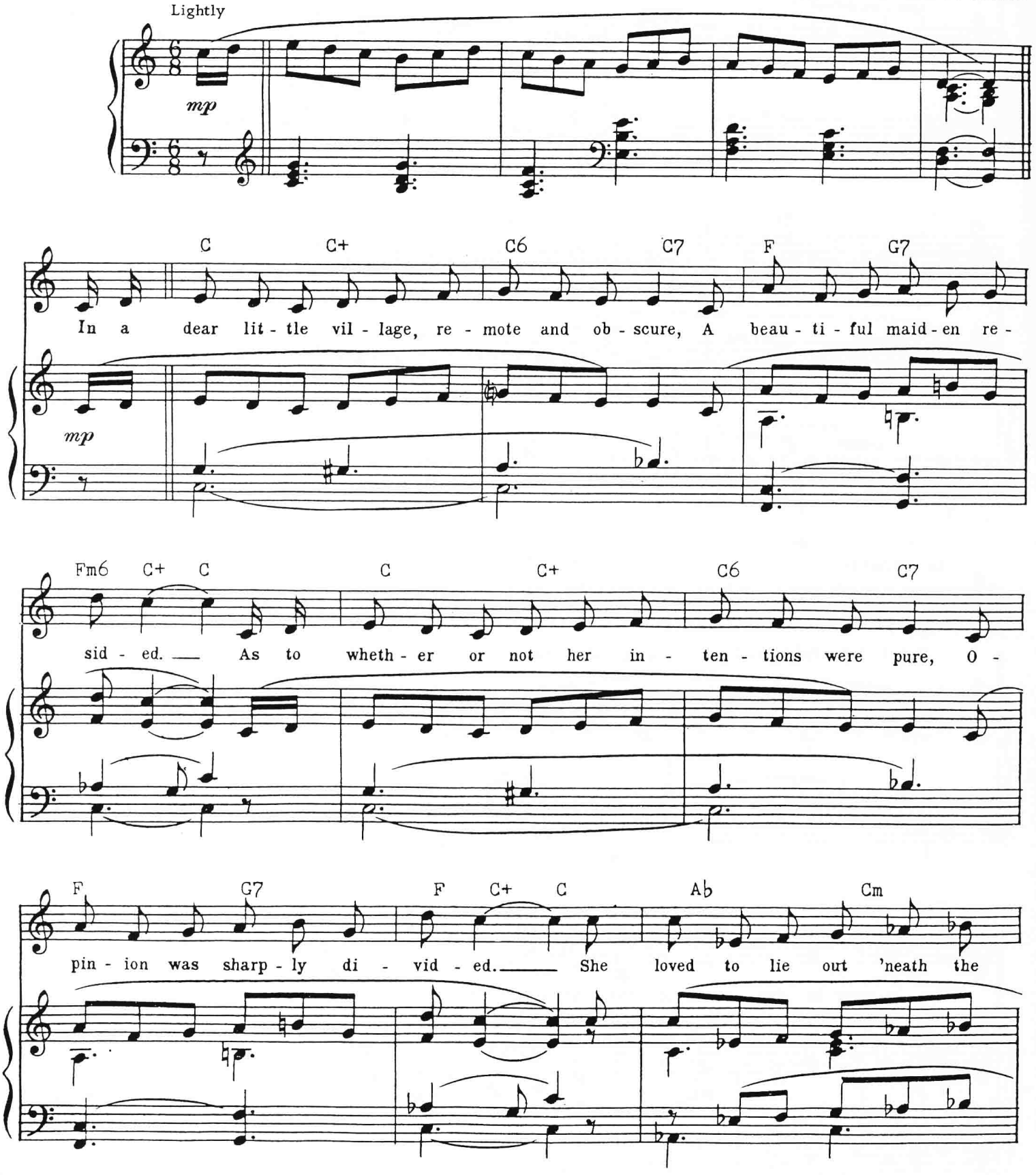
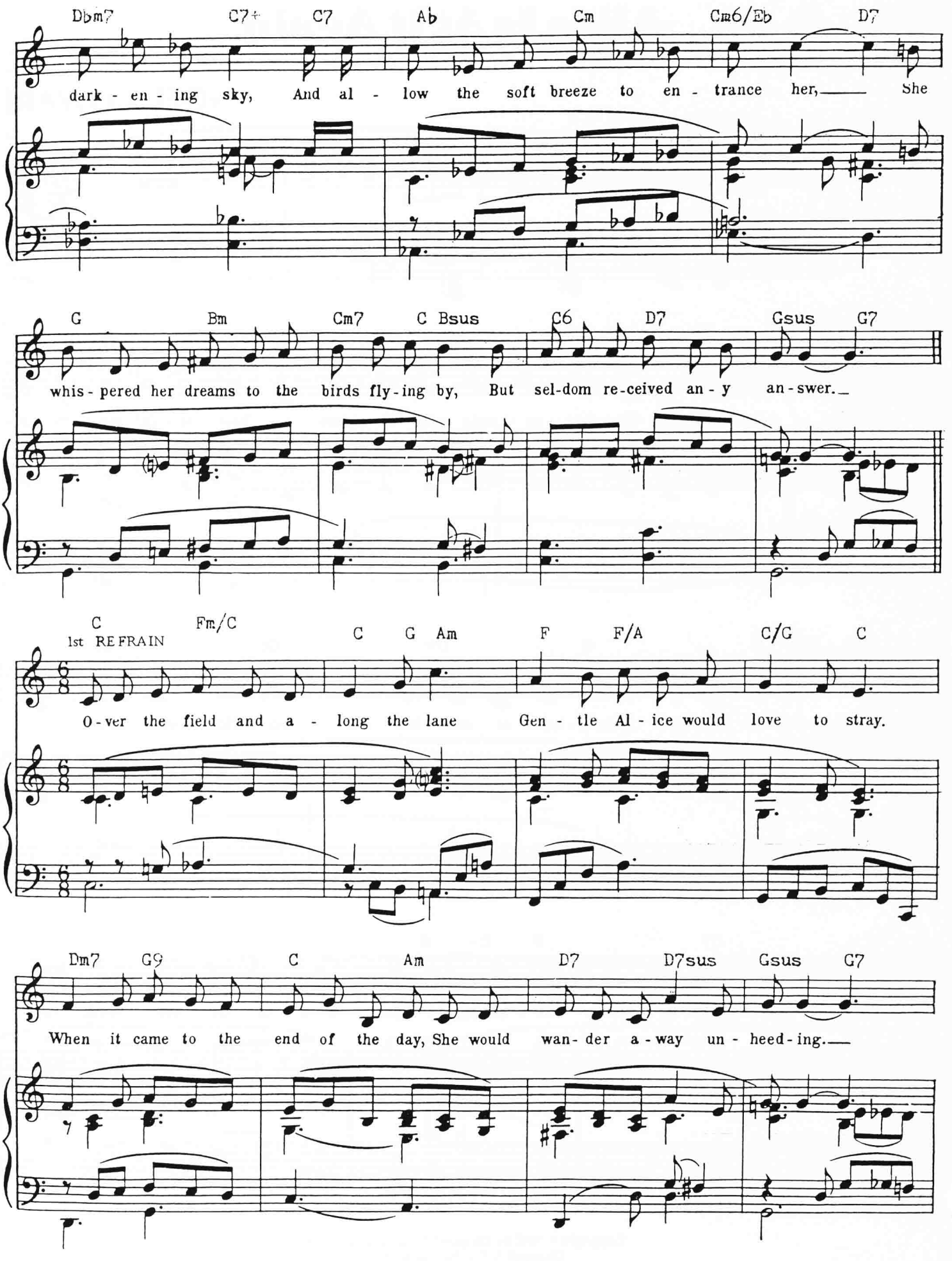
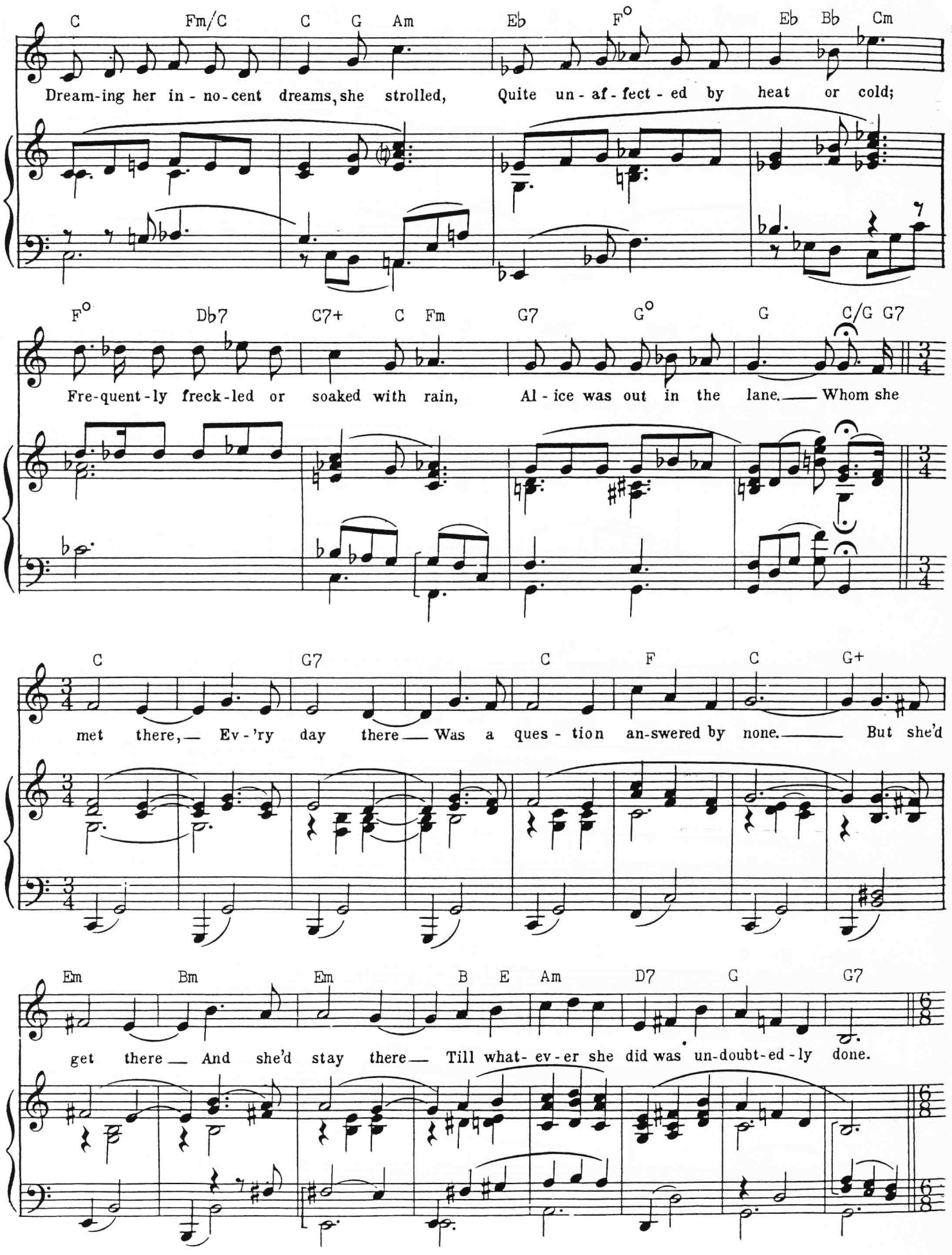
