



RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN SINGALONG

3-12 JULY 2026

ORDER OF SONGS

ACCOMPANIST: MICHAEL POWER



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THE SOUND OF MUSIC

My day in the hills
Has come to an end, I know.
A star has come out
To tell me it's time to go.
But deep in the dark green shadows
Are voices that urge me to stay.
So I pause and I wait and I listen
For one more sound,
For one more lovely thing
That the hills might say...

The hills are alive
With the sound of music,
With songs they have sung
For a thousand years.
The hills fill my heart
With the sound of music—
My heart wants to sing
Ev'ry song it hears.

My heart wants to beat
Like the wings of the birds that rise
From the lake to the trees.
My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze,

To laugh like a brook
When it trips and falls
Over stones in its way,
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray!

I go to the hills
When my heart is lonely;
I know I will hear
What I've heard before—
My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music,
And I'll sing once more.



DO-RE-MI

SACRED HEART COLLEGE- GRADE 4-6 CHOIR

CONDUCTOR: LEIGH LAZARUS

ACCOMPANIST: CAROLINE MILLER

Let's start at the very beginning,
A very good place to start.
When you read you begin with A-B-C.
When you sing you begin with do-re-mi.
Do re mi
Do re mi.
The first three notes just happen to be
Do-re-mi.
Do-re-mi!
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti...

Doe – a deer, a female deer,
Ray – a drop of golden sun,
Me – a name I call myself,
Far – a long, long way to run,
Sew – a needle pulling thread,
La – a note to follow sew,
Tea – a drink with jam and bread.
That will bring us back to do!
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do.



MY FAVOURITE THINGS



Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens,
Brown paper packages tied up with strings—
These are a few of my favourite things.

Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels,
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles,
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings—
These are a few of my favourite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,
Silver-white winters that melt into springs—
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the dog bites,
When the bee stings,
When I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so bad!



EDELWEISS



Edelweiss, edelweiss
Ev'ry morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland
forever
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland
forever



CLIMB EV'RY MOUNTAIN



Climb ev'ry mountain,
Search high and low,
Follow ev'ry byway,
Every path you know.

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Ford ev'ry stream,
Follow ev'ry rainbow
Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the love you can give
Ev'ry day of your life for as long as you live.

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Ford ev'ry stream,
Follow ev'ry rainbow
Till you find your dream.



OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN’

There’s a bright, golden haze on the meadow,
There’s a bright, golden haze on the meadow.
The corn is as high as a elephant’s eye,
An’ it looks like it’s climbin’ clear up to the sky.

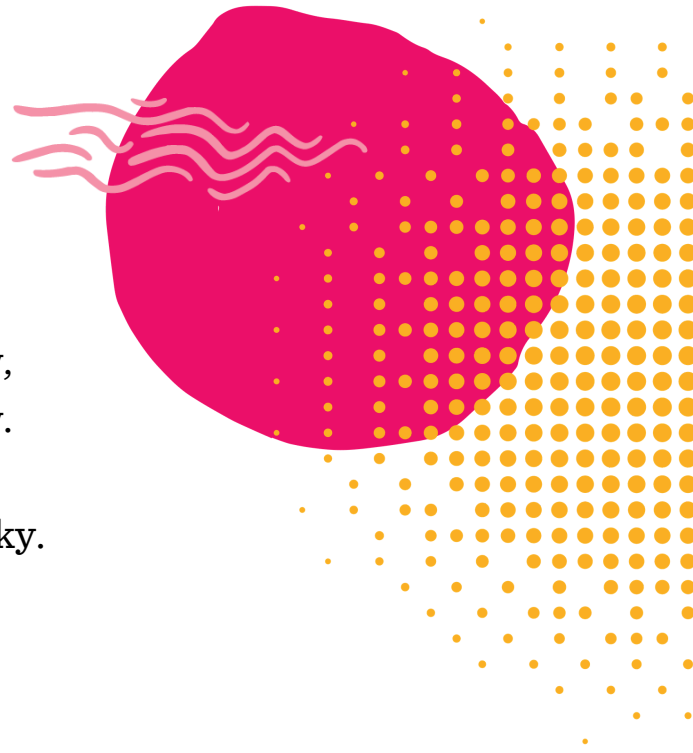
Oh, what a beautiful mornin’!
Oh, what a beautiful day!
I got a beautiful feelin’
Ev’rythin’s goin’ my way.

All the cattle are standin’ like statues,
All the cattle are standin’ like statues.
They don’t turn their heads as they see me ride by,
But a little brown mav’rick is winkin’ her eye.

