

Banaha

Congolese folk song

Si - si, Si - si, do-la-da, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha. Si - si, Si - si, do-la-da, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha. Ba-na

9 ha, Ba-na - ha, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha. Ba-na - ha, Ba-na - ha, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha.

17 Ha, Ba-na - ha, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha. Ha, Ba-na - ha, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha.

25 Si - si, Si - si, do-la-da, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha. Si - si, Si - si, do-la-da, Ya-ku si-ne-la-du_ ba-na - ha.

The British Grenadiers

Traditional English

Quickly, in quick-step time ♩=120

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, and_ some of Her - cu - les; Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der and_

8 such great names as_ these. But of all the world's brave he - roes, there's none that can_ com -

14 -pare, With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

2. Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row to the British Grenadiers
3. Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-grenades
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row to the British Grenadiers
4. And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, "Hurra, boys, here comes a Grenadier;
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears!
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row to the British Grenadiers
5. Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row to the British Grenadiers

In My Room

There's a room where I can go to tell my se-crets to; in my room, in my room. In this world I

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There's a room where I can go to tell my se-crets to; in my room, in my room, in my room. In this world I

lock out all my wor-ries and my cares; in my room, in my room. Do my dream-ing and my schem-ing,

lock out all my wor-ries and my cares; in my room, in my room, in my room. Do my dream-ing and my schem-ing,

lock out all my wor-ries and my cares; in my room, in my room, in my room. Do my dream-ing and my sche-ming, V.S.

lie a - wake and pray; do my cry - ing and my sigh - ing, laugh at yes - ter - day. Now it's dark and

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lie a - wake and pray; do my cry - ing and my sigh - ing, laugh at yes - ter - day. Now it's dark and

I'm a - lone, but I won't be a - fraid; in my room, in my room, in my room.

I'm a - lone, but I won't be a - fraid; in my room, in my room, in my room, in my room, in my room.

I'm a - lone, but I won't be a - fraid; in my room, in my room, in my room, in my room, in my room.

Hey Big Spender

The minute you walked in the joint,
I could see you were a man of distinction,
A real Big Spender, Good looking, so refined.
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point,
I don't pop my cork for every man I see.
Hey! Big Spender, Spend a little time with me.

Wouldn't you like to have fun? Fun? Fun?
How's about a few laughs? Laughs? Laughs?
I can show you a good time, Let me show you a good time.

The minute you walked in the joint,
I could see you were a man of distinction,
A real Big Spender,
Good looking, so refined.
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point,
I don't pop my cork for every man I see.
Hey! Big Spender, Hey! Big Spender,
Spend a little time with me, Spend a little time with me, Spend a little time with me

How can I keep from singing?

My life goes on in endless song, Above earth's lamentations,
I hear the real, though far-off hymn; That hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife; I hear its music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing?

While though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth.
And though the darkness 'round me close, Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm, While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of heaven and earth; How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble in their fear; And hear their death knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near, How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile; Our thoughts to them are winging,
When friends by shame are undefiled; How can I keep from singing?

Fever

8 bars intro

Verse 1

Never know how much I love you Never know how much I care
When you put your arms around me I get a fever that's so hard to bear

Chorus

You give me fever, when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning, fever all through the night

Verse 2

Sun lights up the day time Moon lights up the night
I light up when you call my name And you know I'm gonna treat you right

Chorus

You give me fever, when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning, fever all through the night

Interlude

Everybody's got the fever That is somethin' you all know
Fever isn't such a new thing Fever started long ago

Up a semitone 4 bars intro

Verse 3

Romeo loved Juliet, Juliet she felt the same
When he put his arms around her He said, "Julie baby you're my flame"

Chorus

Thou givest fever, when we kisseth, Fever with thy flaming youth
Fever I'm on fire, Fever yeah I burn forsooth

Up a semitone 4 bars intro

Verse 4

Captain Smith and Pocahontas Had a very mad affair
When her daddy tried to kill him She said, "Daddy oh don't you dare"

Chorus

He gives me fever with his kisses Fever when he holds me tight
Fever, I'm his missus And daddy won't you treat him right?

Verse 5 (no break)

Now you've listened to my story Here's the point that I have made
Chicks were born to give you fever Be it Fahrenheit or centigrade

Chorus

They give you fever when we kiss them Fever if you live and learn
Fever till you sizzle Oh what a lovely way to burn

Song of the King

I was wandering along the banks of the river,
when seven fat cows came out of the Nile, aha, ha.

Bop-shu-wah-doo-wah, Bop-bop-shu-wa-doo-wah

And right behind these fine, healthy animals
came seven other cows that were skinny and vile, aha, ha.

Bop-shu-wah-doo-wah, Bop-bop-shu-wa-doo-wah, Ah

The thin cows ate the fat cows which I thought would do them good, aha, ha.

Bop-shu-wah-doo-wah, Bop-bop-shu-wa-doo-wah

But it didn't make them fatter like such a monster supper should.

Bop-shu-wah-doo-wah, Bop-bop-shu-wah

| The thin cows were as thin as they had ever, ever, ever, ever been. |

| *The thin cows were as thin as they had ever, ever, ever, ever been.* |

This dream has got me baffled, hey, Joseph what does it mean?

| Hey, Joseph, won't you tell poor old Pharoah what does it mean? |

| *Hey, Joseph, what does it mean?* |

Don't cry for me, Argentina

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange When I try to explain how I feel,
That I still need your love after all that I've done:

You won't believe me; All you will see is a girl you once knew

Although she's dressed up to the nines at sixes and sevens with you.

