



**SINGIN'**  
**IN THE SQUARE**

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**SHED•RAIN**

**PIONEER COURTHOUSE SQUARE**

**JULY 20<sup>TH</sup> 2025**







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# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

**Melody “Materna” By Samuel A. Ward**  
**Lyrics By Katharine Lee Bates (1893 revised in 1913)**

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed his/her grace on thee,  
And crown thy good  
with brother/sisterhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for nation's dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thy alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!



# AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

B $\flat$  F F7 B $\flat$  F $^\circ$  F7

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For  
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress A  
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved in lib-er-at-ing strife, Who  
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years, Thine

B $\flat$  Gm7 F C7 F C7 F7

pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! — A-  
 thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness! — A-  
 more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life! — A-  
 al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears! — A-

B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  F7 Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 6 B $\flat$ 7

mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, — And  
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, — Con-  
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, — Till  
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, — And

E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea. —  
 firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law. —  
 all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine. —  
 crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea. —



# THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Tune from the campfire song "Say, Brother, Will You Meet Us?"

Also used for the song "John Brown's Body"

Lyrics By Julia Ward Howe (1862)

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
of the coming of the Lord:  
He is trampling out the vintage  
where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
of His terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet  
that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
before His judgment-seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!  
be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

## Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies  
Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom  
that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy,  
let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.



# Battle hymn of the republic

Melody: John Brown's Body  
Lyrics by Julia Ward Howe, 1862

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord He is

4 tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored He hath

6 loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri ble swift sword His truth is march - ing on

10 Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah

14 Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah His truth is march - ing on

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The second staff starts at measure 4, the third at measure 6, the fourth at measure 10, and the fifth at measure 14. The score ends with a double bar line.



# BÉSAME MUCHO

**By Consuelo Velazquez (1941)**

Bésame, bésame mucho  
Como si fuera esta noche  
La última vez  
Bésame, bésame mucho  
Que tengo miedo a perderte  
Perderte después

Quiero tenerte muy cerca  
Mirarme en tus ojos  
Verte junto a mí  
Piensa que tal vez mañana  
Yo ya estaré lejos  
Muy lejos de ti

Bésame, bésame mucho  
Como si fuera esta noche  
La última vez  
Bésame, bésame mucho  
Que tengo miedo a perderte  
Perderte después



# Bésame mucho

By Consuelo Velazquez, 1941

Gm Gm Cm Cm B° Cm D7

Bé - sa me bé - sa - me mu - cho Co - mo si fue ra es - ta no - che la ul - ti - ma

7 Gm G7 Cm Cm Gm

ves Bé - sa me bé - sa - me mu - cho Que ten - go mie - do per

14 A7(b9) D7 Gm Gm Cm Gm D7

der - te per - der - teo tra vez Quie - ro te - ner - te muy cer - ca mi - rar - me tuis o - jos ver - te jun to a

20 Gm Cm Gm A7 Eb7 D7 Gm

mi Pien - sa que tal vez ma - ña - na yo va es - ta - re le - jow muy le jos de ti Bé - sa me

26 Gm Cm Cm B° Eb Cm D7 Gm

bé - sa - me mu - cho Co - mo si fue ra es - ta no - che la ul - ti - ma vez

33 G G7 Cm Cm

Bé - sa - me Bé - sa - me mu - cho

37 Gm Ab9 D7 Gm

Que ten - go mie - do per - der - te per - der - te a - mor



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# BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

By Bob Dylan (1962)

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
Yes, and how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?  
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, and how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind



## BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Bright, spirited

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. It begins with a middle C (C4) and moves up stepwise to G4, then has a half rest. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, beginning with a G2 and moving up stepwise to C3, then has a half rest. The melody continues in the right hand with notes A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and A5. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with notes G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, and A1.

REFRAIN

The first system of the refrain features three guitar chords: E-flat major (E-flat, G, B-flat), A-flat major (A-flat, C, E-flat), and E-flat major (E-flat, G, B-flat). The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 1. How man-y roads must a man walk down be - fore you; 2. How man-y times must a man look up be - fore he can; 3. How man-y years can a moun - tain ex - ist be - fore it's.

The second system of the refrain features five guitar chords: A-flat major (A-flat, C, E-flat), E-flat major (E-flat, G, B-flat), B-flat 7 (B-flat, D-flat, F, A-flat), E-flat major (E-flat, G, B-flat), and A-flat major (A-flat, C, E-flat). The melody continues in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. The lyrics are: call him a man? Yes, 'n'; see the sky? Yes, 'n'; washed to the sea? Yes, 'n'; How man-y seas must a ears must a years can some.

The third system of the refrain features four guitar chords: E-flat major (E-flat, G, B-flat), A-flat major (A-flat, C, E-flat), B-flat 7 (B-flat, D-flat, F, A-flat), and B-flat 7 (B-flat, D-flat, F, A-flat). The melody continues in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. The lyrics are: white dove sail be - fore she sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n'; one man have be - fore he can hear peo-ple cry? Yes, 'n'; peo - ple ex - ist be - fore they're al - lowed to be free? Yes, 'n'.



How man - y times must the can-non balls fly be - fore they're  
 How man - y deaths will it take 'till he knows that too man-y  
 How man - y times can a man turn his head pre-tend - ing he

for - ev - er banned? \_\_\_\_\_  
 peo - ple have died? \_\_\_\_\_ The an - swer, my friend, is  
 just does-n't see? \_\_\_\_\_

blow-in' in the wind, The an - swer is blow-in' in the wind. \_\_\_\_\_

3. Slower  
 wind. \_\_\_\_\_ The an - swer is blow-in' \_\_\_\_\_ in the wind. \_\_\_\_\_

1. h.



# THE BRADY BUNCH

**By Sherwood Schwartz & Frank DeVol (1969)**

Here's the story of a lovely lady  
Who was bringing up three very lovely girls  
All of them had hair of gold like their mother  
The youngest one in curls

It's the story of a man named Brady  
Who was busy with three boys of his own  
They were four men living all together  
Yet they were all alone

'Til the one day when the lady met this fellow  
And they knew that it was much more than a hunch  
That this group must somehow form a family  
That's the way we all became the Brady bunch

The Brady bunch, the Brady bunch  
That's the way we became the Brady bunch



# The Brady Bunch

By Sherwood Schwartz and Frank DeVol, 1969

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. It begins in the key of G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points. The score includes a repeat sign at measure 6 and a first ending bracket at measure 12. The key signature changes to E-flat major (three flats) at measure 18. The lyrics tell the story of the Brady family and their famous group.

Here's the sto-ry of a love-ly la-dy who was  
sto-ry of a man named Bra-dy who was  
bring-ing up three ver-y love-ly girls all of them had hair of gold  
bus-y with three boys of his own They were four men li-ving all to-  
geth-er yet they were the young-est one in curls It's the  
all a-lone 'til the one day when the la-dy met the fel-la  
and they knew that it was much more than a hunch that this group must  
some-how form a fam-ly that's the way we all be-came the Bra-dy Bunch the  
Bra-dy Bunch the Bra dy Bunch that's the  
way we be-came the Bra-dy Bunch

Chord symbols: G, Gmaj7, G6, G, Gmaj7, G6, G, F, Am/C, D7, Am7, D7, Am7, D7, G, G, Eb7, Ab, Abmaj7, Ab6, Ab, Bbm7, Eb, Bbm7, Eb7, Bbm7, Eb7, Ab, Db, Ab, Bb, Eb, Eb7, Ab.

