

**Lyrics of Day Doris - Que Sera Sera :
(1956)**

When I was just a little girl,
I asked my mother, 'What will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me:

Que Sera Sera,
what ever will be, will be;
The futures not ours to see.
Que Sera Sera,
What will be, will be

When I grew up and fell in love,
I asked my lover, what lies ahead,
will we have rainbows
day after day?
Guess what my lover said:

que sera, sera,
whatever will be, will be
the future's not ours to see.
que sera, sera,
what will be; will be

Now I have children of my own
they ask their mother what will I be
will I be handsome?
will i be rich?
I tell them tenderly

que sera, sera,
whatever will be, will be;
the future's not ours to see.
que sera, sera,
what will be, will be.

**Artist: The Andrews Sisters Lyrics
Song: Bei Mir Bist du Schoen Lyrics
(1932ish)**

Of all the boys I've known, and I've
known some
Until I first met you I was lonesome
And when you came in sight, dear, my

heart grew light
And this old world seemed new to me

You're really swell, I have to admit, you
Deserve expressions that really fit you
And so I've wracked my brain, hoping to
explain
All the things that you do to me

Bei mir bist du schoen, please let me
explain
Bei mir bist du schoen means you're
grand
Bei mir bist du schoen, again I'll explain
It means you're the fairest in the land

I could say bella, bella, even say
wunderbar
Each language only helps me tell you
how grand you are
I've tried to explain, bei mir bist du
schoen
So kiss me, and say you understand

Bei mir bist du schoen
You've heard it all before, but let me try
to explain
Bei mir bist du schoen means that you're
grand
Bei mir bist du schoen
Is such an old refrain, and yet I should
explain
It means I am begging for your hand

I could say bella, bella, even say
wunderbar
Each language only helps me tell you
how grand you are

I could say bella, bella, even say
wunderbar
Each language only helps be tell you
how grand you are
I've tried to explain, bei mir bist du
schoen

So kiss me, and say that you will
understand

Now's the time to tell you
Make love to me

I won't be happy till you're mine

Make Love To Me- Jo Stafford

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)
(Ba-ba-ba-boom)
(Ba-ba-boom)

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Take me in your arms and never let me go
(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Whisper to me softly while the moon is low
(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Hold me close and tell me what I wanna know
(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Say it to me gently, let the sweet talk flow
Come a little closer, make love to me

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Kiss me once again before we say good night

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Take me in your lovin' arms and squeeze me tight

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Put me in a mood so I can dream all night

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Everybody's sleepin' so it's quite all right

Come a little closer, make love to me

When you're near, so help me, dear

Chills run up my spine

Don't you know I love you so

I won't be happy till you're mine

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

When I'm in your arms you give my heart a treat

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Everything about you is so doggone sweet

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Ev'ry time we kiss you make my life complete

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Baby doll, you know ya swept me off my feet

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

When I'm in your arms you give my heart a treat

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Everything about you is so doggone sweet

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Ev'ry time we kiss you make my life complete

(Ba-ba-ba-boom)

Baby doll, you know ya swept me off my feet

Now's the time to tell you

Make love to me

Hey, baby make love to me

Sisters- Peggy Lee

Sisters, sisters,

never were there such devoted sisters.

Never had to have a chaperone, no sir

I'm here to keep my eye on her.

Caring, sharing, every little thing that we
are wearing.

When a certain gentleman arrived from

Rome,

she wore the dress and I stayed home.

All kinds of weather, we stick together.

The same in the rain and sun.

Two different faces, but in tight places

we think and we act like one.

Those who've seen us,

know that not a thing can come between
us.

Many men have tried to split us up, but
no one can.

Lord help the mister who comes between
me and my sister.

And lord help the sister who comes
between me and my man.

**Get Happy- Judy Garland (Original
Written 1929)**

Forget your troubles – come on, get
happy!

You better chase all your cares away
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!

Get ready for the Judgement Day

The sun is shining – come on, get happy!

