

It see—ms to me I've heard that song be-fore;

It's from an old fa-mi-liar sco-re;

I know it well that me-lo-dy—

It's funny how a theme,

Recalls a fa-vou-rite dream,

A dream that brought you so clo-se to me—.

I know each wo-rd

because I've heard that song before;

The lyrics said “for-e-ver more”,

Forever more's a memory.

Please have them play it again,

(1st) And I'll remember just when

I heard that lovely song before. (repeat)

(2nd) And I'll remember just when

I heard that lovely

Old fashioned harmony,

Marvelous melody,

Wonderful, wonderful song!

In Flanders fields— the poppies blow  
Between the cro—sses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks still bra—vely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields, In Flanders fields.

Take up our qua—rrel with the foe:  
To you from fai—ling hands we throw the torch;  
Be— yours— to hold it high.  
If ye break faith— with us who die  
We shall not sleep— though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields. In Flanders fields.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'  
Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
write and let me know",  
"If I make mistakes in spelling Molly dear" said he,  
"Remember it's the pen that's bad,  
don't lay the blame on me".

**It's a long way to Tipperary,**

**It's a long way to go.**

**It's a long way to Tipperary,**

**To the sweetest girl I know.**

**Goodbye Picadilly, Farewell Leicester Square**

**It's a long, long way to Tipperary,**

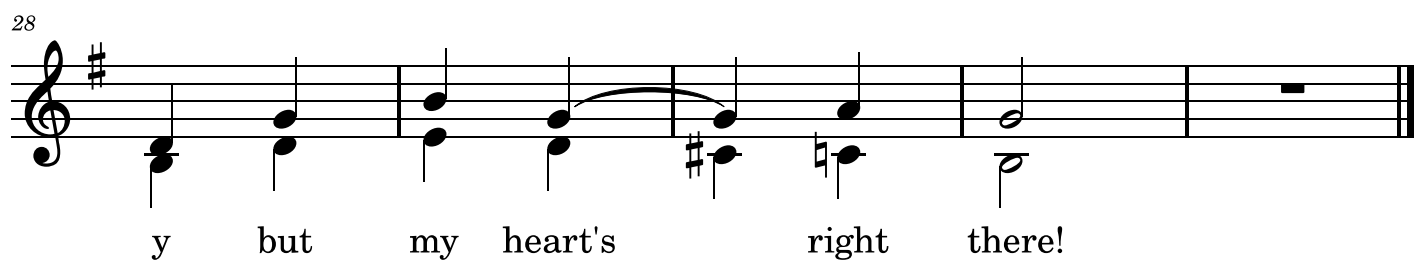
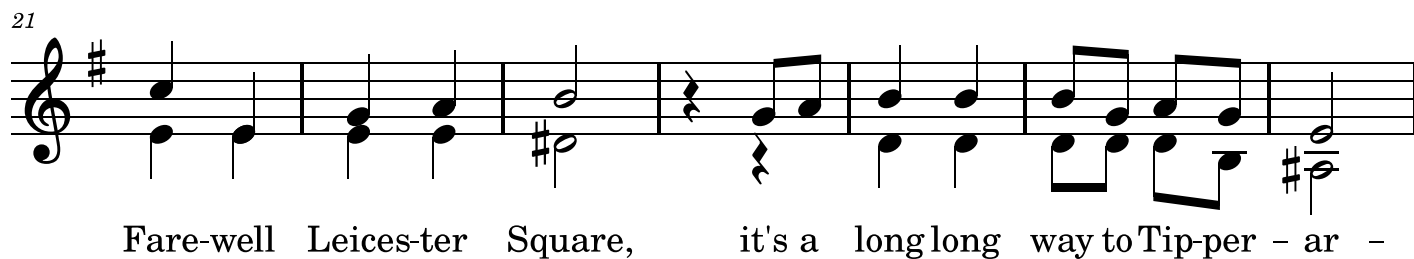
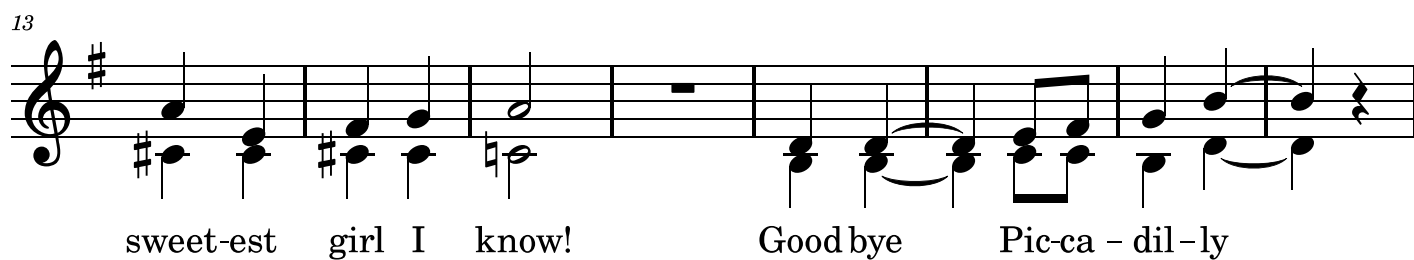
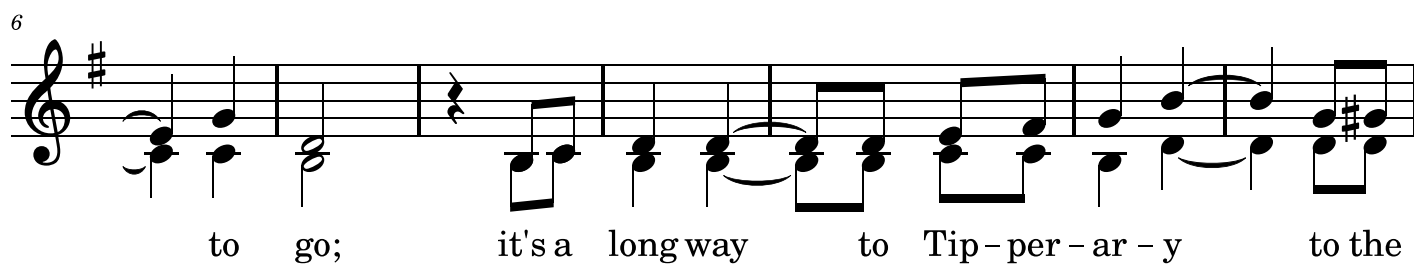
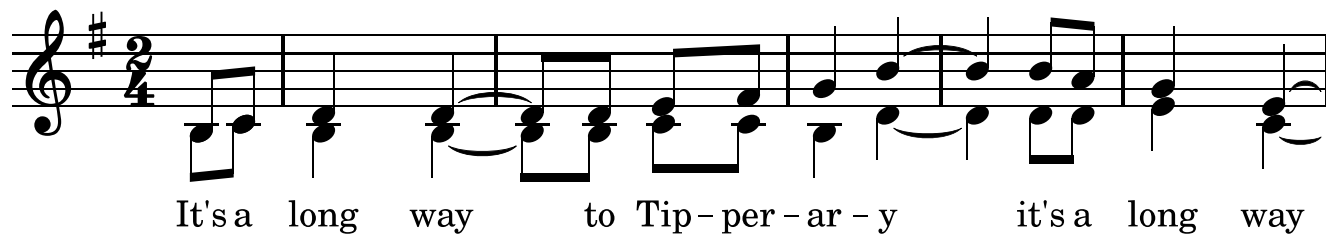
**But my heart's right there.**

