you're lone-ly... they have

blamed you for that Mo-na Li-sa strange-ness in your smile? Do you

smile to tempt a lov-er,... Mo-na Li-sa... Or is
this your way to hide a broken heart? Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep. They just lie there, and they die there. Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa, Or just a
cold and lonely, lovely work of art? Mona art?
THOSE LAZY-HAZY-CRAZY DAYS OF SUMMER

Words by CHARLES TOBIAS

Music by HANS CARSTE

Medium bright

C   Cdim   G7   C   D7

Roll out Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer;

G7   Dm7   G7   C

Those days of soda and pretzels and beer. Roll

Cdim   G7   C   D7

out Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer;

G7   Dm7   G7   C

Dust off the sun and moon and sing a song of cheer.

Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer - 3 - 1

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1. Just fill your basket full of sandwiches and weenies, Then lock the
2. Don't have to tell a girl and fellow 'bout a drive-in, Or some ro-
3. And there's the good old fashioned picnic, and they still go, Always

house up Now you're set. And on the beach you'll see the
man-tic movie scene. Why, from the moment that those
will go any time. And there will always be a

Am7 Fdim D7

Girls in their bikinis. As cute as ever but they
lovers start arrivin', You'll see more kissing in the
moment that can thrill so, As when the old quartette sings

G7 C Cdim G7 C

ever get 'em wet. cars than on the screen. Roll out Those Lazy-Hazy-

Those Lazy-Hazy Crazy Days Of Summer 3 2
Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer; Those days of soda and pretzels and beer. Roll out Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer; You'll wish that summer could always be here. Roll out Those here.
Moderato

Ev'rything is set, skies are blue,
Oh, the sun is bright, life seems good,

Can't believe it yet, but it's true,
I'll give you just one guess,
My sweet Lorraine said

"Yes;" Waiting for the time, soon to be,
When the bells will chime merrily,
Lorraine; When that day in June rolls a-round,
On our honeymoon we'll be bound,

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Gee, but I feel proud, want to shout right out loud:
Can't wait till the day, when I'll take her away:

Chorus
Slowly

I've just found joy, I'm as happy as a baby boy With another brand new choo-choo toy,

_When I'm with my sweet Lorraine;_ A pair of eyes That are bluer than the

summer skies_ When you see them you will realize Why I love my sweet Lorraine,

Sweet Lorraine - 3.2
(I'm so happy,) When it's rain-ing I don't miss the sun, For it's in my sweet-ie's smile, —

Just to think that I'm the luck-y one Who will lead her down the aisle; — Each

night I pray That no-bod-y steals her heart a-way. Just can't wait until that happy day, —

When I mar-ry sweet Lorr-aïne. I've -raine.
NATURE BOY

Slowly

Words and Music by
EDEN AHBEZ

There was a boy,  A very strange, enchanted boy;

They say he wandered very far, very far

Over land and sea. A little shy

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I and sad of eye,
ver-y wise was he.
And then one day, one sum-mer day, he passed my way
And as we spoke of man-y things, fools and kings,

Nature Boy - 3 - 2
This he said to me: "The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return."
RAMBLIN' ROSE

Words and Music by
NOEL SHERMAN & JOE SHERMAN

Slowly with a beat

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no one knows
Wild and
Heaven knows
Who will
Tho' I

wind-blown
that's how you've grown,
love you
with a love true,
love you
with a love true,

Who can cling to
Ramblin' a
When your ramblin'
days are
Who can cling to
Ramblin'

last time optional

Rose? gone?

2. Ramble

3. Ramblin' Rose?
ANSWER ME
(My Love)

Words and Music by
WINKLER, RAUCH, SIGMAN

Moderate Waltz

Answer Me My Love - 2 - 1

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Won't you tell me where I've gone a-stray? Please **ANSWER ME, MY LOVE.**

If you're happier without me, I'll try not to care,

But if you still think about me, Please listen to my prayer.

