

OFFICIAL
NIGHTBLOOMING JAZZMEN
CAZOO CHOIR
SONG BOOK



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ALL OF ME

All of me, why not take all of me?
 Can't you see, I'm no good without you?
 Take my lips, I want to lose them.
 Take my arms, I'll never use them.
 Your goodbye left me with eyes that cry;
 How can I go on, dear, without you?
 You took the part that once was my heart,
 So why not take all of me?

ANY TIME

Any time you're feeling lonely,
 Any time you're feeling blue,
 Any time you feel downhearted,
 That will prove your love for me is true.
 Any time you're thinking 'bout me,
 That's the time I'll be thinking of you.
 So Any Time you say you want me back again,
 That's the time I'll come back home to you.

BABY FACE

Baby face, you've got the cutest little baby face;
 There's not another one could take your place,
 Baby face, my poor heart is jumpin' - -
 You sure have started somethin'. Baby face,
 I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace,
 I didn't need a shove, 'cause I just fell in love
 With your pretty Baby Face.

BILL BAILEY

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey,
 Won't you come home?
 She moans the whole day long;
 I'll do the cooking, darling, I'll pay the rent,
 I know I've done you wrong.
 'Member that rainy eve that I drove you out,
 With nothin' but a fine tooth comb?
 I know I'm to blame, well, ain't that a shame?
 Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?

BLUE SKIES

Blue skies smiling at me,
 Nothing but blue skies do I see.
 Blue birds singing a song,
 Nothing but blue birds all day long.
 Never saw the sun shining so bright,
 Never saw things going so right.
 Noticing the days hurrying by;
 When you're in love, my how they fly!
 Blue days all of them gone;
 Nothing but blue skies from now on.

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME

California here I come,
 Right back where I started from.
 Where bowers, of flowers, bloom in the sun;
 Each morning, at dawning birdies sing and everything.
 Sunkist miss said don't be late;
 That's why I can hardly wait!
 Open up that Golden Gate; California here I come.

Chicago, Chicago, that toddling town, toddling town;
Chicago, Chicago, I'll show you around; (I love it)
Bet your bottom dollar you lose the blues in
Chicago, Chicago-- the town that Billy Sunday
could not shut down.

On State Street, that great street, I just want to say,
Just want to say, they do things they don't do
On Broadway; say,
They have the time, the time of their life;
I saw a man, he danced with his wife,
In Chicago, Chicago my home town.

COQUETTE

Tell me why you keep fooling, little Coquette,
Making fun of the ones who love you....
Breaking hearts you are ruling, little Coquette,
True hearts tenderly dreaming of you.
Some day you'll fall in love as I fell in love with you;
Maybe someone you love will just be fooling.
And when you're all alone with only regret,
You'll know, little Coquette, I loved you.

DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey;
You better be ready about half past eight;
Now dearie, don't be late;
I want to be there when the band starts playing.
Remember when we get there, Honey,
The two-steps, I'm goin' to have 'em all;
Goin' to dance o'ff both my shoes,
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues",
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME?

4.

When you have another's arms about you,
Do you ever think of me?
When you whisper "I can't live without you,"
Do you ever think of me?
And when your eyes disguise the same old loving lies,
You tell so tenderly, Deep in your heart unfeeling
When some heart you're stealing,
Do you ever think of me?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS

Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans,
And miss it each night and day?
I know I'm not wrong, the feelin's gettin' stronger--
The longer I stay away.
Miss the moss-covered vines, the tall sugar pines,
Where mockin' birds used to sing,
And I'd like to see the lazy Mississippi
A hurryin' into spring.
The moonlight on the bayou,
A creole tune that fills the air;
I dream about magnolias in June,
And soon I'm wishin' that I was there.
Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans,
When that's where you left your heart?
And there's something more:
I miss the one I care for
More than I miss New Orleans.

EXACTLY LIKE YOU

I know why I've waited, know why I've been blue,
 Prayed each night for someone Exactly like you.
 Why should we spend money on a show or two?
 No one does those love scenes Exactly like you.
 You make me feel so grand, I want to hand the
 world to you;
 You seem to understand each foolish little scheme
 I'm scheming, dream I'm dreaming.
 Now I know why mother taught me to be true;
 She meant me for someone Exactly like you.

HEART OF MY HEART

"Heart of My Heart," I love that melody;
 "Heart of My Heart" brings back a memory;
 When we were kids on the corner of the street,
 We were rough and ready guys,
 But Oh! How we could harmonize!
 "Heart of My Heart," meant friends were dearer then;
 Too bad we had to part. I know a tear would glisten,
 If once more I could listen
 To that gang that sang "Heart of My Heart".

IDA, SWEET AS APPLE CIDER

Ida, sweet as apple cider, Sweeter than all I know...
 Come out in the silv'ry moonlight,
 Of love we'll whisper so soft and low.
 Seems I can't live without you.
 Listen, oh honey, do! Ida, I idolize you;
 Love you, Ida, 'deed I do.

IF I HAD YOU

I could show the world how to smile,
I could be glad all of the while,
I could change the grey skies to blue
If I had you.

I could leave the old days behind,
Leave all my pals, I'd never mind.
I could start my life all anew
If I had you.

I could climb the snow-capp'd mountains,
Sail the mighty ocean wide;
I could cross the burning desert,
If I had you by my side.

I could be a king, dear, uncrown'd,
Humble or poor, rich or reknowned,
There is nothing I couldn't do
If I had you.

IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town;
The roof is so slanty, it touches the ground;
But my tumbled-down shack,
By an old railroad track,
Like a millionaire's mansion, is calling me back.
I'd give up a palace, if I were a king;
It's more than a palace, it's my ev'rything.
There's a Queen waiting there with a silvery crown,
In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE 7.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see,
When the voice that I heard, like the song of the bird,
Seems to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the blossoms when you said to me,
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY

It happened in Monterey, a long time ago;
I met her in Monterey, In old Mexico;
Stars and steel guitars, and luscious lips, as red as wine,
Broke somebody's heart, and I'm afraid that it was mine.
It happened in Monterey, without thinking twice,
I left her and threw away the key to Paradise;
My indiscreet heart, longs for the sweetheart
That I left in old Monterey.

IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE

Be sure it's true, when you say, I love you;
It's a sin to tell a lie,
Millions of hearts have been broken,
Just because these words were spoken:
I love you, yes, I do, I love you.
If you break my heart, I'll die.
So be sure it's true, when you say I love you.
It's a sin to tell a lie.

Just give me a June night, the moonlight and you.
In my arms, with all your charms,
'Neath stars above, and we'll make love;
I'll hold you, enfold you, then dreams will come true.
So give me a June night, the moonlight and you.

LINGER AWHILE

The stars shine above you, yet linger awhile;
They whisper "I love you", so linger awhile;
And when you have gone away,
Each hour will seem a day.
I've something to tell you, so linger awhile.

L - O - V - E

L is for the way you look at me.
O is for the only one I see.
V is very, very extra ordinary.
E is even more than any one that you adore can.
Love is all that I can give to you;
Love is more than just a game for two,
Two in love can make it,
Take my heart and please don't break it,
Love was made for me and you.

MARY LOU

Mary Lou, Mary Lou, cross my heart I love you!
Ev'ry bell in the steeple is ready to ring,
And all the people are planning pretty presents
all for you,
Mary Lou, won't you give your promise true?
Why for miles around they're waiting to start the celebrating
When you say "I do", Mary Lou!

MY GAL SAL

They called her frivolous Sal,
 A peculiar sort of a gal,
 With a heart that was mellow,
 An all 'round good fellow, Was my old pal.
 Your troubles, sorrows and care,
 She was always willing to share.
 A wild sort of devil, But dead on the level,
 Was my gal Sal.

MY HONEY'S LOVIN' ARMS

I love your lovin' arms; They hold a world of charms;
 A place to nestle when I am lonely;
 A cozy Morris chair; Oh what a happy pair;
 One caress, happiness, seems to bless my little Honey;
 I love you more each day;
 When years have passed away
 You'll find my love belongs to you only;
 'Cause when the world seems wrong,
 I know that I belong
 Right in my Honey's lovin' arms.

MY LITTLE GIRL

My little girl, you know I love you,
 And I long for you each day;
 My little girl, I'm dreaming of you,
 Tho' you're many miles away.
 I see the lane down in the wildwood,
 Where you promised to be true.
 My little girl, I know you're waiting,
 And I'm coming back to you.

I've been floating down the old green river
On the good ship Rock and Rye.
But I floated too far—I got stuck on a bar;
I was out there alone wishing that I was home.
That ship got wrecked with the captain and crew.
And there was only one thing left to do;
So I had to drink the whole green river dry
To get back home to you.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

Grab your coat, and get your hat,
Leave your worry on the doorstep;
Just direct your feet
To the sunny side of the street.
Can't you hear a pitter-pat?
And that happy tune in your step?
Life can be so sweet,
On the sunny side of the street.
I used to walk in the shade,
With those blues on parade,
But I'm not afraid, This Rover crossed over.
If I never have a cent,
I'll be rich as Rockefeller --
Gold dust at my feet,
On the sunny side of the street.

SHOULD I

Should I reveal exactly how I feel,
 Should I confess I love you?
 Should I recite beneath the pale moonlight,
 And swear by stars above you?
 Could I repeat the sweetest story told?
 Could I entreat? Would it be too bold?
 Should I reveal exactly how I feel,
 Should I confess I love you?

SOME OF THESE DAYS

Some of these days you'll miss me honey;
 Some of these days you'll feel so lonely.
 You'll miss my hugging, you'll miss my kissing,
 You'll miss me, honey, when you go away.
 I feel so lonely just for you only,
 For you know honey you've had your way.
 And when you leave me, I know 'twill grieve me,
 You'll miss your little baby, yes, some of these days.

SUNDAY

I'm blue ev'ry Monday, Thinking over Sunday,
 That one day when I'm with you;
 It seems that I sigh all day Tuesday,
 I cry all day Wednesday, Oh, my! how I long for you.
 And then comes Thursday,
 Gee! it's long, It never goes by.
 Friday makes me feel like I'm gonna die;
 But after pay-day is my fun day;
 I shine all day Sunday,
 That one day when I'm with you.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

12.

Wait till the sun shines, Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by;
We will be happy Nellie, don't you cry.
Down Lover's Lane we'll wander, sweetheart,
You and I; so won't you
Wait 'till the sun shines Nellie, bye and bye.
Wait till the sun shines, Nellie,
And the gray skies turn to blue;
You know I love you Nellie, 'deed I do.
We'll face the years together, Sweethearts you and I.
So won't you wait till the sun shines Nellie,
Bye and Bye.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE

I wander'd today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

CHORUS

And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

13.

'Way down yonder in New Orleans,
In the land of dreamy scenes,
There's a garden of Eden, that's what I mean.
Creole babies with flashing eyes
Softly whisper with tender sighs.
Stop, oh, won't you give your lady fair a little smile.
Stop, you bet your life you'll linger there a little while.
There is heaven right here on earth,
With those beautiful queens,
'Way down yonder in New Orleans.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me;
What a blessing, no one knows.
You made life cheery when you called me dearie;
'Twas down where the blue grass grows;
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore that tulip and I wore a big red rose.

WHISPERING

Whispering while you cuddle near me --
Whispering so no one can hear me --
Each little whisper seems to cheer me.
I know it's true there's no one dear, but you;
You're whispering why you'll never leave me;
Whispering why you'll never grieve me;
Whisper and say that you believe me
Whispering that I love you.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old flag, you're a high flying flag;
 And forever in peace may you wave;
 You're the emblem of the land I love,
 The home of the free and the brave.
 Ev'ry heart beats true under Red, White and Blue,
 Where there's never a boast or brag;
 But, should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

YANKEE DOODLE BOY

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
 A Yankee Doodle do or die;
 A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's,
 Born on the Fourth of July.
 I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
 She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
 Yankee Doodle came to London
 Just to ride the ponies;
 I am a Yankee Doodle boy.

BASIN STREET BLUES

Won't-cha come along with me, to the Mississippi?
 We'll take the boat to the lan' of dreams;
 Steam down the river, down to New Orleans;
 The band's there to meet us, Old friends to greet us,
 Where all the light and the dark folks meet;
 Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street.
 Basin Street is the street, where the elite, always meet,
 In New Orleans, lan' of dreams;
 You'll never know how nice it seems,
 or just how much it really means;
 Glad to be, Yes, Siree, where welcome's free,
 Dear to me, where I can lose my Basin Street Blues.