THE GREATEST SONGS OF GEORGE GERSHWIN
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Chappell & Co., Inc.
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THE REAL AMERICAN FOLK SONG
(Is A Rag)*

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Near Barcelona the peasant croons
You may dislike, or you may adore,
The native songs from a

Spanish tunes; The Neapolitan Street Song sighs,
They may be songs that you can't forget,

think of Italian skies.
Each nation has a culture,

Written for "Ladies First" (1918)
The first George and Ira Gershwin collaboration used in a Broadway show
A native vein originating a native strain, With folk songs plaintive and certain snap, The tempo ticklish that makes you tap; The invitation to others gay, In their own peculiar way. American folk songs, I agitate And leave the rest to fate. A raggy refrain any feel, time Have a much stronger appeal. Sends me a message sublime.

Refrain-Tempo di Fox Trot The real American folk song is a rag.
A mental jag, A rhythmic

tonic for the chronic blues. The critics called it a joke song, but now

changed their tune and they like it somehow.
For it’s inoculated with a syncopated sort of meter, sweeter than a classic strain.

Boy! You can’t remain still and quiet, for it’s a riot! The real American folk song is like a Fountain of
Youth; You taste, and it elates you, And

then invigorates you. The real American

c folk song. A master stroke song, is a rag.

The rag.
BESS YOU IS MY WOMAN

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato, poco allargando

Piano

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how, because de sorrow of the past is all done,
done. Oh, Bess, my Bess!

happiness is jes' begun.
Boogie Woogie

Tempo I0 molto cantabile C#m7 D F D7 Gsus4 G Em7 (b5)

Porgy, is yo' woman now, I is, I is! An'

mf piu expr.

D C#m7(b5) G7 F#m C7

I ain' never goin' no-where 'less you shares de fun.

stringendo

Fmaj7 A7 poco rall. D a tempo A7 C#m7(b5) C C#m7 (b5) D F#m Bm7

Dere's no wrinkle on my brow no-

poco rall. a tempo

C#7 Subito piu mosso

how, but I ain' goin'! You hear me say-in', if you ain' goin',
Wid you I'm stay-in'. Porgy, Is yo' woman

now! Is yours for-ev'er, Morn-in' time an' ev'nin' time an'

summer time an' winter time. Morn-in' time an' ev'nin' time an'

summer time an' winter time; Bess, you got yo'

BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU
I'm a woman, now, I is. An' I ain' never goin' nowhere
nowan' forever. Dis life is just begun.

Bess, we two is one nowan' forever. Oh, Bess, don'
I min' dose wo-men, You got yo' Porgy, you loves yo' Porgy, I knows you

winkle on my brow no-how, but I ain' go-in'!

You hear me say-in', if you ain' go-in', Wid you I'm stay-in'.

means it, I seen it in yo' eyes, Bess.

Por-gy, It's yo' wo-man now! It's

Well go swing-in' through de years a-

fa tempo
F# ~humn~ri~ ~#~(b~)
Bmaj I 7
dm

[Music notation]

yours for - ev - er Morn-i n' time an' ev - nin' time an' sum - mertime an' win - ter time.

[Music notation]

p p-

Morn - in' time an' ev - nin' time an' sum - mer time an' win - ter time.

pp

(They embrace)

They embrace

Oh, my For - gy,

My Bess,

BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU
my man Porgy, From dis min-ute I'm tell-in' you, I keep dis vow:

my Bess, From dis min-ute I'm tell-in' you, I keep dis vow:

Porgy, Is yo' wo-man now.

Oh, my Bessie, we's hap-py now.

We is one now!
I GOT PLENTY O’ NUTTIN’

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN & DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Moderato

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De folks wid plenty o' plenty
Got a lock on de
doors,
Forbid-some-body's a-goin' to rob 'em while dey's out a-makin'
more.
What for?
I got no lock on de
doors, (dat's no way to be.)
Dey kin steal de rug from de floor,
Oh, I got plenty o' nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plenty fo' me.

Dat's o-keh wid me, 'cause de things dat I prize, like de stars in de skies, all are free.

Oh, I got plenty o' nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plenty fo' me. I got my gal, got my song, got Hebben the whole day long.

