

Sassower Family Songbook

DEDICATION

September 25, 2019

To our beloved mother and grandmother,
Doris Lipson Sassower, on her 87th birthday.
You always filled our lives with songs and love – thank you!
Hugs and kisses forever!

And to the blessed memory of our beloved father and grandfather,
George Sassower (April 3, 1924 – January 31, 2019).

YOUNG AT HEART

Fairy tales can come true
It can happen to you, if you're young at heart
For it's hard, you will find
To be narrow of mind, if you're young at heart

You can go to extremes with impossible schemes
You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams
And life gets more exciting with each passing day
And love is either in your heart or on its way

Don't you know that it's worth
Every treasure on earth to be young at heart
For as rich as you are
It's much better by far to be young at heart

And if you should survive to a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive out of bein' alive
And here is the best part, you have a head start
If you are among the very young at heart

I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE

Whenever I feel afraid
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune
So no one will suspect
I'm afraid

While shivering in my shoes
I strike a careless pose
And whistle a happy tune
And no one ever knows
I'm afraid

The result of this deception
Is very strange to tell

For when I fool the people
I fear I fool myself as well!

I whistle a happy tune
And ev'ry single time
The happiness in the tune
Convinces me that I'm not afraid

Make believe you're brave
And the trick will take you far.
You may be as brave
As you make believe you are

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was then I knew,
That you loved me true,
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old, not the new, but the old
mill stream, not the river, but the stream,
Where I first, not the second, but the first
met you, not me, but you
With your eyes so blue, not green but blue
Dressed in gingham too, not three, but two.
It was then I knew, not thought, but knew
That you loved me true, not false, but true.
You were 16, not 17, but 16,
My village queen, not the king, but the queen.
Down by the old, not the new, but the old
Mill stream, not the river, but the stream.

IN THE BOARDING HOUSE

In the boarding house where I lived
Everything was green with mold
Grandma's hair was in the butter
Silver threads among the gold.
When the dog died, we had hot dogs.
When the cat died, catnip tea.
When the landlord died, I left them,
Spare ribs were too much for me.

OLD HIRAM'S GOAT

Old Hiram's goat (2x)
Was feeling fine (2x)
Ate three white shirts (2x)
Right off the line (2x)
Mrs. Murphy the cook (2x)
She beat him black (2x)
And tied him to (2x)
A railroad track (2x)
So when I die (2x)
Don't you bury me at all (2x)
Just pickle my bones (2x)
In alcohol (2x)
Put a bottle of booze (2x)
At my head and feet (2x)
And pray the Lord (2x)
My soul to keep (2x)

OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN

Oh, you can't get to heaven (2x)
On roller skates (2x)
'Cause you'll roll right by (2x)
Those pearly gates (2x)
Oh you can't get to heaven on roller skates,
'cause you'll roll right by those pearly gates.
I ain't gonna grieve, My Lord no more

Oh, you can't get to heaven (2x)
In a rocking chair (2x)
'Cause you'll rock right by (2x)
Those golden stairs (2x)
Oh, you can't get to heaven in a rocking chair,
'cause you'll rock right by those golden stairs.
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more

Oh, you can't get to heaven (2x)
In a limousine (2x)
'Cause the Lord don't sell (2x)
No gasoline (2x)
Oh, you can't get to heaven in a limousine,
'cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline.
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more.

EVERY LITTLE BIT

Every little bit
Added to what you've got
Makes just a little bit more.
That's the lesson I have learned in school
Two and two makes four.
So save up your pennies
And save up your rocks
And you'll always have tobacco
In your old tobacco box.
'Cause every little bit
Added to what you've got
Makes just a little bit more.

THE DRINKING SONG

Drink drink drink drink
Drank drank drank drank
Drunk drunk drunk drunk
Drunk last night
Drunk the night before
Gonna' get drunk tonight
Like I never got drunk before

'Cause when I'm drunk
I'm as happy as can be
'Cause I am a member of the Souse family.