You must know I've been true, Won't you say that we can start anew,

In my sorrow now I turn to you, Please **ANSWER ME, MY LOVE.**
AUTUMN LEAVES
(Les Feuilles Mortes)

French Lyric by JACQUES PREVERT
English Lyric by JOHNNY MERCER

Music by JOSEPH KOSMA

Slowly, with much feeling

The falling

leaves drift by my window, The Autumn Leaves of red and gold. I see your

lips, the summer kisses, The sun-burned hands I used to hold. Since you

went away the days grow long, And soon I'll hear old winter's song. But I

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miss you most of all my darling. When Autumn Leaves start to fall. C'est une chan-

son, Qui nous ressemble. Toi tu m'aimes Et je t'aime. Nous vivons

tous, Les deux ensemble. Toi qui m'aimes Moi qui t'aimes. Mais la

vie separe. Ceux qui s'aiment Tout doucement Sans faire de bruit. Et la

mer efface sur le sable Les pas des amants désu-

nais.
THE CHRISTMAS SONG
(Chestnuts Roasting On An Open Fire)

Music and Lyric by
MEL TORME & ROBERT WELLS

Sentimentally

Eb6 Bb7 Eb6 Bb9 Eb6 Eb9 Ab Ab7

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose.

Cm Cm7 Abm6 Eb Am7 D7 G Abm6 Db9 Gb Bb7

Yule-tide carols being sung by a choir And folks dressed up like Eskimos.

Ev'rybody

Eb6 Bb7 Eb6 Bb9 Eb6 Eb9 Ab Ab7 G7+5

knows a turkey and some mistletoe Help to make the season bright.

The Christmas Song - 2 - 1

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I—Tiny tots with their eyes all a-glow Will find it hard to sleep to-night. They know that

Bbm7 Eb9 Bbm7 Eb9 Bbm7 Eb9 Ab
Santa's on his way; He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh And ev'ry

Abm7 Db9 Gb Cm7 F7 Bb7
mother's child is gonna spy To see if reindeer really know how to fly. And

Eb6 Bb7 Eb6 Bb9 Eb6 Eb9 Ab Ab7 G7+5
so, I'm offering this simple phrase To kids from one to ninety-two. Al-

Cm Cm7 Abm6 Eb Cm7 A7sus Ab7 Eb Cm7 Fm7 Bb7-9
tho' it's been said many times, many ways; "Merry Christmas to you." you."
A BLOSSOM FELL

Words and Music by
HOWARD BARNES, HAROLD CORNELIUS & DOMINIC JOHN

Slowly (In a smooth style)

A Blossom Fell from off a tree—It settled softly on the lips you turned to me—
The gypsies say, and I know why—A falling blossom only touches lips that lie
A Blossom Fell and very

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You said you loved me. We planned to — geth —
To dream for —
I ev — er The dream has end — ed. For true love died. The night A
Blos — som Fell and touched two lips that lied. A Blos — som lied.
CALYPSO BLUES

Words by
DON GEORGE

Music by
NAT “KING” COLE

Bongo Tempo (*not too fast)

Chant:

*Am

Waa-oo Waa-oo Oo-Waa-oo-Waa-oo Waa-ay

Waa-oo Waa-oo Oo-Waa-oo-Waa-oo-Waa-ay

Voice

Sit-tin’ by de o-ccean me heart she feel so sad,
Sittin' by the ocean

me heart she feel so sad,

Don't got de money to take me back to Trinidad,

Fine calypso woman she cook me shrimp and rice.

Fine calypso woman she cook me shrimp and rice,

Dese
I yon-kee hot dog don' treat me stom-ach very nice.

In Trinidad one dollar buy pa-

pay-a juice, ba-nan-a pie, six co-co-nut, one fe-male goat, an'

plent-y fish to fill de boat; one bush-el bread, one bar-rel wine, an'
I cup of coffee, ham on rye.

all de town she come to dine, but here is bad one dollar buy

cup of coffee, ham on rye.

throat she sick from necktie me feet she hurt from shoes me
hand she green from wrist watch me overcoat I lose me

pocket full of empty I got Calypso Blues.
heart she's full of lonely I got Calypso Blues.
Dese yon-kee girl give me big scare is
black de root, is blond de hair, her eye-lash false, her face is paint 'an
pads are where de girl she ain't; She jitter-bug when she should waltz, I
even think her name is false but calypso girl is
good a lot, is what you see is what she got.
I Sit-tin’ by de ocean me heart she feel so sad,

I—got de mon-ey to take me back to Trin-i-dad.

