

# **Tarnished Unoriginal Flats**

*"The Mediocre Dingbats of Dixieland"*



*Dixieland Songbook*

B $\flat$  instruments



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# (RUBATO) AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

- ANDY RAZAF/THOMAS "FATS" WALLER/HARRY BROOKS

## VERSE *Solo Clarinet, rubato intro*

Though it's a fick - le age, With flirt - ing all the rage,

Here is one bird with self - con - trol, Hap - py in - side my cage.

I know who I love best, Thumbs down for all the rest,

my love was giv - en, heart and soul, so it can stand the test.

## CHORUS *All, in time*

No one to talk with, all by my - self, No one to walk with, but

I'm hap - py on the shelf, Ain't mis - be - hav - in', I'm sav - in' my love for

you. I know for cer - tain,



G-7 (C+7/G#) G#o7 F/A (A+7) F7 Bb Bb-  
 the one I love, I'm through with flirt - in', it's just you I'm think - in' of,  
 F (G#7) D7 G-7 C7 F Bb7 F A7  
 ain't mis - be - hav - in', I'm sav - in' my love for you. \_\_\_\_\_  
 D- Bb7 G7  
 Like Jack Horn - er, in the corn - er, don't go no - where,  
 D7 C A7 D-7 G7 C7 D7  
 What do I care, Your kiss - es are worth wait - in' for, be -  
 G7 C7 F F#o7 G-7 (C+7/G#) G#o7  
 lieve me. I don't stay out late, don't care to go,  
 F/A (A+7) F7 Bb Bb- F (G#7) D7  
 I'm home a - bout eight, just me and my rad - i - o, ain't mis - be - hav - in',  
 G-7 C7 F  
 I'm sav - in' my love for you. \_\_\_\_\_

*Repeat chorus for solos*

(MED. SWING)

# AIN'T SHE SWEET

- JACK YELLEN/MILTON AGER

## CHORUS

AIN'T SHE SWEET

Ain't she sweet? See her com - ing down the street! Now I

ask you ver - y con - fi - den - tial - ly, ain't she sweet?

Ain't she nice? Look her o - ver once or twice. Now I

ask you ver - y con - fi - den - tial - ly, ain't she nice? Just cast an eye

in her di - rec - tion oh me, oh my!

Ain't that per - fec - tion? I re -

eat, don't you think that's kind of neat? And I ask you ver - y

con - fi - den - tial - ly ain't she sweet? sweet?

$\text{♩} = 136$  (cut time)

Lead: Trumpet

# **ALABAMA JUBILEE**

**CHORUS**

- JACK YELLEN/GEORGE COBB



(MED. BRIGHT) **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**  
- IRVING BERLIN

VERSE

Oh, ma hon-ey, Oh, ma hon-ey, Bet-ter hur-ry and  
let's me - an - der, Ain't you go - in', Ain't you go - in',  
To the lead-er man, rag-ged me-ter man? Oh, ma hon - ey,  
Oh, ma hon-ey, Let me take you to Al - ex - an - der's grand stand,  
brass band, Ain't you com-in' a - long? Come on and hear, Come on and  
hear Al - ex - an - der's rag - time band, Come on and hear, Come on and  
hear, It's the best band in the land, They can play a bu-gle call like you  
nev - er heard be - fore, So nat - ur - al that you want to go to war;

That's just the best - est band what am, hon - ey lamb, Come on a -  
 long, \_\_\_\_\_ Come on a - long, Let me take you by the hand, \_\_\_\_\_ Up to the  
 man, \_\_\_\_\_ Up to the man who's the lead - er of the band, \_\_\_\_\_ And if you  
 care to hear the Swan - ee Riv - er played in rag - time, \_\_\_\_\_ Come on and  
 hear, \_\_\_\_\_ Come on and hear, \_\_\_\_\_ Al - ex - an - der's Rag - time Band.

