

JAZZ SONGS

Peter Stickland

Songs

Calum Storrie

Drawings & photos

Matt Robinson

Notation

77books

First published in the UK, May 2019

77books

69 Osbaldeston Rd
London N16 7DL

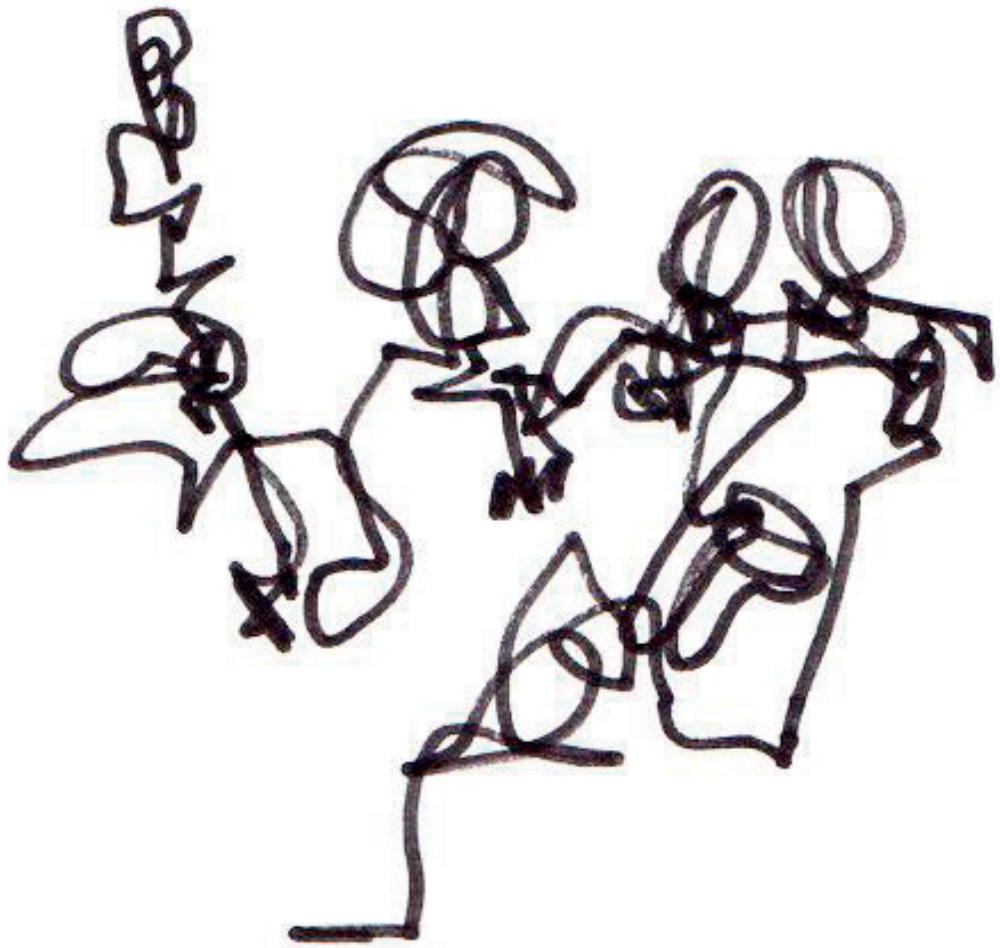
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Cover design; Calum Storrie

for Emilia and
the women who sing



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Introduction

In recent years I have speculated about the kind of songs I would write if I wrote songs. I began exploring the question by selecting songs I felt an affinity with, changed the lyrics and then went in search of new tunes to accompany my lyrics. It didn't work. Later I started the process with folk songs, wondering if I'd be happy with traditional re-interpretations. I wasn't. Then in July 2018 I attended a Pete Churchill workshop at King's Place. It was the afternoon prior to a concert performed by the London Vocal Project. They were performing Jon Hendricks' masterful lyricisation of the Miles Davis and Gil Evans album, *Miles Ahead*. At this workshop, Pete explained the vocalise techniques Jon Hendricks had used to create his lyrics. I was amazed that Jon had lyricised these complex improvisations and astounded that Pete had arranged and notated the lyrics to enable his choir to perform them. Amazed and delighted.

Jon Hendricks lyricised non-vocal jazz by finding syllables and vowel sounds that were in accord with the pitch and tone of the instruments. His complex sound/words followed the melodies and rhythms and finally became songs. I wanted to play this game. I can't read music, but neither could Jon Hendricks. I decided to take an improvisation of a jazz song and rewrite the lyrics so that it followed the phrasing. I started with John Coltrane's brilliant improvisation of *My Favourite Things*.

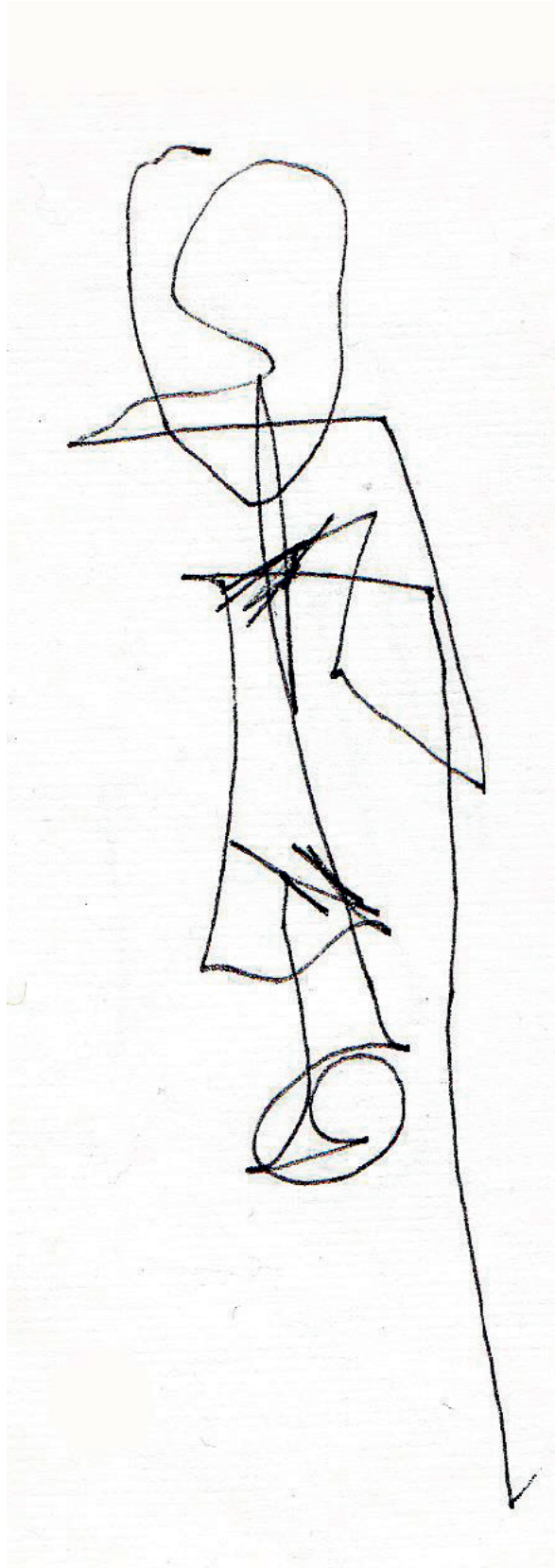
After playing around with jazz songs for a while, I came up with four different types of lyric writing. In this book I present three songs for each of these types. They're all adventures in borrowing and editing. I am a collage artist placing new material alongside texts previously written. I continually re-adjust the meaning as part of the process, reading between the lines and letting rhymes dictate the subject. I don't make demands on the topic or need it to become something, I try to discover it. I like multi-layered medleys and diverse materials working together. Speed, chance and play are key factors; they keep the preconceptions at bay and allow meaning to rise up in an unpredictable fashion. It's an exercise in acceptance; finding things and creating partnerships for these things before judgement arises.

Recently, I have started to sing these songs with accompanying musicians and this has introduced another level to the game. In this book there are lyrics and musical charts, but this is just half the story. The invention and learning don't stop here, it is simply where performance begins. The original question about the kind of songs I would like to write has changed. I now want to know how I would interpret and perform my songs. I had the pleasure of singing with the brilliant guitarist Luca Boscagin and discovered that he added another layer to the spirit of collage in these songs. He created a delicate filigree of sounds in and around the main body of the song, allowing it to flow to places I could not have imagined. He was in his world, I was in mine, yet we played together like we were one collage. This is where I feel happiest. This is the adventure I was looking for.

A constant feature of my bookmaking is collaboration and in this project it has been essential. Without Emilia Mårtensson I would not have progressed on this wonderful journey. Through workshops and tutorials, she has given me an opportunity to practise how I make sounds and explore how songs are cultivated and performed. I have been lifted up by her sensitivity, moved by her encouragement and inspired by her insights. I also worked with the pianist Matt Robinson and learned why so many jazz singers want to work with him. He was a joy to perform with and his willingness to notate my songs enabled me to complete this book and sing the songs with other musicians. He introduced me to the conventions of jazz song structure and helped sort out a few dubious refrains. Finally, I am truly delighted that Calum Storey was happy to accept my invitation to add his wonderful automatic, 'constant line' drawings to the book. I was happy for him to direct the visuals in any way he wished and this book is now a celebration of his sensitive and dynamic lines. I am delighted and feel uplifted to have his work next to mine.

There must be a million different ways to write and perform songs and I am extremely grateful to have started on this expedition.

Peter Stickland



The Drawings

I have been making drawings at music gigs since 2011. From the outset, I set a number of constraints:

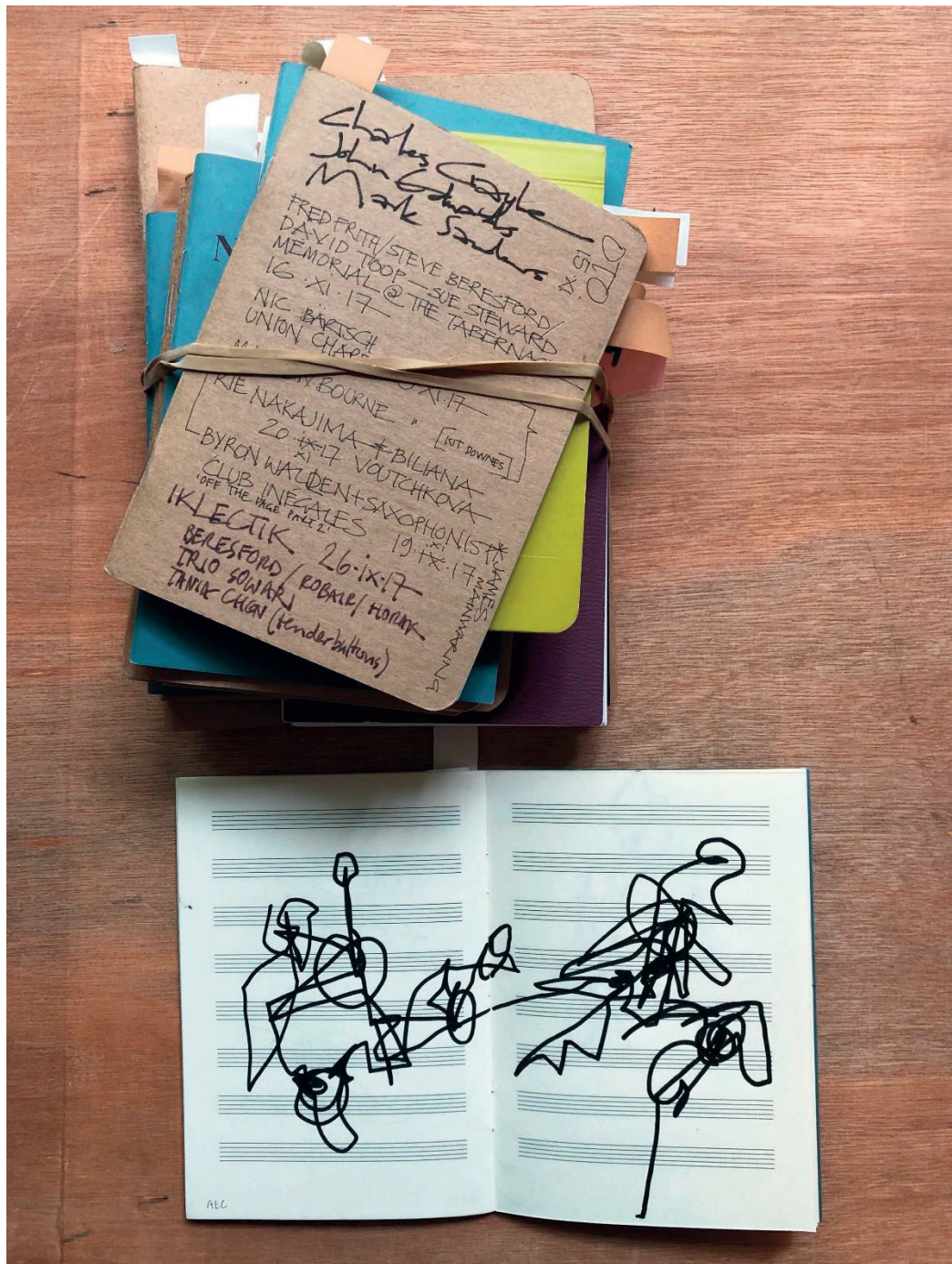
- I would only make one drawing at each performance and it should be done within the first five minutes. (I thought that doing more drawings might distract me from listening)
- the drawing was to be done in a single line
- I was not to look at the paper while I was drawing.

