

Willyama 2008

Draft 1

Start	Item	Dur				
7:30 PM	Christmas Bush	4:28	Sonia	S		x
7:34 PM	Joy to the world	4:00		F	S	x
7:39 PM	Faces in the street	2:51		M		
7:42 PM	Golden Wattle	2:56	Sonia	S		
7:46 PM	Grandma got run over (Jane E?)	2:35		F		x
7:49 PM	Nobody knows you when you're down & out	3:04		M		
7:52 PM	Eve of Destruction	3:33		F	S	
7:56 PM	Blow Leaves	4:29	Sonia	S		
8:01 PM	Sailability Medley	4:50		S/F	S	
8:07 PM	Gendarmes Duet	3:00		F		
8:10 PM	Where have all the flowers gone?	2:51		F	S	
8:14 PM	12 Days of Christmas	8:00		F	S	x
8:22 PM	Once in Royal David's City	3:00	Sonia	S	S	x
8:26 PM	<i>End</i>					
				0:56		

Extras

The night they drove old Dixie down	3:43		F	S
Rolling Home	3:00		S	S
Four Strong Women	3:13		M	
My Country	4:27		S	
You send me	5:26	Sonia	S	

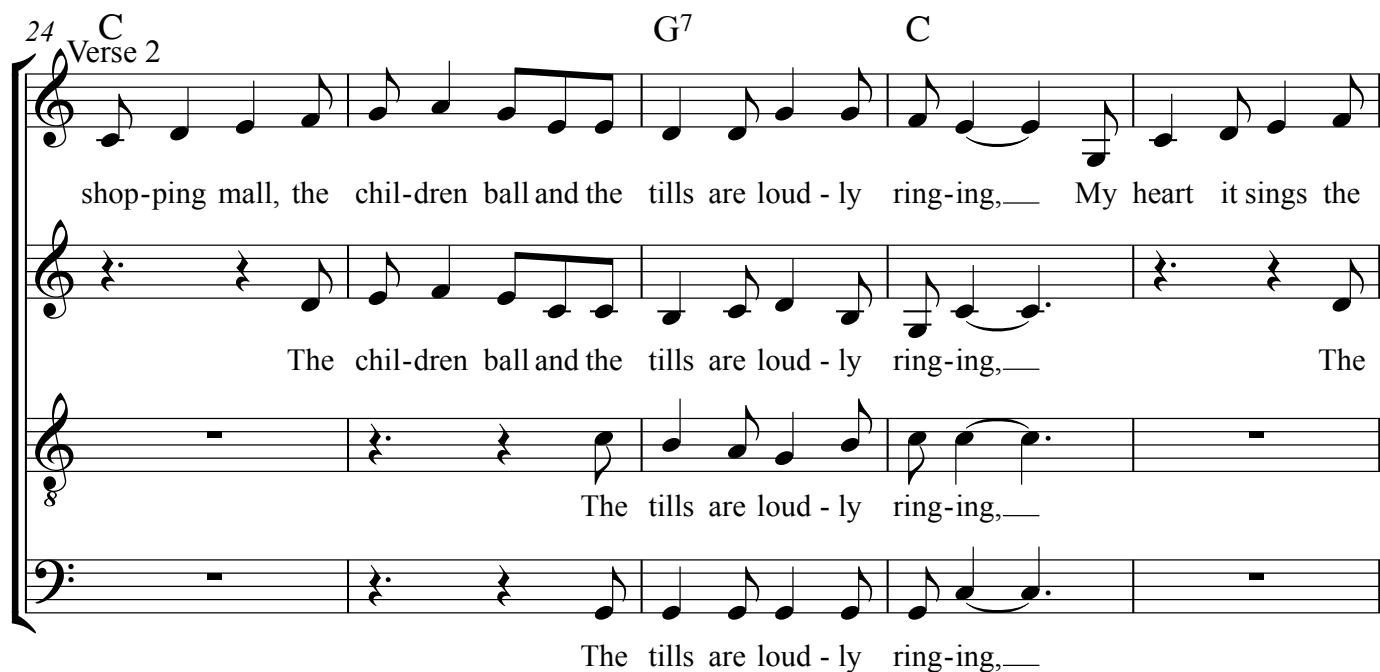
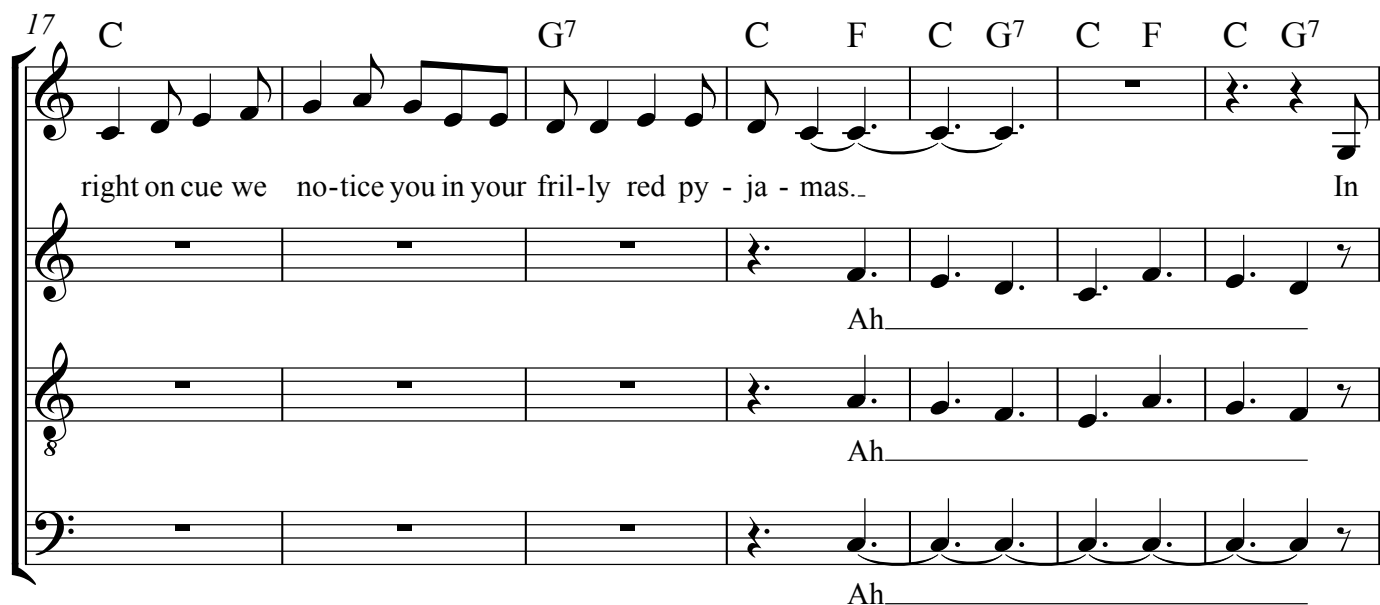
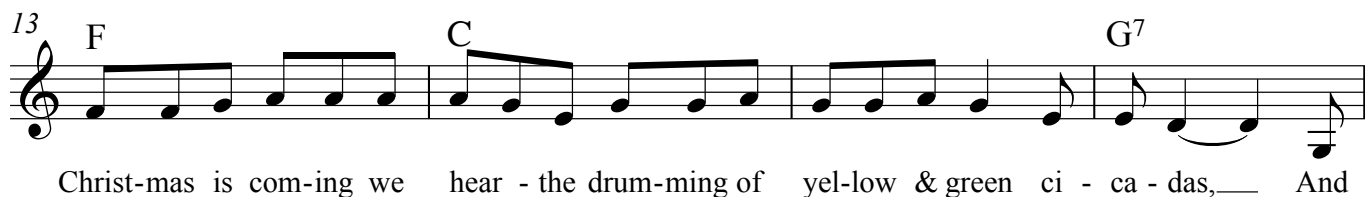
Christmas Bush

