

Musical Moments Choir – Summer Session 3

Magic Moments

Magic moments

Memories we've been sharing

Magic moments

When two hearts are caring

Time can't erase the memory of

These magic moments filled with love

Theme of the week - Songs that tell a Story

Oh when the saints

Oh when the saints

Go marchin' in

Oh when the saints go marchin' in

I wanna be in that number

Oh when the saints go marchin' in

The Siegfried Line

Mother dear, I'm writing you from somewhere in France,

Hoping this finds you well.

Sergeant says I'm doing fine, a soldier and a half,

Here's a song that we'll all sing, it'll make laugh!

We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,

Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?

We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,

'Cause the washing day is here.
Whether the weather may be wet or fine,
We'll just rub along without a care!
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
If the Siegfried Line's still there!

Everybody's mucking in and doing their job,
Wearing a great big smile.
Everybody's got to keep their spirit up today,
if you want to keep in swing,
Here's a song to sing;

We're going hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
Why? 'Cause the washing day is here.

Ilkly Moor Bah Tat

Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?
On Ilkla Moor baht'at
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?

On Ilkla Moor baht'at
(Repeats)

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane
On Ilkla Moor baht'at
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane

On Ilkla Moor baht'at
(Repeats)

Tha's bahn t'catch thi death o'cowd
On Ilkla Moor baht'at
Tha's bahn t'catch thi death o'cowd
Tha's bahn t'catch thi death o'cowd

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at
(Repeats)

Then we shall ha' to bury thee
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at
Then we shall ha' to bury thee
Then we shall ha' to bury thee

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at
(Repeats)

Then t'worms'll come and eat thee oop
On Ilkla Moor baht'at
Then t'worms'll come and eat thee oop
Then t'worms'll come and eat thee oop

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

(Repeats)

Then ducks'll cum and eat oop t'worms

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

Then ducks'll cum and eat oop t'worms

Then ducks'll cum and eat oop t'worms

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

(Repeats)

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

(Repeats)

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

On Ilkla Moor baht'at

(Repeats)

That's wheer we get us o'ahn back
On Ilkla Moor baht'at
That's wheer we get us o'ahn back
That's wheer we get us o'ahn back

On Ilkla Moor baht'at
(Repeats)

Island in the Sun

This is my island in the sun
Where my people have toiled since time begun
Though I may sail on many a sea
Her shores will always be home to me

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

When morning breaks
The heaven on high
I lift my heavy load to the sky
Sun comes down with a burning glow
Mingles my sweat with the earth below

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

I see woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for her family
I see man at the waterside
Casting nets at the surging tide

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

I hope the day will never come
That I can't awake to the sound of drum
Never let me miss carnival
With calypso songs philosophical

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

I left My Heart in San Francisco

I left my heart in San Francisco
High on a hill it calls to me
To be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars
The morning fog may chill the air, I don't care

My love waits there in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come home to you, San Francisco
Your golden sun will shine for me

Those were the days my friends

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

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

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

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
Those were the days, oh, yes those were the days

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be
In the glass I saw a strange reflection
Was that lonely woman really me?

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
Those were the days, oh, yes those were the days

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

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
Those were the days, oh, yes those were the days

Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da

Desmond has a barrow in the marketplace
Molly is the singer in a band
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your face"
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, bra
La-la, how the life goes on
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, bra
La-la, how the life goes on

Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweller's store
Buys a twenty carat golden ring
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, bra
La-la, how the life goes on
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, bra
La-la, how the life goes on
Yeah

In a couple of years
They have built a home sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones

Happy ever after in the market place
Desmond lets the children lend a hand
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face
And in the evening she still sings it with the band