Chant:

Wa-oo-oo wa-oo oo-wa-oo-wa-oo wa-ay

Wa-oo-oo wa-oo oo-wa-oo-wa-oo wa-ay.

Die away

Calypso Blues - 6 - 6
DARLING, JE VOUS AIME BEAUCOUP

Words and Music by

ANNA SOSENKO

You know, you've completely stolen my heart.

Morning, noon and nighttime too, Toujours wondering What you do,

That's the way I've felt right from the start.
Ah, Chérie! my love for you is très, très fort:

Wish my French were good enough, I'd tell you so much more.

But I hope that you compree All the things you mean to me. Darling, je vous aime beaucoup, I love you; aime beaucoup, I love you, yes, I do.
I REMEMBER YOU

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Moderato, Not Too Fast

Slowly

Verse (ad lib.)

Was it in Tahiti?
Were we on the

Nile?
Long, long ago, say an hour or so

A Little Faster

I recall that I saw your smile.

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Refrain - Moderato, Not Too Fast, Expressively

I remember you. You're the one who made my dreams come true a few kisses ago.

You're the one who said: "I love you, too." I do. Didn't you know? I remember too a distant bell.
When my life is through and the angels ask me to recall

the thrill of them all, then I shall tell them I remember you.
Let there be you And let there be me

Let there be oysters Under the sea

Let there be wind, An occasional

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I:

I:

Let there be birds

To sing in the trees

Let There Be Love - 3 - 2
Whenever I sneeze, Let there be
cuckoos,
A lark and a dove
But first of all, please
Let there be LOVE.
IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON

Words by
BILLY ROSE & E.Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Moderately

Verse

I nev-er feel, a thing is real, When I'm a-way from you, Out of your em-brace,

The world's a tem-po-ra-ry park-ing place.

Mmm, mm, mm,

It's Only A Paper Moon - 4 - 1

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I'mmm, A bubble for a minute, Mm,

You smile, the bubble has a rainbow in it.

Chorus

Say, it's only a paper moon, Sail ing o ver a

card-board sea,

But it wouldn't be make believe, If you-

It's Only A Paper Moon - 4 - 2
It's Only A Paper Moon

D7 Am7 D7 G Eb7 Am6 G Ddim

— believed in me. — Yes, it's only a

Am7 D7 Am7 D9 G D7 G

canvas sky, — Hanging over a muslin tree,

But it wouldn't be make believe. If you believed in me.

Dm Am7 D7 Am7 D7

Without your love, it's a honky-tonk pa—
It's Only A Paper Moon

I

rude,
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.

It's Only A Paper Moon - 4 - 4
LOVE IS THE THING

Lyric by NED WASHINGTON

Music by VICTOR YOUNG

My darling, all around us people clamor, They're striving for the things they'll never own, The only thing that hasn't lost its glamour Is love and love alone.

CHORUS

What does it matter if we're rich or we're poor? Fortune and fame, They never endure, Oh.

love is the thing, Love is the thing!

Love Is The Thing - 2:1

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Love is the thing! While others fight for pow'r, We can walk among the flow'rs,

Knowing that the best thing in life is a thing that's free, Love for you and me,

And ev'en tho' our castles crumble and fall, We have the right to laugh at them all, For

love is still King, Love is the thing! thing!
The sky may be star-less the night may be moon-less, But deep in my
heart there's a glow: For deep in my heart I
know that you love me. You love me, be-cause you told me so!

Love letters straight from your heart— Keep us so near— while a
I sign
And, darling, then I read again right from the start

Love letters straight from your heart.
I used to visit all the very gay places. Those come what may places where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. The girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces with distinctive traces. That used to be there you could see where they'd been.
washed a-way by too many through the day twelve o’clock tales Then you came along with

your siren song to tempt me to madness I thought for a while that

your poignant smile was tinged with the sadness of a great love for me

Ah! yes I was wrong again I was wrong.

