Ray Charles
A MAN AND HIS SOUL

Featuring... BORN TO LOSE • GEORGIA ON MY MIND
HIT THE ROAD JACK • I CAN’T STOP LOVING YOU • RUBY
SWANEE RIVER ROCK • WHAT’D I SAY ...and many more
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RAY CHARLES has the distinction of being both a national treasure and an international phenomenon. He started out from nowhere; years later finds him a global entity.

Hundreds of thousands of fingers have hit typewriter and word processor keyboards telling and retelling his story because it is uniquely American, an examplar of what we like to think is the best in us and our way of life.

The Ray Charles story is full of paradoxes, part and parcel of the American Dream. Rags to riches. Triumph overcoming tragedy. Light transcending darkness.

The name Ray Charles is on a Star on Hollywood Boulevard’s Walk of Fame. His bronze bust is enshrined in the Playboy Hall of Fame. There is the bronze medallion cast and presented to him by the French Republic on behalf of its people. There are the Halls of Fame: Rhythm & Blues, Jazz, Rock & Roll. There are the many gold records and the 10 Grammys.

There is the blackness and the blindness. There was the extreme poverty; there was the segregated South into which he was born.

It is music, Ray Charles’ single driving force, that catapulted a poor, black, blind, orphaned teenager from there to here.

“I was born with music inside me. That’s the only explanation I know of...” he remarks in his autobiography.

“Music was one of my parts... Like my blood. It was a force already with me when I arrived on the scene. It was a necessity for me — like food or water.

“Music is nothing separate from me. It is me...”

“You’d have to remove the music surgically.”

Ray Charles Robinson was not born blind, only poor. The first child of Aretha and Beale Robinson was born in Albany, Ga, on September 23, 1930.

He hit the road early, at about three months, when the Robinsons moved across the border to Greenville, Fl. It was the height of the Depression years. And the Robinsons had started out poor.

“You hear folks talking about being poor.” Charler recounts. “Even compared to other blacks... we were on the bottom of the ladder looking up at everyone else. Nothing below us except the ground.”

It took three years, starting when Ray Charles was four, for the country boy who loved to look at the blazing sun at its height, the boy who loved to try to catch lightning, the boy who loved to strike matches to see their fierce, brief glare, to travel the path from light to darkness.
But Ray Charles has almost seven years of sight memory — colors, the things of backwoods country, and the face of the most important person in his early life, his mother, Anetta Robinson.

St. Augustine’s was the Florida state school for the deaf and blind. Ray Charles was accepted as a charity student.

He learned to Braille and to type. He became a skilled basket weaver. He was allowed to develop his great gift of music.

He discovered mathematics and its correlation to music. He learned to compose and arrange music in his head, telling out the parts, one by one.

He remained at St. Augustine’s until his mother’s death when he set out “on the road again” for the first time as a struggling professional musician.

The road to greatness was no picnic, proverbial or literal. In fact, while earning his dues around and about Florida, he almost starved at times, hanging out at various Musicians’ Locals, picking up gigs when he could.

He began to build himself a solo act, imitating Nat “King” Cole. When he knew it was time to head on, he asked a friend to find him the farthest point from Florida on a map of the continental U.S.

Seattle, WA. For Ray Charles, the turning point.

In Seattle he became a minor celebrity in local clubs. There he met an even younger musician, Quincy Jones, whom he took under his wing, marking the beginning of an intertwining of two musical lifetimes.

It was from Seattle that he went to Los Angeles to cut his first professional recording. And it was in Seattle, with Grossady McGee, that he formed the McSon Trio — Robin (sax) and (Mt) Gee — in 1945, the first black group to have a sponsored TV show in the Pacific Northwest.

Along the way he’d shortened his name in deference to the success of “Sugar” Ray Robinson.

As Ray Charles he toured for about a year with Lowell Fulson’s band. He formed a group and played with singer Ruth Brown. He played the Apollo, the landmark showcase for black talent. He aspired to Carnegie Hall, then an all-white institution, epitomizing the pinnacle of artistic success.

