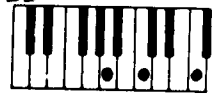


## INDHOLD

Rum and Coca Cola _____	side 2
Get me in the church in time _____	side 3
Chattanooga Choo Choo _____	side 4
I'll never fall in love again _____	side 5
Wonderful Copenhagen _____	side 6
Eleanor Rigby _____	side 7
Michelle _____	side 8
An affair to remember _____	side 9
Try a little tenderness _____	side 10
Put your hand in the hand _____	side 11
Wouldn't it be lovely _____	side 12
Somewhere my love _____	side 13
The shadow of your smile _____	side 14
Alley cat _____	side 15
Du är den ende _____	side 16
Onkel fra Minnesota _____	side 17
Her kommer Pippi Langstrømpe _____	side 18
Cuban love song _____	side 19
Somebody stole my gal _____	side 20
Hi - lili, hi - lo _____	side 21
En tusindfryd i min hånd _____	side 22
I've grown accustomed to her face _____	side 23
Solskin ombord _____	side 24
Three coins in the fountain _____	side 25
The rain in Spain _____	side 26
Nordsøbølger _____	side 27
Aldrig om søndag'n _____	side 28
Charmaine _____	side 29
San Francisco _____	side 30
En jeg kan elske _____	side 31
A certain smile _____	side 32
Min fætter på Als _____	side 33
Yesterday _____	side 34
Sealed with a kiss _____	side 35
On a slow boat to China _____	side 36
And I love her _____	side 37
Et brev med små violer _____	side 38
Flirt _____	side 39
Delilah _____	side 40
Karl Herman og jeg _____	side 41
Singin' in the rain _____	side 42
Liechtensteiner Polka _____	side 43
Raindrops keep fallin' on my head _____	side 44
Mona Lisa _____	side 45
With a little bit of luck _____	side 46 - 47
Jens og Sofie _____	side 48 - 49
Jeg snakker med mig selv _____	side 50
Tak for alle kys _____	side 51

REDIGERET OG ARRANGERET AF PETER ASSCHENFELDT



F



Bb



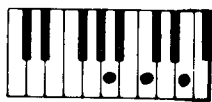
G7



C7



Gdim



Am



E7

## Wouldn't it be lovely

Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner

Musik: Frederick Loewe

All I want is a room some-where, far a-way from the cold night air, with one enormous chair, Oh, wouldn't it be lo-ver-ly? Lots of choc'-late for me to eat. Lots of coal ma-kin' lots of heat. Warm face, wa-m warm feet, Oh, would'-nt it be lo-ver - ly? Oh, so hands, lo-ver-ly sit-tin' ab-so-bloom-in-lute-ly still. I would nev-er bud'ge'til spring crept o-ver the win'-dow sill. Some-ones head rest-in on my knee. Warm and ten-der as he can be. Who takes good care of me. Oh, would-n't it be lo-ver-ly?



Am



G



Dm



C



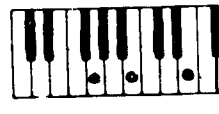
D7



G7



F



Em



A7

## Wonderful Copenhagen

Tekst: Arvid Müller

Musik: Frank Loesser

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are in Danish.

Jeg sej-led' ad Ska-ge-rak og ned gen-nem Kat-te-gat, run-ded Kron-børg og  
 skim-ted' min by, med tår'n og tag, gav-le og spir, den stak he-le sin  
 vel-komst i sky - - . Dej-li-ge, dej-li-ge Kø-ben-havn, du  
 længs-ler-nes dra-gen-de mål. Jeg har hjem-me her, i dit lyg-te-skær,  
 Fyld et glas og tøm en skål. for dej-li-ge, dej-li-ge Kø-ben-  
 havn, som smi-len-de ta'r dig i favn. Jeg drog ud en-gang, men kom hjem og sang  
 Gam-le Kø-ben-havn, min dej-li-ge, dej-li-ge gla-de by Kø-ben-havn.

lit-tle bit of luck {you'll nev-er work. }  
 {you won't be home. } The Lord a- Oh, you can walk the

straight and nar- row, but with a lit-tle bit of luck you'll run a - mok.

The gent-le sex was made for man to mar-ry. To tend his needs and

see his food is cooked. The gent-le sex was made for man to mar-ry, but with a

lit-tle bit of luck, with a lit-tle bit of luck, you can have it all and not get

hooked. With a lit-tle bit, with a lit-tle bit. With a

lit-tle bit of luck you won't get hooked. With a lit-tle bit, with a

lit-tle bit, with a lit-tle bit of bloom-ing luck.



C



F



G7



A7



D7

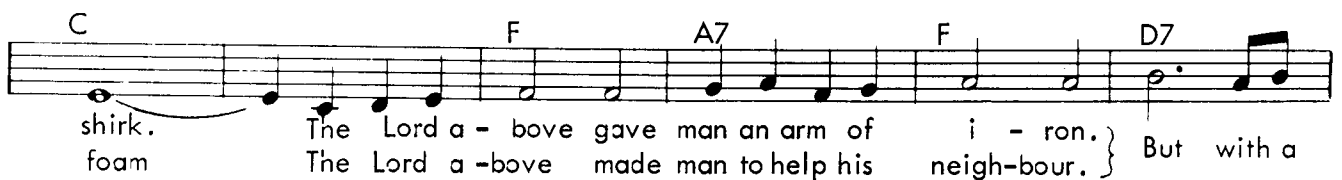
## With a little bit of luck

Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner

Musik: Frederick Loewe



1. The Lord a - bove gave man an arm of i - ron so he could do his job and nev - er  
 2. (" " ") bove made man to help his neig - bour no mat - ter where, on land or sea and



shirk.  
foam

The Lord a - bove gave man an arm of i - ron. }  
 The Lord a - bove made man to help his neigh - bour. } But with a



lit - tle bit of luck, with a lit - tle bit of luck. } Some - one else - 'll do the blink - in'  
 { When he comes a - round you won't be



work. }  
home. }

With a lit - tle bit, With a lit - tle bit, With a



C



G7



Am



A7



D7



F



E7



Dm

## Try a little tenderness

Tekst & musik: Harry Woods/  
Jimmy Campbell/Reg Conelly

C G7 C A7  
She may be wea - ry, wom-en do get wea-ry wear-ing the same shab-by dress.

D7 G7 C  
And when she's try a lit-tle ten-der - ness. You know she's wait-ing,

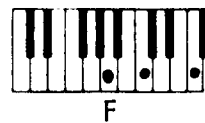
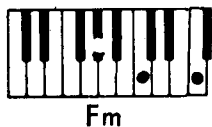
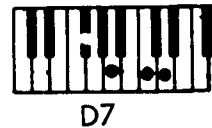
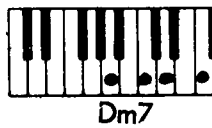
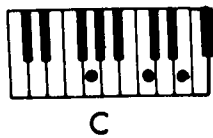
G7 C A7 D7  
just an - tic-i - pa-ting things she may nev-er pos - sess. While she's with-out them,

G7 C F E7 Am  
try a lit-tle ten - der - ness. It's not just sen-ti - men-tal, she has her grief and

A7 Dm A7 Dm G7  
care. And a word that's soft and gen-tle, ma-kes eas-i - er to bear.