Oh, the Sauss family is the best family
That ever came out of old Germany.

Now there's the Amsterdam Dutch
And the Rotterdam Dutch
And the Notterdam Dutch
And the other damn Dutch

Singing glorious, glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us.

And glory be to God that there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone, lone, lone, lone
Home, home, home, home
Bed, bed, bed, bed
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home.
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago
and it went right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME REDUX

Indicate the way to my perpetual abode
I'm fatigued and I wish to retire.
I had a little drink sixty minutes ago
And it traveled straight to my cerebellum
Wherever I may ambulate
On solid or liquid or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me harmonizing this melody
Indicate the way to my perpetual abode.

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

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

Michael, Michael, here is my answer true.
I'd be crazy to marry a sap like you.
If you can't afford a carriage
There WON'T be any marriage,
For I'll be damned if I will be cramped
On a bicycle built for two!

PUT ANOTHER NICKEL IN

Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon.
All I want is loving you, and music, music, music

Closer, my dear come closer.
The nicest part of any melody
Is when you're dancing close to me

Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon.
All I want is loving you, and music, music, music

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

East Side, West Side, all around the town
The tots sing "ring-a-rosie, " "London Bridge is falling down"

Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.

OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

It's very clear
Our love is here to stay
Not for a year
But forever and a day.

The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know
May all be passing fancies and in time may go
But oh my dear
We're going a long, long way

In time the rockies may tumble
Gilbralter may crumble
They're only made of clay,
But our love is here to stay.
Our love is here to stay.
Our love is here to stay.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine,
he'd been in camp for sevral weeks and he was looking fine;
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red,
I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
you've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
you've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!

Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,
Oh! boy the minute the foe is dead;
I'll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men,
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again;
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon,
If evry thing goes well with me I'll be a bugler soon.

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how Id love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
you've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
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you've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!
Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,
Oh! boy the minute the foe is dead;
I'll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES

We all have been selected from city and from farm
They asked us lots of questions, they jabbed us in the arm
We stood there at attention, our faces turning red
The sergeant looked us over and this is what he said:

This is the Army, Mister Jones
No private rooms or telephones
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there any more

This is the Army, Mister Green
We like the barracks nice and clean
You had a housemaid to clean your floor
But she won't help you out any more

Do what the buglers command
They're in the Army and not in a band

This is the Army, Mister Brown
You and your baby went to town
She had you worried but this is war
And she won't worry you anymore

A bunch of frightened rookies were list'ning filled with awe
They listened while a sergeant was laying down the law
They stood there at attention, their faces turning red
The sergeant looked them over and this is what he said:

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest moon - for me and my gal !"

I can't see why a boy should sigh,
When by his side is the girl he loves so true,
All he has to say is:
"won't you be my bride,
For I love you,
Why should I be telling you this secret,
When I know that you can guess?"
Harvest moon will smile,
Shine on all the while,
If the little girl should answer "yes."

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon
So shine on, shine on harvest moon - for me and my gal!

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! We ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along
Singing a song
Side by side

I don't know what's a-comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road
Sharing our load
Side by side

Through all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall?
Just as long as we're together
It really doesn't matter at all!

When they've all had their quarrels and parted.
We'll be the same as we started.
Just traveling along,

Singing a song,
Side by side

(Repeat last two verses)

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

Take me out to the ballgame.
Take me out with the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks.
I don't care if we never get back.
'Cause it's root, root, root for the home team.
If they don't win, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes you're out
At the old ball game!

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee doodle do or die.
A real, live nephew of my Uncle Sam.
Born on the 4th of July!

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy
Yankee Doodle went to London
Riding on a pony
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

HERNANDO'S HIDEAWAY (FROM "THE PAJAMA GAME")

I know a dark secluded place.
A place where no one knows your face.
A glass of wine a fast embrace.
It's called Hernando's Hideaway ole!