Wds: Sonia Bennett & Denis Kevans Mus: Sonia Bennett

Arr. Wayne Richmond



Oh Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,--



29 G⁷ C F

joy it brings, When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

joy it brings, When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

33 C G⁷ C

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, Your cream white flowers they

37 G⁷ C F C G⁷ C F C G⁷

turn to red, and leave just pret-ty se - pals. Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah Our

Verse 3

43 C G⁷ C

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

47 G⁷ C

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

51 F C G⁷

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ-mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ-mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ-mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ-mas pan - to - mime. All we

55

C

G⁷

C

F

C

G⁷

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah

Verse 4

60

C

F

C

G⁷

C

G⁷

C

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,

66

G⁷

C

F

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. Christ-mas is com-ing we

71 C G⁷

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, — And

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, — And

8 hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, — And

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, — And

74 C G⁷

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

8 right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

77 C F C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C

ja - mas. Ah — Ah —

ja - mas. Ah — Ah —

8 ja - mas. Ah — Ah —

ja - mas. Ah — Ah —

Jig

82 C G⁷ C

Measures 82-85. Treble staff: 82 (C4, E4, G4, A4), 83 (B4, C5, B4, A4), 84 (G4, F4, E4, D4), 85 (C4, B3, A3, G3). Bass staff: 82 (C3, E3, G3, A3), 83 (B3, C4, B3, A3), 84 (G3, F3, E3, D3), 85 (C3, B2, A2, G2). Chords: C (82), G⁷ (84), C (85).

86 G⁷ C

Measures 86-89. Treble staff: 86 (C4, E4, G4, A4), 87 (B4, C5, B4, A4), 88 (G4, F4, E4, D4), 89 (C4, B3, A3, G3). Bass staff: 86 (C3, E3, G3, A3), 87 (B3, C4, B3, A3), 88 (G3, F3, E3, D3), 89 (C3, B2, A2, G2). Chords: G⁷ (86), C (89).

90 F C G⁷

Measures 90-93. Treble staff: 90 (C4, E4, G4, A4), 91 (B4, C5, B4, A4), 92 (G4, F4, E4, D4), 93 (C4, B3, A3, G3). Bass staff: 90 (C3, E3, G3, A3), 91 (B3, C4, B3, A3), 92 (G3, F3, E3, D3), 93 (C3, B2, A2, G2). Chords: F (90), C (91), G⁷ (93).

94 C G⁷ C F

Measures 94-97. Treble staff: 94 (C4, E4, G4, A4), 95 (B4, C5, B4, A4), 96 (G4, F4, E4, D4), 97 (C4, B3, A3, G3). Bass staff: 94 (C3, E3, G3, A3), 95 (B3, C4, B3, A3), 96 (G3, F3, E3, D3), 97 (C3, B2, A2, G2). Chords: C (94), G⁷ (96), C (97), F (97).

98 C G⁷ C F 1st C G⁷ 2nd C G⁷ C

Measures 98-101. Treble staff: 98 (C4, E4, G4, A4), 99 (B4, C5, B4, A4), 100 (G4, F4, E4, D4), 101 (C4, B3, A3, G3). Bass staff: 98 (C3, E3, G3, A3), 99 (B3, C4, B3, A3), 100 (G3, F3, E3, D3), 101 (C3, B2, A2, G2). Chords: C (98), G⁷ (99), C (100), F (100), C (101), G⁷ (101), C (101), G⁷ (101), C (101).