C G7 C A7  
You want re-gret it, wom-en don't for-get it, love is their whole hap-pi- ness,

D7 G7 C  
it's all so eas - y, try a lit-tle ten - der - ness



# Three coins in the fountain

Tekst: Sammy Cain

Musik: Jule Styne

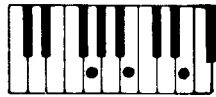
Three coins in the foun - tain, Each one seek - ing hap - pi - ness, thrown by three hope - ful  
 lov - ers, which one will the foun - tain bless? Three hearts in the foun - tain,  
 each heart long - ing for it's home, there they lie in the foun - tain, some - where in the heart of  
 Rome. Which one will the foun - tain bless? Which one will the foun - tain bless?  
 Three coins in the foun - tain, through the rip - ples how they shine, just one wish will be  
 grant - ed, one heart will wear a val - en - tine. Make it mine, make it mine, make it mine.



F#m7



B7



Em



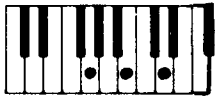
A7



Am7



D7



G



C



F#7



Bm7



Cm



E7

# The shadow of your smile

Tekst: Sammy Cahn

Musik: Jule Styne

The sha-dow of your smile when you are gone, will col-or all my  
 dreams and light the dawn. Look in-to my eyes my  
 love and see all the love-ly things you are to  
 me. Our wist-ful lit-tle star was far to high,  
 a tear-drop kissed your lips and so did I. Now when I re-  
 mem-ber spring all the joy that love can bring, I will be re-  
 mem-be-ring the sha-dow of your smile.





F



C7



Bb



A



E7



Gm

## The rain in spain

Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner

Musik: Frederick Loewe

The rain in Spain stays main-ly in the plain Now once a-

gain, where does it rain? On the plain. On the plain. And where's that sog-gy plain? In

Spain. In Spain. The rain in Spain stays main-ly in the plain. The

rain in Spain stays main-ly in the plain. In Hert - ford, Her-e -ford and

Hamp-shire Hur-ri-canes hard-ly hap -pen. How kind of you to

let me come. Now once a -gain, where does it rain? On the plain. On the plain. And

where's that blast-ed plain? In Spain, in Spain, the rain in Spain stays main-ly in the

plain. The rain in Spain stays main-ly in the plain.



C



F



G7

B $\flat$ 

## Tak for alle kys

Dansk tekst: Peter Mynte

Musik & org. tekst:  
John L. Finneran

1.2. Tak for al-le kys-se-ne du gav mig, ved du mon, jeg græ-der når du

går? Tak for al-le kys-se-ne du gav mig, man si'r jo, ti-den

læ-ger al-le sår. { Den dag vi mød-tes før-ste gang, da sa' du, vær  
Drøm-me-ne, vi drøm-te om en frem-tid, blev min-

al-drig for sik-ker, lil-le ven. Jeg fat-te-de vist knapt nok, hvad du men-te,  
der om no-get, der al-drig sker, og al-drig får jeg svar på, hvad der hænd-te,

før nu, hvor du vil gå din vej i - gen.) 2. Men 3. Så  
du går din vej og kom-mer al-drig mer.)

sår, man si'r jo, ti-den læ-ger al-le sår.



G



D7



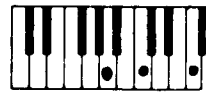
Am7



C



Bb



F

## Somewhere my love

Tekst: Paul Francis Webster

Musik: Maurice Jarre

Some-where my love there will be songs to sing, Al-though the  
 snow cov-ers the hope of spring, Some-where a hill blos-soms in green and  
 gold, and there are dreams all that your heart can hold. Some-day  
 we'll meet a-gain my love, Some-day when-ev-er the spring breaks  
 through. You'll come to me out of the long a-go, warm as the  
 wind soft as the kiss of snow, Til Till then my sweet think of me now and  
 (Lar-a, my own)  
 then, god-speed my love, 'til you are mine a-gain.



C



Cdim



Dm7



G7



A7



B7



D7



E



Fm



F

## Somebody stole my gal

Tekst & musik:  
Leo Wood

Some-bod-y stole my <sup>C</sup> <sup>Cdim</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> gal <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> pal. Some-bod-y stole my <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> left his

<sup>C</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> pal} gal} Some-bod-y came and took {her} {him} a-way.

{She} {He} did-'nt e - ven say {she} {he} was leav- in'. The kis-ses I loved <sup>G7</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Cdim</sup>

<sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> so. {He's} {She's} get-ting now I know, and Gee,

I know that {she} {he} would come to me if {she} {he} could see, {her} {his}

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Cdim</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> bro-ken heart -ed lone-some {pal} {gal} Some-bod-y stole my {gal.} {pal.}



F



C7



Bb



Gm7



G7

## Solskin ombord

Dansk tekst: Arvid Müller

Musik & org. tekst:  
Cy Coben/Charles Green

1. Der va'r gang en sø-mand, som skul-le til søs, så traf han en  
2. Men pi'en sa' til sø - mand'n? Hvor er du na - iv, jeg sto-ler slet

pi-ge og gav hend' et kur-sus i sø-kort fra Drag-ør til Hveen. Hun hav-de, det ik-ke på dig og dit løf-te. Så kald-te hun fluks på sin far. Og far'-n kom

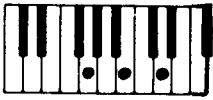
sa' han, de yn-dig-ste øj - ne, no'en pi-ge havd' haft i en havn, han sa': Nu ta'r farn'-e og sa: Hva' be-dri - ver min dat-ter og sø-man-den her? Hun er da for

jeg dig min skat i min båd, og så sej-ler vi ud på en tøm, vi gif-ter os pok-ker vel ik-ke en pi-ge, der gif-ter sig ud'n at få lov, for-di såd'n en

straks og får mas-ser af } Sol - skin om - bord, må - ne - skin om sø - mand vil ha' sig lidt }

nat - ten. Flet-te-de fing-re i stjer - ne - drys. Sø - mænd de

hol - der af sol - skin om - bord.



G



D7

## Singin' in the rain

Tekst: Arthur Freed

Musik: Nacio Herb Brown

Sing - in' in the rain, just sing-in' in the rain. What a glo - ri - ous

feel ing I'm hap - py a - gain, I'm laugh - ing at clouds, so dark up a -

bove, the sun's in my kheart, and I'm read - y for love. Let the

storm - y clouds chase ev-'ry - one from the place, come on with the

rain, I've a smile on my face. I'll walk down the lane, with a hap - py re -

frain, and sing - in' just sing-in' in the rain.