(Spoken in high voice) No use com-plain-in'! Got my gal, got my Lawd,
I got plenty o' nuttin',

I got plenty o' nuttin',

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.

I got plenty o' nuttin',

An' nuttin's plenty for me.
Seems wld plen-ty you sure got to wor-ry how to keep the deb-ble a-way.

I ain't a-fret-tin'bout hell Till de time ar-rive.

Never wor-ry long as I'm well,

Never one to strive to be good, to be bad, What the hell? I is glad Is a-live.

Oh,
I got plen-ty o’ nut-tin’, An nut-tin’s plen-ty fo’ me. I got my gal,

(Spoken in high voice)

got my song, Got Heb-ben the whole day long. No use com-plain-in’! Got my
gal, got my Lawd, Got my

song.
IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato scherzoso

1. It ain't necessarily so, It ain't necessarily so,
   David was small, but oh my! Li'l David was small but oh

   (happily, with humor) Gm C Gm C Gm C
   ain't necessarily so, It ain't necessarily so,

   David was small, but oh my! Li'l David was small but oh

   Gm C7 Db7 C7 Db7
   De tings dat yo' lible To read in de Bible, it

   my! He fought big Goliath Who lay down an' died! Li'l
A7  D7

Ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so.
Da-vid was small, but oh

1. Gm  C7  Eb7  D7 (repeat!)

2. Gm  Gm7

Allegro giocoso  db

Like a savage outburst

Wadoo,

Wadoo,

Ab  B dim  Ab  D7

Zim bam bod-dle-oo, Zim bam bod-dle-oo, Hoodle ah da wa da,

Fm6  D7  Gm

Hoo-dle ah da wa da, Scat-ty wah. Scat-ty wah... Yeah! 3. Oh,
Zim bam bod-dle-oo, Hoo-dle ah da wa da, Hoo-dle ah da wa da,

Scat-ty wah, Scat-ty wah. Yeah!

Ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so, It ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so. Dey

tell all you chil-lun De deb-ble's a vil-lun, But 'tain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly
To get into Hebben don’ snap for a sebben! Live, clean! Don’ have no fault. Oh, I takes dat gospel whenever it’s possible, but wid a grain of salt. Me-thus’lah lived nine hundred years, Me-thus’lah lived nine hundred years, But who calls dat livin’?
I ain't gonna give in
to man what's nine hundred years?

I'm preachin' this sermon to show,

ain't ness-a, ain't ness-a, ain't ness-a, ain't necessarily

so.
MY MAN’S GONE NOW

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD          Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

My man’s gone now, ain’ no use listenin’

For his tired footsteps climbin’ up de stairs.

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Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me my prayers.

Ah,

rail a tempo

Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me

com'ny, Whisperin' beside me when I say my prayers.

Ah,
**Boogie Woogie**

*Poco rall.*

**Più mosso**

long—by—me in de bed—

**Tell me de**

same thing morn—in', noon an' evenin',

That I'm all a—

**Meno**

lone now—Since my man is dead.

*(Waiting)*

**mf gliss.**

Ah,

Since my man—
ain' care what she say, I ain' care what she 'done, won't

some-bod-y tell me where's my Bess?

Bess, Oh

Lawn, My Bess! I want her
now, without her I can't go on.

I counted de days dat I was gone till I got home to see her face. Won't
some-bod-y tell me where's my Bess? I

want her so, my gal, My

Bess, where is she Oh

Gawd, in yo' big Heav'n please
show me where I mus' go, Oh give me de strength,

show me de way!

Tell me de truth, where is she, where is my gal, where is my

Bess!
SUMMERTIME

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto semplice

Moderato (with expression)

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So hush, little baby, don' yo'

Fmaj7 D#dim E E7 E E66 E7(b5)

my poco rit. a tempo

an' the cot-ton is high. Oh yo'

Am6 E7 Am6 E7 Am6 E7

dad-dy's rich, an' yo' ma is good-look-in'

Am D7 C Am D Dm7

So hush, little baby, don' yo'

hush, lit-tle ba-by,
One of these morn-in's
You goin' to rise up

Sing-in;
Then you'll spread yo' wings

And you'll take the sky.
But till that
With Dad-
yy an' Mam-
yy stand-
in'

by.

morn-
in'
there's a noth-
in' can harm you.
THERE'S A BOAT DAT'S LEAVIN' SOON FOR NEW YORK

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato (Tempo di Blues)

There's a boat dat's leavin' soon for New York, Come wid me,
Dat's where we belong, sister.