**Handwritten Chords:**  
 Staff 1: A<sup>7</sup>, D, D<sup>7</sup>  
 Staff 2: G, A<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, G, G<sup>7</sup>  
 Staff 3: C  
 Staff 4: G, G<sup>7</sup>, C, C<sup>#7</sup>  
 Staff 5: G, E<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, G

# (MED. SWING) BALLIN' THE JACK

- JIM BURRIS/CHRIS SMITH

## CHORUS

**A<sup>7</sup>**

First you put your two knees close up tight, — Then you

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

sway 'em to the left then you sway 'em to the right, Step a-round the floor kind of

**C** **E<sup>7</sup>**

nice and light, — Then you twist a - round and twist a - round with

**F<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>**

all — your might, — Stretch your lov-in' arms straight out in space, — Then you

**D<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>b7</sup>**

do the Ea-gle Rock with sty - le and grace — Swing your foot way 'round then

**C** **A-** **D-** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**

bring it back, — Now that's what I call "Ball-in' the Jack." —

# (MED. SLOW) BASIN STREET BLUES

- SPENCER WILLIAMS

**A**



**B**



**C**





**(MED. BRIGHT)** **BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME**  
- HUGHIE CANNON

**CHORUS**

**G**

Won't you come home, Bill Bail-ey, won't you come home?

**D<sup>7</sup>**

she moans the whole day long.

I'll do the cook-in', dar-lin', I'll pay the rent,

**G**

I know I've done you wrong.

'mem-ber that rain-y eve that I threw you out, with

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C**

noth-in' but a fine tooth comb? I

**C#<sup>7</sup>** **G/D** **E<sup>7</sup>**

know I'm to blame, well, ain't that a shame, Bill

**A<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

Bail-ey won't you please come home?



(MED. BRIGHT)

# BLUE SKIES

- IRVING BERLIN

Handwritten musical notation for the song "Blue Skies" by Irving Berlin. The notation is in G major, 4/4 time, and includes lyrics and chord symbols.

Lyrics: Blue skies, smil-ing at me, noth-ing but blue skies, do I see. Blue birds, sing-ing a song, noth-ing but blue birds, all day long. Nev-er saw the sun shin-ing so bright, nev-er saw things go-ing so right. No - tic-ing the days hur-ry-ing by, when you're in love, my, how they fly. Blue days, all of them gone. Noth-ing but blue skies, from now on.

Chord symbols (handwritten): E-, (E-maj7) B+/D#, (E-7) G/D, (E-b) A7/C#, G, D7, B+, C-b, G, B+, (E-maj7) B+/D#, (E-7) G/D, (E-b) A7/C#.

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# (BRIGHT) THE DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL

- SHELTON BROOKS

## CHORUS

**C** **(A7)**

I'll be down to get you in a tax - i, Hon - ey, You

**D7** **G7**

bet - ter be read - y a - bout half - past eight. \_ Now Dear - ie,

**C** **C°** **D-** **G7**

don't be late, \_ I want to be there when the band starts play - ing, Re -

**C** **(A7)** **D7**

mem - ber when we get there, Hon - ey, The two - steps I'm goin' to

**F** **(B7)** **F#°7**

have 'em all. \_ Goin' to dance out both my shoes, \_ When they

**(E7)** **C/G** **A7** **D7**

play the "Jel - ly Roll Blues", To - mor - row night \_ at the

**G7** **C** **(C°7)** **D-7** **G7**

Dark - town Strut - ters' Ball. \_ (I'll be)

(BRIGHT)

# DIPPERMOUTH BLUES

Intro: trumpet only

\*C#°7

All play

- JOSEPH OLIVER

The main body of the song consists of four staves of music. The first staff is a trumpet solo in 4/4 time, starting with a whole note C#°7 chord. The second staff begins with a boxed 'A' and contains piano accompaniment with chords C, F7, C, and C7. The third staff continues the piano accompaniment with F7, C, and G7 chords. The fourth staff concludes the section with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.), both featuring C, F7, and C chords.

## B CLARINET SOLO OVER STOP TIME

The clarinet solo section consists of three staves of music. The first staff is a clarinet solo over a stop time piano accompaniment, with chords C, F7, C, and C7. The second staff continues the solo and accompaniment with F, F#°7, C, and A7 chords. The third staff concludes the section with D7, G7, C, G7, and C chords.

