



Singing with a joyful heart



OLLI Glee Club Member Favorites

March 14, 2018

OLLI Glee Club Member Favorites

March 14, 2018 Songlist

Tiny Bubbles

Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

You're so Vain

California Girls

Help Me Rhonda

California Dreaming

Blowin' in the Wind

Close To You

Leaving on a Jet Plane

With a little Help from my Friends

Imagine

Don Ho

Willie Nelson

Carly Simon

Beach Boys

Beach Boys

Mamas and Papas

Peter, Paul and Mary

Carpenters

Judy Collins

The Beatles

John Lennon

BREAK

Dona Nobis Pacem

When a Man Loves a Woman

Stormy Weather

Oh Susannah

If I had a Hammer

Wouldn't it be Lovely

I'm getting married in the morning

You're a Grand Old Flag

Yankee Doodle Dandy

Alexander's Ragtime Band

Songs in Rounds

Percy Sledge

Lena Horns

Stephen Foster

Pete Seeger

My Fair Lady

My Fair Lady

George M. Cohan

George M. Cohan

Irving Berlin

Tiny Bubbles

Don Ho

Written by Leon Pober

Tiny bubbles
In the wine
Make me happy
Make me feel fine

Tiny bubbles (tiny bubbles)
Make me warm all over
With a feeling that I'm gonna
Love you till the end of time

So here's to the golden moon
And here's to the silver sea
And mostly here's a toast
To you and me

Tiny bubbles (tiny bubbles)
In the wine (in the wine)
Make me happy (make me happy)
Make me feel fine (make me feel fine)

Tiny bubbles (tiny bubbles)
Make me warm all over
With a feeling that I'm gonna
Love you till the end of time

So here's to the ginger lei
I give to you today
And here's a kiss
That will not fade away

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys

Willie Nelson

Written by Ed Bruce and Patty Bruce

Cowboys ain't easy to love
And they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song
Than diamonds or gold
Lonestar belt buckles
And old faded levis
And each night begins a new day
If you don't understand him
And he don't die young
He'll prob'ly just ride away

(Chorus)

Mamas, don't let your babies
Grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars
Or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors
And lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies
Grow up to be cowboys
Cause they'll never stay home
And they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms
And clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children
And girls of the night
Them that don't know him
Won't like him and them that do
Sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different
But his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right

Mamas, don't let your babies
Grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars
Or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors
And lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies
Grow up to be cowboys
Cause they'll never stay home
And they're always alone
Even with someone they love

You're So Vain

Written by Carly Simon

(Verse 1)

You walked into the party
Like you were walking onto a yacht
Your hat strategically dipped below one eye
Your scarf it was apricot
You had one eye in the mirror
As you watched yourself gavotte
And all the girls dreamed that they'd be your partner
They'd be your partner

(Chorus)

You're so vain
You probably think this song is about you
You're so vain
I'll bet you think this song is about you
Don't you? Don't you?

[Verse 2]

You had me several years ago
When I was still quite naive
Well, you said that we made such a pretty pair
And that you would never leave
But you gave away the things you loved
And one of them was me
I had some dreams they were clouds in my coffee
Clouds in my coffee, and

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

I had some dreams they were clouds in my coffee
Clouds in my coffee, and

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Well, I hear you went up to Saratoga
And your horse naturally won
Then you flew your Lear jet up to Nova Scotia
To see the total eclipse of the sun
Well, you're where you should be all the time
And when you're not, you're with
Some underworld spy or the wife of a close friend
Wife of a close friend, and

[Chorus]

California Girls

Beach Boys

Written by Brian Wilson and Mike Love

Well East coast girls are hip
I really dig those styles they wear
And the Southern girls with the way they talk
They knock me out when I'm down there
The Midwest farmer's daughters really make you feel alright
And the Northern girls with the way they kiss
They keep their boyfriends warm at night

(Chorus)

I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California girls

The West coast has the sunshine
And the girls all get so tanned
I dig a french bikini on Hawaii island
Dolls by a palm tree in the sand
I been all around this great big world
And I seen all kinds of girls
Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back in the states
Back to the cutest girls in the world

(Chorus)

I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls yeah I dig the)

Help Me, Rhonda

Beach Boys

Written by Brian Wilson and Mike Love

Well since she put me down I 've been out doin' in my head
Come in late at night and in the mornin' I just lay in bed

Well, Rhonda you look so fine (look so fine)
And I know it wouldn't take much time
For you to help me Rhonda
Help me get her out of my heart

(Chorus)

Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda
Help, help me Rhonda
Help me Rhonda yeah
Get her out of my heart

She was gonna be my wife
And I was gonna be her man
But she let another guy come between us
And it shattered our plan

Well, Rhonda you caught my eye (caught my eye)
And I can give you lotsa reasons why
You gotta help me Rhonda
Help me get her out of my heart

(Chorus)

California Dreamin'

Mamas and Papas

Written by John Phillips and Michelle Phillips

All the leaves are brown and the sky is gray
I've been for a walk on a winter's day
I'd be safe and warm if I was in L.A.
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

