

# Children and Rounds

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# Ain't No Bugs on Me

traditional

Oh there ain't no bugs on me  
There ain't no bugs on me  
There may be bugs on some of you mugs  
But there ain't no bugs on me

Well, the Juney bug comes in the month of June  
The lightning bug comes in May  
Bed bug comes just any old time  
But, they're not going to stay

Well, a bull frog sittin' on a lily pad  
Looking up at the sky  
The lily pad broke and the frog fell in  
He got water all in his eye...ball

Mosquito he fly high  
Mosquito he fly low  
If old mosquito lands on me  
He ain't a gonna fly no mo'

A peanut sittin' on a railroad track  
His heart was all a flutter  
Along come a choo-choo on the track  
Toot! Toot! Peanut butter!

Well little bugs have littler bugs  
Up on their backs to bite 'em  
And the littler bugs have still littler bugs  
And so ad infinitum

# All Through the Night

traditional Welsh lullaby

*G* *Em* *A* *D*  
Sleep my child and peace attend thee,  
*C D* *G* *G*  
All through the night  
*G* *Em* *A* *D*  
Guardian angels God will send thee,  
*C D* *G* *G*  
All through the night

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
Soft the drow sy hours are creep ing  
*Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am A7 D7*  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,  
*G Em A D*  
I my loving vigil keeping  
*C D G G* *G Em A D C D G G*  
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping  
All through the night  
While the weary world is sleeping  
All through the night

O'er they spirit gently stealing  
Visions of delight revealing  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling  
All through the night.

Angels watching ever round thee  
All through the night  
In thy slumbers close surround thee  
All through the night

They will of all fears disarm thee,  
No forebodings should alarm thee,  
They will let no peril harm thee  
All through the night

# Alphabet Song

traditional

*A* *A* *D* *A*  
A B C D E F G

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
H I J K L M N O P  
*A* *D* *A* *E*

Q R S T U V  
*A* *D* *A* *E*  
W X Y and Z

*A* *A* *D* *A*  
Now I know my A-B-Cs.

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
Next time won't you sing with me

# Autumn To May

by Paul Stookey and Peter Yarrow (1962)

*C* *Bm* *C* *D*  
Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown.  
*C* *Bm* *C* *D*  
I taught him for to whistle, to sing and dance and run.  
*G* *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *G* *Em*  
His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide.  
*G* *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *C* *D*  
Around the world in half a day upon him I could ride.  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D* *Em* *C* *D* *D*  
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red.  
He'd lean upon a silver cane, top hat on his head.  
He'd speak of far-off places, of things to see and do,  
And all the kings and queens he'd met while sailing in a shoe.  
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather.  
I'd keep them in a music box from wind or rainy weather.  
And every day the sun would shine they'd fly all through the town  
To bring me back some golden rings, candy by the pound.  
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail.  
She sat upon an oyster shell and hatched me out a snail.  
The snail it turned into a bird, the bird to butterfly,  
And he who tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie.  
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

# Babylon

by Phillip Hayes (1786)

$Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   $F$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 By the waters, the waters of Ba by lon  
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   $F$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 We lay down and wept, and wept, for thee Zi on  
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   $F$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 And we re mem ber, thee remember, thee remember thee, Zi on

By the wa - ters, the wa - ters of Ba - by - lon, We sat down and

wept, and wept, for thee Zi - on. We re-mem-ber, We re-mem-ber, We re-mem-ber

thee Zi - on.

3-part round Jewish

1 By - the wa - ters, the wa - ters of Ba - by-lon

2 We sat down and wept, and wept, for thee, Zi-on, and

3 We re - mem-ber, we re - mem - ber, we re - mem-ber thee, Zi-on.

# Ballad of Davy Crockett

words by Tom Blackburn and music  
by George Burns (1954)

*F* *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Born on a mountain top in Tennessee,  
*F* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Greenest state in the land of the free.  
*F* *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Raised in the woods so he knew every tree  
*C* *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Kilt him a "bar" when he was only three.  
*F* *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7* *F*  
Davey, Davey Crockett, king of the wild frontier.

Fought single handed through the Indian war,  
Till' the Creeks were whipped and peace was in store,  
While he was handling this risky chore,  
made himself a legend forever more.  
Davey, Davey Crockett, the man who don't know fear.

He went off to Congress and served a spell,  
fixin' up the government and laws as well,  
he took over Washington so I hear tell  
and patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell.  
Davey, Davey Crockett, seeing his duty clear.

When he come home, his politickin' done,  
why the westward march had just begun,  
so he packed his gear and his trusty gun  
and lit out a grinnin' to follow the sun.  
Davey, Davey Crockett, a leadin' a pioneer.

He heard of Houston and Austin and so,  
to the Texas plains he just had to go,  
their freedom was fightin' another foe  
and they needed him at the Alamo!  
Davey, Davey Crockett, king of the wild frontier.



# Bear Song traditional

*(A repeat after me song with a chorus sung in unison)*

The other day, (*the other day*). I saw a bear (*I saw a bear*)  
Out in the woods (*out in the woods*), away out there (*away out there*)

### Chorus

The other day I saw a bear, out in the woods away out there

I looked at him (*I looked at him*), He looked at me (*he looked at me*)  
I smiled at him (*I smiled at him*), He smiled at me (*he smiled at me*)

He said to me (*He said to me*). Why don't you run? (*Why don't you run?*)  
I see you ain't (I see you ain't), got any gun (*got any gun*)

And so I ran (*and so I ran*), away from there (*away from there*)  
But right behind (*but right behind*), came that bear (*came that bear*)

And then I saw (*and then I saw*), ahead of me (*ahead of me*)  
A great big tree (*a great big tree*), oh, mercy me (*oh mercy me*)

The lowest branch (*the lowest branch*), was 10 feet up (*was ten feet up*)  
I'd have to jump (*I'd have to jump*), and trust to luck (*and trust to luck*)

And so I jumped (*and so I jumped*), into the air (*into the air*)  
I missed that branch (*I missed that branch*), away up there (*away up there*)

Now don't you fret (*now don't you fret*), and don't you frown (*and don't you frown*)  
 "Cause I caught that branch (*'cause I caught that branch*), On the way back down  
 (on the way back down)

That's all there is (that's all there is), there ain't no more  
Unless I meet (unless I meet), that bear once more (that bear once more)

# Boa Constrictor

by Shel Silverstein (1974)

G            G                    D            D  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor  
D            D                    G            G  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor  
C            C                    G            G  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor  
D            D7 G            G  
and I don't like it very much  
D            D                    G                    G  
Oh no! Oh no! He swallowed my toe! He swallowed my toe!  
D            D                    G                    G  
Oh gee! Oh gee! He's up to my knee! He's up to my knee!  
D            D                    G                    G  
Oh fiddle! Oh fiddle! He's reached my middle! He's reached my middle!  
D            D                    G                    G  
Oh heck! Oh heck! He's up to my neck!. He's up to my neck!  
D            D                    G  
Oh dread! Oh dread! He's swallowed my (gulp!)

# Chim Chim Cher-ee

by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman (1963)

*Cm G7/A Cm6 G7 Cm G7-9 Cm6 G7*

*Cm G+ Cm7 F*  
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim chim chereee!

*Fm Cm D<sub>(2)</sub> D7-5<sub>(1)</sub> G7*  
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be.

*Cm G+ Cm7 F*  
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim chim cheroo!

*Fm Cm G7<sub>(2)</sub> G7+(1) Cm*  
Good luck will rub off when I shake 'ands with you,

*Fm Cm G7 Cm*  
Or blow me a kiss and that's lucky too.

Now as the ladder of life 'as been strung,  
you may think a sweep's on the bottom-most rung.  
Though I spends me time in the ashes and smoke,  
in this 'ole wide world there's no happier bloke.

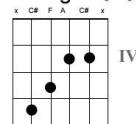
Up where the smoke is all billered and curled,  
'Tween pavement and stars, is the chimney sweep world.  
When there's 'ardly no day nor hardly no night,  
there's things'alf in shadow and 'alfway in light,  
On the rooftops of London, coo, what a sight!