TO SOLOS ON **A**

**(BLUESY BALLAD)** **DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS**

- EDDIE DELANGE/LOUIS ALTER

**VERSE**

I nev-er had this kind of feel-in', — With drag-gin' heart and brain a -  
 reel - in'. — What's the mat-ter, here's the mat - ter, —  
 Here's the thing that's real-ly wrong with me: Do you know what it means — to

**CHORUS**

miss New Or - leans, — And miss it each night — and day? I  
 know I'm not wrong, — the feel-in's get-tin' strong-er the long-er I stay — a - way. —  
 Miss the moss-cov-ered vines, — the tall sug - ar pines — where  
 mock-in' -birds used — to sing And I'd like to see — the  
 la - zy Mis-sis-sip-pi A hur - ry - in' in - to spring. — The

C- F7 Bb Bb7 C-7 F9 Bb  
 moon - light on the bay-ou, a Cre-ole tune that fills the air; I  
 B- E7 A F#- B- E7  
 dream a-bout mag - nol-ias in June, And soon I'm wish-in' that I was there.  
 A7 D A+ D (G7) B-  
 Do you know what it means to miss New Or - leans, When  
 F#- B- E7 G G#7  
 that's where you left your heart? And there's some-thing more: I  
 D/A B7 E- A7 D  
 miss the one I care for more than I miss New Or - leans.

# (MED. BRIGHT) FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE

## (HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GIRL?)

- JOE YOUNG/SAM LEWIS/RAY HENDERSON

Five foot two, eyes of blue, but oh, what those five  
foot could do. Has an - y - bod - y seen my girl?  
Turned up nose, turned down hose, A flap - per? Yes sir,  
one of those. Has an - y - bod - y seen my  
girl? Now if you run in - to a five foot two  
cov - ered with fur, Dia - mond rings and all those things,  
bet - cha' life it is - n't her. But could she love,  
could she woo? Could she, could she, could she coo? Has  
an - y - bod - y seen my girl?

**HEEBIE JEEBIES**

- BOYD ATKINS

**CHORUS**

*F7* *Bb*

I've got the Hee-bies, I mean the Jee-bies, o-ver a dance

*F7*

I've got the Hee-bies, I mean the Jee-bies, talk 'bout a dance

*Bb* *F7*

called Hee-bie Jee-bies. I'm al-most in-sane, the Hee-bie Jee-bies. You'll see girls and boys,

*Bb* *Bb7* *Ebb* *Eo7*

o-ver that new strain. It makes me shiv-er and makes me qui-ver fa-ces lit with joys. If you don't know it you ought to learn it.

*Bb* *G7* *C7* *F7* *Bb* *G7*

just like a leaf on Swa-nee Riv-er. Come on now let's Don't feel so blue, some-one will teach you. Come on now let's

*C7* *F7* *1. Bb* *2. Bb*

do that prance, called the Hee-bie Jee-bies dance. Do you like it? do that prance, called the Hee-bie Jee-bies dance. You will like it.

**VERSE (PLAY AFTER 1st CHORUS)**

*Bb* *F7* *Bb* *F* *D7*

It's the Hee-bie Jee-bies dance. 'Cause dance.

*G-* *C7* *F* *C-* *C7* *F7*

It's the Hee-bie Jee-bies dance. 'Cause dance.

TO SOLOS ON CHORUS



# (RUBATO) HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

- ANDY RAZAF/THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

## CHORUS

Ev - 'ry hon - ey - bee fills with jea - lous - y when they see you out with me; I don't blame them good - ness knows, Hon - ey - suck - le Rose. When you're pass - in' by, flow - ers droop and sigh, and I know the rea - son why: you're much sweet - er, good - ness knows, Hon - ey - suck - le Rose.



G<sup>7</sup> C

Don't buy su - gar, you just\_ have to touch my cup.\_

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

You're my su - gar, it's sweet\_ when you stir it up.\_

A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> A<sup>-7</sup>

When I'm tak-in' sips from your tas - ty lips, seems the hon - ey fair - ly

D<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G (B<sup>-7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>)

drips. You're con-fec-tion, good - ness knows, Hon - ey-suck - le Rose.

