

# JACKIE

Original Lyrics by JACQUES BREL  
English Lyrics by MORT SHUMAN

(LA CHANSON DE JACKY)

Music by GERARD JOUANNEST

Paso doble

## VERSES

1. And if one day I should be - come A sin - ger with a Span - ish bum Who sings for wo - men of great  
2. And if I joined the so - cial whirl Be - came pro - cu - rer of young girls Then I would have my own bor -

Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7

vir - tue del - los I'd sing to them with a gui - tar I bor - rowed from a coffee bar Well what you don't know does - n't  
My re - cord would be num - ber one And I'd sell re - cords by the ton All sung by ma - ny oth - er

Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7

hurt you fel - lows My name would be An - to - ni - o And all my brid - ges I would burn And when I gave them some they'd  
My name would then be Handsome Jack And I'd sell boats of opi - um Whis - ky that came from Twicken

Gm D7 G Gmaj7 G6

Copyright © 1967 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc., New York, U. S. A.

International Copyright Secured.

Made in England.

All Rights Reserved.

CARLIN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W.1. for the territory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Eire, and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand).

THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED

know I'd ex-pect some-thing in re - turn I'd have to get drunk ev - 'ry  
ham Au-then-tic queers and pho-ney vir-gins If I had banks on ev - 'ry

G Am7 D7 D13 D7 Am

night And talk a-bout vi-ri-li - ty With some old grand-mother who might be decked out like a X-mas tree  
finger A finger in ev-'ry country and all the coun-tries ruled by me I'd still know where I'd want to be

Am(#7) Am7 D7 B

And though pink e-le-phants I'd see Though I'd be drunk as I could be Still I would sing my song to  
Locked up in-side my o-pium den Sur-round-ed by some Chi-na-men I'd sing my song that I sang

Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7

## CHORUS

me A - bout the time they called me Jack-ie } If I could be for on-ly an hour If I could  
then A - bout the time they called me Jack-ie }

Em Am6 D7 G G Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7

be for an hour ev-'ry day. — If I could be for just one lit-tle hour 1-2  
Cute cute in a stu-pid ass

G Gmaj7 Am7 D7 Am Am(#7) Am7 D7

way \_\_\_\_\_

Gm

3  
cute in a stu-pid ass

D7

way \_\_\_\_\_

Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm D7 Gm

3. Now tell me wouldn't it be nice  
That if one day in paradise  
I'd sing for all the ladies up there  
And they would sing along with me  
We'd be so happy there to be  
'Cause down below is really nowhere  
And if my name were Juniper  
Then I would know where I was going  
And then I would become all knowing

And my beard so very long and flowing  
If I became deaf dumb and blind  
Because I pitied all mankind  
And broke my heart to make things right  
I know that every single night  
When my angelic work was through  
The angels and the devil too  
Would sing my childhood song to me  
About the time they called me Jackie  
(To Chorus)

# AMSTERDAM

5

Original Lyrics by JACQUES BREL

Music by JACQUES BREL  
Words by MORT SHUMAN

Bright Waltz Tempo

In the

port of Am-ster - dam, There's a sail - or who sings of the  
port of Am-ster - dam, Where the sail - ors all meet, There's a

Am Em

dreams that he brings from the wide op - en sea. In the  
sail - or who eats on - ly fish - heads and tails, He will

F E7

port of Am-ster - dam, There's a sail - or who sleeps, while the  
show you his teeth, That have rot - ted too soon, That can

Am Em

Copyright ©1967 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc., New York, U.S.A.

International Copyright Secured.

Made in England.

All Rights Reserved.

CARLEN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W.1, for the territory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, France, and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand).

THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED



riv - er bank weeps with the old wil - low tree. In the  
 swal-low the moon, that can haul up the sails. And he

F E7 Am

port of Am - ster - dam, There's a sail - or who dies full of  
 yells to the cook, With his arms o - pen wide

C E7

beer, full of cries, in a drunk - en down fight. But in the  
 "Bring me more fish, set it down by my side", And he

Am E7

port of Am - ster - dam, There's a sail - or who's born on a  
 wants so to belch, But he's too full to try, So he

Am Em

1

mug - gy hot morn, By the dawn's ear - ly light. 2. In the  
gets up and laughs and he

F E7 Am

2

stum - bles out - side. 2. In the port of Am - ster - dam, you can  
port of Am - ster - dam, there's a

Am Am

see sail - ors dance, Paunch-es burst - ing their pants, grind - ing  
sail - or who drinks, and he drinks, and he drinks, and he

Em F

wo - man to paunch; They've for - got - ten the tune that their  
drinks once a - gain; He drinks to the health of the

E7 Am

*al* 

whis - key voice croaks, Split - ting the night with the  
girls of Am - ster - dam, Who have prom - ised their love to a



Em F E7

roar of their jokes. And they turn and they dance, and they



Am C

laugh and they lust, till the ran - cid sounds of the ac -



E7 Am

cor - di - on busts, Then out to the night, with their



E7 Am

pride in their pants, and the slut that they tow un - der -

Em F E7

*D.S. al*  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$   $\text{\textcircled{C}}$  *Coda*

- neath the street lamps. (3) In the thou - sand oth - er men. They've

Am Am

bar - gained their bod - ies, and their vir - tue long gone for a

C E7

few dir - ty coins, And when he can't go on, He plants his

Am E7

nose in the sky, And he wipes it up a - bove, and he

Am Em

kis - ses like I cry, for an un - faith - ful love, In the

F maj7 E7 Am

port of Am - ster - dam, In the port of Am - ster - dam.

Am Em

*molto rall.*

Am E7 Am

# MATHILDE

11

Original Lyrics by Jacques Brel

Music by GERARD JOUANNEST  
Words by MORT SHUMAN

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand plays a series of chords: E minor, E minor with a sharp F (Em7#), E minor 7 (Em7), and A9. The left hand plays a simple bass line with notes E, G, and B.

Ma - ma, do you see what I see? On your knees and pray for me,

The musical notation for the first line of lyrics shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes the chords Em, Em(7#), Em7, and A9.

Math - il - de's come back to me.

The musical notation for the second line of lyrics shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes the chords Am7, D9, G, and B7.

Char-lie, don't want an - oth - er beer to-night I'm gon-na drink my tears,

The musical notation for the third line of lyrics shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes the chords Em, Em(7#), Em7, and A9.

Copyright ©1967 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc., New York, U. S. A.

International Copyright Secured.

Made in England.

All Rights Reserved.

CARLIN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W. 1, for the territory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Eire, and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand).

THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED



Math - il - de's come back to me. Go

Am7 D9 G B7

ask the maid \_\_\_\_\_ if she heard what I said, Tell her to change the sheets\_

E C#m

\_\_\_\_\_ on the bed, Math-il - de's come back to me.

F#m B7 G# B7

Fel-las, don't leave me to-night \_\_\_\_\_ to-night I'm going back to fight, \_\_\_\_\_

E C#m

wretch-ed Math - li - de's in sight.

F#m B7 Em Am

My heart, my heart stop beat-ing so just  
hands, you'll start to shake a - gain when

Em B7 Em Em Em(7#)

make as if you did-n't know, Math - il - de's come back to  
you re - mem - ber all the pain, Math - il - de's come back to

Em7 A9 Am7 D9

me.  
me. My heart I don't want you to say she's  
You'll want to beat her black and blue, but

G B7 Em Em(7#)

lov - li - er than when she went a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ Math - il - de's come back to  
 don't you do it, I beg of you, \_\_\_\_\_ Math - il - de's come back to

Em7 A9 Am7 D9

me. \_\_\_\_\_ My heart stopped be - ing ov - er - joyed, \_\_\_\_\_ re -  
 me. \_\_\_\_\_ My hands re - mem - ber all the years, \_\_\_\_\_ re -

G E

- mem - ber you were once des - troyed by Math - il - de, who's come back to  
 - mem - ber when you caught my tears, Math - il - de's \_\_\_\_\_ come back to

C#m F#m B7

me. \_\_\_\_\_ Fel - las, please don't go a - way, \_\_\_\_\_  
 me. \_\_\_\_\_ My hands, you want to touch her now, \_\_\_\_\_ but