All you see are silhouettes.
And all you hear are castanettes.
And no one cares how late it gets.
Not at Hernando's Hideaway ole!

At the golden fingerbowl or any place you go.
You'll meet your uncle Max and everyone you know.
But if we go to the spot that I am thinking of
You will be free, to gaze at me, and talk of love.
Just knock three times and whisper low, that you and I were sent by Joe.
Then strike a match and you will know you're in Hernando's Hideaway
OLE!

SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS (FROM "THE PAJAMA GAME")

I figured it out, I figured it out
With a pencil and a pad I figured it out!

Seven and a half cents doesn't buy a heck of a lot,
Seven and a half cents doesn't mean a thing!
But give it to me every hour,
Forty hours every week,
And that's enough for me to be living like a king!

I figured it out
He figured it out!

I figured it out

He figured it out!

With a pencil and a pad I figured it out!

Only five years from today, only five years from today,
I can see it all before me,
Only five years from today

Five years! Let's see...that's 260 weeks, times forty hours every week, and
roughly two and a quarter hours overtime... at time
and a half for overtime! Comes to exactly... \$852.74!
That's enough for me to get
An automatic washing machine,
A year's supply of gasoline,
Carpeting for the living room,
A vacuum instead of a blasted broom,
Not to mention a forty-inch television set!

So! Although!
Seven and a half cents doesn't buy a heck of a lot,
Seven and a half cents doesn't mean a thing!
But give it to me every hour,
Forty hours every week,
And that's enough for me to be living like a king!

I figured it out
She figured it out!

I figured it out!
She figured it out!

Only ten years from today, only ten years from today,
I can see it, clear as daylight,
Only ten years from today.

Ten years! Let's see...that's 520 weeks, times forty hours every week, and
roughly two and a quarter hours overtime... at time
and a half for overtime! Comes to exactly... \$1,705.48!
That's enough for me to buy
A trip to France across the seas,

A motorboat and water skis,
Maybe even a foreign car,
A charge account at the corner bar,
Not to mention a scrabble board with letters made of gold!

So! Although!
Seven and a half cents doesn't buy a heck of a lot,
Seven and a half cents doesn't mean a thing!
But give it to me every hour,
Forty hours every week,
And that's enough for me to be living like a king!

We figured it out!
They figured it out!
They figured it out!

We figured it out!

With a pencil and a pad they figured it out

Only twenty years from today, only twenty years from today
I can see it like a vision
Only twenty years from today

Twenty years! Let's see..that's 1040 weeks, times forty hours every week,
and roughly two and a quarter hours overtime.. at
time and a half for overtime! Comes to exactly.. \$3,411.96!
Wow!

That's enough for me to be
A sultan in a taj mahal
In every room a different doll!

I'll have myself a buying spree,
I'll buy a pajama factory,
Then I could end up having old man Hasler work for me!

So! Although!
Seven and a half cents doesn't buy a heck of a lot,
Seven and a half cents doesn't mean a thing!

But give it to me every hour,
Forty hours every week,
And that's enough for me to be living like a king!

THE PAJAMA GAME

(FROM "THE PAJAMA GAME")

The Pajama Game
Is the game I'm in.
And I'm proud to be
In the Pajama Game
I love it.
I can hardly wait to wake
And get to work at eight
Nothing's quite the same as the Pajama Game.

THINK OF THE TIME I'LL SAVE

(FROM "THE PAJAMA GAME")

I'm a time study man, and a time study man can't waste time.
For a time study man to waste time, is a crime.
So I'm ruled by the tick tick tock.
And I live my life by the clock.
I live my life by the tick tick tock of the clock.

Then I go to sleep, I don't undress.
That's right, I sleep in all my clothes.
I must confess.
Sure it's a strange way to behave.
And I will admit that the suit gets mussed and it gathers lint and it picks up
dust,
but think of the time I save.

