

Sweet Senior Social - Songs

Zip A Dee Doo Dah

Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!
My, oh my, what a wonderful day.
Plenty of sunshine headin' my way,
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!

Mister Bluebird's on my shoulder.
It's the truth, it's actual,
Everything is satisfactual.
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!
Wonderful feelin', wonderful day!

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.

I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing?
Rise up so early in the morn.
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn?"

Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old banjo and singing...

Fee-fi-fidlee-i-o, fee-fi-fidlee-i-oooo
Fee-fi-fidlee-i-o, strumming on the old banjo!

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night when the heavens are bright
I see the light of those flickering stars
Have I laid there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of love

Home, home on the range
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Do, Re, Mi

Do, a deer, a female deer
Re, a drop of golden sun
Mi, a name I call myself
Fa, a long, long way to run
So, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow so
Ti, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to do, oh, oh, oh

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd;
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,
I don't care if I never get back.

Let me root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out, At the old ball game.

If I had a hammer

I'd hammer in the morning

I'd hammer in the evening

All over this land

I'd hammer out danger

I'd hammer out a warning

I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

If I had a bell

I'd ring it in the morning

I'd ring it in the evening

All over this land

I'd ring out danger

I'd ring out a warning

I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land (If I had a song)

If I had a song

I'd sing it in the morning

I'd sing it in the evening

All over this land

I'd sing out danger

I'd sing out a warning

I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

Well, I got a hammer

And I got a bell

And I got a song to sing

All over this land

It's the hammer of justice

It's the bell of freedom

It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land