AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\( \text{\textit{MED. TEMPO}} \)

\( \text{\textit{VOCAL}} \)

\( \text{\textit{ARR. BY WALT STUART}} \)

\( \text{\textit{ALTO I}} \)

\( \text{\textit{D}} \)
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\[ \text{d} = 122 \text{ (med. tempo) (vocal)} \]

ALTO II

ARR. BY WADE STUART

\[
\begin{aligned}
\text{\# \# \# \#} & \quad \text{\# \# \#} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{m} \text{\#} \\
\text{\# \# \#} & \quad \text{\# \# \#} \\
\end{aligned}
\]
"AND ALL THAT JAZZ"  ALTO II  PAGE II
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\( J = 122 \) (MID. TEMPO) (VOCAL)

TENOR I

ARR. BY WALT STUART
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\( \text{\textit{d = 122 (MED. TEMPO) VOCAL}} \)

\text{BARITONE SAX I}

ARR. BY WALT STEWART
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\( \text{Tempo} = 122 \) (MED. TEMPO) (Vocal)

TRUMPET II

ARR. BY WOLF STUART
"AND ALL THAT JAZZ" TRUMPET III PAGE II
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\( \text{d} = 122 \text{ (med. tempo) (vocal)} \)

TROMBONE I

ARR. BY WALT STUART
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

TROMBONE II PAGE II
"AND ALL THAT JAZZ" TROMBONE III PAGE II
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\[ \text{ARR. BY WALT STUART} \]

\[ J = 122 \text{ (MED. TEMPO) (VOCAL)} \]
"AND ALL THAT JAZZ" BASS PAGE II
"AND ALL THAT JAZZ" DRUMS PAGE 2
AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

\[ d = 122 \ (M E D. \ T E M P) \]

GUITAR 

\((V I O L . \ L - 8^{\#})\) Arr. Walt Stuart

\(\text{mf} \ A\)

\(\text{A}\)

\(\text{E}^7\) \(\text{E}^7\) \(\text{F}^7\) \(\text{E}^7\) \(\text{A}\) \(\text{Bb}\)
Chicago The Musical - All That Jazz Lyrics

Velma.
C'mon babe
Why don't we paint the town?
And all that jazz
I'm gonna rouge my knees
And roll my stockings down
And all that jazz
Start the car
I know a whoopee spot
Where the gin is cold
But the piano's hot
It's just a noisy hall
Where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz
Slick you hair
And wear you buckle shoes
And all that jazz
I heat that father dip
Is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz
Hold on, hon
We're gonna bunny hug
I bought some aspirin
Down at united drug
In case you shake apart
And want a brand new start
To do that
Velma and company.
Jazz.
Person.
Skidoo.
Velma
And all that jazz
Person 2
Hot-cha
Person 3
Whopeepee
Velma
And all that jazz
Company.
(soft and diabolic)
Ha! ha! ha!
Velma
It's just a noisy hall
Where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz
Company.
Jazz
(dialog)
Velma.
Find a flask
We're playing fast and loose
All.
And all that jazz
Velma.
Right up here
Is where I store the juice
All.
And all that jazz
Velma.
Come on, babe
We're gonna brush the sky
I betcha lucky lindy
Never flew so high
'Tcause in the stratosphere
How could he lend an ear
To all that jazz?
Company.
Oh, you're gonna see you sheba
Shimmy shake
Velma.
And all that jazz
Company.
Oh, she's gonna shimmy till her garters
break
Velma.
And all that jazz
Company.
Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle
If she'd hear
Her baby's queer
For all that jazz!
velma.
no, I'm no one's wife
But, oh I love my life
And all that jazz!
Company.
That jazz!
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Come on, babe, why don't we paint the town.

Faug

all that jazz! I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down.

And all that jazz! Start the car, I know a whoop-ea spot where the
gin is cold but the piano's hot. It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl. And all that jazz!

Slick your hair and wear your gwa-loco (Ragtime style)

And all that jazz! I hear that buckles shoes
Bb

Father Dip is gon-na blow the blues.

F7

Hold on, hon', we're gon-na bun-ny hug. I bought some as-pi-rin down at Ul-

Bb Bb/A Fm6/Ab

nit-ed Drug. In case we shake a part and want a brand new start to

C7(9) F7 Bb F7 B

do that jazz!

Oh,
I'm gonna see my She-ba shim-my shake... (And all that jazz!)

Oh, she's gonna shim-my till her garters break... (And all that jazz!)

Show her where to park her girdle,

Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle if she'd hear... her
ha-by's queer. for all that jazz!

Find a flask, we're play-ing fast and loose. And

Oh, you're gon-na see your She-ba
gva--loco

all that jazz!

Right up here is where I

shim-my shake, And all that jazz!

Oh,
store the juice. And all that jazz!

I'm gonna shimmy till my garters break. And all that jazz!

E7

F7

Come on, babe, we're gonna brush the sky. I betcha lucky Lindy never

Show me where to park my girdle; Oh,

A

A/G#

Em6/G

F#7

flew so high. 'Cause in the stratosphere, how could he lend an ear to

my mother's bloodied curdle if she'd hear her baby's queer for

Authorized for use by ROBERT W. BELANGER
No, I'm nobody's wife... but oh, I love my life and all... that jazz!

That jazz!