Think of the time he saves.

The alarm clock rings, it's 6 AM.
And then right there in bed I shave.
That's what I said. while I am still in bed, I shave.

And the lather drips and the bed gets wet and oh what a lousy shave I get,
But think of the time I save.

Think of the time he saves.

At breakfast time, I grab a bowl.
And in the bowl I drop an egg, and add some juice.
A poor excuse for what I crave.
And then I add some oatmeal too and
it comes out tasting just like glue,
But think of the time I save.

Think of the time he saves.
Tick tock, tick tock, tempus fugit.
Tick tock, tick tock time goes by.

I'll be sitting counting seconds 'til the day I die.
And when I do, I have a plan.
Before I'm dead, I'll dig my grave.
That's what I said. Before I'm dead I'll dig my grave.
'Cuz when St. Peter calls my name,
I know I'll get there just the same but think of the time I'll save.

Think of the time he'll save.

OKLAHOMA

(FROM "OKLAHOMA")

OOOOk-lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet,
When the wind comes right behind the rain.

OOOOk-lahoma, Ev'ry night my honey lamb and I,
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy circles in the sky.
We know we belong to the land (yo-ho)
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Aye-yip-aye-yo-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'

You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma O.K.!

And when we say
Yeeow! Aye-yip-aye-yo-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma
O.K. L - A - H - O - M - A
OKLAHOMA!

WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY (FROM "MY FAIR LADY")

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 chocolate 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'
Abso-bloomin' still
I would never budge till spring
Crept over me window sill
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

I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT (FROM "MY FAIR LADY")

I could have danced all night
I could have danced all night
And still have begged for more
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before
I'll never know what made it so exiting
Why all at once my heart took flight
I only know when he
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced
All night.

JUST YOU WAIT (FROM "MY FAIR LADY")

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!
You'll be sorry, but your tears'll be too late!
You'll be broke, and I'll have money;
Will I help you? Don't be funny!
Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, till you're sick,
And you scream to fetch a doctor double-quick.
I'll be off a second later and go straight to the the-ater!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

Ooooooh 'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait until we're swimmin' in the sea!
Ooooooh 'enry 'iggins!
And you get a cramp a little ways from me!
When you yell you're going to drown I'll get dressed
and go to town! Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins! Just you wait!

One day I'll be famous! I'll be proper and prim;
Go to St. James so often I will call it St. Jim!
One evening the king will say:
"Oh, Liza, old thing,
I want all of England your praises to sing.
Next week on the twentieth of May
I proclaim Liza Doolittle Day!

All the people will celebrate the glory of you
And whatever you wish and want I gladly will do."
"Thanks a lot, King" says I, in a manner well-bred;
But all I want is 'enry 'iggins 'ead!"
"Done," says the King with a stroke.
"Guard, run and bring in the bloke!"

Then they'll march you, 'enry 'iggins to the wall;
And the King will tell me: "Liza, sound the call."
As they lift their rifles higher, I'll shout:
"Ready! Aim! Fire!"
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins,
Down you'll go, 'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait!

MY FAVORITE THINGS (FROM "THE SOUND OF MUSIC")

Raindrops on roses
And whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favorite things
Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells
And schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

Silver-white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things
When the dog bites
When the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

(FROM "THE SOUND OF MUSIC")

The hills are alive
With the sound of music,
With songs they have sung,
For a thousand years.
The hills fill my heart,
With the sound of music.
My heart wants to sing every song it hears.
My heart wants to beat like the wings
Of the birds that rise from the lake
To the trees.
My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze,
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls
Over stones on its way
To sing through the night,
Like a lark who is learning to pray.
I go to the hills
When my heart is lonely.
I know I will hear
What I heard before.
My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music
And I'll sing once more.

