

# These foolish things

transposé une 3<sup>e</sup> min ↓

Tiré de la comédie musicale « Spread it abroad » (1935). Texte et musique : Jack Strachey, Holt Marvel & Harry Link

Oh! will you nev - er let me be ?

*f* Sol7 *p* Do Si<sup>b</sup>9

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment is in the bottom two staves, starting with a fortissimo (f) dynamic and a Sol7 chord, then moving to piano (p) with a Do chord, and finally a Si<sup>b</sup>9 chord. The key signature has one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

Oh! will you nev - er set me free ? The ties that bound us, are still a - round us,

Do Lam Ré9 Sol7 Do9 Fa7

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features chords Do, Lam, Ré9, Sol7, Do9, and Fa7. A square box with the number '5' is located above the first measure of the piano part.

there's no es - cape that I can see. And still those lit - tle things re -

Si<sup>b</sup>9 Mi<sup>b</sup>7 Ré7 Sol7 Solm7 Do7

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features chords Si<sup>b</sup>9, Mi<sup>b</sup>7, Ré7, Sol7, Solm7, and Do7. A square box with the number '10' is located above the first measure of the piano part.

- main, that bring me hap - pi - ness or pain

Rém Lam Ré7 Sol7

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features chords Rém, Lam, Ré7, and Sol7.

15

A cig - a - rette that bears a lip - stick's tra - ces, an air - line tick - et to ro -  
 First daf - fo - dil and long ex - cit - ed ca - bles, and can - dle lights on lit - tle  
 Gar - de - nia per - fume ling - 'ring on a pil - low, wild straw - b'ries on - ly sev - en

Do Lam Ré9 Sol7 Do Lam

20

- man - tic pla - ces, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of  
 cor - ner ta - bles, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of  
 francs a ki - lo, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of

Ré9 Sol7 Do9 Fa La7 Ré9

you. A tink - ling pia - no in the next a - part - ment,  
 you. The park at eve - ning when the bell has sound - ed,  
 you. The smile of Gar - bo and the scent of ro - ses,

Rém Sol7 Do Lam Ré9 Sol7

25

those stumb · ling words that told you what my heart meant, a fair ground's paint - ed swings,  
 the « Ile de France » with all the gulls a - round it, the beau - ty that is spring's.  
 the wai - ters whist · ling as the last bar clo - ses, the songs that Cros - by sings, -

Do Lam7 Ré9 Sol7 Do9

30

— these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. You came,  
 — these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. I know,  
 — these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. How strange,

Fa La7 Ré9 Sol7 Do Mim

35

you saw, — you con - quer'd me; When you did that to me, I  
 that this — was bound to be; These things have haunt - ed me, for  
 how sweet, — to find you still; These things are dear to me, they

Lam Si9 Mim La9 Sol Mim Do Ré7

knew some-how this had to be. The winds of March that make my heart a dan-cer  
 you've en-tire-ly en-chant-ed me. The sigh of mid-night trains in emp-ty sta-tions,  
 seem to bring you near to me. The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wails of steamers,

Sol7 SolDim Ré7 Sol7 Do Lam Ré7 Sol7

a tel-e-phon-e that rings but who's to an-swer? Oh, how the ghost of you  
 silk stock-ings thrown a-side, dance in vi-ta-tions. Oh, how the ghost of you  
 two lo-vers on the street who walk like drea-mers, Oh, how the ghost of you

Do Lam Ré9 Sol7 Do9

clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you. you.  
 clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you. you.  
 clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of

Fa La7 Ré9 Sol7 Do Do

Oh will you never let me be ?  
Oh will you never set me free ?  
The ties that bound us are still around us  
There's no escape that I can see  
And still those little things remain  
That bring me happiness or pain

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces  
An airline ticket to romantic places  
And still my heart has wings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

A tinkling piano in the next apartment  
Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant  
A fairground's painted swings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

You came, you saw, you conquered me  
When you did that to me, I somehow knew that this had to be  
The winds of march that make my heart a dancer  
A telephone that rings - but who's to answer?  
Oh, how the ghost of you clings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.

First daffodils and long excited cables  
And candlelight on little corner tables  
And still my heart has wings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

The park at evening when the bell has sounded  
The Ile de France with all the girls around it  
The beauty that is spring  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

How strange, how sweet to find you still  
These things are dear to me  
That seem to bring you so near to me  
The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers  
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers  
Oh, how the ghost...

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on a pillow  
Wild strawberries only seven francs a kilo  
And still my heart has wings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

The smile of garbo and the scent of roses  
The waiters whistling as the last bar closes  
The song that crosby sings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

I know that this was bound to be  
These things have haunted me  
For you've entirely enchanted me  
The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations  
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations  
Oh, how the ghost...

Oh, ne me laisseras-tu jamais exister ?  
Oh, ne me laisseras-tu jamais libre ?  
Les liens qui nous liaient sont toujours autour de nous  
Il n'y a pas d'échappatoire que je puisse voir  
Et ces petites choses, qui restent  
Cela m'apporte le bonheur ou la douleur

Une cigarette avec des traces de rouge à lèvres  
Un billet d'avion vers des destinations romantiques  
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Un piano murmurant dans l'appartement voisin  
Ces mots maladroits qui t'ont révélé les sentiments de mon coeur  
Une balançoire peinte à la foire  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Tu es venue, tu as vu, tu m'as conquis  
Lorsque vous avez fait cela pour moi, j'ai su que ça devait arriver  
Les vents de mars qui font danser mon cœur  
Un téléphone qui sonne - Mais qui va répondre ?  
Oh, comment ton fantôme tient  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Les premières jonquilles et des longs câbles excités  
Et les bougies sur les tables d'angle  
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Le parc le soir quand la cloche a sonné  
L'Ile de France avec toutes les filles autour de lui  
La beauté du printemps  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Comme c'est étrange, comme c'est doux de vous trouver encore  
Ces choses me sont chères  
Qui semblent vous amener si près de moi  
L'odeur des feuilles qui infusent, le bruit des vapeurs  
Deux amoureux dans la rue qui marchent en rêvant  
Oh, comment ton fantôme...

Le parfum du gardenia qui imprègne un oreiller  
Des framboises sauvages à seulement sept francs le kilo  
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Le sourire de Garbo et le parfum des roses  
Les serveurs qui sifflent quand ferme le dernier bar  
La chanson que Crosby chante  
Ces petites choses  
Me font penser à toi

Je sais que ça ne pouvait être  
Que ces choses m'ont hanté  
Aussi entièrement que vous m'avez enchanté.  
Le soupir des trains de minuit dans les stations désertes  
Des bas de soie lancés en invitation à danser  
Oh, comment ton fantôme...