



Participants with COPD in South London enjoying singing for breathing activities

Participant Song Book

for members of singing groups
at Our Zone activity centre in Rochester



Singing and COPD: **A randomised controlled trial**

This song book includes songs for singing groups as part of a randomised controlled trial on the potential benefits of regular group singing for people with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD).

The study is being conducted by researchers at Canterbury Christ Church University and the University of Kent in collaboration with Medway Community Health Care. The study has been approved by an NHS ethics committee and is being monitored by a Trial Management Committee chaired by Chris Gedge, Head of Research in Medway Community Healthcare.

If you have any questions about the project at any point, please contact Dr. Stephen Clift, the Chief Investigator, by email stephen.clift@canterbury.ac.uk or by phone 07515 191 712.

This song book is designed for use in the Medway Singing and COPD research project conducted by the Sidney De Haan Research Centre for Arts and Health. The songs have been used in previous singing for breathing projects, and are a useful tool to encourage breath control, vocal stamina and strength, as well as providing enjoyable melodies and rhythms.

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Songs marked with * are also on the Singing for Better Breathing
Resource

Hey Ho, Nobody Home

Hey, ho, nobody home,
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none,
Yet will I be merry.

(Trad.)

Jubilate Deo

Jubilate Deo,
Jubilate Deo,
Alleluia,
Alleluia.

(Trad.)

Nanuma

Nanuma, wyee-ay, Nanuma.
Nanuma, wyee-ay, Nanuma.
Nanuma, wyee-ay, Nanuma.

(A Ghanaian song of greeting).

Zu Arende

Zu arende,
Zu arende,
Zu arende,
Zu-ad-zu-ca.

(A traditional Zimbabwean song celebrating the sunset and promise of sunrise in the morning).

Banaha

Sisi, sisi, dolada,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.
Sisi, sisi, dolada,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.

Banaha, banaha,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.
Banaha, banaha,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.

Ha, banaha,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.
Ha, banaha,
Yaku sine ladu banaha

(A Congolese folk song: Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat!).

Belle Mama

Belle mama, belle mama, yeah.
Belle mama, belle mama, yeah.

Belle mama, belle mama, belle mama, belle mama,

Belle mama, belle mama, yeah.

(When sung in the Torres Strait Islands, it means 'beautiful earth'. In West Africa it means 'call mother', but in Swahili it is "Mbele mama, or 'long time ago, mama').

On A Moor

On a moor I saw a plover, and a curlew call her “lover”,
‘Peewit! Peewit!’

Spring shall surely come again.

(Trad.)

Oom-Pah-Pah

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That’s how it goes,
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev’ryone knows.
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear Oom-pah-pah!

There’s a little ditty they’re singing in the city
Whenever they have been on the gin or the beer.
If you’ve got the patience your own imaginations
Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear.

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That’s how it goes,
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev’ryone knows.
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear Oom-pah-pah!

(Lionel Bart)

Aura Lea / Love Me Tender

When the blackbird in the spring, on the willow tree,
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lea.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, - with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake,
Through thine azure eye, the morn sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, birds of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me, as in that sweet spring.

Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go.
You have made my life complete, and I love you so.
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfilled.
For my darling, I love you, and I always will.

(Fosdick & Poulton; Matson & Presley)

Down The River

Down the river, and down the river, and
Down the river we go, ho ho!
Down the river, and down the river, and down the old hi ho!

Viva la, viva la, viva l'amour,
Viva la, viva la, viva l'amour,
Viva la vie, viva l'amour, viva la companie *(repeat from beginning)*.

(Trad.)

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
And now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never.

No nay, never, no more

Will I play the wild rover,

No, never, no more.

I went to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "nay,
Such a custom as yours I could have any day." - *chorus*

I took from my pocket ten so-ve-reigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, "I have whiskey and wines of the best,
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest." - *chorus*

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft-times before,
Sure, I never will play the wild rover no more. - *chorus*

(Irish trad.)

Bye Bye Blackbird

Pack up all my care and woe,
Here I go, singing low,
Bye, bye blackbird.
Where somebody waits for me,
Sugar's sweet, so is she,
Bye, bye blackbird.

No-one here can love or understand me.
Oh, what hard-luck stories they all hand me.

Make my bed and light the light,
I'll arrive late tonight,
Blackbird, bye bye.

Hum the tune until...

No-one here can love or understand me.
Oh, what hard-luck stories they all hand me.

Make my bed and light the light,
I'll arrive late tonight,
Blackbird, blackbird,
Blackbird, bye bye.

(Ray Henderson)

Mingulay Boat Song

*Heel yah ho, boys, let her go, boys.
Heave her head round to the weather,
Heel yah ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.*

What care we though wild the spray is?
What care we for the wind and weather?
Heel yah ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay - *chorus*

Wives are waiting by the pier head,
Looking seaward from the heather.
Heave her round, boys, and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay. - *chorus x 2*

(Sir Hugh Robertson)

Hey Mister Miller

Hey, Mister Miller, what a swing that you bring to the band,
Hey, Mister Miller, what a swing that you bring to the band,

With your trombone and your saxophone, a ring-a ding through the land.
With your trombone and your saxophone, a ring-a ding through the land.