These were also the years that brought Charles the first band of his own, his first big hit record, “I Got A Woman.”

By the early 1960’s Ray Charles had accomplished his dream. He’d come of age musically. He had become a great musician, posting musical milestones along his route.

He’d made it to Carnegie Hall. The hit records (“Georgia,” “Born to Lose”) successively kept climbing to the top of the charts. He’d made his first triumphant European concert tour in 1960 (a feat which, except for 1965, he’s repeated at least once a year ever since).
He'd treated himself to the formation of his first big band in 1961. In 1962, together with his long-time friend and personal manager, Joe Adams, he oversaw construction of his own office building and recording studio in Los Angeles, RPM International. He had taken virtually every form of popular music and broken through its boundaries with such awe-inspiring achievements as the LP's "Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz" and "Modern Sounds in Country & Western."

Rhythm & blues (or "race music" as it had been called) became universally respectable through his efforts. Jazz found a mainstream audience it had never previously enjoyed. And country & western music began to chalk an unexpected course to general acceptance, then worldwide popularity. Along the way Ray Charles was instrumental in the invention of rock & roll.

His music is still marked by the unpredictability that is the genius of consummate artistry. He is master of his soul, musically and personally. To this day he selects and produces his own recording material with utter disregard for trends. He doesn't find the time nor necessity to write as much as he once did, but what he gleams, "from the attic of my mind," either old or new, is inevitably surprising, unique, "right."

In the past decade he has taken on George Gershwin ("Porgy and Bess"), Rodgers and Hammerstein ("Some Enchanted Evening," "Oh What a Beautiful Morning") and "America the Beautiful" — all with resounding, if unexpected, success.

Despite his intense reticence to expose the personal portion of his life to public scrutiny, Ray Charles is as outspoken about his opinions on matters of global interest as he is about matters of music.

As a Southern black, segregation was Ray Charles' dubious birthright. But racial tension and friction were not a part of his early rural years. At St. Augustine's the rules of segregation were strictly adhered to, both for the deaf and the blind children, a fact that even young Ray Charles found ironic.

"I knew being blind was suddenly an aid. I never learned to stop at the skin. If I looked at a man or a woman, I wanted to see inside. Being distracted by shading or coloring is stupid. It gets in the way. It's something I just can't see."
It was on the road in the 1950's that the realities of segregation, its evils, its injustices, even its ludicrous moments, became apparent to Charles and his troupe of traveling musicians.

It was a concert date in Augusta, GA that brought the issue of segregation vs. civil rights to a head for Ray Charles.

"A promoter insisted that a date we were about to play be segregated: the blacks upstairs and the whites downstairs."

I told the promoter that I didn't mind segregation, except that he had it backwards... After all, I was black and it only made sense to have the black folk close to me... Let him sue. I wasn't going to play. And I didn't. And he sued. And I lost."

This was the incident that propelled Ray Charles into an active role in the quest for racial justice, the development of social consciousness that led him to friendship with moral and financial support of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. in the 1960's.

"... early on, I decided that if I was going to shoot craps on anyone's philosophy, I was putting my money on Martin Luther King, Jr."

I figured if I was going to pick up my cross and follow someone, it could only be Martin."

Despite his deep commitment to King and the cause of black Americans, Charles came to the logical conclusion that there was no place for him physically in the front lines:

"First, I wouldn't have known when to duck when they started throwing broken bottles at my head. And I told that to Martin personally.

When he intentionally broke the law, he was hauled off to jail. And when you go to jail, you need money for lawyers, for legal research, for court fees, for food for the marchers. I saw that as my function; I helped raise money."

His awareness of racial injustice was not limited to the home front: The same years he fought the war against racial injustices in the American South found in Charles a growing awareness of racial injustice abroad, particularly the notorious policy of apartheid in South Africa.

Uniformed anti-apartheid groups have occasionally questioned Charles' 1981 concert appearances there.