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim chim chereee!  
When you're with a sweep you're in glad company.  
Nowhere is there a more 'appier crew  
Than them what sings "chim chim chereee, chim cheroo!"  
Chim chiminey chim chim, chereee chim cheeroo!

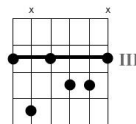
I choose me bristles with pride, yes, I do:  
A broom for the shaft and a brush for the flue.  
Tough I'm covered with soot from the 'ead to me toes,  
A sweep knows 'es welcome wherever he goes.

Up where the smoke is all billered and curled,  
'Tween pavement and stars, is the chimney sweep world.  
When there's hardly no day nor hardly no night,  
there's things half in shadow and halfway in light,  
On the rooftops of London, coo, what a sight!

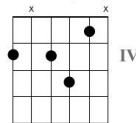
G aug Differenz Baug



G7/5+



D7b5 (G#7b5)



# Climb Every Mountain

music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein (from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gma7$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7$   
 Climb every mountain, search high and low,  
 $Fm6$   $C$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 follow every byway, every path you know.

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gma7$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7$   
 Climb every mountain, ford every stream,  
 $Fm6$   $C$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 follow every rainbow, till you find your dream! A

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 dream that will need all the love you can give, Ev'ry  
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $D7$   
 day of your life for as long as you live.

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dma7$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7$   
 Climb every mountain, ford every stream,  
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E+_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 follow every rainbow, till you find your dream!

# Cradle Song (Wiegenlied) by Johannes Brahms (Opus 49 #4, 1868)

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Näglein besteckt, schlüpf unter die Deck!  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt

Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum 's Paradies  
Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum 's Paradies  
Guten Abend, gute Nacht, von Englein bewacht  
Die zeigen im Traum, dir Christkindleins Baum

*A* *A*  
Lullaby and goodnight,  
*D* *A*  
With roses bedight,  
*E7* *E7*  
With lilies bespread,  
*E7* *A*  
Is baby's wee bed;  
*D* *A*  
Lay thee down now and rest,  
*D* *A*  
May thy slumber be blessed.  
*D* *A*  
Lay thee down now and rest,  
*D*<sub>(1)</sub> *A*<sub>(1)</sub> *E7*<sub>(1)</sub> *A*  
May thy slumber be blessed.

Lullaby and good night, thy mother's delight.  
Bright angels around, my darling, shall guard.  
They will guide thee from harm, thou art safe in my arms.  
They will guide thee from harm, thou art safe in my arms.

# Day Is Done

by Peter Yarrow (1969)

*A* Tell me why you're crying my son,  
*E* I know you're frightened like everyone?  
*F#m* Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
*C#m* Will it help if I stay very near?  
*A A* I am here.

*D A* And if you take my hand my son,  
*E A* All will be well when the day is done.  
*D A* And if you take my hand my son,  
*E A* All will be well when the day is done.  
*E E A A* Day is done, day is done,  
*E E A A* Day is done, day is done.

Do you ask why I'm sighing my son?  
You shall inherit what mankind has done.  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe,  
If you ask me why this is so,  
I really don't know.

Tell me why you're smiling my son.  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?  
Do you know more than men that are wise?  
Can you see what we all must disguise,  
Through your loving eyes?

# Dona, Nobis Pacem (Give Us Peace) traditional

*F* *C7* *F* *C7*  
Dona nobis pacem, pacem  
*Bb* *F* *C7* *F*  
Dona nobis pa cem

attributed to  
Palestrina 1525-1594

3-part round

1 Do - na no - bis, pa - cem, pa-cem, Do-na no - bis, pa - cem.

2 Do - na no - bis pa-cem, Do-na no-bis pa - cem.

3 Do - na no - bis, pa-cem, Do-na no-bis, pa - cem.

# Don't Go Down to the Quarry by Peter Yarrow (1981)

*G* Don't go down to the quarry in the *G* middle of the night,  
*Em* 'Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right.  
*Am* We lost Maggie there *Am* just last spring,  
*D* And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing. *D*

Big Ben Johnson made a bet with Mad Man Mike  
That he could cross the quarry in the middle of the night.  
He got there about half way across,  
He started sinking down in the red clay moss.

Nearby standing on the tracks where the trains used to come  
Was Mad Man Mike, beatin' on his drum,  
Laughing out loud, eyes rolling in his head,  
Standing on the tracks in Lucifer's stead.

With a long red cape and fire in his eyes,  
He lifted up his hands to the midnight skies,  
And the thunder start to roll, and the lightning flash wild,  
And Big Ben Johnson started crying like a child.

Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Down, down, down, down.

Then the earth gave a shudder and the quarry start to split,  
Screaming down on Johnson to the fiery pit.  
With a laugh that shivered the center of the bone,  
Mad Man Mike just standing there alone.

He's calling all the people to take their turn  
And fall into the pit and eternally burn.  
Down, down, don't don't go down,  
Down, down, down, down.

Lucifer's caught on the railroad track,  
He's howling at the moon, 'cause he can't come back.  
In the evening when we're sitting there in front of the fire,  
We laugh at old Lucifer before we retire.

Don't go down to the quarry in the middle of the night,  
'Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right.  
We lost Maggie there just last spring,  
And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing.



# Do-Re-Mi

music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein (from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

C C C C  
 Doe, a deer, a female deer  
 G7 G7 G9 G7  
 Ray, a drop of golden sun  
 C C C C  
 Me, a name I call myself  
 G9 G9 G9 G9  
 Far, a long long way to run  
 C C7 F F  
 Sew, a needle pulling thread  
 D7 D7 G G  
 La, a note to follow sew  
 E7 E7 Am C7  
 Tea, a drink with jam and bread. That will  
 F(½) Dm7(½) G7 C C  
 bring us back to do! Oh! Oh! Oh!

F(½) Dm7(½) G7 C C7 F Dm7(½) G7(½) C C  
 bring us back to do Do re mi fa so la ti do!

# Down by the Station traditional

*A* *E7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Down by the station early in the morning,  
*A* *E7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
See the little puffer bellies all in a row.  
*A* *E7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
See the station master turn the little handle  
*A* *E7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Chug chug, Toot toot, off we go

1 Down by the sta - tion, ear - ly in the morn - ing,

2 See the lit - tle puff - er bill - ies, all in a row.

3 See the sta - tion - mast - er turn the lit - tle han - dle,

4 Chug, chug, poof, poof, off they go!

# Edelweiss

music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein  
(from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

*A E7 A D*  
Edelweiss, edelweiss,  
*A F#m7 Bm7 E7*  
every morning you greet me.  
*A E7 A D*  
Small and white, clean and bright,  
*A D7 A A*  
you look happy to meet me.

*E7 E7 A A*  
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow,  
*D B7 E E7*  
bloom and grow forever.

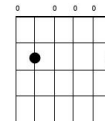
*A Em6 D Dm*  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss,  
*A E7 A A*  
bless my homeland forever.

# Favorite Things

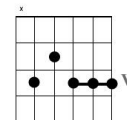
music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein (from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

*Em*                *Em9*                *Em*                *Em9*  
 Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,  
*Cma7*                *Cma7*                *Cma7*                *Cma7*  
 bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens,  
*Am7*                *D9*                *G*                *C*  
 brown paper packages tied up with string,  
*G*                *C*                *Am6*                *B7*  
 these are a few of my favorite things.

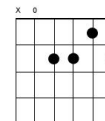
Em9



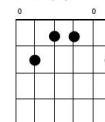
D9



Am6



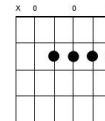
Ema9



*Em*                *Em9*                *Em*                *Em9*  
 Cream coloured ponies and crisp apple strudels,  
*Cma7*                *Cma7*                *Cma7*                *Cma7*  
 door bells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles,  
*Am7*                *D9*                *G*                *C*  
 wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,  
*G*                *C*                *Am6*                *B7*  
 these are a few of my favorite things.