G# B7 E

1

Tell me that I mus - n't stay \_\_\_\_\_ Math - il - de's coming back to -  
 please, try and be strong some-how, \_\_\_\_\_ Math - il - de's

C#m F#m B7

2

- day. \_\_\_\_\_ My here, she's coming

Em Am Em B7 Em B7

now. \_\_\_\_\_ now. \_\_\_\_\_

Em C7

Mom - ma, \_\_\_\_\_ can you hear me yell \_\_\_\_\_ your ba - by boy's \_\_\_\_\_ gone

Fm Fm (7#) Fm7

back to hell, \_\_\_\_\_ Math - il - de's \_\_\_\_\_ come back to me, \_\_\_\_\_

Bb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab C7

Char - lie, cham - pagne right a - way, I know you've been sav-in' it for a

Fm Fm (7#) Fm7

hol - i - day, \_\_\_\_\_ but Math - il - de's \_\_\_\_\_ come back to me, \_\_\_\_\_ Go

Bb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab C7

ask the maid if she heard what I said, Tell her to change the sheets.

F Dm

\_\_\_\_\_ on the bed, Math - il - de's \_\_\_\_\_ come back to me. \_\_\_\_\_ My

Dm Gm C7 A C7

friends don't count on me no more, I've gone and crashed thru' heav-en's door, \_\_\_\_\_

F Dm

My sweet Math - il - de's here once more, \_\_\_\_\_ once more. \_\_\_\_\_

Gm C7 F

\_\_\_\_\_



# MY DEATH

19

Music by JACQUES BREL  
Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC BLAU

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a vocal line in the upper staff. The piano part begins with a *mf* dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line consists of a few rests followed by a melodic phrase.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The lyrics are: "My death is like \_\_\_\_\_ a swing-ing". The piano part includes a chord change to *Em* (E minor) in the second measure.

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The lyrics are: "door, \_\_\_\_\_ a pat-ient girl \_\_\_\_\_ who knows the score, \_\_\_\_\_ whis-tle for". The piano part includes a chord change to *Em* (E minor) in the first measure.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The lyrics are: "her and the pass - ing time. \_\_\_\_\_ My death waits". The piano part includes chord changes to *Em* (E minor) in the first measure, *D* (D major) in the second measure, and *G* (G major) in the third measure.

like a Bi-ble truth at the fun-er-al of my

A G F

youth weep loud for that and the pass-ing time.

Dm Am D

My death waits like a witch at night, As sure-ly

G#m F#m G#m

as our love is bright, Let's laugh for us and the

F#m G#m F#m

pass - ing time. But what - ev - er is be -

- hind the door There's no-thing much to do.

Angel or dev-il, I don't care for in front of that door there is

you. for in front of that door there is you.

2  
 My death waits like a beggar blind  
 who sees the world with an unlit mind,  
 Throw him a dime for the passing time  
 my death waits to allow my friends  
 a few good times before it ends  
 - let's drink to that and the passing time.  
 My death waits in your arms  
 your thighs - your cool fingers  
 Will close my eyes, let's not talk about the passing time.  
 ( to Chorus )

3  
 My death waits among the falling leaves  
 in magicians mysterious sleeves  
 Rabbits, dogs, and the passing time.  
 My death waits among the flowers  
 Where the blackest shadow cowers  
 let's pick lilacs for the passing time.  
 My death waits in a double bed,  
 sails of oblivion at my head,  
 haul up the sheets against the passing time.  
 ( to Chorus )

# THE BRIDGE

Words & music  
by  
SCOTT ENGEL

First system of musical notation, including a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a grand staff with piano accompaniment.