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## DANNY BOY

**After “Londonderry Air” with words by Frederick Weatherly (1910)**

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 roses falling  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

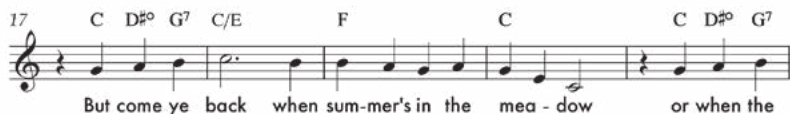
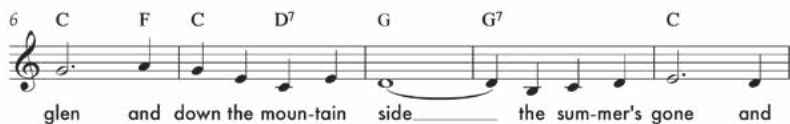
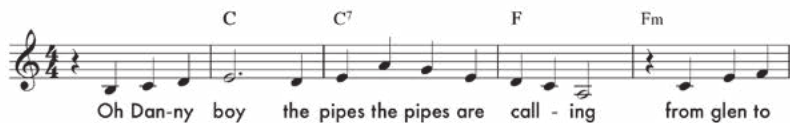
But when ye come  
And all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead  
As dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me  
And all my grace will warmer, sweeter be  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.



# DANNY BOY

lyrics by Frederick Weatherly, 1910





# DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME

By Fabian Andre & Wilbur Schwandt & Gus Kahn (1931)

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 "Night-y 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  
But in your dreams whatever they be  
Dream a little dream of me



# DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME

Fabian Andre, Wilbur Schwandt & Gus Kahn, 1931

$D\flat^6$   $E^{\circ 7}$   $A^7$   $A\flat^7$   $D\flat$   $B\flat$

$E\flat mi^7$   $G\flat m^6$   $D\flat$   $A^7$   $A\flat^7$   

$D\flat$   $A^7$   $A\flat^7$   $D\flat$   $F^7$   $B\flat$   $Gmi^7$   $Cmi^7$   $F^7$   

$B\flat$   $Gmi^7$   $Cmi^7 F^7$   $B\flat$   $Gmi^7$   $Cmi^7$   $F^7$   $B\flat$   

$A$   $A\flat$   $D\flat^6$   $E^{\circ 7}$   $A^7$   $A\flat^7$   $D\flat$   

$B\flat$   $E\flat mi^7$   

$G\flat m^6$   $D\flat$   $A^7$   $A\flat^7$   $D\flat$   

17



## **EDELWEISS FROM “THE SOUND OF MUSIC”**

**Music By Richard Rodgers / Lyrics By Oscar Hammerstein II (1959)**

Edelweiss, Edelweiss  
Every morning you greet me  
Small and white, clean and bright  
You look happy to meet me

Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow  
Bloom and grow forever  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss  
Bless my homeland forever

## **HAZELNUT**

**Music By Richard Rodgers / Lyrics By China Forbes (2011)**

Hazelnut, hazelnut  
Every morning you greet me  
Small and round, warm and brown  
You look happy to see me

Crushed on salads and torts and pies  
Your surprise is endless  
So diverse, in my purse  
You're a snack on the go



# EDELWEISS

Music & lyrics by Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II

Ab Eb/G Ab<sup>7</sup> Db Ab/Eb Fm Bbm Eb<sup>7</sup>

E - del weiss E - del weiss ev' - ry mor-nig you greet me

9 Ab Eb<sup>7</sup>/G Ab<sup>7</sup> Dbm Ab/Eb Eb<sup>7</sup> Ab Ab

Small and white clean and bright you look hap-py to see me

17 Eb<sup>7</sup> Eb<sup>7</sup> Ab Ab/C Db Bb<sup>7</sup>/D Eb Eb<sup>7</sup>

Blos-som of snow may you bloom and grow Bloom and grow for - e - ver

25 Ab Ab<sup>7</sup>/Gb Db/F Dbm/Fb Ab/Eb Eb Ab

E - del weiss E - del weiss bless my home-land for - e - ver



# HALLELUJAH

**Music & Lyrics By Leonard Cohen (1984)**

Now, I've heard there was a secret chord  
That David played, and it pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care for music, do you?

It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth

The minor fall, the major lift

The baffled king composing hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof

You saw her bathing on the roof

Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya

She tied you to a kitchen chair

She broke your throne, and she cut your hair

And from your lips she drew the hallelujah

Hallelujah ...

You say I took the name in vain

I don't even know the name

But if I did, well really, what's it to you?

There's a blaze of light in every word

It doesn't matter which you heard

The holy or the broken hallelujah

Hallelujah ...

I did my best, it wasn't much

I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch

I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you

And even though it all went wrong

I'll stand before the lord of song

With nothing on my tongue but hallelujah

Hallelujah ...



# HALLELUJAH

Leonard Cohen, 1984

Now I've heard there was a sec-ret chord that

3 Da-vid played and it pleased the Lord But you don't real-ly care for mus-ic

5 do you? Well it goes like this: the 4th, the 5th, the

7 min-or fall the maj-or lift the baf-fled king com-pos-ing Hal-le - lu - jah - Hal-le-

10 lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le -

12 lu - jah HaL - le - lu - u jah



**Pink Martini**

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# HEY JUDE (ORIGINALLY “HEY JULES”)

By John Lennon & Paul McCartney (1968)

Hey Jude, don't make it bad  
take a sad song and make it better  
Remember to let her into your heart  
Then you can start to make it better  
Hey Jude, don't be afraid  
You were made to go out and get her  
The minute you let her under your skin  
The you begin to make it better  
And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude refrain  
don't carry the world upon your shoulders  
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool  
By making his world a little colder  
Na na na na na ... na na na na

Hey Jude don't let me down  
You have found her, now go and get her  
Remember to let get into your heart  
then you can start to make it better  
So let it out and let it in, hey Jude begin  
You're waiting for someone to perform with  
And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do  
The movement you need is on your shoulder  
Na na na na na ... na na na na yeah

Hey Jude, don't make it bad  
take a sad song and make it better  
Remember to let her under your skin  
Then you can begin to make it better, better, better ...



# HEY JUDE

John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1968

Hey Jude don't make this bad take a

sad song and make it bet - ter re -

mem-ber to let her in - to your heart then you can st -

art to make it bet - ter Hey ter.

And an - y-time you feel the pain hey Jude re- frain

— don't car - ry the world u - pon your shoul - ders

For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool

Chords: F, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, F, Bb, Dm, Gm, Bb, C7, F, F7, Bb, Dm, Bb.



18 Gm Bb C F

— By mak-ing his world a lit - tle col-der Na na na

21 Cm C C<sup>7</sup>

na na na na na na Hey Hey

F C C<sup>7</sup>

Jude don't make it bad — take a sad song and make it

F Bb

bet - ter Re-mem-ber to let her un - der your

F C

skin then you can be - gin to make it — bet-

F F

- ter bet-ter bet-ter bet-ter bet-ter bet-ter Ah Na na na

Eb Bb F F

na na na na — na na na na — Hey Jude Na na na

Eb Bb F

na na na na — na na na na — Hey Jude



## THE HOKEY POKEY

You put your right foot in  
You put your right foot out  
You put your right foot in  
And you shake it all about  
You do the Hokey Pokey and you turn yourself around  
That's what it's all about!

I'll do the Hokey Pokey  
I'll do the Hokey Pokey  
That's what it's all about!

You put your right hand ...

You put your left leg in ...

You put your right leg in ...

You put your whole self in ...



# The Hokey Pokey

Words and Music by  
LARRY LA PRISE  
CHARLES P. MACAK  
TAFIT BAKER

Moderately

Verse

*mf*

1. You put your right foot in, You put your right foot out, You put your

right foot in, And you shake it all a- bout. You do The Hok-ey Pok-ey and you

Refrain

turn your-self a-round, That's what it's all a- bout. — You do The

Hok - ey Pok-ey, — You do The Hok - ey Pok-ey, — You do The

1. (Ending for repeats) 2. (Final ending)

Hok - ey Pok-ey, — That's what it's all a- bout. 2. You put your bout.