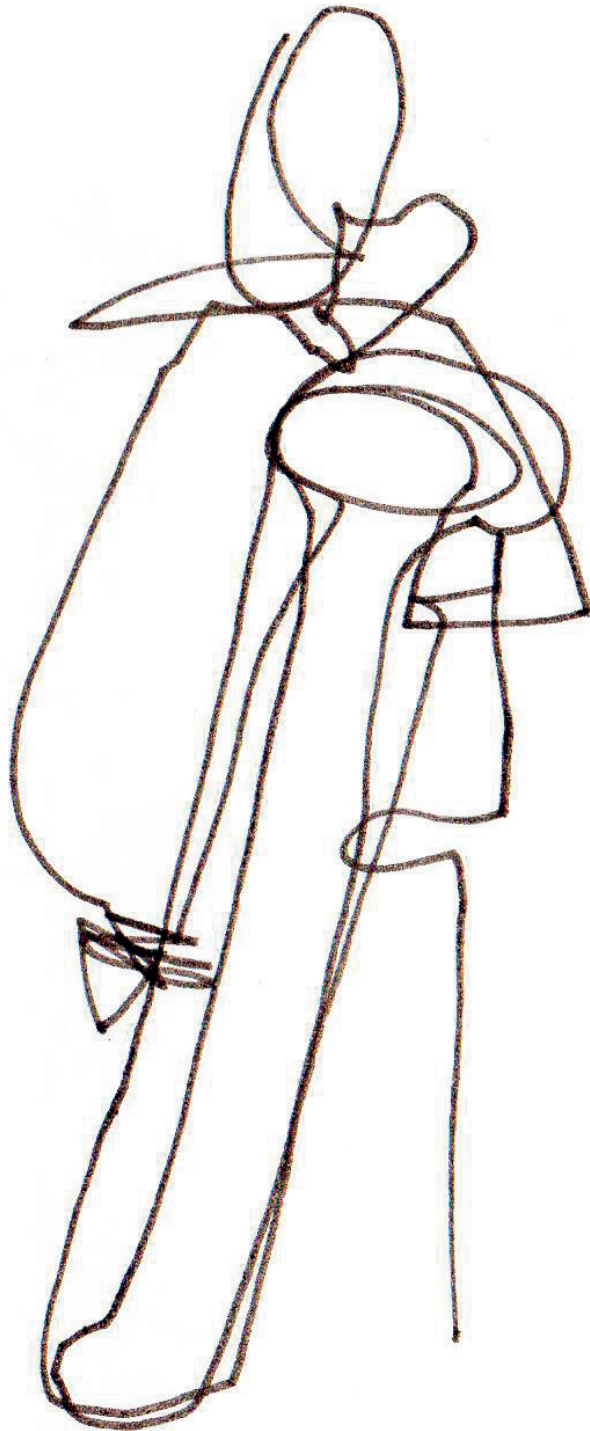
I quickly realised that the sketchbooks needed to be quite small so that I could work on them discreetly. Of the three rules I have kept completely to the second and mostly to the third. The first I ditched quite soon as I realised that the drawings had a low 'success' rate. They are not meant to be expressions of the music; I don't expect the drawings to help viewers hear what I heard. Nor (obviously) are they accurate records of the performers. Instead, they are representations of performance. So 'success' depends on them being recognisable depictions of actions encompassing a sense of my own presence at the moment of performance. Sometimes this means that the space of the performance and the audience creep into the drawing.

I was very pleased to be asked by Peter to insert some of my drawings into this work. We decided to show many of the drawings as photographs of sketchbooks as this materiality is inherent to the process. Of course, the drawings do not illustrate Peter's songs nor Matt's notations. Many of the gigs where I draw take place at Cafe Oto in Dalston and many of these gigs are based around free improvisation. Herein lies the relationship with Peter's project – the transformational gesture inherent to improvisation and play.

Calum Storrie

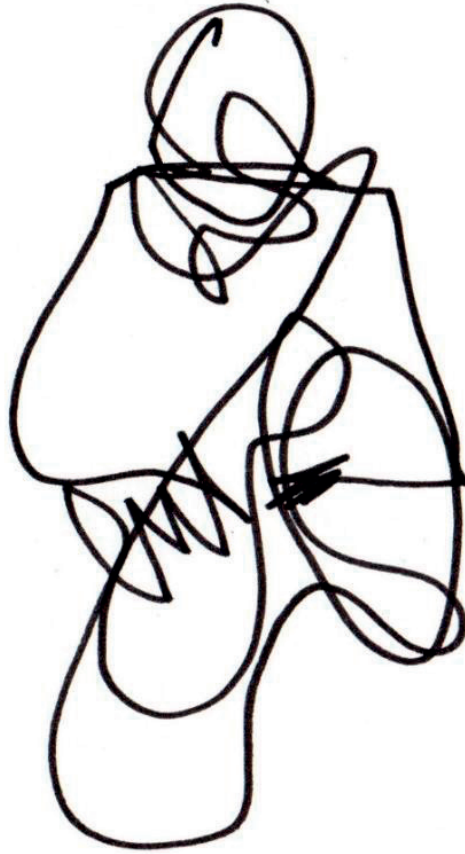






Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

The principle for this section is that John Coltrane's improvisation of the songs becomes the tune and the words are adjusted so they can be sung to this tune.



ONE

Love Fades / My Favourite Things / Coltrane

This was my first jazz song adventure and it enjoyed a lengthy and complex process. I knew the Coltrane version well and my first decision was to revise the original lyrics. They contained too many nouns and I knew verbs would be far more useful to me. I wanted to find a song to inspire my words and by chance I came upon the Habanera aria from Bizet's *Carmen*. I rewrote the lyrics of *My Favourite Things* with the sentiments and words from this aria. Having changed the base song, I set about the task of changing the words so that they mimicked the phrasing of Coltrane's version. Initially I wanted to re-lyricise the whole number, but Coltrane's solos proved to be too difficult, so I only translated the first part. Being very fond of McCoy Tyner's inspired piano playing, I also considered making the jazz song a duet, giving lyrics to his piano notes. It is possible to perform this duet. My final decision was to reduce the song to a solo, keeping McCoy Tyner's introduction and adding the bridge, which Coltrane never plays.

My Favourite Things

Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver-white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favourite things

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favourite things

When the dog bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so bad.

Cream-coloured ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favourite things

When the dog bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so bad.

Here is the original version from the 1959 Broadway
musical The Sound of Music, sung by Mary Martin
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IFxOriWYF9w>

Here is the extraordinary version by John Coltrane.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YHVarQbNAwU>

Love Is A Rebellious Bird

This is an aria from Carmen by Georges Bizet. The libretto was written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy. The French name for this aria is “L’amour est un oiseau rebelle” but the popular name is Habanera (meaning the music of Havana) Here is the English translation and a link to a performance. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KJ_HHRJfoxg

Love is a rebellious bird
that nobody can tame,
and you call him quite in vain
if it suits him not to come.

Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
it's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent but I like his looks.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware! Etc.

The bird you thought you had caught
beat its wings and flew away ...
love stays away, you wait and wait;
when least expected, there it is!

All around you, swift, so swift,
it comes, it goes, and then returns ...
you think you hold it fast, it flees
you think you're free, it holds you fast.

Love! Love! Love! Love!
Love is a gypsy's child,
it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware!

Love Birds Are Stubborn / My Favourite Things

If you hear love song and you're the one singing
You know, before long, sweet bells will be ringing
Love being sneaky, infects ev'ry pore
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door

Clouds, you can't sit on, so don't try to go there
You'll never fly on a wing or your best prayer
Love makes you tipsy, you'll soon hit the floor
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door

When you're waiting, for the right day
And it comes at last
Try not to pursue love, if it flies away
For dreams that are grasped fade fast

Love birds are stubborn, so don't aim to tame them
Don't seek to rule them and don't try to change them
Love, the sly gypsy, cares nothing for law
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door

When you're waiting, for the right day
And it comes at last
Try not to pursue love, if it flies away
For dreams that are grasped fade fast

Love Birds Are Stubborn / My Favourite Things

Duet – Lyrics for piano and saxophone

PIANO - McCoy Tyner

Love hits you fast and flies away
 Though you been waiting for the day
 Love, when pursued, it flies away
 Your dream will come when it's the day
 You got to know love flies
 You got to know dreams fade
 You got to know dreams fly
 You got to know love fades
 Love flies, dreams fade, dreams fly, love fades
 Love's fast, dream's grasp, dream fast, love's grasp
 Love waits, dream's come, dream's wait, love
 Love's grasp, dream right, dream's grasp, a love
 Love song sings, sweet bells ring
 Hearing fades, long before
 Fly long, sneaky, love song, before,
 Hear love, quickly, hear bells, long song
 Soon one, infects, song or, leave
 Then hear, sneaky, bells go, before
 Sit on clouds, go up there,
 On the floor, fly at prayer
 Never try, on the wing
 Finest floor, on the clouds
 Love flies, your door
 Love soon
 Or dream
 To love
 Tippy floor, sit on prayer, finest fly, quick wing
 Try on clouds, never love, hit the floor, fine prayer
 Never go, tippy fly, never wing, door
 Love your clouds, try to wing, try to fly, best floor
 Tippy floor, sit on prayer, finest fly, quickly wing
 Try on clouds, never love, hit the floor, fine prayer
 Never go, tippy fly, never wing door
 Love your clouds, try to wing, try to fly, floor
 Sit on clouds, go up there,
 On the floor, fly at prayer,
 Never try, love it flies
 Sit on prayer, love your clouds

SAXOPHONE - John Coltrane

If you hear love song an' you're the one that's doing singing
You know, before long, the sweet bells, they will be ringing
Love being sneaky, infects ev'ry pore
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door
It does.....

The clouds, you can't sit on, so don't try to go there 'cos
You'll never fly on a wing or your best prayer
Love makes you tipsy, you'll soon hit the floor
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door-or
Or more
The door
And more
To try
The door
To try - to fly
A try - to fly
To love

[illegible]

Love Fades / My Favourite Things / Coltrane

Love hits you fast and flies away
Though you been waiting for the day
Love, when pursued, it flies away
Your dream will come when it's the day
You got to know love flies
You got to know dreams fade
You got to know dreams fly
You got to know love fades

If you hear love song an' you're the one that's doing singing
You know, before long, the sweet bells, they will be ringing
Love being sneaky, infects ev'ry pore
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door your door.....

The clouds, you can't sit on, so don't try to go there 'cos
You'll never fly on a wing or another prayer no
Love makes you tipsy, you'll soon hit the floor
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door or more Improvisation

Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door
When you're waiting, waiting for the right day
And it comes, it comes then at last
Try not to pursue love, if it flies away
For love that is grasped, fades fast

Yes, love birds are stubborn, so don't aim to ever tame them
Don't seek to rule them and don't try to ever change them
Love – the old gypsy – cares nothing for law
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the door

Love the birds, stubborn birds, never try, they don't tame
Don't seek, don't rule, don't try to ever changgge them
Love – the old gypsy – cares nothing for lawwww
Love flies in quickly and leaves by the doorrrr, your doorrrr Improvisation

When you're waiting, waiting for the right day
And it comes, it comes then at last
Try not to pursue love, if it flies, it flies away
For love that is grasped, fades
For love that is grasped, fades
For love that is grasped, fades and it always fades fast

Love Fades

based on John Coltrane's version of
'My Favourite Things' by Richard Rogers
Lyrics by Peter Stickland

intro

Em

Love hits you fast and flies a - way Though you been wait - ing for the day

5 Em

Love, when purs - ued, it flies a - way Your dream will come when it's the day

9 Em F#m/E Em F#m/E

You got to know love flies You got to know dreams fade

13 Em F#m/E Em F#m/E

You got to know dreams fly You got to know love fades

A

17 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7) Em11

If you hear love song an' you're the one that's do-ing sing-ing You know be fore long sweet bells will be ring - ing

25 Am7 D7 Em7 Am6/E Em7 Am6/E F#m7(b5) B7(b9)

Love be - ing snea-ky in-fects ev'-ry pore Love flies in quick-ly and leaves by the door, your

33 Em F#m/E

door Em F#m/E Em F#m/E Em F#m/E The

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

2 **B**
41 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7) Cmaj7(#11)
clouds you can't sit on so don't try to go there cos You'll ne-ver fly on a wing or an oth-er prayer no

49 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F#m7(b5) B7
Love makes you tip-sy, you'll soon hit the floor. Love flies in quick ly and leaves by the door or

Improvisation

57 Emaj7 Amaj7
more

63 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

69 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F#m7(b5) B7
Love flies in quick - ly and leaves by the door.

C

73 Em C#m7(b5) F#m7(b5) B7 Em Em/D Cmaj7
When you're wait - ing wait-ing for the right day And it comes, it comes then at last Try

81 Em7 A7 Am7 D7
not to pur - sue love if it flies a - way For love that is grasped

87 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 F#m7(b5) B7
fade fast Yes,

HEAD OUT - D

93 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7) Em11
Love birds are stub-born so don't aim to ev-er tame them Don't seek to rule them and don't try to ev-er change them

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

101 Am⁷ D⁷ Em⁷ Am⁶/E Em⁷ Am⁶/E F[#]m⁷(b5) B⁷(b9) 3

Love, the sly gyp-sy cares noth-ing for law Love flies in quick ly and leaves by the door.

E

109 Em Em(maj7) Em⁷ Em(maj7) Cmaj7(#11)

Love the birds stub-born birds nev-er try they don't tame Don't seek, don't rule don't try to ev-er change them

117 Am⁷ D⁷ Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F[#]m⁷(b5) B⁷

Love, the old gyp-sy cares noth-ing for law Love flies in quick-ly and leaves by the door. your

Improvisation

125 Emaj7

door

129 Amaj7 Am⁷ D⁷

135 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F[#]m⁷(b5) B⁷

F

141 Em C[#]m⁷(b5) F[#]m⁷(b5) B⁷ Em Em/D Cmaj7

When you're wait - ing wait-ing for the right day And it comes, it comes then at last Try

149 Em⁷ A⁷ Am⁷ Cmaj7 D⁷

not to pur - sue love, if it flies, it flies a - way For love that is grasped fades For

156 Am⁷ Cmaj7 D⁷ Am⁷ Cmaj7 D⁷ freely D⁷(b9) Gmaj7

love that is grasped fades For love that is grasped fades and it al-ways fades fast

23.i.17 — 1.ii.17
NEW YORK / LONDON

Notes

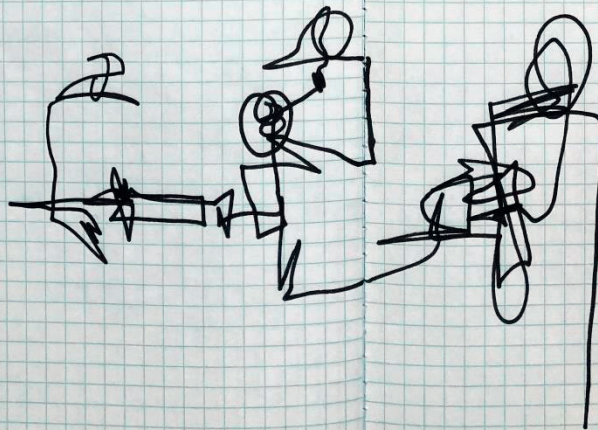
THE STONE
NYC

Urtext Merkheft
JAMES MOORE + ^{Notizen}
MARC RIOT
23.i.17 ^{for Music and Notes}

CAFE OTO
LONDON

SIMON FISHER + TURNER +
SHIVA FESHAREKI
31.i.17

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
1.ii.17







TWO

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye / Coltrane

This song arrived out of a very simple process. I kept the words of the original and added existing words and phrases to follow John Coltrane's improvisation. Here is John Coltrane's version.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F8Jmcynp9do>

The song is by Cole Porter. Here is Ella Fitzgerald singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jqa5kNNaMlc>

Every Time We Say Goodbye

Every time we say goodbye
I die a little
Every time we say goodbye
I wonder why a little

Why the Gods above me
Who must be in the know
Think so little of me
They allow you to go

When you're near
There's such an air of spring about it
I can hear a lark somewhere
Begin to sing about it

There's no love song finer
But how strange the change from major to minor
Every time we say goodbye

When you're near
There's such an air of spring about it
I can hear a lark somewhere
Begin to sing about it

There's no love song finer
But how strange the change from major to minor
Every time we say goodbye

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye / Coltrane

Ev'ry time we say our goodbye, love
I could die – so much more than a little
Ev'ry time we say our good - bye I feel so sad
And wonder why a little

Why the old gods high above me
Who should real ... ly and clearly know
Think so ve ... ry little of me
That they allow you, to just pack up and go

