

I believe I can fly

Relaxed beat

Robert Kelly
arr. Lin Marsh

F/C B^bm⁶/C F *mp*

1 I used to think that I — could not — go
(2) I was on — the verge of break - ing

4 B^bm⁶/F F B^bm⁶/F

on, And life was no - thing but — an aw - ful song. But
down, Some-times si - lence can seem so loud. There are

7 F B^bm⁶/F 3

now I know the mean - ing of — true love, I'm
mi - ra - cles — in life — I must a - chieve, But

9 F B^bm⁶/F *cresc.* A A⁷/C[#] 3

lean - ing on — the ev - er - last - ing arms. If I can
first I know it stops — in - side — of me. Oh, if I can

11 Dm Dm⁷ 3 B^bm⁶/D^b F/C 3

see it, then I can do — it, if I just be - lieve it, there's no - thing
see it, then I can be — it, if I just be - lieve it, there's no - thing

14 B^b6/C C *f* BACKING VOCALS F

to — it. I be - lieve I can fly, I be - lieve I can
to — it.

16 Dm Gm⁷

touch the sky, — I think a - bout it ev - 'ry night and day, — spread my wings and

Lullaby of Broadway

(from 42nd St)

Music by Harry Warren

Words by Al Dubin

arr. Lin Marsh

With energy and swing

C/G G⁷ Am/G G⁷

5 C *f* Dm Dm/G G⁷ C

1 Come on a-long and lis-ten to— the lul-la-by of Broad-way,—
2 Come on a-long and lis-ten to— the lul-la-by of Broad-way,—

9 Dm Dm/G G⁷ C

The hip-hoo-ray and bal-ly-hoo,— the lul-la-by of Broad-way.
The hi-dee-hi and boo-pa-doo, the lul-la-by of Broad-way.

13 F MELODY Gm⁷ F

The rum-ble of a sub-way train— the rat-tle of the tax-is,—
The band be-gins to go to town and ev-'ry-one goes cra-zy,—

BACKING VOCALS

17 Gm⁷ *dim.* F *mf* G⁷

The daf-fy-dils who en-ter-tain— at An-ge-lo's and Max-ie's. When a
You rock-a-bye your ba-by 'round 'til ev-'ry-thing gets ha-zy. 'Hush a

dim. *mf*

21 C A⁷ Dm⁷ Dm⁷/G C

Broad-way ba-by says 'good-night' it's ear-ly in the morn-ing,—
bye I'll buy you this and that', you hear a dad-dy say-ing,—

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Fernando

Björn Ulvaeus
& Benny Anderson
arr. Lin Marsh

Moderately slow march

5 *D* *mf*

1 Can you hear the drums Fer - nan-do? I re - mem - ber long a -
2 They were clos - er now, Fer - nan-do, Ev - 'ry hour, - ev - 'ry
3 Now we're old and grey, Fer - nan-do, And since ma - ny years I

8 *Bm*

-go a - no - ther star - ry night like this, In the fire - light Fer -
min - ute seem'd to last e - ter - nal - ly. I was so a - afraid, Fer -
have - n't seen a ri - fle in your hand. Can you hear the drums, Fer -

11 *Em*

-nan - do, You were hum - ming to your -
-nan - do, We were young and full of
-nan - do? Do you still re - call the

13 *A*

-self and soft - ly strum - ming your gui - tar, I could hear the dis - tant
life and none of us pre - pared to die, And I'm not a - shamed to
fright - ful night we crossed the Ri - o Grande? I can see it in your

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