

Wouldn't it be lovely

All I want is a room somewhere, Far away from the cold night air,
With one enormous chair; Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of choc'late for me to eat, Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge 'til spring crept over the windowsill.
Someone's head restin' on my knee; Warm and tender as he can be;
Who takes good care of me. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge 'til spring crept over the windowsill.
Someone's head restin' on my knee; Warm and tender as he can be;
Who takes good care of me. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lovely! Lovely! Lovely! Lovely.

All Kinds of Everything

Snowdrops and daffodils, Butterflies and bees
Sailboats and fishermen, Things of the sea
Wishing-wells, Wedding bells, Early morning dew
All kinds of everything remind me of you

Seagulls and aeroplanes, Things of the sky
Winds that go howlin', Breezes that sigh
City sights, Neon lights, Grey skies or blue
All kinds of everything remind me of you

Summertime, Wintertime, Spring and autumn too
Monday, Tuesday every day, I think of you.

Dances, Romances, Things of the night
Sunshine and holidays, Postcards to write
Budding trees, Autumn leaves, A snowflake or two
All kinds of everything remind me of you.

Summertime, Wintertime, Spring and autumn too
Seasons will never change, The way that I love you.

Key Change

Dances, Romances, Things of the night
Sunshine and holidays, Postcards to write
Budding trees, Autumn leaves, A snowflake or two
All kinds of everything remind me of you.
All kinds of everything remind me of you.

The Music of the Night

Night-time sharpens, heightens each sensation
Darkness stirs and wakes imagination
Silently the senses abandon their defences ...

Slowly, gently night unfurls its splendour, Grasp it, sense it - tremulous and tender
Turn your face away from the garish light of day,
turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling light -
and listen to the music of the night ...

Close your eyes and surrender to your darkest dreams!
Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before!
Close your eyes, let your spirit start to soar!
And you'll live as you've never lived before ...

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you, Hear it, feel it secretly possess you ...
Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind,
in this darkness that you know you cannot fight -
the darkness of the music of the night ...

Let your mind start a journey through a strange new world!
Leave all thoughts of the life you knew before!
Let your soul take you where you long to be!
Only then can you belong to me ...

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication! Touch me, trust me savour each sensation!
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in
to the power of the music that I write -
the power of the music of the night ...

instrumental

You alone can make my song take flight -
help me make the music of the night . .

I left my heart in San Francisco

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay.
The glory that was Rome is of another day.
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan;
I'm going home to my city by the bay.

I left my heart in San Francisco. High on a hill, it calls to me.
To be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars,
the morning fog may chill the air I don't care!
My love waits there in San Francisco, above the blue and windy sea.
When I come home to you, San Francisco, your golden sun will shine for me!

Repeat chorus

You'll never walk alone

When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high
and don't be afraid of the dark.

At the end of the storm is a golden sky
and the sweet silver song of the lark.

Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain;
though your dreams be tossed and blown.

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
and you'll never walk alone, you'll never walk alone.

(Repeat)

Dream a little dream of me

Stars shining bright above you, night breezes seem to whisper, "I love you",
birds singing in the sycamore tree, dream a little dream of me.

Say "nightie night" and kiss me. Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me.

While I'm alone and blue as can be, dream a little dream of me.

Stars fading, but I linger on, dear, still craving your kiss;

I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear, just saying this:

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you, sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you,
but in your dreams whatever they be, dream a little dream of me.

(Repeat)

Blowin' in the wind

How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man?

Yes, n' how many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, n' how many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky?

Yes, n' how many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?

Yes, n' how many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist before it's washed to the sea?

Yes, n' how many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, n' how many times can a man turn his head pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

(slower)

The answer is blowin' in the wind

Did you not hear my lady (Silent Worship)

Did you not hear my lady Go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent To hear the alleys ringing.
O saw you not my lady Out in the garden there?
Shaming the rose and lily For she is twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her, Though she must rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her, I love her till I die.

Surely you heard my lady Go down the garden singing,
Silencing all the songbirds And setting the alleys ringing,
But surely you see my lady Out in the garden there.
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine, With a glory of golden hair.

A windmill in old Amsterdam

A mouse lived in a windmill in old Amsterdam
A windmill with a mouse in and he wasn't grousin'
He sang every morning, "How lucky I am
Living in a windmill in old Amsterdam!"

Chorus:

*I saw a mouse! (Where?) There on the stair! (Where on the stair?) Right there!
A little mouse with clogs on Well I declare! Going clip-clippety-clop on the stair
Oh yeah!*

This mouse he got lonesome, he took him a wife
A windmill with mice in, it's hardly surprisin'
She sang every morning, "How lucky I am
Living in a windmill in old Amsterdam!"

Chorus

First they had triplets and then they had quins
A windmill with quins in, and triplets and twins in
They sang every morning: "How lucky we are
Living in a windmill in Amsterdam, ya!"

Chorus

The daughters got married and so did the sons
The windmill had christ'nin's when no one was list'nin'
They all sang in chorus: "How lucky we are
Living in a windmill in Amsterdam!"

Chorus

A mouse lived in a windmill, so snug and so nice
There's nobody there now but a whole lot of mice

He ain't heavy, he's my brother

1. The road is long with many a winding turn
that leads us to who knows where, who knows where.
But I'm strong, strong enough to carry him. He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

2. So on we go, his welfare is my concern,
no burden is he to bear, we'll get there.
For I know he would not encumber me.

If I'm laden at all, I'm laden with sadness that ev'ry one's heart
isn't filled with the gladness of love for one another.

3. It's a long, long road from which there is no return,
while we're on the way to there, why not share.
And the load doesn't weigh me down at all.

He ain't heavy, he's my brother, he's my brother
He ain't heavy, he's my brother He ain't heavy, he's my brother

Jolly old St Nicholas

Jolly old St Nicholas, lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm gon-na say.
Christmas Eve is coming soon: now, you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me; tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast asleep
Down the chimney broad and black, with your pack you'll creep.
All the stockings you will find, hanging in a row,
Mine will be the longest one, you'll be sure to know.

Bobby wants a pair of skates, Suzy wants a sled,
Nellie wants a picture book, yellow, blue and red.
Now I think I'll leave to you, what to give the rest
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus; you will know the best.

Jolly Santa Claus – you're the best!