Yes when you're near, when you're here, so very near me
There's such an air of sweet spring about it, yeah
Well and I can hear a lark some-where and this little bird of love
Begins to sing abo...out it

There's no love song that's finer
But how strange this quick change in me from major to minor
Ev'ry time we sayyyy the sad goodbye

Improvisation

Yes when you're near you're here so near me
There's such an air of spring, I really must sing, of spring about it,
Well and I can hear a lark somewhere - and this little bird of love out there
Begins to singggg ab....out it

There's no love my love, or love song that's finer
But how strange, this change, in me..... from major to minor
Ev'ry time we say good
Ev'ry time we say good
Ev'ry time we say goodbye, I could honestly and truly nearly die

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

based on John Coltrane's version of
'Everytime We Say Goodbye'
Lyrics by Peter Stickland

A

Ev - ry time we say our good - bye love I could die so much more

than a lit - tle Ev' - ry time we say our good - bye I

feel so sad and won - der why a lit - tle Why the old gods high a -

bove me Who should real - ly and clear - ly know

Think so ve - ry lit - tle of me They all -

ow you to just pack up and go

Chord symbols: Ebmaj7, Fm7/Bb, Ebmaj7, Fm7/Bb, Ebmaj7, Fm7/Bb, Fm7, B7, Bb7, Ebmaj7, Fm7, Gbmaj7, Bb+7, Bbm7, Eb7, Abm7, Db7(#11), Eb/G, Gb°, Fm7, Bb7, Bbm7, Eb7, Abmaj7, Abm7, Db7, Eb/G, C7, Gb7, B7, Fm7, Bb7, s

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

B

2

17 $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$

Yes when you're near, when you're here so ve - ry near me

19 $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $F\text{m}^7$ B^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7$

There's such an air of sweet spring a - bout it Well I can hear a lark some -

22 $G\flat\text{maj}^7$ $B\flat^+7$ $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7(\sharp 11)$

where and this lit - tle bird of love be - gins to sing a - bout it

25 $E\flat/G$ $G\flat^\circ$ $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$ $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$ $A\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$

There's no love song that's fin - er But how strange this quick change in me from maj-or to min - or

29 $E\flat/G$ C^7 $F\text{m}^7$ B^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat^6/B\flat$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $E\flat^6/B\flat$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $B\flat^7$

Ev' - ry time we say the sad good - bye

SOLO

33 $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$ $F\text{m}^7$ B^7 $B\flat^7$

37 $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $F\text{m}^7$ $G\flat\text{maj}^7$ $B\flat^+7$ $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7(\sharp 11)$

41 $E\flat/G$ $G\flat^\circ$ $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$ $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$ $A\flat\text{maj}^7$

45 $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$ $E\flat/G$ C^7 $G\flat^7$ B^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

B - HEAD OUT

49 Ebmaj7 Fm7/Bb Ebmaj7 Fm7/Bb Ebmaj7 Fm7/Bb 3

Yes when you're near, you're here so near me There's such an air of spring. I real-ly must sing, of

52 Fm7 B7 Bb7 Ebmaj7 Fm7 Gbmaj7 Bb+7

spring a - bout it Well I can hear a lark some - where and this lit - tle

55 Bbm7 Eb7 3 Abm7 Db7(#11) Gb°

bird of love out there be-gins to sing a - bout it There's no love, my love or love song that's

58 Fm7 Bb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Abmaj7 3 Abm7 3 Db7

fin - er But how strange this change in me from maj - or to min - or

61 Eb/G C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb/G C7

Ev' - ry time we say good Ev' - ry time

64 Fm7 Bb7 Eb/G C7

we say good Ev' - ry time

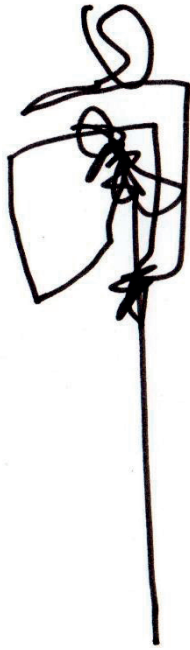
rall

66 Fm7 B7 Bb7 Eb6

we say good - bye I could hon - est - ly and tru - ly near - ly die







THREE

Singing In My Dreams / My One And Only Love / Coltrane

This song came out of a very long process. It started life as one of the folk song variations that are described in the following section, but as the final transition into jazz standard happened to be a song that John Coltrane covered, I was delighted to add it to this section. It is so satisfying to sing Coltrane's interpretations.

The British folk song I started with was "The Trees They Grow So High". It was used by Robert Burns as the basis for his poem "Lady Mary Ann". Its subject is an arranged marriage of a young girl by her father to a boy who is even younger than she. Here's Martin Cathy's version; <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LnBXacUdoCo>

I changed these lyrics by using the words from a poem I had written a few years back. This was then a song looking for a tune. I found various possibilities before I entered my later phase of re-writing jazz standards. In this phase, I edited the song again so that it could be sung to the tune of 'My one and only love'. Finally, I gave it the phrasing that John Coltrane plays.

The Trees They Do Grow High

The trees they do grow high and the leaves they do grow green,
And many's the cold winter's night my love and I have seen.
On cold winter's nights my love you and I alone have been.
Oh my bonny boy is young but he's growing,
Growing, growing,
My bonny boy is young but he's growing

"Oh father, dear father, you've done to me much harm,
For to go and get me married to one who is so young.
For he is only sixteen years old and I am twenty-one,
Oh my bonny boy is young but he's growing,
Growing, growing,
My bonny boy is young but he's growing."

"Oh daughter, dear daughter, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll send your love to college for another year or two.
And all around his college cap I'll tie a ribbon blue,
For to let the ladies know that he's married,
Married, married,
To let the ladies know that he's married."

Now at the age of sixteen he was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen the father to a son,
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him.
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing,
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,
The green grass grows over him so very very high.
I'll sit here and mourn his death until the day I die
And I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing,
Growing, growing,
I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing.

The Vibrant Firmament

I want the full range, devotion, fervour, zest and
A collage of bright hues that can fill the heavens.

I want incisive action that prevents my cursors
From converging on conflicts that inhibit dance.

I want this world, this excited sphere, to be
A magnificent stage set that isn't improbable.

I want music of shared gaiety and pleasure,
A song that will light the vibrant firmament.

I want the delights I imagined in earlier days,
An eagerness and a zeal that are everywhere.

I want to flavour my outer limits, to add new
And exuberant expressions to my vacant gaze.

I want deep red waves tipped with honey
And passions of every rhythm to swing to.

I want quick-eyed adventures and long slow
Embraces, giving reign to unexplored desires.

I want days of crazy randomness and not have
Urgent signals demanding that it's time to hide.

I want to live in a smiling house of sensations
Where talk is an incessant wealth of cadences.

I want the floor of my sad defeated heart to be
The place where only vim and vigour explode.

I want hostility to end, the world to mend and
That peace which passes beyond understanding.

Singing

Was I looking for elation, a fiery life of zest?
A thousand sweet bright colours and more if you suggest
Did I want some lively action with nought to stop the jest?
When I was sitting by the bay, singing
Singing, singing, singing, singing
When sitting by the bay, singing

Did I want a showy stage set to light the firmament?
A buoyant sphere of gaiety that might be heaven sent
A vibrant song of sprightliness to cause my brief ascent
When I was sitting by the bay, singing
Singing, singing, singing, singing
When sitting by the bay, singing

Well I wrote enchanting words to beguile my vacant gaze
And the songs came full of rhythms that livened up my ways
And the waves came tipped with honey that rolled in from the haze
When I was sitting by the bay, singing
Singing, singing, singing, singing
When sitting by the bay, singing

An end to worldly conflicts was the trigger for my art
And with a wealth of cadences I felt it move my heart
A peace I had then, deep beyond the words I can impart
When I was sitting by the bay, singing
Singing, singing, singing, singing
When sitting by the bay, singing

My One And Only Love

Guy B. Wood and Robert Mellin

The very thought of you makes my heart sing
Like an April breeze on the wings of spring
And you appear in all your splendour
My one and only love

The shadows fall and spread their mystic charms
In the hush of night while you're in my arms
I feel your lips, so warm and tender
My one and only love

The touch of your hand is like heaven
A heaven that I've never known
The blush on your cheek whenever I speak
Tells me that you are my own

You fill my eager heart with such desire
Every kiss you give sets my soul on fire
I give myself in sweet surrender
My one and only love
My one and only love

Here is Frank Sinatra singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qkWplI8fOyM>

Here is John Coltrane's version.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sCpIuw_ZKEI

Singing In My Dreams

Was that a dream or was it just a playful jest
When your soulful songs were sounds that I caressed
Ten thousand flowers bloomed, at your behest
When you were singing in my dreams

The stage it glowed so bright it lit the firmament
And the endless applause was clearly heaven sent
Was this the famous start of your ascent
When you were singing in my dreams

Yes, you sang enchanting songs and we all gazed
The kind of cheerful rhythms that live always
And the love poured gold like honey that flowed in from the haze
When you were singing in my dreams

An end to global conflict was the trigger for your art
And with a wealth of cadences we felt it move our hearts
A peace beyond all words we could impart
It was now ours, it seems
When you were singing in my dreams

Singing In My Dreams / My One And Only Love / Coltrane

Was it a dream or was it playful jest
When your songs touched my heart and made me feel caressed
When the bright flowers bloomed, at your behest
When you were singing in my dreams

When you ... stood there ... singing

The stage glowed bright and lit the firmament
When endless applause for you was clearly
something that could only have been heaven sent
Was this the grand start, love, of your ascent
Or were you singing in my sweet dreams

You sang enchanting ... songs of our love and we all gazed
The kind of soulful ... lively rhythms that live always
And great love poured gold just like honey
that flowed in from the distant haze
When you were there ... singing in my playful dreams ... it seems

An end to global conflict was the trigger for your art
And then with a wealth of cadence, I watched as you melted hearts
A great peace beyond all the words we could now impart
It was now ours it seems forever and ... another day

Improvisation

You sang enchanting ... songs of our love and we all gazed
The kind of soulful ... lively rhythms that live always
And great love poured gold just like honey
that flowed in from the distant haze
When you were there ... singing in my playful dreams ... it seems

Was it a dream or was it playful jest
When your songs touched my heart and made me feel caressed
When the bright flowers bloomed, at your behest
When you were singing in my dreams
When you were singing in my dreams

Singing In My Dreams

based on John Coltrane's version of

'My One and Only Love'

Lyrics by Peter Stickland

A

Cmaj7 C/B Am Am/G D7/F# G7/F

Was it a dream or was it play - ful jest When your

3 C/E F Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 E7/G#

songs touched my heart and made me feel car - cessed When the bright flo - wers bloomed at

6 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7

your be - hest when you were sing-ing in my dreams When you stood there

A

9 Cmaj7 Am7 Dm7 G7

sing - ing The stage glowed bright and lit the firm - a - ment When end -

11 C/E F Em7 A7

less app-lause for you was clear - ly some-thing that could on - ly have been heav - en sent

13 Dm7 G7 E7/G# Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 C6 F#7 B7

Was this the grand start, love, of your as cent Or were you sing-ing in my sweet dreams You sang on

B

17 Em F#m7(b5) B7

chant - ing songs of our love and we all gazed The kind of

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

19 Em F#m7(b5) B7 Em7 Em7/D#

soul - ful Live-ly rhy-thms that live al - ways And great love poured gold just like hon - ey that flowed

22 Em7/D Em7/C# Dm7 A7 Dm7 G7

in from the dist - ant haze When you were there sing-ing in my play-ful drea - ms it seems

A

25 Cmaj7 Am7 Dm G7 E+7

An end to glo - bal con - flict was the trig - ger for your art and then

27 Am7 F Em7 A7 rubato

with a wealth of cad - ence I watched as you melt - ed hearts A great piece be -

29 Dm7 G7 Am7 D7 Dm7

yond all the words we could now im - part It was now

in time

31 G7(b9) C6/G Am7/G Dm7/G G7

ours, it seems, for - ev - er and an - o - ther day

SOLO

34 Cmaj7 Am Dm7 G7 Am7 Fmaj7 Em7 A7

38 Dm7 G7 E7/G# Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7

Lyrics for Coltrane's improvisations

42 Cmaj7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C/E F Em7 A7

46 Dm7 G7 E7/G# Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 C6 F#m7 B7

You sang en -

50 Em F#m7(b5) B7 Em F#m7(b5) B7

chant-ing songs of our love and we all gazed The kind of soul ful Live-lyrhythms that live al-ways And great

54 Em7 Em7/D# Em7/D Em7/C#

love poured gold just like hon - ey that flowed in from the dist - ant haze When you were

56 Dm7 A7 Dm7 G7

there sing - ing in my play - ful drea - ms it seems

A - HEAD OUT

58 Cmaj7 C/B Am Am/G D7/F# G7/F C/E F Em7 A7

Was it a dream or was it play - ful jest When your songs touched my heart and made me feel car - essed

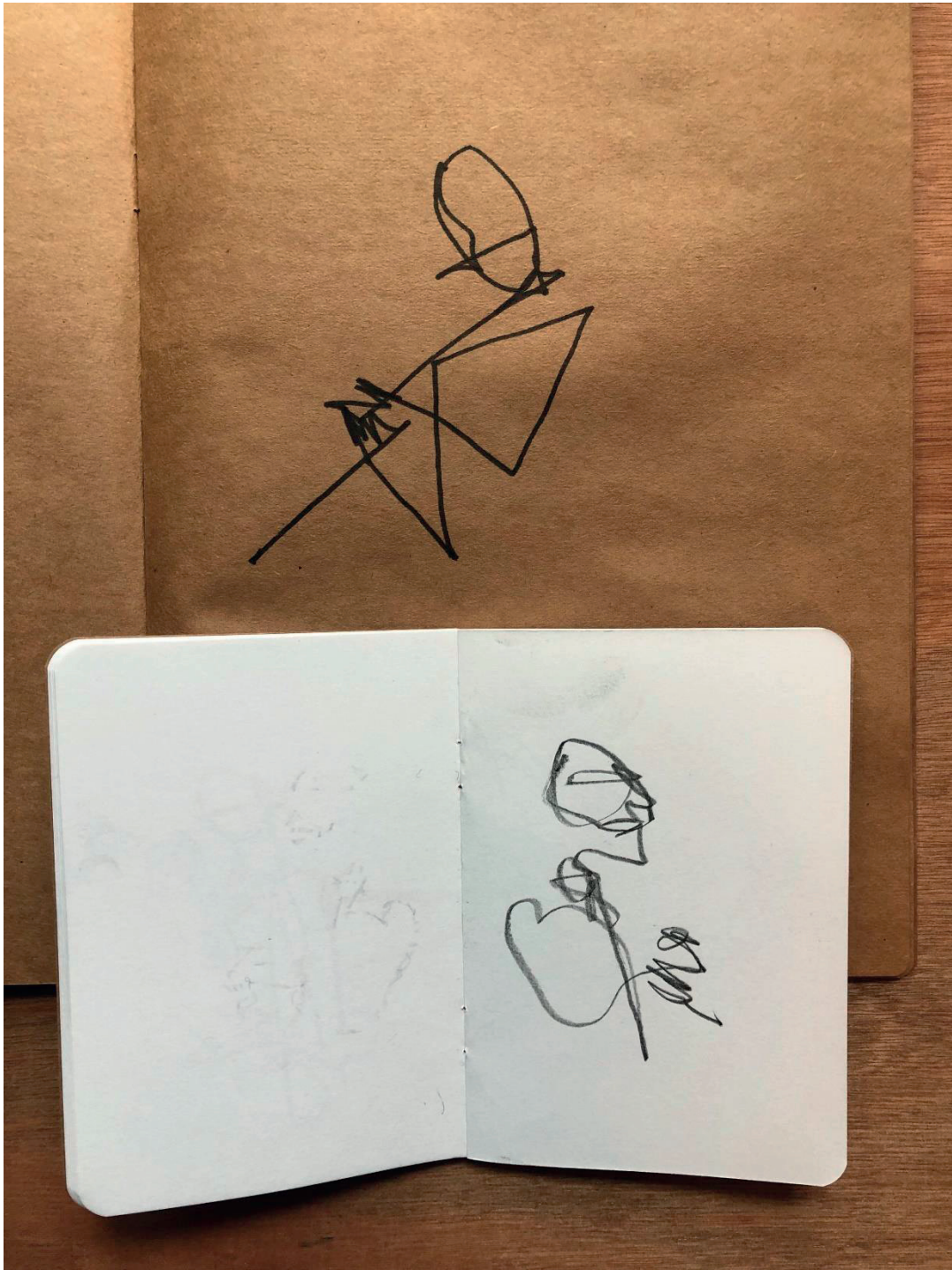
62 Dm7 G7 E7/G# Am7 D7 Dm7 G7

When the bright flo - wers bloomed at your be - hest when you were sing-ing in my

rall.

