

Come fly with me

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
If you can use some exotic booze
There's a bar in far Bombay
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
Come fly with me, let's float down to Peru
In llama-land there's a one-man band
And he'll toot his flute for you
Come fly with me, let's take off in the
blue.

Once I get you up there
Where the air is rarefied
We'll just glide, Starry-eyed
Once I get you up there
I'll be holding you so near, You may hear
Angels cheer, 'cause we're together
Weather-wise, it's such a lovely day
Just say the words and we'll beat the
birds down to Acapulco Bay
It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they
say

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
Instrumental

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Come fly with me, let's fly let's fly
Pack up let's fly away

Delaware

Oh, what did Della wear boy,
What did Della wear?
What did Della wear boy,
What did Della wear?
She wore a bran' new jersey,
She wore a bran' new jersey,

She wore a bran' new jersey,
That's what she did wear.
One, two, three, four!
Oh, why did Calla phone ya?
Why did Calla phone?
Why did Calla phone ya?
Was she all alone?
She called to say how ar' ya,
She called to say how ar' ya,
She called to say how ar' ya,
That's why she did call.
Uno, duo, tres, cuatro! (spanish)
Oh, what did Mrs sip, boy,
What did Mrs sip?
What did Mrs sip, boy,
Through her pretty lips?
She sipped a mina-soda,
She sipped a mina-soda,
She sipped a mina-soda,
That's what she did sip.
Un, deux, trois, quatre! (french)
Oh, where as Ore gone, boy,
Where has Ore gone?
If you want, I'll ask her
I'll ask 'er where she's gone
She went to pay her texas,
She went to pay her texas,
She went to pay her texas,
That's where she has gone.
Eins, zwei, drei, vier! (german)
Oh, how did Wiscon sin, boy,
She stole a new brass key,
Too bad that Arkan saw, boy,
And so did Tenne see?
It made poor Flora die, boy,
It made poor Flora die, you see
She died in missouri, boy,
She died in missouri.
Oh, what did Della wear boy,
What did Della wear?
What did Della wear boy,
What did Della wear?

Sweet Caroline

Where it began, I can't begin to knowin'
But then I know it's growin' strong
Was in the spring
And spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along.
Hands, touching hands
Reaching out, touching me, touching you
Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would, but now I
Look at the night and it don't seem so
lonely
We filled it up with only two
And when I hurt
Hurting runs off my shoulders
How can I hurt when holding you
One, touching one
Reaching out, touching me, touching you
Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
Oh no, no

Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
Sweet Caroline
I believe they never could
Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good

Three Wheels on my Wagon

Three wheels on my wagon
And I'm still rolling along
The Cherokees are chasing me
Arrows fly, Right on by
But I'm singing a happy song

*I'm singing a higgity, haggity, hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
A mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by*

"George, they're catching up to us!"

"Get back in the wagon woman!"

Two wheels on my wagon
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees are after me
Flaming spears Burn my ears
But I'm singing a happy song

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Half a mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

"Duh, Paw? Are you sure this is the right road?"

"Will you hush up? You and your maps!"

One wheel on my wagon
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees after me
I'm all in flames At the reins
But I'm singing a happy song

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Right around that turn there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

"George? Should I get the bag of beads
and trinkets?"

"Woman, I know what I'm doing!"

No wheels on my wagon
So I'm not rolling along
The Cherokees captured me
They look mad Things look bad
But I'm singing a happy song

"C'mon all you Cherokees, sing along with
me!"

Higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die.....

Windy City

I just blew in from the Windy City
The Windy City is mighty purty
But they ain't got whut we got, no siree!
They got shacks up to seven stories
Never see any mornin' glories
But, a step from our doorway, we got 'em
fer free
They got those minstrel shows
Purty ladies in the big chapeaux
Private lawns, public parks for the sake of
civic virtue
They got fountains there that squirt you
I just blew in from the Windy City
The Windy City is mighty purty
But they ain't got whut we got!
I'm tellin' you, boys
We got more life in Deadwood City than in
all of Illinois!

Instrumental

Ya should've seen me a-winder-shoppin'
A-winder-shoppin' with my eyes a-poppin'
At the sights that ya see there, yes,
siree!
Press a bell and a moment later
Up ya go in an elevator just as fast as a
polecat a-climbin' a tree
I heard claim hundreds came
To a thing they call a baseball game
Cigar stores, revolvin' doors
They've got new inventions coming
'Stead of outdoor, indoor plumbing
I just blew in from the Windy City
The Windy City is mighty purty
But they ain't got what we got
I'm tellin' ya, boys
I ain't a-swappin' half of Deadwood
For the whole of Illinois

Home on the Range

O give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word

And the skies are not cloudy all day
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day
Instrumental
How often at night when the heavens are
bright
With the light of the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and ask as I
gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours?
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day
Oh give me a Home on the Range

The Church is wherever God's people are praising,

The Church is wherever God's people are
praising,
Knowing they're wanted and loved by their
Lord.

