

8th Grade Winter Concert Lyrics: Soprano

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
In the mountains so high,
So I can see my honey,
He's a walkin', walkin' by.

[Rest while Baritones sing once through.]

Da da dot da dot da dot, du da dot,
Da da dot da dot da dot, dot, da du dot
[4 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.

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.
[2 times]

See my cuckoo
As she flies.

Cuckoo's a pretty bird, she warbles as she flies,
She warbles as she flies.
Cuckoo's a pretty bird, she never says a cuckoo
'Til the fourth day of July.
[2 times]

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.
Up on the shore they work all day.
Out in the sun they slave away,
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.
We what the land folks love to cook.
Under the sea we off the hook.
We got no troubles life is the bubbles

Under the sea.
Under the sea!
Since life is sweet here we got the beat here naturally,
Even the sturgeon and the ray
They got the urge 'n start to play.
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.
Oooh la, Oooh la
An' oh, that blowfish blow.

Under the sea.
Under the sea.
When the sardine begin the beguine it's music to me.
What do they got, a lot of sand.
We got a hot crustacean band.
Each little clam here know how to jam here under the sea.
Each little slug here cuttin' a rug here under the sea.
Each little snail here know how to wail here.
That's why it's hotter under the water.
Ya we in luck here down in the muck here under the sea.