"It burns me up," he retorts acridly, "because people should've checked my record on civil rights before they opened their mouths.

"How can anyone tell me where I can play my music? I went to South Africa because people — black and white — wanted to hear me."

And it was in my contracts that the blacks wouldn't be seated in the rear."

Charles' manager, Joe Adams, himself black, further sets the record straight:

"In the late 1970's, our office received a number of requests from several of the new Black Nations of South Africa for Ray Charles to come and perform. These requests were answered in 1981 when he made numerous appearances for these black nations. This tour represented the first totally integrated audiences in such major cities as Johannesburg and Capetown. He was approached to play Sun City for a huge fee. Instead he chose to play before totally black or integrated audiences with a fully integrated show.

"As now, the orchestra consisted at the time of Asians, Latins, Caucasians, and blacks, all of whom performed together on the same stages, traveled together on the same buses, and stayed at the same hotels — an unheard of feat in South Africa and one that could have brought severe penalties to all concerned."

Modes to the point of mum about his humanitarian and charitable activities, Ray Charles makes an exception for the State of Israel and world Jewry.

Among the many, the world leader Charles has most enjoyed meeting is David Ben-Gurion, with whom he had a conversation of many hours during a concert tour of Israel not long before Ben-Gurion's death.

And the award among the hundreds he claims to have touched him most is the Beverly Hills Lodge of the B'nai Brith's tribute to him as its "Man of the Year" in 1976.

"Even though I'm not Jewish," he explains, "and even though I'm stingy with my bread, Israel is one of the few causes I feel good about supporting.

"Blacks and Jews are hooked up and bound together by a common history of persecution..."

"If someone besides a black ever sings the real gut bucket blues, it'll be a Jew. We both know what it's like to be someone else's footstool."

It all comes back to music, so inseparable from Ray Charles.

He keeps rolling along, doing what he does uniquely and wondrously well.

Ray Charles is a national treasure and a global phenomenon for this obvious reason: He is a master of his soul; he is music; he is himself.
GEORGIA ON MY MIND

Words by
STUART GORRELL

Music by
HOACY CARMICHAEL

F  A7  G7
A7-5  G7

Make me think of Georgia. Why did we ever part?

Some sweet day when blossoms fall and all the world's a song.

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I'll go back to Georgia 'cause that's where I belong.

CHORUS

Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through. Just an

old sweet song keeps GEORGIA ON MY MIND

[Georgia on my mind]

Georgia, Georgia, a song of you Comes as sweet and clear as

Georgia On My Mind - 3 - 2
moonlight through the pines

Other arms reach out to me:

Other eyes smile tenderly;

Still in peaceful dreams I see the road leads back to

you—Georgia, Georgia—no peace I find, just an

old sweet song keeps GEORGIA ON MY MIND
I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU

By DON GIBSON

Intro: Moderately Slow

Verse: C7

Those happy hours that we once knew, though long ago,

C F C7

still make me blue. They say that time heals a broken

C7 G7 C9

heart, but time has stood still since we've been a part.

C7 G7 C7

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I Can't Stop Loving You - 2:1
I Can't Stop Loving You
WHAT'D I SAY

Words and Music by RAY CHARLES

Medium Bounce

Hey, ma-ma don't you treat me wrong,
Come and love me
See the girl with the diamond ring,
She knows how to
Tell your ma-ma, tell your pa,
I'm gon-na ship you back to

all night long?

Oh, oh, Hey, hey, All

Ar-kan-sas?

Oh, yes, You don't do right,
You don't do

What'd I Say - 4 - 1

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right, now.
right, now.
right.

Tell me WHAT'D I

Say?

Tell me WHAT'D I SAY right now?
Tell me WHAT'D I

Know.

I wanna know.
Baby, I wanna

Say?

Tell me WHAT'D I SAY?
Tell me WHAT'D I

Know right now.
Yes, I wanna know.
Honey, I wanna

Say?