SO LONG, FAREWELL (FROM "SOUND OF MUSIC")

There's a sad sort of clanking
From the clock in the hall
And the bells in the steeple too.
And up in the nursery an absurd little bird
Is popping up to say cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Regretfully they tell us
But firmly they compel us
To say goodbye to you.

So long
Farewell
Aufwiedersehn
Goodnight
I hate to go and leave this pretty sight

So long
Farewell
Aufwiedersehn
Adeiu
Adeiu Adeiu
To yieu and yieu and yieu

So long
Farewell
Au 'voire
Aufwiedersehn
I'd like to stay and taste my first champagne

So long
Farewell
Aufwiedersehn
Goodbye
I leave and heave a sigh and say goodbye

Goodbye!

I'm glad to go I cannot tell a lie
I flit, I float
I fleetly flee, I fly
The sun has gone to bed and so must I

So long Farewell
Aufwiedersehn
Goodbye--

Goodbye...
Goodbye...
Goodbye...
Goodbye...

THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS (FROM "GIGI")

Each time I see a little girl
Of five or six or seven
I can't resist a joyous urge
To smile and say

Thank heaven for little girls
For little girls get
Bigger every day
Thank heaven for little girls
They grow up in
The most delightful way.

Those little eyes
So helpless and appealing
One day will flash
Ans send you crashing
Through the ceiling

Thank heaven for little girls
Thank heaven for them all
No matter where,
No matter who
Without them
What would little boys do
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
Thank heaven for little girls.

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW (FROM "THE WIZARD OF OZ")

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high
there's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby

Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue
and the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star
and wake up where the clouds are far behind me

Where troubles melt like lemon drops
way above the chimney tops that's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly
birds fly over the rainbow why then oh why can't I?

A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR (FROM "MARY POPPINS")

In ev'ry job that must be done, there is an element of fun
You find the fun and snap! The job's a game
And ev'ry task you undertake
becomes a piece of cake
A lark! A spree! It's very clear to see that

Chorus: A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down

The medicine go down-wown
The medicine go down
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down
In a most delightful way

A robin feathering his nest
Has very little time to rest
While gathering his bits of twine and twig
Though quite intent in his pursuit
He has a merry tune to toot
He knows a song will move the job along - for

Chorus

The honey bee that fetch the nectar
From the flowers to the comb
Never tire of ever buzzing to and fro
Because they take a little nip
From ev'ry flower that they sip
And hence (And hence),
They find (They find)
Their task is not a grind.

Chorus

CHIMCHIMNEE (FROM "MARY POPPINS")

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheree!
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheroo!
Good luck will rub off when I shakes 'ands with you
Or blow me a kiss and that's lucky too

Now, as the ladder of life 'as been strung
You might think a sweep's on the bottommost rung

Though I spends me time in the ashes and smoke
In this 'ole wide world there's no 'appier bloke

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheree!
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheroo!
Good luck will rub off when I shakes 'ands with you

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheree!
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheroo!
Good luck will rub off when I shakes 'ands with you

I choose me bristles with pride, yes, I do
A broom for the shaft and a brush for the flue
Up where the smoke is all billered and curled
'Tween pavement and stars is the chimney sweep world
When there's 'ardly no day nor 'ardly no night
There's things 'alf in shadow and 'alfway in light
On the rooftops of London coo, what a sight!

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey
Chim chim cheree!
When you're with a sweep you're in glad company
Nowhere is there a more happier crew
Than them wot sings, "Chim chim cher-ee chim cher-oo!"
Chim chiminey, chim chim, cheree, chim cheroo!

FEED THE BIRDS TUPPENCE A BAG (FROM "MARY POPPINS")

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

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

LET'S GO FLY A KITE

(FROM "MARY POPPINS")

With tuppence for paper and strings
You can have your own set of wings
With your feet on the ground
You're a bird in flight
With your fist holding tight
To the string of your kite

Oh, oh, oh!
Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height!
Let's go fly a kite and send it soaring
Up through the atmosphere
Up where the air is clear
Oh, let's go fly a kite!