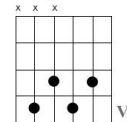
*E*   *E*   *E*                *Ema9*                *E*                *Ema9*  
 Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,  
*A*                *A6*                *A*                *A6*  
 snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,  
*Am7*                *D9*                *G*                *C*  
 silver white winters that melt into spring,  
*G*                *C*                *Am6*                *B7*  
 these are a few of my favorite things.

A6



*Em*                *Em*                *Am6*                *Am6(2)*   *B7(1)*  
 When the dog bites,    when the bee stings,  
*Em*                *Em*                *C*   *C*  
 when I'm feeling sad,  
*C*                *C*                *A7*                *A7*  
 I simply remember my favorite things,  
*G(1)*   *C(1)*   *G(1)*   *C(1)*   *G(1)*   *G(1)*   *D7b9*   *D7*   *G*   *G*   *D7*   *G*  
 and then I    don't feel,                                so    bad.

D7b9



# Five Little Ducks traditional

*A* *E*  
Five little ducks went out one day  
*E7* *A*  
Over the hill and far away  
*A* *E*  
Mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack, quack."  
*E7* *A*<sub>(¼)</sub> *E7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A*<sub>(½)</sub>  
But only four little ducks came back.

Four little ducks went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack, quack."  
But only three little ducks came back.

Three little ducks went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack, quack."  
But only two little ducks came back.

Two little ducks went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack, quack."  
But only one little duck came back.

One little duck went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack, quack."  
But none of the five little ducks came back.

Sad mother duck went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
The sad mother duck said: "Quack, quack, quack."  
And all of the five little ducks came back.

# For Baby, For Bobby

by John Denver (1972)

*D* *G* *D* *D7*  
I'll walk in the rain by your side,  
*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.  
*G* *A7* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*  
I'll do anything to help you un der stand,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A* *D* *D7*  
I'll love you more than anybody can.

*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
And the wind will whisper your name to me,  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Little birds will sing along in time.  
*G* *A7* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F#m*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*  
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D* *D*  
And morn ing bells will chime.

*D* *G* *D* *D7*  
I'll be there when you're feeling down,  
*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
To kiss away the tears that you cry.  
*G* *A7* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*  
I'll share with you all the happi ness I've found,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A* *D* *D7*  
A reflection of the love in your eyes.

*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow,  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Whisper of the joy that is mine.  
*G* *A7* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F#m*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*  
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D* *D*  
And morn ing bells will chime.

# Frère Jaques (Are You Sleeping?) traditional

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Frè re Jacques, Frè re Jacques  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Dor mez vous? Dor mez vous?  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Sonnez les ma tines. Sonnez les ma tines.  
 $C$   $G$   $C$   
 Din, Din, Don  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Din, Din, Don. Din, Din, Don.

The musical score is written for four staves in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for the first staff are: "Frè - re Jac - ques, Dor - mez - vous ? Son - nez les ma - ti - nes, Ding, daing, dong !". The second staff has the lyrics: "Frè - re Jac - ques, Dor - mez - vous ? Son - nez les ma - ti - nes,". The third staff has the lyrics: "Frè - re Jac - ques, Dor - mez - vous ?". The fourth staff has the lyrics: "Frè - re Jac - ques,". The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The word "etc." appears at the end of each staff.

# Go Tell Aunt Rhody traditional

*F*                *F*        *C7*                *F*  
Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,  
*F*                *F*                *Gm7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *C7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ )    *F*  
Go tell Aunt Rhody, that the old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been saving, the one she's been saving,  
The one she's been saving to make a featherbed.

She died in the millpond, she died in the millpond,  
She died in the millpond from standing on her head.

She left nine young goslings; she left nine young goslings;  
She left nine young goslings to scratch for their own bread.

Her goslings are mourning, crying and peeping,  
Her goslings are mourning, because their mammy's dead.

The old gander's weeping, the old gander's mourning,  
The old gander's weeping because his wife is dead.

The barnyard's a-weeping, the barnyard's a-weeping,  
The barnyard's a-weeping waiting to be fed.

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody, that the old grey goose is dead.



# Green Grass Grew All Around traditional

(A repeat-after-me song with an accumulating chorus)

There was a tree [repeat]  
All in the wood. [repeat]  
The prettiest tree [repeat]  
That you ever did see. [repeat]

The tree in the hole,  
And the hole in the ground,  
And the green grass grew all around, all around,  
And the green grass grew all around.

And on that tree [repeat]  
There was a limb. [repeat]  
The prettiest limb [repeat]  
That you ever did see [repeat]  
The limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole  
And the hole in the ground  
And the green grass grew all around, all around,  
And the green grass grew all around.

And on that limb [repeat]  
There was a branch [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And on that branch [repeat]  
There was a nest [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And in that nest [repeat]  
There was an egg [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And in that egg [repeat]  
There was a bird [repeat]...(etc.)

.....

And on that bird [repeat]  
There was a wing [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And on that wing [repeat]  
There was a feather [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And on that feather [repeat]  
There was a bug [repeat]...(etc.)

.....  
And on that bug [repeat]  
There was a germ [repeat]...(etc.)

.....

# Happy Birthday

music by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Tom Chapin (1989)

*F F F F C7 F C7 C7*  
 Happy birthday, Happy Birthday, We love you.  
*C7 C7 C7 C7 F C7 F F*  
 Happy birthday and may all your dreams come true.  
*Bb C7 F Dm Gm Gm6 A7 A7*  
 When you blow out the candles, one light stays aglow.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F F*  
 It's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F<sub>(hold)</sub>*  
 Yes, it's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.

## Happy Birthday by Tom Chapin (1989)

D G D  
 Ha- py birth- day Ha- py birth- day We, love

A7  
 you--- Ha- py birth- day and may all your

D G D D7 G A D  
 dreams come true----- When you blow out the can-

Bm Em A7 F# Em A7  
 dles, one will sta- -ay a- glow--- It's the love light

D Bm G A7 D  
 in your eyes where- 'ere you--- go-----

# Hey Ho traditional

*Em Bm Em Bm*  
Hey ho, nobody home,  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
meat nor drink nor money have I none  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
Yet shall we be merry,  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
hey ho, nobody home.

3 or 6-part round Pammelia 1609

1 Heigh, ho, no - bo - dy home,

2 Meat nor drink nor mon-ey have I none,

3 Still will I be mer - ry,

# Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack

by Joe Livingston and Ray Evans (1961)

$C(\frac{1}{2})$   $F(\frac{1}{4})$   $G(\frac{1}{4})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $F(\frac{1}{4})$   $G(\frac{1}{4})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $F(\frac{1}{4})$   $G(\frac{1}{4})$   $C$   
 There once was a ti ger, tiny little ti ger, playing with his ti ger toys  
 $D7$   $D7$   $D7$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   $G7(\frac{1}{2})$   
 But his nursemaid made him so afraid, he didn't dare make a noise  
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $F(\frac{1}{4})$   $G(\frac{1}{4})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $F(\frac{1}{4})$   $G(\frac{1}{4})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $C7(\frac{1}{2})$   $F$   
 What happened to the ti ger, tiny little ti ger, who never learned to roar?  
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $Dm7(\frac{1}{2})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $Dm7(\frac{1}{2})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $G7(\frac{1}{2})$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $C7(\frac{1}{2})$   
 He's just a mat, stretched out flat, on somebody's bedroom floor. What we're sayin' is

$F$   $F$   $C$   $C$   
 "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little tigers lose their knack  
 $G$   $C$   $F$   $Am7$   $F(\frac{1}{2})$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through child ren's  
 $C$   $F(\frac{1}{2})$   $G7(\frac{1}{2})$   $C$   $F(\frac{1}{2})$   $G7(\frac{1}{2})$   
 eyes"

There once was a beagle, happy little beagle, following his tail around  
 But his mother said, go straight to bed, and don't make a single sound  
 What happened to the beagle, happy little beagle, who never learned to bay?  
 Some burglars came, and to his shame, he turned tail and ran away

