

City sounds

City sounds, city sights, city buildings, city lights.
Join the crowds and let the energy guide you.
City bustle ev'rywhere, people rushing here and there.
Feel the city beating deep inside you.

1. There's a busker in the subway where he plays an old guitar
and some passersby throw money in his hat.
There's a juggler in the high street and a dancer in the square,
where the shoppers stop to have a friendly chat.

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2. There's a man who hails a taxi and a queue for ev'ry bus,
while the cars are jamming ev'ry little street.
People hurry to the office with a coffee in their hand,
as the pavement echoes back their busy feet.

Window shopping, take in a show.
Grand museums, food to go.
Theatre, cinema, birthday treat.
Sights to visit, friends to meet.
Feel the city beating deep inside you.

Fireworks!

1. Into the cold and starry night,
under the smoky Autumn sky,
see the bonfire burning bright;
flames are a-dancing, leaping high.

2. Catherine wheels begin to spin,
whirling and twirling round and round.
See the lights and hear the din,
Echoing back the thrilling sound.

3. Sparklers jiggle up and down,
writing each name with hiss and fizz.
Golden rain like fountain pours,
bangers explode with pop and whizz.

GROUP 1

A whizz and a crackle,
A whistle, a scream,
Thousands of tiny multicoloured stars.

GROUP 2

A flicker and roar,
an 'ooh' and an 'aah'.
Thousands of multicoloured stars.

GROUP 3

Into the heavens
the rockets soar.
Thousands of coloured stars.

Fire is dying, embers glow,
fingers grow cold and night grows dark.
See the bonfire quiet and still.
All that remains a tiny spark.

Ahoy, me lads!

Ahoy me lads, 'tis time to wake,
a cargo waits your labour.
Make haste towards the harbour
while the wind is in our favour.
There's whisky, brandy, wine and rum;
our boats will be well laden.
And tea and coffee for the rich,
with silk for many a maiden.

So hoist the sails at dark of moon
while Jack a watch is keeping.
We'll leave Ooh Port Erin on the tide
while all the world is sleeping.
The Revenue won't have us boys,
our fortune's not for sharing.
And ev'ry cutter we'll outrun
with courage brave and daring.

There's fine tobacco, leaf and roll,
and juniper for flavour.
With wool for ev'ry gentleman
who seeks a lady's favour.
We've guns and pistols in the hold
and wisely we must choose them.
For should the Customs board our boat
we'll not be slow to use them.

So hoist the sails at dark of moon
while Jack a watch is keeping.
We'll leave Ooh Port Erin on the tide
while all the world is sleeping.
The Revenue won't have us boys,
our fortune's not for sharing.
And ev'ry cutter we'll outrun
with courage brave and daring.

Oh hush my babe, my little one,
we'll keep the lanterns burning.
For smugglers' babes must wait till dawn
to see the men returning.
Be still my babe, my little one,
and do not heed my sorrow.
For if the Customs catch him,
then he'll not be home tomorrow.

Fetch your boots

Fetch your boots, fetch your gloves,
fetch your scarf, fetch your hat;
it's snowing. (It's snowing.)
Take a step on the ice,
wrap your coat very tight;
it's blowing. (It's blowing.)

Pull your sledge up the hill,
take it right to the top;
it's snowing. (It's snowing.)
Climb aboard holding tight,
but watch out where you might be going. (You're going.)

1. Your breath steams out in the cold, cold air.
Your fingers freeze but you just don't care.
The snowflakes fall and it's time to play.
Build a snowman now and he just might stay.

Fetch your boots, fetch your gloves,
fetch your scarf, fetch your hat;
it's snowing. (It's snowing.)
Take a step on the ice,
wrap your coat very tight;
it's blowing. (It's blowing.)

2. Your footsteps crunch as you make your way.
A new white world on this winter's day.
A snowball game with a friend or two,
then it's home at last when the day is through.