Joy to the world

Isaac Watts

G. F. Handel

Chords: D G D A⁷ D G

Sop
 Joy to the world the Lord is come Let earth re -
 Joy to the earth the the Sav - iour and reigns Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

Alto
 Joy to the world the Lord is come Let earth re -
 Joy to the earth the the Sav - iour and reigns Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

Ten
 Joy to the world the Lord is come Let earth re -
 Joy to the earth the the Sav - iour and reigns Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

Bass
 Joy to the world the Lord is come Let earth re -
 Joy to the earth the the Sav - iour and reigns Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

6 A D

S.
 ceive her king Let ev - ry heart pre
 songs em - ploy While fields and floods, rocks
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his

A.
 ceive her king Let ev - ry heart pre
 songs em - ploy While fields and floods, rocks
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his

T.
 ceive her king Let ev - ry heart pre
 songs em - ploy While fields and floods, rocks
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his

B.
 ceive her king Let ev - ry heart pre
 songs em - ploy While fields and floods, rocks
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his

11 A

S.

pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing And heav'n and na - ture
hills and plains Re peat the sound ing joy Re -peat the sound ing
right - eous ness And won-ders of his love And won-ders of his

A.

pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing And heav'n and na - ture
hills and plains Re peat the sound ing joy Re -peat the sound ing
right - eous ness And won-ders of his love And won-ders of his

T.

pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing and
hills and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy Re -
right - eous ness And won-ders of his love And

B.

pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing and
hills and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy Re -
right - eous ness And won-ders of his love And

16 A⁷ D G D A⁷ D

S.

sing And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing
joy Re - peat re peat the sound - ing joy
love and won-ders and won - ders of his love

A.

sing And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing
joy Re - peat re peat the sound - ing joy
love and won-ders and won - ders of his love

T.

heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture sing
peat the sound-ing joy, re peat the sound - ing joy
won-ders of his love, and won - ders of his love

B.

heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture sing
peat the sound-ing joy, re peat the sound - ing joy
won-ders of his love, and won - ders of his love

Faces in the street

Words: Henry Lawson Music: Ian Hamilton

Violins *pizz.*

Ian *4* *Dm* *Am* *Dm*

They lie the men who tell us For rea sons of their own. That
In house be - fore the dawn - ing dims the star - light in the sky. The
And when the hours on lag - ging feet have slow - ly dragged a - way, And
I won - der would the a - pathy of wealth - y men en - dure, Were

Rec.

Vln.

Ian *7* *F* *G* *A* *Dm* *F*

want is here a stra nger And mi ser y's un known For where the clo sest su burb and the
wan & wea - ry fa - ces first be - gin to trick - le by, In - creas - ing as the mo ments hur - ry—
sick - ly yel - low gas lights rise to mock the go - ing day, Then, flow - ing past my win - dow, like a
all their win - dows le - vel with the fa - ces of the poor? Ah! Mam - mon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your

Rec.

Vln.

Ian *10* *G* *A* *Dm* *Gm* *F* *Gm* *Dm*

ci ty pro per meet, My win dow sill is le vel with the fa ces in the street.
on with morn - ing feet, Till like a pal - lid ri - ver flow the fa - ces in the street.
tide in its re - treat, A - gain I see the pal - lid stream of fa - ces in the street.
hearts in ter - ror beat, When God de - mands a rea - son for the sor - rows of the street. (The)

Rec.

Vln.

13 F Am F Am Dm C Am

Ian
8
Drif ting past drif ting past to the beat of wea ry feet While I sor-row for the own-ers of those
Flow - ing in, flow-ing in, to the beat of hur-ried feet Ah! I sor-row for the own-ers of those
Eb - bing out, eb-bing out, to the drag of tir - ed feet, While my heart is ach-ing dumb-ly for the
wrong things (& the) bad — things (& the) sad things that we meet, In the fil - thy lane & al - ley (& the)

S.
A.
B.
Rec.
Vln. *arco.*

18 1-3 Dm 4. Dm C Dm
rall a tempo rall

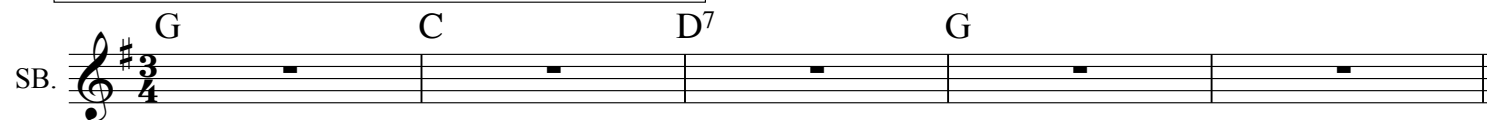
Ian
8
fa - ces in the street. — cru-el heart-less street.
fa - ces in the street. —
fa - ces in the street. —

S.
A.
B.
Rec.
Vln. *pizz.*

Golden Wattle

Words: Denis Kevans Music: Sonia Bennett (Arr. Sam O'Brien)

Verse 1: Sonia plus harp (arpeggios)
 Verse 2: Sonia + strings, harp & keyboard (+ flutes at end)
 Verse 3: Sonia + solo sop, strings, harp & keyboard
 Instrumental: Flute, strings, harp & keyboard
 Verse 4: All

