

# **Tarnished Unoriginal Flats**

*"The Mediocre Dingbats of Dixieland"*



*Dixieland Songbook*

C instruments



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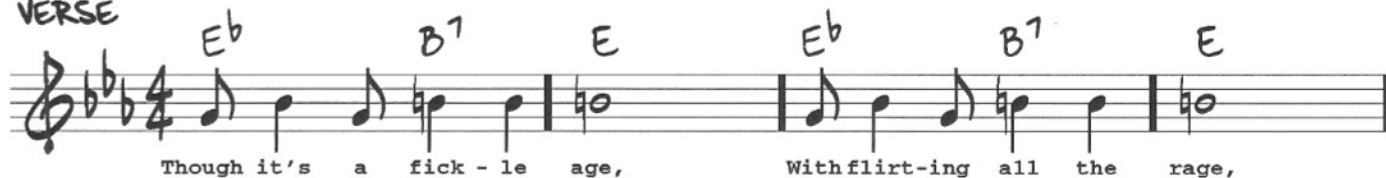
(RUBATO)

# AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

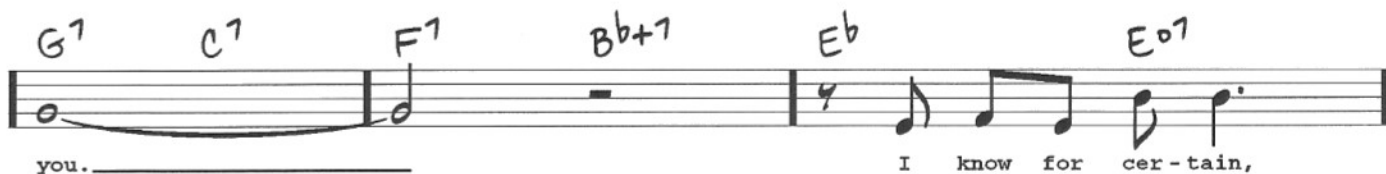
- ANDY RAZAF/THOMAS "FATS" WALLER/HARRY BROOKS

*Solo Clarinet, rubato intro*

VERSE



CHORUS *All, in time*





F-7 (Bb+7/F#) F#o7 Eb/G (G+7) Eb7 Ab Ab-  
 the one I love, I'm through with flirt-in', it's just you I'm think - in' of,  
 Eb (F#7) C7 F-7 Bb7 Eb Ab7 Eb G7  
 ain't mis-be-hav-in', I'm sav-in' my love for you.  
 C- Ab7 F7  
 Like Jack Horn-er, in the corn-er, don't go no-where,  
 C7 Bb G7 C-7 F7 Bb7 C7  
 What do I care, Your kiss-es are worth wait-in' for, be -  
 F7 Bb7 Eb Eo7 F-7 (Bb+7/F#) F#o7  
 lieve me. I don't stay out late, don't care to go,  
 Eb/G (G+7) Eb7 Ab Ab- Eb (F#7) C7  
 I'm home a-bout eight, just me and my rad - i - o, ain't mis-be-hav-in',  
 F-7 Bb7 Eb Repeat chorus for solos  
 I'm sav-in' my love for you.

**(MED. SWING)**

# AIN'T SHE SWEET

- JACK YELLEN/MILTON AGER

**CHORUS**

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

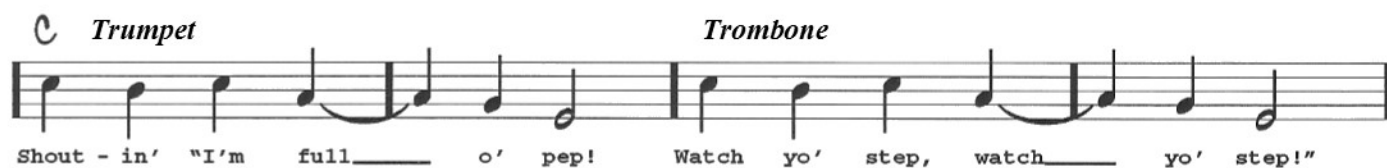
(BRIGHT)

# ALABAMA JUBILEE

- JACK YELLEN/GEORGE COBB

CHORUS

(Note pickup notes)



(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;

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song "Alexander's Rag-time Band". It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, and handwritten chords are placed above the staves. The lyrics are: "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." The chords are: G7, C, C7, F, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb7, F, D7, G7, C7, F.