What a day full of fun as you sit
by the fire a glowing. (A glowing.)
And you hope and you wish that the day after this;
it's snowing. (it's snowing.)

Don't watch scary movies

1. Don't watch scary movies when the darkness starts to fall,
ev'ry creepy sound will make you shake.

Hear your teeth a chatter as the phantoms rise and call,
now's the time for Spirits all to wake.

A goblin's in the armchair with a horrid, hideous grin
and elves are in the kitchen making tea.

While zombie faces press against the rattling windowpane
and one is on the sofa next to me!

2. Don't watch scary movies just before you climb the stairs,
shadows reach to get you as you go.

Ghosts and ghouls are hiding and they'll catch you unawares,
spooky eyes give out an eerie glow.

Mum's riding on a unicorn with horns upon her head,
and Dad is dancing gangnam with a ghost.

My brother's with a skeleton who's brought his family
and now they're in the kitchen making toast!

3. Don't watch scary movies if you want to sleep at night,
monsters will be creeping round your head.

Listen to them mutter as you're turning off the light,
soon they'll come and climb into your bed.

You're shaking like a jelly when you hear each little noise,
each whisper seems to chill you to the bone.

The curtain won't stop flapping and the wind begins to howl.
Oh how you wish they'd leave you all alone!

4. Don't watch scary movies if you want to sleep at night,
monsters will be creeping round your head.

Listen to them mutter as you're turning off the light,
soon they'll come and climb into your bed.

Turn the telly off you sleepyhead,
have a mug of nice hot milk instead!

Rainforest world

1. Deep in the forest something is stirring,
two yellow eyes shining golden and bright.
Deep in the forest someone is purring,
Tiger is keeping his watch through the night.
High in the branches a monkey is climbing,
swinging and leaping, just wanting to play.
Far, far below him a sloth is reclining
Dozing and dreaming his way through the day.

2. Twisting and turning a python is sliding,
silently over the green, mossy ground.
Under the leaves tiny beetles are hiding,
Leopard is passing with never a sound.
High in the treetops macaw shouts a warning,
creatures all scatter and eagle takes flight.
Sweet, scented flowers and vines make an awning,
under the canopy dappled with light.

Rainforest world, how can we protect you?
Turtle and butterfly, spider and bee.
Sunlight and shadows fall soft on your branches,
living and breathing, each flower and tree.

Starship 92

1. We're drifting through the universe
on Star-ship Ninety-two,
patrolling unknown galaxies
in search of life anew.
Among the stars and asteroids
in timelessness we spin,
where no man may have ventured
we've a mission to begin.
On the Star-ship Ninety-two,
on the Star-ship Ninety-two.

2. The Earth lies far behind us now
as light years pass us by,
no gravity to hold us
as we float across the sky.
Within this world of darkness
who knows what the future holds?
Our past is disappearing
as another star unfolds.
On the Star-ship Ninety-two,
on the Star-ship Ninety-two.

3. Across the silent universe we journey
to explore a land of cosmic beauty
never touched by man before.
Is anybody out there?
Is there anyone to hear?
Is anybody waiting
for a space-ship to appear?
On the Star-ship Ninety-two,
on the Star-ship Ninety-two.

Technochild!

1. If you want some information,
I'm the one you ought to ask.
Need some good communication?
Then I'm ready for the task.
I can surf across the Internet
and navigate with style –
I'm a twenty-first century
Technochild!

2. I've got kilobytes and gigabytes
and megabytes of space,
when my webcam is connected
I can fly to any place.
When I'm searching for an answer
I can download any file –
I'm a twenty-first century
Technochild!

City boy, country girl,
doesn't really matter.
Country boy, city girl,
listen to them chatter.
Worldwide web is such a revelation;
one big family, global transformation!

3. I can capture any image
on my scanner or my phone
and with email or a mobile
I need never be alone.
Tho' the world is getting smaller,
it's a lot more versatile –
I'm a twenty-first century
Technochild!