Alice Is At It Again

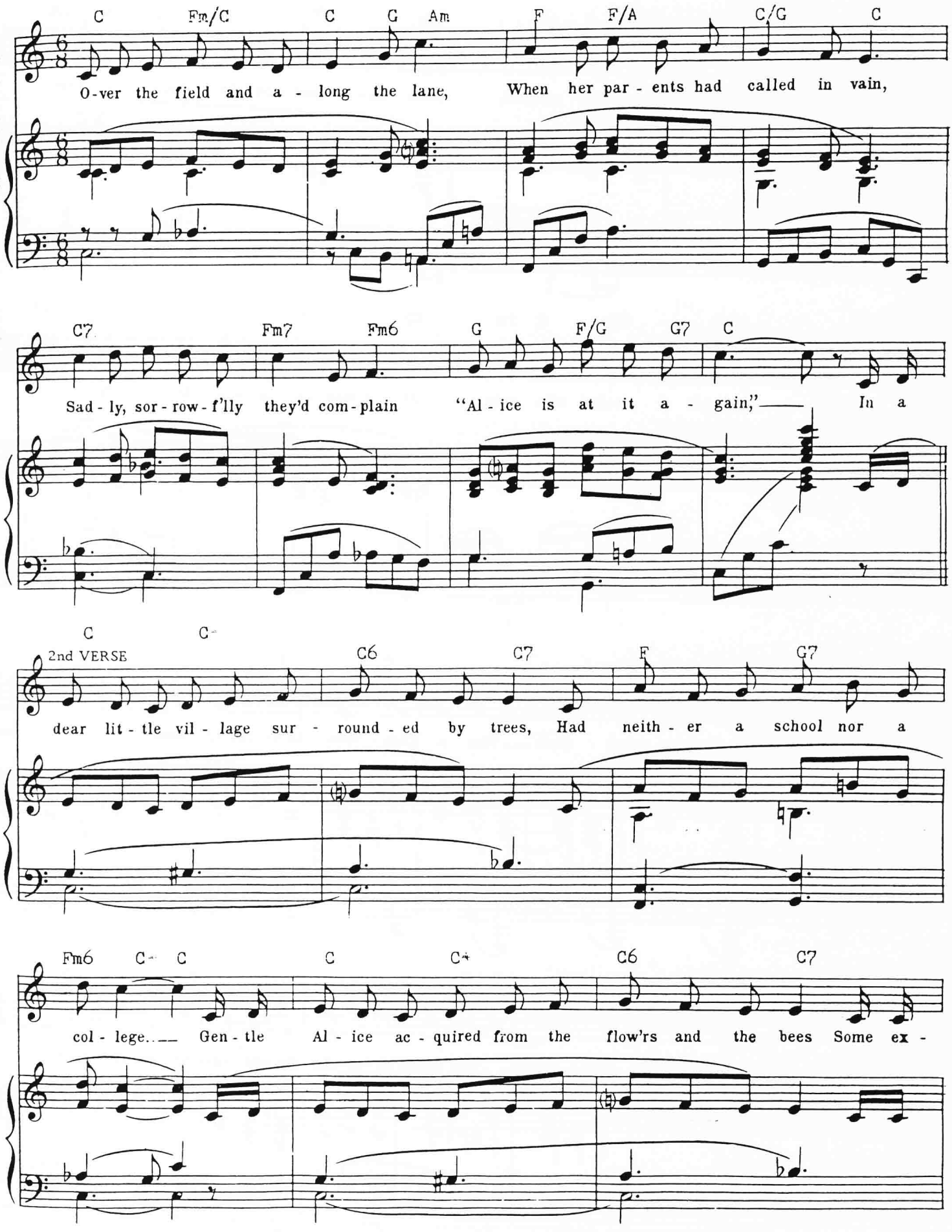
NOËL COWARD