Stopped in to a church I passed along the way
Well I got down on my knees and I pretend to pray
You know the preacher liked the cold
He knows I'm gonna stay
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

All the leaves are brown and the sky is gray
I've been for a walk on a winter's day
If I didn't tell her I could leave today
California dreamin' on such a winter's day
California dreamin' on such a winter's day
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

Blowin' in the Wind

Peter, Paul and Mary

written by Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Close to You

The Carpenters

Written by Burt Bacharach/Hal David

Why do birds suddenly appear
Every time you are near?
Just like me, they long to be
Close to you

Why do stars fall down from the sky
Every time you walk by?
Just like me, they long to be
Close to you

On the day that you were born
The angels got together
And decided to create a dream come true
So they sprinkled moondust in your hair of gold
And starlight in your eyes of blue

That is why all the girls in town (girls in town)
Follow you (follow you) all around (all around)
Just like me, they long to be
Close to you

On the day that you were born
The angels got together
And decided to create a dream come true
So they sprinkled moondust in your hair of gold
And starlight in your eyes of blue

That is why all the girls in town (girls in town)
Follow you (follow you) all around (all around)
Just like me, they long to be
Close to you

Just like me (just like me), they long to be
Close to you

Ah, close to you
Ah, close to you
Ah, close to you
Ah, close to you

Leaving on a Jet Plane

Judy Collins

Written by John Denver

All my bags are packed,
I'm ready to go
I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye

But the dawn is breaking,
It's early morn
The taxi's waiting,
He's blowing' his horn
Already I'm so lonesome
I could cry.

(Chorus)

So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
I'm leaving on a jet plane
I don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe, I hate to go.

There are so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing

Every place I go, I'll think of you
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you
When I come back, I'll wear your wedding ring.

(Chorus)

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time
Let me kiss you
Then close your eyes,
I'll be on my way.

Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
About the times, I won't have to say,

(Chorus)

LEAVING ON A JET PLANE

With A Little Help From My Friends

Beatles

Written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

What would you think if I sang out of tune
Would you stand up and walk out on me?

Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, I get high with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends

What do I do when my love is away?
Does it worry you to be alone?
How do I feel by the end of the day?
Are you sad because you're on your own?

No, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, I get high with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends

Do you need anybody?
I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody?
I want somebody to love

Would you believe in a love at first sight?
Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the light?
I can't tell you, but I know it's mine

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, I get high with a little help from my friends
Oh, I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends

Do you need anybody?
I just need someone to love
Could it be anybody?
I want somebody to love

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends
Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends
Yes, I get by with a little help from my friends
With a little help from my friends

Imagine

by John Lennon

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us, only sky
Imagine all the people living for today
Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion, too
Imagine all the people living life in peace
You...

(Chorus)

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people sharing all the world

(Chorus)

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us
And the world will live as one

Dona Nobis Pacem

“Grant Us Peace”

A Three-Part Round

A Portion of the Agnus Dei from the Roman Catholic Mass

Dona nobis pacem, pacem,
dona nobis pacem.

Dona nobis pacem.
Dona nobis pacem.

Dona nobis pacem
dona nobis pacem.

When A Man Loves A Woman

Percy Sledge

Written by Calvin Lewis and Andrew Wright

When a man loves a woman, can't keep his mind on nothin' else,
He'd change the world for the good thing he's found.

If she is bad, he can't see it, she can do no wrong,
Turn his back on his best friend if he put her down.

When a man loves a woman, He'll spend his very last dime
Tryin' to hold on to what he needs.

He'd give up all his comforts, and sleep out in the rain,
If she said that's the way, it ought to be.

Well, this man loves you, woman;
Gave you everything I have,
Tryin' to hold on to your high-class love.
Baby, please don't treat me bad

When a man loves a woman, deep down deep in his soul,
She can bring him such misery.

If she is playin' him for a fool, he's the last one to know.
Lovin' eyes can never see.

When a man loves a woman, he can do her no wrong,
He can never want some other girl.

When a man loves a woman, I know exactly how he feels,
'Cause baby, baby, you are my world

Well, this man loves you, woman;
Gave you everything I have,
Tryin' to hold on to your high-class love.
Baby, please don't treat me bad

When a man loves a woman, I know exactly how he feels,
'Cause baby, baby, you are my world

Stormy Weather

Lena Horne

written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler

Don't know why
There's no sun up in the sky
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time

Life is bare
Gloom and misery everywhere
Stormy weather
Just can't get my poor self together
I'm weary all the time, the time
So weary all the time

When he went away, the blues walked in and met me
If he stays away, old rocking chair will get me
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me
Walk in the sun once more

(Chorus)

Can't go on
All I have in life is gone
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time
Keeps rainin' all the time

I walk around, heavy-hearted and sad
Night comes around, I'm still feelin' bad
Rain pourin' down, blindin' every hope I had
This pitterin', patterin', beatin' and spatterin' drives me mad!
Love, love, love, love!
This misery is just too much for me!

(Chorus)

Can't go on
Everything I had is gone
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time
Keeps rainin' all the time

“Oh Susanna”

Written by Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee,
I'm bound for Louisiana,
My true love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I dreamt I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill

A red rose was in her cheek,
A tear was in her eye
I said to her, Susanna girl,
Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee.