# HOME ON THE RANGE

**Music & Lyrics By Daniel E. Kelley & Brewster M. Higley (1872)**

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the cool stream  
And the graceful white swan goes a-gliding along  
Like an endless and heavenly dream

How often at night where the heavens are bright  
With the lights from the glittering stars  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours



# HOME ON THE RANGE

Cowboy Song

Moderately

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the deer and the  
2. How of - ten at night, when the heav - ens are bright, With the light from the

an - te -lope play; \_\_\_\_\_ Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing  
glit - ter - ing stars, \_\_\_\_\_ Have I stood there a - mazed and - asked as I

word And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_ Home, home on the  
gazed If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. \_\_\_\_\_

range, \_\_\_\_\_ Where the deer and the an - te -lope play, \_\_\_\_\_ Where sel - dom is

heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_







# I WILL SURVIVE

By Dino Fekaris & Freddie Perren

At first I was afraid, I was petrified  
Kept thinking I could never live without you by my side  
But I spent so many nights thinking how you did me wrong  
I grew strong, I learned how to carry on  
and so you're back ... from outer space  
I just walked in to find you here  
with that sad look upon your face  
I should have changed that stupid lock,  
I should have made you leave your key  
If I had known for just one second you'd be back to bother me

Go on now go ... walk out the door  
just turn around now... 'cause you're not welcome anymore  
weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye?  
you think I'd crumble? you think I'd lay down and die?  
Oh no, not I ... I will survive  
as long as i know how to love I know I'll stay alive  
I've got all my life to live, I've got all my love to give  
and I'll survive ... I will survive

It took all the strength I had not to fall apart  
kept trying hard to mend the pieces of my broken heart  
and I spent oh so many nights just feeling sorry for myself  
I used to cry ... Now I hold my head up high  
and you see me ... somebody new  
I'm not that chained up little person still in love with you  
and so you felt like dropping in and just expect me to be free  
now I'm saving all my loving for someone who's loving me



# I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

## American Folk Song

I've been working on the railroad  
All the live-long day.  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,  
Rise up so early in the morn;  
Can't you hear the captain shouting,  
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?  
Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Someone's in the kitchen I know  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o  
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o  
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o  
Strummin' on the old banjo.



# I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

F F Bb Bbm F

I've been work-ing on the rail - road all the live long day.

5 F F G C

I've been work-ing on the rail road just to pass the time a - way.

9 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F

Can't you hear the whis-tle blow-ing, rise up so ear-ly in the morn!

13 Bb F Dm Bbm F C7 F C

Can't you hear the cap-tain call-ing "Di-nah blow your horn!"

17 F F7 Bb Gm C7 Gm C7 F C7 F

Dinah won't you blow Dinah won't you blow Dinah won't you blow your ho - rn?

21 F F7 Bb

Di - nah won't you blow, Din - ah won't you blow,

23 C7 Gm C7 F C

Din - ah won't you blow your horn?

25 F

Some-one's in the kit-chen with Di - nah Some-one's in the kit-chen I

28 C7 F Bb

know Some-one's in the kit-chen with Din - ah

31 C7 F F

strum-ming on the old ban - jo and sing-in "Fee fi fid-dle-y-i - o

35 C7 F F7 Bb

fee-fi - fid-dle-y-i - o fee - fi fid-dle y-i - o!

39 C7 F C F

Strum-ming on the old ban - jo!



# IT'S A SMALL WORLD

**Music & Lyrics By Richard and Robert Sherman (1964)**

It's a world of laughter  
A world of tears  
It's a world of hopes  
And a world of fears  
There's so much that we share  
That it's time we're aware  
It's a small world after all

It's a small world after all  
It's a small world after all  
It's a small world after all  
It's a small, small world

There is just one moon  
And one golden sun  
And a smile means  
Friendship to ev'ryone  
Though the mountains divide  
And the oceans are wide  
It's a small world after all

It's a small world after all ...



## IT'S A SMALL WORLD

### March Tempo

[illegible]



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# JOY TO THE WORLD

**Music & Lyrics By Hoyt Axton (1970)**

Jeremiah was a bullfrog,  
was a good friend of mine  
I never understood a single word he said  
But I helped him a-drink his wine  
And he always had some mighty fine wine ...

Singin' ... Joy to the world  
All the boys and girls now  
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea  
Joy to you and me

If I were the king of the world  
Tell you what I'd do  
I'd throw away the cars and the bars and the war  
Make sweet love to you, sing it now

Chorus

You know I love the ladies, love to have my fun  
I'm a high life flier and a rainbow rider  
A straight shootin' son of a gun  
I said, A straight shootin' son of a gun



# JOY TO THE WORLD

Moderate gospel rock

NC C D $\flat$  D NC

1. Je - re - mi - ah was a bull - frog, was a good friend of  
 2. If I were the king of the road, Tell you what I'd do.  
 3. Know I love the la - dies, Love to have my fun.

C D $\flat$  D D7 G B $\flat$ 6

mine. Nev - er un - der - stood a sin - gle word he said, But I  
 Throw a - way the cars and the bars and the wars, And  
 I'm a high night fly - er and a rain - bow rid - er, A

D Em7/A D G7 Em7/A D

helped him a - drink - in' his wine. Yes, he al - ways had some mighty fine wine. }  
 make sweet love to you. Yes, I'd make sweet love to you. Sing - ing  
 straight shoot - in' son - of - a - gun. Yes, a straight shoot - in' son - of - a - gun. }

A D

Joy to the world, All the boys and girls now,

D7 G B $\flat$ 6 D A7 D 1. C D $\flat$  D

Joy to the fish - es in the deep blue sea, Joy to you and me.



2. D

D7 G7 B $\flat$  D C D $\flat$  D  
S. al Coda

Coda

Joy to the world, All the

A E A E A

boys and girls, Joy to the world, Joy to you and me.

D A D A D

Joy to the world, All the boys and girls,

D7 B $\flat$ 6 D A D

Joy to the fish-es in the deep blue sea, Joy to you and me.

Repeat and fade



# LOVE ME TENDER

**Music By George Poulton / Lyrics By Ken Darby (1956)**

Love me tender, love me sweet  
Never let me go  
You have made my life complete  
And I love you so  
Love me tender, love me true  
All my dreams fulfilled  
For my darlin' I love you and I always will

Love me tender, love me long  
Take me to your heart  
For it's there that I belong  
And we'll never part  
Love me tender, love me true ...

Love me tender, love me dear  
Tell me you are mine  
I'll be yours through all the years  
Till the end of time  
Love me tender, love me true  
All my dreams fulfilled  
For my darlin' I love you and I always will



# LOVE ME TENDER

Ken Darby & Elvis Presley, 1956

The musical score for "Love Me Tender" is presented in four systems, each with a piano accompaniment and lyrics. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. Chords are indicated above the staff.

**System 1:** G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(sus4) D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Love me ten-der love me sweet Ne-ver let me go

**System 2:** G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(sus4) D<sup>7</sup> G  
 You have made my life com-plete And I love you so

**System 3:** G B<sup>7</sup> Em G<sup>7</sup> C Cm G  
 Love me ten-der love me true All my dreams ful-fill

**System 4:** 13 G Dm<sup>6</sup> E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(sus4) D<sup>7</sup> G  
 For my dar-lin I love you and I al-ways will



# MY FAVORITE THINGS FROM “THE SOUND OF MUSIC”

**By Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II (1959)**

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



# MY FAVORITE THINGS

(From "THE SOUND OF MUSIC")

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lively

1. Rain-drops on a rose-petal and whisk-ers on a kitten's,  
2. Cream-colored roses and whisk-ers on a kitten's,

Bright door-bells and ket-tle bells and warm wool-en mittens,  
Brown wild geese that pack-ages the tired moon up on their strings, wings, These are a a a

Em  
Cmaj7  
Am7 D7 G C G



Chords: C, Am6, B7, Em, E, A, Am7, D7, G, C, Am6, B7.