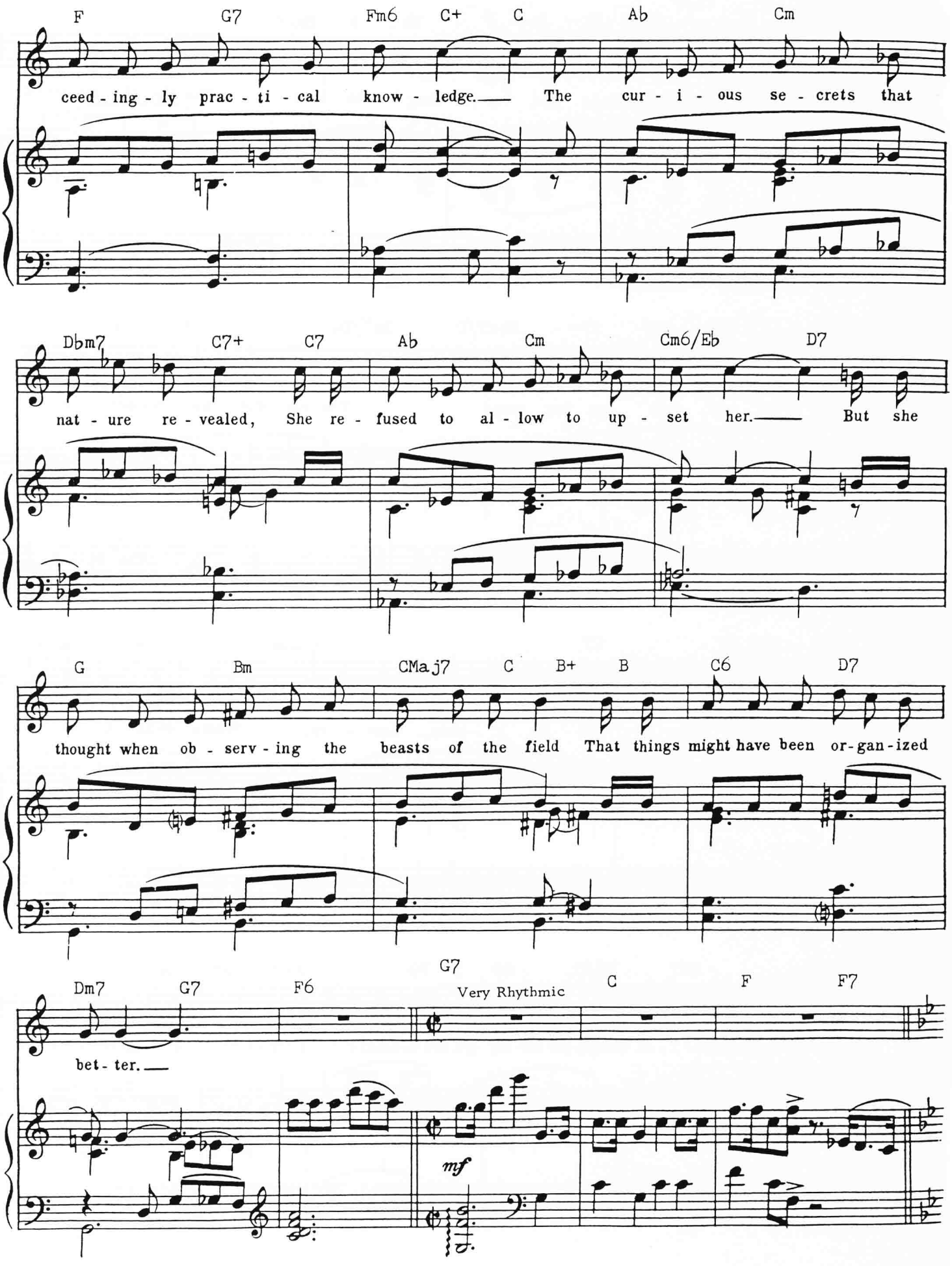


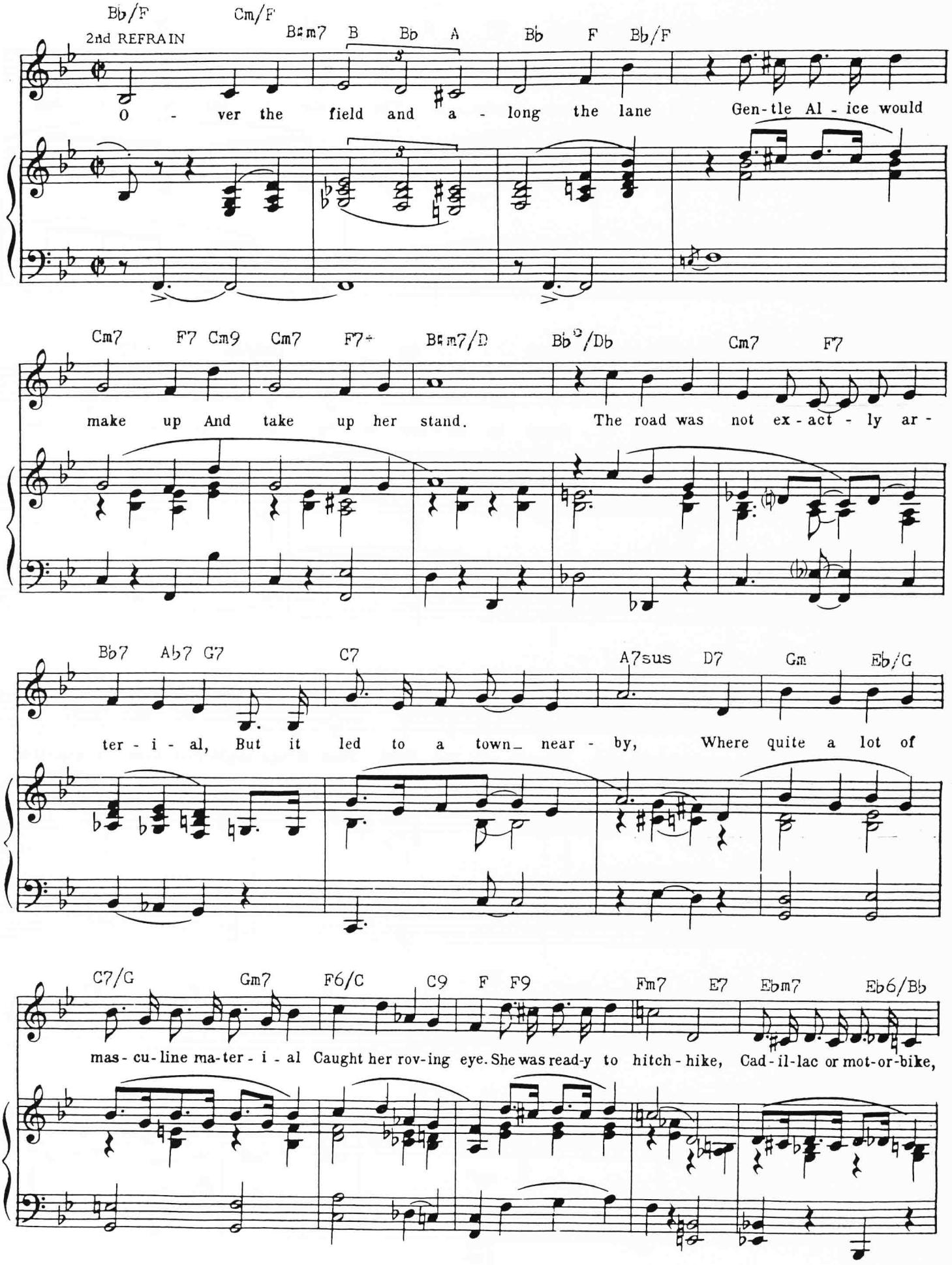
Copyright © 1955 by Chappell & Co., Ltd., London
Chappell & Co., Inc., publisher

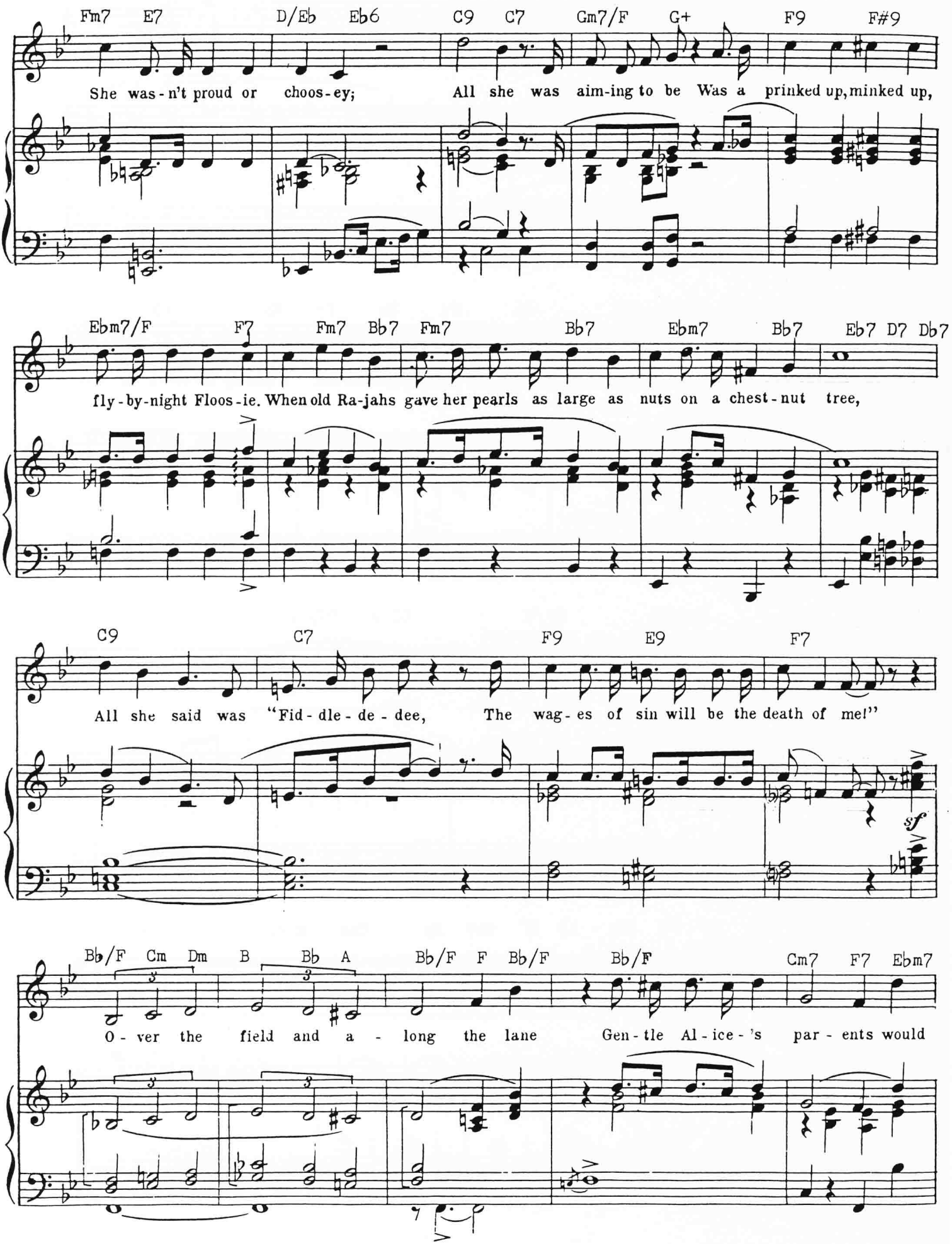

Dbm7 C7+ C7 Ab Cm Cm6/Eb D7
dark - en - ing sky, And al - low the soft breeze to en - trance her, She
G Bm Cm7 C Bsus C6 D7 Gsus G7
whis - pered her dreams to the birds fly - ing by, But sel-dom re-ceived an - y an - swer.