I've watched her from \_\_\_\_\_ the riv - er banks, I

Second system of musical notation, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a grand staff with piano accompaniment. Chords: Am, G.

knew her when she danced with trees, white doves were there to

Third system of musical notation, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a grand staff with piano accompaniment. Chords: Dm, Em, Bb.

dress her hair and so was Mad - e - laine. At

Fourth system of musical notation, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a grand staff with piano accompaniment. Chords: Am, Bb, E7.

night the peo - ples fac - es danced like pearls col - lid - ing

Am G Dm

on the breasts of "Fat Mar - ie" who's thun - der laugh was

Em Bb Am

just a thread from cryin', Her sail-or stained her

E7 Am F

cob - bled stones with wine and piss and death de - sire; And

Em F G F G

some-times proud for Mad-e - laine who's laugh-ter was the night, \_\_\_\_\_ Her

F Em Gm7 E

girls would lift their dress - es high and breath the stars and

A G D C

kiss the sky, She'd smoth-er them with whis-pers, then em - brace them \_\_\_\_\_ with her

D C A G F

sighs. Be - fore the bot-tle dulled my eyes and made me so

E7 Am G Dm



I could-n't stand, I'd ov - er - act and play the clown when

Em Bb Am

Mad - e - laine would cry, And now I watch from riv - er banks, I

Bb E7 Am F Em

watch it weep its mem-or - ies; White doves turn grey and flew a - way and

F Em7 F Em7 F Em *rall.*

so did Mad - e - laine.

Em Am

# SUCH A SMALL LOVE



1. Mist falls  
2. Her face

*mf rubato*  
G

and his voice cracks from the morn - ing,  
and a trace of blue - grey morn - ing,

G

flow - ers eyes and my bo - dy feels like lead;  
her eyes preg - nant pools pro - duce a tear;

G

Some - one should have stopped the birds from  
Some - one should have shout - ed you are

*Bb a tempo* C

sing - ing to - day, ham - mers from  
gone, in her ear that sum - mer was

G Em F

1 2  
strik - ing nails in - to clay. - way.  
stol - en a -

F Eb Eb

Such a small love, such a  
Such a small love, such a

G C F

lit - tle tear, You would laugh so loud  
lit - tle tear, Is this all that's left

G Em F

if you could see us here, with my  
on your cheek so pale, his shal - low,

Dm7 G

one suit bad - ly pressed and worn,  
hap - py eyes, His rot - ted teeth grow on,

C F G

like a child left in the world a -  
our drunk and mad - 'ning nights end - ing

al ⊕

Em F Dm7 Eb

- lone. no repeats

D. S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  al Coda ⊕

D

⊕ Coda

up in jail.

G

Mid-night morn - ings \_\_\_\_\_ drenched in Da - go red, \_\_\_\_\_

*accel.* *poco a poco*

C F G

words col - li - ded, \_\_\_\_\_ things we left un - said. \_\_\_\_\_

Em F Dm7 G

per - fumed pil - lows, \_\_\_\_\_ girls that clung so near, \_\_\_\_\_

G C F G

Such a small love, \_\_\_\_\_ such a lit - tle tear.

*rall.* *colla voce*

Em F G

3 He speaks, I don't hear a word he's saying  
 Hang on to the pine trees and the snow  
 Reach out, grab the mem'ries that are left for your hand  
 They'll help you get by for a while.

# THE PLAGUE

Words and Music by SCOTT ENGEL

**Moderato**

La, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

Em C

La, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, \_\_\_\_\_

D Em Em

la, la, la, \_\_\_\_\_ La, la, la, la, la, \_\_\_\_\_ La, la, la, la, la, \_\_\_\_\_

Em C D

la. \_\_\_\_\_ I spent many a night lay - ing on my back wait - ing  
can I live \_\_\_\_\_ an hour like this, \_\_\_\_\_ when

Em *mf* Em D7

Copyright ©1968 by MIRACLE SONGS LIMITED, 17, Savile Row, London, W. 1.  
International Copyright Secured.

Made in England.

All Rights Reserved.

THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED



for the dawn \_\_\_\_\_ to pierce the crack \_\_\_\_\_ in the ceil - ing, \_\_\_\_\_  
 an - guish tracks \_\_\_\_\_ me like a fist \_\_\_\_\_ my naked - ness \_\_\_\_\_ ex -

C D

Hang - ing from the sky, \_\_\_\_\_ An' I en - vied the boy \_\_\_\_\_ who  
 - posed till I can't stand, \_\_\_\_\_ Still I try to re - mem \_\_\_\_\_ ber

D Em Em

grabbed the toy \_\_\_\_\_ and ran a - way \_\_\_\_\_ and found the joy \_\_\_\_\_ while  
 lips on lips, \_\_\_\_\_ and hips on hips, \_\_\_\_\_ and ice on fire \_\_\_\_\_ and

Em C

I stood in the shad - ows wond'ring why. \_\_\_\_\_  
 gloom and glow when did they leave the man. \_\_\_\_\_

D Em

Fly-ing to - wards me that in laugh - ter a wo - man's face, A  
In the ri - ver of the night I see a face that shim - mers

B7 D

ter - ri - ble taste of the morn - ing af - ter kiss - es and good - byes,  
down on me, But like a fall - ing star burns it - self out,

D C

I can nev - er seem to catch my foot - steps  
Like a dead leaf scrapes ac - ross the ground, my

F#m

have des - ires they fly a - way and ev - 'ry day I  
voice cries out a grav - ell'd sound, But no one's there to

D C

1

have to fight the plague. ————  
 hear me but the plague. ————

2. How

2

Strain - ing hard to see ————  
 But it's all so vague ————  
 La, la, la, la, la, ————

run - ning af - ter me, ———— I keep  
 when you meet the plague, ———— I keep  
 la, la, la, la, la, ———— La, la,

1-2 3

pound-in' on the door. ————  
 com-in' back for more. ————  
 la, la, la, la, la. ————

# THE AMOROUS HUMPHREY PLUGG

Words and Music by SCOTT ENGEL

*mf*

1. Hel-lo Mis-ter big - shot \_\_\_\_\_ Say, you're look-in' smart, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. I've be - come a gi - ant, \_\_\_\_\_ I fill ev - 'ry street, \_\_\_\_\_

Am E7

I've had a tir - ing day, \_\_\_\_\_ I took the kids a - long to the park. \_\_\_\_\_  
 I dwarf the roof - tops, I hunch back the moon, stars dance at my feet. \_\_\_\_\_

Gm7 F Em7

\_\_\_\_\_ You've be - come a stran - ger \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - 'ry night -  
 Leave it all be - hind me, \_\_\_\_\_ Screaming kids -

A7 D A

Copyright ©1968 by MIRACLE SONGS LIMITED, 17, Savile Row, London, W.1.  
 International Copyright Secured. Made in England.

All Rights Reserved.

THE USE OF THIS SONG WITH ANY OTHER MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY PROHIBITED

with the boys, got a new suit, That old smile's come back, and I  
 on my knee, and the "tel-e" swal - low - ing me and the

G A G

kiss the child - ren good - night and I slip a -  
 neigh - bours shout - ing next door, and the sub - way

D Cmaj7 D

- way on the new - ly waxed floor. floor.  
 tremb - ling the rol - ler - skate floor.

F E

**CHORUS**

I see the build - ings blaz - ing with moon - light, enchanting way -

E A D E+

\_\_\_\_\_ their ver-y eyes \_\_\_\_\_ seem to suck you in \_\_\_\_\_ with their laugh-ter They seem to say—

A D E+

\_\_\_\_\_ You're al - right now, \_\_\_\_\_ so stop a - while—

A F#m C maj7 F#m

\_\_\_\_\_ be-hind a smile \_\_\_\_\_ enchant-ing way. \_\_\_\_\_

E7 D A

*al*  $\oplus$  *D.S. al*  $\oplus$   $\$$  (no repeat)

\_\_\_\_\_ enchant-ing ways. \_\_\_\_\_

G D A (sus 4-9) A

$\oplus$  *Coda*

3 Oh to die of kisses, ecstasies and charms  
 Pavements of poets will write that I died in nine angels arms,  
 And they all were smiling, still seductive as sin in their eyes,  
 The man I had been, no more hard-luck stories to wear,  
 Nothing left to give, why the hell should I care.

**Chorus** Anna's my smile and Mary's my shadow, enchanting way  
 And with her cellophane sighs Doreen of the candles  
 Begs me stay  
 You're alright now, so stop awhile behind a smile  
 Enchanting way.