What we're saying is "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little beagles lose their knack  
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through children's eyes"

There once was a bunny, fluffy little bunny, through the piney woods she'd roam  
 But her father cried, come back inside, a bunny belongs at home  
 What happened to the bunny, fluffy little bunny, who never learned to hop?  
 Because the bunny, couldn't hop, she hangs in a butcher shop . What we're saying is

"Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little bunnies lose their knack  
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through children's eyes"

$F$   $F6$   $F$   $F6$   
 Don't do this don't do that you might as well just be a statue, that's how  
 $F$   $F6$   $F6$   $F$   
 children lose their spark. But if  
 $C$   $C6$   $C$   $C6$   
 grown ups would take part in things, that children have their heart in, you'd  
 $C$   $C6$   $C$   $C$   
 never end up hiding in the dark What we're say is

$F$   $F$   $C$   $C$   
 "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little tigers lose their knack  
 $G$   $C$   $Am7$   $F(\frac{1}{2})$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   $C$   $C$   
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through child ren's eyes

# Hush-A-By (All the Pretty Little Horses)

traditional (3/4 time)

*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
*G E7 Am Am*  
go to sleep you little ba by.  
*Am Am Dm Dm*  
When you wake you shall have  
*G E7 Am Am*  
all the pretty little hors es.

*C C Am Am*  
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays,  
*G E Am Am*  
all the pretty little hors es.

*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Way down yonder, in the meadow,  
*G E Am Am*  
Poor little baby cryin, "ma ma";  
*Am7 Am Dm Dm*  
Birds and the butterflies flutter round his eyes,  
*G E Am Am*  
Poor little baby cryin' "mama".

*C C Am Am*  
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays,  
*G E Am Am*  
all the pretty little hors es.

*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
*G E7 Am Am*  
go to sleep you little ba by.  
*Am Am Dm Dm*  
When you wake you shall have  
*G E7 Am Am*  
all the pretty little hors es.

# Hush Little Baby

traditional, also Mocking Bird Song or Southern lullaby)

C            C        G                    G  
 Hush little baby don't you say a word  
 G                    G            C            C  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird  
       C        C            G            G  
 And if that mockingbird don't sing  
 G                    G            C            C  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a diamond ring

And if that diamond ring is brass  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a looking glass  
 And if that looking glass is broke  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a billy goat

And if that billy goat won't pull  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a cart and bull  
 And if that cart and bull fall over

Poppa's gonna buy you a dog named  
 Rover

and if that dog named Rover won't bark  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a horse and cart  
 and if that horse and cart fall down  
 you'll still be the sweetest little baby in  
 town

C            C        G                    G  
 Hush little baby don't say a word  
 G                    G            C            C  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

*MOUNTAIN chords*

C            Am7            Dm7            Dm7  
 Hush little baby            don't say a word  
 G                    G7            C            C  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

*FOLK chords*

Cma7        C#dim7        Dm7            Dm7  
 Hush little baby            don't say a word  
 G9                    G9+6        Cma7        Cma7  
 Poppa's gonna buy you a mocking bird

*JAZZ chords*

*I—V progression or I—VIm—IIIm—V7 progression*

# If You're Happy and You Know It traditional

$F$   $C$   
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands (clap clap). If you're  
 $C7$   $F$   
happy and you know it, clap your hands (clap clap). If you're  
 $F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it, if you're  
 $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands. (clap clap)

If you're happy and you know it, stomp your feet (stomp stomp)

If you're happy and you know it, give a whistle (whistle, whistle)

If you're happy and you know it, slap your knee (slap. slap)

If you're happy and you know it, jump and shout "Hurrah!" (hoo-ray!)

If you're happy and you know it, do all five  
(clap-clap, stomp-stomp, whistle,whistle, slap-slap, hoo-ray!)  
If you're happy and you know it, do all five  
(clap-clap, stomp-stomp, whistle, whistle, slap-slap, hoo-ray!)  
If you're happy and you know it, then your face will really show it  
If you're happy and you know it, do all five  
(clap-clap, stomp-stomp, whistle,whistle, slap-slap, hoo-ray!)

If you're happy and you know it snap your fingers

If you're happy and you know it show your teeth (smile)

If you're happy and you know it touch a friend

If you're friendly and you know it wave hello

If you're happy and you know it shout Amen!

# I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog by Les Braunstein

(1963)

*A* *A*  
I'm in love with a big blue frog,  
*A* *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
a big blue frog loves me.  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *Adim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
It's not as bad as it appears,  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
he wears glasses and he's six foot three.

I'm not worried about our kids,  
I know they'll turn out neat.  
They'll be great lookers 'cause they'll have my face,  
great swimmers 'cause they'll have his feet.

I'm in love with a big blue frog  
a big blue frog loves me.,  
He's not as bad as he appears,  
he's got rhythm and a Ph. D.

Well, I know we can make things work,  
he's got good family sense.  
His mother was a frog from Philadelphia,  
his Daddy, an enchanted prince.

The neighbors are against it and it's clear to me,  
and it's probably clear to you.  
They think value on their property will go right down,  
if the family next door is blue.

*A* *A*  
I'm in love with a big blue frog,  
*A* *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
a big blue frog loves me.  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *Adim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
I've got it tattooed on my chest,  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *F#<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
It says P-H-R-O-G, it's frog to me,  
*B7* *E7* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *Adim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
P – H – R – O – G



# I'm Popeye the Sailor Man

by Sammy Lerner (1934)

*G* *G* *G* *G7*  
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man, (toot! toot!)  
*C* *C* *G* *G*  
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man (toot! toot!)  
*C* *Cdim* *G* *Em*  
I'm strong to the "finich" cuz I eat my spinach;  
*D7* *D7* *G* *G*  
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man (toot! toot!)

*Am7* *D7* *Bm7* *Em7*  
I'm one tough gazookus which hates all palookas  
*Am7* *D7* *Gma7* *Gma7*  
Wot ain't on the up and square.  
*Am7* *D7* *Bm7* *Em7*  
I "biffs 'em" and "buffs 'em" and always out roughs 'em  
*Am7* *D7* *G* *G*  
But none of 'em gets nowhere.

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
If anyone "dasses" to risk my "fisk",  
*G* *G7* *C* *E7*  
it's "biff" and it's "wham", "un'erstan?"  
*Am7* *D7* *Bm7* *Em7*  
So keep good "behayor", that's your one "lifesayer",  
*Am7* *D7* *G* *G*  
with Popeye the Sailor Man (toot! toot!)

# It's Raining

by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, and Len Chandler (1962)

*D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 It's raining, its pouring, The old man is snoring  
*D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D D7*  
 Bumped his head and he went to bed and he couldn't get up in the morning  
*G D Em D G D A A7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 Rain rain, go away, come again some other day.

*Spoken*  
*D Em7 D Em7*  
 Hey I got an idea . . . we could all play hide and go seek inside,  
*D Em7 D Em7*  
 Now everybody hide and I'll be it!

*Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am*  
 Star light, star bright, First star I see tonight,  
*Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 Wish I may, wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight. It's raining...

*D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 Five ten fifteen twenty twenty-five thirty thirty-five forty.

*Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am*  
 Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home.  
*Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7*  
 Your house is on fire, and your children, they will  
*D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 burn, (they will burn.) It's raining...

*D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 Forty-five fifty. fifty-five sixty sixty-five seventy. seventy-five eighty.

*Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am*  
 Won't be my father's Jack, no I won't be my mother's Jill,  
*Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7*  
 I'll be a fiddler's wife and fiddle when I will. (when I will) It's raining

*D Em7 D Em7*  
 Eighty-five, ninety. ninety-five, a hundred.  
*(spoken)* anyone round my base is it! ready or not, here I come! allee allee in free

# Jennifer's Rabbit by Tom Paxton (1967)

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(1)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
Jennifer slept in her little bed with dreams of a rabbit in her little head.