When you send it flyin' up there
All at once you're lighter than air
You can dance on the breeze
Over 'ouses and trees
With your fist 'olding tight
To the string of your kite

Oh, oh, oh!
Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height!
Let's go fly a kite and send it soaring
Up through the atmosphere
Up where the air is clear
Oh, let's go fly a kite!

GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING (FROM "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN")

Got no diamond, got no pearl,
Still I think I'm a lucky girl.
I've got the sun in the morning
And the moon at night.

Got no mansion, got no yacht,
Still I'm happy with what I got.
I've got the sun in the morning
And the moon at night

Sunshine gives me a lovely day,
Moonlight gives me the Milky Way.

Got no checkbooks, got no banks,
Still, I'd like to express my thanks.

I've got the sun in the morning
And the moon at night.
And with the sun in the morning
And the moon in the evening
I'm alright.

Got no butler, got no maid.
Still I think I've been overpaid,
I've got the sun in the morning
And the moon at night.

Got no silver, got no gold,
What you've got can't be bought or sold.
I've got the sun in the morning
And the moon at night.

Sunshine gives me a lovely day,
Moonlight gives me the Milky Way.

Got no heirlooms for my kin,
Made no will but when I cash in
I'll leave the sun in the morning
And the moon at night.
And with the sun in the morning
And the moon in the evening
I'm alright.

SUNRISE, SUNSET

(FROM "THE FIDDLER ON THE ROOF")

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?

I don't remember growing older
When did they?

When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be so tall?

Wasn't it yesterday
When they were small?

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset
Swiftly flow the days

Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers
Blossoming even as we gaze

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears

What words of wisdom can I give them?
How can I help to ease their way?

Now they must learn from one another
Day by day

They look so natural together

Just like two newlyweds should be

Is there a canopy in store for me?

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears

IF I WERE A RICH MAN (FROM "THE FIDDLER ON THE ROOF")

If I were a rich man,
Yubby dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dum.
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.
If I were a wealthy man.

I wouldn't have to work hard.
Ya ha deedle deedle, bubba bubba deedle deedle dum.
If I were a biddy biddy rich,
Idle-diddle-daidle-daidle man.

I'd build a big tall house with rooms by the dozen,
Right in the middle of the town.
A fine tin roof with real wooden floors below.
There would be one long staircase just going up,
And one even longer coming down,
And one more leading nowhere, just for show.

I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks
For the town to see and hear.
(Insert)Squawking just as noisily as they can. (End Insert)
With each loud "cheep" "swaqwk" "honk" "quack"

Would land like a trumpet on the ear,
As if to say "Here lives a wealthy man."

If I were a rich man,
Yubby dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dum.
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.
If I were a wealthy man.

I wouldn't have to work hard.
Yubby dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dum.
If I were a biddy biddy rich,
Idle-diddle-daidle-daidle man.

I'd see my wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man's wife
With a proper double-chin.
Supervising meals to her heart's delight.
I see her putting on airs and strutting like a peacock.
Oy, what a happy mood she's in.
Screaming at the servants, day and night.

The most important men in town would come to fawn on me!
They would ask me to advise them,
Like a Solomon the Wise.
"If you please, Reb Tevye..."
"Pardon me, Reb Tevye..."
Posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eyes!
And it won't make one bit of difference if i answer right or wrong.
When you're rich, they think you really know!

If I were rich, I'd have the time that I lack
To sit in the synagogue and pray.
And maybe have a seat by the Eastern wall.
And I'd discuss the holy books with the learned men, several hours every
day. That would be the sweetest thing of all.

If I were a rich man,
Yubby dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dum.
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.
If I were a wealthy man.

I wouldn't have to work hard.
Idle-diddle-daidle-daidle man.
Lord who made the lion and the lamb,
You decreed I should be what I am.
Would it spoil some vast eternal plan?
If I were a wealthy man.