Vocal Lyrics:

few of my fa-vor-ite things.  
 few of my fa-vor-ite things.  
 Girls in white dress-es with  
 blue sat-in sash-es, Snow-flakes that stay on my  
 nose and eye-lash-es, Sil-ver white win-ters that melt in-to  
 springs, These are a few of my fa-vor-ite things.



When the dog bites, When the bee stings,

When I'm feeling sad, I simply re-

mem-ber my fa-vor-ite things and then I don't feel

so bad.

Chord diagrams shown: Em, Am6, B7, C, A7, D7-9, D7.



# 9 TO 5

## Music & Lyrics By Dolly Parton (1979)

Tumble outta bed and I stumble to the kitchen  
Pour myself a cup of ambition  
And yawn and stretch and try to come to life  
Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumpin'  
Out on the streets, the traffic starts jumpin'  
With folks like me on the job from 9 to 5

Workin' 9 to 5, what a way to make a livin'  
Barely gettin' by, it's all takin' and no givin'  
They just use your mind and they never give you credit  
It's enough to drive you crazy if you let it

9 to 5, for service and devotion  
You would think that I would deserve a fair promotion  
Want to move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me  
I swear sometimes that man is out to get me

They let your dream, just watch 'em shatter  
You're just a step on the boss man's ladder  
But you got dreams he'll never take away  
In the same boat with a lot of your friends  
Waitin' for the day your ship 'll come in  
And the tide's gonna turn an' it's all gonna roll your away

Workin' 9 to 5 what a way to make a livin'  
Barely gettin' by, it's all takin' and no givin'  
They just use your mind and you never get the credit  
It's enough to drive you crazy if you let it

9 to 5, yeah, they got you where they want you  
There's a better life and you think about it, don't you?  
It's a rich man's game, no matter what they call it  
And you spend your life putting money in his wallet



# 9 TO 5

Dolly Parton, 1980

G G<sup>7</sup> C

Tum-ble out of bed and I stum ble to the kit-chen pour my self a cup

4 G D<sup>7</sup>

\_\_ of am-bi - tion and yawn and stretch and try to come to life\_\_

9 G C

Jump in the show-er and the blood starts pump-in' out on the streets the

12 G D G

traf-fic starts jump in' with folks like me\_\_ on the job from nine to five\_\_

16 G C

work-in' nine to five\_\_ what a way to make a li - vin' Bare-ly

21 G G<sup>7</sup> C

get - tin' by it's all tak-in' and no giv - in' they just use your

26

mind and they ne - ver give you cred - it\_\_ it's e -

29 A D<sup>7</sup>

nough to drive\_\_ you\_\_ craz - y if\_\_ you let\_\_ it



# OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING FROM “OKLAHOMA” (1943)

By Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow  
There's a bright golden haze on the meadow  
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye  
And it looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky

Oh what a beautiful morning  
Oh what a beautiful day  
I've got a wonderful feeling  
Everything's going my way

All the cattle are standing like statues  
All the cattle are standing like statues  
They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by  
But a little brown mav'rick is winking her eye

Chorus

All the sounds of the earth are like music  
All the sounds of the earth are like music  
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree  
And an old weeping willow is laughing at me

Chorus



# OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

Music & lyrics by Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II, 1943

There's a bright gol-den haze on the mea-dow There's a bright gol-den

haze on the mea-dow. The corn is as high as an el - e-phant's

eye and it looks like it's climb-ing clear up to the sky. Oh what a

beau-ti - ful mor - ning, oh what a beau-ti - ful day,

I've got a beau - ti - ful fee - - ling

Ev' - ry - thing's go - in' my way

Chords: C, G, C, G, C, Fm, C, Fm, C, F, F#°, C, Am, C#°, G7, C, C7, F(SUS4), F, C, C, Dm, G7, C, F, F#°, C, G7, C



# OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

## Traditional

Old MacDonald had a farm ... E-I-E-I-O  
And on his farm he had a cow ... E-I-E-I-O  
With a moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there  
Here a moo, there a moo,  
Everywhere a moo-moo  
Old MacDonald had a farm ... E-I-E-I-O  
Dog (ruff-ruff)  
Hen (cluck-cluck)  
Duck (quack-quack)  
Pig (oink-oink)  
Cat (meow-meow)  
Donkey (hee-haw)  
Bee (buzz-buzz)  
Owl (hoot-hoot)  
Turkey (gobble gobble)  
Sheep (baa-baa)  
Lion (roar-roar)  
Antelope (snort snort)



# OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Traditional

G C G G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Old MacDonald had a farm E - I - E - I - O and on that farm he  
 6 C G G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>  
 had some chicks, E - I - E - I - O With a peep peep here and a  
 10 G G G D<sup>7</sup>  
 peep peep there, here a peep there a peep ever - y where a peep peep  
 13 G C G G D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Old MacDon-and had a farm E - I - E - I - O!



# ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

## A Less Traditional American Folk Song

On top of spaghetti,  
All covered with cheese,  
I lost my poor meatball  
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,  
And on to the floor,  
And then my poor meatball,  
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,  
And under a bush,  
And then my poor meatball,  
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty  
As tasty could be,  
And then the next summer,  
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,  
All covered with moss,  
And on it grew meatballs,  
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese,  
Hold on to your meatball,  
Whenever you sneeze.



# ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY/SPAGHETTI

American folk song

Chords: Eb Eb7 Ab Ab/C Ab Eb

On top of old smo - ky all cov-ered with snow,

Chords: Eb/Bb Eb Bb Bb7

I lost my true lov - er

Chords: Bb7 Eb Abm Eb

for cour ting too slow.



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## THE OSCAR MAYER WEINER SONG

**Music & Lyrics By Richard Trentlage (1963)**

I wish I were an Oscar Mayer weiner  
That is what I truly wish to be  
'Cause if I were an Oscar Mayer weiner  
Everyone would be in love with m

## THE OSCAR MAYER BOLOGNA SONG

**Music & Lyrics By Jerry Ringlien (1974)**

My Bologna has a first name,  
It's O-S-C-A-R.  
My bologna has a second name,  
It's M-A-Y-E-R.  
Oh I love to eat it everyday,  
And if you ask me why say,  
Cause' Oscar Mayer has a way with B-O-L-O-G-N-A!



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# OVER THE RAINBOW FROM “THE WIZARD OF OZ”

By Harold Arlen & E. Y. Harburg (1939)

When all the world is a hopeless jumble  
And the raindrops tumble all around,  
Heaven opens a magic lane.  
When all the clouds darken up the skyway,  
There's a rainbow highway to be found,  
Leading from your window pane,  
To a place behind the sun,  
Just a step beyond the rain

Somewhere, over the rainbow way up high  
There's a land that I 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,  
Away, 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?  
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow,  
Why oh why can't I?