Life is lonely again and only last year every thing seemed so sure Now
I'll live a LUSH LIFE in some small dive. And there'll be, while I rot with the rest of those whose lives are lonely too.
MOON LOVE

Words and Music by
MACK DAVID, MACK DAVIS & ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

Molto Moderato con espressione

Here in your arms The world is mine to-

night You're di-vine to-night. But will

sorrow replace this to-mor-row?
Refrain

Will this be moon love—nothing but moon love?—Will you be

gone when the dawn comes stealing through?—Are these just

moon dreams—Grand while the moon beams?—But when the

moon fades away will my dreams come true?—Much as I love you.
Don't let me love you. If I must pay for your

kiss with lonely tears. Say it's not moon love.

Tell me it's true love. Say you'll be mine when the

moon disappears. Will this be pears.
RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

Words by
JIMMY KENNEDY

Music by
HUGH WILLIAMS

Slowly (with expression) $\dot{j} = 88$

![Musical notation]

Red Sails In The Sunset
Way out on the

sea,
Oh! carry my loved one

Home safely to me.

He sailed at the
All day I've been blue
Red Sails In The Sunset,
I'm trusting in you.
Swift wings you must borrow
Make straight for the shore

Red Sails In The Sunset
And he goes sailing no more
Red Sail In The Sunset

Way out on the sea
Oh! carry my

loved one
Home safely to me.

me.

accel.  dim.      poco rit.

Red Sails In The Sunset - 3 - 3
STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

Words and Music by
NAT "KING" COLE
and IRVING MILLS

Verse
A buzzard took a monkey for a ride in the air,
The monkey thought that everything was on the square.
The buzzard tried to throw the monkey
off of his back,
But the monkey grabbed his neck and said, "Now listen, Jack;"

Moderato (not fast)
Ain't no use in div-in';
What's the use in div-in'?—

Straighten Up And Fly Right!

Ain't no use in div-in';

Cool down, Pa-pa, don't you blow your top.

The buzzard told the monkey, you are
I chok-in' me, Re-lease your bolt and I will set you free, The mon-key looked the buzzard right dead in the eye, And said, "Your story's so touch-ing, it sounds just like a lie."

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT! Straighten up and stay right.

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT! Cool down, Pa-pa, don't you blow your top, blow your top.
Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

TANGERINE

Molto moderato con espressione

South American stories tell of a girl who's quite a dream

The beauty of her race. Though you doubt all the stories

And think the tales are just a bit extreme, Wait till you see her face

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She is all they claim
With her eyes of night and lips as bright as flame
When she dances by señoritas stare and caballeros sigh.
And I've seen

Tangerine - 3 - 2
Toasts to Tangerine — Raised in every bar a.

cross the Argentine.

Yes, she has them all on the

dim. poco a poco —

run But her heart belongs to just one

Her heart belongs to

Tangerine. Tangerine.
TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME

BY

BILLY ROSE and LEE DAVID

Valse moderato

I seem. Don't let your pride, Hide what%

Tonight You Belong To Me

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I inside, Don't close the door on your dreams.

Chorus
Though you belong to somebody else, Tonight you belong to me.

will, You have the same old appeal.

You belong to somebody else, Tonight you belong to me.

Though we're apart, you're part of my heart, Tonight you belong to me.
Down by the stream, how sweet it will seem,

Once more to dream in the moonlight.

Though with the dawn, I know you'll be gone,

Tonight you belong to me!

Tonight You Belong To Me - 3 - 3
(Get Your Kicks On) ROUTE 66!

Words and Music by BOBBY TROUP

If you ever plan to motor west,
Travel my way take the highway that's the best.
Get your kicks on ROUTE SIX-TY-SIX!

It winds from Chicago to L.A.,
More than two thousand miles all the way.
Get your kicks on ROUTE SIX-TY-SIX!
Now you go thru Saint Lou-ey and Jop- lin, Mis-sour-i And Ok-la-hom-a CIt-y is might-
-
- y pret-ty, You'll see_ Am-ar- il-lo,__ Gal-lup, New _Mex-i-co;__ Flag-staff, Ar-i-zon-a; Don't for-get Wi-no-na, King-man, Bar-stow,

San Ber-nar-din-o Won't you_ get hip to this time-ly tip:

When you make that Cal-i-forn-i-a trip__ Get your

kicks on ROUTE SIX-Y-SIX!__ If
Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night,

Dreaming of a song. The melody haunts my reverie. And I am once again with you.