C Fm/C C G Am F F/A C/G C
1st REFRAIN
O - ver the field and a - long the lane Gen - tle Al - ice would love to stray.
Dm7 G9 C Am D7 D7sus Gsus G7
When it came to the end of the day, She would wan - der a - way un - heed - ing.

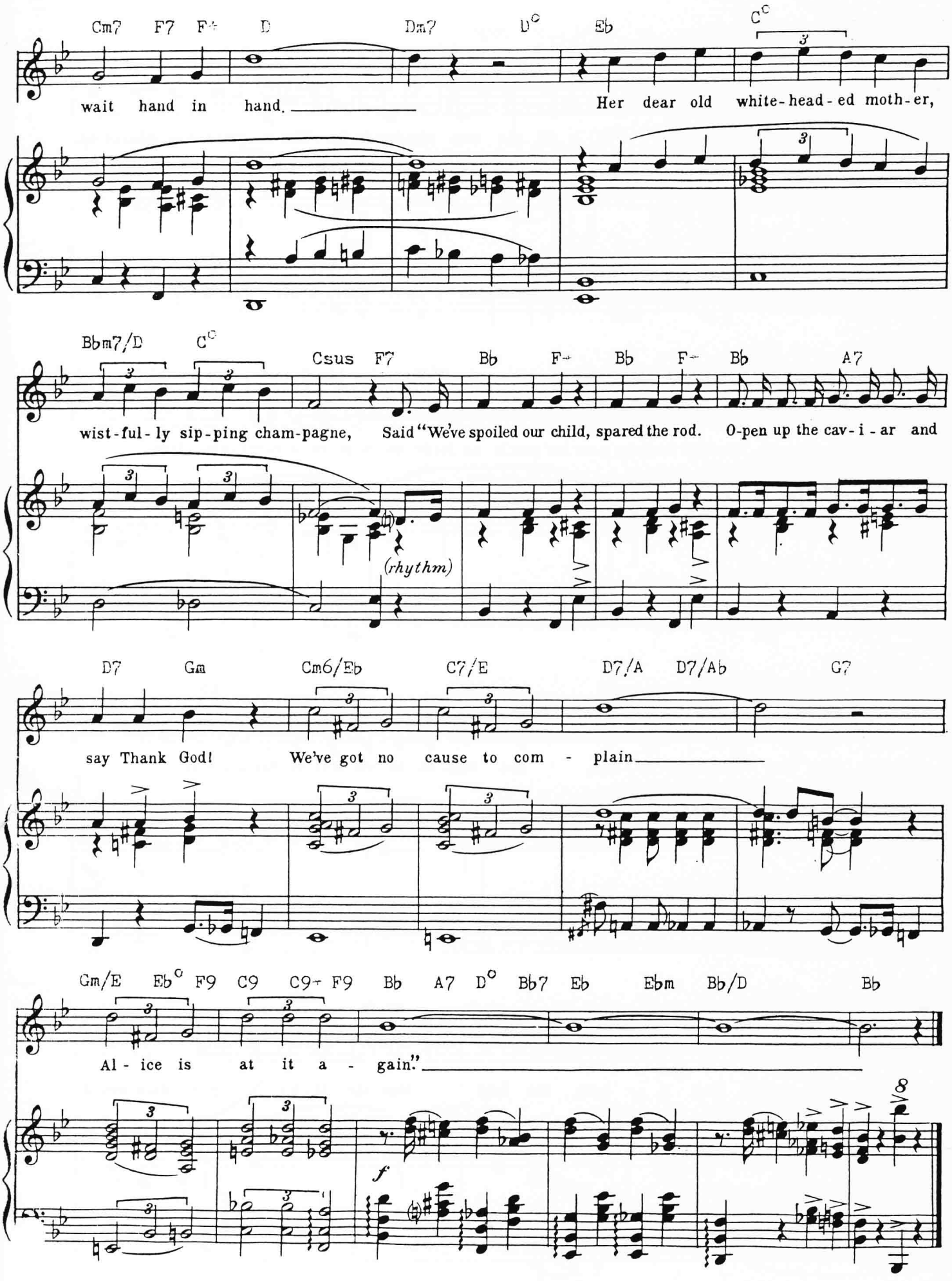

C Fm/C C G Am Eb F° Eb Bb Cm
Dream-ing her in - no-cent dreams, she strolled, Quite un - af - fect - ed by heat or cold;
F° Db7 C7+ C Fm G7 G° G C/G G7
Fre-quent-ly freck-led or soaked with rain, Al - ice was out in the lane. Whom she
C G7 C F C G+
met there, Ev-'ry day there Was a ques - tion an-swered by none. But she'd
Em Bm Em B E Am D7 G G7
get there And she'd stay there Till what- ev-er she did was un-doubt-ed-ly done.


