

Singing This Song

I Wan-na shine my light , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

I Wan-na shine my light , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

Let's join to-geth-er hand in hand,
and spread some love____, a-cross the land

I Wan-na shine my light , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

I Wan-na jump for joy, all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

I Wan-na jump for joy, all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

Let's join to-geth-er hand in hand,
and spread some love____, a-cross the land

I Wan-na jump for joy, all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

I Wan-na share my heart , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

I Wan-na share my heart , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

Let's join to-geth-er hand in hand,
and spread some love____, a-cross the land

I Wan-na share my heart , all day long.____

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

That's why I'm sing-ing this song.

That's why I'm sing-ing this (Rest 2, 3,) Song.

76 Trombones

From the musical, *The Music Man*

Sev-en-ty – Six trom-bones led the big pa-rade
With a hun-dred and ten cor-nets close at hand
They were fol-lowed by rows and rows of the fin-est vir-tu-o-sos,
The cream of ev-ry fa-mous band.

Sev-en-ty – six trom-bones caught the morn-ing sun,
With a hun-dred and ten cor-nets right be-hind
There were more than a thou-sand reed spring-ing up like weeds.
There were horns of ev-ry shape and kind.

There were fif-ty mount-ed can-non in the bat-ter-y
Thun-dering, thun-der-ing loud-er than be-fore
Clar-i-nets of ev-ry size and trum-pet-ers who'd im-pro-ise
a full oc-tave high-er than the score.

Sev-en-ty – six trom-bones hit the coun-ter-point,
while a hun-dred and ten cor-nets blazed a-way.
To the rhy-thm of Harch! Harch! Harch!
All the kids be-gan to march,

And they're
March__ - ing__, Still _____
right to-day_____

March__ - ing__, Still
right to-day_____

Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'

From the musical Oklahoma

There's a bright gold-en haze on the mead-ow,
There's a bright gold-en haze on the mead-ow,
The corn is as high as an el-e-phant's eye,
An' it looks like it's climb-in' clear up to the sky.

Oh, what a beau-ti-ful morn-in,
Oh, what a beau-ti-ful day,
I've got a beau-ti-ful feel-in,
Ev-'ry-thing's goin' my way.

All the sounds of the earth are like mu-sic,
All the sounds of the earth are like mu-sic,
The breeze is so bus-y it don't miss a tree,
And an ol' Weep-in' Wil-ler is laugh-in' at me!

Oh, what a beau-ti-ful morn-in,
Oh, what a beau-ti-ful day,
I've got a beau-ti-ful feel-in,
Ev-'ry-thing's goin' my way.