

SATB

# Baby, It's Cold Outside

Arranged by KIRBY SHAW

By FRANK LOESSER

Easy Swing ( $\text{♩} = 112$ ) ( $\text{♪} = \text{♪} \text{♪}$ )

**3** *mf* **A**

I real-ly can't stay. I've  
got to go 'way. This eve-ning has been  
But, ba-by, it's cold out-side!  
Been hop-in' that you'd  
so ve-ry nice. My moth-er will start to  
drop in! I'll hold your hands, they're just like ice.  
wor-ry and Fa-ther will be pac-ing the floor. So  
Beau-ti-ful, what's your hur-ry? Lis-ten to the fi-re-place  
real-ly I'd bet-ter scur-ry. Well, may-be just a few min-utes more.  
roar! Beau-ti-ful, please don't hur-ry. I've

B

20

It's so late at night. Who  
nev-er felt quite like this be-fore. But, ba-by, it's bad out there.

23

turned down the lights? I wish I knew how  
No cabs to be had out there. Your eyes are like star

26

to break the spell. I ought to say, "No, no,  
- light now. I'll take your hat, your hair looks swell!

30

no, Sir!" At least I'm gon-na say that I tried. I  
Mind if I move in clos-er? What's the sense in hurt-ing my pride?

33

real-ly can't stay. Ah, but it's cold out-side.  
Oh, ba-by, don't hold out. Ah, but it's cold out-side.

37 C

I simply must go. The

But, ba-by, it's cold out-side!

43

an-swer is, "No!" The wel-come has been

But, ba-by, it's cold out-side! How luck-y that you

46

so nice and warm. My sis-ter will be sus -

dropped in! Look out the win-dow at that storm.

50

pi - cious. My broth-er will be there at the door. The

Gosh, your lips look de - li - cious, waves up-on a trop-i - cal

53

ru-mours could be so vi - cious, and, ba-by, you're so hard to ig - nore.

shore! Gosh, your lips are de - li - cious.

56 D

I've got to get home. Say,

59 nev-er such a bliz-zard be - fore. But, ba - by, you'd freeze out there.

lend me your comb. You've real-ly been grand

62 It's up to your knees out there. I thrill when you touch

but don't you see there's bound to be talk to -

66 my hand. How can you do this thing to me?

mor - row. At least there will be plen ty im - plied. I

69 Think of my life-long sor - row. If you caught pneu-mo nia and died.

real-ly can't stay. Ah, but it's cold out - side. Ba-by, it's

73 Oh, ba-by, don't hold out. Ah, but it's cold out - side. Ba-by, it's

cold out - side. Ba-by, it's cold out - side!

cold out - side. Ba-by, it's cold out - side!

*cresc. < f* *mp*

*cresc. < f* *mp*