Gm



Dm



F



C7



A7



G



E7



D7

## Sealed with a kiss

'Tho we got-ta say good- bye for the sum- mer, Dar-ling I prom-ise you  
cold lone-ly sum-mer, but I'll fill the emp - ti -

this: "I'll send you all my love ev-'ry day in a let - ter. Sealed with a  
ness. I'll send you all my dreams ev-'ry day in a let - ter. Sealed with a

kiss. Guess it's gon-na be a cold lone-ly sum - mer, but I'll fill the emp - ti -

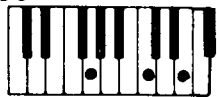
ness. I'll send you all my dreams ev-'ry day in a let - ter. Sealed with a

kiss. I'll see you in the sun-light. I'll hear your voice ev-'ry - where. I'll

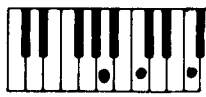
run to ten-der-ly hold you, but dar-ling you won't be there. I don't wan-na say  
good-

bye for the sum - mer, knowiing the love we'll miss. Oh, let us make a

pledge to meet in Sep - tem - ber, and seal it with a kiss.



C



F



Dm7



G7



Em



B7



E7



A7



D7

## San Francisco

Tekst: Gus Kahn

Musik:

Bronislaw Kaper/Walter Jurman

San Fran - cis - co o - pen your gold - en gate, you let no stran - ger wait  
 out - side your door. San Fran - cis - co, here is your wan - dering one say - ing "I'll wan -  
 der no more". Oth - er plac - es on - ly make me love you best,  
 tell me you're the heart of all the gold - en west, San Fran - cis - co wel - come  
 me home  
 a - gain, I'm com - ing home to go roam - ing no more.

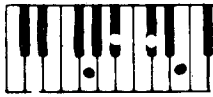




C



F



Gdim



G7

## Rum and Coca Cola

Tekst: Mørey Amsterdam/  
Al Stillman

Musik: Jeri Sullivan/  
Paul Baron



F



Bb



Am7



D7



C7



Gm7

## Raindrops keep fallin' on my head

Tekst: Hal David

Musik: Burt Bacharach

Rain-drops keep fal-ling head, and just like the guy whose feet too big for a  
on my are

bed, noth-in' seems to fit. Those rain-drops are fal-ling head. They keep fal-lin', so I just  
on my

did me some talk-in' to the sun. And I said I didn't like the way he got things done. Sleep-in' on the

job. Those rain-drops are on my head. They keep fal-lin'. But there's one thing, I  
fal-lin'

know, the blues they send to meet me won't de-fait me. It won't be long till hap-pi-news steps

up to greet me. Rain-drops keep fal-lin' on my head, but

that doesn't near my eyes will soon be turn-in' red. Cry-in's not for me 'cause I'm nev-er gon-na stop the

rain by com'-plain-in'. Be-cause I'm free noth-in's wor-ry-in' me.



G



D7



G7



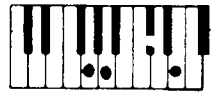
C



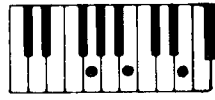
Am7



Gdim



A7



Em

# Put your hand in the hand

Org. tekst & musik:  
Gene MacLellan

Put your hand in the hand of the man who stilled the wa - ter, Put your  
 hand in the hand of the man who cal-med the sea. Take a look at your-self and a  
 you can look at oth-er dif-f'rent - ly by put-tin' your hand in the hand of the  
 man from a Gal-i - lee. *Fine* Ev-'ry time I look in-to the Ho-ly book I want to  
 temp-le when I read a-bout the part where a car-pen-ter cleared the temp-le.  
 For the buy-ers and the sel-lers were no dif-f'rent fel-las than what I pro - fess to  
 be, and it caus-es me shame to know I'm not the gal that I should be. Put your

*D.S.  
al  
Fine*



C



F



G7

## Onkel fra Minnesota

Tekst Robert Arnold

Musik: Kai Ewans



Hal-lo. Kæ-re gam-le Dan-mark, on-ke! Krist-jan's com-in' back. Jeg har væ-ret væk for  
ba-re at - ten år den-gang jeg rej - ste hjem-me-fra, for at tje-nelots of  
hil-sen med fra bå - de Ca-ry Grant og og Dan -ny Kay pla-de med! Der  
gang jeg går til - ba - ge til U - ni -ted States a-gain, skal jeg hil-se Ei -sen-



o -ver ty-ve lan-ge år i træk... I er kun en lil-le land, men hvis I godt vil væ-re  
dol-lars ov-re der i U. S. A...Jeg be-gynd-te som a- vis -drenge og blev hur-tigt mit-jo  
er et yn-digt land" med Do-ris Day. Barb'-ra Hut-ton bad mig si' at ef-ter hun er ble-vet  
ho-wer, min spe-ciel-le go -de ven. Jeg for-tæl-ler ham, han ger-ne må be-hol-de Carl Bris-



stør' kan jeg kø-be Sve-rig til jer, det kan sure-ly la' sig gørd'.  
nær. Det bli'r man jo ik -ke af at gå med morg'n-a-vi-ser her. } Yee-pee yee-pee Yah. Og  
svær, vil hun nyd' sin al-der-dom som hus-mands-ko -ne o-ver her.  
son, og at "litt-le Den-mark" så for-øv- rigt" still is go-ing strong."



Tin-ge-lin-ge-la - ter, Hon-ky Ton-ky- Æh bæh buh. Jeg skal hil - se jer fra



good old Min - ne - so - ta all of you. } Jeg var  
Jeg har  
Når en - you.



C



Em



A7



Dm



Cdim



E7



F



D7



Fm

## On a slow boat to China

Dansk tekst: Knud Pheiffer

Musik: Frank Loesser

Kom lad os flyg-te i en ro - båd til Ki-na, na, kun du og jeg vi  
 to kom til mit hjer - te, i min arm er der fred, glem al-le  
 ven - ner, flygt i-mod det frem-me-de sted. Små, bli -de bøl-ger, og en  
 må - ne, der føl - ger, vug-ger sit sind til ro. Kom, lad os  
 flyg-te, i en ro - båd til Ki - na, kun du og jeg kun to.



G7



C



Cdim



Dm7

STYL 96

## Nordsøbølger

Musik: S. Krannig

The musical score for "Nordsøbølger" is written in 3/4 time and consists of six staves. The chords indicated above the notes are: G7, C, Dm7, G7, C, Cdim, Dm7, G7, and C.