Tell me WHAT'D I SAY?
Yes, I wanna

What'd I Say: 4 - 2
Hey, ho, hey, ho, hey, Sing me one more time,
hey, ho, hey, ho, hey, Make me feel so good,
buh, (huh) ho, ho, huh, Ba - by, it's all right.

Sing me one more time,
Make me feel so good,
Ba - by, it's all right.

Sing me one more time,
Make me feel so good,
Ba - by, it's all right.

What'd I Say?: 4 - 3
time.

good.

right.

Sing me one more time.

Make me feel so good.

Ba - by, it's all right.

Come on, twist that thing.

Come on, twist that thing.

Well, I feel all right.

Keep a - twist-in' that thing.

Well, I feel all right.

Keep a - twist-in' that thing.

Well, I feel all right.

Keep a - twist-in' that thing.

Well, I feel all right.

Make me feel all

Whadda Say - 4 - 4
Moderately

Chorus

\[\text{Do you know, \ 'way down, \ 'way down \ up \ on \ the}\]

\[\text{Swan-se, \ talk \ in' \ bout \ the \ river, \ You know, \ so far,}\]

\[\text{so far \ away, \ away, \ Do you know...}\]

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that's where, where my heart is turning, oh.

ever, And a that's where, that's a where the old folks stay.

All the world is

and lonely now Ev - by.

Swanee River Rock - 3 · 2

TPF0144
where I roam. keep a-telling you, my

far-going, how my heart is growing sad, so sad and

Dollin

lonely, Because I'm so far, I'm far from my folks back home.

Do you know,
Words by
MITCHELL PARISH

Music by
HEINZ ROEMHELD

They say, Ru - by, you're like a dream, not al - ways what you

Em

Em7

Am

Fmaj7

F

Em7

Am

F

C

C

Fm6

G7±5

Cm7

Cdim

Gm7

Cm7

G7

Em

Em7

Am

Fmaj7

F

Em7

Am

F

C

C

Fm6

G7±5

C

Em7

G7±9

G7

They

so, I on - ly know, Ru - by, it's you.

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Ruby, you're like a song, you don't know right from wrong, and in your eyes I see heart-aches for me, but from the start, who stole my heart? Ruby, it's you.

I hear your voice and I must come to you.
They have no choice, what else can I do?

They say, Ruby, you're like a flame, into my life you came,

Am Fmaj7 F Fmaj7 Fmaj7 F Dm7 G7 Em Em7

and tho' I should beware still I don't care, you thrill me so, I only know, Ruby, it's you.

They you.
HIT THE ROAD JACK

Moderate beat

G7+5  Cm  Ab7  G7+5  Cm  Ab7  G7

Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more. Hit the

road; Jack and don't you come back no more... Hit the

more.

Woo! Wom-an, oh wom-an, don't treat me so mean, You're the

Hit The Road Jack - 3 - 1

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meanest old woman that I've ever seen. I guess if you said

so

I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)

Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more. Hit the

read Jack and don't you come back no more. Now

Hit The Road Jack - 3 - 2
baby, listen baby, don't treat me this-a way. For I'll be back on my feet some day. Don't care if you do 'cause it's understood. You ain't got no money you just ain't no good. Well, I guess if you say so, I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right) Hit the more. Don't you come back no more.
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

Words and Music by
JIMMIE DAVIS and
CHARLES MITCHELL

Moderato

Voice

F

F\dim.

F7

The oth-er night dear______ as I lay sleep-ing______ I dreamed I
You told me once dear______ you real-ly loved me______ If you will
and make you hap-py______ no one

F

F7

B\flat

held you in my arms____ When I a-woke dear____ I was mis-
else could come be-tween____ But now you've left me____ to love an-
on-ly say the same____ and love an-

You Are My Sunshine - 2 - 1
tak'en and I hung my head and cried:
you'll regret it all some day:
you have that tested all my dreams:

Chorus

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

my only sunshine

you make me happy

when skies are gray

You'll never know dear how much I love you

Please don't take my sunshine away.