65 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 Cmaj7

dreams when you were sing - ing in my dreams

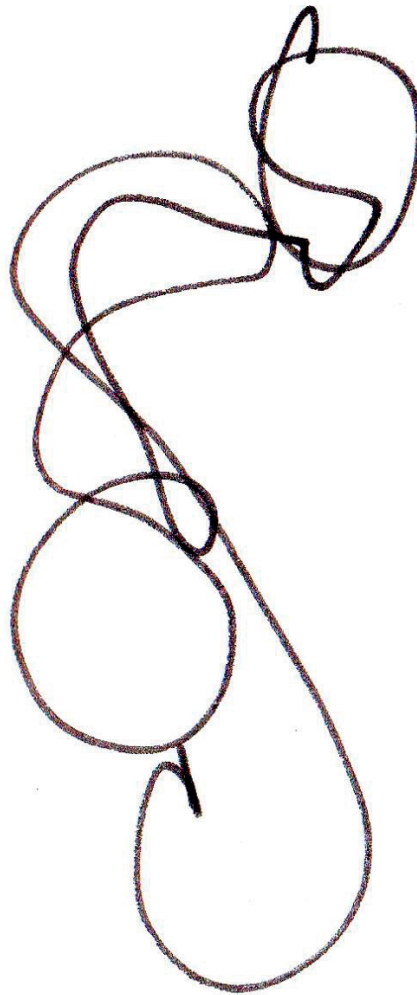






From folk songs to jazz standards

As the title suggests, the songs in this section all start with folk songs. I changed the lyrics and sang them in various versions before re-arranging them so they could to be sung with jazz standard tunes. I find the collages are more interesting than the songs I wrote. There's a sense of memory from the new and you get two for the price of one.



FOUR

Not My Type At All / Do Nothing ‘Til You Hear From Me

The sequence in this first song is interesting, because the traditional version was re-interpreted by Richard Fariña in 1968. I used his lyrics to start my re-write, playing with words that are close to his. Over time I re-edited them twice more, producing two possible songs; the last of which I sang at a workshop. I realised that in order to sing these songs with an accompanying musician, I needed some notation, which I couldn't provide, so attaching them to Jazz standards gave me a way of singing and improving them with a musician. I collaged the lyrics of this song to the Duke Ellington / Bob Russell song, 'Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me'.

These lyrics are set to the tune of the Irish air 'My Lagan Love'. They were collected in Northern Donegal in 1903. Dusty Springfield sang it in 1967.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MBemjBqtUy4>

Richard Fariña rewrote the lyrics, calling the song, 'The Quiet Joys Of Brotherhood.' Mimi Fariña sung it in 1968.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WAQtQngA62w>

The great Sandy Denny sung a very beautiful version of it in 1972. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NHstyoGkMIU>

My Lagan Love

Traditional

Where Lagan streams sing lullabies
There blows a lily fair.
The twilight gleam is in her eye,
The night is on her hair.
And like a lovesick lenashee
She hath my heart in thrall.
No life have I, no liberty,
For love is Lord of all.

And often when the beetles horn
Has lulled the eve to sleep,
I'll steal into her sheiling lorn
And through the doorway creep.
There on the cricket's singing stone,
She makes the bogwood fire
And sings in sweet and undertone,
The song of hearts desire.

Quiet Joys Of Brotherhood

Richard Fariña

As gentle tides go rolling by,
Along the salt sea strand
The colours blend and roll as one
Together in the sand.
And often do the winds entwine
Do send their distant call,
The quiet joys of brotherhood,
And love is lord of all.

The oak and weed together rise,
Along the common ground.
The mare and stallion light and dark
Have thunder in their sound.
The rainbow sign, the blended flower
Still have my heart in thrall.
The quiet joys of brotherhood,
And love is lord of all.

But man has come to plough the tide,
The oak lies on the ground.
I hear their tires in the fields,
They drive the stallion down.
The roses bleed both light and dark,
The winds do seldom call.
The running sands recall the time
When love was lord of all.

This Dreamy Life

The gentle tides, go rolling by
Along the salt sea strand.
I gaze at her and breathe a sigh
As she walks on the sand.
And in my dream, our hands entwine
I hear her distant call
And if by chance our paths align
Then she shall have me all.

The oak and weed together grow
Upon the common ground,
Could she and I then get to know
What makes our common sound?
If she will turn and give a sign
She'll have my heart in thrall
For then I'll know our paths align
And she can have me all.

My thoughts go out, my thoughts come in
Just rolling like the tide
I pray this chance will not be thin
That she'll not run and hide.
Her eyes they gaze up to the sky
I cannot hear her call
For sure, it's clear, she passes by,
We'll know no love at all.

I left behind this dreamy life
To work among the poor
With children forced to pay the price
And sleep upon the floor
They give me more than I can give
They love me one and all
They teach me songs and how to live
I love them one and all.

You Can Have Me All

In youth love came in through the eye
Exotic days, I planned
I'd see a girl and breathe a sigh
And long to hold her hand.
At night I'd dream that we entwined
I'd hear her loving call
As if by luck our paths aligned
And she could have me all.

And as my years did slowly grow
I lost my common ground,
How could two adult strangers know
What makes their common sound?
I stopped and waited for a sign
To give my heart in thrall
I had to know love was benign
Before I'd give my all.

My dreams went out, my dreams came in
Just rolling like the tide
Suspecting that my chance was slim
That I would run and hide.
My sounds they floated to the sky
I could not sing love's call
So year on year girls passed me by
I knew no love at all.

Who'll charm my broken senses
Who'll mend my fallen fences
Who'll keep my heart in motion
Inspire my deep devotion

I thought this fate would hold me fast
Until you broke the strain
By singing songs that changed my past
With sparkling voice champagne
I toast you now, my queen of hearts
Your singing stopped my fall
My love is whole, not left in parts
So you can have me all.

Not My Type At All

You didn't cause light in my eyes
And I never touched your hand
You didn't hear me breathing sighs
And my talk is always bland
 So I don't believe I'm acting blind
 You know I'm not about to fall
 No, it isn't luck our paths aligned
 'Cos you're not my type at all.

How can you see attraction grow
When we have no common ground
How can you hear, how can you know
You don't hear me make a sound
 So don't wait around, there'll be no sign
 That can prove my heart's in thrall
 'Cos I've loved before and it's not benign
 And you're not my type at all.

My thoughts go out; my thoughts come in
Just rolling like the tide
The chance it's love is really slim
But still I'll run and hide.
 So I wait for you to just pass me by
 For I cannot hear love's call
 No it's not a light here in my eye
 'Cos you're not my type at all.

I felt your pull, but held on fast
And then you broke the strain
You sang a song that changed my past
With sparkling voice champagne
 So I toast you now, my queen of hearts
 'Cos, your singing stopped my fall
 And my eyes shine out like sparkling darts
 'Cos you're my type after all
 Yes, you're my type after all

Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me

Duke Ellington and Bob Russell

Do nothin' till you hear from me
Pay no attention to what's said
Why people tear the seam of anyone's dream
Is over my head.

Do nothin' till you hear from me
At least consider our romance
If you should take the word of others you've heard
I haven't a chance

True I've been seen with someone new
But does that mean that I'm untrue?
When we're apart the words in my heart
Reveal how I feel about you.

Some kiss may cloud my memory
And other arms may hold a thrill
But please do nothin' till you hear it from me
And you never will.

Here is Ella Fitzgerald singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8Ymd75A3Pk4>

Not My Type At All / Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me

You didn't cause light in my eyes
I never tried to touch your hand
It wasn't me who was breathing those sighs
I can keep my talk bland

So don't believe I'm acting blind
You know I'm not about to fall
It isn't true that our paths have aligned
You're not my type at all.

How can you see my attraction grow
It's plain to see we've no common ground
How can you hear and how can you know
When I never make a sound

Don't wait around, there'll be no sign
That proves my heart is now in thrall
I've loved before and it's just not benign
You're not my type at all.

Improvisation

My thoughts go out; my thoughts come in
A ceaseless rolling like the tide
The chance it's love is undeniably slim
But still I'll run and hide.

So I will wait, you'll pass me by
No, I can't hear love's tender call
It's not a light that's glowing here in my eye
You're not my type at all.

I felt your pull, but I held on fast
But then you broke, the stupid strain
You sang a song that altered my past
With sparkling voice champagne

I toast you now, my queen of hearts
Your singing stopped my certain fall
My eyes shine out now like two sparkling darts
You're my type after all, Yes, you're the right type.....after all

Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me

Duke Ellington

A

B \flat maj7 Fm7 B \flat 7 E \flat maj7 A \flat 9

6 B \flat G $^+7$ C7 F7 B \flat G7 Cm7 F9

A

10 B \flat maj7 B \flat 7 E \flat maj7 A \flat 9

B

14 B \flat G $^+7$ C7 F7 B \flat E \flat 7 A \flat m7 D \flat 7

B

18 G \flat maj7 G \flat G \flat 9

22 B \flat maj7 Dm7 G7 C7 F7

A

26 B \flat B \flat maj7 Fm7 B \flat 7 E \flat maj7 A \flat 9

30 B \flat G $^+7$ C7 F7 B \flat







FIVE

I Wanna Lose Blues / Li'l Darlin'

This song starts with the folk song, 'Willy Went To Westerdale'.
The Watersons recorded it in 1966

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZKD3ad3Ux2c>

This misogynistic comedy of a shiftless wife belongs to an ancient tradition of folk songs that would not be acceptable today.

'Li'l Darlin' was composed in 1957 by trumpeter Neal Hefti for the Count Basie Orchestra. After lyrics were added by Jon Hendricks, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross recorded it with Basie in 1958.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UwycoKhmC7s>

Willy Went To Westerdale

Traditional

Each verse has two new lines and the responses are sung to each pair of lines in the same manner as they are arranged in the first verse.

Willy went to Westerdale,
 I-do-a-dandy
Willy went to Westerdale,
 Clish-clash-mi-clandy
Willy went to Westerdale,
He married a wife and brought her home.
 Sing-a-lair-a, Tak-er-amang-yer

And he bought her twenty goodman kye
And she let nineteen of 'em dry.

And she only milked it once a year
And that was to make butter dear.

When she turned, she turned in her boot
And to make a print she put in her foot.

She made a cheese and put it on t'shelf;
She never turned t'cheese till t'cheese turned 'tself.

She roasted the hen, both feather and gut,
And heads and tails and wattles and foot.

She did a far dirtier trick than that;
She let t'bairn wet in his best nightcap.

The Touch Of A Hand

The touch of a hand can light up a heart
 Make it bright and fancy
The touch of a hand can light up a heart
 Dance it sweet and chancy
The touch of a hand can light up a heart
It's deeds like these that give love a start
 Put on your dance shoes, forget your sad blues

Try vigorous steps to brighten the dance
 Make it bright and fancy
Try vigorous steps to brighten the dance
 Dance it sweet and chancy
Try vigorous steps to brighten the dance
By standing still you're lost in a trance
 Put on your dance shoes, forget your sad blues

There's spirit and cunning in ev'ry hand
 Make it bright and fancy
There's spirit and cunning in ev'ry hand
 Dance it sweet and chancy
There's spirit and cunning in ev'ry hand
Learn the tricks and your heart will expand
 Put on your dance shoes, forget your sad blues

Try stroking your thumb along a soft palm
 Make it bright and fancy
Try stroking your thumb along a soft palm
 Dance it sweet and chancy
Try stroking your thumb along a soft palm
You'll feel how a smile can act like a balm
 Put on your dance shoes, forget your sad blues

Sing Me Your Best Schmooze

The tone of your sound can light up a heart
Sing me bright and funky
The tone of your sound can light up a heart
Sing me smooth and sultry
The tone of your sound can light up a heart
Its songs like yours that give love a start
Sing me your best schmooze, let me forget blues

Your feisty rhythm dances the song
Sing me bright and funky
Your feisty rhythm dances the song
Sing me smooth and sultry
Your feisty rhythm dances the song
I'm lonely now, but it won't last long
Sing me your best schmooze, let me forget blues

Sing me, my love, out of my cloud
Out through the foam over the sea
Sing me in sleep and sing me out loud
Give me the feeling that I've got the key

There's spirit and cunning in your sweet words
Sing me bright and funky
There's spirit and cunning in your sweet words
Sing me smooth and sutry
There's spirit and cunning in your sweet words
Teach me your tricks, I'll sing like the birds
Sing me your best schmooze, let me forget blues

Let Me Forget Blues

The thrill of your voice, it lightens my heart
 Don't need no deep and husky
Yes, the thrill of your voice, it lightens my heart
 Don't need no dark and sultry
Lord, the thrill of your voice, it lightens my heart
Your sound is the dart, that gives love a start
 Give me the bright hues, let me forget blues

The groove of your beat, it can turn up the heat
 Don't need no deep and husky
Yes, the groove of your beat, it can turn up the heat
 Don't need no dark and sultry
The groove of your beat, sure turns up the heat
Your rhythms entreat and I'm knocked off my feet
 Give me the bright hues, let me forget blues

So sing me, dear heart, right out of my cloud
Out through the waves and right over the sea
You can sing me to sleep or sing me out loud
Here is my door, let me give you my key

So, I'll steady my heart, and write you a song
 Won't give you deep and husky
Yes, I'll steady my heart, and write you a song
 Won't give you dark and sultry
I'll steady my heart, and write you a song
I'll just say I love you and it won't last long

I'll give you the bright hues, then we'll forget blues

Lil' Darlin'

Neal Hefti and Jon Hendricks

Don't need no palace paved with gold
Don't need more cash than banks can hold
When I get to feelin', a feelin'
For something there ain't too much of
My sweet lil' darlin' gives me her love

Don't catch me chasin' 'round at night
I'm not impressed by glamor sights
Lil' darlin' may not be as pretty
As some other gals you can see
But my lil' darlin' only loves me

I Wanna Lose Blues / Li'l Darlin'

The thrill of your voice, brightens my heart
 You never sing it deep and husky
The thrill of your voice lightens my heart
 You never sing it dark and sultry
The thrill of your voice brightens my heart
Your sound is the dart that's love's start
So, give me the bright hues, I wanna lose blues

Improvisation

You can sing me right out over the sea
Here is my heart and my key, oh...