I had to let it happen, I had to change; Couldn't stay all my life down at heel

Looking out of the window, staying out of the sun

So I chose freedom; Running around trying everything new,

but nothing impressed me at all, I never expected it to

Don't cry for me Argentina the truth is I never left you:

All through my wild days, my mad existence,

I kept my promise, Don't keep your distance.

And as for fortune, and as for fame; I never invited them in:

Though it seemed to the world they were all I desired

They are illusions, they're not the solutions they promised to be

The answer was here all the time; I love you, and hope you love me

Don't cry for me Argentina the truth is I never left you:

All through my wild days, my mad existence,

I kept my promise, Don't keep your distance.

Have I said too much? There's nothing more I can think of to say to you

But all you have to do is look at me to know that every word is true.

Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing, up upon the timber tops;
And brown leav'd fruits a turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruits for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Tho' no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad, or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

I do like to be beside the seaside

Everyone delights to spend their summer's holiday
Down beside the side of the silvery sea
I'm no exception to the rule
In fact, if I'd my way I'd reside by the side of the silvery sea.
But when you're just the common or garden Smith or Jones or Brown
At bus'ness up in town You've got to settle down.
You save up all the money you can till summer comes around
Then away you go To a spot you know
Where the cockle shells are found.

*Oh! I do like to be beside the seaside, I do like to be beside the sea!
I do like to stroll upon the Prom, Prom, Prom!
Where the brass bands play: "Tiddely-om-pom-pom!"
So just let me be beside the seaside, I'll be beside myself with glee
And there's lots of girls beside, I should like to be beside
Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!*

William Sykes the burglar,
He'd been out to work one night
Filled his bag with jewels, cash, and plate.
Constable Brown felt quite surprised when William hove in sight
Said he: "The hours you're keeping are far too late."
So he grabbed him by the collar and lodged him safe and sound in jail
Next morning looking pale Bill told a tearful tale.
The judge said, "For a couple of months I'm sending you away!"
Said Bill: "How kind! Well! If you don't mind
Where I spend my holiday!"

*Oh! I do like to be beside the seaside, I do like to be beside the sea!
I do like to stroll upon the Prom, Prom, Prom!
Where the brass bands play: "Tiddely-om-pom-pom!"
So just let me be beside the seaside, I'll be beside myself with glee
And there's lots of girls beside, I should like to be beside
Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!*

My Bonnie

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me...

*Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me*

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead

[Chorus]

Oh blow the winds over the ocean
And blow the winds over the sea
Oh blow the winds over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me

[Chorus]

The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me

[Chorus]

Swing Low

*Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.*

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see, coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me, coming for to carry me home.

[Chorus]

If you get there before I do, coming for to carry me home;
Tell all my friends I'm coming too, coming for to carry me home.

[Chorus]

I'm sometime up, I'm sometimes down, coming for to carry me home;
But still my soul feels homeward bound, coming for to carry me home.

[Chorus]

Country Gardens – version 1

How many gentle flowers grow in an English country garden?
I'll tell you now, of some that I know, and those I miss I hope you'll pardon.
Daffodils, hearts-ease and flocks, meadow sweet and lilies, stocks,
Gentle lupins and tall hollyhocks,
Roses, fox-gloves, snowdrops and forget-me-nots in an English country garden.

How many insects find their home in an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss, I hope you'll pardon.
Dragonflies, moths and bees, spiders falling from the trees,
Butterflies sway in the mild gentle breeze.
There are hedgehogs that roam and little garden gnomes in an English country garden.

How many song-birds make their nest in an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss, I hope you'll pardon.
Babbling, coo-cooing doves, robins and the warbling thrush,
Blue birds, lark, finch and nightingale.
We all smile in the spring when the birds all start to sing in an English country garden.

Country Gardens – version 2 (with apologies to Cecil Sharp)

Somehow the flowers never seem to grow in my English urban garden
Here are a few of the reasons that I know and the rest I hope you'll pardon
Nettles in the flowerbed, sparrow droppings on the shed
Stick to the walls and harden
And ten million weeds a' propagating seeds in my English urban garden

I had a look at an illustrated book showing every garden creature
I've got a few so horrible to view that the author dared not feature
Kamikaze bumble bees, anaconda centipedes,
Even a vampire robin
I need a gun not a spray to keep the pests at bay in my English urban garden.

Clearly I see, I shall never be a vegetable grower
So I've decided what I must do and to hell with Percy Thrower
Cover it with broken bricks, get a load of ready mix,
Spread it and let it harden
And then I'll cultivate a concrete estate not an English urban garden.

Summertime

Summertime, And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' And the cotton is high

Oh, Your daddy's rich And your mamma's good lookin'
So hush little baby Don't you cry

One of these mornings You're going to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings And you'll take to the sky

But until that morning There's a'nothing can harm you
With your daddy and mammy standing by

Streets of London

Have you seen the old man In the closed-down market
Kicking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride Hand held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

*So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London
Show you something to make you change your mind*

Have you seen the old girl Who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

Chorus

In the all night cafe At a quarter past eleven,
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world Over the rim of his teacup,
Each tea lasts an hour And he wanders home alone

Chorus

Have you seen the old man Outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears
In our winter city, The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero And a world that doesn't care

Chorus