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(2)</sub>  
Jennifer's rabbit, brown and white, left the house and ran away one night

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *C*<sub>(1)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
Along with the turtle and a kangaroo and seventeen monkeys from the city zoo,

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
and Jennifer too.

*Gm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
They ran through the forest and they all held hands. They came to the ocean with the cookie  
crumb sands.

*Gm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(1)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
Called it the sea of the very best dreams, and they all built a castle of the best moon beams  
*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
and milky way streams.

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(2)</sub>  
And there on the sand where the star fish play, the ship sailed in from the moonbeam bay,

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(1)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
And they all went sailing on the starlight sea where they all had cookies with oolong tea,

*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
And Jenny had three.

They danced on the decks of the red-sailed brig; the monkeys and the sailors did a whirling jig.  
Turtle played the fiddle and the rabbit played kazoo, and they bowed to each other as polite folks  
do.  
And Jenny bowed too.

Then, "My!" said the turtle as the clock struck three, "The hour is growing very late for me."  
"Not at all," said the rabbit, "And I'll tell you why, We still haven't counted every star in the sky."  
Said Jenny, "Let's try."

So they counted on the ship and they counted on the shore; they counted through the forest to  
the bedroom door.  
They counted in bed till they could count no more, then they all fell asleep and the final score  
Was a trillion and four.

*Gm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(1)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>  
Yes, the rabbit and the turtle and the kangaroo, and Jenny fell asleep like sleepy folks do,  
*Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>                      *Dm*<sub>(2)</sub>      *Dm*<sub>(hold)</sub>  
Just like you.

# Jolly and Gay traditional

*F*                      *F*                      *Bb*                      *Bb*

Jolly and gay is the funny old clown  
Merriest fellow that comes to our town  
Everyone laughing wherever he goes  
Tumbling about in his comical clothes  
When I am old enough I'll be a clown

# Kookaburra traditional

C F C  
Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree.

C F C  
merry, merry king of the bush is he.

C F C  
Laugh, kookaburra, laugh kookaburra,

C F C  
Gay your life must be.

4-part round

Australian

1 Kook-a-bur-ra sits in the old gum tree,

2 Mer-ry, mer-ry king of the bush-es, he!

3 Laugh, kook-a-bur-ra, laugh, kook-a-bur-ra,

4 Gay your life must be!

# Kumbaya traditional

A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 C#m C#m (1/2) Bm (1/2) E E  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 D (1/2) A (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2) Bm (1/2) C#m (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2)  
 Oh, Lord, kumbaya

Someone's laughing, Lord  
 Someone's sleeping, Lord  
 Someone's singing, Lord  
 Someone's praying, Lord  
 Are you listening, Lord

Hear me crying, Lord, kum ba yah  
 Hear me singing, Lord, kum ba yah  
 Hear me praying, Lord, kum ba yah  
 Are you listening, Lord? kum ba yah  
 Oh I need you, Lord, kum ba yah

A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 C#m C#m (1/2) Bm (1/2) E E  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A  
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya  
 D (1/2) A (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2) Bm (1/2) C#m (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2)  
 Oh, Lord, kumbaya

# Lonely Goatherd

lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein and music by Richard Rodgers (from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

$F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 High on a hill was a lone ly goat herd  
 $C$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay ee o  
 $F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Loud was the voice of the lone ly goat herd  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay ee o

$F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Folks in a town that was quite remote heard  
 $C$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay-ee-o  
 $F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Lusty and clear from the goat herd's throat heard  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
 Layee odl, layee odloo

$C$   $F$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
 Oho lay dee odl lee-o, o ho laydee odl lay  
 $C$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C$   
 Oho laydee odl lee o, hodi odl lee o ay

A prince on the bridge of the castle moat heard  
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay-ee-o  
 Men on a road with a load to tote heard  
 Layee odl, layee odloo  
 Men in the midst of a table d'hôte heard  
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay-ee-o  
 Men drinkin' beer with the foam afloat heard  
 Layee odl, layee odloo

Layee odl, layee odloo

Happy are they, laylee o layee leeo  
 O layle o laylee lay-ee-o  
 Soon the duet will become a trio  
 Layee odl, layee odloo  
 Hodi layee, hodi layee, hodi layee  
 Ode layee odl lee-e odl lay

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard  
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay-ee-o  
 She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd  
 Layee odl, layee odloo  
 Soon her mama with a gleaming gloat heard  
 Layee odl, layee odl, lay-ee-o  
 What a duet for a girl and goatherd

# Lord Is Good to Me by Kim Gannon and Walte Kent (1940)

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Gm7b5_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F/C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fsus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$

$Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Aside from planting trees, Johnny Applee seed would pray  
 $F$   $Dm$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 And this is how he'd praise the lord come fair or rainy day

$G$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G6$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 The Lord is good to me and so I thank the Lord  
 $G$   $Gma7$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 For giving me the things I need, the sun and rain and an appleseed  
 $G6$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7$   
 Yes, He's been good to me

I owe the Lord so much for everything I see  
 I'm certain if it weren't for him there'd be no apples on this limb  
 $G6$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   
 Yes He's been good to me

$C$   $C$   $C$   $C$   
 Oh, here am I 'neath the blue, blue sky a-doin' as I please  
 $B7$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $B7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7$   $D7$   
 Singin' with my feathered friends, hummin' with the bees

I wake up every day as happy as can be  
 Because I know that with his care, my apple trees, they will still be there  
 Oh, the Lord is good to me



# Marvelous Little Toy

by Tom Paxton (1961)

*D* *A7* *D* *A7*  
When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy,  
*G* *D* *E7* *A7*  
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy.  
*D* *A7* *D* *G*  
A wonder to behold it was, with many colors bright,  
*G* *D* *E7* *A7*  
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

*D* *A*  
It went zip when it moved and pop when it stopped,  
*D* *G*  
Whir when it stood still,  
*G* *D* *A7* *D*  
I never knew just what it was, and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise,  
'Cause right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes.  
I first pushed one and then the other, then I twisted its lid,  
And when I put it down again, this is what it did.

It first marched left and then marched right, and then marched under a chair  
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there.  
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed 'cause he knew that I would find  
When I turned around my marvelous toy would be chugging from behind.

The years have gone by too quickly it seems, I have my own little boy,  
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy.  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal of glee.  
Neither one of us know just what it is, but he loves it just like me.  
It still goes

# Merry Old Land of Oz

music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by E.Y. Harburg (1938)

There's a garden spot, I'm told  
 Where it's never too hot and it's never too cold;  
 Where you're never too young and you're never too old,  
 Where you're never too thin or tall;  
     And you're never, never, never too, too, too anything at all.  
     Oh you're not too mad and you're not too sane  
     And you don't compare and you don't complain,  
     All you do is just sit tight, 'cause it's all so, so, so down right, right.

*C Cma7 Am7 G7 C Em7 F G7*  
 Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, And a couple of tra la las  
*C Am7 F Dm7 C Dm7(½) G7(½) C G*  
 That's how we laugh the day away, In the Merry Old Land of Oz!  
*C Cma7 Am7 G7 C Em7 F G7*  
 Bzz bzz bzz, Chirp chirp chirp And a couple of La di das  
*C Am7 F Dm7 C Dm7(½) G7(½) C Bb(½) C7(½)*  
 That's how the crickets crick all day, In the Merry Old Land of Oz! We get  
*F F Dm7 B5b5 Gm6 Gm6 C7 C7+*  
 Up at twelve and start to work at one. Take an  
*Dm7 Dm7 Dm6 Bb9 D7 D7b5 G7 G7(½)*  
 Hour for lunch and then at two we're done. Jolly good run!  
*C Cma7 Am7 G7 C Em7 F G7*  
 Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho and a couple of tra la las  
*C Am7 F Dm7 C Dm7(½) G7(½) C G*  
 That's how we laugh the day away, In the Merry Old Land of Oz!

