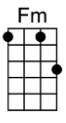
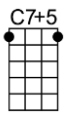
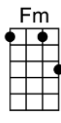
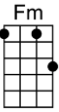
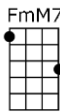
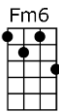
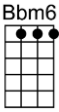


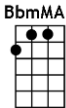
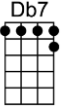
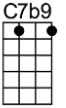
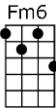
HARLEM NOCTURNE - Dick Rogers/Earle Hagen

4/4 1...2...1234

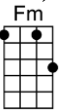
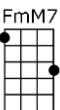
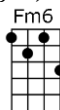
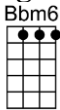
Intro: |  |  |  |

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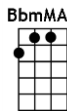

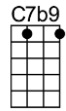
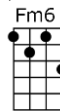
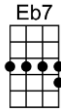
Deep music fills the night, deep in the heart of Harlem

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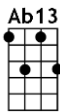
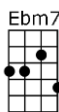
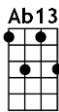
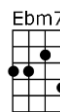
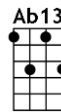
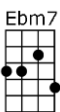

And, though the stars are bright, the darkness is taun-ting me

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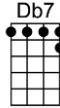
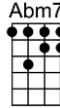
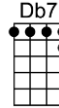
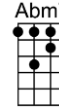
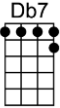
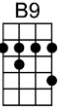
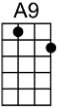
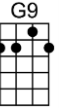
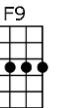
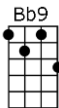
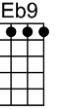
Oh, what a sad re-frain, a nocturne, born in Harlem

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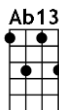
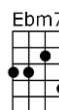
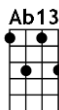
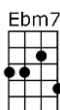
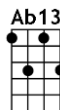
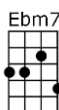
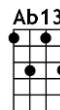
That melancholy strain for-ever is haun-ting me

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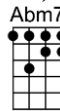
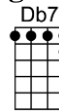
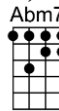
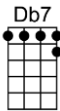
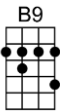
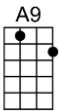
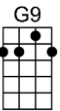
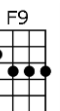
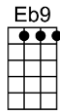
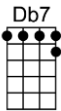
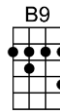
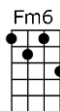
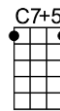
The melody clings a-round my heart strings. It won't let me go when I'm lonely

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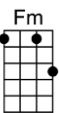
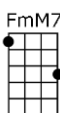
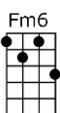
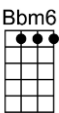
I hear it in dreams, and somehow it seems it makes me weep, and I can't sleep

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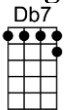
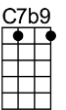
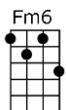
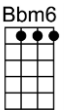
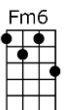
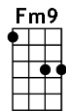
An indigo tune, it sings to the moon, the lonesome re-frain of a lover

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The melody sighs, it laughs and it cries, a moan in blue that wails the long night through

 |  |  | 

Then, with the dawn it's gone, the melody lives ever

 |  |  |  |  |  | 

For lonely hearts to learn of love in a Harlem noc-turne

HARLEM NOCTURNE - Dick Rogers/Earle Hagen

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | Fm C7+ | Fm

Fm FmMA7 Fm6 Bbm6
Deep music fills the night, deep in the heart of Harlem

BbmMA7 Db7 C7b9 Fm6
And, though the stars are bright, the darkness is taun-ting me

Fm FmMA7 Fm6 Bbm6
Oh, what a sad re-frain, a nocturne, born in Harlem

BbmMA7 Db7 C7b9 Fm6 Eb7
That melancholy strain for-ever is haun-ting me

Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13
The melody clings a-round my heart strings. It won't let me go when I'm lonely

Db7 Abm7 Db7 Abm7 Db7 B9 A9 G9 F9 Bb9 Eb9
I hear it in dreams, and somehow it seems it makes me weep, and I can't sleep

Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13 Ebm7 Ab13
An indigo tune, it sings to the moon, the lonesome re-frain of a lover

Db7 Abm7 Db7 Abm7 Db7 B9 A9 G9 F9 Eb9 Db9 B9 Fm6 C7+
The melody sighs, it laughs and it cries, a moan in blue that wails the long night through

Fm FmMA7 Fm6 Bbm6
Then, with the dawn it's gone, the melody lives ever

BbmMA7 Db7 C7b9 Fm6 Bbm6 Fm6 Fm9
For lonely hearts to learn of love in a Harlem noc-turne