

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

*Oh, ye'll tak the high road, an' I'll tak the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me an' my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.*

I mind when we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon looks out from the gloamin'.

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies O!

1. Three gypsies stood at the castle gate, they sang so high, they sang so low.
The lady sat in her chamber late, Her heart it melted away as snow.
2. They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill that fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown, her golden rings and all her show.
3. She plucked off her highheel'd shoes, amade of Spanish leather, Oh.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet, All out in the wind and weather, go.
4. "Oh saddle to me my milkwhite steed, and go fetch me my pony, Oh!
That I may ride and seek my bride who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, Oh!"
5. Oh he rode high and he rode low, he rode through wood and copses too.
Until he came to an open field, and there he espied his lady, Oh.
6. "What makes you leave your house and land, your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord to follow the wraggle taggle gypsies, Oh?"
7. "Oh what care I for my house and land, Oh what care I for my treasure, Oh?
And what care I for my new wedded lord, I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies, Oh!"
8. "Last night you slept on a goose feather bed, with the sheets turn'd down so bravely, Oh.
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field, along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, Oh!"
9. "Oh what care I for a goose feather bed, with the sheets turn'd down so bravely Oh.
For tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field, Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, Oh!"

When I'm Sixty-Four

1. When I get older losing my hair many years from now,
Will you still be sending me a valentine, birthday greetings, bottle of wine?
If I'd been out till quarter to three, would you lock the door?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixtyfour?

(hum) You'll be older too.
And if you say the word, I could stay with you.

2. I could be handy mending a fuse when your lights have gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside, Sunday mornings, go for a ride.
Doing the garden, digging the weeds; Who could ask for more?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixtyfour?

Ev'ry summer we can rent a cottage on the Isle of Wight if it's not too dear.
We shall scrimp and save.
Grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck and Dave.

3. Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of view.
Indicate precisely what you mean to say, Yours sincerely wasting away.
Give me your answer, fill in a form, mine for ever more.
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, When I'm sixtyfour?

Feed the Birds

Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's the little old bird woman comes.
In her own special way to the people she calls,

"Come, buy my bags full of crumbs;
Come feed the little birds, show them you care,
And you'll be glad if you do;
Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare;
All it takes is tuppence from you.

Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.
Feed the birds", that's what she cries, While overhead, her birds fill the skies.
All around the cathedral the saints and apostles
look down as she sells her wares.
Although you can't see it, you know they are smiling
each time someone shows that he cares.
Though her words are simple and few, Listen, listen, she's calling to you:

"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag."

Unchained Melody

Oh, my love, my darling, I've hungered for your touch a long, lonely time.
Time goes by so slowly and time can do so much, Are you still mine?
I need your love, I need your love, God speed your love to me!

Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea, To the open arms of the sea.
Lonely rivers sigh, "Wait for me, wait for me!" I'll be coming home, wait for me!

Oh, my love, my darling, I've hungered for your touch a long, lonely time.
Time goes by so slowly and time can do so much, Are you still mine?
I need your love, I need your love, God speed your love to me!

Lonely mountains gaze at the stars, at the stars, Waiting for the dawn of the day.
All alone, I gaze at the stars, at the stars, Dreaming of my love far away.

Oh, my love, my darling, I've hungered for your touch a long, lonely time.
Time goes by so slowly and time can do so much, Are you still mine?
I need your love, I need your love, God speed your love to me!

Dona Nobis Pacem

Round

A

Do - na no - bis pa - cem, pa-cem, Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

B

9 Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

C

17 Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there. She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Without no seams nor needle work, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the sale water and the sea strands, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And gather it all in a bunch of heather, Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there. She once was a true love of mine.

Poor, poor Joseph

(Joseph and the amazing technicolour dreamcoat)

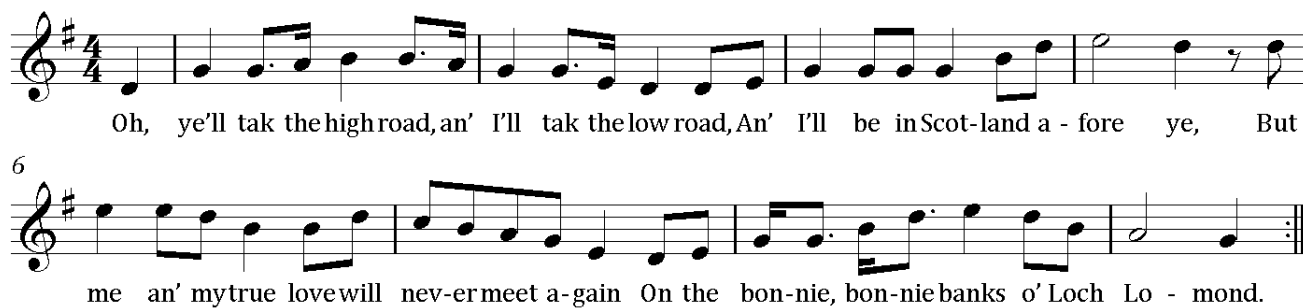
Next day far from home, the brothers planned the repulsive crime.
"Let us grab him now, and do him in while we've got the time."
This they did and made the most of it, Stole his coat and flung him in a pit.
"Let us leave him here," the brothers said, "and he's bound to die."
When some Ishmaelites, a hairy crew came riding by.
In a flash the brothers changed their plan. "We need cash, let's sell him if we can."

Poor, poor Joseph, what 'cha gonna do?
Things look bad for you, hey, what 'cha gonna do?
Poor, poor Joseph, what 'cha gonna do?
Things look bad for you, hey, what 'cha gonna do?