Pat, pat here, Pat, pat there, and a couple of brand new straws.  
 That's how we keep you young and fair In the Merry Old Land of Oz!  
 Rub, rub here, Rub, rub there, Whether you're tin or brass  
 That's how we keep you in repair in the Merry Old Land of Oz!  
     We can make a dimple smile out of a frown.  
     Can you even dye my eyes to match my gown? Uh huh! Jolly Old town!  
     Clip, clip here, Clip, clip there, We give the roughest claws.  
     That certain air of savoir faire, In the Merry Old Land of Oz!  
 Ha ha ha Ho ho ho Ho ho ho ho  
 That's how we laugh the day away In the Merry Old Land of Oz!  
 Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho Ha ha ha ha ha  
 That's how we laugh the day away, In the Merry Old Land of Oz!

# Mickey Mouse Club March by Jimmy Dodd (1955)

*F* *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F* *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Mickey Mouse Club! Mickey Mouse Club!

*F* *F* *G7* *C7*  
Who's the leader of the club that's made for you and me?  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bbm*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
M I C K E Y M O U S E!

*F* *F* *G7* *C7*  
Hey, there! Hi, there! Ho, there! You're as welcome as can be!!!  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bbm*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
M I C K E Y M O U S E!  
*Bb* *Bb* *F* *F*  
Mickey Mouse (Donald Duck!) Mickey Mouse (Donald Duck!)  
*G* *G7* *C7* *C7*  
Forever let us hold our banner high (High! High! High!)

*F* *F* *G7* *C7*  
Come along and sing a song and join the jamboree!  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bbm*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
M I C K E Y M O U S E!  
*Bb* *Bb* *F* *F*  
Mickey Mouse (Donald Duck!) Mickey Mouse (Donald Duck!)  
*G* *G7* *C7* *C7*  
Forever let us hold our banner high (High! High! High!)

*F* *F* *G7* *C7*  
Now it's time to say goodbye to all our company  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *F7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
M I C (see ya real soon...)  
*Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bbm*<sub>(½)</sub>  
K E Y (Why? Because we like you!)  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*  
M O U S E!

# Miss Mary Mack

by Ella Jenkins (1966)

C

Miss Mary

F

Mack Mack Mack, All dressed in

C

black black black, with silver

G7

buttons buttons buttons, all down her

C

back back back. She asked her

F

mother mother mother , for fifteen

C

cents cents cents, to see the

G7

elephants elephants elephants, jump the

C

fence fence fence. They jumped so

F

high high high, they touched the

C

sky sky sky, and they never came

G7

back back back, 'til the fourth of

C

July ly ly

# More We Get Together traditional

*C*                      *C*                      *G7*                      *C*  
The more we get together, together, together,  
*C*                      *C*                      *G7*                      *C*  
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.  
*G7*                      *C*                                      *G7*                      *C*  
For your friends are my friends, and my friends are your friends.  
*C*                      *C*                      *G7*                      *C*  
The more we get together, the happier we'll be!

# My Dog's Bigger Than Your Dog by Tom Paxton

(1963)

*G* *G* *G* *D7*  
My dog's bigger than your dog, my dog's bigger than yours,

*G* *C*  
My dog's bigger and he chases mailmen,

*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*  
My dog's bigger than yours.

*C* *G* *D* *G*  
I'm not afraid of the dark any more, I can tie my shoe  
*C* *G* *D7* *G* *D7* *G*  
I've been to the country and I am goin' to school

My dog's better than your dog, my dog's better than yours,  
His name is King, and he had puppies,  
My dog's better than yours.

My dad's tougher than your dad, mMy dad's tougher than yours,  
My dad's tougher and he yells louder and  
My dad's tougher than yours.

My dad's louder than your dad, my dad's louder than yours,  
Momma buys a new dress, Daddy makes noises,  
My dad's louder than yours.

Our car's faster than your car, our car's faster than yours,  
It has a louder horn, it bumps other cars,  
Our car's faster than yours.

Our car's older than your car, our car's older than yours,  
It stops running and Daddy kicks the fenders,  
Our car's older than yours.

My Mom's older than your Mom, my Mom's older than yours,  
She takes smelly baths, she hides the gray hairs  
My Mom's older than yours.

My Mom's funnier than your Mom, my Mom's funnier than yours,  
Her hair is pretty and ilt changes colors,  
My Mom's funnier than yours.

# Peter Cottontail by Steve Nelson and Jack Rollins (1950)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Here comes Peter Cottontail hoppin' down the bunny trail  
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Hippity hoppity Easter's on its way  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Bringing every girl and boy, baskets full of Easter joy  
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Things to make your Easter bright and gay

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F+_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $C7$   
 He's got jelly beans for Tommy, colored eggs for sister Sue  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F+_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7\#5_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 There's an orchid for your Mommy and an Easter bonnet too. Oh!

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Here comes Peter Cottontail hoppin' down the bunny trail  
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Hippity hoppity happy Easter day

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F+_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $C7$   
 You'll wake up on Easter morning and you'll know that he was there  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F+_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7\#5_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 When you find those chocolate bunnies that he's hiding everywhere

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Here comes Peter Cottontail hoppin' down the bunny trail  
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Hippity hoppity Easter's on its way  
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
 Hippity hoppity happy Easter day

# Place in the Choir

by Bill Staines (1983)

<sup>G</sup> All God's critters got a place in the choir <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> Some sing low, some sing higher <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Some sing out loud on the telephone wire <sup>C(½)</sup> <sup>G(½)</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> And some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got, now .. <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Moans and groans with a big t'-do <sup>C(½)</sup> <sup>G(½)</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> And the old cow just goes moo <sup>G</sup>

The dogs and the cats, they take up the middle  
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
And the old coyote howls

Listen to the top where the little birds sing  
On the melody with the high notes ringing  
The hoot owl hollers over every-thing  
And the jay bird disa-grees

Singing in the night time, singing in the day  
The little duck quacks, then he's on his way  
The 'possum ain't got much to say  
And the porcupine talks to himself

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere  
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear  
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above  
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove



# Puff the Magic Dragon

by Peter Yarrow and Eric Lipton  
(1968)

*C* *Em* *F* *C*  
Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea And  
*Dm7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *D7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Hona lee  
*C* *Em* *F* *C*  
Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal Puff And  
*Dm7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *D7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *bG7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
brought her strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, Oh

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 whenever they came  
Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out her name

A dragon lives forever, but not so little girls  
Painted rings and giant rings made way for other pearls  
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,  
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly ceased her fearful roar

Her head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain  
Puff no longer went to roam, along the bounding main  
For without her lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,  
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into her cave

# Riddle Song

traditional

*D*                      *G*              *G*              *D*  
I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
*A*                      *D*                      *D*              *A*  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
*A*                      *D*                      *D*              *A*  
I told my love a story that had no end  
*G*                      *G*                      *G*              *D*  
I gave my love a baby with no cry ing.

*D*                                      *G*              *G*              *D*  
How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a story that has no end?  
How can there be a baby with no cry ing?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone  
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone  
The story of how I love you, it has no end  
A baby when it's sleeping, has no cry ing.

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
I told my love a story that had no end  
I gave my love a baby with no cry ing.

# Right Field

by Noel Stookey (1992)

*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
Saturday summers when I was a kid  
*C* *C/B* *Am7* *D7/F#*  
We'd run to the school yard and here's what we did  
*C* *D* *C* *D*  
We'd pick out the captain and we'd choose up the teams  
*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
It was always a measure of my self-esteem  
*C* *C* *Am7* *Am7*  
Cause the fastest, the strongest, played shortstop and first  
*Am7/G* *Am7/G* *D/F#* *D/F#*  
And the last ones they picked were the worst  
*F* *F* *F* *F*  
Oh I never needed to ask it was sealed, I just  
*D7* *D7* *G5* *G5*  
I just took up my place in right field

*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
Playing right field, it's easy you know  
*C* *C/B* *Am7* *Am7*  
You can be awkward, you can be slow, that's why  
*C* *D* *C* *D* *G* *C* *G* *G*  
I'm here in right field, just watching the dandelions grow

Playing right field can be lonely and dull  
Little leagues never have lefties that pull  
I dream of the day, they hit one my way  
They never did but still I would say  
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run  
And not lose the ball in the sun  
And then I'd awake from this long reverie  
And pray that the ball never came out to me

Off in the distance the game's dragging on  
There's strikes on the batter the runners are on  
I don't know the inning I've forgotten the score  
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for  
Then suddenly everyone's looking at me  
My mind has been wandering what could it be  
They point to the sky and I look up above  
And a baseball falls into my glove

Here in right field it's important you know  
You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw  
That's why I'm here in right field , just watching the dandelions grow

# Rock My Soul *traditional*

*To be sung as a three-part round*

*E* *E*  
Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
*B7* *B7*  
Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
*E* *E*  
Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham  
*B7* *E*  
Oh, Rock my soul!