The Church is wherever Christ's followers
are trying
To live and to share out the good news of
God.

2 The Church is wherever God's people
are loving,
Where all are forgiven and start once
again,
Where all are accepted, whatever their
background,
Whatever their past and whatever their
pain.

3 The Church is wherever God's people
are seeking
To reach out and touch folk wherever
they are --
Conveying the Gospel, its joy and its
comfort,

To challenge, refresh, and excite and inspire.

4 The Church is wherever God's people are praising,

Knowing we're wanted and loved by our Lord.

The Church is where we as Christ's followers are trying

To live and to share out the good news of God.

Standin' in the need of prayer

Chorus

It's me, it's me, O Lord,

Standin' in the need of prayer;

It's me, it's me, O Lord,

Standin' in the need of prayer.

Not my sister, not my brother, but it's me, O Lord,

Standin' in the need of prayer;

Not my mother, not my father, but it's me, O Lord,

Standin' in the need of prayer.

Chorus

Well, it's not my sister and it's not my brother, but it's me, Lord

Well it's not my mother or my mother in law but it's me, Lord.

Chorus

Not the preacher, not the deacon, but it's me, O Lord

Standin' in the need of prayer;

Not my children, not my neighbour, but it's me, O Lord,

Standin' in the need of prayer.

Chorus

Well it's not my preacher and it's not the deacon, but it's me, Lord

Well it's not my children and it's not my husband but it's me, Lord.

Chorus x2

This little light of mine

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine.

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine.

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Even when I'm afraid, I'm gonna let it shine.

Even when I'm afraid, I'm gonna let it shine.

Even when I'm afraid, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine. Etc

42nd Street

In the heart of little old New York

You'll find a thoroughfare.

It's the part of little old New York

That runs into Times Square.

A crazy quilt that Wall Street Jack built,

If you've got a little time to spare

I want to take you there.

Come and meet those dancing feet

On the avenue I'm taking you to

Forty-Second Street

Hear the beat of dancing feet

It's the song I love the melody of

Forty-Second Street

Little nifties from the Fifties, innocent and sweet

Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet

They're side by side, they're glorified

Where the underworld can meet the elite..

Where the underworld can meet the elite

Forty-----Second Street

Lullaby of Broadway

Come on along and listen to
The lullaby of Broadway
The hip hooray and ballyhoo
The lullaby of Broadway
The rumble of the subway train
The rattle of the taxis
The Daffydils who entertain
At Angelo's and Maxi's
When a Broadway baby says good night
It's early in the morning
Manhattan babies don't sleep tight
Until the dawn
Good night, baby
Good night, the milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight, let's call it a day. Hey
Come on along and listen to
The lullaby of Broadway
The hi de hi and boop a do
The lullaby of Broadway
The band begins to go to town
And everyone goes crazy
You rock a bye your baby round
'Til everything gets hazy
Hush a bye, I'll buy you this and that
You'll hear a daddy saying
And baby goes home to her flat
To sleep all day
Good night, baby
Good night, the milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight, let's call it a day
Listen to the lullaby
Of old Broadway

New York, New York

Start spreading the news
You're leaving today
I want to be a part of it
New York, New York
Your vagabond shoes
They are longing to stray
And step around the heart of it
New York, New York

I want to wake up in that city
That doesn't sleep.
And find you're king of the hill
Top of the heap
Your small town blues
They're melting away
Gonna make a brand new start of it
In old New York
You always make it there
You make it anywhere
It's up to you
New York, New York

In New York, New York
I want to wake up in that city
That doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill
Top of the list
Head of the land, King of the hill
These little town blues
They've all melted away
And I'm gonna make a brand new start of
it
Right there in old New York
You always make it there
You make it anywhere
Come on, come through New York, New
York New York

There's a Pawn Shop on the Corner

There's a pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
And I walk up and down 'neath the clock
By the pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
But I ain't got a thing left to hock
She was peaches, she was honey, and she
cost me all my money
Cause a whirl 'round the town was her
dream (was her dream)
Took her dancing, took her dining till her
blue eyes were shining
With the sights that they never had seen
(never seen)
If you should run into a golden-haired

angel
And ask her tonight for a date
She'll tell you somewhere there's a rich
millionaire
Who is calling again about eight
There's a pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
And I've just gotta get five or ten (five or
ten)
From the pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Gotta be with my angel again
Instrumental
She was peaches, she was honey, and she cost
me all my money
Cause a whirl 'round the town was her dream
(was her dream)
Took her dancing, took her dining till her blue
eyes were shining
With the sights that they never had seen.
If you should run into a golden-haired angel
And ask her tonight for a date
She'll tell you somewhere there's a rich
millionaire
Who is calling again about eight
There's a pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
And I've just gotta get five or ten (five or
ten)
From the pawnshop on the corner in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Gotta be with my angel again
Gotta be with my angel again

Interval.