4. I've got digital receiver
so the sound can be enhanced
and my i-Pad is the latest
so you see I'm quite advanced.
I'm rewriteable, recordable
and this'll make you smile –
I'm a twenty-first century
Technochild!
Technochild!
Technochild!

Eating out

In the city there are restaurants to savour,
so come with us now to sample ev'ry flavour.
We would like to take you round the world with style,
and we've treats in store we're sure will make you smile.

1. Would you like fettucine or maybe linguine?
We've plenty of pasta and pizza to choose.
Maria and Toni make great cannelloni,
all smother'd in parmesan, hard to refuse!

2. If you're in a hurry, Alfonso won't worry,
he'll run up a quick Bolognese for sure.
With garlic to savour and basil for flavour,
you'll soon be in Paradise, who could want more?

PART ONE:

Oriental feast awaits your eyes;
treasures from the East, our chef's surprise.
Aromatic duck and egg-fried rice;
crisp prawn crackers and Chinese spice.
Bamboo shoots in a fresh spring roll;
chopsticks tapping each tiny bowl.
Beef chop suey and fine green tea;
oriental banquet just for me.

PART TWO:

Aromatic duck and eggfried rice;
crisp prawn crackers and Chinese spice.
Ah
Ah
oriental banquet just for me.

1. If you fancy something spicy and exotic
where the music of sitar is quite hypnotic
Try the bhaji and chapati if you wish,
or maybe risk an even hotter dish.

2. We have poppodums to get your juices flowing,
while the balti over candlelight is glowing.
To accompany there's naan and sag aloo,
pilau rice and mango chutney just for you.

3. All around us is the happy sound of chatter,
as the lamb and chilli sizzles on the platter,
'til your senses all have finally been fed.
A refreshing drink and then go home to bed.

PART ONE:

This is what the English like to eat;
bacon, fried bread, that's a fav'rite treat!
Roast beef, Yorkshire pud, gravy on the top
roast pork, apple sauce, 'til you nearly pop!
Beans on toast, shepherd's pie, what a jamboree!
When we've sampl'd all the fare, we'll have a cuppa tea!

PART TWO:

Fish and chips is what the English like to eat;
bacon and eggs, fried bread, that's a fav'rite treat!
Roast beef, Yorkshire pud, gravy on the top –
roast pork, apple sauce, 'til you nearly pop!
Beans on toast, shepherd's pie, what a jamboree!
When we've sampl'd all the fare, we'll have a cuppa tea!

The market

STREET-CRY 1 Ripe cherries, ripe.

STREET-CRY 2 Lavender, sweet lavender.

STREET-CRY 3 Eight - a - penny stunning pears. Eight - a - penny come and buy them.

STREET-CRY 4 Ribbons, ribbons for a lady.

STREET-CRY 5 Rag and bone.

STREET-CRY 6 Buy my pies and puddings.

CHOIR

1. And the morning starts with a song,

As the sellers give their cry.

And the street begins to hum

as the people come to buy.

2. There are bonnets, silk and lace.

There are razors, there are knives.

See the chestnuts on the fire.

Smell the rosemary and chives.

STREET-CRY 1 Ripe cherries, ripe.

STREET-CRY 2 Lavender, sweet lavender.

STREET-CRY 3 Eight - a - penny stunning pears. Eight - a - penny come and buy them.

STREET-CRY 4 Ribbons, ribbons for a lady.

STREET-CRY 5 Rag and bone.

STREET-CRY 6 Buy my pies and puddings.

Come with your pennies but keep an eye,
there are thieves about and they'll not be shy.

For they'll pick a pocket, be on their way,
before you've time to say, 'Good-day'.

There are herrings fresh and new,
such a harvest from the sea.

There is gossip to be had,
then it's home again for me.

STREET-CRY 1 Ripe cherries, ripe.

STREET-CRY 2 Lavender, sweet lavender.

STREET-CRY 4 Ribbons, ribbons for a lady.

STREET-CRY 5 Rag and bone.