

8th Grade Winter Concert Lyrics: Alto

Like a Mighty Stream:

Lift ev'ry voice and let us sing!

[Baritones: In ev'ry song let freedom ring!]

From ev'ry soul comes a noble dream

Let justice roll like a mighty stream.

Like a mighty stream, *[like a mighty stream,]*

Like a mighty stream.

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll

Like a mighty stream.

[Baritones: Oh, ev'ry trial we'll overcome,]

When ev'ry child beneath the sun,

[An ev'ry soul shall live as one.]

The noble dream has just begun!

Like a mighty stream, *[like a mighty stream,]*

Like a mighty stream.

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll

Like a mighty stream.

Like a mighty stream, *[like a mighty stream,]*

Like a mighty stream.

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll,

Let justice roll

Like a mighty stream.

The Cuckoo:

Oh, the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird,
She warbles as she flies.
And she never says a cuckoo
'Til the fourth day of July.

Gonna build me a log cabin, gonna build in the mountains so high,
Gonna build my cabin on a mountain side,
Gonna see my honey now, gonna see my honey walkin',
Gonna see my honey a walk-in by.

[Rest while Baritones sing once through, then Sopranos join once through.]

Du da dot, du dot, du---dot du---dot,
Da dot, du dot, dot dot du dot, du dot
[3 times]

Jack-a-Diamonds, Jack-a-Diamonds,
I've known you down from old.
You have taken, you have taken
All my silver and my gold.

Cuckoo is a pretty bird, singin' cuckoo,
She tries her singin' as she flies.
Cuckoo is a pretty bird, singin' cuckoo,
She waits 'til the fourth day of July.
[2 times]

See my cuckoo
As she flies.

Under the Sea:

The seaweed is always greener
In somebody else's lake.
You dream about going up there,
But that is a big mistake.
Just look at the world around you,
Right here on the ocean floor.
Such wonderful things surround you,
What more is you lookin' for?

Under the sea, under the sea.
Darlin' it's better down where it's wetter. Take it from me.
Ooh Ooh
Ah Ah
While we devotin' full time to floatin' under the sea.

Down here all the fish is happy
As off through the waves dey roll.
The fish on the land ain't happy,
They sad 'cause they in the bowl.
But fish in the bowl is lucky,
They in for a worser fate.
One day when the boss gets hungry
Guess who gon' be on the plate?

Under the sea, under the sea.
Nobody beat us, fry us and eat us in fricassee.
Ooh Ooh
Ah Ah
We got no troubles life is the bubbles

[Sopranos: Under the sea.]

Under the sea.
Under the sea!
Since life is sweet here we got the beat here naturally, ee, ee, ee.
Ooh Ooh
Ah Ah

We got the spirit, you got to hear it under the sea.

The newt play the flute. The carp play the harp.
The plaice play the bass. And they soundin' sharp.
The bass play the brass. The chub play the tub.
The fluke is the duke of soul.

The ray he can play. The lings on the strings.
The trout rockin' out. The blackfish she sings.
The smelt and the sprat they know where it's at,
An' oh, that blowfish blow.

[Sopranos: Under the sea.]

Under the sea.

Under the sea.

Ah Ah, music is to me.

What do they got, a lot of sand.

We got a hot crustacean band.

Each little clam----- jam under the sea.

Each little slug----- rug under the sea.

Each little snail----- wail-----

Hot----- water.

Ya we in luck here down in the muck here under the sea.