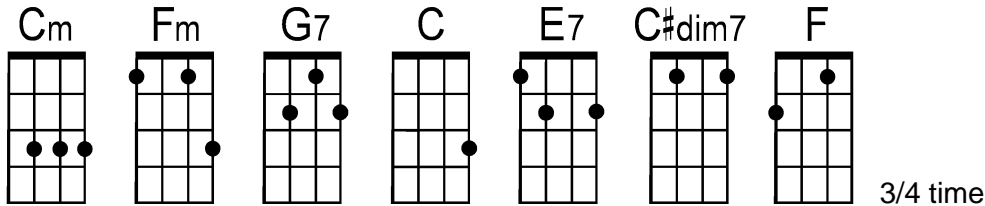


# That's Amore

by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)



*tremolo intro:*

Cm~~~~~Fm~~~~~Cm~~~~~G7\ (-hold-)  
 In Napoli— where love is king— when boy meets girl— here's what they sing—

(--tacet----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling, and you'll sing  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 "Vi—ta bel-la—"

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\  
 tar— an—tel-la—

(--tacet----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet  
 . . . | E7 . . . | . . . | C#dim . . . | .  
 you're in love—

. . . | F . . . | F . . . | F . . . | F . . .  
 When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream-ing  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Sig—nor— e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Scu-sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\  
 that's a—mor— e—!

(With Drunken Gusto!)

(--tacet---) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
When— the— moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie  
| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
that's— a— mor-e—

| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine  
| C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
that's— a— mor-e—

| C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling, and you'll sing  
| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
“Vi— ta— bel-la—”

| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay  
| C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\  
tar— an— tel-la—

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
When— the— stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool  
| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
that's— a— mor-e—

| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet  
| E7 . . . | C#dim . . . | . . . | .  
you're in love— ove—

| F\ -- -- | F\ -- -- | F\ -- -- | F .  
When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream—ing—  
| C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
Sig-nor— e—

| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
Scu— sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li—  
| C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\ | C\  
that's— a— mor— or— e—!

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v4b - 2/12/18)