

Somewhere over the rainbow

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
There's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue
And the dreams that you dared to dream,
Really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
Way above the chimney pots,
That's where you'll find me.


Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?

Hey ho, anybody home?

Round

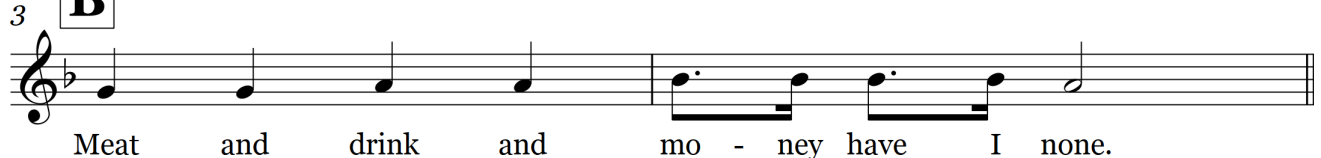
Anon

A




Hey ho, a - ny bo - dy home?

B



Meat and drink and mo - ney have I none.

C



Still I will be hap - - - - py; —

A four legged friend

*A four legged friend, a four legged friend, he'll never let you down,
he's honest and faithful right up to the end,
that wonderful, one two three four legged friend.*

1. A woman's like cactus, and cactus can hurt,
'cause she's just a tightwaisted winkye-eyed flirt.
She'll soon have your land and your pride and your gold,
and bury you deep, long before you grow old.

(chorus)

2. A two legged hombre is worthless as sand,
he'll smile like a saint with a gun in his hand.
He'll promise to stick by your side all your life,
but he also promised the same to your wife.

(chorus)

3. Who carries your burden, who carries your load
on tumbleweed land, or a long dusty road?
Who asks you no questions, and tells you no lies?
That four legged friend with the two honest eyes.

(chorus)

Deep river

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

O don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land where all is peace,
O don't you want to go to that promised land,
That land where all is peace?

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

What a wonderful world

I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom for me and you,
and I think to myself What a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,
and I think to myself What a wonderful world.

The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky, are also on the faces of people going by,
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do!" They're really saying, "I love you."

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow, they'll learn much more than I'll ever know,
and I think to myself What a wonderful world.

Yes, I think to myself, What a wonderful world.

I am the very model

I am the very model of a modern major general,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral;
I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
about binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major general.

In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral, he is the very model of a modern major general!

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox;
I quote, in elegiacs, all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus,
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes!
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore.
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore, and whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore, and whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense PinaPinafore.

Then I can write a washing bill in babylonian cuneiform,
and tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major general.

In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral, he is the very model of a modern major general!

