

# SOME SWEET DAY

Theme Song of  
"Children of the Ritz"

with

DOROTHY MACKAILL and JACK MULHALL

449355  
544

Song  
with  
UKULELE  
Arrangement

by  
Nat  
Shilkret  
and  
Lew  
Pollack



REMICK MUSIC CORP. — NEW YORK

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# SOME SWEET DAY



Tune Uke thus A D F# B  
(D Tuning)  
when played with Piano. (Tenor Banjo, Mandola,  
Guitar etc., play chords marked over diagrams.)

By NAT SHILKRET &  
LEW POLLACK

**Moderato** (*Dreamily*)

VOICE

PIANO

*f*

3

*mp*

3

(D) (D-7) (Em7) (A7)

Fate has al - ways played a part with lov - ers \_\_\_\_\_  
Ev - 'ry-where I go I think a - bout you \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

3

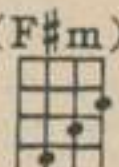
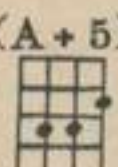
(D)



It played with my heart you see  
But it seems it's all in - vain



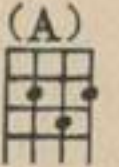
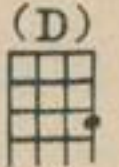
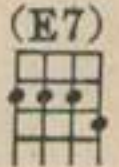
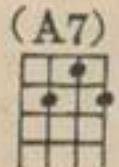
(C#7) (F#m) (A+5)

But I am no diff-'rent than the oth - ers  
I just feel I can - not do with - out you



(A) (D) (E7) (A7)

Fate has brought you here to me  
Let's re - new our love a - gain



## CHORUS (With feeling)

(D) (D-7) (Em7) (A7)

Some sweet day \_\_\_\_\_ you'll be my sweet - heart \_\_\_\_\_

(Bm) (D) (D-7) (A7)

Some sweet day \_\_\_\_\_ you'll know I real - ly love you

(D) (D-7) (Em7) (A7)

Tho' it's wrong \_\_\_\_\_ to call you sweet - heart \_\_\_\_\_

(D)

Right or wrong \_\_\_\_\_ love finds a way \_\_\_\_\_

(D) (A7) (D7) (Bm) (D7) (G)

It's so hard \_\_\_\_\_ dear to for - get you \_\_\_\_\_

(E) (B7) (E7) (A) (E7) (A7)

When your heart \_\_\_\_\_ is ach - ing it won't let you

(D) (D-7) (Em7) (A7)

Come what may \_\_\_\_\_ you'll be my sweet - heart \_\_\_\_\_ Some sweet day \_\_\_\_\_

(G) (A7) 1. (D) (Eb7) (A7) 2. (D) (G) (D)

— I'll make you mine mine \_\_\_\_\_

# MY OLD MAN

SONG

Lyric by  
MORT DIXON

Tune like thus G C E A  
(C Tuning)  
when played with Piano. (Tenor Banjo, Mandola,  
Guitar etc. play chords marked over diagrams.)

Music by  
HARRY WOODS

CHORUS

(F) (F7) (F) (C7) (Bb) (C7)

I could-n't dance like that You could-n't dance like that  
I could-n't sing like that You could-n't sing like that  
He's got a big black pipe Oh but it's old and ripe  
He's such a cinch to skin His mo-tor car is tin  
He says that he's a dry That's just a dog-gone lie

(Bb) (C7) (G7) (C7) (F)

No-bod-y else could dance like that but my old man  
No-bod-y else could sing like that but my old man  
No-bod-y else could smoke that pipe but my old man  
No-bod-y takes it on the chin but my old man  
No one can kill a quart of rye like my old man

(F7) (F) (C7) (Bb) (C7)

I could-n't shake like that You could-n't shake like that  
I could-n't sound so blah You could-n't sound so blah  
He scat-ters that per-fume All thru' the liv-ing room  
One day he drove us all Out where the grass is tall  
He and a friend named Bill Start-ed a whis-key still

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