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.

**(MED. SWING)** **BALLIN' THE JACK**  
- JIM BURRIS/CHRIS SMITH

**CHORUS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**B<sup>b</sup>** **G-** **C-** **F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>**

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

# (MED. SLOW) BASIN STREET BLUES

- SPENCER WILLIAMS

**A**

B<sup>b</sup>



Won't-cha come a-long with me,

'Long the Mis-sis-sip-pi?



We'll take a boat to the land of dreams, — Steam down the riv-er down to New Or-leans. — A

**B**

B<sup>b</sup>



band there to meet us,

Old friends to greet us,



You'll see the place where the folks all meet. — Heav-en on earth they call it Ba - sin Street. —

**C**

B<sup>b</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>b</sup>7

G<sup>7</sup>



Ba-sin Street, — is the street, — where all good friends — al-ways meet, — in



New Or - leans, — Land of dreams, — You'll nev - er know how nice it seems or



just how much it real-ly means. Glad to be, — yes sir - ee, — where her wel-come streets —



wel-come me, — Where I can lose, — my Ba-sin Street blues. —

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

**CHORUS**

**F**

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

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

she moans the whole day long.

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

**F**

I know I've done you wrong.

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

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

noth - in' but a fine tooth comb? I

**B<sup>b</sup>7** **F/c** **D<sup>7</sup>**

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

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

Bail - ey won't you please come home?



(MED. BRIGHT)

# BLUE SKIES

- IRVING BERLIN

Handwritten musical notation for the trumpet lead of "Blue Skies" by Irving Berlin. The notation is in 4/4 time and includes lyrics and chord symbols.

Lyrics: Blue skies, smiling at me, nothing but blue skies, do I see. Blue birds, singing a song, nothing 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): D-, (D-maj7) A+ / C#, (D-7) F/c, (D-b) G7/B, F, C7, A+, Bb-b, F, Bb-b, F, Bb-b, F, A+, D-, (D-maj7) A+ / C#, (D-7) F/c, (D-b) G7/B, F, C7, A+.

# (BRIGHT) THE DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL

- SHELTON BROOKS

CHORUS

*B<sup>b</sup>* *(G<sup>7</sup>)*

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

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

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

*B<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>°* *C-* *F<sup>7</sup>*

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

*B<sup>b</sup>* *(G<sup>7</sup>)* *C<sup>7</sup>*

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

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

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

*(D<sup>7</sup>)* *B<sup>b</sup>/F* *G<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>*

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

*F<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>* *(B<sup>b</sup>°)* *C-<sup>7</sup>* *F<sup>7</sup>)*

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

(BRIGHT)

# DIPPERMOUTH BLUES

Intro: trumpet only

\*B<sup>o</sup>7

All play

- JOSEPH OLIVER

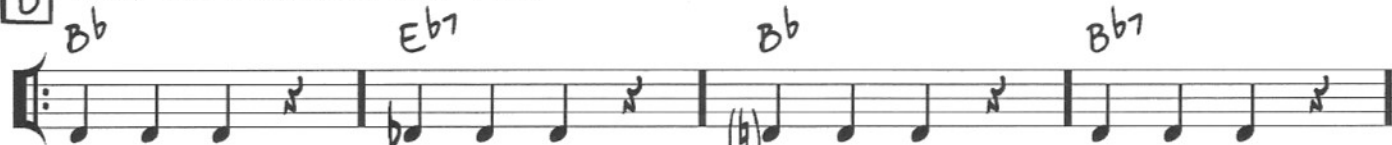
F C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>