*E* *E*  
So high, can't get over it,  
*B7* *B7*  
So low, can't get under it,  
*E* *E*  
So wide, can't get 'round it,  
*B7* *E*  
Oh, Rock my soul!

*E* *E*  
Rock my soul  
*B7* *B7*  
Rock my soul  
*E* *E*  
Rock my soul  
*B7* *E*  
Oh, Rock my soul!

# Row, Row, Row Your Boat traditional

Row, row, row your boat. Gently down the stream.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily. Life is but a dream.

1. Row, row, row your boat  
Gent - ly down the stream;

2. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

# Sarasponda traditional

Boom-da. Boom-da. Boom-da. Boom-da. Boom-da. Boom-da. Boom-da.

*[Part 1 continues as a drone through the first part of the song.]*

$A$                        $A$                        $A_{\frac{1}{2}}$        $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $A$   
Sarasponda, Sarasponda, Sarasponda Ret-set-set.

$A$                        $A$                        $A_{\frac{1}{2}}$        $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $A$   
Sarasponda, Sarasponda, Sarasponda Ret-set-set.

*Both parts sing in unison*

$D$        $A$        $D$                        $A$   
Ah-doray-o! Ah-doray-boom-day-o!

$A$                        $A$   
Ah-doray-boomday-ret-set-set,

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $A$   
Ah-say-pah-say-o...Whoops!!

*Now switch parts*

Moderately (not fast!) ♩ = 120

UNISON *mp* *crisply*

Sa - ra -

spon-da, sa - ra-spon-da, sa - ra - spon-da ret set set. Sa - ra - spon-da, sa - ra-spon-da, sa - ra -

spon-da ret set set. Ah do - ray - o, ah do-ray boom day oh. Ah

crisply again

do-ray boom-day ret set set, Ah-say pah-say oh.

# School Days

lyrics by Will D. Cobb and music by Gus Edwards (1907)

*Bb Bb Bbsus2 Bbsus2 Bb Bbdim7 C7sus4 F7*  
 School days, school days, dear old golden rule days  
*F7 F7 F7 F7 Gm7 Gm7 Bb6 Bb6*  
 Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick  
*Bb G7 C9 C7 F7 F7(2) F7sus6(1) Bbsus2 Bb(2) Bbaug(1)*  
 You were my queen in cali co, I was your bash ful barefoot beau. And you  
*Eb A9(2) Bbdim7(1) Bb D(2) Gm(1) C7 F7 Bb F7(2) Faug(1)*  
 wrote on my slate; "I love you, so," when we were a couple of kids

*Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7*  
 Nothing to do, Nellie Dar ling,  
*F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(2) Faug(1) Bb(2) Fdim7(1) F7*  
 No thing to do, you say  
*Gm Gm(2) Fdim7(1) Fdim7(1) Cm6(2) F9*  
 Let's take a trip on mem ory's ship  
*F7 F9 F7 F9 Bb Bb*  
 back to the by gone days  
*Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7*  
 Sail to the old village school house,  
*F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(1) Eb(1) Bbdim7(1) Bb Bb*  
 an chor out side the school door  
*C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1) C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1)*  
 Look in and see there's you and there's me a  
*C(1) C9(1) C7(1) Am7(2) Em(1) F Faug*  
 couple of kids once more

*Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7*  
 'Member the hill, Nellie Dar ling and the  
*F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(2) Faug(1) Bb(2) Fdim7(1) F7*  
 oak tree that grew on its brow They've  
*Gm Gm(2) Fdim7(1) Fdim7(1) Cm6(2) F9*  
 They've built forty stories up on that old hill and the  
*F7 F9 F7 F9 Bb Bb*  
 oak's an old chestnut now  
*Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7*  
 'Member the meadows so green, dear, so  
*F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(1) Eb(1) Bbdim7(1) Bb Bb*  
 Fra grant with clo ver and maize into  
*C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1) C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1)*  
 New cit y lots and pre ferred bus' ness plots, they've  
*C(1) C9(1) C7(1) Am7(2) Em(1) F Faug*  
 Cut them up since those days

# Sesame Street Song

lyrics by Bruce Hart and Jon Stone, music by Joe Raposo (1970)

*Note: try Dm7 or F7 to flavor the F chord*

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

$C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   
 Sun ny Day sweepin' the clouds a way  
 $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 On my way to where the air is sweet. Can you

$F7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Tell me how to get, how to get to  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Sesame Street

$C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   
 Come and play everything's A-O K  
 $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Friendly neighbors there that's where we'll meet. Can you

$F7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Tell me how to get, how to get to  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Sesame Street



# Sound of Music

music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein (from the *Sound of Music*) (1959)

$F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7$   $E$   $E$   
 The hills are alive with the sound of music  
 $F6/9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6$   $Bb$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Caug_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 With songs they have sung for a thousand years. The

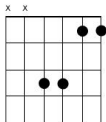
$F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7$   $E$   $E$   
 Hills fill my heart with the sound of music  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 My heart wants to sing ev'ry song it hears. My heart wants to

$Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
 Beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees  
 $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7b5_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a church on a breeze.  
 $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
 To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones on its way  
 $Dm$   $Am$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $F\#7b5_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 To sing through the night, like a lark who is learning to pray

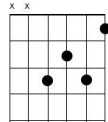
$F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Fma7$   $E$   $E$   
 I go to the hills when my heart is lonely  
 $F6/9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F6$   $Bb$   $Bbm$   
 I know I will hear what I've heard before

$F$   $Am$   $Bb+2_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7$   
 My heart will be blessed with the sound of music  
 $Am$   $C7$   $F$   $F$   
 And I'll sing once more

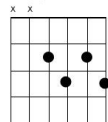
Bbsus2



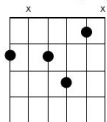
F6



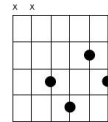
Bbdim7



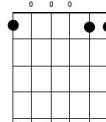
F#7b5 (C7b5)



G7/5b



F6/9



# Stay Awake

by by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman (1963)  
(from the musical "Mary Poppins")

*C Cma7(½) C(½) C6 G7*  
Stay awake, don't rest your head  
*Dm7 G7 G9(½) G7(½) Cma7(½) C(½)*  
Don't lie down upon your bed

*Cma9(½) C(½) Cma7(½) C(½) Cma7(½) C7(½) F*  
While the moon drifts in the skies  
*Ab7 C G C C*  
Stay awake, don't close your eyes

*C Cma7(½) C(½) C6 G7*  
Though the world is fast asleep  
*Dm7 G7 G9(½) G7(½) Cma7(½) C(½)*  
Though your pillow's soft and deep

*Cma9(½) C(½) Cma7(½) C(½) Cma7(½) C7(½) F*  
You're not sleep y as you seem  
*Ab7 C G C*  
Stay awake, don't nod and dream  
*Ab7 C G C C*  
Stay awake, don't nod and dream

# St. Judy's Comet by Paul Simon (1973)

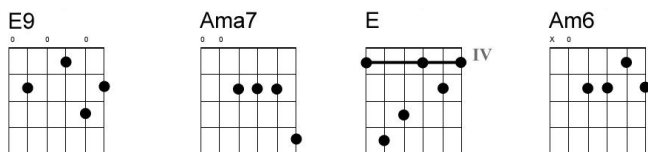
*E9* Oo, little sleepy boy, do you know what time it is?  
*E9* Well the hour of your bedtime's long been past  
*Am6(1/2)* And though I know you're fighting it, I can tell when you rub your eyes you're fadin'  
*A* fast, oh fading fast *E9* Won't you