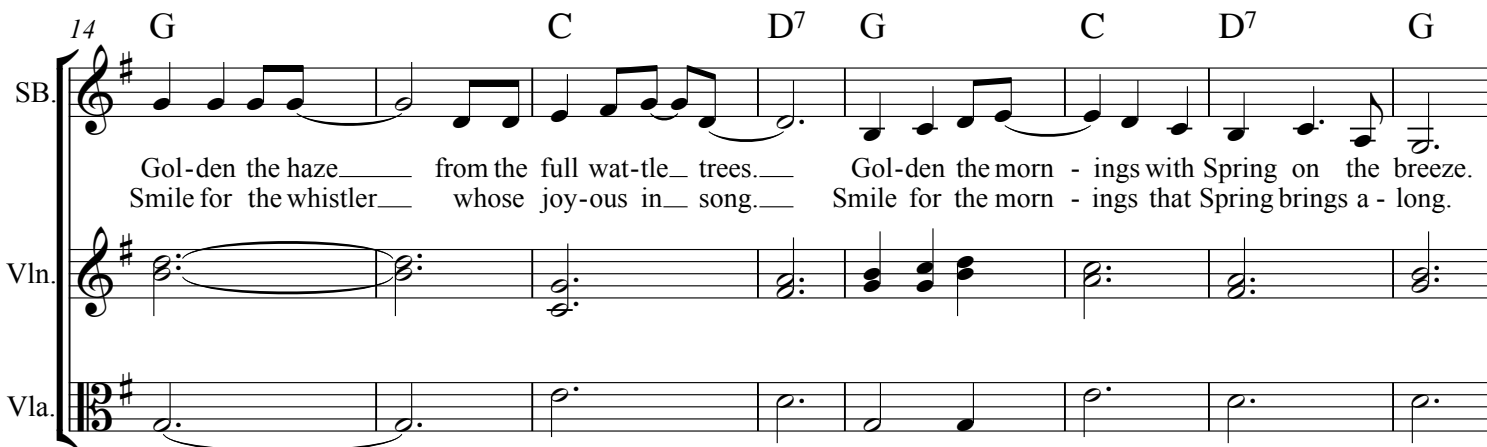
SB. 



6 **A** Verses 1 & 2

SB. 
 Gol - den the wat - tle, that spreads through this land. Gol - den the wat - tle, to hold in your hand.
 Smile love - ly wat - tle, now smile on my face. Smile for the hope that I hope to re - trace.

Vln. 
 Vla. 

14 G C D7 G C D7 G

SB. 
 Gol - den the haze from the full wat - tle trees. Gol - den the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.
 Smile for the whistler whose joy - ous in song. Smile for the morn - ings that Spring brings a - long.

Vln. 
 Vla. 

22 G C D7 G **B** D Verse 3 G

SB. 
 Dance love - ly wat - tle, now dance in the breeze.

Har. 
 Fl. 
 Vln. 
 Vla. 

31 D G C D

SB. Dance with the blos-soms hung down to your knees. Dance in the noon of the hot burn-ing day.

Har.

Vln.

Vla.

39 G C D⁷ G

SB. Dance as the even-ing falls mem-ories a - way.

Har.

Fl. G C D⁷ G

Vln.

Vla.

48 C Instrumental Interlude

Fl. G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G

Vln.

Vla.

58 C D⁷ G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G

Fl.

Vln.

Vla.

D Verse 4

69

SB. G C D^7 G C D^7
Gold-en the wat-tle, that spreads through this land. Gol-den the wat-tle, to hold in your hand.

Har. Ooh Do do do do do do. Ooh

Ch. (Oohs)

Vln.

Vla.

77

SB. G C D^7 G C D^7 G
Gold-en the haze, from the full wat-tle trees. Gold-en the morn- ings with Spring on the breeze.

Har. Ooh Do do do do do do. Ooh Do do do do do do.

Ch.

Vln.

Vla.

85

SB. G C D^7 G
Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Har. Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Ch. Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Vln.

Vla.

Grandma got run over

(Arr. Elisabeth Hessin)

A F C⁷

S. Grand-ma got run o-ver by a rein-deer walk-ing home from our house Christ-mas Eve.

5 B^b F C⁷ F

S. You can say there's no such thing as San-ta, but as for me & Grand-pa we be-lieve.

9 F C F

S. She'd been drink-ing too much egg nog, and we begged her not to go!
Now we're all so proud of Grand-pa, he's been tak-ing this so well,
Now the goose is on the ta-ble, and the pud-ding made of fig,

A. She'd been drink-ing too much egg nog, and we begged her not to go!
Now we're all so proud of Grand-pa, he's been tak-ing this so well,
Now the goose is on the ta-ble, and the pud-ding made of fig,

T. She'd been drink-ing too much egg nog, and we begged her not to go!
Now we're all so proud of Grand-pa, he's been tak-ing this so well,
Now the goose is on the ta-ble, and the pud-ding made of fig,

B. She'd been drink-ing too much egg nog, and we begged her not to go!
Now we're all so proud of Grand-pa, he's been tak-ing this so well,
Now the goose is on the ta-ble, and the pud-ding made of fig,

13 F⁷ B^b C⁷ F

S. but she for-got her med-i-ca-tion, and she stag-ered out the door in-to the snow.
See him in there watch-ing foot-ball, drink-ing beer and play-ing cards with Cous-in Nell.
And the blue and sil-ver can-dles, that would just have matched the hair on Grand-ma's wig.

A. but she for-got her med-i-ca-tion, and she stag-ered out the door in-to the snow.
See him in there watch-ing foot-ball, drink-ing beer and play-ing cards with Cous-in Nell.
And the blue and sil-ver can-dles, that would just have matched the hair on Grand-ma's wig.

T. but she for-got her med-i-ca-tion, and she stag-ered out the door in-to the snow.
See him in there watch-ing foot-ball, drink-ing beer and play-ing cards with Cous-in Nell.
And the blue and sil-ver can-dles, that would just have matched the hair on Grand-ma's wig.

B. but she for-got her med-i-ca-tion, and she stag-ered out the door in-to the snow.
See him in there watch-ing foot-ball, drink-ing beer and play-ing cards with Cous-in Nell.
And the blue and sil-ver can-dles, that would just have matched the hair on Grand-ma's wig.