A



B CLARINET SOLO OVER STOP TIME



TO SOLOS ON A

**(BLUESY)  
(BALLAD)** **DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS**  
- EDDIE DELANGE/LOUIS ALTER

**VERSE**

*C<sup>7</sup>* I nev-er had this kind of feel-in', — *F<sup>7</sup>* With drag-gin' heart and brain a -

*G<sup>7</sup>* reel-in'. — *C-* What's the mat-ter, *F-* here's *C-* the mat - ter, — *D<sup>b</sup>9<sub>3</sub>*

*C-* *A<sup>b</sup>9* Here's the thing that's real-ly wrong with me: *F-<sup>b</sup>* *G<sup>7</sup>* **CHORUS** *C* Do you know what it means — *G<sup>+</sup>* to

*C* miss New Or - leans, — *(F<sup>7</sup>)* *A-* And miss it each night — *E-* and *A-* day? *D<sup>7</sup>* I

*F* know I'm not wrong, — *F<sup>#</sup>0<sup>7</sup>* the feel-in's get-tin' strong-er the *C/G* long-er I stay — *A<sup>7</sup>* a - way. — *D-*

*G<sup>7</sup>* Miss the moss-cov-ered vines, — *C* the tall sug - ar pines — *G<sup>+</sup>* where *C* *(F<sup>7</sup>)* *A-*

*E-* mock-in' -birds used — *A-* to sing *D<sup>7</sup>* And I'd like to see — *F* the *F<sup>#</sup>0<sup>7</sup>*

*C/G* la - zy Mis-sis-sip - pi *A<sup>7</sup>* A hur - ry-in' in — *D-* to spring. — *G<sup>7</sup>* The *C*

B $\flat$ - E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$  A $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$ -7 E $\flat$ 9 A $\flat$

moon - light on the bay-ou, a Cre-ole tune that fills the air; I

A- D7 G E- A- D7

dream a-bout mag - nol-ias in June, And soon I'm wish-in' that I was there..

G7 C G+ C (F7) A-

Do you know what it means to miss New Or - leans, When

E- A- D7 F F#7

that's where you left your heart? And there's some-thing more: I

C/G A7 D- G7 C

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

*Handwritten: MED. BRIGHT SWING*

*Handwritten: Eb7* *Handwritten: Ab*

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

*Handwritten: Eb7*

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

*Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: Eb7*

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.

*Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: Ab7* *Handwritten: Db6* *Handwritten: D7*

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

*Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: F7* *Handwritten: Bb7* *Handwritten: Eb7* *Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: F7*

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.

*Handwritten: Bb7* *Handwritten: Eb7* *Handwritten: 1. Ab* *Handwritten: 2. Ab*

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

VERSE (PLAY AFTER 1st CHORUS)

*Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: Eb7* *Handwritten: Ab* *Handwritten: Eb* *Handwritten: C7*

*Handwritten: F-* *Handwritten: Bb7* *Handwritten: Eb* *Handwritten: Bb-* *Handwritten: Bb7* *Handwritten: Eb7*

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.