"Could you use a slave?" the brothers said to the Ishmaelites.
"Young, strong, well behaved, going cheap, and he reads and writes."
In a trice the dirty deed was done, Silver coins for Jacob's fav'rite son.
So the Ishmaelites galloped off with a slave in tow,
Rode to Egypt where Joseph was not keen to go.
He was right they put him up for sale; In the end they threw him into jail.

Poor, poor Joseph, locked up in a cell,
Things aren't going well, hey, locked up in a cell.
Poor, poor Joseph, locked up in a cell,
Things aren't going well, hey, locked up in a cell.

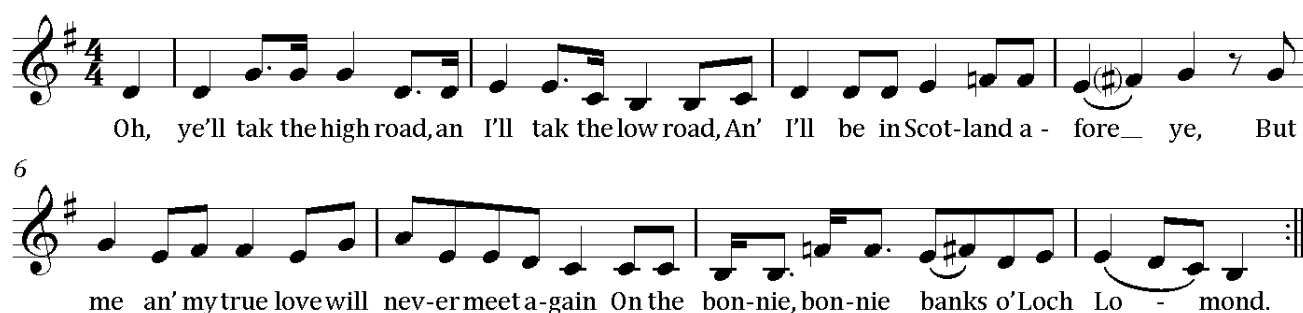
Soprano



Oh, ye'll tak the high road, an' I'll tak the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

6
me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

Alto



Oh, ye'll tak the high road, an' I'll tak the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

6
me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

Tenor



Oh, ye'll tak the high road, an' I'll tak the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

6
me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

Bass



Oh, ye'll tak the high road, an' I'll tak the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

6
me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.



Frè-re Jac-ques, frè-re Jac-ques, Dor-mez-vous? Dor-mez-vous? Son-nez les ma-ti-nes! Son-nez les ma-ti-nes! Din, dan, don. Din, dan, don.

Do – re - mi

Let's start at the very beginning, a very good place to start.

When you read you begin with A,B,C,

When you sing you begin with do re mi.

Do-re-mi? Do-re-mi, The first three notes just happen to be Do-re-mi Do-re-mi!

Do re mi fa so la ti ...

Doe: a deer, a female deer, Ray: a drop of golden sun, Me: a name I call myself,

Far: a long, long way to run, Sew: a needle pulling thread, La: a note to follow sew,

Tea: a drink with jam and bread; That will bring us back to Do oh oh oh!

Do: A deer, a female deer, Re: A drop of golden sun, Mi: A name I call myself,

Fa: A long, long way to run, So: A needle pulling thread, La: A note to follow so,

Ti: A drink with jam and bread; That will bring us back to

Doe: A deer, a female deer, Ray: A drop of golden sun, Me: A name I call myself,

Far: A long, long way to run, Sew: A needle pulling thread, La: A note to follow so,

Tea: A drink with jam and bread; That will bring us back to doe

Do re mi fa so la ti do So Do!

My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood ninety years on the floor.

It was taller by half than the old man himself though it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

*Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tick, tick; His life seconds numbering, tick, tick, tick;
It stopped short never to go again when the old man died.*

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, Many hours had he spent while a boy.

And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know and to share both his grief and his joy.

For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride;

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire, Not a servant so faithful he found.

For it wasted no time and had but one desire; at the close of each week to be wound.

And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side;

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, An alarm that for years had been dumb.

And we knew that his spirit was ready for flight, that his hour of departure had come.

Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by its side;

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

When the steeple bells sound their "A", they don't play it in tune.
But the welkin will ring one day and that day will be soon.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas, let your heart be light,
Next year all our troubles will be out of sight.
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, make the Yuletide gay,
Next year all our troubles will be miles away.
Once again as in olden days, happy golden days of yore,
Faithful friends who were dear to us will be near to us once more.
Some day soon we all will be together if the fates allow,
Until then, we'll have to muddle through somehow.
So have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

(repeat)

God rest you merry, gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
Jesus our saviour was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray:
Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heav'nly father, A blessed angel came,
Unto shepherds brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name:
Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place.
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface
Oh tidings of comfort and joy and comfort and joy!

White Christmas

The sun is shining, the grass is green, The orange and palm trees sway,
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills L.A.
But it's December, the twenty fourth, And I am longing to be up North.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, Just like the ones I used to know.
When the treetops glisten, And children listen to hear sleigh bells in the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, With ev'ry Christmas card I write.
May your days be merry and bright, And may all your Christmases be white.
Christmases be white. white.

(repeat)

Winter wonderland

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening, In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight, We're happy tonight. Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird, Here to stay is a new bird
He sings a love song, As we go along, Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman, Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say: Are you married? We'll say: No man,
But you can do the job When you're in town.

Later on, we'll conspire, As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid, The plans that we've made, Walking in a winter wonderland.

When it snows, ain't it thrilling, Though your nose gets a chilling
We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way, Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman, And pretend that he's a circus clown
We'll have lots of fun with mister snowman, Until the other kiddies knock him down.

When it snows, ain't it thrilling, Though your nose gets a chilling
We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way, Walking in a winter wonderland.
Walking in a winter wonderland. Walking in a winter wonderland.