

# The girl from Ipanema

transposé une 4te ↓

Chanson écrite en 1962 par Antônio Carlos Jobim sur un texte en portugais de Vinícius de Moraes.  
Les paroles anglaises de Norman Gimbel ont été ajoutées en 1963.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a piano introduction followed by the vocal part at measure 5. The lyrics are: "Tall and tan and young — and love - ly, The girl — from I - pa · ne — ma goes walk - ing And when." The piano accompaniment includes chords labeled RéM7 and Mi7. The second system begins at measure 10 with the vocal part: "— she pass . es, Each one — she pass — es goes aah —". The piano accompaniment includes chords labeled Mim7, Mi♭7, RéM7, and Mi♭7. The third system begins at measure 15 with the vocal part: "When she walks she's like — a sam - ba That swings so cool and sways — so gen - tle, That when". The piano accompaniment includes chords labeled RéM7 and Mi7.

[20]

— she pass - es, each one — she pass - es goes aah —

Mim7 Mi♭7 RéM7

Oh, — but I watch her so sad - ly. — How -

Mi♭M7 La♭M7

— can I tell her I love her? — Yes -

Mi♭m7 Si9

— I would give my heart glad - ly — But each

Mim9 Do9

35

day when she walks to the sea, She looks straight ahead not at me

Fa♯m7 Si7⁹ Mim7 La7⁹

40

Tall and tan and young — and love - ly, The girl — from I - pa - ne - magoes walk - ing, And when

RéM7 Mi7

— she pass · es I smile — But she does · n't see. She just does · n't

Mim7 Mi♭7 RéM7 Mi♭7

see. No, she does · n't see \_\_\_\_\_

RéM7 Mi♭7 RéM7 Mi♭7 RéM7

Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

When she walks, she's like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

Oh But I watch her so sadly  
How can I tell her I love her  
Yes I would give my heart gladly  
But each day, when she walks to the sea  
She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, I smile  
But she doesn't see,  
She just doesn't see,  
No, she doesn't see.

Grande et bronzée et jeune et belle  
La fille d'Ipanema sort marcher  
Et quand elle passe, tous ceux qu'elle dépasse s'écrient - ah

Quand elle marche, elle est comme une samba  
Qui oscille si calmement avec des balancements si doux  
Que quand elle passe, tous ceux qu'elle dépasse s'écrient - ah

Ooh mais je la contemple tellement tristement  
Comment puis je lui dire que je l'aime  
Oui je (lui) donnerais mon cœur avec joie  
Mais chaque jour, quand elle marche vers la mer  
Elle regarde droit devant, pas moi

Grande, et bronzée, et jeune, et belle  
La fille d'Ipanema sort marcher  
Et quand elle passe, je souris -  
Mais elle ne le voit pas.  
Elle ne le voit simplement pas,  
Non, elle ne le voit pas.