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',  
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so,  
Leave the Strand and Picadilly, or you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly  
hoping you're the same!

**It's a long way...**

# It's a long way to Tipperary

Jack Judge & Harry Williams



They were summoned from the hillside,  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the Country found them ready  
at the stirring call for men –  
Let no tears add to their hardship,  
as the soldiers pass along,  
and although your heart is breaking make it sing—  
this— chee—ry song—

**Keep the home fires burning  
While your hearts are yearning  
Though your lads are far away they dream of home.  
There's a silver lining  
through the dark clouds shining  
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come  
home.**

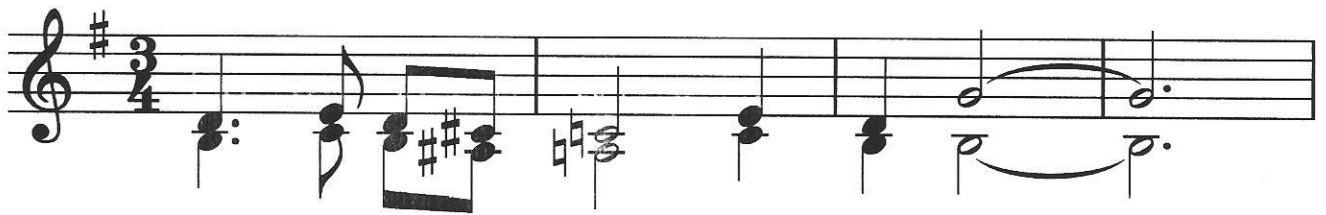
Overseas there came a pleading,  
“Help a nation in distress”  
And we gave our glorious laddies,  
honour bade us do no less.  
For no gallant Son of Freedom  
to a tyrant's yoke should bend,  
And a noble heart must answer  
to the sacred call of friend.

