

Lean on me

(Music and Words - Bill Withers)

Sops

Ooh

A/T/B

Doo, doo doo dut doo,
doo doo dut doo,
doo doo doo, hoo hoo (rpt)

Verse 1

Sometimes in our lives,
A/T/B we all have pains we all have sorrow
But, if we are wise,
we know that there's always tomorrow

Sops

Ooh

Chorus

**Lean on me, when you're not strong,
and I'll be your friend,
I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long, 'til I'm gonna need
somebody to lean on**

Verse 2

Please swallow your pride
if by your faith, you need to borrow
I'm right up the road and I'll share your load
If you just call me

Bridge

*A/B You just call on me brother, when you need a
friend*

*We all need somebody to lean on
I just might have a problem that you'll
understand*

We all need somebody to lean on

Ten

*Doo d'n dow, doo d'n bap,
doo d'n bap, bom bom bom bow (rpt)*

Sop

Tsss, Tsss, We all need somebody to lean on

Chorus

Lean on me, when you're not strong...

Bridge

You just call on me brother.....

Verse 3

If there is a load you cannot bear
that you can't carry
I'm right up the road, yes I'll share your load
If you just call me

A/T/B

Call me, call me, call me, call me

Sops

Call me, if you need a friend
All you gotta do is call me, call me.

John Barleycorn (First Section)

(Trad English Folk Song, arr. Peter Hunt)

Men

There was three men come out of the west, their
fortunes for to try.

And these three men made a solemn vow, John
Barleycorn should die.

They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,
throwed clods upon his head

And these three men made a solemn vow, John
Barleycorn was dead.

John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn etc

Then they let him lie for a very long time 'til the rain
from heaven did fall.

Then little Sir John sprung up his head and soon
amazed them all

They let him stand 'til midsummer 'til he looked both
pale and wan

And little Sir John he growed a long beard and so
became a man.

John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn etc

They hired men with the scythes so sharp to cut him off
at the knee

They rolled him and tied him by the waist and served
him most barbarously

They hired men with the sharp pitchforks who pricked
him to the heart

And the loader he served him worse than that, for he
bound him to the cart.

John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn etc

They wheeled him round and round the field 'til they
came unto a barn

And there they made a solemn mow of poor John
Barleycorn

They hired men with the crab-tree sticks to cut him skin
from bone

And the miller served him worse than that, for he
ground him between two stones.

John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn etc

John Barleycorn (Second section)

Sop/Alt/Ten

Here's little Sir John in a nut brown bowl, and brandy in a glass;

And little Sir John in the nut brown bowl proved the stronger man at last (oh).

(And the) huntsman he can't hunt the fox, nor so loudly blow his horn,

And the tinker he can't mend kettles or pots without a little of Barleycorn

Bass **John Barley corn (x4)**

(Oh) John Barleycorn (x4)

All

To me right fol airy fol de diddle day,
to me right fol airy oh!

To me right fol airy fol de diddle day,
to me right fol airy oh!

S/A/T

(And the) huntsman he can't hunt the fox, nor so loudly blow his horn,

And the tinker he can't mend kettles or pots without a little of Barleycorn

Bass **John Barley corn (x4)**

All

To me right fol airy fol de diddle day,
to me right fol airy oh!

To me right fol airy fol de diddle day,
to me right fol airy oh!

John Barleycorn.

Malaika

(Fadhili William, arr. Berry/Easterbrook)

Bass Dom, dom, da dom, dom
Dom, dom, da dom, dom (x3)

Ten Dom, dom, da dom dom, da da
Dom dom da dom dom, da da (x2)

Sop Do do do do, do do do, do do
Do do do do, do do do, do do

Verse

Alt Malaika, na-ku-pen-da Malaika
(rpt)

Bass dom, da dom, da dom, dom dom dom
da da da da, dom da dom dom
dom, da dom, da dom, dom dom dom

Ten Dom dom, dom dom, dom dom,
da dom dom, (da dom dom) (repeat)

Sops Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh (x3)

Chorus

All *Na ma nee fan yeah-jay*
Kee-jana mwen-zee-oh

Sop/Alt *Na-shind wa na mali sen-a way*
Nin-geku oh a Malaika (repeat)

Bass *Dom, dom, da dom, dom (x6)*

Ten *Dom, dom, da dom dom, da da (x6)*

Sop do do do do, do do do do, do do (x2)

Verses 2 Pay-za za, sum-boo-ah ro-ho yan-gu (rpt)

Chorus

Verse 3 *Kee-deh-jay hu-ku-waza kee-deh-jay*

Chorus

Repeat twice from:

Na shind wa na mali sen-a-way...

Fade to end.

Laudate Omnes Gentes

(Taize Chant)

Laudate omnes gentes

Laudate dominum

Translation:

Sing praises all you peoples,

Sing praises to the lord

Go in beauty

(words and music, William Baker)

Oh go in beauty

Peace be with you,

until we meet again in the light

Always the singing

(words and music, Ali Burns)

Verse 1

Sop There are twists and turns in every life
In the wide roads that lead you from here
But the threads that bind the journey together
Are the songs that weave through the years

A/T/B Aah, aah, every life
Aah, aah, here
(But) aah, aah, journey together
Aah, aah, years

Chorus

*(And it's) always the singing and it's always the song
(In the) whole wide world it's where I belong
From my heart to my soul,
from my feet to my tongue
It's always the singing, it's always the song.*

Verse 2

Sop There are friends I've known for all of my life
And songs that remind me of them
And I hold them all so deep in my heart
'cause I know that love grows in song

A/T/B Aah, aah, all of my life
Aah, aah, them
(And) aah, aah, deep in my heart
Aah, aah, song

Chorus

Verse 3

Sop So fill up your glasses and raise them up high
And remember the years that have gone
And all of the songs that remind me of friends
Raise your glasses - the toast is to song

A/T/B Aah, aah, raise them up high
Aah, aah, gone
(And) aah, aah, remind me of friends
Aah, aah song

Rhythm

Dum, ba da da dum, ba da da dum, ba da da dum.
Ba dum, ba da da dum, ba da da dum, ba da da dum,
ba da da dum, ba da da dum, ba da da dum, ba da da
dum,
ba da da dum, ba da da dum, ba da da years

Chorus

Bella Ciao!

(Italian Partisan Song, arr. Nickomo)

Una mattina mi son svegliato
O bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Una mattina mi son svegliato,
E ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano, portami via
(O bella), ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
O partigiano, portami via
(Che mi) sento di morir

E so io muoio da partigiano
O bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E so io muoio da partigiano
Tu mi devi seppellir

Seppellire lassu in montagna
(O bella), ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Seppellire lassu in montagna
(Sotto) l'ombra di un bel fior

E le genti che passeranno
O bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E le genti che passeranno
Mi diranno "Che bel fior!"

"Quest'è il fiore del partigiano"
O bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
"Quest'è il fiore del partigiano
Morto per la liberta!"

Translation

*One morning I awakened,
Oh Goodbye beautiful, Bye! Bye!
And I found the invader.
O partisan carry me away, because I feel death
approaching.
And if I die as a partisan then you must bury me.
Bury me up in the mountain under the shade of a beautiful
flower.
And those who shall pass will tell me: "What a beautiful
flower.
This is the flower of the partisan who died for
freedom!"*