But that was long ago: now my consolation is in the star dust of a

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Beside a garden wall, when stars are bright

Tu es dans mes bras, la rossoignole chante et pour l'en solle

You are in my arms. The nightingale tells his fairy tale

Thou I dream in vain.

In my heart it will remain: My star dust melody,

The memory of love's rec

Some-times I train.

Some-times I train.
Moderately, with great warmth

SMILE, tho' your heart is aching, SMILE, even tho' it's breaking,

When there are clouds in the sky, you'll get by, if you

SMILE through your fear and sorrow, SMILE and maybe tomorrow,

You'll see the sun coming shining thru for you.
Light up your face with gladness, Hide every trace of sadness,

Although a tear may be ever so near, That's the time you must keep on trying, SMILE, what's the use of crying,

You'll find that life is still worth while, If you'll just SMILE.
THAT'S MY GIRL

Words by
BARBARA TOBIAS

Music by
RAY ELLINGTON

Moderately

Bb    Cm7    Bb    F7#5    Bb6    F9    Bb6    F#5

look at her, she belongs to me. Now

Bb6    Cm7    Bb6    Cm7    Bb    Fm6    G7

That's My Girl! Hands off, don't touch. She

Cm7    F7    Bb6    F7#5    Bb6    D7

looks just like an angel, but she's human all the same. So

Gm    Bbm    C7    Cm7

I'm not takin' chances, I won't tell her address or

That's My Girl - 2 - 1

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I'm adding her to my family. 

And I love that girl and everything's fine.

So until the day that she says "Yes," I'm keeping my fingers crossed. 'Cause That's My Girl! And she's gonna stay mine.
These Foolish Things
(Remind Me Of You)

Words and Music by MARVELL, STRACHEY, LINK

Slowly

Oh! will you nev-er let me be?

Oh! will you nev-er set me free?
The ties that bound us,

Are still a-round us, There's no es-cape that I can see.

These Foolish Things - 4 - 1
And still those little things remain, That bring me happiness or pain.

CHORUS

1. A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to roam
2. First daffodils and long exalted cables, And candle lights on little
3. Gardenia perfume ringing on a pillow, Wild strawberries on the seven

R. H.

And still my heart has wings. THESE FOOLISH

These Foolish Things 4 2
These Foolish Things

I -- next apartment, Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, The "Ile de France" with all the gulls around it, The waiters whistling as the last bar closes,

...scent of roses, bell has sounded, The beauty that is Spring's, The song that Crosby sings, A fair-ground's painted swings.

...remind me of you. A tinkling piano in the park at evening when the smile of Garbo and the

...why my heart meant, what all the gulls around it, last bar closes,

...remind me of you. Spring's, Crosby sings, A fair-ground's painted swings.

...remind me of you. A tinkling piano in the park at evening when the smile of Garbo and the

...saw, you conquer'd me; you came, you saw, you conquer'd me; How strange, how sweet, to find you still; How strange, how sweet, to find you still;
When you did that to me, I knew somehow this had to be.
These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.

The winds of March that make my heart a dancer,
A telephone that rings but
The sighs of midnight trains in empty stations,
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance
The scent of smouldering leaves, the wall of steamers,
Two lovers on the street who

who's to answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
invitations. Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
wander like dreamers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings!

THINGS remind me of you.
THINGS remind me of you.
THINGS remind me of you.
WHEN I TAKE MY SUGAR TO TEA

Words and Music by
SAMMY FAIN, IRVING KAHAL
and PIERRE NORMAN

Moderato

I'm just a little "Jackie Horner"

since I met my sugar cane. That gang of mine has

been revealin' that they're feelin' sore. I left the lamp-light

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I'm doing things I never did before:

REFRAIN

When I take my sugar to tea, All the boys are jealous of me; 'Cause I never take her where the gang goes.