Rhythm of Life

- A When I started down the street last Sunday, Feelin' mighty low and kind of mean,
suddenly a voice said, "Go forth, neighbour! Spread the picture on a wider screen!"
- B And the voice said, "Neighbour, there's a million reasons why you should be glad in all
four seasons! Hit the road, neighbour, leave your worries and strife! Spread the religion
of the rhythm of life."
- C For the rhythm of life is a powerful beat, puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your
feet! Rhythm on the inside, rhythm on the street, and the rhythm of life is a powerful
beat!
- D To feel the rhythm of life, To feel the powerful beat,
To feel the tingle in your fingers, To feel the tingle in your feet!
- E To feel the rhythm of life, To feel the powerful beat,
To feel the tingle in your fingers, To feel the tingle in your feet!
- F Go and spread the gospel in Milwaukee, Take a walkie talkie to Rocky Ridge;
All the way to Canton, then to Scranton, even tell it under the Manhattan Bridge!
- G You will make a new sensation, have a growing congregation, build a glowing operation
here below. Like a pied piper blowing, lead and keep the music flowing, keep the rhythm
go go going, go go go!
- H You will make a new sensation, have a growing congregation, build a glowing operation
here below. Like a pied piper blowing, lead and keep the music flowing, keep the rhythm
go go going, go go go!
You will make a new sensation, have a growing congregation, build a glowing operation
here below. Like a pied piper blowing, lead and keep the music flowing, keep the rhythm
go go going, go go go!
- I Flip your wings and fly up high, Flip your wings and fly up high,
Flip your wings and fly up high, Fly, fly, fly up high!
- J You can do it if you try, you can do it if you try, you can do it if you try, try, try, try to fly!
- K Like a bird up in the sky, Like a bird up in the sky, Like a bird up in the sky, Fly, Fly, Fly!
- L doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobidoo.
doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi,
doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, dobi, doobi, doobi,
doobi, doo.
doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi,
doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, doobi, dobi, doobi, doobi,
dobi, doo.
- M O the rhythm of life is a powerful beat, puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your
feet,
Rhythm on the inside, rhythm on the street, and the rhythm of life is a powerful beat.
- N O the rhythm of life is a powerful beat, puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your
feet,
Rhythm on the inside, rhythm on the street, and the rhythm of life is a powerful beat.
- O O the rhythm of life is a powerful beat, puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your
feet,
Rhythm on the inside, rhythm on the street, and the rhythm of life is a powerful beat.
- P To feel the rhythm of life, to feel the powerful beat, to feel the tingle in your fingers, to
feel the tingle in your
- Q life! life! life! Neighbour, you've got the rhythm, rhythm, rhythm rhythm of life!

On the Sunny Side of the Street

Grab your coat and get your hat, leave your worries on the doorstep;
life can be so sweet, on the sunny side of the street.

Can't you hear the pit-a-pat? And that happy tune is your step;
life can be complete, on the sunny side of the street.

I used to walk in the shade, with those blues on parade;
but I'm not afraid, this rover crossed over.
If I never had a cent, I'd be rich as Rockefeller;
gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street.

I used to walk in the shade, with those blues on parade;
but I'm not afraid, this rover crossed over.
If I never had a cent, I'd be rich as Rockefeller;
gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street.

The Rose

Some say love it is a river that drowns the tender reed.
Some say love it is a razor that leaves your souls to bleed
Some say love it is a hunger an end less aching need.
I say love it is a flower and you it's only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken who cannot seem to give,
and the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long,
and you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong,
just remember in the winter far beneath the bitter snows
lies the seed that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.

Misty

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree; And I feel like I'm clingin' to a cloud,
I can't understand I get misty, just holding your hand.

Walk my way, And a thousand violins begin to play,
Or it might be the sound of your hello,
That music I hear, I get misty, the moment you're near.

Can't you see that you're leading me on? And it's just what I want you to do,
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost That's why I'm following you.

On my own, When I wander through this wonderland alone,
Never knowing my right foot from my left My hat from my glove
I'm too misty, and too much in love.

Thank you for the music

I'm nothing special, in fact I'm a bit of a bore,
if I tell a joke, you've probably heard it before.
But I have a talent, a wonderful thing, 'cause everyone listens when I start to sing.
I'm so grateful and proud, all I want is to sing it out loud. So I say:
Thank you for the music the songs I'm singing, thanks for all the joy I'm bringing.
Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty.
What would life be without a song or dance, what are we?
So I say thank you for the music, for giving it to me.

Mother says I was a dancer before I could walk,
she says I began to sing long before I could talk.
And I've often wondered how did it all start,
who found out that nothing can capture a heart like a melody can?
Well whoever it was, I'm a fan. So I say:
Thank you for the music the songs I'm singing, thanks for all the joy I'm bringing.
Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty.
What would life be without a song or dance, what are we?
So I say thank you for the music, for giving it to me.

I've been so lucky, I am the girl with golden hair,
I wanna sing it out to everybody, what a joy, what a life, what a chance.
Thank you for the music, the songs I'm singing, thanks for all the joy I'm bringing.
Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty.
What would life be without a song or dance, what are we?
So I say thank you for the music, for giving it to me.
So I say thank you for the music, for giving it to me.