Ba ba ba *etc.*
Ba ba ba *etc.*

(David Machell)

With A Little Help From My Friends

What would you do if I sang out of tune?
Would you stand up and walk out on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of tune.

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends,
Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends,
Mmm, gonna try with a little help from my friends.

What do I do when my love is away?
Does it worry you to be alone?
How do I feel by the end of the day?
Are you sad because you're on your own? - Chorus

Do you need anybody? I need somebody to love.
Could it be anybody? I want somebody to love.

Would you believe in a love at first sight?
Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time.
What do you see when you turn out the light?
I can't tell you, but I know it's mine? - Chorus

Do you need anybody? I need somebody to love.
Could it be anybody? I want somebody to love.

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends,
Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends,
Mmm, gonna try with a little help from my friends,
With a little help from my friends.

(John Lennon & Paul McCartney)

Lashon Ilang

Lashon ilang u mama ka bui,
Lashon ilang u mama ka bui,
Si po, u mama ka bui,
Si po, u mama ka bui.

Vocal accompaniment: zhi -wa -wa

(A South African song: the children are anxious as the sun has set, but their mother has not returned home from work).

O Sole Mio

The sun is fading, just one last ray,
The moon is shining across the bay.
And so, we meet at last,
And all our sorrows are in the past.

The stars are shining upon the sea,
The moon is beaming for you and me.
But soon night turns to day,
And like the moonlight love fades away.

(Hum tune for 1 verse)

Just one Cornetto, give it to me,
Delicious ice cream from Italy,
Vanilla or Choco Cream,
Give me Cornetto from Wall's ice cream!

(Capuro, di Capua & Mazzucchi)

Swing Low Medley

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
I wanna be in that number,
When the saints go marching in.

I wanna sing, sing, sing,
I wanna dance, dance, dance,
I wanna sing, I wanna dance, hallelu...
When the gates are open wide,
I'll be standing at your side,
I wanna sing, I wanna dance, hallelu...

(Trad.)

She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
Comin' round the mountain,
Comin' round the mountain when she comes.

Singing: ay, ay, yippee, yippee, ay!
Singing: ay, ay, yippee, yippee, ay!
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
Comin' round the mountain,
Comin' round the mountain when she comes.

(Trad.)

Whip Jamboree

And now, my lads, be of good cheer,
For the Irish land will soon draw near.
In a few days more we'll sight Cape Clear,
O, Jenny get your oatcake done.

*Whip (Oi!) jamboree, whip (Oi!) jamboree,
O, you pig-tailed sailor hanging down behind,
Whip (Oi!) jamboree, whip (Oi!) jamboree,
O, Jenny get your oatcake done.*

And now Cape Clear it is in sight,
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night,
And we'll shape our course for the old Rock Light,
O, Jenny get your oatcake done.

Whip (Oi!) jamboree...

And now, my lads, we're round the Rock,
All hammocks lashed and chests all locked,
We'll haul her into Waterloo dock,
O, Jenny get your oatcake done.

Whip (Oi!) jamboree... x 2

(Trad.)

Buffalo Gals

As I was walkin' down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A cute little miss I chanced to meet
And she was pretty to me.

*Oh, Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight,
Come out tonight, come out tonight,
Oh, Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight,
Won't you dance by the light of the moon?*

I asked her would she have some talk,
Have some talk, have some talk,
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk
As she stood close by me.

Oh, Buffalo Gals...

I asked her would she have a dance,
Have a dance, have a dance,
I thought that I might get a chance
To shake a foot with her.

Oh, Buffalo Gals...

I'd like to make that gal my wife,
Gal my wife, gal my wife,
Oh, I'd be happy all my life
If I had her by me.

Oh, Buffalo Gals...

(John Hodges)

Fling It Here, Fling It There

(S.Lawrence/The Yetties)

Way down on our farm we are right up to date,
For mechanisation's the byword of late.
For e-v-ery task there's a gadget to match,
But our new muck-spreader's the best of the batch.

Fling it here, fling it there.
If you're standing by then you'll all get your share.

Now young Walter Hodgkins he brought back a load
Of liquid manure from the farm up the road.
He hummed to himself as he drove up the street,
And his load also hummed in the afternoon heat. *Fling it here...*

Now this fine muck-spreader it had a slight fault,
And a bump in the road turned it on with a jolt,
An odorous spray of manure it let fly
On any poor soul who was just passing by. *Fling it here...*

The vicarage windows were all open wide
When a generous helping descended inside,
The vicar, at table, intoned, "Let us pray",
When manure from heaven came flying his way. *Fling it here...*

In her garden, Miss Pringle was quite scandalised.
"Good gracious!" she cried, "I have been fertilised."
While the Methodist minister's teetotal wife
Was plastered for the very first time in her life. *Fling it here...*

And all of this time Walter trundled along,
He was quite unaware there was anything wrong,
Till a vision of woe flagged him down, what a sight,
A policeman all covered in ... you've got it right! *Fling it here*

Skye Boat Song

*Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
“Onward”, the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that’s born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air.
Baffled, our foe stands by the shore,
Follow they will not dare. *Speed bonnie boat...*

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean’s a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch o’er your weary head. *Speed bonnie boat...*

(Trad.)

