“I Bought Me a Cat”
By Aaron Copland

I bought me a cat
my cat pleased me
I fed my cat under yonder tree
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck
my duck pleased me
I fed my duck under yonder tree
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose
My goose pleased me
I fed my goose under yonder tree
My goose says “Quaw, quaw”
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a hen
My henn pleased me
I fed my hen under yonder tree
My hen says "Shinny shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a pig
My pig pleased me
I fed my pig under yonder tree
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shinny shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a cow
My cow pleased me
I fed my cow under yonder tree
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shinny shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a horse
My horse pleased me
I fed my horse under yonder tree
My horse says "Neigh, Neigh"
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shinny shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a wife
My wife pleased me
I fed my wife under yonder tree
My wife says "Honey, honey"
My horse says "Neigh, Neigh"
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shinny shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says “Quaa, quaa”
My cat says fiddle eye fee.
“Chatter with the Angels”
Arranged by Anna Laura Page

Chatter with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   Chatter with the angels in that land.
Chatter with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   Chatter with the angels, join the band.

I hope to join the band and chatter with the angels all day long!
I hope to join the band and chatter with the angels all day long!

March with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   March with the angels in that land.
March with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   March with the angels, join the band.

I hope to join the band and march with the angels all day long!
I hope to join the band and march with the angels all day long!

(Spoken)
Chatter, chatter! March, march!
Chatter, chatter! March, march!
Chatter, chatter! March, march!
   Dance, dance, dance!

Dance with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   (Chatter, chatter, march, march! Chatter, chatter, dance!)
Dance with the angels in that land.
   (Chatter, chatter, march, march! Chatter, chatter, dance!)
Dance with the angels soon in the mornin’.
   (Chatter, chatter, march, march! Chatter, chatter, dance!)
Dance with the angels, join the band.
   (Chatter, chatter, march, march! Chatter, chatter, dance!)

I hope to join the band and chatter with the angels all day long!
(Chatter with the angels soon in the mornin’. Chatter with the angels all day long!)
I hope to join the band and chatter with the angels all day long!
(Chatter with the angels soon in the mornin’. Chatter with the angels all day long!)

Chatter with the angels, chatter with the angels.
   Chatter with the angels all day long!
“Rainbow Connection”

By Paul Williams and Kenneth L. Ascher

Why are there so many songs about rainbows and what's on the other side?
Rainbows are visions, but only illusions, and rainbows have nothing to hide.

So we've been told and some choose to believe it. I know they're wrong wait and see.
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection; The lovers, the dreamers and me.

Who said that wishes would be heard and answered (Who said that wishes are answered)
when wished on the morning star? (when they're wished, they're wished on the morning star?)
Somebody thought of that and someone believed it. (Some—body believed it)
Look what it's done so far.

What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing? What do we think we might see?
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection; The lovers, the dreamers and me.

All of us under its spell.
We know that it's probably magic.

Have you been half asleep and have you heard voices? (Have you been sleeping?)
I've heard them calling my name. (I've heard voices, I've heard them calling my name.)
Is this the sweet sound that calls the young sailors. (Sweet sound, young sailor.)
The voice might be one and the same.

I've heard it too many times to ignore it. It's something that I'm supposed to be.
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection; the lovers, the dreamers and me.

The lovers, the dreamers and me.
“Follow the Drinking Gourd”
Arranged by Valerie Showers Crescenz

CHORUS: Follow the drinking gourd; follow the drinking gourd;
For the old man is a-waitin’ for to carry you to freedom
if you follow the drinking gourd.

VERSE 1: When the sun comes back and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinking gourd;
For the old man is a-waitin’ for to carry you to freedom
if you follow the drinking gourd.

CHORUS

VERSE 2: The river bank makes a very good road,
the dead trees will show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot travelin’ on,
Follow the drinking gourd.

CHORUS

VERSE 3: The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinking gourd.
There’s another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.

CHORUS

VERSE 4: When the great big river meets the little river,
Follow the drinking gourd.
For the old man is a-waitin’ for to carry you to freedom
if you follow the drinking gourd.
If you follow the drinking gourd.
Follow the drinking gourd. Shhhh!
“Thanksgiving Song”
By Mary Chapin Carpenter
Arranged by John Purifoy

Grateful for each hand we hold
Gathered round this table.
From far and near we travel home,
Blessed that we are able.

Grateful for this sheltered place
With light in every window,
Saying welcome, welcome, share this feast
Come in away from sorrow.

Father, mother, daughter, son,
Neighbor, friend and friendless;
All together everyone in the gift of loving-kindness.

Grateful for what’s understood,
And all that is forgiven;
We try so hard to be good,
To lead a life worth living.

Father, mother, daughter, son,
Neighbor, friend, and friendless;
All together everyone, let grateful days be endless.

Grateful for each hand we hold
Gathered round this table.