17 Dm Am C⁷ F


S. When we found her Christ-mas morn-ing, at the scene of the at-tack,
It's not Christ-mas with-out Grand-mä, All the fam-'ly's dressed in black,
I've warned all my friends and neigh-bours, Bet-ter watch out for your selves,

A. When we found her Christ-mas morn-ing, at the scene of the at-tack,
It's not Christ-mas with-out Grand-mä, All the fam-'ly's dressed in black,
I've warned all my friends and neigh-bours, Bet-ter watch out for your selves,


T. When we found her Christ-mas morn-ing, at the scene of the at-tack,
It's not Christ-mas with-out Grand-mä, All the fam-'ly's dressed in black,
I've warned all my friends and neigh-bours, Bet-ter watch out for your selves,

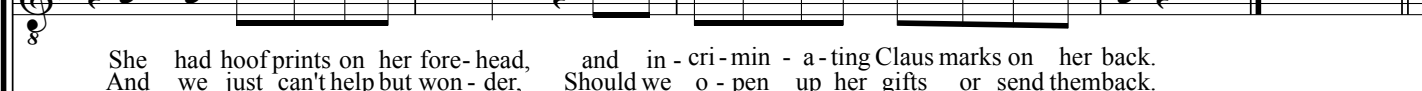
B. When we found her Christ-mas morn-ing, at the scene of the at-tack,
It's not Christ-mas with-out Grand-mä, All the fam-'ly's dressed in black,
I've warned all my friends and neigh-bours, Bet-ter watch out for your selves,

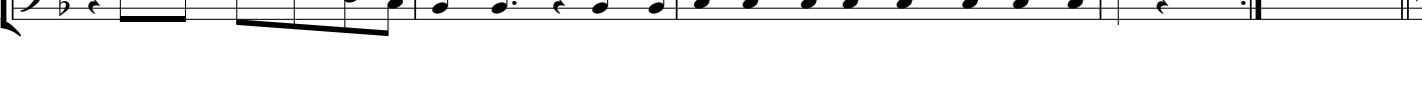
21 B^b C⁷ 1-2 F 3. F D⁷

S. 

She had hoof prints on her fore-head, and in - cri - min - a - ting Claus marks on her back.
 And we just can't help but won - der, Should we o - pen up her gifts or send them back.
 They should ne - ver give a li - cence, to a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves.


A. 

T. 

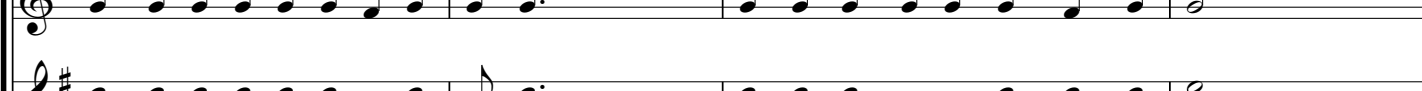
B. 


(a capella)


26

S. 

Grand-ma got run o - ver by a rein-deer walk-ing home from our house Christ-mas Eve.

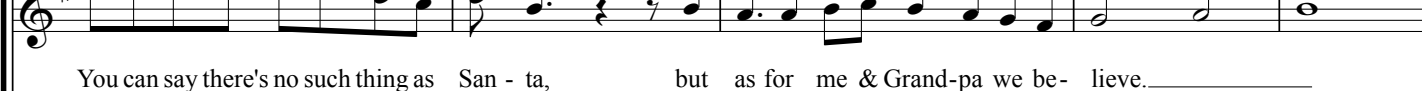
A. 

T. 


B. 


Ho! Ho! Ho!


30 C G D⁷ G

S. 

You can say there's no such thing as San - ta, but as for me & Grand-pa we be - lieve._____

A. 

T. 

B. 

Nobody knows you when you're down and out

Jimmy Cox

Verse

3 C E⁷/B A⁷

Once I lived the life of a mil - lion - aire.

3 Dm A⁷ Dm 3 A Dm

Spent all my mon - ey I just did not care,

5 F B⁷ C/G A

Took all my friends out for a good time,

7 D⁷ G⁷

Bought boot - leg whis - ky, cham - pagne and wine.

9 C E⁷/B A⁷

Then I be - gan to fall so low;

11 Dm A⁷ Dm 3 A Dm

Lost all my good friends, had no - where to go.

13 F B⁷ C/G A

If I get my hands on a dol - lar a - gain,

15 D⁷ G⁷ [to Coda]

I'm gon - na hang on to it till that ea - gle grins. 'cause

Chorus

17 1. C E⁷/B A⁷

No - - bod - y knows you

19 Dm A⁷ Dm A Dm

when you're down and out;

21 F B⁷ C/G A

In your pock - et not one pen - ny;

Instrumental (Verse)
 Verse (Sonia)
 Chorus (Tutti?)
 Instrumental (Verse)
 Coda

23 D⁷ D/A D/A^b G⁷
 And as for friends_____ you don't have an - y._____

25 C E⁷/B A⁷
 When you final - ly get back_____ on your feet a - gain,_____

27 Dm A⁷ Dm A Dm
 Ev - 'ry - bo - dy wants to be your long - lost friend._____

29 F B⁷ C/G A
 Still it's migh - ty strange,_____ with - out a doubt,_____

31 D⁷ D/A D/A^b G⁷ [Rpt. verse as instrumental --> Coda]
 No - bo - dy knows you_____ when you're down and out._____

Coda

33 ^{12.}C E⁷/B A⁷
 When you final - ly get back_____ on your feet a - gain,_____