You Are My Sunshine - 2 - 2
TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART

By
FRED ROSE and
HY HEATH

Intro:

Chorus:

1. Take these chains from my heart and set me free.
You've grown cold and no longer care for me.
All my faith in you is gone, but the heartaches linger on.
Take these chains from my heart and set me free.

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Take these tears from my eyes and let me see.
Take these chains from my heart and set me free.

Just a spark of love that used to be.
If you All my

love some body now, let me find a new love too.
Faith in you is gone, but the heartaches ling er on.

Take these chains from my heart and set me free.

Take These Chains From My Heart - 2 - 2
THAT LUCKY OLD SUN
(Just Rolls Around Heaven All Day)

Words by
HAVEN GILLESPIE

Music by
BEASLEY SMITH

Moderately

Up in the morn-in' out on the job, work like the devil for my pay.

But That Lucky Old Sun has nothin' to do but roll around heaven all day.

Fuss with my woman toil for my kids, sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray.

While That Lucky Old Sun has nothin' to do but roll around heaven all day.
YOU DON’T KNOW ME

Words and Music by
CINDY WALKER & EDDY ARNULD

Moderately slow

You give your hand to me and then you say hello, And I can

hardly speak, my heart is beating so, And any one could tell you think you

know me well, but you don’t know me.

No, you don’t

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know the one who dreams of you at night and longs to kiss your lips and longs to hold you tight. To you I'm just a friend, that's all I've ever been, but you don't know me.

For I never knew the art of making love, though my heart ached with love for you.
fraid and shy, I let my chance go by, the chance you might have loved me too. You give your hand to me and then you say good-bye. I watch you walk a-way beside the lucky guy. To never never know the one who loves you so; no, you don't know me. You give your
DON'T CHANGE ON ME

Words and Music by EDDIE REEVES and JIMMY HOLIDAY

Verse
G

1. Girl, you're my sun-shine, you chase a-way the rain-drops, make it all-

D (Fbase)

worth-while. Make all the pain stop, just like a riv-er, Keep love-

Em

Em

C D9 3 G Chorus

Flow-in' don't let our world stop, keep it go-in'. Oh, I

G

like you just the way you are, hon-eye. Don't Change On Me, Don't

G

Don't Change On Me, please Don't Change- On Me.

G

Girl, you're my luck-y star, hon-eye, Don't

D7
Verse
2. I used to wonder where would I find some kind of happiness and peace of mind. I was livin' in darkness, but then you came, bringin' the sunlight and easing my pain. I like you just the way you are, honey, Don't Change On Me, Don't Change On Me, Don't Change On Me.
Change On Me, please Don't Change On Me, Girl, you're my lucky star, honey, Don't

G

D7

C

G

Change On Me, Don't Change On Me, Don't Change On Me.

Verse

G

D (Bass)

Em

3

Lord knows I want to know you if we should meet there, and then forever we'll walk to-

G

D9

G

D (Bass)

Em

C

D9

G

D.S. and fade

Go
er, noth
' in' but sun
-shine, no more stormy weather.

D.S. and fade

Don't Change On Me - 3 - 3
IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

Words by
MARILYN and ALAN BERGMAN

Music by
QUINCY JONES

Slow Gospel (12 feel)

In The Heat Of The Night,

seems like a cold sweat creep-in' 'cross my brow,

In The Heat Of The Night,

I'm feeling motherless somehow,

Bears with evil eyes stare from the

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In The Heat Of The Night

all mean and bright. (In The Heat Of The Night) Ain't a woman yet been

born, knows how to make the morn-in' come.

So hard to keep control, when I'd sell my

soul for just a little light! (In The Heat Of The Night) In The Heat Of The
Night, when I got trouble, wall to wall,
I repeat in the night must be a end-in' to it
all! Hold on it won't be long, Just you be
strong, And it'll be a right! (In The Heat Of The Night)
UNDERSTANDING
(Is The Best Thing In The World)

Words and Music by
JIMMY HOLIDAY and
RAY CHARLES

Blues Tempo

Understanding - 3 - 1

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1. You know what I mean and it hurts me to see some...