**Keep the home fires burning...**

# I'm forever blowing bubbles

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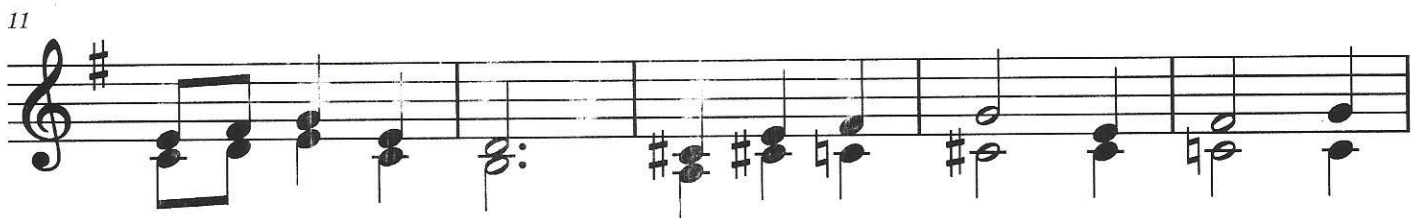
Jaan Kenbrovin and John William Kellette



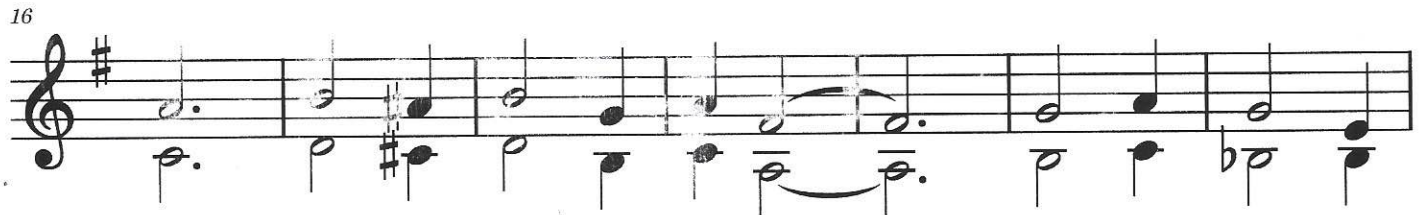
I'm for-ev - er blow - ing bub - bles



Pre - tty bub - bles in the air They fly so high



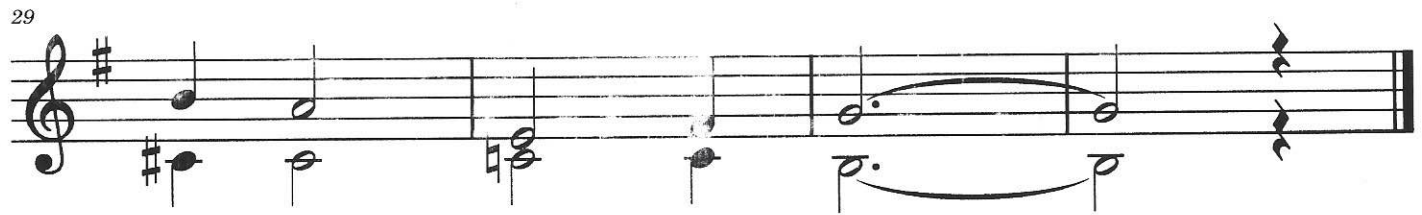
Near-ly reach the sky Then like my dreams they fade and



die For-tune's al - ways hid-ing I've looked ev - ry -



where I'm for-e - ver blow - ing bub - bles Pret - ty



bub - bles in the air

The front page of your paper is bound to make you sad  
Especially if you're the worrying sort.

So turn the front page over where news is not so bad,  
There's consolation in the weather report.

**It's a lovely day tomorrow**

**Tomorrow is a lovely day.**

**Come and feast your tear-dimmed eyes**

**On tomorrow's clear blue skies.**

**If today your heart is weary,**

**If ev'ry little thing looks gray,**

**Just forget your troubles and learn to say,**

**Tomorrow is a lovely day.**

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,  
Darling I remember the way you used to wait,  
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly  
That you loved me, you'd always be,

**My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene**

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,  
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart,  
And there 'neath that far off lantern light,  
I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss "Goodnight"

**My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene**

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,  
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear,  
I knew you were waiting in the street,  
I heard your feet but could not meet,

**My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene**

Resting in a billet just behind the line  
Even tho' we're parted you lips are close to mine,  
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,  
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams

**My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene**

We'll meet again,  
don't know where, don't know when  
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.  
Keep smiling through  
just like you always do  
'Til the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.

So will you please say hello  
to the folks that I know  
Tell them I won't be long.  
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go  
I was singing this song.