If I Had A Hammer

By Pete Seeger

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land

I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land

I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land

I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Well I got a hammer
And I got a bell
And I got a song to sing, all over this land

It's the hammer of Justice
It's the bell of Freedom
It's the song about Love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

It's the hammer of Justice
It's the bell of Freedom
It's the song about Love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Wouldn't it be Lovely

"My Fair Lady"

Written by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe

It's rather dull in town, I think I'll take me to Paree, hmm
The mistress wants to open up the castle in Capri, hmm
Me doctor recommends a quiet summer by the sea, hmm, mmm
Wouldn't it be lovely?

All I want is a room somewhere
Far away from the cold night air
With one enormous chair
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of chocolate for me to eat
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still
I would never budge till spring
Crept over the window sill

Someone's head restin' on my knee
Warm and tender as he can be
Who takes good care of me
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely
Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely

All I want is a room somewhere
Far away from the cold night air
With one enormous chair
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of chocolate for me to eat
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still
I would never budge till spring
Crept over the window sill

Someone's head restin' on my knee
Warm and tender as he can be
Who takes good care of me
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely
Lovely, lovely, lovely

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely
Lovely, lovely, lovely
Wouldn't it be lovely

Get Me To The Church On Time

My Fair Lady

Written by Frederick Loewe, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner

There's just a few more hours.
That's all the time you've got. A few more hours
Before they tie the knot.
There are drinks and girls all over London,
and I've gotta track 'em down in just a few more hours!

I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! The bells are gonna chime.
Pull out the stopper! Let's have a whopper!
But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the mornin'
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls, come and kiss me;
Show how you'll miss me.
But get me to the church on time!

If I am dancin' Roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin' Whewt me out the door!

For I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Kick up an rumpus But don't lost the compass;
And get me to the church, Get me to the church,
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Drug me or jail me, Stamp me and mail me.
But get me to the church on time!
I gotta be there in the morning
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Some bloke who's able Lift up the table,
And get em to the church on time!
If I am flying Then shoot me down.
If I am woin',
Get her out of town!

For I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Feather and tar me;
Call out the Army; But get me to the church.
Get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.
Mornin' is smearin' up the sky. London is wakin'.
Daylight is breakin'. Good luck, old chum,
Good health, goodbye.

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime...
Hail and salute me Then haul off and boot me...
And get me to the church, Get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

You're a Grand Old Flag

George M. Cohan

(Verse 1)

There's a feeling comes a-stealing, and it sets my brain a-reeling,
When I'm list'ning to the music of a military band.
Any tune like "Yankee Doodle" simply sets me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something that no one can understand.

"Way down south, in the land of cotton," melody untiring,
Ain't that inspiring!

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll join the jubilee,
And that's going some
For the Yankees, by gum!
Red, White and Blue,
I am for you,
Honest, you're a grand old flag!

(Chorus)

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high-flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true
Under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

(Verse 2)

I'm no cranky hanky panky, I'm a dead square, honest Yankee,
And I'm mighty proud of that old flag that flies for Uncle Sam.
Though I don't believe in raving ev'ry time I see it waving,
There's a chill runs up my back that makes me glad I'm what I am.
Here's a land with a million soldiers, that's if we should need 'em,
We'll fight for freedom!

Hurrah! Hurrah! For every Yankee tar
And old G.A.R.,¹ ev'ry stripe, ev'ry star.
Red, White and Blue,
Hats off to you
Honest, you're a grand old flag!

Yankee Doodle Dandy

By George M. Cohan

I'm the kid that's all the candy
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
I'm glad I am
(So's Uncle Sam)
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle
Made my name and fame and boodle
Just like Mister Doodle did, by riding on a pony
I love to listen to the Dixey strain
"I long to see the girl I left behind me"
And that ain't a josh
She's a Yankee, by gosh
(Oh, say can you see
Anything about a Yankee that's a phoney?)

(Chorus)

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Yankee Doodle, do or die
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the Fourth of July
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
She's my Yankee Doodle joy
Yankee Doodle came to London
Just to ride the ponies
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy

Father's name was Hezekiah
Mother's name was Ann Maria
Yanks through and through
(Red, white and blue)
Father was so Yankee hearted
When the Spanish War was started
He slipped upon his uniform and hopped up on a pony
My mother's mother was a Yankee true
My father's father was a Yankee too
And that's going some
For the Yankees, by gum
(Oh, say can you see
Anything about my pedigree that's phoney)

(Chorus)

Alexander's Ragtime Band

By Irving Berlin

Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band
Come on and hear, come on and hear 'bout the best band in the land
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before
So natural that you want to go to war
That's just the bestest band what am, oh honey lamb

Come on along, come on along, let me take you by the hand
Up to the man, up to the man who's the leader of the band
And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band

Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band
Come on and hear, come on and hear 'bout the best band in the land
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before
So natural that you want to go to war
That's just the bestest band what am, oh honey lamb

Come on along, come on along, let me take you by the hand
Up to the man, up to the man who's the leader of the band
And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band