# OVER THE RAINBOW

Music & lyrics by Harold Arlen & E.Y Harburg, 1939

C/G Dm/G

When all the world is a hope - less jum - ble and the

3 C/G Dm G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>#o</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup>

rain-drops tum-ble all a-round Hea - ven o - pens a mag-ic

7 C F G<sup>7</sup> C/G

lane WHEN all the clouds dark - en

10 Dm/G C/G Dm E<sup>7</sup> Am

up the sky-way there's a rain-bow high-way to befound Lead - ing

14 F C/G F C/E

from your win-dow pane To a place be-hind the sun

18 F G<sup>7</sup> C Am Em C

Just a step be-yong the rain— Some-where o-ver the rain-bow

22 F C F Fm C/G Dm/G G<sup>7</sup>

way up high there's a land that I heard of once in a lul-la -

27 C C Am Em C F C

by Some-where o - ver the rain-bow skies are blue



32 F Fm C/G Dm/G G<sup>7</sup> C

and the dreams that you dare to dream rea-ly do come true. Some

36 C/G F/G G<sup>7</sup>

day I'll wish u - pon a star and wake up where the clouds are far be -

38 C/G Dm G<sup>7</sup>

hind me where toun-led melt like le-mon drops a -

41 B Em Dm G<sup>7</sup>

way a-bove the chim-neu-y tops that's where you'll find me

44 C Am Em C<sup>7</sup> F C

Some-where o - ver the rain-bow blue-birds fly

48 F Fm C/G Dm/G G<sup>7</sup> C

birds fly o - ver the rain-bow why then oh why can't I if

52 C/G

hap - py lit - tle blue - birds fly be -

53 F/G F C/G F/A G<sup>7</sup> C

yond the rain-bow why oh why can't I?



# PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON

By Leonard Lipton & Peter Yarrow (1963)

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
In a land called Honah Lee,  
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,  
And brought him strings and sealing wax  
And other fancy stuff

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
In a land called Honah Lee,  
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
In a land called Honah Lee.

Together they would travel  
On a boat with billowed sail  
Jackie kept a lookout perched  
On Puff's gigantic tail,  
Noble kings and princes  
Would bow whene'er they came,  
Pirate ships would lower their flag  
When puff roared out his name.

Puff the magic dragon ...  
A dragon lives forever but not so little boys  
Painted wings and giant rings  
Make way for other toys.  
One grey night it happened,  
Jackie Paper came no more



And Puff that mighty dragon,  
 He ceased his fearless roar.  
 His head was bent in sorrow,  
 Green scales fell like rain,  
 Puff no longer went to play  
 Along the cherry lane.  
 Without his life-long friend,  
 Puff could not be brave,  
 So Puff that mighty dragon  
 Sadly slipped into his cave

Puff the magic dragon ...

## PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

Leonard Lipton & Peter Yarrow, 1963

C Em F C

Puff the mag - ic drag - on lived by the sea and

5 F C D<sup>7</sup> G

fro-licked in the aut-umn mist in a land called Hon-oh Lee

9 C Em F C

Lit - tle Jack - ie Pa - per loved that ras - cal Puff and

13 F C D G C

brought him strings and seal-ing\_ wax\_ and o - ther fan - cy stuff



# QUÉ SERÁ SERÁ

**Words & Music By Jay Livingston and Ray Evans (1956)**

When I was just a little girl  
I asked my mother, "What will I be  
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?"  
Here's what she said to me:

"Qué será será  
Whatever will be will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Qué será será"

When I was just a child in school  
I asked my teacher, "What should I try  
Should I paint pictures?  
Should I sing songs?"  
This was her wise reply:

When I grew up and fell in love  
I asked my sweetheart, "What lies ahead  
Will there be rainbows day after day?"  
Here's what my sweetheart



# QUÉ SERÁ SERÁ

Jay Livingston & Ray Evans, 1956

G

When I was just a little girl I asked my mother

7 G<sup>♯</sup> A D<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> Am

what will I be. Will I be pretty? Will I be

13 D Am D<sup>7</sup> G G G<sup>7</sup> C

rich? Here's what she said to me. Que Se-ra Se-

19 G G G<sup>♯</sup>

ra What-e-ver will be will be The fu-tures not

26 Am D<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G G

ours to see. Que Se-ra Se-ra



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# RHINESTONE COWBOY

**Music & Lyrics By Larry Weiss (1975)**

I've been walkin' these streets so long  
Singin' the same old song  
I know every crack in these dirty sidewalks of Broadway  
Where hustle's the name of the game  
and nice guys get washed away like the snow & the rain  
There's been a load of compromisin'  
On the road to my horizon but I'm gonna be  
where the lights are shinin' on me

Like a rhinestone cowboy  
Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rodeo  
Like a rhinestone cowboy, getting cards & letters  
from people I don't even know  
And offers comin' over the phone

Well, I really don't mind the rain  
And a smile can hide all the pain  
But you're down when you're ridin' the train that's takin' the  
long way  
And I dream of the things I'll do with a subway token and a  
dollar tucked inside my shoe  
There'll be a load of compromisin' ...



# RHINESTONE COWBOY

Moderate





— like the snow and the rain. } 1. 2. There's been a load of com-pro-mis-

dol-lar tucked in-side my shoe.

- in' on the road to my hor-i - zon, but I'm gon-na be where the lights.

Chorus

— are shin-in' on me; like a Rhine-stone Cow-boy rid-ing

out on a horse in a star-spang-led ro-de-o. Rhine-stone Cow-boy,

get-tin' cards and let-ters from peo-ple I don't even know;

of-fers coming o-ver the phone.

After 2nd time Repeat Chorus and Fade



# **SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN**

## **American Folk Song (1890s)**

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes  
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes

She'll be comin' round the mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes  
(whoa back!)

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes  
(hi babe!)

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes ...  
(chop! chop!)

We'll be havin' chicken and dumplings when she comes ...  
(yum! yum!)

We'll all be shouting' "Hallelujah" when she comes ...  
(hallelujah!)

She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes  
(scratch, scratch)

She will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes  
(snore, snore)



# SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Traditional

G

She'll be com-in' round the moun-tain when she comes,

5 G A7 D C

She'll be com - in' round the moun tain when she comes\_\_\_\_\_

9 D D7 G G7 C

She'll be com-in' round the moun tain she'll be com-in' round the

13 C A#° G/B D7 C D7 G D7 G

moun tain she'll be com-in' round the moun tain when she comes!



# SHENANDOAH

## 19th century American folk song

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you  
Far away you rolling river  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you  
Far away I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Far away you rolling river  
I'll take her 'cross, your rollin' water  
Far away I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri

'Tis seven years, I've been a rover  
far away you rolling river  
When I return, I'll be your lover  
Far away, I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri



# SHENANDOAH

Traditional

D G D G A G A

Oh Shen an doah, I long to hear you. Far a way — you roll ing

5 D Bm D Bm

riv - er — Oh Shen an doah — I long to hear you. Far a -

8 D/A D F#m G Gm D/A A D

way — I'm bound to go 'Cross the wide Miss ou - ri.



# A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR FROM “MARY POPPINS” (1964)

By Richard & Robert Sherman

In every job that must be done  
There is an element of fun  
You find the fun and snap! the job's a game  
And every task you undertake  
Becomes a piece of cake  
A lark! A spree! It's very clear to see – that

A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down  
The medicine go down, the medicine go down  
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down  
In the 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 a spoonful of sugar ...

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 every flower that they sip  
And hence they find  
Their task is not a grind —  
for a spoonful of sugar ...



From Walt Disney's "MARY POPPINS"

# A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR

Words and Music by  
Richard M. Sherman  
and Robert B. Sherman

Brightly  
VERSE

1. In ev-'ry job that must be done there is an el-e-ment of fun You  
2. A rob-in feath-er-ing his nest has ver-y lit-tle time to rest While  
3. The hon-ey bees that fetch the nec-tar from the flowers to the comb Nev-er

find the fun and snap! the job's a game. And ev-'ry task you un-der-  
gath-er-ing his bits of twine and twig. Though quite in-tent in his pur-  
tire of ev-er buzz-ing to and fro Be-cause they take a lit-tle

take he be-comes a piece of cake, A lark! a spree! It's ver-y clear to see  
suit he has a mer-ry tune to toot; He knows a song will move the job a-long,  
nip from ev-'ry flow-er that they sip And hence, they find their task is not a grind,

CHORUS  
That a spoon-ful of su-gar helps the med-i-cine go down, The med-i-cine go  
For a  
For a

1. down-worn, med-i-cine go down. Just a down In a most de-light-ful way.  
2. down-worn, med-i-cine go down. Just a down In a most de-light-ful way.