# (SLOW) A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

-JOE YOUNG/NED WASHINGTON/VICTOR YOUNG

## VERSE

G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

Life is such a great ad - ven - ture. Learn to live it as you

F D-<sup>b</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A-

go. No one in the world can cen - sure what

D-<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup> CHORUS F D-

we do here be - low. Don't save your kiss-es, just

G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F D- G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup>

pass them a - round. You'll find my rea-son is log - ic - 'lly sound.

F D- B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>- G<sup>7</sup>

Who's going to know that you passed them a - round, a hun-dred years from to -

C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup> F D- G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

day? Why crave a pent-house that's fit for a queen?

F D- G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup> F D-

You're near-er heav-en on Moth - er Earth's green; If you had mil-lions what

would they all mean a hun-dred years from to - day? so  
 laugh and sing, make love the thing, be hap - py while you may.  
 There's al - ways one, be - neath the sun, who's  
 bound to make you feel that way. The moon is shin-ing, and  
 that's a good sign. Cling to me clos-er and say you'll be mine.  
 Re - mem-ber, Dar-ling, we won't see it shine a hun-dred years from to -  
 day, a hun - dred years from to - day.

**(BRIGHT) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER**

- JOE YOUNG/FRED E. AHLERT

Handwritten musical score for Lead: Trumpet. The score is in 4/4 time and G major. It includes lyrics and handwritten chord symbols above the staff.

**Lyrics:**

I'm gon-na sit right down and write my-self a let - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 make be - lieve it came from you. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na  
 write words, oh, so sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ They're gon-na knock me off my feet. \_\_\_\_\_ A lot of  
 kiss - es on the bot - tom, I'll be glad I got 'em, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na  
 smile and say, "I hope you're feel - ing bet - ter", \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 close with love the way you do. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na  
 sit right down and write my - self a let - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 make be - lieve it came from you. \_\_\_\_\_ (I'm gon-na)

**Handwritten Chord Symbols:**

- Line 1: C, G+, C
- Line 2: E<sup>7</sup>, F, A<sup>7</sup>/E, D-
- Line 3: D-<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, G<sup>7</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>
- Line 4: D<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>
- Line 5: C, G+, C
- Line 6: E<sup>7</sup>, F, A<sup>7</sup>/E, D-
- Line 7: F, F#<sup>o7</sup>, C, G<sup>7</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>
- Line 8: D<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, D-, G<sup>7</sup>

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# JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE

(ONE CHORUS RUBATO, THEN BRIGHT)

- TRADITIONAL/KENNETH MORRIS

**C** **C°** **G<sup>7</sup>**

Just a clos - er walk with Thee,  
I am weak, but Thou art strong,  
In this world of toil and snares,  
When my wea - ry life is o'er,

**C**

Grant it, Je - sus, is my plea,  
Je - sus, keep me from all wrong.  
If I fal - ter, Lord, who cares?  
Pain and suf - f'ring are no more.

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **C°<sup>7</sup>**

Dai - ly walk - ing close to Thee  
I'll be sat - is - fied as long  
Who but Thee my bur - den shares?  
Who will lead me safe - ly o'er

**C** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **F** **C**

Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.  
As I can walk, dear Lord, close to Thee.  
None but Thee, O Lord, none but Thee.  
Ca - naan's shore, that sweet Ca - naan's shore?

# LIMEHOUSE BLUES

- DOUGLAS FURBER/PHILIP BRAHAM

CHORUS

Handwritten chord symbols above the staff:

- Measure 1:  $E^b7$
- Measure 2:  $C7$
- Measure 3:  $B^b$
- Measure 4:  $D7$
- Measure 5:  $G^-$
- Measure 6:  $C7$
- Measure 7:  $F7$
- Measure 8:  $E^b7$
- Measure 9:  $C7$
- Measure 10:  $B^b$
- Measure 11:  $G7$
- Measure 12:  $C^-$
- Measure 13:  $E^b^-$
- Measure 14:  $F7$
- Measure 15:  $B^b$

# MAPLE LEAF RAG

- SCOTT JOPLIN

**(MED. UP)**

**A**

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 F $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 F $\flat$

F $\sharp$  F F $\sharp$  F B $\flat$ -(N.C.)