C



G7



Dm



F



Fm

## Mona Lisa

Musik & eng. tekst:  
Jay Livingston & Ray Evans



Mo-na Li-sa, Mo-na Li-sa men have named you: You're like the lady with the mystic



smile. Is it on-ly 'cause you're they have blamed for that Mo-na Li-sa strange-ness in your  
lone-ly you,



smile? Do you smile to tempt a lov-er, Mo-na Li - sa, or is this a way to hide a brok-en



heart? Man-y dreams have been brought door -step. They just lie there, and die there, are you  
to your they



warm, are you real, Mo-na Li - sa, or just a cold and lone-ly, love-ly work of art?



G



Am



D7



C



A7



Gdim



E7

## Min fætter på Als

Tekst & musik:  
Henry Hannibal.

Nu er som'-ren o-ver lan-det, manslik-ker sol-skin to og to nøg-le bot-trer sig i  
Ak, jeg hav-de al-drig truf-fet min go-de fæt-ter mu-si-kant, vil -le jeg mon bli-ve  
van-det, mens an-dre fin-der sig en kro. Man tra-ver, man grå-ver, man gri-ser fing-re-ne i  
skuf-fet, hvis ryg-tet ik -ke tal-te sandt? Jeg an-kom, og han kom, jeg fik et knus, må-ske et  
græs og grus. Men er først af-ten-dug-gen fal-det, fri-ster som-mer-bal-let i det ny for-sam-lings-  
halvt du-sin. Der gik et sus i-gen-nem sa-len, al-le så på ka'-len, da han greb sin vi-o-o-  
hus: Når min fæt-ter på Als spil-ler som-me-rens vals, åh, åh,  
lin: Da min fæt-ter på Als spil-led' som-me-rens vals, åh, åh,  
åh, kom-mer fjern, kom-mer nær, bli'r der krib'-len i tæ'er, åh, åh,  
åh, blev min kær-lig -hed vakt, jeg var helt i hans magt, åh, åh,  
åh, fæt-ter Jens luk-ker til med sit ly-sti-ge spil, åh,  
åh, han be-sva-red mit blik med et læng-sels-fuldt nik, åh,  
åh, åh, Han er pi-ger-nes helt, et ge-ni på sit felt, al-le  
åh, åh, Han har in-tet for-langt, men jeg ind-røm-mer blankt, at jeg  
hyl-der min fæt-ter på Als, når han tryl-ler i som-me-rens vals.  
faldt for min fæt-ter på Als, da han spil-le-de som-me-rens vals.





D



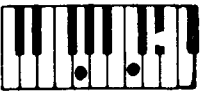
Gm7



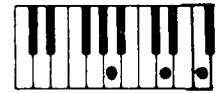
C

B $\flat$ 

A



Cm



Dm

# Michelle

Tekst &amp; musik:

John Lennon/ Paul McCartney

Mi - chelle ma belle, these are words that go to - geth - er well, my Mi -  
 chelle. Mi - chelle, mabelle, sont les mots qui vont tres bien en - semble, tres bien en -  
 semble. I love you, I love you, I love you, That's all I want to say.  
 Un - til I find a way I will say the on - ly words I know that you'll un - der -  
 stand. Mi - chelle, ma belle, sont les mots qui vont tres bien en - semble, tres bien en -  
 semble. I need you, I need you, I need you, I need to make you see  
 oh, what you mean to me. Un - til I do, I'm ho - ping you will know what I mean.  
 Mi - chelle, ma belle, sont les mots qui vont tres bien en - semble, tres bien en - semble. I will  
 say the on - ly words I know that you'll un - der - stand, my Mi - chelle.



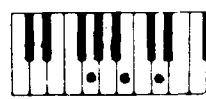
C



G7



D7



G



F



C7



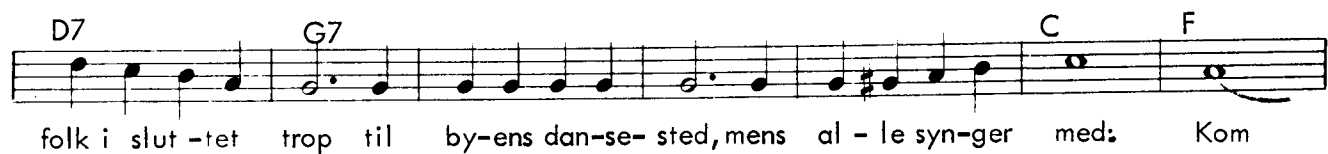
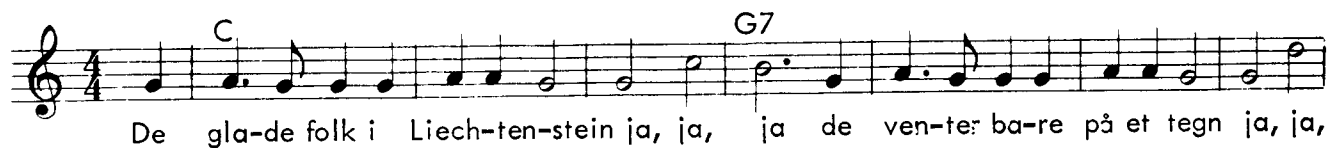
Fdim

B $\flat$ 

## Liechtensteiner Polka

Tekst: Peter Mynte

Musik: R. Lindt





G



D7



C



Cdim



G7

## Karl Herman og jeg

Dansk tekst: John Mogensen

Org. tekst & musik:  
Ulf Peter Olrog



Bør-ge og lil-le

Las-se, Karl Her-man og jeg

spil-led' i Ca-fe

" " " " "

" " " " "

slut-ted' i Ca-fe

" " " " "

" " " " "

var på tour-ne et

" " " " "

" " " " "

varblet lidt grå i



"Sku-den", en døds-syg ga-lej.  
"Sku-den" og byt-ted'vort grej.  
år, og det gik som en leg.  
top-pen, vi gik hversin vej.

Hver gang den fik lidt Mø-zart og den slags mu-sik,  
Bør-ge han valg-te gui-tar og jeg kla-ri-net,  
Vi tjen-te kas-se nok til et godt, lil-le sted,  
Las-se har købt et slot, men han åb-ner sin dør,



skred pub-li-kum på ste-det og

sa', da de gik:

El-gui-tar og sax-o-

Las-se en sax-o-fon, Karl et

brugt va-ske-bræt.

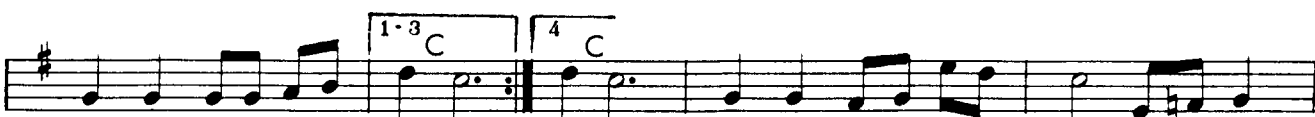
Der drø-ned' vi der-ud-a', og

folk skrå-led' med:

Så spil-ler vi lidt Mø-zart præ-cis li'-som før.



fon vil vi ha'. Rock'n roll og ik-ke an-det. El-gui-tar og sax-o-fon vil vi ha'.