35 Dm A⁷ Dm A Dm
 Ev - 'ry - bo - dy wants to be your long - lost friend._____

37 F B⁷ C/G A
 Still it's migh - ty strange._____ no - bo - dy knows you,_____

39 D⁷ D/A D/A^b D⁷ D/A D/A^b
 No - bo - dy knows you_____ No - bo - dy knows you_____

41 D⁷ D/A D/A^b G⁷ rit. C
 No - bo - dy knows you when you're down and out.

Eve of Destruction

2 bars drums --> 4 bars guitar (D)

V1: Wayne --> Chorus

V2: Wayne --> Chorus

V3: Ian --> Chorus

V4: Men --> Chorus

V5: All --> Chorus (extra 'and over') + rpt last phrase

P F Sloan

Verse 1 (Wayne)

The eas tern world, it is ex-plo-ding Vio-lence flar-in', bul-lets load-in' You're
 5 old e-nough to kill, but not for vo-tin' You don't be-lieve in war, but
 8 what's that gun you're to-tin' And e-ven the Jor-dan Ri-ver has bo-dies float-tin'

Chorus

But you tell me o-ver and o-ver and o-ver a gain, my friend Ah you
 H1. tell me o-ver and o-ver and o-ver a gain, my friend Ah you
 H2. tell me o-ver and o-ver and o-ver a gain, my friend Ah you
 16 G A7 D G A7 Fine (D)

Verse 2 (Wayne)

Don't you un-der-stand what I'm try in' to say_ and can't you feel the fears I'm feel-in' to day? If the
 26 but-ton is pushed, there's no run-ning a-way_ There'll be no-one to save,_ with the
 29 world in a grave [Take a look a-round ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy! And you]

Verse 3 (Ian)

Verse 4 (Men)

32 D G A⁷ D

Yeah my blood's so mad feels like co-ag-u-la-tin' I'm sit-ting here just

37 G A⁷ D G A⁷

con-tem-pla-tin'___ I can't twist the truth___ it knows no reg-u-la-tion___

40 D G A⁷

Hand-ful of sen-a-tors, don't pass leg-is-la-tion___ And

42 D G A⁷ D

march-es a-lone___ can't bring in-te-gra-tion___ When hu-man res-pect___ is

45 G A⁷ D G A⁷ [--> Chorus]

dis-in-te-gra-tin'___ this whole cra-zy world is just too frus-tra-tin' And you

Verse 5 (All)

48 D G A⁷

And think of all___ the hate there is in Red Chi-na Then

52 D G A⁷

take a look a-round___ to Sel-ma Al-a-bam-a___

54 D G A⁷

You may leave here___ for 4 days in space___ But

56 D G A⁷

when you re-turn___ it's the same old___ place___ The

58 D G A⁷ D

poun-ding of the drums, the pride and dis-grace. You can bur-y your dead, but

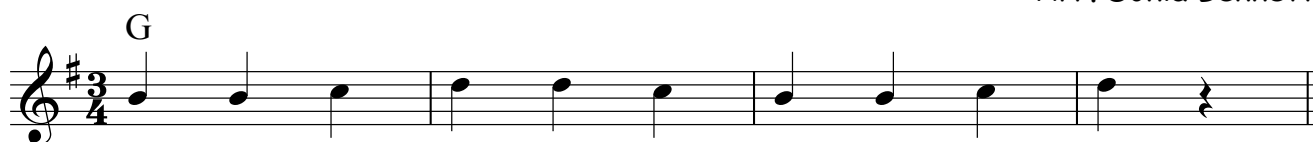
61 G A⁷ D G A⁷ [--> Chorus]

don't leave a trace___ Hate your next door neigh-bour, but don't for-get to say grace, And

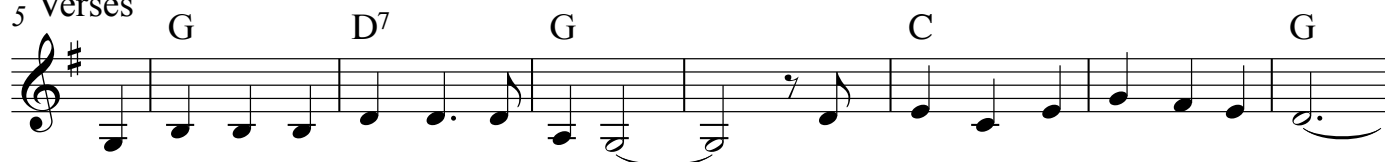
Blow Leaves

Words & Music: Denis Kevans - 1985

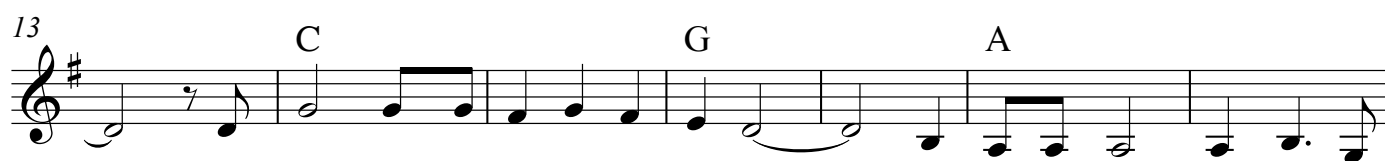
Arr. Sonia Bennett



5 Verses



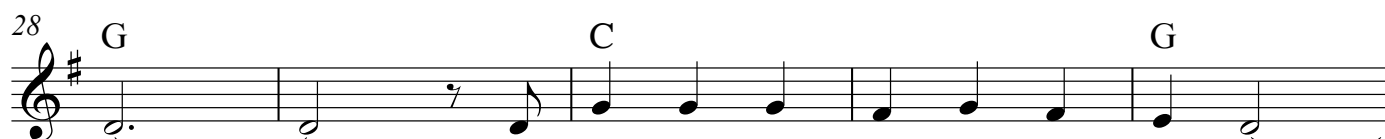
When myr - tle leaves fall in the val - ley, _____ A bright col - oured car - pet is laid, _____
In media - e - val pag - eants re - mem ber, _____ They decked all the dan - ces with leaves, _____
The myr - tles make sum - mer their aut umn, _____ They dish out the yel - low and red, _____
I walked in this val - ley of wat ers, _____ Where the half - light is weav - ing its spell, _____



