

Seventy six trombones

Seventy six trombones led the big parade, with a hundred and ten cornets close at hand.
They were followed by rows and rows of the finest virtuosos, the cream of ev'ry famous band.
Seventy six trombones caught the morning sun, with a hundred and ten cornets right behind.

There were more than a thousand reeds springing up like weeds,
there were horns of ev'ry shape and kind.
There were copper bottom tympani in horse platoons,
thundering, thundering all along the way.
Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons, each bassoon having his big fat say.
There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery,
thundering, thundering louder than before.
Clarinets of ev'ry size and trumpeters who'd improvise a full octave higher than the score.

Seventy six trombones led the big parade, when the order to march rang out loud and clear.
Starting off with a big bang bong on a Chinese gong, by a big bang bonger at the rear.
Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint, while a hundred and ten cornets played the air.
Then I modestly took my place as the one and only bass, and I oompah'd up and down the square.

Buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh,
buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh.
Buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh
buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh buh.

Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint, while a hundred and ten cornets played the air.
Then I modestly took my place as the one and only bass, and I oompah'd, oompah'd,
oompahpah'd, oompah'd up and down the square.

Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint, while a hundred and ten cornets played the air.
Then I modestly took my place as the one and only bass, and I oompah'd, oompah'd,
oompahpah'd, oompah'd up and down the square.

You are my sunshine

The other night, dear, as I lay dreaming,
I deamt that you were by my side.
Came disillusion when I awoke, dear.
You were gone and then I cried.
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you;
Please don't take my sunshine away.

I'll always love you and make you happy,
if you will only do the same.
But if you leave me how it will grieve me;
Nevermore I'll breathe your name.
You are me sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you;
Please don't take my sunshine away.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,
Our God is marching on.

The Sheepstealer

1. I am a brisk lad, but my fortune is bad, Oh! and I am most wonderful poor.
No indeed I intend my sad life for to mend,
and to build a house down on the moor, my brave boys,
and to build a house down on the moor.
 2. In my meadow I'll keep fat oxen and sheep, and a neat little nag on the down.
In the midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright,
there's a number of work to be done, my brave boys,
there's a number of work to be done.
 3. I'll ride all around in another man's ground, and I'll take a fat sheep for my own.
I will end of his life by the aid of my knife,
Oh! and then I will carry him home, my brave boys,
Oh! and then I will carry him home.
 4. My children shall pull the skin from the wool, and I'll be in a place where there's none.
When the sheriff's men come, I will stand with my gun,
and swear all that I have is my own, my brave boys,
and swear all that I have is my own.
-

Santa Lucia

Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento,
Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento
Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento,
Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento
Venite all'agile barchetta mia...
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
Venite all'agile barchetta mia...
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

O dolce Napoli, o suol beato,
Ove sorridere volle il creato
O dolce Napoli, o suol beato,
Ove sorridere volle il creato
Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

On the street where you live

I have often walked down this street before
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.
All at once am I sev'ral stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh, the towering feeling, just to know somehow you are near!
The overpowering feeling that any second you might suddenly appear!

People stop and stare they don't bother me;
For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.
Let the time go by, I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

I love Paris

Ev'ry time I look down on this timeless town,
whether blue or grey be her skies,
Whether loud be her cheers, or whether soft be her tears,
more and more do I realise

I love Paris in the springtime,
I love Paris in the fall,
I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles,
I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles,
I love Paris ev'ry moment, ev'ry moment of the year.
I love Paris, why oh why do I love Paris?
Because my love is near.

I love Paris in the springtime,
I love Paris in the fall,
I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles,
I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles,
I love Paris ev'ry moment, ev'ry moment of the year.
I love Paris, why oh why do I love Paris?
Because my love
Because my love is near.

Come back to Sorrento

Guarda_il mare co m'è, bello! spira tanto sentimento,
come_il tuo soave accento che me, desto, fa sognar.

Senti come lieve sale dai giardini_odor d'aranci:
un profumo non v'haeguale per chi palpita d'amor!

E tu di ci_“Io parto,_addio!” T'allontani dal mio core:
questa terra dell amore hai la forza di lasciar?

Ma non mi fuggir, non darmi piu tormento
Torna a Sorrento, non farmi morir!

I know where I'm going

I know where I'm going, I know who's going with me
I know who I love, And my dear knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk, And shoes of bright green leather
Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft, And painted rooms are bonnie
But I would give them all, Just to be with my love Johnny.

Some say he is poor, But I say he is bonnie
Fairest of them all, Is my handsome winsome Johnny.

I know where I'm going, I know who's going with me
I know who I love, And my dear knows who I'll marry.