Rock'n roll og ik-ke an-det. an-det. Men på søn-dag ska' vi på den i-gen.



Bør-ges dreng han fyl-der at-ten. Vi tre and-restil-ler op med vor ven. Og så får den en på hat-ten.

2. De gik på volden at snakke om novt,  
hva man såd'n snak' om når man er forlovt'.  
Solen stak, og Jens var varm,  
om Sofie smak han sin arm.  
Sofie, Sofie,  
Slå ej de skjønne øjne ned,  
min viv skal du blie  
i tugt og ærbarhed.
3. Løvet det hvisked og fuglene sang,  
Jens havde nattegn og Fie hade trang  
til at vise straks på stand,  
hvordan at hun elsked sit land.  
Sofie, Sofie  
hun for en svend i kongens klæ'r  
ku' gøre ja, lige  
omtrent hvad det sku' vær'.
4. Først henad morgen de vandrede hjem,  
da var en hoben der hændt mellem dem.  
Førend året rinder ud,  
sagde Jens, du vorder min brud.  
Sofie, Sofie,  
i evighed du er min eg'n,  
og min skal du blie  
med både præst og degn.
5. Men da vor Jens til kasernen hjem kom,  
så blev han stedet for krigsret og døm,  
thi han havde svegen før  
henved seksten ærbare møer.  
Sofie, Sofie  
ret aldrig din husar du får,  
først sødt og så svie  
det er din lod så hård.
6. For nu er Jens ikke mere husar,  
Fie er heller ej mer, hvad hun var,  
drengen han har øjne blå  
som de bovser Jens havde på.  
Sofie, Sofie,  
tag dig igen en hjertenskær  
oh, pige oh, pige men ej i kongens klæ'r.



C



Dm7



G7



D7



G

## Jens og Sofie

Tekst: Mogens Dam

Musik: K. Norman Andersen

Fi-e var jom-fru, og Jens var hu - sar, de var at se ret et nys - se - ligt  
 par. Fi - es øj - ne var så blå som de bov-ser Jens hav-de  
 på. So - fi - e, So - fi - e til kys og klap hun var på -  
 rat, for hun var en pi - ge til - pas for en sol - dat.



C



Dm7



G7



Gm7



F



Cdim



Am

## Jeg snakker med mig selv

Tekst: Volmer - Sørensen

Musik: Otto Francker

Jeg snak-ker me' mig sel' snak-ker me' mig sel' ta-ler me' mit bed-re jeg, Jeg

hys-ser på mig sel' tys-ser på mig sel' skæn-der på mig sel' - men nej: Mit hjer-te

slår på en helt ny må-de og det' en helt ny gå-de som du har gi-et mig.

Jeg er tos-set og skør og svim-mel er mon det her den syv'n - de

him - mel? Jeg snak-ker lidt i-gen, flak-ker lidt i - gen spør mit hjer-te en - gang til

Jeg spør det gan-ske frit, spør det gan-ske blidt hva' det egnt-er det vil ..... For
   
 lig

hør: Det slår på en helt ny må-de og det'en helt ny gå - de som

du har gi-et mig. Jeg hvi-sker me' mig sel' ti-sker me' mig sel' for jeg ve' jo

godt be-sked ve' godt, når det dik - ke - dik - ke - dik - ker såd' - n, ja, så' man

sik - ker....dik-ker det såd'n ja, så' det kær - lig - hed.



C



Dm



G7



F



Cdim



B7



A7



Am

## I've grown accustomed to her face

Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner

Musik: Frederick Loewe

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of six staves of music. Each staff includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I've grown ac - cus - tomed to her face she al - most makes the day be - gin.  
 I've grown ac - cus - tomed to her face she al - most makes the day be - gin.

I've grown ac - cus - tomed to the tune, she whist - les night and noon, her smiles, her frowns, her  
 I've got - ten used to hear her say: "Good mor - ning" ev - 'ry day, her joys, her woes, her

ups, her downs are se - cond na - ture to me now. Like breath - ing out and breath - ing in  
 highs, her lows are se - cond na - ture to me now. Like breath - ing out and breath - ing in

Like breath - ing out and breath - ing tent be - fore we met.  
 eas - y to for - get.

sure - ly I could al - ways be that way a - gain and yet, I've grown ac - cu - stomed to her looks. Ac -  
 rath - er like a ha - bit one can al - ways break and yet, I've grown ac - cu - stomed to the trace of

cus - tomed to her voice. Ac - cus - tomed to her face. I've grown ac - face.  
 some - thing in the air. Ac - cus - tomed to her face. I've grown ac - face.



F



Dm



Bb



Am



Gm



C7



G7

# I'll never fall in love again

Tekst: Hal David

Musik: Burt Bacharach

F Dm Bb

What do you get when you fall in love, a guy with a pin to burst your bubble

Am D7 Gm C7 Bb

that's what you get for all your trouble, I'll never fall in love again.

F Bb C7 F Gm F

I'll never fall in love again. Don't tell me what's all about, 'cause

Gm F Am G7

I've been there and I'm glad I'm out, out of those chains, chains that bind you, that is why, I'm those

C7 F Dm Bb

here to remind you. What do you get when you fall in love, you only get lies and

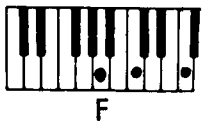
Am D7 Gm C7

pain and sorrow, so for at least until tomorrow, I'll never fall in love a-

Bb F Bb C7 F

gain, I'll never fall in love again.





F



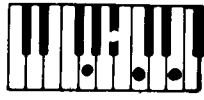
Fdim



Cm



D7



C7



Gm

# Hi-lili, hi-lo

Tekst:Helen Deutsch

Musik:Bronislau Kaper

F Fdim F

A song of love is a sad song, Hi - Li - Li, Hi - Li - Li, Hi -

C7

Lo. A song of love is a song of woe, don't ask me

F Fdim F Cm

how I know. A song of love is a sad song, for I have

D7 Gm F

loved and it's so. I sit at the win-dow and watch the

C7 F Gm

rain, Hi - Li - Li, Hi - Li - Li, Hi - Lo. To mor-row I'll prob-a - bly

F C7 F

love a - gain, Hi - Li - Li, Hi - Li - Li, Hi - Lo.