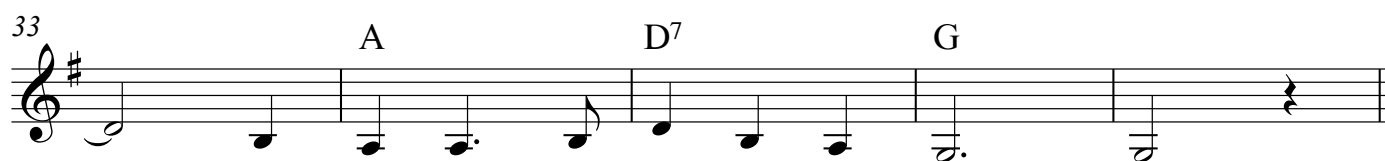
Down isles of the rain - for - est sal - ly, _____ those col - our - ful troops on pa -
For they wor - shipped the trees and their beau - ty, _____ or so man - y peo - ple be -
The green and the brown in their thous ands, _____ to make col - oured quilts for their
And the leaves of the rain - for - est val leys, _____ they col - our my dream - ing as



rade, _____ Whipped by the winds of the even ing, _____ they rise, in a cloud to the
lieved. _____ And here in the heat of the sum mer, _____ the pag - eants re - pea - ed once
bed. _____ Along and a - way up the val - ley, _____ they wind, in a pat - tern, to
well, _____ Like bing - o tick - ets in mill ions, _____ like lotter - y tick - ets gal



sky, _____ And shake out a hun - dred bright col - ours, _____
more, _____ Where sum - mer leaves gath - er in thous - ands, _____
see, _____ And un - wind the parts of my memor - y, _____
ore, _____ That na - ture has bought me for - e - ver, _____



and fill up the tra - vell - er's eye. _____
and dance, with their mates, on the floor. _____
way back down the moun - tain for me. _____
they lie on the rain - for - est floor. _____

Chorus

38 C

Blow _____ leaves blow through my mind _____

Alt. Blow _____ leaves blow through my mind _____

Men. Blow _____ leaves blow through my mind _____

42 C/B Am G (Solo)

blow all my dreams _____ a - way, _____ The

Alt. blow all my dreams _____ a - way, _____

Men. blow all my dreams _____ a - way, _____

48 C C/B Am Am/G (Tutti) D7 G

col our_ of dreams and of sun sets, _____ the col-ours of yes - ter - day.

Alt. _____

Sailability Medley

Compiled by Samantha O'Brien - 2008

Sailing (Rod Stewart)

Chords: F Bb/FF⁷ Bb/F F Dm Bb F

S. I am sail-ing, I am sail-ing, home a- gain 'cross the sea. I am
fly-ing, I am fly-ing, like a bird 'cross the sky. I am
hear me, can you hear me, thro' the dark night, far a-way. I am
sail-ing, we are sail-ing home a- gain 'cross the sea. We are

A. I am sail-ing, I am sail-ing, home a- gain 'cross the sea. I am
fly-ing, I am fly-ing, like a bird 'cross the sky. I am
hear me, can you hear me, thro' the dark night, far a-way. I am
sail-ing, we are sail-ing home a- gain 'cross the sea. We are

B. Can you hear me, can you hear me sail - ling by?

Fl.

A Sax.

T Sax.

Vln.

Vla.

7 Gm Dm Gm Bb/C F Bb/F F Bb/C F D⁷

S. sail-ing, storm-y wa - ters, to be near you, to be free. I am free.
fly-ing, pass-ing high clouds, to be with you, to be free. Can you
dy-ing, forev-er try - ing, to be with you, who can say. We are
sail-ing, storm-y wa - ters, to be near you, to be free.

A. sail-ing, storm-y wa - ters, to be near you, to be free. I am free.
fly-ing, pass-ing high clouds, to be with you, to be free. Can you
dy-ing, forev-er try - ing, to be with you, who can say. We are
sail-ing, storm-y wa - ters, to be near you, to be free.

B. Can you hear me, can you hear me sail - ing by? by?

Fl.

A Sax.

T Sax.

Vln.

Vla.

The Mermaid (Traditional)

G C G C D G

S. It was Fri - day__ morn when we__ set__ sail And we were not far__ from the land. When our
Then up spoke the cap - tain of ourgal-lant ship, And a well spoken man__ was__ he: "I have
Then up spoke the cook__ of ourgal-lant ship, And a greasy old cook was__ he: "I care
Then up spoke the cabin boy of ourgal-lant ship, And a dirty little brat__ was__ he: "I have
Then three times a-round went of ourgal-lant ship, And three times a round sent__ she. And the

A.

T.

B.

S. D.

W.B.

16 G C G C D G

S. cap - tain he spied a mer - maid so fair, With a comb and a glass__ in her hand. *And the*
mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem__ Town, And to - night she a wi - dow will be."
more for my ket - tles and__ for my pans, Than I do for the roar - ing__ sea."
friends back in port and friends in Bos-ton Town, They don't care a__ hap-pen-ny for me."
third time that she__ went__ a - round, She__ sank to the bot-tom of the sea.

A.

T.

B.

S. D.

W.B.

