

Mihimihi

Te tuatahi e mihi ana
Ki te Kai-hanga

Firstly greetings to the Creator

Te tuarua, e mihi ana
Kia Papatuanuku

Secondly, greetings to Mother Earth

Te tuatoru, e mihi ana
Ki te whare

Thirdly, greetings to the house

Te tuawha e mihi ana
Ki te hunga mate

Fourthly, farewell to the dead

Te tuarima e mihi ana
Ki te hunga ora

Fifthly, welcome to the living.

1st time: solo or small group, repeat with whole choir.

Oye La Musica!

I hear the rhythm of life in music
I hear the rhythm of life in song
I know the rhythm of life is beating
Because the rhythm of life is strong

I feel the rhythm of life around me
Because the rhythm is everywhere
I know the rhythm of life is growing
Because the music is everywhere

And in the street I hear music
Percussion and sound
It is the life of the rhythm that
Turns the beat around

I hear the rhythm of life in music
I hear the rhythm of life in song
I know the rhythm of life is beating
Because the rhythm of life is strong

Oye la musica
The rhythm of life
Oye la musica
The rhythm of life

Oye la musica de la vida

Oh-

Oye la vida en la cancion

Oh ---

Porque la musica es el ritmo

Oh-

Porque la musica es vida!

Oye la musica de la vida

Oh-

Oye la vida en la cancion

Oh ---

Porque la musica es el ritmo

Oh-

Porque la musica es vida!

Oye la musica

The rhythm of life!

I hear the rhythm of life in music

I hear the rhythm of life in song

I know the rhythm of life is beating

Because the rhythm of life is strong

I feel the rhythm of life around me
Oh--
Because the rhythm is everywhere
Oh--
I know the rhythm of life is growing
Oh--
Because the music is everywhere!

The rhythm of life! (1,2, 3,4)
El ritmo de la vida (1,2, 3,4)
The rhythm of life----
Is music-----
The rhythm of life- !
LA VIDA! (*spoken*)

SPANISH PRONUNCIATION

Oy-eh lah moo-see-kah deh lah vee-dah
Hear the music of life

Oy-eh lah vee-dah ehn lah cahn-see-ohn
Hear the life in the song

Pour-kay lah moo-see-kah ehs ehl reet-moh
Because the music is rhythm

Pour-kay lah moo-see-kah ehs vee-dah
Because music is life

Old Abram Brown

Arr Benjamin Britten

Solo or small group

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That buttoned down before. *Repeat*

(in 2 parts)

(Side A) Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more; *(Then add Side B)*
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That buttoned down before. *(X2)*

(in 4 parts)

(A) Old Abram Brown is dead and gone, *(then add B)*
You'll never see him more; *(then add AC)*
He used to wear a long brown coat, *(then add BC,*
getting a little louder)
That buttoned down before. *(repeat, everyone getting gradually*
louder)

(in 2 parts) Side A Half speed ff with Side B normal speed)

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That buttoned down before.

(ALL p getting softer to the end)

Old Abram Bro--wn - - - is dead and go--ne - - - you'll
ne - - - ver - - - - see - - - him - - - - more - - - - .

Hats

Hats!

Were made for your head

For when it is cold outside

To keep you warm instead-----

Hats!

Can give you that style

And make you lift your chin up

Bursting with a smile-----

But hats

Can say a whole lot

Not so much when they're on your head

As when they're not-----

Like when you say hats off

To sunny Saturdays

Hats off

To chocolate everything

Hats off!

To friends loyal and true-----

And that's why

We're taking our hats off -----

To you-----

Hats!

Are brimming with fun

That's why on New Year's Eve

You wear a funny one

1) And Hats! can cover your hair

2) *the very same hats* *can cover your hair*

1) But they can mean more when you hold them in the air-----

2) *way up in the air*

Like when you say hats off! to sunny Saturdays

Hats off! to chocolate anything

Hats off! to friends loyal and true-----

And that's why we're taking our hats-----off-----

To you!

Haere Mai Ra

Chorus: (x 2)

Hae-re mai ra

Hae-re mai ra

Au-e hi nau mai

Nau mai ki te ku-ra nei

Pi-ki mai ka-ke ma-i

Kawea mai nei aroha

Ki-a tu-pu a-ke a-i

Kia tupuake ai

Welcome, welcome welcome

Welcome to this school

Welcome here

Bring love with you

So that it grows among us

Be strong children

Speak the original language of these islands

Chorus (x 2)

The true language

Ki-a ka-ha ra ta-ma-ri-ki ma

Ko-re-re Ma-or-i e

Ko te re-o tu-a-ka-na o nga mo-tu nei

Te re-o tu-tu-ru e-----

Ko te re-o tu-tu-ru e

Chorus (x4)

Weather With You

Verse 1

Walking round the room singing Stormy Weather
At fifty seven Mt Pleasant Street
Well it's the same room but everything's different
You can fight the sleep but not the dream

Chorus

*Things ain't cooking, in my kitchen
Strange affliction wash over me
Julius Caesar and the Roman Empire
Couldn't conquer the blue sky—*

Verse 2

Well there's a small boat made of china
It's going nowhere on the mantel piece
Well do I lie like a lounge room lizard
Or do I sing like a bird released?

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather with you

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather with you

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather

Take the weather with you

Chorus

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather with you

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather with you

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather

Take the weather, the weather with you.

Si Si Si

A traditional song from the Congo

A:

Si, Si, Si, Si, Do -la- da.

(See see see see doh lah dah)

Ya- ku si-ne la-du ba- na - ha.

(Yah koo see-neh lah-doo-bah-nah-hah)

Si, Si, Si , Si, Do -la- da.

Ya- ku si-ne la-du ba- na - ha

B:

Ba-na-ha, Ba-na-ha

Ya-ku-si-ne la-du ba-na-ha.

Ba-na-ha, Ba-na-ha

Ya-ku si-ne la-du ba-na-ha.

C:

Ha ba-na-ha.

Ya-ku si-ne la-du ba-na-ha.

Ha ba-na-ha.

Ya-ku si-ne la-du ba-na-ha.

Translation: At the foot of the pineapple tree, Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat !

Hungarian Dance No. 5

Johann Brahms

Who would lead a life so free
Follow the gypsy folks with me.
Join in our days and nights of romance,
When beneath the stars we dance. X 2

Speed away the hours on nimble feet,
Life, we know, is short and youth is sweet;
Glad the heart when youth and pleasure meet!
Come then, join our Romany roving.

1: Listen to the chatter of the little

2: Listen to the chatter of the children

1: children by the caravan at break of day

2: *At the break of day.*

Tog: All is merry bustle and excitement

1: As once more we wander on our happy way

2: *As we move away*

Then at nightfall
see us in the campfire's light,
Laughing, playing
In a mood so gay and bright.
Young folk, old folk,
all are full of life and fun;
Dancing, singing
Fortune telling has begun.

Underneath the silvery moon
Listen to a gypsy tune;
Banish ev'ry thought of sadness,
Let all hearts be filled with gladness!

To the fiddles magic playing.
See the dancers lithely swaying;
Worldly care shall touch us never
We will live the gypsy life for ever!
Come, then, come!