

# SERENADE BLUES

NOVELTY  
FOX-TROT  
SONG



LYRIC & MUSIC BY  
NOBLE & EUBIE

**SISSLE & BLAKE**

WRITERS OF THE SCORE (LYRICS & MUSIC)

**SHUFFLE ALONG**

INCLUDING THE BIG HITS

"GYPSY BLUES"

"LOVE WILL FIND A WAY"

"I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY"

"BALTIMORE BUZZ"

"BANDANA DAYS"

ETC.

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U.S.A.

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~ NEW YORK ~



# Serenade Blues

Fox Trot Song

Words and Music by  
NOBLE SISSLE and EUBIE BLAKE  
With apologies to the immortal  
FRANZ SCHUBERT

Blues — Lawd, I love themso,  
Blues — why they're all the rage,

I love each note that Handy wrote, Blues — why they're all the go,  
In ev-'ry home from here to Rome, Blues — played on ev - 'ry stage,

Believe what I say — they're here to stay — Of course I like the class-ic  
In church-es, too — whole world's gone blue — Grand op - 'ra soon will be a

mu - sic, I mean I like the mel-o - dies — and min-or keys —  
has been, I mean its style, not mel-o - dies — nor min-or keys —

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— But if you want a treat Here's one I know you can't beat, Lawd- ee!  
 — For they're al-ways a hit If you jazz them up a bit, Lawd- ee!

**OBBLIGATO***use Schubert Serenade counter melody 2nd time only*

Through the leaves the night winds mov - -  
**REFRAIN**  
 Just take the Ser- e-nade that Schu- bert wrote, And take the clas- sic shade from  
*p-f*

- - ing, Mur - mur - - so low and  
 ev - 'ry note - Then with that mel- o - dy start in to

sweet, To thy cham - -  
 play - - - ing, For- get the ar - tist and the

ber win - dow, rov - ing,  
old - en ways But like the smart-est of our mod - ern days

Love hath led my feet.  
Just fill that mel-o-dy chuck full of Jazz-y syn-co-pa-tions,

Si - lent pray - ers  
razz-y mod-u-la-tions, When you get to that mi - nor strain,

bliss - ful feel - ing, Lick - us, though  
Oh Lawd-y, let me hear you sit right on it, Why just to

*R. H.* >



a - - part,

hear it oh! once a-gain I would take my dia-mond ring right off and pawn it,

To each dream - - ing heart,

I'd bet my ver - y last pair\_ of shoes That e - ven

To each dream - ing

Pa - derews-ky\_ would choose The jazz-y Ser-e - nade When he - hears it played

heart.

Ser - e - nade blues. blues.

- A Little White Sacred Song
- When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
- No Believers Sacred Song
- Smilin' Through
- Mother Machree
- Greatful O' Ford Sam'l Sacred Song
- Can't You Hear Me Callin' Caroline
- Dear Little Boy O' Mine
- The Boys Are in His Hands
- Evening Brings Rest and You
- In the Garden of My Heart
- The Magic of Your Eyes
- It Was For Me Sacred Song
- My Little Sunflower Good Night
- My Rosary for You
- Thou Art My God Sacred Song
- There's a Long Long Trail
- I Come to Thee Sacred Song
- Kiss Me Again Waltz Song
- God Shall Wipe Away All Tears Sacred Song
- The Want of You
- Teach me to Pray Sacred Song
- My Wild Irish Rose
- Even At Rest Sacred Song
- Sunrise and You
- VALUES
- Where the River Shannon Flows



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**GYPSY LOVE SONG**  
SUNG BY THE FORTUNE TELLER  
LYRICS BY HARRY B. SMITH  
MUSIC BY VICTOR HERBERT

**THE** birds of the forest are calling for thee,  
And the shades and the glades  
Are lonely;  
Summer is there with her blossoms fair,  
And you are absent only.  
No bird that nests in the green-wood tree,  
But sighs to greet you and kiss you,  
All the while yearn for your safe return,  
But most of all I miss you.

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,  
Dream of the field and the grove;  
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland  
Where your fancies rove?  
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,  
Wild little woodland dove!  
Can you hear the song that tells you  
All my heart's true love?

The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes,  
That doth say: "We are too long parted;"  
Songs that are trolled by our comrades old  
Are not now, as they were, light-hearted,  
The wild rose fades in the leafy shades,  
Its ghost will find you and haunt you,  
All its friends say:  
"Come to your woodland home,  
And most of all I want you."

Harry B. Smith

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- ONE MORE DAY
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116  
101  
048  
107 98  
10 93