2. And she understands that a man's got to have respect

of my friends floundering thru their life, never knowing the

What I mean is that if she must play around, don't let me

meaning of the word understanding.

For instance, catch her, 'cause it's a well known fact, that what a man don't

Me and my women, we got a good thing going because of

see don't hurt him. You dig? Now listen, On the other hand;

Understanding - 3 - 2
one simple fact, You see. I understand that if I don't go out and
if I did catch her, I'm not goin' to call her a bunch of bad names

work, pay the bills and the rent on time and buy her pretty clothes to wear.
like the rest of yo'll might, No, I ain't goin' to say a word. I'm goin' ov down to the

No matter how much a woman
brogues me she's gonna go cut and
hardware store, get me a double as handle,
comin' back home and square off, and

B.S. and fade out

And her somebody somewhere that
immediately go upside her head, She'll understand that
will. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

Oh!

Understanding - 3-5
BORN TO LOSE

Words and Music by TED DAFFAN

Moderately

Born To Lose - 2 - 1

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BORN TO LOSE, it seems so hard to bear,
you.
There's no use to dream of happiness,
you.

How I long to always have you near,
All I see is only loneliness.

You've grown tired and now you say we're through;
life I've always been so blue;

BORN TO LOSE, and now I'm losing you.

BORN TO you.
CRYING TIME

Words and Music by
BUCK OWENS

Slowly

Oh, it's crying time again, you're gonna leave me; I can
say that absence makes the heart grow fonder,
And that

see that faraway look in your eye,
I can tell, by the tears are only rain, to make love grow.
Well, my love for you could

way you held me, darling,
That it won't be long be-
never grow no stronger,
If I live to be a

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2. Oh, they—Oh, you may that you found

someone you loved better; That's the way it's happened every time before.

And as sure as the sun comes up tomorrow.

Crying time will start, when you walk out the door.

Crying Time: 2-2

TPF0144
NO ONE

Words and Music by
DOC POMUS and
MORT SHUMAN

Moderately slow

Chorus

No one ever kissed me the way that you do.

And

No one ever told me, "I love you."

No one ever cared, no one ever shared All those dreams that I dreamed would come

No One - 2 - 1

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true. No one ever hurt me the way that you do, 'Cause no one ever broke my heart in two. But I'll keep on caring my whole life through. For no one, no one but you.
A BIT OF SOUL

Words and Music by RAY CHARLES

Slow Blues

G

Play B.H. 2nd time (optional)

G

rem.

G7

C

D7

Am7

D7

G

Am7 G4im

B G

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A Bit Of Soul - 2 - 2
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Medium bounce

Refrain:

1. Come on, ba-by, LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL,
   Come on, ba-by, let me thrill your soul;
2. Come on, ba-by, gen-na have a ball,
   Put our troubles up a-gainst the wall;

Let The Good Times Roll—2.

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Come on, ba-by, LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL— Roll on and on—

Feel so good— in my arms, Sugar

Baby, you're my good luck charm. Baby, I dig you the most. Come on, ba-by LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—

Come on, ba-by, let me thrill your soul— Come on, ba-by, LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—

Let The Good Times Roll— 2:2
COME LIVE WITH ME

Words and Music by BOUDLEAUX and FELICE BRYANT

Moderately

C

Em

C

Come Live With Me and be my love, Share my bread and

F

Fm

C

wine; Be wife to me, be life to me, be

G7

C

G7

mine. Come Live With Me and

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be my love, let our dreams combine; be mate to me, be fate to me, be mine.

With these hands I'll build a roof for you, I promise you.

I'll laugh with you, I'll cry with you, my
LIVING FOR THE CITY

Words and Music by STEVIE WONDER

Moderate

1. A boy is born in Hard-time, Mis-sis-sip-pli,

2. His fa-ther-works some days for four-teen ho-urs

sur-round-ed by four walls that ain't so pret-ty, His par-ents give him

and you can bet he bare-ly makes a dol-lar, His mo-ther goes to scrub

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love and affection to keep him strong
the floors for many and you'd best believe
in the right direction, hardly gets a penny
Living just enough just enough for the city.
Yeah.