The groove of your beat, turns up my heat
 Don't wanna hear it deep and husky
The groove of your beat, burns up my heat
 Don't wanna hear it dark and sultry
The groove of your beat, turns up my heat
Your rhythms entreat dancing feet
So, give me the bright hues, I wanna lose blues

Improvisation

So sing me, sweet heart, out of my cloud
Sing me to sleep, sing it loud, oh...

I'll steady my heart and write you a song
 I won't sing it deep and husky
I'll steady my heart and write you a song
 I won't sing it dark and sultry
I'll steady my heart, write a love song
To say I love you, won't take long
So, I'll give you bright hues and we'll forget blues
Yes with the bright hues, we'll forget blues
We'll lose, we'll lose blues

Li'l Darlin'

Neal Hefti

1 G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷(b⁹) Am⁷ D⁷

5 G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷(b⁹) F⁷ F⁷(#5)

9 B^b6 B^bm⁶ F⁶ F⁷ B^b6 B^bm⁶ Am⁷(b⁵) D⁷

13 G⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷ Am⁷(b⁵) D⁷(b⁹)

17 G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷(b⁹) Am⁷ D⁷(b⁹)

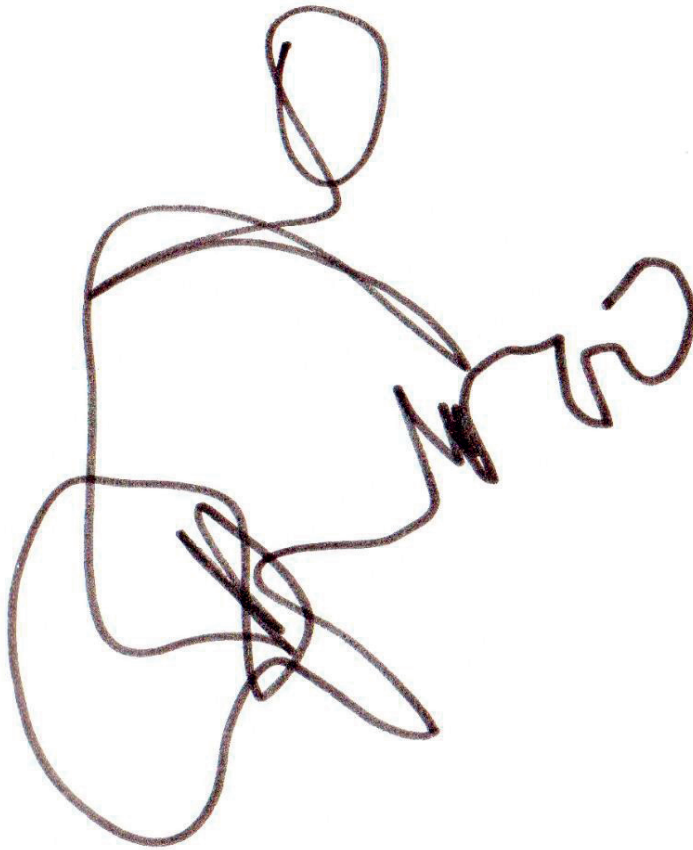
21 G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷(b⁹) F⁷ F⁷(#5)

25 B^b6 B^bm⁶ F⁶ F⁷ B^b6 B^bm⁶ Am⁷(b⁵) D⁷(b⁹)

29 G⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷ F⁶







Six

Sounds that are kind / Come Rain Or Come Shine

This song writing sequence starts with *Pace-Egging Song*. *Pace* is from the Latin word for Easter. Pace egging was the practice of collecting eggs and other food by touring the houses and farms in one's locality. The Watsons sang it in 1965.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U9o3a6y3fbc>

The first attempt used 'Baby Its Cold Outside' - by Frank Loesser. Here's Margaret Whiting & Johnny Mercer singing it.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FTNheCEUP_A

The second attempt used, 'Come Rain Or Come Shine' by Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer

Here is Maxine Sullivan's version.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gdvMPPVQ7vY>

Pace-Egging Song

Traditional

Chorus

Here's one two three jolly lads all in one mind
We are come a-pace-egging and I hope you'll prove kind
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year

And the first that comes in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace-egging time

Chorus

And the next that comes in it is Lord Collingwood
And he fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood
And he's come from the sea old England to view
And he's come a-pace-egging with all of his crew

Chorus

The next that comes in is our Jolly Jack Tar
He sailed with Lord Nelson all through the last war
He's arrived from the sea, old England to view
And he's come a-pace-egging with our jovial crew

Chorus

And the last that comes in is old Tossplot, you'll see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail
And all his delight is a-drinking mulled ale

Chorus

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell and goodnight

Songs from the woodpile

A girl runs to fabled woods aiming to sing a forest of songs.
Dreaming of applause, she takes up residence on a woodpile.
For her it's cheap to repeat verses from popular chorus lines.
She demands potential, expansion and radical improvisations.
What happens is that improbable verses pop up out of the blue.
Secretly she imagines that others might like to join in, but who?
Looking straight ahead, she has no intention of singing a ballad.
She sings oblique medleys that lack any detectable connotations.
For her, ambiguity and wonder should sit high on the horizon.
She has never tested sung surprises on a new audience before.
Her refrains anticipate harmony, but her voice flies far from it.
Had an audience been present they'd have labelled it tuneless.
She looks around for kinship and emotion without keeping time.
She is oblivious to her vanishing chords and musical silences.
Symphonies resound inside her head, but her voice is silent.
It doesn't germinate songs as the chest of another singer would do.
She bonds with rhythms, oblivious to the merits of transmission.
They'd rung out once before when she had fasted from speech for refuge.
The songs she dreams of are subtle, personal, ambiguous and obscure.
She can't even imagine singing them to the people she's closest to.
She sings to the trees about things it's just not possible to say.
Her unobtrusive sounds fall far short of anyone who has ears.
In the silence of recovery, she hears solitude residing inside.
This is a deep place where tongues fail because intention succeeds.
Her sounds express nuanced truths that the trees alone understand.
The forest bathes in this sonorous invitation echoing beyond their bark.
The leaves applaud, they wave, flicker and join with the singing.
It's rare for woodpiles to pulse with song or breathe with breath.

She Sat By The Trees

She sat by the trees in the hope she would find
That generous place that most always proves kind
A place for beginnings that gives a new heart
A sense of connection, a vital new start

Her voice it was tender, a slightly cracked sound
A whisper on silence was all that she found
But she sensed its potential and sung for the trees
And the listening branches they moved in the breeze

She'd sung out before when she'd fasted from speech
When the refuge she needed was beyond her reach
She offered her kinship, without keeping time
Her sweet tuneful silence, a treasured life line

She sensed that the forest would like to join in
But the hum of her song, it made hardly a din
She moved though in wonderment, full of surprise
For the knots in the tree trunks had tears in their eyes

She gave them no chorus, no sense of a verse
Just improvisations she couldn't rehearse
She sang about wonder and what she found true
And the trees they heard music come out of the blue

So she sang about things she never would say
To the people who'd questioned her every day
She sang with intention, for her tongue was so tied
But her silent revival soon gathered inside

The trees heard the echoes that sung near their bark
And the sound that they heard was as sweet as a lark
The leaves they applauded and liberally waved
And with flickering grace this young girl was saved

Yes, she sat by the trees and there she did find
That generous place that most always proves kind
A place for beginnings that gives a new heart
A sense of connection, a vital new start

I Sat By The Trees

I sat by the trees in the hope I would find
Those sonorous notes that most always proves kind
A song for beginnings, a hopeful new start
A song of connection, a song for new heart

My voice it was tender, a slightly cracked sound
A whisper on silence was all that I found
But I knew its potential and sang for the trees
And the listening branches they moved in the breeze

I sensed that the forest would like to join in
But the purr of my song, it made hardly a din
I hummed though in wonderment, full of surprise
And the knots in the tree trunks had tears in their eyes

I gave them no chorus, no sense of a verse
Just improvisations I could not rehearse
I sang about wonder and what I found true
And the trees breathed the music right out of the blue

They moved with each note and wrinkled their bark
And the sound of my voice was as sweet as a lark
The leaves they applauded and liberally waved
And with flickering grace I knew I was saved

Yes, I sat by the trees and there I did find
Those sonorous notes that most always proves kind
I sang for beginnings, a hopeful new start
I sang for connection and gained a new heart

Baby Its Cold Outside

Frank Loesser

I really can't stay (but baby, it's cold outside)
I've got to go away (but baby, it's cold outside)
This evening has been (been hoping that you'd drop in)
So very nice (I'll hold your hands, they're just like ice)
My mother will start to worry (beautiful what's your hurry?)
My father will be pacing the floor (listen to the fireplace roar)
So really, I'd better scurry (beautiful please don't hurry)
But maybe just a half a drink more (put some records on while I pour)

The neighbours might think (baby, it's bad out there)
Say what's in this drink? (no cabs to be had out there)
I wish I knew how (your eyes are like starlight now)
To break this spell (I'll take your hat; your hair looks swell)
I ought to say, no, no, no sir (mind if I move in closer?)
At least I'm gonna say that I tried (what's the sense in hurtin' my pride?)
I really can't stay (oh baby don't hold out)
But baby, it's cold outside

I simply must go (but baby, it's cold outside)
The answer is no (but baby, it's cold outside)
Your welcome has been (how lucky that you dropped in)
So nice and warm (look out the window at this dawn)
My sister will be suspicious (gosh your lips look delicious)
My brother will be there at the door (waves upon the tropical shore)
My maiden aunts mind is vicious (gosh your lips are delicious)
But maybe just a cigarette more (never such a blizzard before)

I've gotta get home (but baby, you'd freeze out there)
Say lend me a coat (it's up to your knees out there)
You've really been grand (I thrill when you touch my hand)
But don't you see? (how can you do this thing to me?)
There's bound to be talk tomorrow (think of my lifelong sorrow)
At least there will be plenty implied (if you got pneumonia and died)
I really can't stay (get over that old out)
Baby, it's cold
Baby, it's cold outside

I Sang For The Trees / Baby Its Cold Outside

Well, I sang for the trees, in the hope that I'd find
Some sonorous notes, that are soulful and kind
A song for beginnings, a hopeful new start
A song that carries the love in my heart

Well, I know this is a whimsical dream, but I'd known so many difficult scenes
And I'd lost my esteem... that's why I sang for those trees

Well, my voice it was tender, a slightly cracked sound
A whisper on silence, was all that I found
But I knew the potential, and sang for those trees
And the listening branches they moved in the breeze

Yes, I know this is a fanciful flight, but I'd known so many sleepless nights
When I didn't feel right... that's why I sang for those trees

Well, I sensed that the forest, would like to join in
But the purr of my song, it made hardly a din
I hummed and I marvelled, I was full of surprise
'Cos the knots in tree trunks, had tears in their eyes

Well, I know this is quaint to conceive, and I found it quite hard to believe
As if my eyes were naïve... that's when I sang for those trees

Improvisation

So, I lifted the tempo and saw how they moved
Those branches that waved, to my light-hearted groove
Yes, I sang about wonder, and what I found true
And the trees breathed my rhythms right out of the blue

Yes, I know this is a fanciful tale, but I've lived through a blustery gale
And now I'm lifting the veil... that's why I sang for those trees

Well, they moved with each note, and they wrinkled their bark
And my voice it rang out, just as sweet as a lark
And the leaves they applauded, and liberally waved
And the dancing branches, they knew I was saved

So, that was my whimsical flight, how I sang in my dreams all night
And now I'm feeling alright... so why don't you sing with me
Everyone, sing with me for a tree
Yes, that's why I...walked through that forest and sang for those trees

Baby Its Cold Outside

Frank Loesser

A

Cmaj⁷ F⁷ Em⁷ A⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷

5 Cmaj⁷ Am⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷

B

9 Fmaj⁷ Fm⁷ Bb⁷

13 Cmaj⁷ Am⁷ D⁷ G⁷

A

17 Cmaj⁷ F⁷ Em⁷ A⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷

21 Cmaj⁷ Am⁷ Gm⁷ C⁷

25 Fmaj⁷ D⁷ G⁷

29 Cmaj⁷ Bb⁷ A⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ Cmaj⁷



After singing this song a few times, I decided I didn't like it. It sounded like a pop song, not a jazz song, and it didn't open itself up to any cool improvisation. I wanted something with more groove. I knew I would only find the right conjunction of lyrics and tune by chance, so I waited for the right tune. Having taken it through so many reiterations, I was loath to leave it unfinished, so I had to trust it would happen. Luckily it did. As soon as I heard Maxine Sullivan singing, 'Come Rain Or Come Shine' I knew it would be a great fit. So, 'Sounds That Are Kind' is now the final version.