Someone to Dance with You

Dancing is the way to go they all just love the Pasa doble
Tango Samba keep you fit and after a jive you'll need to sit
Dancing is the thing today Keeping mem'ry loss at bay
You will need that perfect stance also a partner who loves dance
Dancing makes the spirit free liberates the mind
Music you will find comes in ev'ry kind
but you'll never know it's true unless someone will dance with you
Waltzes even those by Strauss Gershwin or Cole Porter
don't do what they oughter most should be much shorter
so Rumba is the dance of choice if you've someone to dance with you
Rumba is the dance of choice if you've Someone to dance with you

Someone to Dance with You

Lyrics not by Ira Gershwin

Music not by George Gershwin

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 168. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Dan-cing is the way to go they all just love the Pa-sa do-ble Tan-go Sam-ba keep you fit and af-ter a jive you'll need to 'sit Dan-cing is the thing to-day Kee-ping mem'ry loss at bay You will need that per-fect stance al - so a part-ner who loves dance Dan-cing makes the spi - rit free lib - er - ates the mind Mu-sic you will find comes in ev - ry kind but you'll ne - ver know it's true un-less some-one will dance with you Walt zes e - ven those by Strauss Gersh-win or Cole Por ter don't do what they ought - er most should be much shor - ter so Rum-ba is the dance of choice if you've some one to dance with you Rit Rum-ba is the dance of choice if you've Some-one to dance with you". The score includes various musical notations such as rests, eighth notes, quarter notes, and triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes). There are also dynamic markings like 'rit' (ritardando) and a double underline under the final line of lyrics.

♩ = 168

5

Dan-cing is the way to go they all just love the Pa-sa do-ble Tan-go Sam-ba keep you fit and af-ter a jive you'll

13

need to 'sit Dan-cing is the thing to-day Kee-ping mem'ry loss at bay You will need that per-fect stance al - so a part-ner

21

5

who loves dance Dan-cing makes the spi - rit free lib - er - ates the mind Mu-sic you will find

34

3 3 5

comes in ev - ry kind but you'll ne - ver know it's true un-less some-one will dance with you Walt zes e - ven

46

those by Strauss Gersh-win or Cole Por ter don't do what they ought - er most should be much shor - ter so Rum-ba is the

54

3 3 rit 3 3

dance of choice if you've some one to dance with you Rit Rum-ba is the dance of choice if you've Some-one to dance with you

Jubilate Deo



Ju - bi - la - te De - o, Ju - bi - la - te De - o, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Ju - bi - la - te De - O!
Al - le - lu - ia! A - - men!
Al - le - lu - ia! Ah!

O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

Star Carol

Sing this night, for a boy is born in Bethlehem,
Christ our Lord in a lowly manger lies;
Bring your gifts, come and worship at his cradle,
Hurry to Bethlehem and see the son of Mary!

*See his star shining bright
In the sky this Christmas Night!
Follow me joyfully;
Hurry to Bethlehem and see the son of Mary!*

Angels bright, come from heaven's highest glory,
Bear the news with its message of good cheer:
"Sing, rejoice, for a King is come to save us,
Hurry to Bethlehem and see the son of Mary!"

Let us all pay our homage at the manger,
Sing his praise on this joyful Christmas Night;
Christ is come, bringing promise of salvation;
Hurry to Bethlehem and see the son of Mary!

Jingle Bell Rock

Jingle bell jingle bell jingle bell rock
Jingle bells swing and jingle bells ring
Snowing and blowing up bushels of fun
Now the jingle hop has begun
Jingle bell jingle bell jingle bell rock
Jingle bells chime in jingle bell time
Dancing and prancing in Jingle Bell Square
In the frosty air
What a bright time
it's the right time
To rock the night away
Jingle bell time is a swell time
To go gliding in a one-horse sleigh
Giddy-up jingle horse
pick up your feet
Jingle around the clock
Mix and a-mingle in the jingling beat
That's the jingle bell rock