The Lord is waiting to take your hand
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!

We're going to the Promised Land

We're heading 'cross the river
Wash your sins away in the tide
It's all so peaceful on the other side

Forget your troubles – come on, get
happy!

You better chase all your cares away
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!

Get ready for the Judgement Day

Forget your troubles – come on, get
happy!

Chase your cares away
"Hallelu!" Get happy!
Before the Judgement Day

The sun is shining – come on, get happy!

The Lord is waiting to take your hand
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!

We're going to be going to the Promised
Land

We're heading 'cross the river
Wash your sins away in the tide
It's quiet and peaceful on the other side

Forget your troubles – get happy!
Your cares fly away
Shout "hallelujah!" – get happy!
Get ready for your Judgement Day

Come on, get happy!
Chase your cares away
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!
Get ready for the Judgement Day

Sun is shining – come on, get happy!
Lord is waiting to take your hand
"Hallelujah!" – come on, get happy!
We're going to the Promised Land

Heading 'cross the river (hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelujah hallelujah)
Throw your sins away in the tide
(hallelujah, hallelujah hallelujah,
hallelujah)
It's all so peaceful on the other side
(hallelujah hallelujah, hallelu)

Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!
You better chase all your cares away
Shout "hallelujah!" – come on, get
happy!
Get ready, get ready, get ready for the
Judgement Day

(hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu!)

**My Heart Belongs to Daddy- Della
Reese (Original Cole Porter 1938)**

I used to fall in love with all those boys
who maul the young cuties

But now I find I'm more inclined to keep
my mind on my duties.

While tearing off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddy
But when I do, I don't follow through
'cause my heart belongs to Daddy.

If I invite a boy some night
To dine on my fine finnan haddie
I just adore his asking for more
But my heart belongs to Daddy

Yes my heart belongs to Daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
So I want to warn you, laddie
Though I know you're perfectly swell
But my heart belongs to Daddy
'cause my Daddy he treats it so well

There was a dame that a football game
Made long for the strong undergraddie
I never dream of making the team
'cause my heart belongs to daddy

Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
So I want to warn you, laddie
Though I know you're perfectly swell
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'cause my Daddy, he treats it so well

**Vera Lynn- This Is The Army Mr.
Jones (Words and music by Irving
Berlin 1942)**

This is the Army Mister Jones,
No private rooms or telephones,
You had your breakfast in bed before,
But you wont have it there any more.

This is the Army Mister Green,
We like the barracks nice and clean,
you had a housemaid to clean your floor,
but she wont help you out any more.

Do what the buglers command,
They're in the army and not in a band.

This is the Army Mr. Brown,
You and your baby went to town.
She had you worried but this is war,
and she wont worry you any more.

**Rosemary Clooney- THIS OLE
HOUSE - 26/11/1954**

This ole house once knew his children
This ole house once knew his wife
This ole house was home and comfort
As they fought the storms of life
This old house once rang with laughter
This old house heard many shouts
Now he trembles in the darkness
When the lightnin' walks about

Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer
Ain't a-gonna need this house no more
Ain't got time to fix the shingles
Ain't got time to fix the floor
Ain't got time to oil the hinges
Nor to mend the windowpane
Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer
He's a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

This ole house is a-gettin' shaky
This ole house is a-gettin' old
This ole house lets in the rain
This ole house lets in the cold
Oh his knees are a-gettin' chilly
But he feels no fear of pain
'Cause he see an angel peekin'
Through a broken windowpane

Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer
Ain't a-gonna need this house no more
Ain't got time to fix the shingles

Ain't got time to fix the floor
Ain't got time to oil the hinges
Nor to mend the windowpane
Ain't gonna need this house no longer
He's a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

This ole house is afraid of thunder
This ole house is afraid of storms
This ole house just groans and trembles
When the night wind flings its arms
This ole house is a-gettin' feeble
This old house is a-needin' paint
Just like him it's tuckered out
But he's a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer
Ain't a-gonna need this house no more
Ain't got time to fix the shingles
Ain't got time to fix the floor
Ain't got time to oil the hinges
Nor to mend the windowpane
Ain't gonna need this house no longer
He's a-gettin' ready to meet the saints
Ready to meet the saints

The Inkspots: I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire (1941)

I don't want to set the world on fire
I just want to start
A flame in your heart
In my heart I have but one desire
And that one is you
No other will do

I've lost all ambition for worldly acclaim
I just want to be the one you love
And with your admission that you feel
the same
I'll have reached the goal I'm dreaming
of
Believe me!