C Fm/C C G Am F F/A C/G C
O-ver the field and a - long the lane, When her par - ents had called in vain,
C7 Fm7 Fm6 G F/G G7 C
Sad - ly, sor - row - f'lly they'd com - plain "Al - ice is at it a - gain," In a
C C
2nd VERSE
C6 C7 F G7
dear lit - tle vil - lage sur - round - ed by trees, Had neith - er a school nor a
Fm6 C C C C6 C7
col - lege. Gen - tle Al - ice ac - quired from the flow'rs and the bees Some ex -


F G7 Fm6 C+ C Ab Cm
ceed - ing - ly prac - ti - cal know - ledge. The cur - i - ous se - crets that
Dbm7 C7+ C7 Ab Cm Cm6/Eb D7
nat - ure re - vealed, She re - fused to al - low to up - set her. But she
G Bm CMaj7 C B+ B C6 D7
thought when ob - serv - ing the beasts of the field That things might have been or-gan-ized
Dm7 G7 F6 G7 C F F7
bet - ter.
Very Rhythmic
mf


Bb/F Cm/F
2nd REFRAIN
B#m7 B Bb A Bb F Bb/F
O - ver the field and a - long the lane Gen-tle Al - ice would
Cm7 F7 Cm9 Cm7 F7+ B#m7/D Bb°/Db Cm7 F7
make up And take up her stand. The road was not ex - act - ly ar -
Bb7 Ab7 G7 C7 A7sus D7 Gm Eb/G
ter - i - al, But it led to a town near - by, Where quite a lot of
C7/G Gm7 F6/C C9 F F9 Fm7 E7 Ebm7 Eb6/Bb
mas - cu - line ma-ter - i - al Caught her rov-ing eye. She was read-y to hitch - hike, Cad - il-lac or mot-or-bike,


Fm7 E7 D/Eb Eb6 C9 C7 Gm7/F G+ F9 F#9
She was-n't proud or choos-ey; All she was aim-ing to be Was a prinked up, minked up,
Ebm7/F F7 Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Ebm7 Bb7 Eb7 D7 Db7
fly-by-night Floos-ie. When old Ra-jahs gave her pearls as large as nuts on a chest-nut tree,
C9 C7 F9 E9 F7
All she said was "Fid-dle-de-dee, The wag-es of sin will be the death of me!"
sf
Bb/F Cm Dm B Bb A Bb/F F Bb/F Bb/F Cm7 F7 Ebm7
O-ver the field and a-long the lane Gen-tle Al-ice-'s par-ents would


Cm7 F7 F+ D Dm7 D° Eb C°
wait hand in hand. Her dear old white-head-ed moth-er,
Bbm7/D C° Csus F7 Bb F+ Bb F+ Bb A7
wist-ful-ly sip-ping cham-pagne, Said "We've spoiled our child, spared the rod. O-pen up the cav-i-ar and
(rhythm)
D7 Gm Cm6/Eb C7/E D7/A D7/Ab G7
say Thank God! We've got no cause to com-plain
Gm/E Eb° F9 C9 C9+ F9 Bb A7 D° Bb7 Eb Ebm Bb/D Bb
Al-ice is at it a-gain."
f
8