E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$  F $\sharp$  B $\flat$  F $\flat$  B $\flat$

E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$  F $\sharp$  B $\flat$  TO  $\Phi$  F $\flat$  B $\flat$

**B**

F $\flat$  B $\flat$

F $\flat$  B $\flat$  F $\flat$

B $\flat$  A A $\flat$  G

C- C $\flat$  F $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  D.C. AL  $\Phi$



Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring chords and a key signature change.

**Chords and Key Signature:**

- Initial key signature:  $Bb$  (B-flat)
- Chords:  $Bb$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Bb7$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $C7$ ,  $F-$ ,  $Ao7$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $C7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb7$ ,  $Eb$  (1st ending),  $Eb$  (2nd ending),  $D$  (key signature change to D-flat),  $Eb$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $Eb-$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $C7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$  (1st ending),  $Bb$  (2nd ending),  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ .

**Structure:**

- First system:  $Bb$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $C$  (boxed),  $Bb7$ .
- Second system:  $Eb$ ,  $Bb7$ .
- Third system:  $Eb$ ,  $C7$ .
- Fourth system:  $F-$ ,  $Ao7$ .
- Fifth system:  $Eb$ ,  $C7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb7$ ,  $Eb$  (1st ending),  $Eb$  (2nd ending).
- Sixth system:  $D$  (boxed),  $Eb$ ,  $Bb$ .
- Seventh system:  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ .
- Eighth system:  $Eb$ ,  $Bb$ .
- Ninth system:  $Eb$ ,  $Eb-$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $C7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$  (1st ending).
- Tenth system:  $Bb$  (2nd ending),  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ .

# MY BLUE HEAVEN

- GEORGE WHITING/WALTER DONALDSON

(MED.)

**A** F (E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7)

When whip-poor-wills call, \_\_\_\_\_ and ev-'ning is nigh, \_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

\_\_\_\_\_ I hur-ry to my blue heav-en. \_\_\_\_\_ A turn to the

(E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7 D<sup>7</sup>)

right, \_\_\_\_\_ a lit-tle white light, \_\_\_\_\_ will lead you to

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup> F<sup>+7</sup>

my blue heav-en. \_\_\_\_\_ You'll see a

**B** B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>-</sup>

smil-ing face, a fire-place, a co-zy room, \_\_\_\_\_ A

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>#</sup>7 G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

lit-tle nest that's nes-tled where the ros-es bloom. \_\_\_\_\_ Just Mol-ly and

F (E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7 D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>

me, \_\_\_\_\_ and ba-by makes three, \_\_\_\_\_ We're hap-py in my

C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 F

blue heav-en. \_\_\_\_\_ (When whip-poor-wills)

# MY GAL SAL

- PAUL DRESSER

**(BRIGHT)**

They called her friv - o - lous Sal. A pe -

cu - liar sort of a gal with

a heart that was mel - low, an all 'round good fel - low

was my old pal.

Your trou - bles, sor - rows, and care, she

was al - ways will - ing to snare.

A wild sort of dev - il, but dead on

the lev - el was my gal.

# MY MELANCHOLY BABY

- GEORGE NORTON/ERNIE BURNETT

CHORUS (MED.)



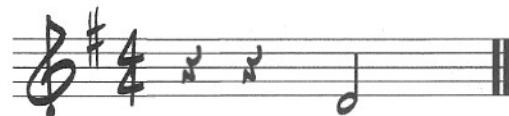
# (MED.) NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

- JIMMIE COX

## VERSE

I once lived the life of a mil-lion-aire, Spend-ing my mon-ey, I  
 did-n't care, Al-ways tak-ing my friends out for a good time, Buy-ing cham-pagne,  
 gin and wine. But just as soon as my dough got low, I could-n't find a friend, no  
 place I'd go, If I ev-er get my hands on a dol-lar a-gain, I'm gon-na  
 squeeze it and squeeze it till the ea-gle grins. No-bod-y knows you  
 when you're down and out. In your poc-ket not one pen-ny,  
 And your friends, you have-n't an-y. And soon as you get on your  
 feet a-gain, Ev-'ry-bod-y is your long lost friend. It's might-y strange, with-  
 out a doubt, But no-bod-y knows you when you're down and out.

(MED.) **NOBODY'S SWEETHEART**  
- GUS KAHN/ERNIE ERDMAN/ELMER SCHOEDEL/BILLY MEYERS



You're

**CHORUS**



C  
 Paint - ed lips, \_\_\_ paint - ed eyes, \_\_\_  
 C-  
 G E7 A7 D7  
 wear - ing a bird of Par - a - dise. \_\_\_ It  
 G E7  
 all seems wrong some - how, \_\_\_ That you're  
 A- D7 G  
 no - bod - y's sweet - heart now. \_\_\_

# (MED. BRIGHT) PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

- IRVING BERLIN

VERSE *Clarinet lead*

Have you seen the well-to-do up and down Park Av-e-nue, on that fam-ous thor-ough-fare with their nos-es in the air. High hats and Ar-row col-lars, white spats and lots of dol-lars, spend-ing ev-'ry dime for a won-der-ful time.

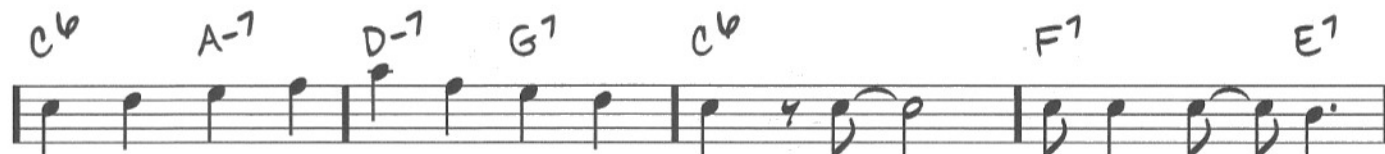
CHORUS *Trumpet lead*

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to, why don't you go where fash-ion sits, put-tin' on the Ritz. Dif-f'rent types who wear a day coat, pants with stripes and cut-a-way coat, per-fect fits, put-tin' on the Ritz.





Strol-ling up the av - e - nue so hap - py. —  
Dressed up like a mil - lion dol - lar trou - er. —



All dressed up just like an Eng - lish chap - pie, — ver - y snap - py.  
Try - ing hard to look like Gar - y Coop - er, — su - per du - per.



Come let's mix where Rock - e - fel - lers walk with sticks or "um - ber -



el - las" in their mitts, — put-tin' on the Ritz.

# (MED. SLOW) SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY

- JOE PRIMROSE

## VERSE

When will I ev-er stop moan-in'? When will I ev-er smile? My ba-by went sad left me,  
 She'll be gone a long, long while. I feel so blue and heart-bro-ken, What am I liv-ing  
 for? My ba-by went and left me, Nev-er to come back no more. I went  
 down to the St. James In-firm-'ry, My ba-by there she lay, Laid  
 "What is my ba-by's chan-ces?" I asked old Doc-tor Sharp,  
 go, let her go, God bless her, Where-ev-er she may be. She can  
 out on a cold mar-ble ta-ble, Well, I looked and I turned a-way.  
 "Boy, by six o'-clock this eve-nin', She'll be play-in' her gold-en harp." } Let her  
 hunt this wide world o-ver, But she'll nev-er find a man like me.

1. I went down to St. James Infirmary.  
 All was still as night,  
 My gal was on the table,  
 Stretched out so pale, so white.  
 Through she treated me mean and lowdown,  
 Somehow I didn't care,  
 My soul is sick and weary,  
 I hope we meet again up there.

### CHORUS:

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,  
 Wherever she may be,  
 She can hunt this wide world over,  
 But she'll never find a man like me.

2. Sixteen coal-black horses,  
 Hitched to a rubber-tired hack,  
 Carried seven girls to the graveyard,  
 And brought only six of them back.  
 Now when I die, please bury me,  
 In my milk-white Stetson hat,  
 With a five-dollar gold piece on my watch chain,  
 So they'll know I died standin' pat.

3. Six poker dealers for pall bearers,  
 Let a whore sing my funeral song,  
 With a red hot band just beatin' it out,  
 Raisin' hell as we roll along.  
 Now I may be drowned in the ocean,  
 May be killed by a cannonball,  
 But let me tell you buddy,  
 A woman was the cause of it all.

