

HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES  
By Lorenz Hart & Richard Rodgers

"Have you met Miss Jones?" Some one said as we shook hands,  
She was just Miss Jones to me. Then I said Miss Jones,  
You're a girl who understands, I'm a man who must be free.  
And all at once I lost my breath,  
And all at once was scared to death,  
And all at once I owned the earth and sky!  
Now I've met Miss Jones, and we'll keep on meeting till  
we die,  
Miss Jones and I.

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MY FOOLISH HEART  
By Ned Washington & Victor Young

The night is like a lovely tune, Beware My Foolish Heart!  
How white the ever constant moon; Take care My Foolish  
Heart!  
There's a line between love and fascination, that's hard to  
see on an evening such as this,  
For they both give the same sensation when you're lost in  
the magic of a kiss.  
His (her) lips are much too close to mine, Beware My  
Foolish Heart  
But should our eager lips combine Then let the fire start  
For this time it isn't fascination,  
or a dream that will fade and fall apart, It's love  
this time, it's love My Foolish Heart.

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I LOVE YOU  
By Cole Porter

"I Love You" Hums the April Breeze—"I Love You"  
echo the hills,  
"I Love You" the golden dawn agrees— As once more  
she sees daffodils—  
It's spring again— and birds on the wing again— start to sing  
again— The old melodie.  
"I Love You"— That's the song of songs,  
And it all belongs to you and me.

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SEPTEMBER SONG  
By Maxwell Anderson & Kurt Weill

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December,  
but the days grow short, when you reach September.  
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame  
one hasn't got time for the waiting game.  
Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few, September,  
November! And these few precious days I'll spend with you,  
These precious days I'll spend with you.

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I CAN'T GET STARTED  
By Ira Gershwin & Vernon Duke

I've flown around the world in a plane; I've settled  
revolutions in Spain; The North Pole I've charted, But can't  
get started with you.  
Around the golf course I'm under par, And all the movies  
want me to star; I've got a house, a show place,  
But I get no place with you.  
You're so supreme, lyrics I write of you,  
Scheme just for a sight of you,  
Dream both day and night of you And what good does it do?  
In nineteen twenty-nine I sold short, In England I'm  
presented at court,  
But you've got me down-hearted,  
'Cause I Can't Get Started With You.

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A FOGGY DAY  
By Ira & George Gershwin

A Foggy Day in London town Had me low and had me down.  
I viewed the morning with alarm, The British Museum had  
lost its charm  
How long, I wondered, could this thing last?  
But the age of miracles hadn't passed, For, suddenly,  
I saw you there And through foggy London town the sun  
was shining ev'ry where.

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IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING  
By Oscar Hammerstein II & Richard Rodgers

I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm I'm as jumpy as  
a puppet on a string, I'd say that I had spring fever,  
But I know it isn't spring. I am starry eyed and vaguely  
discontented, Like a nightingale without a song to sing.  
Oh, why should I have spring fever When it isn't even spring?  
I keep wishing I were somewhere else, Walking down a  
strange new street, Hearing words that I have never heard  
from a man (girl) I've yet to meet,  
I'm as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams, I'm as giddy  
as a baby on a swing.  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, or a robin on the wing,  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it  
Might As Well Be Spring. It Might As Well Be Spring!

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MY FAVORITE THINGS  
By Oscar Hammerstein II & Richard Rodgers

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, Bright copper  
kettles and warm woolen mittens, Brown paper packages  
tied up with string, These are a few of My Favorite Things.  
Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels, Doorbells  
and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles  
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings, These are  
a few of My Favorite Things.

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 Favorite Things.  
When the dog bites, When the bee stings, When I'm feeling  
sad, I simply remember My Favorite Things  
and then I don't feel so bad.

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