Interlude

Da Da Da Da Da Da Da Da

Looking For The City - 3 - 2
3. His sister's black but she is sho' muff pretty.
   Her skirt is short but Lord her legs are sturdy to walk to school.
   She's got to get up early, her clothes are old; but never are they dirty.
   Living just enough, just enough for the city.

4. Her brother's smart, he's got more sense than many.
   His patience's long but soon he won't have any. To find a job
   Is like a haystack needle, 'cause where he lives they don't
   Use colored people. Living just enough, just enough for the city.

Living For The City - 3 - 3
HALLELUJAH I LOVE HER SO

Words and Music by
RAY CHARLES

Moderately

Let me tell you 'bout a boy I know...
He is my ba-by and he lives next door.
Ev'-ry morn-ing 'fore the sun comes up,
He brings my cof-fee in my fa-v'rite cup. That's why I know... yes, I...

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know, ... Hallelujah, I just love him so...

When I'm in trouble and I have no friends, ... I know he'll go with me un-

til the end. ... Every body asks me how I know...

I smile at them and say he told me so. ... That's why I know, ... yes, I

Hallelujah I Love Her So - 4 - 2
know. Hal-le-lu-jah, I just love him so.

Now if I call him on the telephone, And tell him that I

all a-lost, By the time I count from one to four.

I hear him on my door. In the evening when the

*Make knocking sound*
sun goes down, When there is no body else around,

He kisses me and he holds me tight, He tells me 'baby, every-

thing's all right? That's why I know, yes, I know, Hallel-

lu-jah, I just love him so.
A PERFECT LOVE

Slowly

Old e-nough to know when I've been wrong
Yes and

fool e-nough to think I still might change
I've been

out of place but right on time and still I've let you down
We've been

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lovers and we've thought it would help me if I thought you might rem-

ember me not for what I've done but for the

other things I'd always meant to do 'Cause like a

child who's learned the ways of life you opened up my eyes with a
love that's al-ways new

Yes I owe it all to you 'cause when the

world out-side was sure that I was only chas-ing rain-bows

you could find the words to make me strong

Hold-ing on to me and whis-per-ing 'There's no-th-ing wrong with rain-bows' you
heard my song And so re-
mem-ber me as one who came to love and found A

Perfect Love to help a-long the way And if to-

mor-row you should find that I'm no long-er by your side then it was
time for me to go and it would help me just to know that you'd re-
member me as one who came to love and found A

Perfect Love to help along the way.

A Perfect Love - S-S
SHAKE YOUR TAIL FEATHERS

Words and Music by
RUDY LOVE, PEGGY LOVE, DIANNE LOVE, DENISE LOVE,
GERALD LOVE, TYREE JUDY & ZEBEDEE PHILLIPS

Freely

Boogie rock

in tempo

Well, I heard

D
G7

about the fellow you been dancin' with all

D
G7

over the neighborhood.

So

Shake Your Tail Feathers - 5:1

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D

why didn't you ask me, baby? Or did you think I could?

A

Well, I know that the boogaloo is out of sight, But the

D

thing-a-ling is playin' to right. But there's nothin' to the beat a-now, baby.

Bm

by, I could a show you how to do it right, do it right.

E7

Shake You Tail Feathers - 5 - 2
unh hunh... do it right... do it right...

Do it right... do it right...

Twist it!
Shake shake shake shake baby!

Shake Your Tail Feathers: 5 - 3
A

G

Here we go loop - de - loop...

D

G

Shake it up, ba - by.

Here we go

A7

loop - de - li-

I know... well let me see you shake your tail - feather,

mf croc.

I know... well let me see you shake your tail - feather.

