

(You'll Have To Swing It) Mr. Paganini

Ella Fitzgerald

The concert was over in Carnegie Hall
The maestro took bow after bow
He said, "My dear friends I have given my all.
I'm sorry, it's all over now."
When from the balcony way up high
There suddenly came a mournful cry

Oh, Mr. Paganini
Please play my rhapsody
And if you cannot play it won't you sing it?
And if you can't sing you simply have to
Scat

Listen Paganini,
We breathlessly await your masterful d'tente
Go on and sling it
And if you can't sling it you simply have to
Scat

We heard your repertoire
And at the final bar
We greeted you with wild applause
But what a great ovation
Your interpretation of:
I never cared much for moonlight skies
I never blinked back at fireflies'
Would do

So, Paganini don't you be a meanie
What have you up your sleeve?
Come on and spring it
And if you can't spring it, you simply have to
Scat

Listen Paganini, please play my rhapsody
And if you cannot play it, wont you sing it?
If the boys is bopping
Ain't no need in stopping
Scat

Listen Paganini,
We breathlessly await your masterful d'tente
 Come on and spring it
 If the boys is bopping
 Ain't no need in stopping
 Scat

I heard your repertoire and
 At the final bar
We greeted you, we greeted you
 With wild applause
 But what a great ovation
 Your interpretation of
 Scat

Listen Paganini
Now, don't you be a meanie
What have you up your sleeve?
 Come on and spring it
And if you can't spring it, you simply have to
 Swing it

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