I don't want to set the world on fire
I just want to start

A flame in your heart

**Vaughn Monroe - Sound Off Lyrics
1951...**

Hib-hub, hib-hub, hib-hub, hib-hub
The heads are up
The chests are out
The arms are swinging
And cadence count
Sound off (sound off)
Sound off (sound off)
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)
Enie, Meanie, Minie, Moe

Let's go back and count some more

Sound off (sound off)
Sound off (sound off)
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)

I had a good home, but I left (you're
right)

I had a good home, but I left (you're
right)

Jody was there, when I left (you're right)
Jody was there, when I left (you're right)

Sound off (1-2)
Sound off (3-4)
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)

I left gal away out west
I thought this army life was best
Now she's someone else's wife
And I'll be marchin' the rest of my life

Sound off (1-2)
Sound off (3-4)
1-2, 3-4
2, (2-3-4)
1-2-3-4, (1-2, 3-4)

The captain rides in a jeep
The sargent rides in a truck
The general rides in a limosine
But we're just out of luck

Sound off
Sound off
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)

Hib-hub, hib-hub, hib-hub, hib-hub
The heads are up
The chests are out
The arms are swinging
And cadence count
Sound off (sound off)
Sound off (sound off)
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)
Ennie, Meanie, Minnie, Moe
And let's go back and count somemore

Sound off
Sound off
Cadence count
1-2-3-4 (1-2, 3-4)

(1-2, 3-4)
(1-2, 3-4)
(1-2, 3-4)
Company halt
(1-2, 3-4)

Praise the Lord and Pass the
Ammunition
- Artist: Kay Kyser and His Orchestra
- words and music by Frank Loesser
- peak Billboard position # 1 in 1943
- previously a #8 hit for the Merry Macs
in 1942

*** introductory verse included in the
sheet music but not on the Kay Kyser
recording:

Down went the gunner, a bullet was his
fate

Down went the gunner, and then the
gunner's mate

Up jumped the sky pilot, gave the boys
a look

And manned the gun himself as he laid
aside The Book, shouting...

*** end of introductory verse

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free

Praise the Lord and swing into position
Can't afford to be a politician
Praise the Lord, we're all between
perdition
And the deep blue sea

Yes the sky pilot said it
Ya gotta give him credit
For a sonofagun of a gunner was he

Shouting Praise the Lord, we're on a
mighty mission
All aboard, we ain't a-goin' fishin'
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free

<instrumental interlude>

Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and
pass the ammunition
Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and
pass the ammunition
Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and
pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
And we'll all stay free

Wayne Newton- Danke Schoen

Danke Schoen, darling Danke Schoen.
Thank you for all the joy and pain.
Picture shows, second balcony, was the
place we'd meet, second seat, go Dutch
treat, you were sweet.

Danke Schoen, darling Danke Schoen.
Thank you for walks down lovers lane.
I can see, hearts carved on a tree, letters
inter-twined, for all time, yours and
mine, that was fine.

Danke Schoen, darling Danke Schoen.
Thank you for funny cards from Spain.
I recall, Central Park in fall, how you
tore your dress, what a mess, I confess,
that's not all.

Danke Schoen, darling Danke Schoen.
Thank you for seeing me again.
Though we go, on our separate ways,
still the memory stays, for always, my
heart says, Danke Schoen.

Danke Schoen, Auf Wiedersehn, Danke
Schoen.