We'll meet again,  
don't know where, don't know when  
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

(repeat all)

I'll never forget the people I met  
braving those angry skies.  
I remember well as the shadows fell,  
The light of hope in their eyes.  
And tho' I'm far away I still can hear them say:  
Thumbs up! For when the dawn comes up.

**There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover  
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.  
There'll be love and laughter And peace ever after  
Tomorrow, when the world is free.  
The shepherd will tend his sheep,  
The valley will bloom again,  
And Jimmy will go to sleep  
In his own little room again.  
There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover  
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.**

**You'd be so – nice to come home to  
You'd be so – nice by the fire.  
While the breeze on high sang a lullaby  
You'd be all that I could desire  
Under stars chilled by the winter  
Under an August moon burning above,  
You'd be so nice, You'd be paradise,  
to come home to and love.**

I know a ditty, nutty as a fruitcake,  
Goofy as a goon and silly as a loon,  
Some call it pretty, others call it crazy  
But they all sing this tune:

Mairzy doats and dozy doats  
and liddle lamzy divey  
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?  
Yes! Mairzy doats and dozy doats  
and liddle lamzy divey  
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

If the words sound queer and funny to your ear,  
a little bit jumbled and jivey  
Sing "Mares eat oats and does eat oats  
and little lambs eat ivy"  
Oh! Mairzy doats and dozy doats  
and liddle lamzy divey  
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you-oo?  
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

**\*Would you like to swing on a star, Carry moonbeams home in a jar, And be better off than you are, Or would you rather be a mule?**

A mule is an animal with long funny ears, He kicks up at anything he hears, His back is brawny and his brain is weak, He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak, And by the way, if you hate to go to school, You may grow up to be a mule.

**\*Or would you like to swing on a star... pig!**

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face, His shoes are a terrible disgrace. He's got no manners when he eats his food, He's fat and lazy and extremely rude, But if you don't care a feather or a fig, You may grow up to be a pig!

**\*Or would you like to swing on a star... fish!**

A fish won't do anything but swim in a brook, He can't write his name or read a book, To fool the people is his only thought, and though he's slippery he still gets caught, But then if that sort of life is what you wish, You may grow up to be a fish.

**And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo, Ev'ry day you meet quite a few, So you see it's all up to you. You can be better than you are, You could be swinging on a star.**

If I can help somebody, as I pass along  
If I can cheer somebody, with a word or song  
If I can show somebody he is trav'ling wrong  
Then my living shall not be in vain.

**Then my living shall not be in vain  
Then my living shall not be in vain;  
If I can help somebody, as I pass along,  
Then my living shall not be in vain.**

If I can do my duty as a good man ought,  
If I can bring back beauty to a world up wrought,  
If I can spread love's message that the Master taught,  
Then my living shall not be in vain.

**Then my living shall not be in vain  
Then my living shall not be in vain;  
If I can help somebody, as I pass along,  
Then my living shall not be in vain.**

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.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,  
We shall overcome some day.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome some day.

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,  
We are not afraid today.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome some day.

We shall stand together, we shall stand together,  
We shall stand together now.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome some day.

We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace,  
We shall live in peace some day.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome some day.

**Come join** with me in the Circle of Song

The young and the old, the weak and the strong,  
Singing with one voice, tho we may speak diff'rent tongues  
In the Circle of Song, we are one.

Some sing of the past, of battles lost and won,  
Some sing of their dreams, of a new day in the sun,  
Some sing out for love, and some just sing for fun,  
In the Circle of Song, we are one. **Come join...**

Some sing of this land, the country of their birth,  
Some sing of this land, of the beauty of the earth,  
Some sing of this land, for all that it is worth,  
In the Circle of Song, we are one.

Viens avec moi dans ce cercle d'amis,  
Où jeunes et moins jeunes, où grands et petits,  
Chantent d'une seule voix à travers leurs différences,  
Dans ce cercle d'amis, tous unis.

Each of us must leave this place and go back to our home,  
Each of us must walk a path that must be walked alone,  
And each of us will bear the fruit of the seeds that we have  
sown, In the Circle of Song, we are one. **Come join...**

# Circle of Song

Tony Turner

$\text{♩} = 80$

Voice 1

Join in the cir - cle of, cir - cle of so - ng

Voice 2

Come join with me in the cir - cle of song the young and the old the

Vo. 1

weak and the strong sing-ing with one voice though we may speak diff-erent tongues in the

Vo. 2

weak and the strong sing-ing with one voice though we may speak diff-erent tongues in the

Vo. 1

1. 2.

cir - cle of song we are one, one, in the cir - cle of song we are one.

Vo. 2

cir - cle of song we are one, one, in the cir - cle of song we are one.