# SUMMER NIGHTS FROM “GREASE”

**By Jim Jacobs & Warren Casey (1978)**

Summer lovin' had me a blast  
summer lovin', happened so fast  
I met a girl crazy for me  
I met a boy, cute as can be  
Summer days driftin' away,  
to uh-oh those summer nights  
Tell me more, tell me more, did you get very far?  
Tell me more, tell me more, like, does he have a car?

She stood by me, she got a cramp  
he went by me, got my suit damp  
I saved her life, she nearly drowned  
he showed up, splashing around  
Summer sun, something's begun,  
but uh-oh those summer nights  
Tell me more, tell me more, was it love at first sight?  
Tell me more, tell me more, did she put up a fight?

Took her bowlin' in the Arcade  
we went strollin', drank lemonade  
We made out under the dock  
we stayed up until ten o'clock  
Summer thing don't mean a thing,  
but uh-oh those summer nights  
Tell me more, tell me more, that you don't got her preg  
Tell me more, tell me more, cause he sounds like a drag



He got friendly, holdin' my hand  
she got friendly, down in the sand  
He was sweet, just turned eighteen  
she was good, you know what I mean  
Summer heat, boy and girl meet,  
but uh-oh those summer nights  
Tell me more, tell me more, how much dough did he spend?  
Tell me more, tell me more, could she get me a friend?

It turned colder, that's where it ends  
so I told her we'd still be friends  
Then we made our true love vow  
wonder what she's doin' now  
Summer dreams ripped at the seams  
but oh, those summer nights  
Tell me more, tell me more.



# **SUMMERTIME FROM “PORGY AND BESS” (1935)**

**By George & Ira Gershwin & DuBose & Dorothy Heyward**

Summertime,  
And the livin' is easy  
Fish are jumpin'  
And the cotton is high  
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 fly to the sky  
But till that morning  
There's a' nothing can harm you  
With daddy and mamma standing by



# SUMMERTIME

George & Ira Gershwin & Du Bose & Dorothy Heyward, 1934

Fm C<sup>7</sup> Fm Bbm C<sup>7</sup> Fm C<sup>7</sup> Fm  
 Sum-mer-time and the liv-in' is eas - y fish are  
 6 Bbm B<sup>o</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Fm C<sup>7</sup>  
 jump-in' and the cot-ton is high oh your dad-dy's rich  
 11 Fm C<sup>7</sup> Fm C<sup>7</sup> Fm  
 and your mam - ma's good look - in' os  
 14 Ab 3 Fm Bbm C<sup>7</sup> Fm  
 hush lit-tle ba-by don't you cry.







# SWEET CAROLINE

**Music & Lyrics By Neil Diamond (1969)**

Where it began, I can't begin to knowin'  
But then I know it's growing strong  
Was in the spring and spring became the summer  
Who'd have believed you'd come along.  
Hands, touchin' hands  
Reachin' out, touchin' me, touchin' you

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
I've been inclined to believe they never would  
But now I ... look at the night  
and it don't seem so lonely, we fill it up with only two.  
And when I hurt, hurtin' runs off my shoulders  
How can I hurt when holding you?  
Warm, touchin' warm  
Reachin' out, touchin' me, touchin' you

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
I've been inclined to believe they never would  
Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
Sweet Caroline, I believe they never could  
Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
Sweet Caroline...



**Salt & Straw**

*saltandstraw.com*





# TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

**Music & Lyrics By Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver (1971)**

Almost heaven, West Virginia  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River,  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains  
Blowin' like the breeze

Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain momma  
Take me home, country roads

All my memories gathered 'round her  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eye

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour she calls me  
The radio reminds me of my home far away  
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'  
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday



# TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

John Denver, Bill Danoff & Taffy Nivert, 1971

A F#m

Al-most heav-en mem-ories West Vir-gin-ia gath-er round her

5 E D A

Blue Ridge Moun-tains Shen-an-do-ah Riv-er min-er's la-dy stran-ger to blue wa-ter

10 F#m F#m E

Life is old there ol-der than the trees young-er than the Dark and dus-ty painte-ed on the sky mis-ty taste of

15 D A A A

moun-tains grow-in' like a breeze Coun-try roads take me moon-shine tear-drop in my eye

20 E F#m D

home to the place I be-long:

25 A E

West Ver-gin-ia moun tain mom-ma take me

30 D A A

home coun-try roads All my



35 2. F#m E A D



I hear her voice in the morn-in' hour she calls me the ra-di-o re-

40 A E F#m G



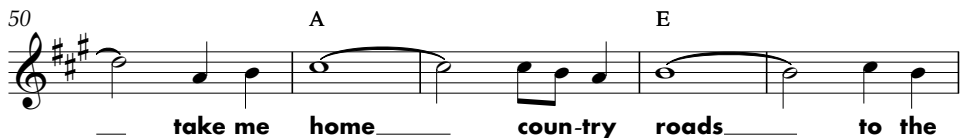
minds me of my home far a-way and driv-in' down the road I get a

45 D A E E7



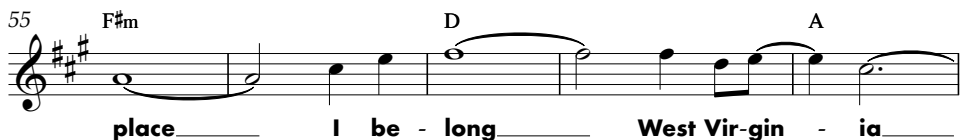
feel-in' that I should have been home yes-ter-day yes-ter-day

50 A E



take me home coun-try roads to the

55 F#m D A



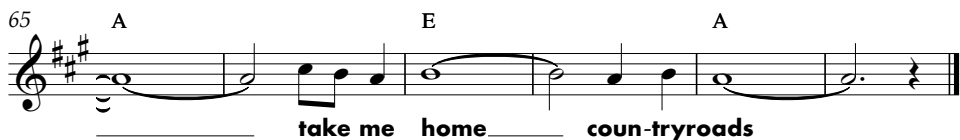
place I be-long West Vir-gin-ia

60 E D



moun-tain mom-ma take me home coun-try roads

65 A E A



take me home coun-try roads



# THIS STATE IS YOUR STATE

**After “This Land Is Your Land” By Woody Guthrie  
New Lyrics By Governor Barbara Roberts,  
Governor Ted Kulongoski, Oregon Queen Mary Oberst,  
Terry Bean & Thomas M. Lauderdale**

This state is your state, this state is my state  
From Willamette Valley to Klamath Lake  
From Mt. Mazama to the Mt. Hood Forest  
Oregon’s a place for me and you

As I was cycling Pacific Highway  
with Douglas fir trees and endless skyway  
My heart was singing the whole day through  
Oregon’s a place for me and you

The duck and beaver have Blazer fever  
The Chinook salmon just hope to be here  
The meadowlark sings ... “she flies with her own wings”  
Oregon’s a place for me and you

We eat our filberts, we drink our craft beer.  
we export sportswear and go to Shakespeare  
Recycling bottles, clean beaches too  
Oregon’s a place for me and you

This state is your state, this state is my state  
From Willamette Valley to Klamath Lake  
From Mt. Mazama to the Mt. Hood Forest  
Oregon’s a place for me and you!  
Oregon’s a place for me and you!



# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Music & lyrics by Woody Guthrie, 1940

4 C F F7 Bb Bbm

This land is your land\_ This land is my land, from Cal-i -  
walk-in' that rib-bon of a high way and saw a -

for - ia to the New York Is-lands. From the Red wood for - ests\_ to the gulf stream  
bove me that end-less sky-way I saw be-low me the gol - den

7 F A7 Dm Bb C F Bb F

wa - ters. This land was made for you and me!  
val - ley This land was made for you and mo! As I was



**The Square**

*thesquarepdx.org*





# THOSE WERE THE DAYS

By Gene Raskin, After the Russian Folk Song Дорогой длиною

Once upon a time there was a tavern  
Where we used to raise a glass or two  
Remember how we laughed away the hours  
And dreamed of all the great things we would do

Those were the days my friend  
We thought they'd never end  
We'd sing and dance forever and a day  
We'd live the life we choose  
We'd fight and never lose  
For we were young and sure to have our way.  
La la la la...

Those were the days, oh yes those were the days

Then the busy years went rushing by us  
We lost our starry notions on the way  
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern  
We'd smile at one another and we'd say  
Those were the days my friend ...

Just tonight I stood before the tavern  
Nothing seemed the way it used to be  
In the glass I saw a strange reflection  
Was that lonely woman really me  
Those were the days my friend ...

Through the door there came familiar laughter  
I saw your face and heard you call my name  
Oh my friend we're older but no wiser  
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same  
Those were the days my friend ...



# THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Words and Music by  
GENE RASKIN

Am Am6 Am7 Am6

Once up - on a time there was a ta - vern  
Then the bu - sy years went rushing by us. We  
Just to - night I stood be - fore the ta - vern.  
Through the door there came fa - mi - liar laughter. I

colla voce

A maj Dm Dm6 Dm

Where we used to raise a glass or two. Re - member how we laughed a - way the  
lost our star - ry no - tions on the way. If by chance I'd see you in the  
No - thing seemed the way it used to be. In the glass I saw a stranger -  
saw your face and heard you call my name. Oh my friends we're older but no

Am7 Am6 B maj B9 E

hours, And dreamed of all the great things we would do. Those were the  
tavern, We'd smile at one an - other and we'd say - Those were the  
flection. Was that lonely fellow really me ? Those were the  
wiser, For in our hearts the dreams are still the same. Those were the



a tempo

Am Dm G

days, my friend. We thought they'd ne - ver end, We'd sing and dance for -

G7 C Dm Am

e - ver and a day; We'd live the life we chose, We'd fight and ne - ver lose,

E7 Am

For we were young and sure to have our way. La la la la la la

Amaj Dm F7 E7

la la la la la la Those were the days, Oh yes, those were the

1. 2. 3. 4. Am

days. days.



# TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

**Music & Lyrics By Jim Steinman (1983)**

Turn around ... Every now & then I get a little bit lonely and  
you're never coming round

Turn around ... Every now and then I get a little bit tired of  
listening to the sound of my tears

Turn around ... Every now & then I get a little bit nervous that  
the best of all the years have gone by

Turn around ... Every now and then I get a little bit terrified and  
then I see the look in your eyes

(2x) Turn around, bright eyes ...  
every now & then I fall apart

Turn around ... Every now and then I get a little bit restless & I  
dream of something wild

Turn around ... Every now & then I get a little bit helpless & I'm  
lying like a child in your arms

Turn around ... Every now & then I get a little bit angry & I know  
I've got to get out and cry

Turn around ... Every now & then I get a little bit terrified but  
then I see the look in your eyes

(2x) Turn around, bright eyes ...  
every now & then I fall apart



And I need you now tonight,  
& I need you more than ever  
& if you only hold me tight  
we'll be holding on forever  
& we'll only be making it right  
'cause we'll never be wrong

Together we can take it to the end of the line  
Your love is like a shadow on me all of the time  
I don't know what to do & I'm always in the dark  
We're living in a powder keg & giving off sparks  
I really need you tonight  
Forever's gonna start tonight (x2)

Once upon a time I was falling in love  
But now I'm only falling apart  
There's nothing I can do  
A total eclipse of the heart  
Once upon a time there was light in my life  
But now there's only love in the dark  
Nothing I can say ...  
A total eclipse of the heart



## UNCHAINED MELODY

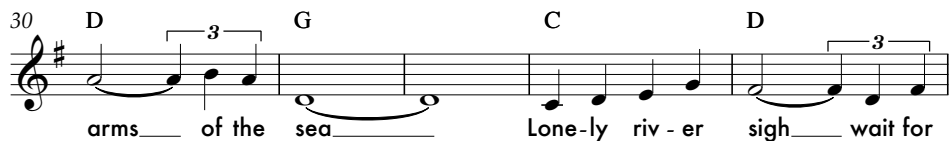
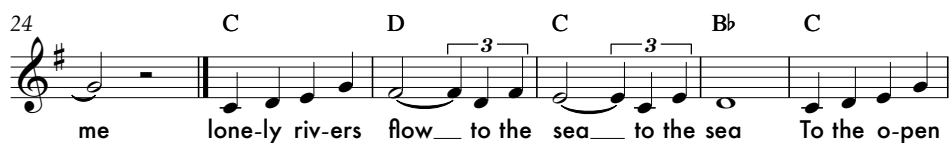
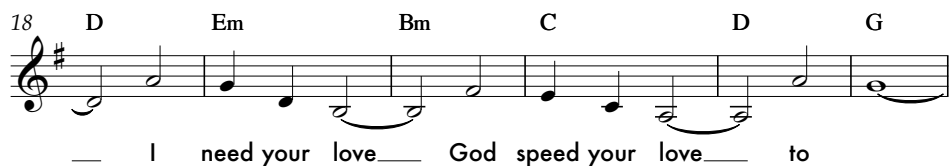
**Music By Alex North / Lyrics By Hy Zaret (1955)**

Oh, my love, my darling  
I've hungered for your touch  
Alone, lonely time  
And time goes by so slowly  
And time can do so much  
Are you still mine  
I need your love, I need your love  
God, speed your love to me  
Lonely rivers flow to the sea to the sea  
To the open arms of the sea  
Lonely river sigh, wait for me, wait for me  
I'll be coming home, wait for me



# UNCHAINED MELODY

Alex North & Hy Zarat, 1955





# WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

**By Bob Thiele & George David Weiss (1967)**

I see trees of green, red roses too  
I see them bloom for me and you  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white  
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky  
Are also on the faces of people going by  
I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do  
They're really saying I love you.

I hear babies crying, I watch them grow  
They'll learn much more than I'll never know  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world



# WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

Music & lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss, 1968



Chords: Eb Gm Ab Eb/G Fm Eb

5 4 3 2 1

I see trees of green red ros-es too I see them bloom

5 4 3 2 1

for me\_and you\_and I think to my- self what a won-der-ful world

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

world the col-ors of the rain-bow so pret-ty in the sky are

14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

al-so on the fac - ces of peo-ple sing by I seefriends shak-ing hands say-in

pas-

17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

how do you do? They're real-ly say-ing I love you wor .....

21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ld and I say to my- self what a won-der-ful world



# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

## Traditional

We are trav'ling in the footsteps  
Of those who've gone before,  
And we'll all be reunited,  
On a new and sunlit shore

Oh, when the saints go marching in  
Oh, when the saints go marching in  
Oh Lord I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marching in

Oh, when the drums begin to bang ...

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky ...

Oh, when the moon turns red with blood ...

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call ...

Some say this world of trouble,  
Is the only one we need,  
But I'm waiting for that morning,  
When the new world is revealed.

Oh when the new world is revealed ...

Oh, when the saints go marching in ...



# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

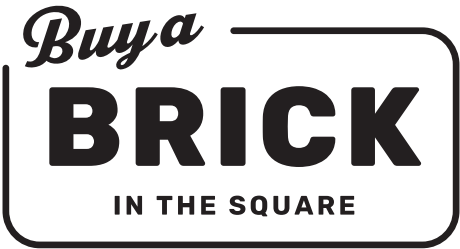
Traditional

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 We are trav' - ling in the foot- steps of those who've  
 7 G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>  
 gone be - fore and we'll all be re - u - nit - ed  
 13 F C<sup>7</sup> F F  
 on a new and sun - lit shore oh when the saints  
 19 F C  
 go march - ing in oh when the saints go march - ing in  
 25 C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>  
 oh Lord I want to be in that num - ber  
 29 B<sup>b</sup>m F Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 when the saints go march - ing in!



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# YELLOW SUBMARINE

**Music & Lyrics By John Lennon & Paul McCartney (1966)**

In the town where I was born,  
Lived a man who sailed to sea,  
And he told us of his life,  
In the land of submarines.  
So we sailed on to the sun,  
Till we found a sea of green,  
And we lived beneath the waves,  
In our yellow submarine.

We all live in a yellow submarine,  
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine. (2x)

And our friends are all aboard,  
Many more of them live next door,  
And the band begins to play...  
We all live in a yellow submarine ...

We all live in a yellow submarine ...

As we live a life of ease  
Every one of us has all we need  
Sky of blue and sea of green  
In our yellow submarine



# Yellow Submarine

Words and Music by  
JOHN LENNON  
& PAUL MCCARTNEY

March Tempo

Chord diagrams: G, D, C, G, Em, Am, Cmaj7, D, G

In the town \_\_\_\_\_ where I was born lived a man \_\_\_\_\_ who sailed to sea. And he

told \_\_\_\_\_ us of his life in the land \_\_\_\_\_ of sub - ma - rines. So we

sailed \_\_\_\_\_ up to the sun till we found \_\_\_\_\_ the sea of green. And we

lived \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath the waves in our yel - low sub - ma - rine.

*mf*



CHORUS

*G* *p* *G*

We all live in a yel-low sub-ma-rine, yel-low sub-ma-rine, yel-low sub-ma-rine.

*f*

*p* *G*

We all live in a yel-low sub-ma-rine, yel-low sub-ma-rine, yel-low sub-ma-rine And our As we

*mf*

*D* *C* *G* *Em* *Am* *Cma7* *D* *G*

friends are all on board, man-y more of them live next door, And the  
live a life of ease ev-ry one of us has all we need, Sky of

*D* *C* *G* *Em* *Am7* *D7* *G*

band begins to play.  
blue and sea of

*Solo* *f*

*G* *Em* *Am* *Cma7* *D7*

2. green in our yel-low sub-ma-rine.

*Repeat Chorus from the D.S. and fade*



# YMCA

**By Henri Belolo, Jacques Morali & Victor Edward Willis**

Young man, there's no need to feel down  
I said, young man, pick yourself off the ground  
I said, young man, 'cause you're in a new town  
There's no need to be unhappy  
Young man, there's a place you can go  
I said, young man, when you're short on your dough  
You can stay there, and I'm sure you will find  
Many ways to have a good time

It's fun to stay at the YMCA, It's fun to stay at the YMCA  
They have everything for you men to enjoy  
You can hang out with all the boys  
It's fun to stay at the YMCA, It's fun to stay at the YMCA  
You can get yourself clean, you can have a good meal  
You can do whatever you feel

Young man, are you listening to me?  
I said, young man, what do you want to be?  
I said, young man, you can make real your dreams  
But you got to know this one thing  
No man does it all by himself  
I said, young man, put your pride on the shelf  
And just go there, to the YMCA  
I'm sure they can help you today  
It's fun to stay at the YMCA ...

Young man, I was once in your shoes  
I said, I was down and out with the blues  
I felt no man cared if I were alive  
I felt the whole world was so tight  
That's when someone came up to me  
And said, young man, take a walk up the street  
There's a place there called the YMCA  
They can start you back on your way  
It's fun to stay at the YMCA



# Y.M.C.A.

By Jacques Morali and Victor Willis, 1978

Gm<sup>7</sup>/C

6 F Dm

10 B<sup>b</sup> C B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup>

14 1. Gm/B<sup>b</sup> F/G C/G 2. Gm/B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

19 Dm Gm Gm/F<sup>#</sup>

23 Gm/F Gm<sup>7</sup>/C F

27 Dm Gm Gm/F<sup>#</sup>

31 Gm<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup>/C C<sup>7</sup> F

36 Dm Gm Gm/F<sup>#</sup>

40 Gm/F Gm<sup>7</sup>/C

Young man there's no need to feel down I said young man pick your  
self off the ground I said young man 'cause you're in a new town there's no need to be  
un - hap - py a good time it's fun to stay at the Y M C A  
it's fun to stay at the Y M C A they have e-ver-y - thing for young  
men to en - joy\_ you can hang out with all the boys it's fun to stay at the Y M C A  
it's fun to stay at the Y M C A you can get your-self clean you can  
have a good meal you can do what-e-ver-you feel Y M C A  
it's fun to stay at the y M C A they have e-ver-y - thing for young  
men to en - joy\_ you can hang out with all the boys







# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

**Music & Lyrics By Paul Rice (1939)**

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping  
I dreamed I held you in my arms  
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken  
So I hung down my head and I cried

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you & make you happy  
If you will only say the same  
But if you leave me and love another  
You'll regret it all some day ... you are my...

You told me once, dear, you really loved me  
And no one else could come between  
But now you've left me & love another;  
You have shattered all of my dreams ...

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to leave me  
When I awake my poor heart pains  
So when you come back and make me happy  
I'll forgive you dear, I'll take all the blame



# You Are My Sunshine

JIMMIE DAVIS  
and  
CHARLES MITCHELL

Moderato



Voice

The oth - er night dear \_\_\_\_\_ as I lay sleep - ing \_\_\_\_\_ I dreamed I  
I'll al - ways love you \_\_\_\_\_ and make you hap - py \_\_\_\_\_ If you will  
You told me once dear \_\_\_\_\_ you real - ly loved me \_\_\_\_\_ And no one

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of five measures. The right hand plays chords: F major (F-A-C), F major (F-A-C), F major (F-A-C), F major (F-A-C), and F major (F-A-C). The left hand plays a simple bass line: F (F), A (A), C (C), F (F), and A (A).

held you in my arms \_\_\_\_\_ When I a - woke dear \_\_\_\_\_ I was mis -  
on - ly say the same \_\_\_\_\_ But if you leave me \_\_\_\_\_ to love an -  
else could come be - tween \_\_\_\_\_ But now you've left me \_\_\_\_\_ and love an -

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of five measures. The right hand plays chords: Bb major (Bb-D-F), F major (F-A-C), F major (F-A-C), Bb major (Bb-D-F), and Bb major (Bb-D-F). The left hand plays a simple bass line: F (F), A (A), C (C), F (F), and A (A).



tak - en and I hung my head and cried:  
 oth - er you'll re - gret it all some day:  
 oth - er you have what - tered all my dreams:

**Chorus**  

 YOU ARE MY SUN - SHINE — my on - ly sun - shine — you make me hap - py —

— when skies are gray — You'll nev - er know dear — how much I love you — Please don't

take my sun - shine a - way. 2. I'll al - ways way.  
 3. You told me

*rit.*





# SINGIN' IN THE SQUARE

PRESENTED BY

**SHED•RAIN**



This songbook has been curated by  
Thomas M. Lauderdale for the  
6th Annual Singin' in The Square  
with China Forbes and members of Pink Martini.  
July 20, 2025