Beep Beep

While riding in my limousine
What to my surprise
A little Bubble Car was following me
About one-third my size
The guy must have wanted to pass me out
As he kept on tooting his horn
I'll show him that a limousine
Is not a car to scorn.

Beep beep, Beep beep
His horn went beep beep beep

I pushed my foot down to the floor
To give the guy the shake
But the little Bubble Car stayed right
behind
He still had on his brake
He must have thought his car had more
guts
As he kept on tooting his horn
I'll show him that a limousine
Is not a car to scorn
Beep beep, Beep beep
His horn went beep beep beep

My car went in to passing gear
And we took off with gust
And soon we were doing ninety
Must have left him in the dust
When I peeked in the mirror of my car
I couldn't believe my eyes
The little Bubble Car was right behind
You'd think that guy could fly
Beep beep, Beep beep
His horn went beep beep beep

Now we're doing a hundred and ten
It certainly was a race
For a Bubble to pass a limo
Would be a big disgrace
The guy must have wanted to pass me out
As he kept on tooting his horn
I'll show him that a limousine
Is not a car to scorn
Beep beep, Beep beep
His horn went beep beep beep

Now we're doing a hundred and twenty
As fast as I could go
The Bubble pulled alongside of me
As if we were going slow
The fellow rolled his window down
And yelled for me to hear
"Hey buddy how can I get this car out...
of... second gear!"

Meet me in St Louis

When Louis came home to the flat,
He hung up his coat and his hat,
He gazed all around, but no wifey he found,
So he said "where can Flossie be at?"
A note on the table he spied,
He read it just once, then he cried
It ran, "Louis dear, it's too slow for me here,
So I think I will go for a ride."

"Meet me in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the fair,
Don't tell me the lights are shining
Any place but there,
We will dance the Hoochee Koochee,
I will be your Tootsie Woopsie,
If you will meet in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the fair."

Instrumental

"Meet me in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the fair,
Don't tell me the lights are shining
Any place but there,
We will dance the Hoochee Koochee,
I will be your tootsie woopsie,
If you will meet in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the fair."

The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am
gonna see
Nobody else could miss her, not half as much
as me
She cried so when I left her, oh it nearly
broke my heart
And if I ever find her we never more will part

Chorus

*She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas
ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle
like the dew
You may talk about your Clementine and sing
of Rosa Lee
But the Yellow Rose of Texas is the only girl
for me.*

Where the Rio Grande is flowin', and the

starry skies are bright
She walks along the river in the quiet
summer night
I know that she remembers when we
parted long ago
I promised to return and not to leave her
so

Chorus

Oh, I know I'm gonna find her, for my
heart is full of woe
We'll do the things together we did so
long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily, she'll love me
like before
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be
mine forevermore

Chorus

Deep in the Heart of Texas

The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The sage in bloom is like perfume,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
Reminds me of the one I love,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

Instrumental

The coyotes wail along the trail,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The rabbits rush around the brush,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The sage in bloom is like perfume,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
Reminds me of the one I love,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

Put your Hand in the Hand

*Put your hand in the hand of the man who
stilled the water*

*Put your hand in the hand of the man who
calmed the sea*

*Take a look at yourself and you can look at
others differently*

*By puttin' your hand in the hand of the man
from Galilee*

Every time I look into the Holy Book I want to
tremble

Or when I read about the part where a
carpenter cleared the temple

For the buyers and the sellers were no
different fellas than what I profess to be
And it causes me shame to know I'm not the
guy that I should be.

Chorus

My mama taught me how to pray before I
reached the age of seven

When I'm down on my knees that's when I'm
close to heaven

Daddy lived his life with two kids and a wife.
You do what you must do

But he showed me enough of what it takes to
get you through.

So, Put your hand etc

Hand me down my silver trumpet

Well, I've never been to heaven, but I have
been told,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;

The gates are made of pearl and the streets
are made of gold,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

O hand me down, O hand me down,

O hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel.

Send it down, hand it down,

Any ol' way, just get it down!

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

If religion were a thing that money could buy,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;

The rich would live and the poor would die,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

O hand me down....

Well now, if you want a silver trumpet like
mine,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;
You'd better learn to play it in plenty of
time,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.
O hand me down....

Jesus Christ is risen today

Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!

Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!

Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!

Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!

Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above Alleluia!

Praise eternal as his love, Alleluia!

Praise him all ye heavenly host Alleluia!

Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Easter Parade

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills
upon it,

You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter
parade.

*I'll be all in clover and when they look you
over,

I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter
parade.

On the avenue, fifth avenue,

The photographers will snap us,

And you'll find that you're in the
rotogravure

Oh, I could write a sonnet about your

Easter bonnet,

And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter
parade.

*Instrumental then back to **

I'll be all in clover etc