You an' me kin live dat high life in New York.

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Come wid me, dere you can't go wrong, sister.
I'll buy you de swell-est mansion Up on upper Fi' th Av en - ue, An' through Har - lem we'll go strut - tin', We'll
go a - strut - tin' An'dere'll be nut - tin' Too good for you. I'll
dress you in silks and sat- ins In de lat- est Pa- ris styles. All de
blues you’ll be for-get-tin’, You’ll be for-get-tin’; There’ll be no fret-tin’, Jes’ noth-in’ but
smiles. Come a- long wid me, dat’s de place,
Don’t be a fool, come a- long, come a- long.
There's a boat dat's leav'in' soon for New York.

Come wid me, dat's where we be long.

sis - ter, dat's where we be long.
A WOMAN IS A SOMETIME THING

Lyrics by DuBOSE HEYWARD

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

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But a woman is a sometimes.

Yes, a woman is a sometimes thing.

Yo' Mammy is the first to name you,

An' she'll tie you to her apron string; Then she'll
Am7(b5)

shame you and she'll blame you till yo' woman comes to claim you,

D p cresc. Eb C D Eb F Eb F Gm Eb

'Cause a woman is a sometime thing,

Gm B+ Cm7 Gm Eb7 C Dm7 Gm

Yes, a woman is a sometime thing.

Em7(b5) D7(b9) mf D7 Gm D7

Don't you never let a woman
grieve you

Just 'cause she got yo' wed din'

ring.

She'll love you and de ceive you, Then she'll

take yo' clo'es an' leave you, 'Cause

a woman is a some-time thing. Yes,
a
A woman is a sometimes thing,

Yes, a

Ah!
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Moderato (Rhumba rhythm)

It happened to me—On a trip to the West Indies.
Oh, I'm all at sea—Since that trip to the West Indies.
I'm jittery, I'm twittery, I guess I'm

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Em
A
Am7 D7 G maj 7
Cmaj7

I do. It isn't love. It isn't money trouble.

Em
Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

do... It isn't love. It isn't money trouble.

F7 B7 B7(b5) E
Em7 A7 D

It's a very funny trouble.

G6
Refrain

D9 G D7

It's Just Another Rhumba. But it
Why did I have to plan a vacation in Havana? Why did I take that trip...
That made me lose my grip? Oh! That piece of music laid me low.

There it goes again! Just another Rhumba!

Which I heard only last September!

I'm a wreck. Why did I have to suc-
Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah to that?
I gave up swing and hot-cha, Ah, ah, ah!

Ah! At first it was di-vine-ah, But it turned out a Cu-ban Frank-en-

stein-ah!

It's got me by the throat-ah. Oh what's the an-ti-dote-ah? Ah, ah,
It brought me woe and strife—ah, It made me lose my wife—ah, Where’s a gun or knife—ah?

It’s the rhumba that blighted my life. There it goes again!

Just another rhumba Which has got me under its
I thum-bah, So much so-that I can't eat or

slum-bah. Can you im-ag-ine an-y-thing
dum-bah? Why did I have to suc-cum-bah-to that
rhu-mbah?

ff marcato
SLAP THAT BASS

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Zoom-zoom! zoom-zoom! The world is in a mess! With

politics and taxes And people grinding axes, There's no hap-

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-ness. Zoom-zoom! zoom-zoom! Rhythm, lead your ace! The future doesn't fret me. If I can only get me

Someone to slap that bass! Happiness is not a riddle.

When I'm listening to that big bass fiddle.
Slap that bass, slap it till it's dizzy,
Slap that bass, rhythmically.

Keep the rhythm busy! Zoom! Zoom! Misery you got to go!

Slap that bass,
Use it like a tonic! Slap that bass, Keep your Philharmonic!

Zoom! zoom! zoom! And the milk and honey'll flow!

Dictators would be better off, If they

zoom zoomed now and then. Today you can see
that the happiest men

All got rhythm!

In which case
If you want to bubble,
Slap that bass,

Slap away your trouble!
Learn to zoom, zoom, zoom!
Slap that bass!
(I've Got) BEGINNER'S LUCK

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

At any gambling casino
From Monte Carlo to

Reno,
They tell you that a beginner
Comes out a

Moderato

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Beginner fishing for flounder

catch a seventeen pounder. That's what I

always heard And always thought absurd, But

now I believe ev'ry word.
For I've got beginner's luck. The first time that I'm in love,

I'm in love with you. Gosh, I'm lucky! I've got be-

ginner's luck. There never was such a smile—Or such eyes of blue!

Gosh, I'm fortunate! This thing we've begun Is much more than a
pas-time, For this time is the one Where the first time is the last time! I've got begin-ner's luck, Lucky through and through, 'Cause the first time that I'm in love, I'm in love with you.

1. G D6 A7(b5) D7

2. G G6 G
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

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I

Copyright
Goodness knows what the end will be. Oh, I don't know where I'm at. It looks as if we

E7                A6    Gm6 A7 D D7 Em D7

two will never be one, Something must be done.

Refrain G Em G6 C6 Am D7 G Em G6

You say either And I say either, You say neither And
You say laughter And I say laughter, You say after And

C6 Am D7 G G7 C Cm G Em

I say ny-ther; Ee-ther, eye-ther, nee-ther, ny-ther, Let's call the whole thing
I say awf-ter; Laugh-ter, lawf-ter, af-ter, awf-ter, Let's call the whole thing
You like potato and I like potah-to, You like tomato and
You like vanilla and I like vanel-la, You, sas' paril-la and
I like to-mah-to; Po-ta-to, Po-tah-to, To-ma-to, To-mah-to!
I sas' paril-la; Vanil-la, Vanel-la, Choc'-late, straw-bery!

Let's call the whole thing off! But oh! If we call the whole thing

off, Then we must part. And oh! If we ever part, Then
that might break my heart! So, if you like pajamas and I like pajamas,
So, if you go for oysters and I go for ersters

I'll wear pajamas and give up pajamas. I'll order oysters and cancel the ersters. For we know we

need each other, So we better call the calling off off.

Let's call the whole thing off!
SHALL WE DANCE

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

I - Drop that long face!, Come on, have your fling!

C C6 G F6 G7 Cmaj7 Dm C Dm

Why keep nursing the Blues?
If you want this old world on a string,

Put on your dancing shoes, stop wasting time! Put on your dancing shoes,

Watch your spirits climb.

Shall we dance, or keep on
Shall we dance, and walk on

Shall we give in to despair,

Or shall we dance with never a care?

Life is short
Don't you be an old er, Don't you be an al so,

You'd bet ter dance, lit tle la dy,

Dance lit tle man! Dance when ev er, you can!

1. F6    Am     Bb     C7(b9)
2. F6    C7      F     can!
THEY ALL LAUGHED

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato (gracefully)

E7(b5)

p simply

The

C8

(semplice)

F7 D7 Gm G G8 Bm6 C#m6

odds were a hundred to one against me.

The

C8

F7 D7 G G6 D6 C#dim E7(b5)

world thought the heights were too high to climb.

But

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people from Missouri never incensed me.

Oh, I wasn't a bit concerned For from

history I had learned How many, many times the

worm had turned.
Refrain (happily)

They all laughed at Christopher Columbus When he said the World was round.

They all laughed at Rockefeller Center Now they're fighting to get in.

They all laughed when Edison recorded sound.

They all laughed at Whitney and his cotton gin.

They all laughed at

They all laughed at

They all laughed at

Wilbur and his brother, When they said that man could fly.

Fulton and his steamboat, Hershey and his choc'late bar.
They told Marconi Wireless was a phoney;
Ford and his Lizzie Kept the laughers busy;

It's the same old cry. They laughed at me wanting
That's how people are. They laughed at me wanting

you, Said I was reaching for the moon; But
you, Said it would be Hello, Goodbye; But

oh, You came through Now they'll have to change their tune.
oh, You came through Now they're eating humble pie.
They all said we never could be happy, They laughed at us and
They all said we'd never get together; Darling, let's take a

A7

bow, But Ho, Ho, Ho! Who's got the last laugh,
For, Ho, Ho, Ho! Who's got the last laugh,

1. G Bdim B7 A#dim Bdim F#dim D+

now? He, He, He! Let's at the past laugh,

G E9 C6 D7 G

Ha, Ha, Ha! Who's got the last laugh now?
I was a stranger in the city.
Out of town were the people I knew.

I had that feeling of self-pity,
What to do? What to do? What to do? The
outlook was decidedly blue. But as I walked through the foggy streets alone, it turned out to be the luckiest day I've known.

A foggy day in London town

Had me low and had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm.
The British Museum had lost its charm.
How long, I wondered, could this thing last?
But the age of miracles hadn't passed.
For, suddenly, I saw you there.

And through foggy London town the sun was shining everywhere.
I CAN’T BE BOTHERED NOW

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato con spirito

Music is the magic that makes everything sunny:

Dancing makes my troubles all seem tiny. When I’m dancing

I don’t care if this old world stops turning, Or if my bank is

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burning, Or even if Rou-man-ia Wants to fight Al-

ban-ia. I'm not up-set, I re-fuse to fret.

Refrain (well marked)

Bad news, Go 'way! Call 'round some day In

staccato

March or May, I can't be both-ered now! My
and shares fall down - stairs, Who

cares, who cares? I'm danc - ing and I can't be both - ered

now! I'm up a - mong the stars, On

earth - ly things I frown. I'm throw - ing off the bars that held me
down. I'll pay the piper. When times are ripper, just now I shan't be cause you see I'm dancing and I can't be bothereu now! Bad now!
THE JOLLY TAR AND THE MILK MAID

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto scherzando

There was a Jolly Brit- ish Tar who
The Jolly Tar, he laughed a laugh."Tis

met a milk maid bon-ny. He said, "How beau- ti-
for the best, my bon-ny. That you won't be my

ful you are!" With a hey and a non-ny. With a
bet- ter half." With a hey and a non-ny. With a

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"Such golden hair I near forgot on

ne'er did see, With lips to shame the cherry.

buxom milk maid, marry me!" With a downadera-ry, With a

Spain and also Tim-buc-too!" With a downadera-ry, With a

Refrain

down, a downadera-ry!
down, a downadera-ry!

"Our "You've
hearts could rhyme,” said she.
“Tis flattered In,” said she,
Got me thinkin’ twice;
Good-bye to shoes and rice,
For oh, ah me,
You see, you see,
Just now, you see,
Just see, you see,
I happen to be,
I happen to be,
The moth-er of three; A wife al-ready, and moth-er of three, of
hus-band of three, A-spliced al-ready, and hus-band of three, of
three, of three, of three, of three, of three,

---

The mother of three!

---

The husband of three!
The man who only lives for making money
Lives a life that isn't necessarily sunny.
Likewise the man who works for fame,
There's no guarantee that time won't erase his name.
The fact is, the only work that really brings enjoyment.

Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant, Fall in love you won't regret it,

That's the best work of all if you can get it.

Refrain (smoothly)

Holding hands at midnight 'Neath a starry sky,
Nice work if you can get it, And you can get it if you try.

Strolling with the one girl, Sighing sigh after sigh,

Nice work if you can get it, And you can get it if you try.

Just imagine some one—Waiting at the cottage door,
Where two hearts become one, Who could ask for anything more?

Loving one who loves you, And then taking that vow,

Nice work if you can get it, And if you get it, Won't you tell me

1. G G6 Am6 C+ 2. G F+ Eb7 D7 G6

how? how?
I LOVE TO RHYME

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato con spirito

There are men who, in their leisure, Love to fish for salmon;

There are others who get pleasure When they play backgammon.

General Grant loved to smoke;

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Mark Twain loved to joke; Radio comics love to pun, But the thing I do is much more fun.

Refrain

I love to rhyme, Mountain-eers love to climb,

Criminals love to crime, But
I love to rhyme. I love to say
Gay, day, may, hey, hey! Chuck-le, knuck-le, nick-el, fick-le,

I love to rhyme!

ri-e-ty, so-ci-e-ty, pro-pri-e-ty, There’s no stop-ping when you’ve be-

BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU
gun; Ca-pac-i-ty, ve-ra-c-i-ty, au-da-ci-ty, Did you

ev-er know such fun? I love to rhyme, And

wouldn't it be sub-lime If one day it could

be That you rhyme with me? me?
I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Used to lead a quiet existence, Always had my peace of mind.

Kept Old Man Trouble at a distance; My days were silver.
lined. Right on top of the world I sat, But

look at me now, I don't know where I'm at.

Refrain

Moderately

I was doing all right, Nothing but rainbows in my sky,

I was doing all right Till you came by.
Never noticed the rain
Till you came by.

Life was as sweet as apple pie,

Ne'er noticed the rain
Till you came by.

Now—When ever you're a-way,
Can't sleep nights and

never the day;
I just sit and wonder if
I love isn't one big blunder. But when you hold me tight, Ting-ling all through, I feel some-how I was do-ing all right. But I'm do-ing bet-ter than ev-er now.
LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

The more I read the papers The less I comprehend
The world and all its capers And how it all will end.

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Refrain

A

Our love is here to stay;

I - Not for a year

But ever and a day.

last-ing, But that is - n't our af - fair; We've got some-thing

per-ma-nent, I mean in the way we care.

Refrain

It's ver-y clear Our love is here to stay;

Not for a year But ev - er and a day.
The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know May just be passing fancies,

And in time may go. But, oh my dear,

Our love is here to stay; Together
we're going a long, long way.

In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble,

They're only made of clay, But our love is here to stay.

It's very stay.
LOVE WALKED IN

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Nothing seemed to matter any more,

Didn't care what I was headed for,

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Refrain

slowly, with much expression

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away; Love walked right in and brought my sunniest
One magic moment and my heart seemed to know
That love said "Hello;" Though not a word was spoken.
One look and I forgot the gloom of the past;
One
One look and I had found a world completely new, when love walked in with you.

Look and I had found my future at last.
THE BACK BAY POLKA

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

(C) (G7)

Refrain (with humorous emphasis)

Give up the fond embrace, Pass up that pretty face,
Don't speak the naked truth. What's naked is uncouth,
Some where the fairer sex Has curves that are convex,
On Boston beans you dine, Then go to bed at nine.

(C) (Am) (D7) (C) (A7) (F) (G7)

You're of the human race, But not in Boston.
It may go in Duluth But not in Boston.
And girls don't all wear specs But not in Boston.
You mustn't undermine The town of Boston.

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Think as your neighbors think, Make lemonade your drink;
Keep up the cultured pose, Keep looking down your nose,
One day it's much too hot, Then cold as you know what.
No song except a hymn, And keep your language prim;

You'll be the Missing Link If you don't wear spats in Boston.
Keep up the status quos Or they keep you out of Boston.
In all the world there's not Weather anywhere like Boston.
You call a leg a limb Or they boot you out of Boston.

Painters who paint the nude We keep repressing;
Books that are out of key We quickly bury.
At natural history We are colossal.
You're of the bourgeoisie And no one bothers,
We take the attitude, Ever a salad must have dressing.
You will find liberty, In Mr. Webster's dictionary.
That is because, you see, At first hand we study the fossil.
Not if your family tree Doesn't date from the Pilgrim Fathers.

New York or Philadelphia, Won't put you up the flue.
Lubber goes up the flue, Life is one.
Strangers are all dismissed, Not that we're.
Therefore, when all is said, Life is so

on the shelf, If you would be your self, But you
big taboo, No matter what you do, It
prejudiced, You simply don't exist If you
limited, You find, unless you're dead, You
can't be yourself in Boston. You can't be yourself, You
isn't being done in Boston. It isn't being done, It
haven't been born in Boston. You haven't been born, You
never get ahead in Boston. You never get ahead Un-

Optional Interlude

Can't be yourself, You can't be yourself in Boston!
Isn't being done, It isn't being done in Boston!
 Haven't been born, If you haven't been born in Boston!
Less you're dead, You never get ahead in Boston!