F



Gm



C7



Bb

## Her kommer Pippi Langstrømpe

Tekst: Astrid Lindgren

Musik: Jan Johansson



Här vardet hopp-san hej - san här ska du se på mej - san,  
 Har du sett min a - pa, mins ö - ta fi - na lil - la a - pa,  
 Det är in - ta il - la, jag har a - pa häst och vil - la, en



kan å kan du gis - sa kan du gis - sa, vem jag ä. Vill å vill du  
 har du sett Herr Nils - son, ja han he - tar fak - tiskt så. Har du sett min  
 kapp - säck full med peng - ar är det ock - så bra att ha. Komnu al - la



ve - ta vad en sån som jag ska he - ta? Strun - ta i att frå - ga för jag  
 vil - la, min Vil - la Vil - le - kul - la - vil - la, vill å vill du ve - ta var - for  
 vän - ner, var - en - da kot - te som jag kän - ner, nu ska vi le - va lopp - an, tjo - la -



sä - jer som det å. Här kom - mer Pip - pi Lång - strump tjo - la hopp tjo - la - hej tjo - la -  
 vil - lan he - ter så. Där bor ju Pip - pi Lång - strump tjo - la hopp tjo - la - hej tjo - la -  
 hej tjo - la - hopp - san - sa. Här kom - mer Pip - pi Lång - strump tjo - la hopp tjo - la - hej tjo - la -



hopp - san - sa, här kom - mer Pip - pi Lång - strump, ja här kom - mer fak - tiskt jag. jag.  
 hopp - san - sa, där bor ju Pip - pi Lång - strump, ja där bor fak - tiskt jag.  
 hopp - san - sa, här kom - mer Pip - pi Lång - strump, ja här kom - mer fak - tiskt



G



D7



C



A7



Bm



Fdim



Am7

# Get me on the church in time

Tekst: Allan Jay Lerner

Musik: Frederick Loewe

G  
I'm get-ting mar-ried in the mor-ning Ding,Dong,the bells are gon-na

D7  
chime. Pull out the stop - per. Let's have a whop-per. But get me to the

Fdim D7 G  
church on time. I got -ta be there in the mor - ning.

D7  
Spruced up and look-ing in my prime. Girls, come and kiss me. Show how you'll

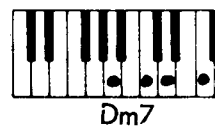
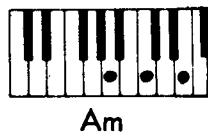
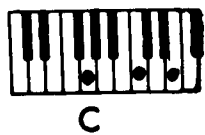
Fdim D7 G C  
miss me, but get me to the church on time. If I am dan-cing, roll up the

G A7 D7 G  
floor. If I am whist-ling, whewt me out the door. For I'm get-ting  
(whistle)

mar-ried in the mor-ning Ding,Dong,the bells are gon-na chime.

D7 G Bm C  
Kick up a rum -pus, but don't lose the com- pass, and get me to the church

G A7 G Bm G A7 Am7 D7 G  
Get me to the church. For pete's sake, get me to the church on time.



# Flirt

Dansk tekst: Gitte Hænning

Musik: Roland Vincent

C G7 C G7

La la la la la la La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

C Am

la la la la la la. Kom og flirt lidt med mig, vi ska' træf-fes du og  
 Det' i dag, nu i dag, jeg ka' hu-ske at han  
 Du kom ind i mit liv, som en smu-le tids-for-

Dm7 G7 C

jeg sam-me sted, sam-me tid. Og jeg tror, på dit ord, det er  
 sa' sam-me sted, sam-me tid. Møn han snart er på vej, mon han  
 driv på en varm, som-mer - dag. Det var flirt først og sidst, jeg var

Am Dm7 G7 C G7

helt o-kay med dig, sam-me tid, sam-me sted. Flirt, hva' er en  
 virk-lig ven-ter mig, sam-me sted, sam-me tid. mød-te dig.  
 ung og selv-be-vidst, den-gang jeg,

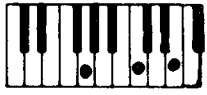
C G7 C G7

flirt, slet in-gen - ting slet in-gen- ting. Ord, men hvd er

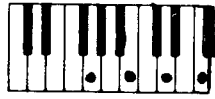
C G7

ord, slet in-gen - ting slet in-gen - ting. ting.

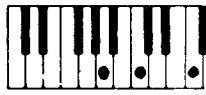




C



G7



F



Cdim



D7

## Et brev med små violer

Dansk tekst: Georg Otto

Org. tekst & musik:

Steve Nelson/Bob Hilliard

Jeg sen-der dig et brev med små vi - o - ler, en for hver gang,  
ved, vor kær-lig-hed var fuld af smer-te, og du ved, at

du har gjort mig ondt. Er blom-sten en af lyk-kens små sym - bo - ler,  
skyl-den kun var din. Du drøb-te håb og glæ-de i mit hjer-te,

så er lyk-ken ik-ke mig for - undt. Du sving-tes, mig så  
og vort drøm-me - slot er en ru - in. Jeg ved, jeg bur-de

of - te, og det har du tit for - trudt, jeg til - gav dig så læn - ge, men nu  
ra - se, og ta' fryg-te-ligt på vej, men kan jeg væ-re bit - ter, når jeg

må det væ-re slut, } Så jeg sen - der dig et brev med små vi - o - ler, en for  
sta-dig el-sker dig? }

hver gang, du har gjort mig ondt. Du ondt.



C



G7



Fm



D7



Cm

## En tusindfryd i min hånd

Dansk tekst: Flemming Geill

Musik: Olof Thiel

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of eight staves of music. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: C, G7, Fm, Cm, D7, and G7. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Det var en vår - dag, jeg gik i en - gen, jeg tog en tu - sind - fryd i min hånd. Men den sa':  
 Nej, hun el - sker ej'. Hun ta'r en an - den, men ik - ke dig Det var Skt. Hans Dag jeg gik til  
 fe - sten i håb at se blot et glimt af dig, Der mød - te fjeg dog ik - ke dig, en an - den  
 fik en sving - om med mig. Så blev det høst, og det blev koldt, og mit håb måt - te  
 svin - de, ind - til so - len om - si - der holdt sit ind - tog u - de og in - de.  
 Så gik en vår - dag jeg ud i en - gen og tog en tu - sind - fryd i min  
 hånd. Og den sa': "Ja." Jeg vid - ste da, det var en an - den jeg vil - de ha.



G



Am



D7



A7



C

## En jeg kan elske

Dansk tekst: Mona Ortkær

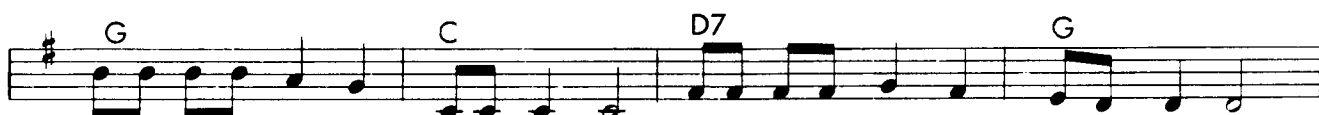
Musik & org. tekst:  
Ernie Ponticelli/Gordon Rees



Drøm-men om ham jeg skal el-ske en-gang den har be-sat mig, hver dag fø-les lang,  
Jeg blev for-el-sket men ham jeg ku' li' fulg-tes med ti-den og var lidt for fri,  
Jeg hå-ber ti-den vil æn-dre sig lidt lad os i-gen få det he-le lidt blidt.



Jeg vil ha'  
jeg går og hå-ber at skæb-nen en dag skæn-ker mig ham jeg vil ha. }  
al-tings ku' væ-re så hårdt og bru-talt al ro-man-tik fik han kvalt. }  
når man er at-ten, for-vir-ret og vred spør man hvad er kær-lig-hed. }



en jeg kan el-ske og hol-de i hånd, en der vil bin-des med kær-li-ge bånd,



ender i mod-gang og glæ-de er min, hvor fin-des han, er du til er jeg din.



Em



C

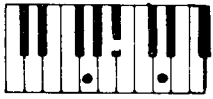
## Eleanor Rigby

Tekst & musik:  
John Lennon/ Paul McCartney

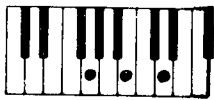
El -ea-nor Rig-by picks up the rice in the church where a wed-ding has been,  
Lives in a dream, waits at the Win-dow, wear-ing the face that she keeps in a jar by the  
door. Who is it for? All the lone-ly peop-le, where do they all come from?  
All the lone-ly peop-le, where do they all be - long? long?

2. Father Mc Kenzie, writing the words  
of a sermon that no one will hear.  
No one comes near.  
look at him working, darning his socks  
in the night when there's no body there.  
What does he care?  
  
All the lonely people  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
where do they all belong?
3. Eleanor Rigby died in the church  
and was buried along with her name.  
Nobody came.  
Father Mc Kenzie wiping the dirt  
from his hands as he walks from the grave.  
No one was saved.  
  
All the lonely people  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
where do they all belong?





Gm



G



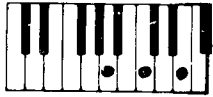
Cm



D



A



Am



C

## Du är den ende

Tekst: Bo Setterlind

Bearb.: Marcus Österdahl



Du är den en-de, som hem-li-gen ser mig. Fast ing-en har ta-lat, du vet vad jag ber dig. Min  
Du är den en-de, jag ald-rig kan glömma din mun, di-na ö-gon, din lug-nan-de stäm-ma. Och



läng-tan är ba-ra du. Blott du mig ger ett en-da li-tet ord, är jag din. }  
där -for jag ber dig nu: Blott du mig ger ett en-da li-tet ord, är jag din. }

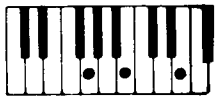


In-gen som du, fast du hör till en an - nan, skän-ker mig kär-lek. Hos dig vill jag stan-na. Mitt



ö-de det är att bli din i min fan-ta-si, del av den värld, som är din.

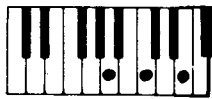
2. Du är den ende, som får mig att drömma,  
den ende som anar, vad tårarna gömma.  
Min längtan är bara du. Om blott du ger  
ett enda litet ord, är jag din.  
Du är den ende, jag aldrig kan glömma,  
din mun, dina ögon, din lugnande stämma.  
Och därför jag ber dig nu: Blott du mig ger  
ett enda litet ord är jag din.  
Ingen som du, fast du hör till en annan,  
skänker mig kärlek. Hos dig vill jag stanna.  
Mitt öde det är att bli din  
i min fantasi, del av den värld, som är din.



Em



B7



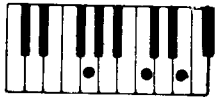
Am



G



D7



C



E

## Delihlah

Tekst &amp; musik:

Les Reed/ Barry Mason

1. I saw the light on the night that I passed by her win-dow,  
 2. At break of day when that man drove a - way I was wait-ing,

I saw the flick-er-ing shad-ows of love on her blind.  
 I crossed the street to her house and she o-pened the door.

She was my  
 She stood there

wo-man, laugh-ing,  
 as she de-ceived me I watched and went out of my  
 I felt the knife i in my hand and she laughed no

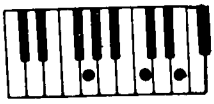
mind.  
 more. My, my, my De-

li-lah,  
 Why, why, why, De-li-lah?

So could see that girl was no good for  
 be-fore they come to break down the

me, but I was lost like a slave that no man could free.  
 door, for-give me, De-li-lah, I just could-n't take an-y more.

For-give me, De-li-lah, I just could-n't take an-y more.



C



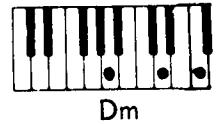
B7



Gm



A7



Dm



G7



Em

## Cuban love song

Tekst & musik: Herbert Stothart/  
Jimmy McHugh/Dorothy Fields

C B7 Gm A7 Dm

I love you that's what my heart is say -ing while ev-'ry breeze is play-ing  
our

G7 C B7 Gm A7

Cu-ban love song. I love you for all the joy you brought me, the love-ly night  
you

Dm G7 C Em B7

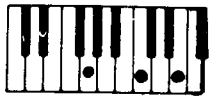
taught me our Cu - ban love song. One mel-o-dy will all-ways thrill my

Am B7 Em G7 C B7

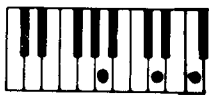
heart. One kiss will cheer me when we're far a-part I love you with such a ten-der  
(Dear one)

Gm A7 Dm G7 C

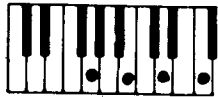
pas-sion and on-ly you could fash-ion our Cu - ban love song.



C



Dm



G7



C7



F7



Bb



Fdim



D7

# Chattanooga Choo Choo

Tekst: Mack Gordon

Musik: Harry Warren

Par-don me boy is that the Chat-ta-noo-ga Choo Choo, Track twen-ty nine,  
 boy you can gim-me a - shine. I can af-ford to board a Chat-ta-noo-ga  
 Choo Choo, I've got my fare and just a tri-ble to spare. You leave the  
 Penn-syl-va-nia sta-tion 'bout a quar-ter to four, read a ma-ga-zine and then you're in Bal-ti-more.  
 Din-ner in the din-er, noth-ing could be fin-er, than to have your harr-'n eggs in Car-o-li-na.  
 when you hear the whist-le blow-in' eight to the bar, then you know that Ten-nes-see is not ver-y far,  
 shov-el all the coal in, got-takeep it's rol-ling Woo, woo, Chat-ta-noo-ga there you are.  
 There's gon-na be a cer-tain par-ty at the sta-tion.  
 Sat-in and lace, I used to call fun-ny face.  
 She's gon-na cry un-til I tell her that I'll nev-er roam, So  
 Chat-ta-noo-ga Choo Choo won't you choo choo me home.



C



Dm7



G7



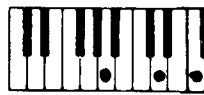
A7



Gm



D7



Dm



Fm

## Charmaine

Tekst & musik:  
Erno Rapee/Lew Pollack

I won-der why you keep me wait-ing, Char-maine cries in vain,

I won-der when blue-birds are mat-ing, Will you come back a-gain.

I won-der if I keep on pray-ing, will our dreams be the same.

I won-der if you ev-er think of me, too, Char-maine's wait-ing just wait-ing for you.



Gm



Dm



Bb



C7



F



C



Am

# And I love her

Tekst & musik:  
John Lennon/Paul McCartney

Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

I give her all my love, thats all I do. And if you saw my love

Bb C7 F Gm Dm Gm

You'd love her too, I love her. She gives me ev'ry-thing, and ten-der-

Dm Gm Dm Bb C7 F

ly. The kiss my lov-er brings, she brings to me, and I love her.

Dm C Dm Am Dm Am

A love like ours could nev-er die, as long as I have you

C7 Gm Dm Gm Dm

near me. Bright are the stars that shine, dark's is the sky,

Gm Dm Bb C7 F

I know this love of mine will nev-er die, and I love her.



Gm



Dm



Bb



C7



F



C



Am

# And I love her

Tekst & musik:  
John Lennon/Paul McCartney

Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

I give her all my love, thats all I do. And if you saw my love

Bb C7 F Gm Dm Gm

You'd love her too, I love her. She gives me ev-ry-thing, and ten-der-

Dm Gm Dm Bb C7 F

ly. The kiss my lov-er brings, she brings to me, and I love her.

Dm C Dm Am Dm Am

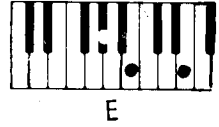
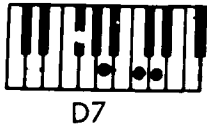
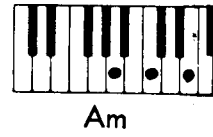
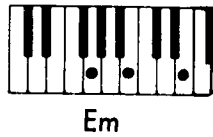
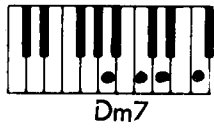
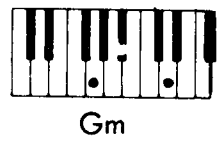
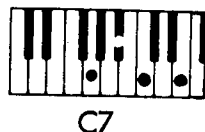
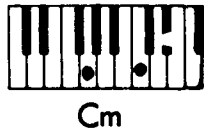
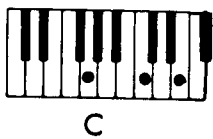
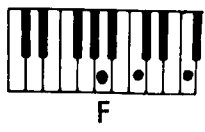
A love like ours could nev-er die, as long as I have you

C7 Gm Dm Gm Dm

near me. Bright are the stars that shine, dark's is the sky,

Gm Dm Bb C7 F

I know this love of mine will nev-er die, and I love her.



# An affair to remember

Tekst: Harold Adamson/  
Leo McCarev

Musik: Harry Warren

Our love af-fair is a won-drous thing, that we'll re-joice in re-mem-ber-  
 ing. Our love was born with our first em-brace, and I page was torn out of  
 time and space. Our love af-fair, may it al-ways be a flame to  
 burn through e-ter-ni-ty. So, take my hand with a fer-vent pray'r, that  
 we may live and we may share a-love af-fair to re-mem-ber.





C



G7



F



D7



Cdim



A7

# Alley Cat

Musik: Frank Bjørn

Musical score for 'Alley Cat' in 4/4 time, featuring six staves of music with various chords indicated above the notes.

Staff 1: C, G7

Staff 2: C

Staff 3: G7, C, F

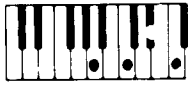
Staff 4: C, D7, G7

Staff 5: C, G7

Staff 6: C, F, Cdim, C, A7, D7, G7, C



C7



F



Gm7

## Aldrig om søndag

Dansk tekst: Peter Mynte

Musik: Manos Hadjidakis

Ja, du må kys-se mig om man-dag, om man-dag, om man-dag så tit du ba-re vil,  
 og du må kys-se mig om tir-sdag, om tir-sdag, om ons-dag, den er som skabt der - til.  
 Og du må kys-se mig om tors-dag, om fre-dag, om lø-sdag, den ddu bedst ka' li.  
 men al-drig kys-se mig om søn-dag, om søn-dag, om søn-dag, om søn-dag har jeg fri.  
 Kom når du vil, kom og vær min gæst, du ska' kun si' til,  
 når det pas-ser bedst. Bank ba-re på når du går for - bi,  
 blot du vil for - stå, søn-dag har jeg fri. Ja, du må kys-se mig en  
 kold dag, en varm dag, en våd dag, som det kan pas-se dig, og du må kys-se mig en  
 skøn dag, en køn dag, en grøn dag, og jeg si'r ik-ke nej. Og du må kys-se mig en  
 rød dag, en grå dag, en blå dag, den ddu bedst ka' li. men al-drig kys-se mig om  
 søn-dag, om søn-dag, om søn-dag, om søn-dag har jeg fri.



Gm7



C7



F



Em



A7



Dm



G7



C



Bb



D7

## A certain smile

Tekst: Paul Francis Webster

Musik: Sammy Fain

A cer-tain smile, a cer-tain face, can lead an un-cus-pect-ing  
heart on a mer-ry chase. A fleet-ing glance can say so man-y love-ly  
things, sud-der-ly you know why Pa-ris my heart sings. You love a while and when lo  
goes, you try to hide the tears in -side with a cheer-ful pose. But in the  
hush of night ex-act-ly like a bit-ter-sweet re-frain, comes that cer-tain to haunt your heart a-gain  
smile to



F



Em7



A7



Dm

B $\flat$ 

G7



C7

## Yesterday

Tekst & musik:  
John Lennon/Paul McCartney

Yes-ter-day, All my trou-bles seemed so far a-way, now it looks as though they're  
here to stay, Oh I be-lieve in Yes-ter-day. Sud-den-ly, I'm not half the man I used to be,  
There's a sha-dow hang-ing ov-er me, Oh yes-ter-day came sud-den-ly. Why she  
had to go I don't know, she would-n't say. I said some-thing wrong, long for yes-ter  
day. Yes-ter-day, love was such an eas-y game-to-play, now I need a place to  
hide a-way, Oh I be-lieve in Yes-ter-day, Mn mm mm mm mm