# (SLOW) A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

-JOE YOUNG/NED WASHINGTON/VICTOR YOUNG

## VERSE

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

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

## CHORUS

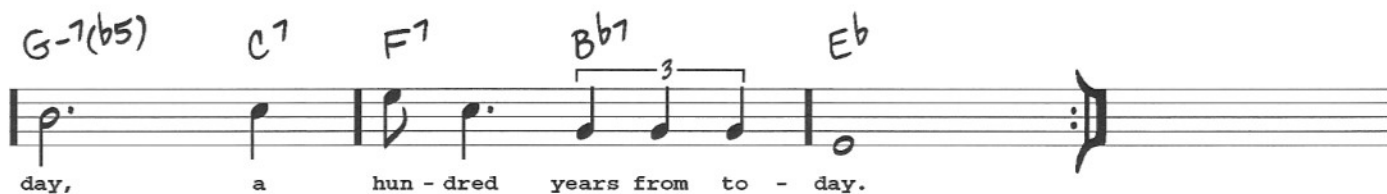
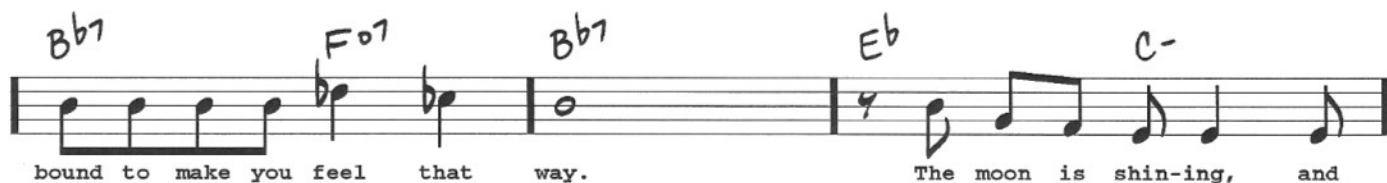
we do here be - low. Don't save your kiss-es, just

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

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

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

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



**(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 features various chords and lyrics.

**Chords:** B<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>+</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>/D, C<sup>-</sup>, C<sup>-7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>-</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>+</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>/D, C<sup>-</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>o7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>-</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, C<sup>-</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>.

**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)

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- DUKE ELLINGTON/IRVING MILLS

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# JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE

(ONE CHORUS RUBATO, THEN BRIGHT)

- TRADITIONAL/KENNETH MORRIS

*B $\flat$*  *B $\flat$ 0* *F $^7$*

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,

*B $\flat$*

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.

*B $\flat$ 7* *E $\flat$*  *B $\flat$ 07*

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

*B $\flat$*  *F $^7$*  *B $\flat$*  *E $\flat$*  *B $\flat$*

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 musical notation for the Chorus of "Limehouse Blues". The notation is on a single staff with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing ties. Chord symbols are written above the staff at various points: Db7, Bb7, Ab, C7, F-, Bb7, Eb7, Db7, Bb7, Ab, F7, Bb-, Db-, Eb7, and Ab. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# MAPLE LEAF RAG

(MED. UP)

- SCOTT JOPLIN

**A**

Ab A°7 Eb7 Ab A°7 Eb7

E Eb E Eb Ab- (N.C.)

D°7 Ab E Ab Eb7 Ab

D°7 Ab E Ab TO ⊕ Eb7 Ab

**B**

Eb7 Ab Eb7 Ab Eb7 Ab

Eb7 Ab G G° F

Bb- Bb7 Eb7 1. Ab A° 2. Ab D.C. AL ⊕



Handwritten musical score with ten staves. The notation includes chords and melodic lines. The key signature changes from one flat (Bb) to two flats (Bb, Eb) at the start of the second system.

**Staff 1:** Chords: Ab, Eb7, Ab, [C], Ab7. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Repeat sign, then quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 2:** Chords: Db, Ab7. Melody: Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 3:** Chords: Db, Bb7. Melody: Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 4:** Chords: Eb-, G°7. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 5:** Chords: Db, Bb7, Eb7, Ab7, 1. Db, 2. Db. Melody: Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Repeat sign, then eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4.

**Staff 6:** Chord: [D], Db, Ab. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 7:** Chords: Eb7, Ab. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 8:** Chords: Db, Ab. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 9:** Chords: Db, Db-, Ab, Bb7, Eb7, 1. Ab. Melody: Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Eighth notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

**Staff 10:** Chords: 2. Ab, Eb7, Ab. Melody: Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4. Quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4.

# MY BLUE HEAVEN

- GEORGE WHITING/WALTER DONALDSON

(MED.)

**A**  $E^b$   $(D^7 D^b7)$

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

$C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$

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

$(D^7 D^b7 C^7)$

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

$F^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b7$   $E^b+7$

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

**B**  $A^b$   $C^7$   $F^-$

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

$B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b7$   $F^-7$   $B^b7$

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

$E^b$   $(D^7 D^b7 C^7)$   $F^7$

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

$B^b7$   $E^b$   $A^b7$   $E^b$

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.