Here is Maxine Sullivan's version.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gdvMPPVQ7vY>

And here is Billie Holiday's version.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ygczl3nBrU8>

Come Rain Or Come Shine

Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer

I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you
Come rain or come shine
High as a mountain and deep as a river
Come rain or come shine
I guess when you met me
It was just one of those things
But don't ever bet me
'Cause I'm gonna be true if you let me

You're gonna love me like nobody's loved me
Come rain or come shine
Happy together, unhappy together
And won't it be fine?
Days may be cloudy or sunny
We're in or we're out of the money
But I'm with you always
I'm with you rain or shine

I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you
Come rain or come shine
High as a mountain, deep as a river
Come rain or come shine
I guess when you met me
It was just one of those things
But don't ever bet me
'Cause I'm gonna be true if you let me

You're gonna love me like nobody's loved me
Come rain or come shine
Happy together, unhappy together
And won't it be fine?
Days may be cloudy or sunny
We're in or we're out of the money
But I'll love you always
I'm with you rain or shine
Rain or shine

Sounds That Are Kind / Come Rain Or Come Shine

I'm lifting the veil on this little tale
Having lived through a gale
The fights were so mean, I needed esteem
A whimsical dream

I walked in to the night
On an impulse to take flight
So I had to believe
That it's OK to be naïve

With trees on my mind, I'm hoping to find
Some sounds that are kind
If songs are an art, they'll talk to my heart
Give me a new start

But the whisper that I found
Was more like a purr than a sound
A hum for the big trees
But the branches grooved in the breeze

Improvisation

When trees start to grin, they're keen to join in
But my song made no din
Then to my surprise, knots tried to disguise
The tears in their eyes

Without singing one verse
I found sounds I'd not rehearsed
I sang out for what's true
And trees breathed love out of the blue

They moved in the dark and wrinkled their bark
I sang sweet as a lark
Leaves joined in the rave and liberally waved
So I knew I was saved

Singing for trees, you can find
Sounds that will always prove kind
They'll give you a new start
Just like they woke up my heart, my heart, my heart
Just like they woke up my heart

Come Rain or Come Shine

Harold Arlen

1 F Em7(b5) A7 Dm7 A+7 Dm7

5 Gm7 C9(sus4) C7 Fmaj7 F7

9 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 Bbm7/Ab Gm7(b5) C7(b9)

13 Bm7(b5) E7 Cm7 Cm/Bb Am7(b5) D7 Gm7 C7

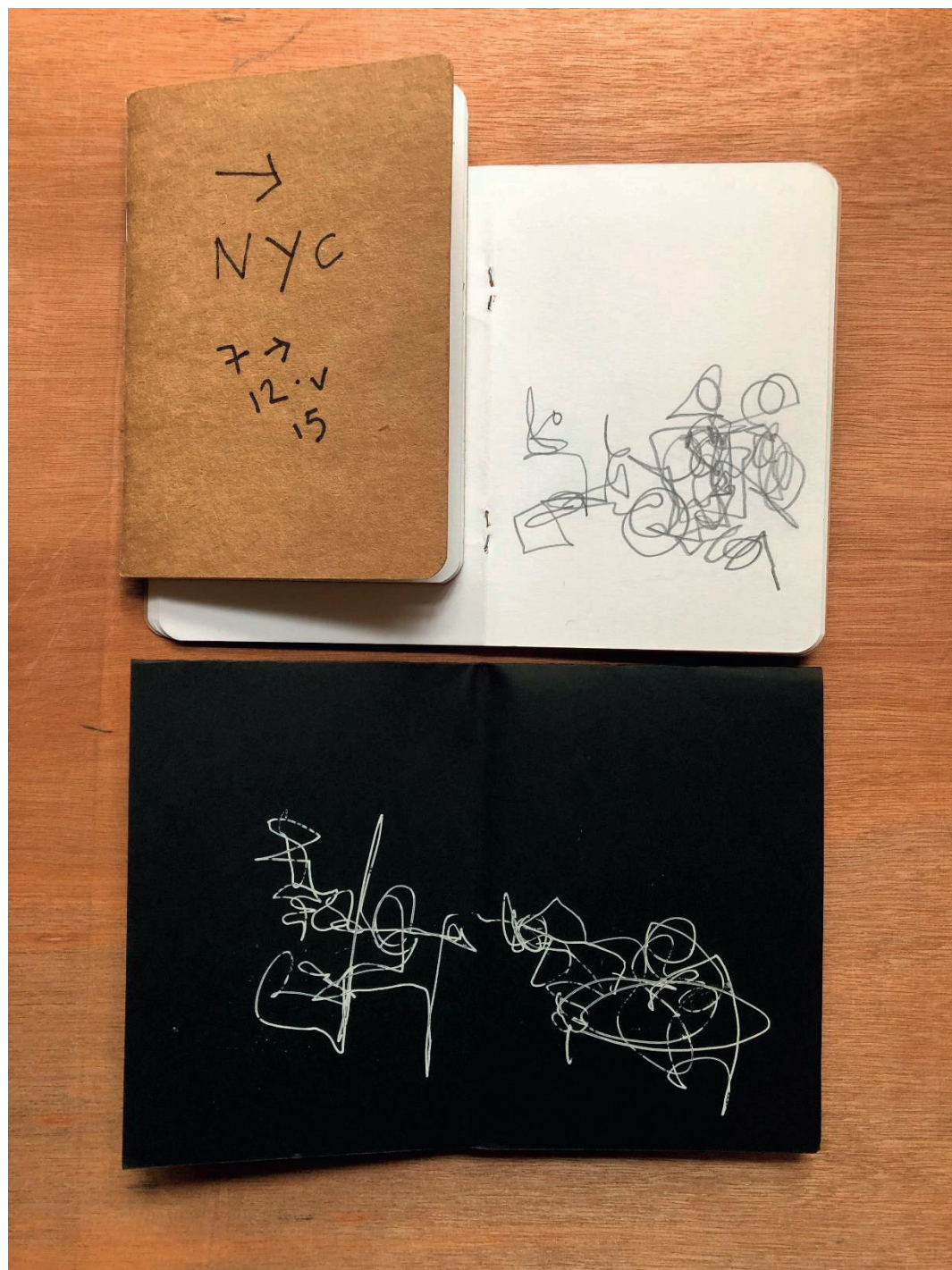
17 F Em7(b5) A7 Dm7 A+7 Dm7

21 Bm7 E7 E7(#9) A7 Em A7

25 D7 G7 Bb7 A7

29 Dm7 Bm7(b5) Em7(b5) A7(b9) Dm6 Gm7 C7

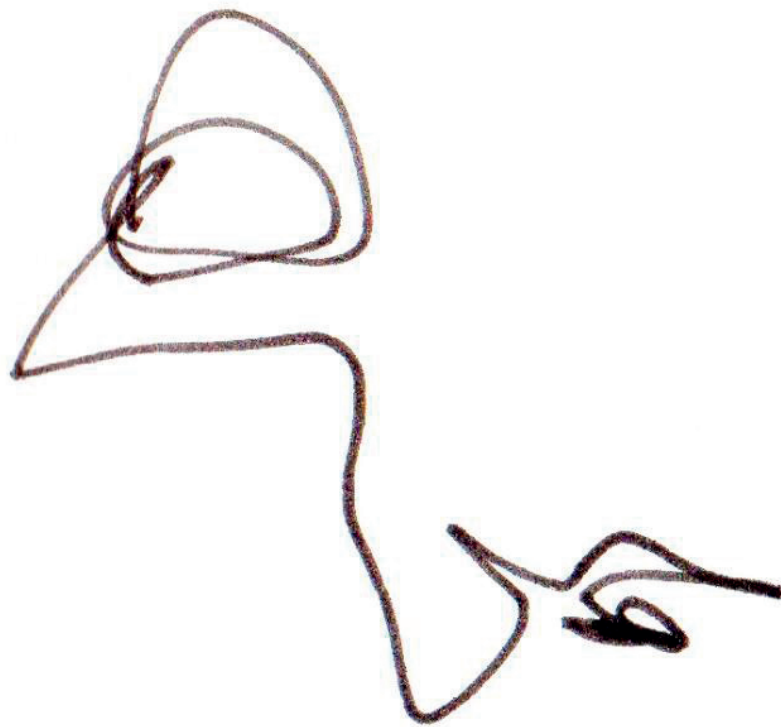






From contemporary songs to jazz standards

For these songs I did not follow the original in their entirety as I had done for the folk songs, I was inspired by a few lines or by the subject.



Seven

Little Spark / Blues Skies

This song is inspired by 'Willin' by Lowell T George

I been warped by the rain, driven by the snow
I'm drunk and dirty, don't you know
But I'm still willin'

Out on the road late last night
I'd see my pretty Alice in every headlight
Alice, Dallas Alice

Here is Linda Ronstadt singing it

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IJHcDokHTGk>

Blue Skies is by Irving Berlin

Here is Maxine Sullivan singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FVz1ATv7vR8>

My Little Spark

Tried passing the buck
Skating on thin ice
Kept trying my luck
'Til I wore out the dice

But it never quite hit the mark
I was living in the dark
'Til you, my little spark
Lit up my heart

I'd gone with the blows
And searched for bright lights
I flowed with the flows
And I toured all the sights

But it never quite hit the mark
I was living in the dark
'Til you, my little spark
Lit up my heart

Played chance like a cat
Used eight of nine lives
Would've eaten my hat
If you hadn't arrived

But then you just hit the mark
Stopped me living in the dark
'Cos you, my little spark
Lit up my heart, lit up my heart
Yes you, my little spark, lit up my heart

Blue Skies

Irving Berlin

Blue skies
Smiling at me
Nothing but blue skies
Do I see

Bluebirds
Singing a song
Nothing but bluebirds
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

Improvisation

I never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going oh-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

My Little Spark / Blues Skies

Sing once without words in brackets.

I tried passing the buck

(when I became unstuck)

Skating on thin ice and trying my luck

'Til I wore out the dice

(lost my sugar and spice, looking for paradise)

I just went with the blows

(through the lowest of lows)

Searched for the bright lights and flowed with the flows

Having toured all the sights

(climbed the highest of heights and lost every fight)

Never had a chance to hit the mark

Spent my whole life, waltzing the dark

Then you came along and lit up my heart

You were the start, my little spark

Yes, I played chance like a cat

(can you imagine that?)

Used eight of my nine lives, would've eaten my hat

If you hadn't arrived

(and lit up my heart, when you gave love a start)

('Cos, you my little spark)

(Yes, you my little spark, lit up my heart.)

Improvisation

Repeat all verses adding words in brackets.

Blue Skies

Irving Berlin

A

Am Am/G# Am/G Am/F#

5 Cmaj7 A7(b9) Dm7 G7 C6 Bø7 E7(b9)

A

9 Am Am/G# Am/G Am/F#

13 Cmaj7 A7(b9) Dm7 G7 C6

B

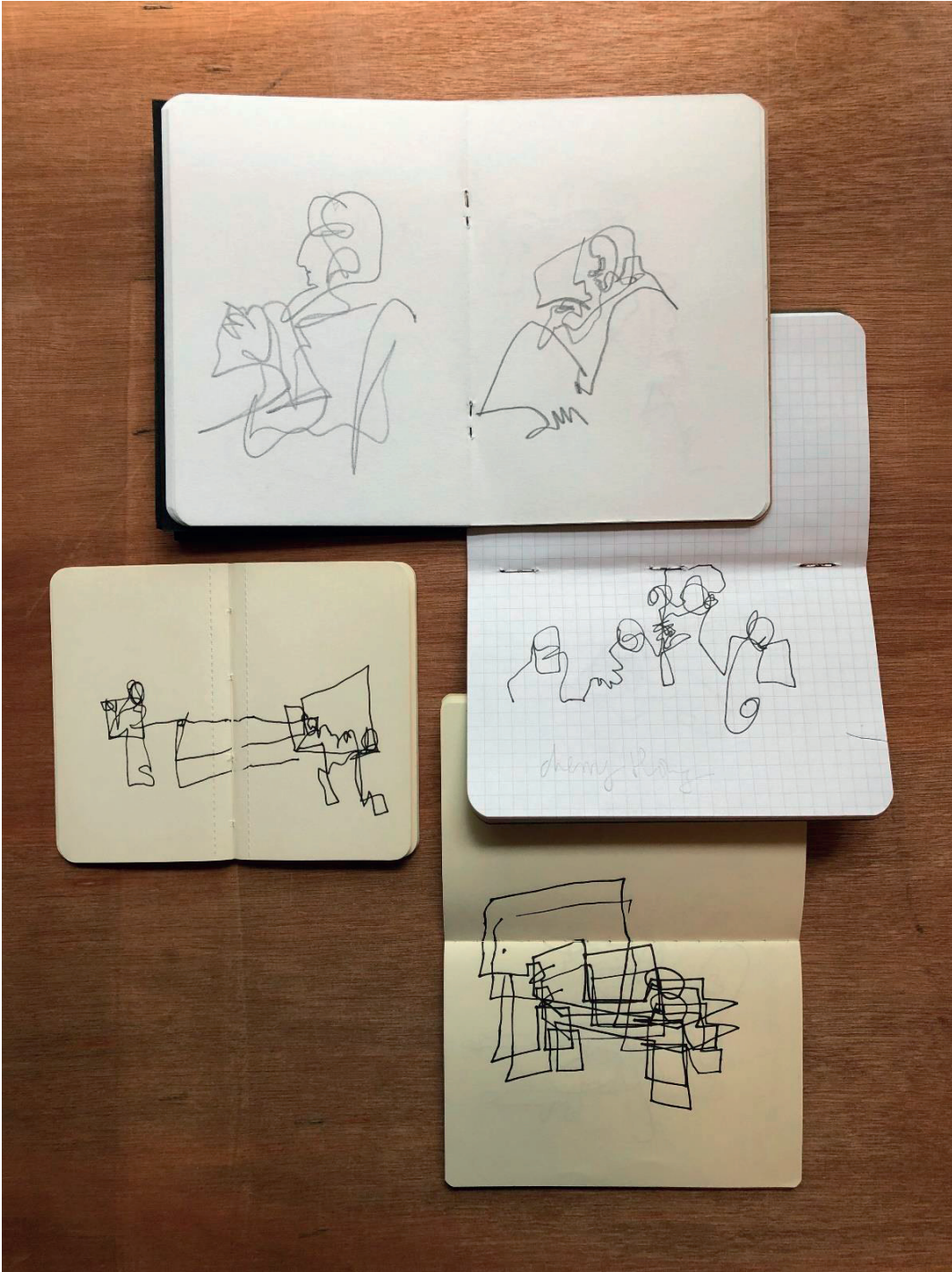
17 C6 Fm6 C6 Fm6 C6 G7 C6

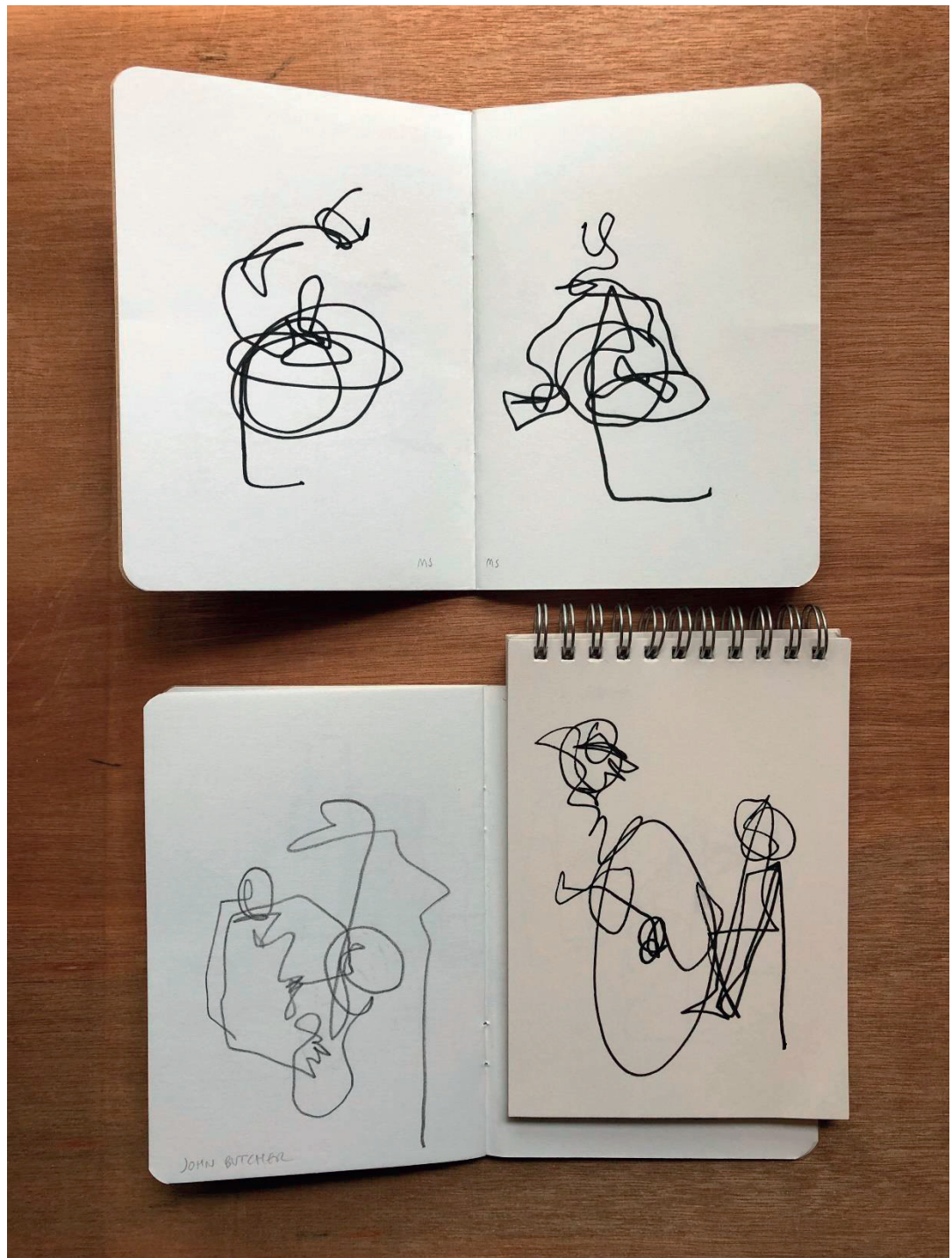
21 C6 Fm6 C6 Fm6 C6 Bø7 E7(b9)

A

25 Am Am/G# Am/G Am/F#

29 Cmaj7 A7(b9) Dm7 G7 C6 Bø7 E7(b9)









Eight

I'm Gonna Love You Forever / Stormy Weather

I probably started the song 'My Love Is Yours Today' with a contemporary song, but I can't remember which one.