*E9* run come see St. Judy's Comet roll across the skies  
*E9* And leave a spray of diamonds in its wake?  
*Am6(1/2)* I long to see St. Judy's Comet sparkle in your eyes when you a  
*A* wake, Oh, when you wake, wake

*Amaj7* Little boy *Am6(1/2)* Won't you lay your body down *E9*  
*Amaj7* Little boy *Am6(1/2)* Won't you close your weary eyes *E9*  
*G#aug5(1/2)* Ain't nothing flashing but the fireflies *G#7(1/2)* *C#m(1/4)* *Cm(1/4)* *Bm(1/2)* *Bbm(1/2)* *E9* *E9* Well I

Well I sang it once and I sang it twice, I'm going to sing it three times more  
 I'm going to stay 'til your resistance is overcome  
 'Cause if I can't sing my boy to sleep, well it makes your famous daddy look so  
 dumb look so dumb

Oo, little sleepy boy, do you know what time it is?  
 Well the hour of your bedtime's long been past  
 And though I know you're fighting it, I can tell when you rub your eyes tha you're fadin'  
 fast, oh fading fast



# Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman from the musical "Mary Poppins" (1963)

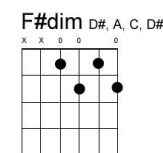
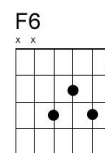
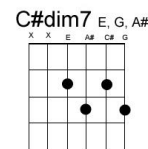
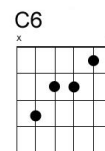
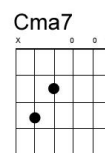
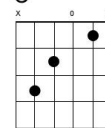
**C** **Cma7** **C6<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **C#dim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7**  
 It's supercalifragilisticxpi ali docious!  
**Dm7** **G7** **Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **C**  
 even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.  
**C** **Cma7** **C7** **F**  
 If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,  
**F6<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F#dim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **C<sub>(3/4)</sub>** **C#dim7<sub>(1/4)</sub>** **G7** **C**  
 Supercali fragilistic expialidocious!

**C** **C7** **C** **G7**  
 Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay. Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay

**C** **Cma7** **C6<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **C#dim7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7**  
 Because I was afraid to speak, when I was just a lad,  
**Dm7** **G7** **Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **C**  
 me father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad.  
**C** **Cma7** **C7** **F**  
 But then one day I learned a word that saved me aching nose,  
**D7** **D7** **D7** **G**  
 the biggest word I ever heard, and this is how it goes :

He traveled all around the world and everywhere he went,  
 he'd use his word and all would say, "There goes a clever gent".  
 When dukes and maharajas pass the time of day with me,  
 I say me special word and then they ask me out to tea.

So when the cat has got your tongue, there's no need for dismay,  
 just summon up this word, and then you've got a lot to say.  
 But better use it carefully, or it could change your life,  
 one night I said it to me girl, and now me girl's my wife!



# There's a Hole in My Bucket, Dear Liza

traditional

Moderately ♩ = 144 (Last time to Coda ☺)

1. There's a hole in my buck-et, dear Li - za, dear Li - a, There's a hole in my buck-et, dear  
what shall I fix it, dear Li - za, dear Li - za? With \_ what shall I fix it, dear

3.-11. See additional lyrics

Li - za, a hole. Then fix it, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, Then \_  
Li - za, with what? With some straw, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, With \_

fix it, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, fix it. 2. With  
some straw, dear Hen - ry, dear Hen - ry, some straw. 3. The

Coda  
Li - za, a hole!

The  
straw is too long, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
The straw is too long, dear Liza, too long,  
Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, cut it.

With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, with what?  
With an axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
With an axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, an axe.

The axe is too dull, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
The axe is too dull, dear Liza, too dull.  
Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, sharpen it.

With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, with what?  
With a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
With a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, a stone.

The stone is too dry, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
The stone is too dry, dear Liza, too dry.  
Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, then wet it.

With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, with what?  
Try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, try water.

From where shall I get it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
From where shall I get it, dear Liza, from where?  
From the well, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
From the well, dear Henry, dear Henry, the well.

In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, in what?  
In a bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
In a bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, in a bucket.  
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, a hole!

# Wheels on the Bus traditional

<sup>C</sup>  
The wheels on the bus go round and round,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
round and round, round and round.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
The wheels on the bus go round and round, all through the town.

The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish;  
swish, swish, swish; swish, swish, swish.  
The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish, all through the town.

The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep;  
beep, beep, beep; beep, beep, beep.  
The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep, all through the town..

The money on the bus goes, clink, clink, clink;  
clink, clink, clink; clink, clink, clink.  
The money on the bus goes, clink, clink, clink, all through the town.

The Driver on the bus says "Move on back,  
move on back, move on back;"  
The Driver on the bus says "Move on back", all through the town.

The baby on the bus says "Wah, wah, wah;  
wah, wah, wah; wah, wah, wah".  
The baby on the bus says "Wah, wah, wah", all through the town.

The mommy on the bus says "Shush, shush, shush;  
shush, shush, shush; shush, shush, shush."  
The mommy on the bus says "Shush, shush, shush", all through the town

# Won't You Be My Neighbor? by Fred Rogers (1967)

*C* *A7*  
It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood  
*Dm7* *G7*  
A beautiful day for a neighbor  
*C*  
Would you be mine?  
*A7* *Dm7* *G7*  
Could you be mine?

*C* *A7*  
It's a neighborly day in this beauty wood  
*Dm7* *G7*  
A neighborly day for a beauty  
*C*  
Would you be mine?  
*A7* *Dm7* *G7*  
Could you be mine?

*F* *A7* *Dm* *Cdim7*  
I've always wanted to have a neighbor just like you  
*C* *Dm7* *Cdim7* *G7*  
I've always wanted to live in a neighborhood with you

*C* *A7*  
So, let's make the most of this beautiful day  
*Dm7* *G7*  
Since we're together we might as well say  
*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Would you be mine? Could you be mine?  
*G7* *C*  
Won't you be my neighbor

*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Won't you please, won't you please  
*Dm7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*  
Please won't you be my neighbor

# You'll Sing a Song

by Ella Jenkins (1966)

*C* *Am*  
You'll sing a song and I'll sing a song,  
*C* *F<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
And we'll sing a song together.  
*C* *Am*  
You'll sing a song and I'll sing a song,  
*C* *G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *C<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
In warm or wintry weather.

You'll play a tune and I'll play a tune,  
And we'll play a tune together.  
You'll play a tune and I'll play a tune,  
In warm or wintry weather.

You'll whistle a tune and I'll whistle a tune,  
And we'll whistle a tune together.  
You'll whistle a tune and I'll whistle a tune,  
In warm or wintry weather.

You'll hum a tune and I'll hum a tune,  
And we'll hum a tune together.  
You'll hum a tune and I'll hum a tune,  
In warm or wintry weather.

Oh you'll sing a song and I'll sing a song,  
And we'll sing a song together.  
You'll sing a song and I'll sing a song,  
In warm or wintry weather



# Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah

music by Allie Wrubel and words by Ray Gilbert from "Song of the South" (1945)

*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Zip a dee doo-dah, zip a dee ay --  
*F* *C* *D9* *G7*  
My, oh my, what a wonderful day!  
*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Plenty of sunshine headed my way --  
*F* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G9*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Zip a dee doo-dah, zip a dee ay.

*G9* *G9*  
Mister blue - bird on my  
*Cdim7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*  
shoul der.  
*D7* *D7*  
It's the truth, it's "acch'll".  
*G7* *G7*  
Everything is satisfach'll.

*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Zip a dee doo-dah, zip a dee ay --  
*F* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7* *G7* *C7*  
Wonderful feeling, wonderful day