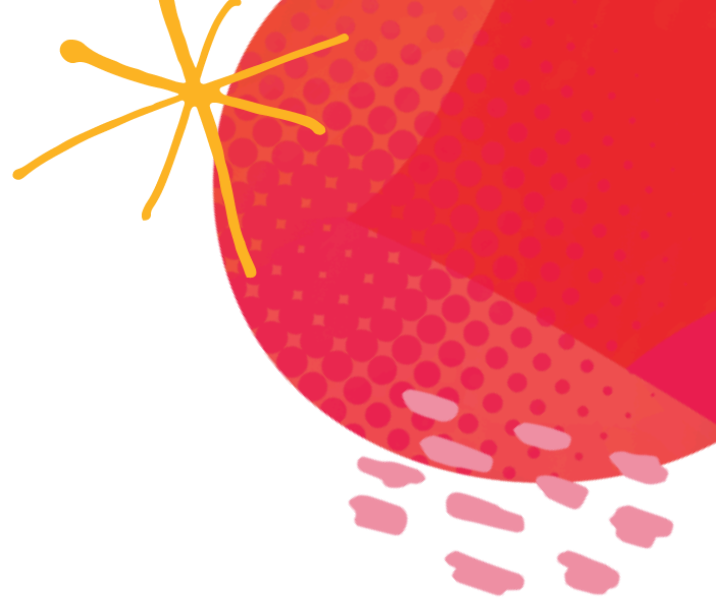
Oh, what a beautiful mornin’!
Oh, what a beautiful day!
I got a beautiful feelin’
Ev’rythin’s goin’ my way.

All the sounds of the earth are like music,
All the sounds of the earth are like music.
The breeze is so busy it don’t miss a tree,
And a ol’ weepin’ willer is laughin’ at me.

Oh, what a beautiful mornin’!
Oh, what a beautiful day!
I got a beautiful feelin’
Ev’rythin’s goin’ my way...
Oh, what a beautiful day!



THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP



When I take you out tonight with me,
Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be:
You will set behind a team of snow-white horses
In the slickest gig you ever see!

Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top.

Watch thet fringe and see how it flutters
When I drive them high-steppin' strutters—
Nosey-pokes'll peek through their shutters and their eyes will pop!

The wheels are yeller, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y' c'n roll right down
In case there's a change in the weather.

Two bright side lights winkin' and blinkin',
Ain't no finer rig, I'm a-thinkin';
You c'n keep yer rig if you're thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top.

All the world'll fly in a flurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top.

(TURN PAGE)

THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP CONT.

When we hit that road, hell fer leather,
Cats and dogs'll dance in the heather,
Birds and frogs'll sing all together, and the toads will hop!

The wind'll whistle as we rattle along,
The cows'll moo in the clover,
The river will ripple out a whispered song,
And whisper it over and over:

Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever?
Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever?
Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever and ud never stop
In that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top?



PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE



Why do they think up stories that link my name with yours?
Why do the neighbors gossip all day behind their doors?
I know a way to prove what they say is quite untrue.
Here is the gist, a practical list of “don’ts” for you:

Don’t throw bouquets at me,
Don’t please my folks too much,
Don’t laugh at my jokes too much—
People will say we’re in love!

Don’t sigh and gaze at me
(Your sighs are so like mine),
Your eyes mustn’t glow like mine—
People will say we’re in love!

Don’t start collecting things—
Give me my rose and my glove.
Sweetheart, they’re suspecting things—
People will say we’re in love!

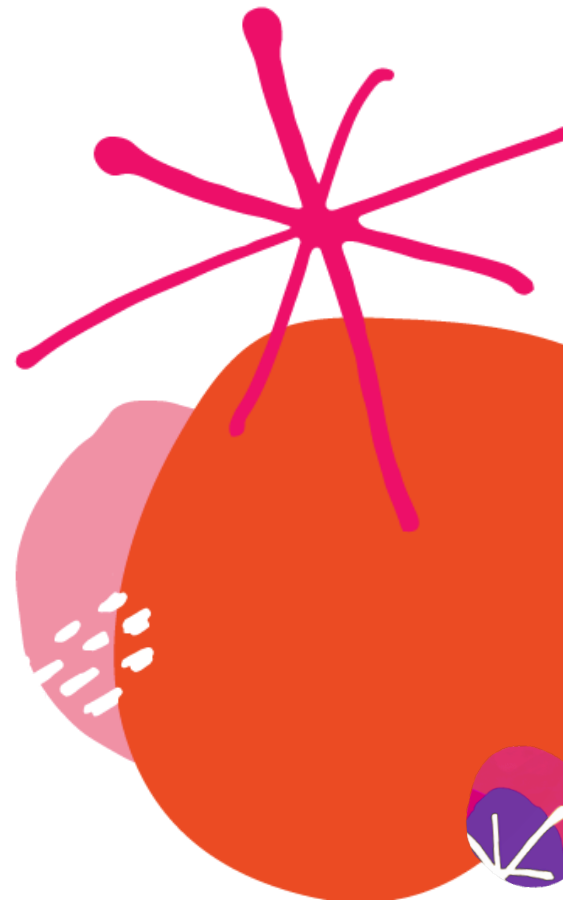


OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma,
Where the wind comes sweepin'
down the plain
And the wavin' wheat
Can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind
the rain.

Oklahoma!
Every night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk
And watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand.
And when we say:
Yee-ow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin',
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma, O.K.!



