

The Oak and the Ash

A north country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
She wept, and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,
I wish once again in the north I could be.

*Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.*

While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay.
The bells they do ring and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.

*Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.*

No doubt, did I please, I could marry at ease,
Where maidens are fair many lovers come,
But he whom I wed must be north country bred,
And carry me back to my north country.

*Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.*

Kookaburra

A **B**

Koo-ka-bur - ra sits in the old gum tree, — Mer-ry mer-ry king of the bush is he; —

9 **C** **D**

Laugh, — Koo-ka-bur - ra laugh, — Koo-ka-bur - ra, Gay your life must be. —

The Girl from Ipanema

Tall and tan and young and lovely The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes Goes "A-a-a-h"

When she walks she's like a samba That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes, each one she passes Goes "A-a-a-h"

Oh, but I watch her so sadly How can I tell her I love her
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But each day as she walks to the sea She looks straight ahead, not at me
Tall and tan and young and lovely The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, I smile, but she doesn't see.

Repeat whole thing then -

doesn't see; doesn't see

Westering Home

*Westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own land*

Tell me a tale of the Orient gay Tell me of riches that come from Cathay
Ah but it's grand to be waken at day And find oneself nearer to Islay

*And it's westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own land*

Where are the folks like the folks of the west Canty and couthy and kindly, our best
There I would hie me and there I would rest At home with my own folks in Islay

*And it's westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own land*

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way And bring back my fortune to Islay

*And it's westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own land*

Were you there?

Spiritual, arr. JB / AP

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my rolled the stone a - way;
 3. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord, my Lord; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my rolled the stone a - way, a - way; rolled the stone a -

7 Lord, way, Ah, Some-times it caus - es me to
 Lord, when they cru - ci - fied my Lord, Ah, Some - times it caus - es me to
 way, when they rolled the stone a - way, Lord, my Lord, Ah, Some - times it caus - es me to V.S.
 way, a - way,

TCQA1

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Were you there_2

13 trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 rolled the stone a - way?
 2 trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 rolled the stone a - way?
 trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 rolled the stone a - way?

Fine

18 Tenor/Bass Alto
 2. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb; Were you there when they laid him in the tomb;

27 Soprano
 Ah, Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
D.C. al Fine

32 All
 trem - ble; Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Panis angelicus

Panis angelicus Fit panis hominum
Dat panis coelicus Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis Manducat dominum

Pauper, pauper Servus et humilis
Pauper, pauper Servus et humilis

Panis angelicus Fit panis hominum
Dat panis coelicus Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis Manducat dominum

Pauper, pauper Servus et humilis
Pauper, pauper Servus, servus et humilis

Secret Love

Once I had a secret love That lived within the heart of me
All too soon my secret love Became impatient to be free

So I told a friendly star The way that dreamers often do
Just how wonderful you are And why I'm so in love with you

Now I shout it from the highest hills Even told the golden daffodils
At last my heart's an open door And my secret love's no secret anymore

Now I shout it from the highest hills Even told the golden daffodils
At last my heart's an open door And my secret love's no secret anymore

Lambeth Walk

Any time you're Lambeth way, Any evening, Any day,
You'll find us all Doin' the Lambeth Walk Oi!

Ev'ry little Lambeth gal, With her little Lambeth pal,
You'll find 'em all Doin' the Lambeth walk.

Every thing free and easy, Do as you darn well pleasey,
Why don't you make your way there, Go there, stay there.

Once you get down Lambeth way, Ev'ry evening, Ev'ry day,
You'll find yourself Doin' the Lambeth Walk. Oi!

Star of the County Down

1. Near Banbridge town in the County Down one morning last July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen, and she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair.
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself just to see was really there.

Chorus:

*From Bantry Bay to Derry Quay, and from Galway to Dublin town;
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down.*

2. As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head, and I looked with a feeling rare,
And I said, says I, to passer-by, "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
He smiled at me, and with pride says he, "That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the Banks of the Bann, she's the star of the County Down."
(Chorus)

3. At the harvest fair, she'll be surely there, so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right, for a smile from my nut brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, though my plough turn a rust coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down.
(Chorus)

Westering Home

*Westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own one!*

Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay! Speak o' the riches and joy o' Cathay!
Eh but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day To find yourself nearer to Isla.

*And it's Westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own one!*

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west? Cauty and couthy and kindly, the best;
There I would hie me, and there I would rest At home wi' my ain folk in Isla.

*And it's Westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and its goodbye to care
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there Isle of my heart my own one!*

Memories are made of this

Take one fresh and tender kiss Add another night of bliss
One girl, one boy; some grief, some joy Memories are made of this.

Don't forget a small moonbeam Fold in lightly with a dream
Your lips and mine; two sips of wine Memories are made of this.

Then add the wedding bells One house where lovers dwell
Three little kids for the flavour
Stir carefully through the days See how the flavour stays
These are the dreams you will savour.

With His blessings from above Serve it gen'rously with love
One man, one wife; one love through life Sweet memories are made of this.
Memories are made of this

Granada

Granada tierra sonada por mi
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano
Cuando es para ti
Mi cantar hecho de fantasia
Mi cantar, flor de melancolia
Que you te vengo a dar

The dawn in the sky meets the day with a sigh for Granada
For she can remember the splendour that once was Granada
It still can be found in the hills all around as I wander along
Entranced by the beauty before me
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and flowers and song

And when day is done and the sun starts to set in Granada
I envy the blush of the snow clad Sierra Nevada
For soon we will welcome the stars while a thousand guitars
play a soft Habenera

Granada tu tierra est llena de lindas mujeres
De sangre y de sol

Bridge over troubled water

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all;
I'm on your side. Oh, When times get rough
And friends just can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down. (3 beats)

1 beat + 4 bars + 3 beats rest

When you're down and out, When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard I will comfort you.
I'll take your part. Oh, When darkness comes
And pain is all around,
Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down. (7 beats)

1 beat + 8 bars + 3 beats.

Sail on silver girl, Sail on by.
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine.
If you need a friend I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease your mind.
Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease your mind. (7 beats)

Love is the sweetest thing

Love is the sweetest thing; What else on earth could ever bring
Such happiness to ev'rything, As love's old story.

Love is the strangest thing; No song of birds upon the wing
Shall in our hearts more sweetly sing, Than love's old story.

Whatever you may desire; Whatever fate may send
This is the tale that will never tire, This is the song without end.

Love is the greatest thing; The oldest yet the latest thing
I only hope that fate may bring, Love's story to you.

(repeat)