My Love Is Yours Today

I hear your voice, it tunes my ears
You make life sweet, you conquer fears
You make me strong; invite my play
My love is yours today

Each day I pray, we'll never part
It was your key, unlocked my heart
I'll nestle close, I'm here to stay
My love is yours today

You're the vision drifting through my nights
You're my hunger, my fanciful flights
You're the magnet that brings me right back
You're the compass that keeps me on track

When you are gone, my eyes don't see
With your caress, my dreams run free
The worlds on fire, it's never grey
My love is yours today

You're the vision drifting through my nights
You're my hunger, my fanciful flights
You're the magnet that brings me right back
You're the compass that keeps me on track

I hear your voice, it tunes my ears
You make life sweet, you conquer fears
You make me strong; invite my play
My love is yours today

Stormy Weather

Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler

Don't know why
There's no sun up in the sky,
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps raining all the time

Life is bare
Gloom and misery everywhere
Stormy weather
Just can't get my old self together
I'm weary all the time

When he went away, the blues walked in and met me
If he stays away, old rocking chair will get me
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me
Walk in the sun once more

Can't go on
Everything I had is gone
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time

Improvisation

When he went away, the blues walked in and met me
If he stays away, old rocking chair will get me
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me
Walk in the sun once more

Can't go on
Everything I had is gone
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time
Keeps rainin' all the time

Here's Billie Holiday singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u4JTE76Xnp0>

I'm Gonna Love You Forever / Stormy Weather

Your sweet voice
Tuned my ears, drove out my fears
We were together
You made blue skies up above, the weather
I knew I'd love you forever

Yes, I prayed
We'd not part, you'd take my heart
We'd be together
You'd make blue skies up above, the weather
'Cos I could love you forever

Yes, you sidled up to me, drifted slow through my nights
You were my appetite and my fanciful flights
You were my compass here, kept me on track
You were the magnet that brought me right back

Now you're gone
I'm not free, my eyes don't see
We're not together
Now there's grey skies up above, for weather
I wanted to love you forever

Improvisation

Yes, you sidled up to me, drifted slow through my nights
You were my appetite and my fanciful flights
You were my compass here, kept me on track
You were the magnet that brought me right back

Now you've gone
I'm not free, my eyes don't see
We're not together
You made grey skies up above, the weather
I wanted to love you forever
I did, I do, I will
I'm gonna love you forever

Stormy Weather

Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler

Chords for the first staff: Gmaj7, E7(b9), Am7, D7, Bm7, E7(b9), Am7, Am7/D.

Chords for the second staff (starting at measure 5): Bm7, Bb7, Am7, D+7, Gmaj7, E7(#9), Am7, D7(b9).

Chords for the third staff (starting at measure 9): Gmaj7, E7(b9), Am7, D7, Bm7, E7(b9), Am7, Am7/D.

Chords for the fourth staff (starting at measure 13): Bm7, Bb7, Am7, D+7, Gmaj7, C7, Bm7, E7, Am7, D+7, Gmaj7, G7.

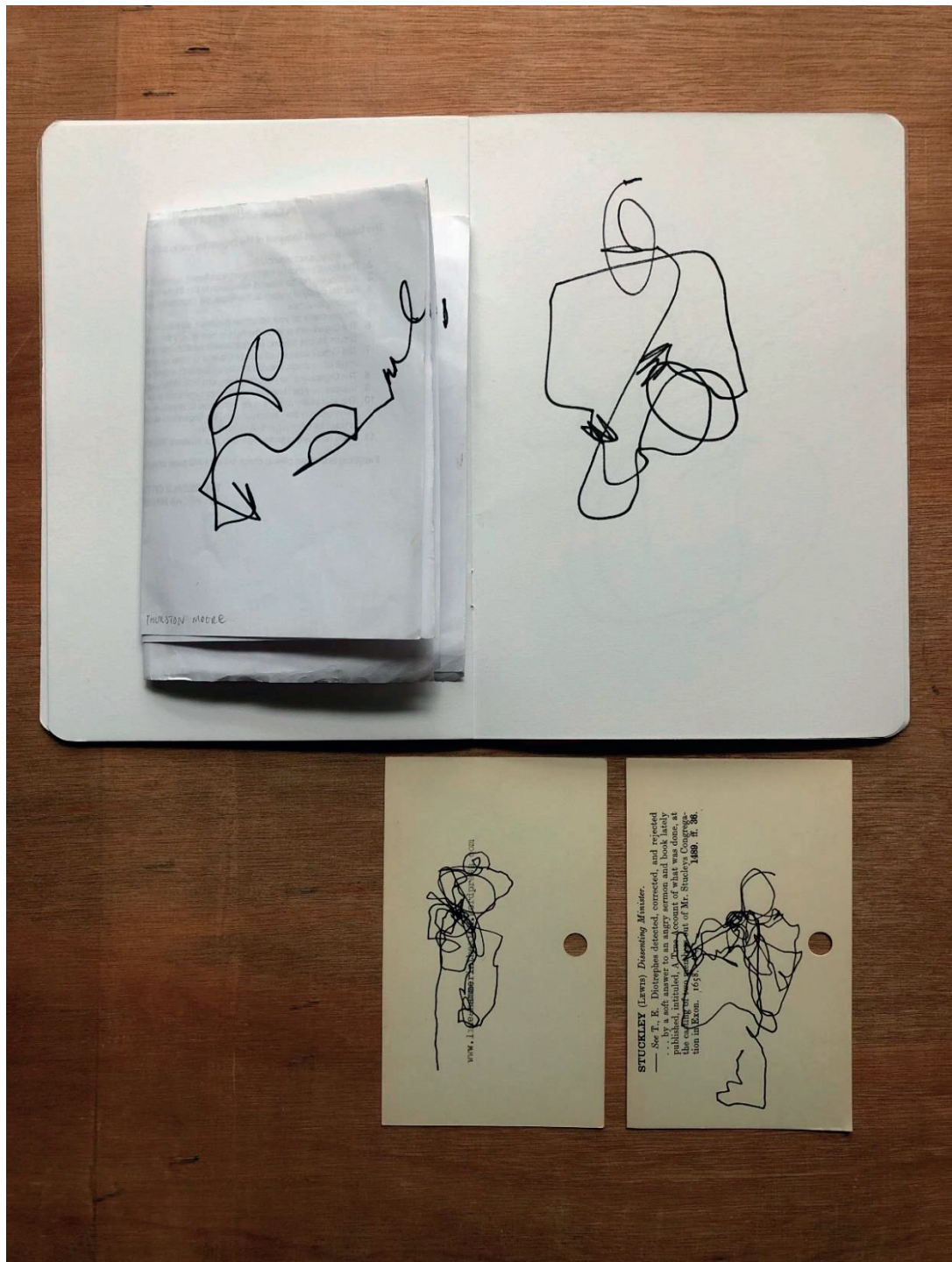
Chords for the fifth staff (starting at measure 19): Cmaj7, C#o, G/D, G7, Cmaj7, C#o, G/D, G7.

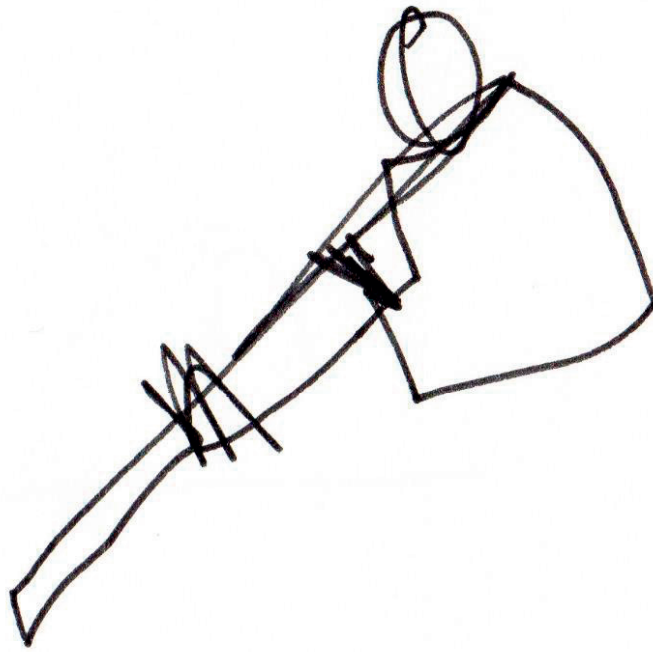
Chords for the sixth staff (starting at measure 23): Cmaj7, C#o, G/B, Em7, Bm7, Em7, A7, D7(b9).

Chords for the seventh staff (starting at measure 27): Gmaj7, E7(b9), Am7, D7, Bm7, E7(b9), Am7, Am7/D, Bm7, Bb7.

Chords for the eighth staff (starting at measure 32): Am7, D+7, Gmaj7, E7, Am7, D+7, Gmaj7.







Nine

I See The Light / Things Ain't What They Used To Be

This song was inspired by the opening lines of 'Bird On The Wire',
by Leonard Cohen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BmPUu-rMpWA>

Like a bird on the wire
Like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free

Like a worm on a hook
Like a knight from some old-fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons for thee

My first attempt was to sing it to 'People Will Say We're In Love', by
Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers. Here's a clip from Oklahoma
with Joan Roberts and Alfred Drake singing the parts.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VEwVAV3VPw4>

My second attempt was to sing it to 'Things Ain't What They Used To
Be', by Mercer Ellington and Ted Persons. Here's Ella Fitzgerald singing
it. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HiKdnLNThyw>

In My Arms Tonight

Like an eagle high on the wing
Like a leopard pausing to spring
Like a bee preserving its sting
I'm hopin' it'll turn out right

Like a singer waiting to sing
Like a drummer ready to swing
Like a juggler eager to fling
I'm hopin' it'll happen tonight

Hold me, I am feeling distraught
Don't say love counts more than it ought
Need to win this battle I fought
And hold you in my arms tonight

Like a flower opening to spring
Like a bell resounding its ring
Like the zest when it's got its zing
I know that I just saw the light

Like a couple out on a fling
Like a prince, now become king
Like a bride revealing her ring
I'm so happy I just might ignite

If my feet have now left the ground
Lord knows I might be heaven bound
Hold on tight and don't make a sound
And stay tight in my arms tonight

And stay in my arms ev'ry night.

Dancing Romance

I'm an eagle high on the wing
I'm a leopard pausing to spring
I'm a diamond next to some bling
'Cos we're dancing romance tonight

I'm a drummer ready to swing
I'm a juggler eager to fling
I'm a singer waiting to sing
And you've lit my biggest bright light

When you smile, I feel bold
Your voice is liquid gold
I want your hand to hold
And dance romance tonight

I'm a flower opening to spring
I'm a bell resounding its ring
I'm the zest when it's got its zing
With you I can now see the light

When you smile, I feel bold
Your voice is liquid gold
I want your hand to hold
And dance romance tonight

I'm the bridesmaid out on a fling
I'm the bride that's just got her ring
I'm the prince, now become king
Add love and I just might ignite

People Will Say We're In Love

Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers

Why do they think up stories that link my name with yours?
Why do the neighbours gossip all day behind their doors?
I know a way to prove what they say is quite untrue
Here is the gist, a practical list of don't's for you

Don't throw bouquets at me
Don't please my folks too much
Don't laugh at my jokes too much
People will say we're in love

Don't sigh and gaze at me
Your sighs are so like mine
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine
People will say we're in love

Don't start collecting things
Give me my rose and my glove
Sweetheart, they're suspecting things
People will say we're in love

Don't praise my charm too much
Don't look so vain with me
Don't stand in the rain with me
People will say we're in love

Don't take my arm too much
Don't keep your hand in mine
Your hand feels so grand in mine
People will say we're in love

Who cares what happens now?
Just keep your hand in mine
Your hand feels so grand in mine
Let people say we're in love
Let people say we're in love

I Just Might Ignite / People Will Say We're In Love

Why when you smile, do I suddenly feel so tall, so bold
How can your voice warm a heart that has only known the cold
When you are near, I need to reach for your hand to hold
Here's how my dreams and feelings for you unfold

Like an eagle, I'm high on the wing
Like a leopard, I'm pausing to spring
Like a diamond, I outshine the bling
With you my best dreams are in sight

Like a drummer, I'm ready to swing
Like a juggler, I'm eager to fling
Like a singer, with a new song to sing
You've just lit my biggest bright light

Why when you smile, do I suddenly feel so tall, so bold
How can your voice warm a heart that has only known the cold
When you are near, I need to reach for your hand to hold
Here's how my dreams and feelings for you unfold

Like a bridesmaid, who's out on a fling
Like a young bride, who's just got her ring
Like a grown prince, who's now become king
With you I can now see the light

Improvisation

Why when you smile, do I suddenly feel so tall, so bold
How can your voice warm a heart that has only known the cold
When you are near, I need to reach for your hand to hold
Here's how my dreams and feelings for you unfold

Like a flower, I'm ready for spring
Like a new bell, resounding its ring
Like the best zest, you can give me the zing
Add love and I just might ignite
Add love and I just might ignite

Things Ain't What They Used To Be

Mercer Ellington and Ted Persons

Got so weary of bein' nothin'
Felt so dreary just doin' nothin'
Didn't care ever gettin' nothin', felt so low
Now my eyes on the far horizon can see a glow
Announcin' things ain't what they used to be

No use bein' a doubtin' Thomas
No ignorin' that rosy promise
Now I know there's a happy story yet to come
It's the dawn of a day of glory: millennium
I tell you things ain't what they used to be

Look at that army
Fightin' to be free
It doesn't bar me
Shows me how to go, with my head up
Eyes ain't lookin' low, don' feel fed up
That's how come I see, a victory
Believe me things ain't what they used to be.