When I Take My Sugar To Tea - 4 - 2
When I Take My Sugar To Tea

- When I take my sugar to tea. I'm a rowdy dowdy, that's me. She's a high-hat baby, That's she. So I never take her where the gang goes. When I take my sugar to tea. Every Sunday afternoon, We forget about our cares.
When I Take My Sugar To Tea

Rubbing elbows at the Ritz
With those millionaires.
When I take my sugar to tea, I'm as Ritz-y as I can be,
'Cause I never take her where the gang goes.

1. Gm7 Bbm
2. F C7

When I take my sugar to tea.
When I tea.
WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

Words by
PEGGY LEE

Music by
VICTOR YOUNG

Slowly

REFRAIN

I went to London town to clear up my mind,

Then on to Paris for the

fun I could find;

I found I couldn't leave my memories behind;

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

Tried seeing Singapore, but that wouldn't do;

Went to Vienna, but I found you there, too;

Even in Switzerland, your memory came through.

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WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?

WHERE CAN I GO WITHOUT YOU?
TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL

Words and Music by
SIDNEY D. MITCHELL
c and LOUIS ALTER

Refrain

When it's twilight on the trail
And I jog a long
The world is like a dream,
And the ripple of the stream is my song.
T w i l i g h t  o n  t h e  t r a i l  
A n d  I  r e s t  o n c e  m o r e  
M y  

C e i l i n g  i s  t h e  s k y ,  
A n d  t h e  g r a s s  o n  w h i c h  I  l i e  
I s  m y  f l o o r .  

N e v e r  e v e r  

H a v e  a  n i c k - e l  i n  m y  j e a n s —  
N e v e r  e v e r  h a v e  a  d e b t  t o  

P a y , —  
S t i l l  I  u n d e r - s t a n d  w h a t  r e a l  c o n - t e n - t - m e n t  m e a n s .

T w i l i g h t  O n  T h e  T r a i l  -  3 - 2
Guess I was born that way
When it's a tempo

twilight on the trail
And my voice is still
Please plant this heart of mine
Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill
When it's twilight on the trail.
YES! WE HAVE NO BANANAS

By
FRANK SILVER and
IRVING COHN

Moderato

There's a fruit store on our street 
It's run by a
Bus'ness got so good with him 
He wrote home to

Greek And he keeps good things to eat 
But you should hear him speak
say "Send me Pete and Nick and Jim, I need help right away"

When you ask him any thing 
Never answers "no"

When he got them in the store 
There was fun, you both
He just "yes-ses" you to death And as he takes your dough he tells you:
Some one asked for 'Spar-row-grass' And then the whole quartette all answered:

Chorus

C  F  C/E  G7  C  D7

YES! We have no bananas We have no bananas to day
We've string beans and HON-ions, cab-

G7  C  F  Fm6

BAH-ges and scal-ions And all kinds of fruit and say
We have an old-fashioned to-MAH-to.

Long Island TAHT-oh... But YES! we

have no bananas... We have no bananas too.

day.

day.

Yes, We Have No Bananas - 3 - 3
... It was during this cushy engagement at the Swanee Inn in Los Angeles, that Cole suffered another humiliating setback - or so, at least, it seemed to him at the time. One of those inevitable lushes in the audience, who wouldn't have known a dissonant chord from a harpsichord and wouldn't have cared, came stumbling to the bandstand and demanded that Nat sing his favorite tune "Sweet Lorraine."

Nat was gentle. "We don't sing," he said softly.

The portly patron was in no mood to be put off, however. He brought his eyes to focus on Cole and in the voice of a platoon sergeant commanded, "Sing!" That brought the manager of the place on the double. He summed up the situation on his mental cash register and gave Cole the word: "Sing. This guy's a big spender. Sometimes three bucks a night."

Nat Cole sang, nervously, reluctantly and, although there were no critics around at the time to comment on his performance, probably not very well. That voice was to become among the best-known in the world of popular music.
Mona Lisa
Ramblin' Rose
Smile
Sweet Lorraine
Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer
Unforgettable
When I Fall in Love
... and many more