I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTA MY HAIR



I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
And send him on his way!

I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,
I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,
I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,
And send him on his way!

Don't try to patch it up—
Tear it up, tear it up!
Wash him out, dry him out—
Push him out, fly him out!
Cancel him and let him go—
Yea, sister!

I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
And send him on his way!



I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTA MY HAIR CONT.



If the man don't understand you,
If you fly on separate beams,
Waste no time!
Make a change!
Ride that man right off your range!
Rub him outa the roll call
And drum him outa your dreams!
Oh-ho! Oh no!

If his eyes get dull and fishy
When you look for glints and gleams,
Waste no time!
Make a switch!
Drop him in the nearest ditch!
Rub him outa the roll call
And drum him outa your dreams!
Oh-ho! Oh-ho!

I went and washed that man right outa my hair,
I went and washed that man right outa my hair,
I went and washed that man right outa my hair,
And sent him on his way!

She went and washed that man right outa her hair,
She went and washed that man right outa her hair,
She went and washed that man right outa her hair,
And sent him on his way!

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

Some enchanted evening
You may see a stranger,
You may see a stranger
Across a crowded room.

And somehow you know,
You know even then,
That somewhere you'll see her again and
again.

Some enchanted evening
Someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing
Across a crowded room—

And night after night,
As strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter will sing in your
dreams.

Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons—
Wise men never try.

Some enchanted evening,
When you find your true love,
When you feel her call you
Across a crowded room—

Then fly to her side
And make her your own,
Or all through your life you may
dream all alone.
Once you have found her,
Never let her go.
Once you have found her,
Never let her go!



GETTING TO KNOW YOU

It's a very ancient saying,
But a true and honest thought,
That if you become a teacher
By your pupils you'll be taught.
As a teacher I've been learning
(You'll forgive me if I boast)
And I've now become an expert
On the subject I like most:

[spoken]
Getting to know you...

[sung]
Getting to know you,
Getting to know all about you.
Getting to like you ,
Getting to hope you like me.

Getting to know you,
Putting it my way,
But nicely,
You are precisely
My cup of tea!

Getting to know you,
Getting to feel free and easy.
When I am with you,
Getting to know what to say.



Haven't you noticed?
Suddenly I'm bright and breezy
Because of all the beautiful and new
Things I'm learning about you
Day by day.



SHALL WE DANCE?

We've just been introduced,
I do not know you well;
But when the music started,
Something drew me to your side.

So many men and girls
Are in each other's arms—
It made me think we might be
Similarly occupied.

Shall we dance?
On a bright cloud of music
Shall we fly?

Shall we dance?
Shall we then say good night
And mean goodbye?

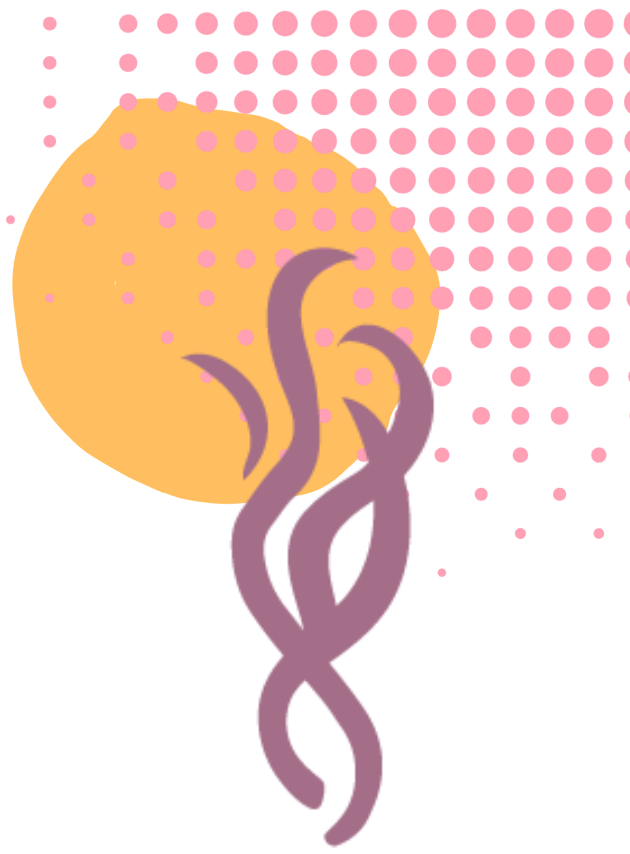
Or perchance
When the last little star
Has left the sky,

Shall we still be together
With our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance?

On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen,
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?



YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE



When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.

At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet, silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone!
You'll never walk alone.





FESTIVAL^{OF} VOICES

OTHER EVENTS YOU MIGHT LIKE!

A Cappella Spectacular

Fri 10 July

7.30 pm

Federation Concert Hall

In Quires and Places

Sat 11 July

7.30 pm

St Mary's Cathedral

One Last Song: Festival Finale

Sun 12 July

1.00 pm

Federation Concert Hall

SCAN FOR MORE:

