

Somebody stole my girl

Somebody stole my gal
Somebody stole my pal.
Somebody came and took her away
She didn't even say she was leavin'.

The kisses I loved so
He's getting now I know
And gee! I know that she
Would come to me if she could see
Her broken hearted, lonesome pal.

Somebody stole my gal.

(Repeat)

Song For The Asking

Here is my song for the asking
Ask me and I will play
So sweetly, I'll make you smile

This is my tune for the taking
Take it, don't turn away
I've been waiting all my life

Thinking it over, I've been sad
Thinking it over, I'd be more than glad
To change my ways for the asking

Ask me and I will play
All the love that I hold inside

There'll always be an England

There'll always be an England While there's a country lane
Wherever there's a cottage small Beside a field of grain

There'll always be an England While there's a busy street
Wherever there's a turning wheel A million marching feet

Red, white and blue What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud Shout it loud
Britons awake!

The Empire too We can depend on you
Freedom remains These are the chains
Nothing can break

There'll always be an England And England shall be free
If England means as much to you As England means to me

Come to the Fair

The sun is a-shining to welcome the day, Heighho! come to the fair!
The folk are all singing so merry and gay, Heighho! come to the fair!

All the stalls on the green are as fine as can be,
With trinkets and tokens so pretty to see,
So it's Come then, maidens and men, To the fair in the pride of the morning.

So deck yourselves out in your finest array, With a Heighho! Come to the fair!

The fiddles are playing the tune that you know: Heighho! come to the fair!
The drums are all beating, away let us go, Heighho! come to the fair!

There'll be racing and chasing from morning till night,
And roundabouts turning to left and to right,
So it's come then, maidens and men, To the fair in the pride of the morning.

So lock up your house, there'll be plenty of fun, And it's Heighho! come to the fair!
For lovemaking too, if so be you've a mind, Heighho! come to the fair!
For hearts that are happy are loving and kind, Heighho! come to the fair!

If it's "Haste to the wedding" the fiddles should play,
I warrant you'll dance to the end of the day;
So it's come then, maidens and men, To the fair in the pride of the morning.

The sun is a-shining to welcome the day, With a Heighho! Come to the fair!
Maidens and men, Maidens and men, Come to the fair in the morning.
Heighho! come to the fair!

Underneath the arches

Underneath the arches,
We dream our dreams away,
Underneath the arches,
On cobblestones we lay.
Back to back we're sleeping,
Tired out and Worn,
Happy when the daylight comes creeping,
Heralding the dawn.

Sleeping when it's raining,
And sleeping when it's fine,
Trains rattling by above.
Pavement is my pillow,
No matter where I roam,
Underneath the arches,
We dream our dreams away.

Bad Moon Rising

I see the bad moon arising. I see trouble on the way.
I see earthquakes and lightning. I see bad times today.
Don't go around tonight, Well, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

I hear hurricanes a-blowing. I know the end is coming soon.
I fear rivers overflowing. I hear the voice of rage and ruin. rise.
Don't go around tonight, Well, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

(Instrumental)

Hope you got your things together. Hope you are quite prepared to die.
Looks like we're in for nasty weather. One eye is taken for an eye.
Don't go around tonight, Well, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.
Don't go around tonight, Well, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

Just One of Those Things

It was just one of those things; Just one of those crazy flings
One of those bells that now and then rings Just one of those things

*

It was just one of those nights Just one of those fabulous flights
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings Just one of those things

If we'd thought a bit Of the end of it
When we started painting the town
We'd have been aware That our love affair
Was too hot not to cool down

So good-bye, dear, and amen Here's hoping we meet now and then
It was great fun But it was just one of those things

*Then repeat back to * a semitone higher.
Last two lines much slower second time.*

Weigenleid / Cradle Song

*Schlafe, schlafe, holder, süßer Knabe, leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;
sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe bringt dir schwebend dieses Wiegenband.*

*Schlafe, schlafe in dem süßen Grabe, noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm;
alle Wünsche, alle Habe faßt sie liebend, alle liebewarm.*

*Schlafe, schlafe in der Flaumen Schooße, noch umtönt dich lauter Liebeston;
eine Lilie, eine Rose, nach dem Schlafe werd' sie dir zum Lohn*

1. Sleep now, sleep now, darling I adore you, Rocking safely in your mother's care
Let this song to rest restore you, Bringing sweet dreams floating on the air.

2. Sleep now, sleep now, in your grave sleep sweetly, Mother's arms still keep you safe and
sound.
Each and every wish completely, Shall be granted by her love profound.

3. Sleep now, sleep now, in the earth's womb chilly, Being sung still louder songs of love
Just one rose and single lily, After sleeping will be yours above.

Wednesday Morning 3 a.m.

I can hear the soft breathing Of the girl that I love
As she lies here beside me Asleep with the night
And her hair, in a fine mist Floats on my pillow
Reflecting the glow Of the winter moonlight

She is soft, she is warm But my heart remains heavy
And I watch as her breasts Gently rise, gently fall
For I know with the first light of dawn I'll be leaving
And tonight will be All I have left to recall

Oh, what have I done, Why have I done it?
I've committed a crime, I have broken the law
For twenty-five dollars And pieces of silver
I held up and robbed A hard liquor store

My life seems unreal, My crime an illusion
A scene badly written In which I must play
Yet I know as I gaze At my young love beside me
The morning is just a few hours away

Rock a my soul

Chorus:

*Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
a-rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
a-rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh, rock-a my soul.*

*Oh Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
a-rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
a-rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh, rock-a my soul.*

When I went down to the valley to pray, Oh, rock-a my soul,
My soul got happy and I stayed all day, Oh, rock-a my soul.

Chorus

When I was a mourner just like you, Oh, rock a my soul.
I mourned and mourned til I come through, Oh, rock a my soul.

Chorus

Oh Oh Oh Oh, Oh Lord! Rock-a my soul,
Rock-a my soul, rock-a, rock-a, rock-a my soul.

Nobody knows the trouble I see

*Nobody knows the trouble I see, Nobody knows my sorrow;
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Glory halleluia!*

1. Some times I'm up, sometimes I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.
chorus

2. Although you see me going along so, Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my troubles here below, Oh, yes, Lord.
chorus

3. What makes old Satan hate me so, Oh, yes, Lord!
'cause he got me once and let me go, Oh, yes, Lord.
chorus

Home, sweet home

'Mid-pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye, Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

Macnamara's Band

1. My name is Macnamara, I'm the leader of the band,
And though we're small in number we're the best in all the land.
Oh, I am the conductor and we often have to play
With all the best musicianers you hear about today.

Chorus:

*When the drums go bang, the cymbals clang, the horns will blaze away
MacCarthy puffs the old bassoon while Doyle the pipes will play,
Oh, Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute, my word 'tis something grand,
Oh, a credit to old Ireland, boys, is Macnamara's band.
Tra-la-la la la, Tra-la-la la la, Tra-la-la la la la la la la la la,
Tra-la-la la la, Tra-la-la la la, Tra-la-la la la la la la la la la, Tralala la!*

2. Whenever an election's on we play on either side,
The way we play our fine old airs fills Irish hearts with pride.
If poor Tom Moore was living now he'd make you understand
That none could do him justice like old Macnamara's band.

Chorus

3. We play at wakes and weddings, and at ev'ry county ball,
And at a great man's funeral we play "Dead March in Saul."
When Prince of Wales to Ireland came, he shook me by the hand,
And said he'd never heard the like of Macnamara's band.

Chorus

I believe

I believe for every drop of rain that falls a flower grows.
I believe that some where in the darkest night a candle glows.
I believe for every one who goes astray someone will come to show the way.
I believe, I believe.

I believe above the storm the smallest voice will still be heard.
I believe that some one in the great some where hears every word.
Every time I hear a new born baby cry, or touch a leaf or see the sky
then I know why I believe.

Every time I hear a new born baby cry or touch a leaf, or see the sky
then I know why I believe.

Music Hall Medley

1. Put on your tatta little girlie

Put on your tatta little girlie, Do, do what I want you to!
Far from the busy hurly burly, I've got lots to say to you!
My head's completely twirly whirly, My girl I want you to be,
Put on your tatta, your pretty little tatta, And come out 'Atatta' with me.
And come out 'Atatta' with me.

2. I'll be your sweetheart

I'll be your sweetheart, If you'll be mine. All my life, I'll be your Valentine.
Bluebells I've gathered, Keep them and be true,
When I'm a man, my plan, Will be to marry you!

3. Danny boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying.
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must hide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

4. After the ball

After the ball is over, After the break of morn,
After the dancers leaving, After the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, If you could read them all,
Many the hopes that have vanished, after the ball.

5. She was one of the early birds

She was a dear little dicky bird, 'Tweet, tweet, tweet,' she went,
Sweetly she sang to me Till all my money was spent;
Then she went off song We parted on fighting terms,
She was one of the early birds, and I was one of the worms.

6. Somebody stole my gal

Somebody stole my gal, Somebody stole my pal, Somebody came and took her away, She didn't
even say she was leavin'. The kisses I loved so, He's getting now I know
And gee! I know that she would come to me If she could see
Her broken hearted, lonesome pal. Somebody stole my gal.

7. Oh! I do like to be beside the seaside

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: "Tiddelyompompom!"
So just let me be beside the seaside, I'll be beside myself with glee,
For there's lots of girls besides, I should like to be beside,
Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!

8. Oh! Oh! Antonio

Oh! Oh! Antonio, he's gone away. Left me aloneeeo, All on my owneeo,
I want to meet him with his new sweetheart,
Then up will go Antonio and his icecream cart.

9. Daisy Bell

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle made for two.

10. Daddy wouldn't buy me a bowwow! bowwow

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bowwow! bowwow!
Daddy wouldn't buy me a bowwow! bowwow!
I've got a little cat And I'm very fond of that, But I'd rather have a bowwowwow!

11. Let's all go down the Strand

Let's all go down the Strand! ('Ave a banana!) Let's all go down the Strand!
I'll be leader, you can march behind, Come with me and see what we can find.
Let's all go down the Strand! ('Ave a banana!) Oh, what a happy land!
That's the place for fun and noise, All among the girls and boys,
So let's all go down the Strand!

12. Lily of Laguna

She's my ladylove, She is my dove, my baby love,
She's no girl for sitting down to dream, She's the only girl Laguna knows;
I know she likes me, I know she likes me Because she said so,
She is my Lily of Laguna, She is my lily and my rose.

13. It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.