(MED.)

# ST. LOUIS BLUES

- W.C. HANDY

**G** **C** **G** **G<sup>7</sup>**

I hate to see, — de ev' - nin' sun go down, —  
 Been to de Gyp - sy, to get my for - tune tote, —  
 You ought to see, — dat stove - pipe brown of mine. —

**C<sup>7</sup>** **G**

Hate to see, — de ev' - nin' sun go down, —  
 To de Gyp - sy, done got ma for - tune tole. —  
 Lak he owns — de Di - mond Jos - eph line, —

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

'Cause — ma ba - by, he dome left dis town. —  
 'Cause I'm most wild — 'bout my Jel - ly Roll. —  
 He'd make a cross - eyed wo - man go stone blin'. —

**C<sup>7</sup>** **G** **G<sup>7</sup>**

Feel - in' to - mor - row lak ah — feel to - day, —  
 Gyp - sy done tole me, "Don't — you wear no black. —  
 Black - er than mid - night, teeth — lak flags of truce, —

**C<sup>7</sup>** **G**

Feel - in' to - mor - row lak — ah feel to - day, —  
 Yes, she done tole me, "Don't — you wear no black. —  
 Black - est — man in — de whole St. Louis, —

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

I'll pack my trunk, — make my git - a - way. —  
 Go to St. Louis, — You can win him back. —  
 Black - er de ber - ry, sweet - er am de juice. —

# (BRIGHT) SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL

- LEO WOOD

Some-bod - y stole my gal, \_\_\_\_\_ Some-bod - y

stole my pal. \_\_\_\_\_ Some-bod - y came and

took her a - way; \_\_\_\_\_ She did - n't e - ven say she was

leav - in'. The kiss - es I loved do, \_\_\_\_\_

he's get - ting now, I know. \_\_\_\_\_ And, Gee! \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I know that she \_\_\_\_\_ would come to me \_\_\_\_\_ if she could

see \_\_\_\_\_ her brok - en - heart - ed lone - some

pal. \_\_\_\_\_ Some-bod - y stole my gal. \_\_\_\_\_

**Chord Symbols:** F, G#°, C7, C+, D7, G7, C7, F, G#°, C7, C+, A7, C7, F, Bb, F7, Bb, F, G7, G-, C7, F.

*(MED. SLOW)* **SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE SORRY**  
- LOUIS ARMSTRONG



# TIGER RAG

(HOLD THAT TIGER)

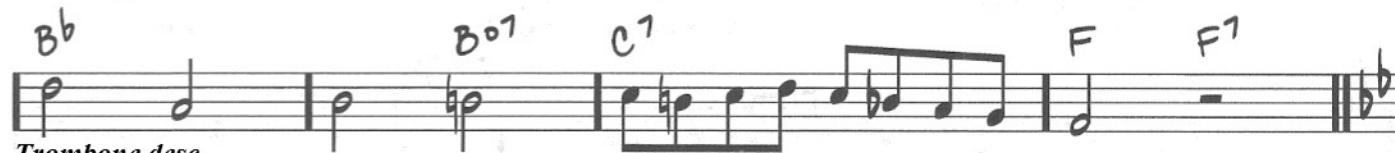
- HARRY DECOSTA/ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

(UP)

**Trombone small notes**

**SOLO BREAK (Clarinet)**

**SOLO BREAK (Clarinet)**



*Trombone desc.  
gliss to chord root*



Where's that ti - ger?

Where's that ti - ger?



Where's that ti - ger?

Where's that ti - ger?



Hold that ti - ger!

Hold that ti - ger!



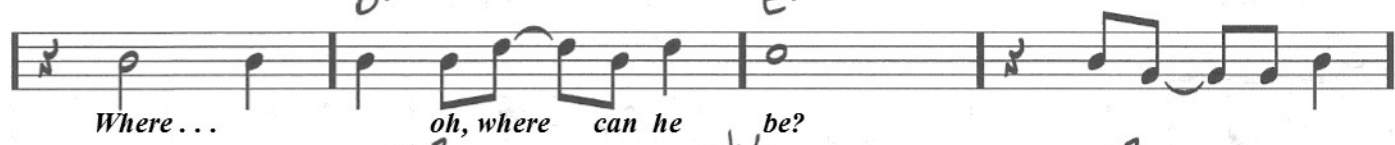
Hold that ti - ger!