(RUBATO)

# MY MELANCHOLY BABY

- GEORGE NORTON/ERNIE BURNETT

CHORUS (MED.)

Handwritten musical score for the chorus of "My Melancholy Baby". The score is written for a lead trumpet part and includes lyrics and chord markings.

**Chord Markings:** Eb, (Db7) C+, C7, F-, C+, F-, F-7, Bb7, Eb, F7, Bb7, Eb, (Db7) C+, C7, F-, C+, F-, Ab, A°, Eb/Bb, C7, F-7, Bb7, Eb, Ab-b, Eb.

**Lyrics:**

Come to me my mel - an - chol - y ba - by.

Cud - dle up and don't be blue.

All your fears are fool - ish fan - cy may be,

you know dear that I'm in love with you.

Ev - 'ry cloud must have a sil - ver lin - ing.

Wait un - til the sun shines through.

Smile my hon - ey dear, while I kiss a - way each tear, Or

else I shall be mel - an - chol - y too.

# (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. —

Handwritten Chords: F, A7, D7, G-, D7, G-, Bb, Bb7, F/C, D7, G7, G7(b5), C7, F, A7, D7, G-, D7, G7, G7(b5), C7, CHORUS F, A7, D7, G-, D7, G-, Bb, Bb7, F/C, D7, G7, C7, F, A7, D7, G-, D7, G-, Bb, Bb7, F/C, D7, G7, C7, F.

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



You're

CHORUS



The image shows a handwritten musical score on a four-staff system. The lyrics are written below the notes, and chords are written above the notes. The first staff has a Bb key signature and a common time signature. The lyrics are "Paint - ed lips, \_\_\_" and "paint - ed eyes, \_\_\_". The second staff has lyrics "wear - ing a bird of Par - a - dise. \_\_\_" and "It". The third staff has lyrics "all seems wrong some - how, \_\_\_" and "That you're". The fourth staff has lyrics "no - bod - y's sweet - heart" and "now. \_\_\_". The chords are Bb, F, D7, G7, C7, and F.

B $\flat$

Paint - ed lips, \_\_\_

B $\flat$

paint - ed eyes, \_\_\_

F

D $^7$

wear - ing a bird of

G $^7$

C $^7$

Par - a - dise. \_\_\_

It

F

D $^7$

all seems wrong some - how, \_\_\_

That you're

G $^-$

C $^7$

F

no - bod - y's sweet - heart

now. \_\_\_

# (MED. BRIGHT) PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

- IRVING BERLIN

Clarinet lead

VERSE

G/B B<sup>b</sup>o7 A- D7 G/B B<sup>b</sup>o A- D7

Have you seen the well-to-do up and down Park Av-e-nue,

B<sup>b</sup>/D C<sup>#</sup>o7 F/C F7 B<sup>b</sup>/D C<sup>#</sup>o7 F/C F7

on that fam-ous thor-ough-fare with their nos-es in the air.

D<sup>b</sup> D<sup>#</sup>o7 E- A7 D<sup>b</sup> D<sup>#</sup>o7 E- A7

High hats and Ar-row col-lars, white spats and lots of dol-lars,

B- E7 A7 D7

spend-ing ev-'ry dime for a won-der-ful time..

CHORUS Trumpet lead

G-

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to, why don't you

D7(b9) G- G-/F E<sup>b</sup>9 D7

go where fash-ion sits, put-tin' on the Ritz.

G-

Dif-f'rent types who wear a day coat, pants with stripes and cut-a-

D7(b9) G- G-/F E<sup>b</sup>9 D7

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

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

When will I ev-er stop moan-in'? When will I ev-er smile? My ba-by went sad left me,

B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup> D- B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup> D- A<sup>7</sup> D- B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup>

She'll be gone a long, long while. I feel so blue and heart-bro-ken, What am I liv-ing

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

for? My ba-by went and left me, Nev-er to come back no more. I went

D- A<sup>7</sup> D- B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup>

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

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

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.