20 G C D G D

S. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

A. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

T. *And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

B. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

S. D. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

Bell. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

Slide. *o - cean waves do roll. And the storm - y winds do blow, and*

24 G C G C D

S. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

A. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

T. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

B. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

S. D. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

W. B. *we poor_ sail - ors are skip - ping at the top, while the land - lub - bers lie__ down be -*

27 G Em C D G

S. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

A. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

T. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

B. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

S. D. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

Bell. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

Whist. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

W. B. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

Slide. *low be - low be - low, while the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.*

Once In Royal David's City

(H. J. Gauntlett - Oxford 100 Carols for Choirs)

Descant

Bmin D G A/E A⁷ D⁷ G G/B G D C D⁷ G

Soprano

Once in roy - al Da - vid's - ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
 He came down to earth - from - hea - ven Who is God and Lord - of - all,
 And our eyes at last - shall - see him, Through his own re - deem - ing - love,
 Not in that poor low - ly - sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing - by,

Alto

Tenor

8

Once in roy - al Da - vid's - ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
 He came down to earth - from - hea - ven Who is God and Lord - of - all,
 And our eyes at last - shall - see him, Through his own re - deem - ing - love,
 Not in that poor low - ly - sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing - by,

Bass

7

D.

Bmin D G A/E A⁷ D⁷ G G/B G D C D⁷ G

S.

Where a mo - ther laid - her - ba - by In a man - ger for - his - bed:
 And his shel - ter was - a - sta - ble, And his cra - dle was - a - stall;
 For that child so dear - and - gent - le Is our Lord in heav - en a - bove;
 We shall see him; but - in - hea - ven, Set at God's right hand - on - high;

A.

T.

8

Where a mo - ther laid - her - ba - by In a man - ger for - his - bed:
 And his shel - ter was - a - sta - ble, And his cra - dle was - a - stall;
 For that child so dear - and - gent - le Is our Lord in heav - en a - bove;
 We shall see him; but - in - hea - ven, Set at God's right hand - on - high;

B.

13

D.

S.

A.

T.

B.

16

D.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Verse 1: Nicky a capella
 Verse 2: Page 1: Nicky (with soft instruments) Page 2: Tutti (soft)
 Verse 3: Tutti
 Verse 4: Tutti

The night they drove old Dixie down

Robbie Robertson

5

Am C F Am

Vir-gil Caine is my name and I served on the Den-ville train.

9

C Am F Am

'Til Stone-man's Cav-al-ry came and tore up the tracks a gain.

13

F C Am F

In the win-ter of six-ty five we were hun-gry, just bare-ly a-live,

17

Am F C Am D⁷

By May the tenth Rich-mond had fell, it was a time I re-mem-ber oh, so well.

23

C F C Am

The night they drove old Dix-ie down, and all the bells were ring-ing, The

The night they drove old Dix-ie down, The

76

28 C F C Am

night they drove old Dix-ie down, — and all the peo-ple were sing - ing, They went,

S.

T.

B.

Vln.

32 C Am D⁷ F

La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.

S.

T.

B.

Vln.

37 C

Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she called to me,
 "Virgil, quick, come and see, there goes Robert E. Lee!"
 Now I don't mind choppin' wood,
 And I don't care if the money's no good.
 Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
 But they should never have taken the very best.

Like my father before me, I will work the land,
 Like my brother above me, who took a rebel stand.
 He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
 But a Yankee laid him in his grave,
 I swear by the mud below my feet,
 You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

Rolling Home

John Tams

V1: Wayne --> Chorus
V2: Ian --> Chorus
V3: Rima --> Chorus
V4: Men --> Chorus
V5: All --> Chorus --> Chorus (a capella)

Verse 1 (Wayne)

Round goes the wheel of for- tune don't be a-fraid to ride, There's a land of milk and
hon ey_ waits on the oth - er side... There'll be peace & there'll be plen - ty, you'll
ne ver. need to roam. When we go_ roll ing_ home, when we go roll - ing home.

Chorus

Rol - ling home, when we_ go roll - ing home, when we_ go
roll - ing home

Rol - ling home, when we_ go roll - ing home, when we_ go

roll - ing, roll - ing when we go roll - ing home.

roll - ing, roll - ing when we go roll - ing home.

Verse 2 (Ian)

The gen try_ in their fine ar ray, do pros-per night and morn. While we un - to_ the
fields must go_ to plough and sow the corn. The rich they steal the pow-er, but the

36 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

glor-y's ours a-lone. When we go roll-ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 3 (Rima)

42 F C⁷ F Bb

The frost is on the hedge row, the i-cy winds do blow. While we poor wear-y

48 F C⁷ Bb F

la-bour ers strive through the driv ing snow, Our dreams fly up to glo-ry of

53 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

where the lark has flown. When we go roll-ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 4 (Men)

59 F C⁷ F Bb

The sum mer of re-sent ment, the win-ter of des-pair, The jour ney to con

65 F C⁷ Bb F

tent ment is set with trap and snare. Stand to and stand to- geth-er, your

70 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

la bours yours a-lone. When we go roll ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 5 (All)

76 F C⁷ F Bb

So pass the bot tle 'round and let the toast go free. Here's a health to ev er-y

82 F C⁷ Bb F

la bour er where - e-ver they may be. Fair wa-ges now and e - ver, let's

87 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus x2]

reap what we have sown. When we go roll-ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Where have all the flowers gone?

Pete Seeger

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Long time passing

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Long time ago

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Girls have picked them every one

Bm A
When will they ever learn?

Bm E A
When will I they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the young girls gone?

Taken husbands every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the young men gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the young men gone?

Gone for soldiers every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Gone to graveyards every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Covered with flowers every one

When will we ever learn?

When will we ever learn?