Somagwaza

Voice 1: Ha weh, ha weh somagwaza.

Voice 2: Somagwaza, ma yo-weh, yo-weh.

Voice 3: He ma yo-weh, he ma yo-weh, somagwaza.

(Trad.)

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

(Trad.)

Summertime

Summertime, and the livin' is easy,
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high,
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin',
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing,
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky.
But till that morning, there ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by.

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

(George Gershwin)

The following songs are also on the Singing for Better Breathing resource.

Daisy, Daisy*

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do.
I'm half-crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two. *(Repeat all)*

(Harry Dacre)

Kookaburra*

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Merry, merry king of the bush is he.
Laugh, Kookaburra, laugh, Kookaburra,
Gay your life must be.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Eating all the gum drops he can see.
Stop, Kookaburra, stop, Kookaburra,
Leave some there for me.

(Marion Sinclair)

My Bonnie*

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

*Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.*

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead - *Bring back...*

Oh, blow the winds over the ocean,
Oh, blow the winds over the sea,
Oh, blow the winds over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me - *Bring back...*

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me - *Bring back...*

(Trad.)

The Wild Mountain Thyme*

O, the summertime is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a tower,
Near yon pure crystal fountain,
And on it I will build all the flowers of the mountain.
Will ye go, lassie, go?
And we'll all....

If my true love she were gone,
I would surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, go?
*And we'll all...
And we'll all...*

(Francis McPeake)

Consider Yourself*

Consider yourself at home; consider yourself one of the family,
We've taken to you so strong; it's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in; consider yourself part of the furniture,
There isn't a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we've got we share.

If it should chance to be we should see some harder days,
Empty larder days, why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!

Consider yourself our mate; we don't want to have no fuss.
For after some consideration we can state
Consider yourself, one of us.

Consider yourself at home; consider yourself one of the family,
We've taken to you so strong; it's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in; consider yourself part of the furniture,
There isn't a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we've got we share.

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah or uppity,
There's a cup o' tea for all.
Only, it's wise to be handy with the rolling pin
When the landlord comes to call.

Consider yourself our mate; we don't want to have no fuss.
For after some consideration we can state
Consider yourself, one of us.

(Lionel Bart)

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.

(Richard Rodgers)

Happy Talk*

*Happy talk, keep talking happy talk,
Talk about things you'd like to do,
You gotta have a dream, if you don't have a dream,
How you gonna have a dream come true?*

Talk about a moon floating in the sky
Looking like a lily on a lake,
Talk about a bird learning how to fly
Making all the music he can make. - *Happy talk...*

Talk about a star looking like a toy
Peeking through the branches of a tree,
Talk about a girl, talk about a boy,
Counting all the ripples on the sea. - *Happy talk...*

Talk about a boy saying to the girl:
"Golly, baby, I'm a lucky cuss!"
Talk about a girl saying to the boy:
"You an' me is lucky to be us!" - *Happy talk...*

If you don't talk happy and you never have a dream,
Then you'll never have a dream come true.

(Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein)

Moon River*

Moon River, wider than a mile,
I'm crossing you in style someday.
Old dream maker, you heartbreaker,
Wherever you're going, I'm going your way.

Two drifters off to see the world,
There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbows end.
Waiting round the bend, my huckleberry friend,
Moon River, and me.

(Henry Mancini)

Train Is A-Comin'*

Train is a-comin', oh yeah,
Train is a-comin', oh yeah,
Train is a-comin', train is a-comin',
Train is a-comin', oh yeah.

Better get your ticket, oh yeah...

Room for a few more, oh yeah...

Train is a-leavin', oh yeah...

(Trad.)

Charlie Is My Darling*

*Oh, Charlie is my darling
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling
The young Chevalier.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier. – *Oh, Charlie is...*

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folks cam' rinnin' out,
To meet the Chevalier. – *Oh, Charlie is...*

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

*Oh, Charlie is my darling
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling
The young Chevalier (repeat chorus).*

(Scottish Trad.)

I'd Like to Teach The World To Sing*

I'd like to build the world a home
And furnish it with love.
Grow apple trees and honeybees
And snow-white turtledoves.

I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony.
I'd like to hold it in my arms
And keep it company.

I'd like to see the world for once
All standing hand in hand.
And hear them echo through the hills
For peace throughout the land.

I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony.
I'd like to hold it in my arms
And keep it company.

(Roger Cook, Roger Greenaway, Bill Backer & Billy Davis)

What A Wonderful World*

I see trees of green, red roses too,
I see them bloom, for me and for you.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

The colours of the rainbow so pretty in the sky,
Are also on the faces of people going by.
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love you".

I hear babies cry. I watch them grow.
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.
Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

(Bob Thiele & George David Weiss)



**Medway
Singing^{and}
COPD Trial**