C  G7  C

C7  G7

C7  G7

C7  G7  C
FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EVERMORE

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Par - a - dis - e can - not re - fuse us, Nev - er such a hap - py

pair! Ev - 'ry - bod - y must ex - cuse us
If we walk on air. All the shadows now will lose us,

Lucky stars are everywhere. As a happy being,

Here's what I'm foreseeing:

Refrain (not fast)

For you, for me, for evermore, It's
bound to be for evermore. It’s
plain to see, we found by finding each other, The love we waited for.

I’m yours, you’re mine, and in our hearts.
The happy ending starts.

What a lovely world this world will be, With a world of love in store For you, for me, for ever-

1. Eb Cm6 Ab7
   For more!

2. Eb
   For more!
THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME*

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato (lightly)

Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note, Though by to-morrow you're gone;

The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote, The

*Written for "Shall We Dance" - film (1937)

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The way you wearily wear your hat—
The way you sip your tea, slowly with warmth

The memory of all that—No, no! They can't take that away from me!
The way your smile just beams.

We may never, never meet again

The way you haunt my dreams.

No, no! They can’t take that away from me.

We may never, never meet again

On the bumpy road to love,

Still I’ll always, always keep the memory of
The way you hold your knife, me!
The way we danced till three.

The way you've changed my life. No, no! They can't take that away from me!

No! They can't take that away from me!

The way you wear your hat me!
“BY STRAUSS*”

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Tempo di Valse Viennoise

A - way with the mu - sic of

Broad - way! Be off with your Irving Berlin!

*Written for “The Show Is On” (1936)
I'd give no quarter to Kern or Cole Porter and Gershwin keeps pounding on tin. How can I be civil when hearing this drivel? It's only for night clubbing sous-es. Oh, give me the free 'n' easy.
Waltz that is Viennese! And go tell the band if they want a hand the waltz must be Strauss's!

Ya, ya, ya! Give me

oom pah pah!
Refrain

When I want a melody lilt ing through the house

Then I want a melody By Strauss! It

laughs! it sings! The world is in rhyme Swing ing to

three quarter time Let the “Danube” flow a long And the “Fle-der-
maus!"

Keep the wine and give me song

By Strauss!

By Jo! By Jing! "By Strauss" is the thing! So I say to

ha-chacha, Heraus!

Just give me a oom-pah-pah

By Strauss.

When I want a Strauss.

C7 Bb F

Db7 C7

F C7 F
Tempo di valse moderato

Every day I sit and pray I win you over soon.

Say yes, won't you?

Do you, don't you want this world in tune?
What does it take to persuade you? And how much more must I

serenade you?

Refrain

1. Listen to me, Sophia, Have you
2. Listen to me, Sophia, Have you

an y i de a How much you mean to me a?
an y i de a How much you mean to me a?
How much you'll never know!
Ev'ry day more and more!

If I'm all agitated,
All the others were so-so,

Ev'ry heart string vibrato,
Not a one amoroso,

Ev'ry look passionate,
But with you I'm aglow, so,
Who but you made me so?
Only you I adore.
It's You're

love, it's love crescendo,
sweeter than spumone,

Never ever diminuendo.
Sweet even than zambalone.

Say the word, sweet Sophia,
Say the word, sweet Sophia,
Or from earth I resign.
Let our heart's intertwine.

So phi, be mine!

Oh, Sophia, be mine!

Oh, Sophia, be mine!

Oh, Sophia, be mine!
ALL THE LIVELONG DAY
(And The Long, Long Night)

Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Piano

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But who's re-
nining? A-round your fin-
er I'm twirled. But who's re-

bel-ling? You've got me tell- ing the world.

Refrain (Leisurely)

All the live-long day and the long, long night.

What do I do-o-o-o? Dream a-bout you-o-o-o!
You'll find I'm perfect casting

1. You'll find I'm perfect casting
2. No chance you're taking chances

opposite you.

taking me on.

You'll find love everlasting:

Believe me when this man says:
Summer, spring and fall-time,
You're my one and all-time.
You're the why and wherefore,
I am here to care for.

All I live for now is to hold you tight,