Got so weary of bein' nothin'
Felt so dreary just doin' nothin'
Didn't care ever gettin' nothin', felt so low
Now my eyes on the far horizon can see a glow
Announcin' things ain't what they used to be

No use bein' a doubtin' Thomas
No ignorin' that rosy promise
Now I know there's a happy story yet to come
It's the dawn of a day of glory: millennium
I tell you things ain't what they used to be

I See The Light / Things Ain't What They Used To Be

Like a flower, I'm ready for Spring
Like an eagle, I'm high on the wing
Like a panther, I'm pausing to spring, yes that's right
Now all of my bells are ringing, I see the light
Add love and I'll really and truly ignite

Like a drummer, I'm ready to swing
Like a juggler, I'm eager to fling
Like a postman with presents to bring, yes that's right
Now all of my bells are ringing, I see the light
Add love and I'll really and truly ignite

Improvisation

When feelings unfold
We start to feel bold
That's what I'm told
So I come on in – right out of the cold
Knowing that I've got - your hand to hold
If that's how it is – then I see the light
And believe me, I'm gonna ignite

Like a diamond next to some old bling
Like a crown prince who's now the new king
Like the best zest, with spice in the zing, yes that's right
Now all of my bells are ringing, I see the light
Add love and I'll really and truly ignite

Improvisation

When feelings unfold
We start to feel bold
That's what I'm told
So I come on in – right out of the cold
Knowing that I've got - your hand to hold
If that's how it is – then I see the light
And believe me, I'm gonna ignite

Like a diamond next to some old bling
Like the crown prince who's now the new king
Like the best zest, with spice in the zing, yes that's right
Now all of my bells are ringing, I see the light
Add love and I'll really and truly ignite
All right, that's right, tonight
Add love and I'll really ignite

Things Ain't What They Used To Be

Mercer Ellington

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Collaging jazz standards

In this section, I sing two jazz standards at the same time by alternating the lines. I chose the bridge from one of the songs and sing it without alteration.



Ten

Blue Moon / Stormy weather

Blue Moon is by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers.

Here is Billie Holiday singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ntDnwBiORu8>

Stormy Weather is by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler.

Here is Billie Holiday sing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u4JTE76Xnp0>

I changed the lyrics for the last verse.

Blue Moon / Stormy weather

Don't know why
Blue moon
There's no sun up in the sky,
You saw me standing alone
Stormy weather
Without a dream in my heart
Since my man and I ain't together
Without a love of my own
Keeps raining all the time

Life is bare
Blue moon
Gloom and misery everywhere
You knew just what I was there for
Stormy weather
You heard me saying a prayer for
Can't get my old self together
Someone I really could care for
I'm weary all the time

And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold
I heard somebody whisper, "please adore me"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold

I'll go on
Blue moon
Nothing I once had is gone
I am no longer alone
Pleasant weather
I've got a dream in my heart
Now my man and I are together
I've got a love of my own
Sun's shining all the time

Blue Moon

Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^9(sus4)$ $E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat^6$ Cm^7

Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat^6$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat^6$

$A\flat m^7$ $D\flat^7$ $G\flat$ $G\flat^6$ $B\flat^7$ F^7 $B\flat^7(sus4)$ $B\flat^7$

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^7$

$E\flat$ Cm^7 Fm^7 $B\flat^9(sus4)$ $E\flat^6$ Fm^7 $B\flat^7$

Stormy Weather

Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler

Gmaj7 E7(b9) Am7 D7 Bm7 E7(b9) Am7 Am7/D

5 Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D+7 Gmaj7 E7(#9) Am7 D7(b9)

9 Gmaj7 E7(b9) Am7 D7 Bm7 E7(b9) Am7 Am7/D

13 Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D+7 Gmaj7 C7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D+7 Gmaj7 G7

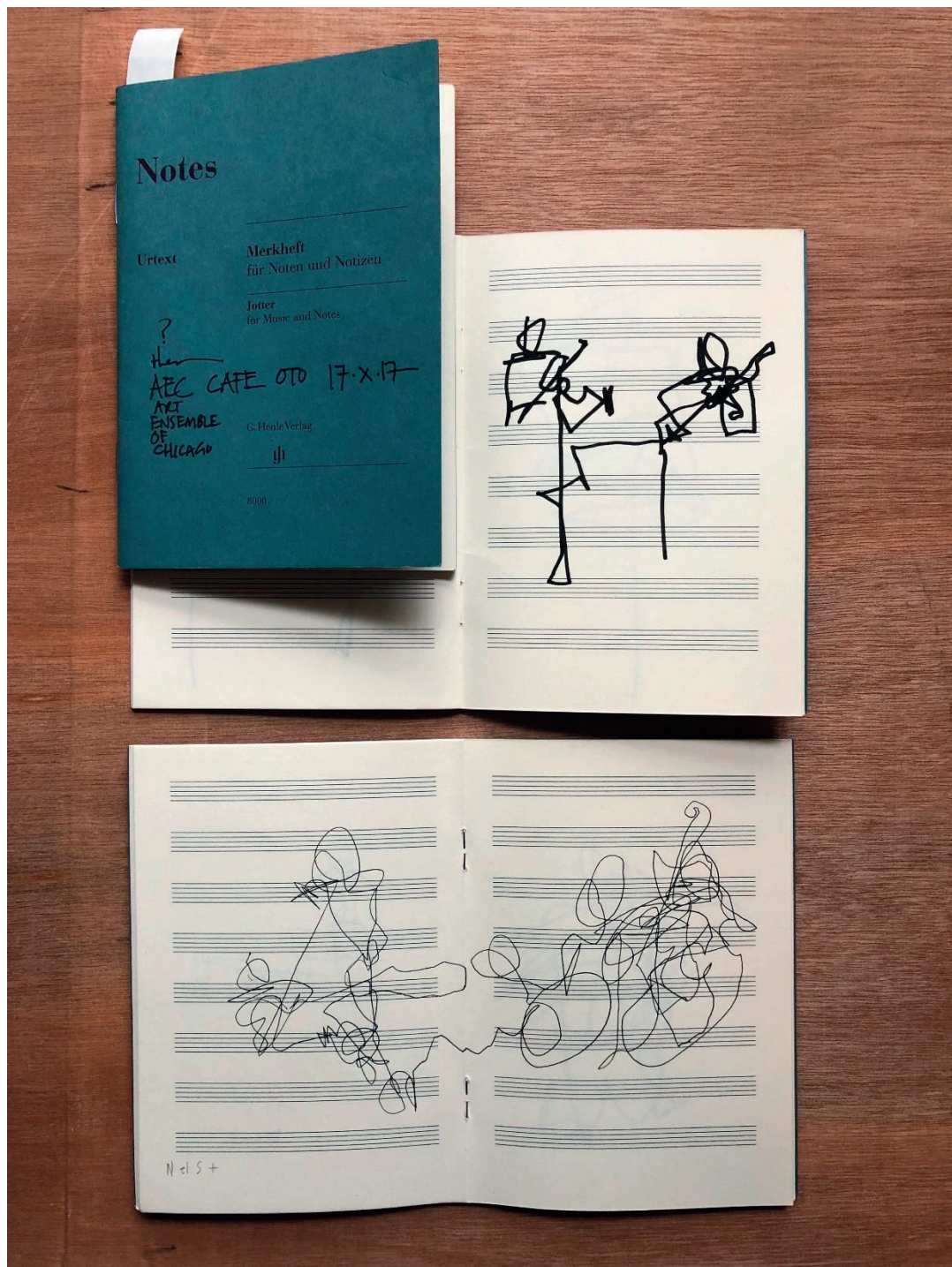
19 Cmaj7 3 C#° G/D G7 Cmaj7 3 C#° G/D G7

23 Cmaj7 3 C#° G/B Em7 Bm7 Em7 A7 D7(b9)

27 Gmaj7 E7(b9) Am7 D7 Bm7 E7(b9) Am7 Am7/D Bm7 Bb7

32 Am7 D+7 Gmaj7 E7 Am7 D+7 Gmaj7







Eleven

These Foolish Things / Sentimental Journey

These Foolish Things is by Jack Strachey and Holt Marvel. Here is Nat King Cole singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=biNNbvnxCm8>

Sentimental Journey is by Benjamin Homer, Bud Green and Les Brown. Here is Doris Day singing it

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PUw125JMVFI>

These Foolish Things / Sentimental Journey

A cigarette that bares a lipstick's traces
 Gonna take a sentimental journey
An airline ticket to romantic places
 Gonna set my heart at ease
Still my heart has wings
 Gonna make a sentimental journey
These foolish things remind me of you
 To renew old memories

A tinkling piano in the next apartment
 Got my bag, got my reservation
Those stumblin' words that told you what my heart meant
 Spent each dime I could afford
A fair ground painted swings
 Like a child in wild anticipation
These foolish things remind me of you
 Long to hear that all aboard

Seven, that's the time we leave, at seven
I'll be waitin' up at heaven
Countin' every mile of railroad track
That takes me back

The winds of march that made my heart a dancer
 Never thought my heart could be so yearny
A telephone that rings but who's to answer
 Why did I decide to roam
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
 Gotta take that sentimental journey
These foolish things remind me of you
 Sentimental journey home

These foolish things remind me of you

These Foolish Things

Jack Strachey and Harry Link

C Am Dm G⁷ C Am D⁹ G⁷

5 Gm⁷ C⁹ F A⁷ D⁹ D⁹ Dm G⁷

9 C Am Dm G⁷ C Am D⁹ G⁷

13 Gm⁷ C⁹ F A⁷ D⁹ G⁷ C B⁷

17 Em Am B⁹ Em A⁹ Am⁷ D⁷

21 G Em C D⁷ G⁷ E^o Dm G⁷

25 C⁶ Am Dm G⁷ C Am D⁹ G⁷

29 Gm⁷ C⁹ F A⁷ D⁹ G⁷ C⁶

Sentimental Journey

Les Brown and Ben Homer

Chord symbols and measure numbers for the musical score:

- Staff 1: C⁶ (measures 1-4), D⁷ G⁷ (measures 5-6)
- Staff 2: 5 C⁶ C⁷ F⁹ F^{#o} C A⁷ D⁷ G⁷ C⁶ (measures 7-12)
- Staff 3: 9 C⁶ (measures 13-16), D⁷ G⁷ (measures 17-18)
- Staff 4: 13 C⁶ C⁷ F⁹ F^{#o} C A⁷ D⁷ G⁷ C⁶ (measures 19-24)
- Staff 5: 17 F (measures 25-26), C (measures 27-28)
- Staff 6: 21 D⁷ (measures 29-30), G⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ C^{#o7} Dm G⁷ (measures 31-34)
- Staff 7: 25 C⁶ (measures 35-38), D⁷ G⁷ (measures 39-40)
- Staff 8: 29 C⁶ C⁷ F⁹ F^{#o} C A⁷ D⁷ G⁷ C⁶ (measures 41-46)



23.i.17 — 1.ii.17
NEW YORK / LONDON

Notes

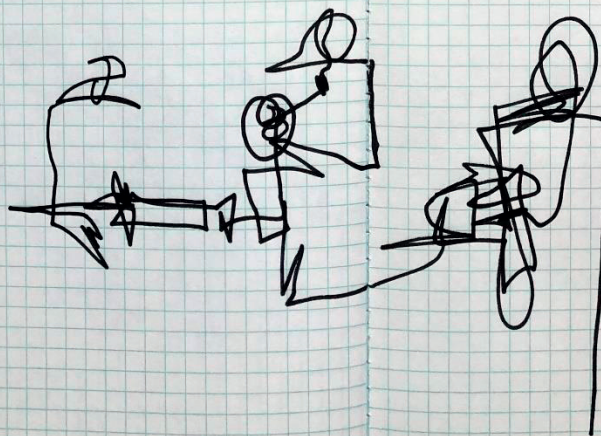
THE STONE
NYC

Urtext Merkhelt
JAMES MODER for Notes and Notizen
MARC RIBOT Jotter
23.i.17 for Music and Notes

CAFE OTO
LONDON

SIMON FISHER-TURNER +
SHIVA FESHAREKI
31.i.17

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
1.ii.17





Twelve

Skylark / What'll I Do

'Skylark' is by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer.
Here is Maxine Sullivan singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bGLJ3AnwQ7w>

'What'll I do' is by Irving Berlin.
Here is Frank Sinatra singing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DID9ruqhZUA>

Skylark / What'll I Do

Skylark

What'll I do

Have you anything to say to me

when you

Won't you tell me where my love can be

are far away

Is there a meadow in the mist

and I'm so blue?

Where someone's waiting to be kissed

What'll I do?

Skylark

What'll I do

Have you seen a valley green with spring

when I

Where my heart can go a-journeying

am wondering who

Over the shadows and the rain

is kissing you

To a blossom-covered lane

what'll I do?

And in your lonely flight

Haven't you heard the music in the night

Wonderful music

Faint as a will o' the wisp

Crazy as a loon

Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon

Oh Skylark

When I'm alone

I don't know if you can find these things

with only

But my heart is riding on your wings

dreams of you

So if you see them anywhere

that won't come true

Won't you lead me there

What'll I do

Skylark

Skylark

Hoagy Carmichael

Eb⁶ Bb⁷/F Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb A⁷ Ab Eb/G
 5 Ab Eb/G F⁷ Bb⁷ Eb Cm Fm⁷ Bb⁷
 9 Eb⁶ Bb⁷/F Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb A⁷ Ab Eb/G
 13 Ab Eb/G F⁷ Bb⁷ Eb Bb⁺7 Eb Eb⁷
 17 Ab F⁷ Bbm⁷ Eb⁷ Abmaj⁷ Gm⁷(b5) C⁷
 21 Fm Db⁷ Eb⁷ Ab G E⁷ A⁷ D⁷ G Bb⁷
 25 Eb⁶ Bb⁷/F Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb A⁷ Ab Eb/G
 29 Ab Eb/G F⁷ Bb⁷ Eb Db⁷ D⁷ Ebmaj⁷

What'll I Do

Irving Berlin

$E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$

$G\text{m}^7$ C^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ C^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$

$E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$

$G\text{m}^7$ C^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ A° $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$

$A\flat\text{maj}^7$ $B\flat\text{m}^7$ $E\flat^7$ $A\flat\text{maj}^7$ $D\flat^7$

$G\text{m}^7$ C^7 F^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $F\text{m}^7/B\flat$

$E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$ $A\flat\text{m}^7$ $D\flat^7$

$G\text{m}^7$ C^7 $F\text{m}^7$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat\text{maj}^7$