# ST. LOUIS BLUES

- W.C. HANDY

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# (BRIGHT) SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL

- LED 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:** Eb, F#o, Bb7, Bb+, Eb, C7, F7, Bb7, Eb, F#o, Bb7, Bb+, G7, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Eb, F7, Ab-, Bb7, Eb, F-

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

Some - day, — you'll be sor - ry, —

The way you treat - ed me was wrong. —

I was the one who taught you all you know;

Your friends have sent you to make me sing an - oth - er song. So

good luck — may be with you, —

And may your fu - ture dreams come true. —

You won't find an - oth - er to treat you like a broth - er;

Some - day you'll be sor - ry too. —

# TIGER RAG

(HOLD THAT TIGER)

- HARRY DECOSTA/ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

(UP)

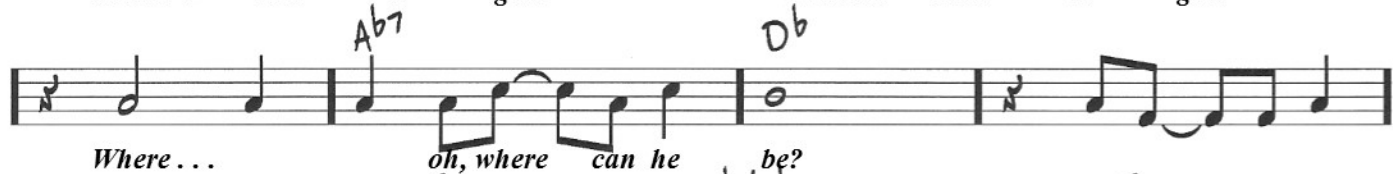
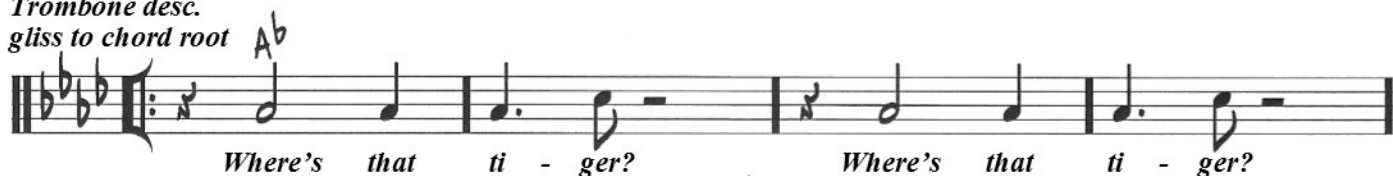
*Trombone small notes*

*SOLO BREAK (Clarinet)*

*SOLO BREAK (Clarinet)*



*Trombone desc.  
gliss to chord root*



# (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.



# (MED.) WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

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

(E<sup>b</sup>7 G G<sup>o</sup>7 G)

For when my ba - by smiles at me \_\_\_\_\_ my heart goes

roam - ing to par - a - dise. \_\_\_\_\_ And when my

ba - by smiles at me \_\_\_\_\_ there's such a

won - der - ful light in her eyes. \_\_\_\_\_ The kind of

light that means just love, \_\_\_\_\_ the kind of

love \_\_\_\_\_ that brings sweet har - mon - y I

sigh. I cry. It's just a glimpse of heav - en when my

ba - by smiles at me. \_\_\_\_\_ (For when my)

# (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 with lyrics and chords:

**Chords:** B<sup>b</sup>, (B<sup>b</sup>/maj<sup>7</sup>), D<sup>-</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>-</sup>, C<sup>-7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>+</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, B<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, (E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>), E<sup>b</sup>-<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>-7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>-</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, (F<sup>7</sup>)

**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)

# (MED. FAST) YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME

- CHARLES CARPENTER/LOUIS DUNLAP/EARL HINES

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 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

F (D7)