Come on... and let me

Make Your Tail Feathers - 5 - 4
Come on, come on, baby. Come on, baby, Yeah, come on babe. Do the twist, Do the frog, Do the swim, boogaloo' oh, the bony moron. Do the twist etc.

And do the bird. Hey watusi, And what about the frog: Do the mashed potato, what about the
IT AIN'T GONNA WORRY MY MIND

By
RICHARD LEIGH

Slow \( \frac{4}{4} = 60 \)

1. It's the same old story

they all hand me;

the preacher tells me there are troubled times.

But I know the Lord's been in
tougher scrapes than this one.

It ain't gonna worry,

ain't gonna worry,

ain't gonna worry,

ain't gonna worry,

It Ain't Gonna Worry My Mind - 2 - 1

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Verse 2:
Got no money in my pocket;
You don't get rich working over-time.
But long as you can't buy springtime in Virginia,
It ain't gonna worry, it ain't gonna worry,
It ain't gonna worry my mind.

Verse 3:
So go on wishin', go on prayin';
Go on sayin', I'll hit better times.
But how in the world could she love me any better?
It ain't gonna worry, it ain't gonna worry,
It ain't gonna worry my mind.

It Ain't Gonna Worry My Mind - 2 - 2
BABY GRAND

Words and Music by
BILLY JOEL

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When I'm blue,

when I'm lone-

ly,

She comes through;

she's the on-

ly one who

My ba-

by

grand is all I need.

grand's been good to me.
They

Bridge: Dm Dm(7) Dm7 Em7 A7 A7(#9)

say no one's gonna play this on the radio;

they said melancholy blues were dead and gone.

But only songs like these, played in minor keys,

Baby Grand - 6 - 3
keep those memories holding

I've come far from the life I strayed in;

I've got scars from those times I played in.

Now I'm home, and I'm weary.
in my bones;

every dream one night

stand, my baby grand came home with

me.

Ever since this gig be-

gain. My baby grand's been good to

Baby Grand - 6-8
Verse 2:
In my time, I've wandered everywhere.
Around this world, she would always be there,
Any day, any hour,
All that taken is the power in my hands.
This baby grand's been good to me.

Verse 3:
I've had friends, but they slipped away,
I've had fame, but it doesn't stay.
I've made fortunes, spent them fast enough,
As for women, they don't last with just one man;
But Baby Grand will stand by me.

(To Bridge)
In January, 1986, Ray Charles was one of the original inductees into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, in tribute to his versatility as a musician and to the lasting imprint he has made on all forms of popular music in the last 30 years.

Ray Charles was one of the participants in the historic 1986 "We Are the World" recording to benefit USA for Africa.

Ray Charles was honored in 1986 by the NAACP's Image Awards as recipient of its "Hall of Fame Award." He also received an award that year at the NAACP's televised ceremonies for Best R & B Male Vocalist.

To date Ray Charles has won a total of 10 Grammy Awards, the latest in 1976.

In recognition of both his artistic and humanitarian achievements, Ray Charles received a Star on Hollywood Boulevard's "Walk of Fame" December 16, 1981.

In 1963 Ray Charles starred in his first feature film, "Bailiac in Blue." In 1980 he was a featured star of "The Blues Brothers Movie."

In the 1970's Charles received many major awards, among them:

- The Golden Plate Award was presented to him in 1975 by the American Academy of Achievement for his outstanding contributions.
- The National Association for Sickle Cell Disease's first "Man of Distinction" Award was presented to him, also in 1975.
- The Bicentennial Year brought Charles the honor of being named "Man of the Year" by the Beverly Hills Lodge of the Elks. He was inducted into the Songwriters' Hall of Fame.
- In 1979 Ray Charles' classic rendition of "Georgia On My Mind" was approved as the Official Song of the State of Georgia, and Charles was invited to be present at the State Capitol to sing its first performance.

He has long been Honorary Life Chairman of The Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, and was inducted into the Playboy Magazine has topped that magazine's readers' poll in several most recently in 1976 as Best Jazz Male Vocalist.