Choke him, poke him, kick him and soak him!



Where's that ti - ger?

Where's that ti - ger?



Where ...

oh, where can he be?



Low or high - brow,

They all cry now:



Please play that Ti - ger Rag for me!



# (BRIGHT) 'WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

- HENRY CREAMER/J. TURNER LAYTON

'Way down yon - der in New Or - leans, in the land of  
 dream - y scenes, There's a gar - den of E - den, that's what I mean.  
 Cre - ole ba - bies with flash - ing eyes, soft - ly whis - per with  
 ten - der sighs: "Stop! Oh! Won't you give your la - dy fair  
 a lit - tle smile?" Stop! You bet your life you'll lin - ger there  
 a lit - tle while. There is heav - en right  
 They've got an gels right  
 here on earth, with those beau - ti - ful queens,  
 here on earth, wear - ing lit - tle blue jeans,  
 'Way down yon - der in New Or - leans.



- HARRY VON TILZER/ANDREW B. STERLING/BILL MUNRO/TED LEWIS

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# (BRIGHT) WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

- TRADITIONAL

## VERSE

We are walk - ing in the foot - steps of  
those who've gone be - fore. And I want to be in the  
num - ber when we reach that dis - tant shore. Oh, when the

## CHORUS

saints go march - ing in, Oh, when the saints go  
march - ing in, Lord, I want to be in the num - ber,  
When the saints go march - ing in. Oh, when the

2. Oh, when they come, on Judgement Day,  
Oh, when they come, on Judgement Day,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
When they come on Judgement Day.
3. When Gabriel blows, that golden horn,  
When Gabriel blows, that golden horn,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
When Gabriel blows, that golden horn.
4. When they go through them Pearly Gates,  
When they go through them Pearly Gates,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
When they go through them Pearly Gates.
5. Oh, when they ring them silver bells,  
Oh, when they ring them silver bells,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
Oh, when they ring them silver bells.
6. And when the angels gather 'round,  
And when the angels gather 'round,

Lord, I want to be in that number  
And when the angels gather 'round.

7. And when the Lord is shakin' hands,  
And when the Lord is shakin' hands,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
And when the Lord is shakin' hands.
8. Oh, when the sun refuse to shine,  
Oh, when the sun refuse to shine,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
Oh, when the sun refuse to shine.
9. Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all,  
Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all.
10. Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,  
Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,

**(BRIGHT) WHEN YOU'RE SMILING (THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU)**

— MARK FISHER / JOE GOODWIN / LARRY SHAY

Handwritten musical notation for Lead: Trumpet, including chords and lyrics.

Chords: C, (C maj7) E-, A7, D-, D-7, G7, G+, C, C7, F, D7, G7, C, (F#0) C, F-7, E-7, A7, A7, D-, F-, G7, C, (G7).

Lyrics: When you're smil - ing, when you're smil - ing, the whole world smiles with you. When you're laugh - ing, when you're laugh - ing, the sun comes shin - ing through. But when you're cry - ing, you bring on the rain, so stop your sigh - ing, be hap - py a - gain. Keep on smil - ing, 'cause when you're smil - ing, the whole world smiles with you. (When you're)

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# (MED. FAST) YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME

- CHARLES CARPENTER/LOUIS DUNLAP/EARL HINES

Handwritten Chord Symbols: A-7, D7, G, B-7, Bb7, A-7, D7, G, E7, G, G7, Cb, A7, D7, A-7, D7, G, B-7, Bb7, A-7, D7, G, (E7).

Lyrics:

Though you say we're through, I'll al-ways love  
 some - one you've met has made you for -  
 you, and you can de - pend on me. Though  
 get, you know you can count on  
 me. I wish you suc - cess,  
 loads of hap - pi - ness, but I must con - fess, I'll be  
 lone - ly. If you need a friend, I'm  
 yours to the end, and you can de - pend on  
 me.



