



Burton Concert Band

Anslow's Exclusive Coronation Celebration, Sunday 7th May 2023

Conductor - David Haines,

Band Leader - Kate Fox

Pieces marked with an asterisk * have sing-along lyrics later in this programme...

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|---|---|
| 1. The King and I | Rodgers & Hammerstein arr. Calvin Custer |
| 2. Porgy and Bess | George Gershwin arr. Calvin Custer |
| 3. Guys and Dolls | Frank Loesser arr. Calvin Custer |
| 4. Selection from Cats | Andrew Lloyd-Weber arr. John Edmonson |
| 5. The Lion King | Elton John & Tim Rice arr. John Higgins |
| 6. Tequila | Chuck Rio arr. Darryl Barry |
| 7. Is This the Way to Amarillo?* | Neil Sedake & Howard Greenfield arr. Kevin Riley |
| 8. Sweet Caroline* | Neil Diamond arr. Geoff Kingston |

Interval

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|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. The Dam Busters | Eric Coats arr. W. J. Duthoit |
| 2. WWI Medley* | arr. Jari Villanueva |
| 3. Keep Smiling Through* | arr. Darryl Barry |
| 4. Jerusalem* | Sir Hubert Parry arr. Philip Sparke |
| 5. British Sea Songs* | arr. W. J. Duthoit |
| 6. Pomp and Circumstance* | arr. Edward Elgar |

LYRICS FOR THE BURTON CONCERT BAND ROYAL SING ALONG

BELT OUT YOUR VOICES AND SING ALONG TO THESE CRACKING ALL TIME CLASSICS!

Is this the way to Amarillo....

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la

When the day is dawning,
On a Texas Sunday morning
How I long to be there
With Marie who's waiting for me there

Every lonely city (la-la-la-la-la)
Where I hang my hat (la-la-la-la-la)
Ain't as half as pretty
As where my baby's at

Is this the way to Amarillo?
Every night I've been hugging my pillow
Dreaming dreams of Amarillo
And sweet Marie who waits for me
Show me the way to Amarillo
I've been weeping like a willow
Crying over Amarillo
And sweet Marie who waits for me

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la, And Marie who waits for me

There's a church bell ringin'
Hear the song of joy that it's singin'
For the sweet Maria
And the guy who's coming to see her
Just beyond the highway (la-la-la-la-la)
There's an open plain (la-la-la-la-la)
And it keeps me going through the wind and rain

Is this the way to Amarillo?
Every night I've been hugging my pillow
Dreaming dreams of Amarillo
And sweet Marie who waits for me
Show me the way to Amarillo
I've been weeping like a willow
Crying over Amarillo
And sweet Marie who waits for me

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la, And Marie who waits for me
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la, And Marie who waits for me
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Sha-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Sweet Caroline

Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong
Was in the spring
And spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along
Hands, touching hands
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

Sweet Caroline, Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
But now I

Look at the night and it don't seem so lonely
We filled it up with only two
And when I hurt
Hurting runs off my shoulders
How can I hurt when holding you
One, touching one
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

Sweet Caroline, Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
Oh no, no

Sweet Caroline, Good times never seemed so good
Sweet Caroline
I believe they never could
Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good

It's a long way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irish lad one day
All the streets were paved with gold, so everyone
was gay

Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester
Square

Till Paddy got excited and he shouted to them there

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know

Goodbye, Piccadilly

Farewell, Leicester Square

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'

Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me
know

If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly, dear", said he

"Remember it's the pen, that's bad, don't lay the
blame on me"

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know

Goodbye, Piccadilly

Farewell, Leicester Square

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'

Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so

Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to
blame

For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the
same"

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know

Goodbye, Piccadilly

Farewell, Leicester Square

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there

Pack up your troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

While you've a lucifer to light your fag

Smile, boys, that's the style!

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worthwhile

So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

While you've a lucifer to light your fag

Smile, boys, that's the style!

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worthwhile

So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

The Army, The Navy And The Air Force

The Army, the Navy and the Air force have made old
England's name.

Our soldiers, our sailors and our airmen have always
played the game.

They're steady - they're true and always ready.

They fight for you and me.

The Army, the Navy and the Air force Leading us to
victory.

Yours

Yours 'til the stars lose their glory

Yours 'til the birds fail to sing

Yours to the end of our life's story

This pledge to you dear, I bring

Yours in the grey of December

Here or on far distant shores

I've never loved anyone the way I love you
How could I, when I was born to be Just yours

Yours 'til the stars lose their glory

Yours 'til the birds fail to sing

Yours to the end of our life's story

This pledge to you dear, I bring

Yours in the grey of December

Here or on far distant shores

I've never loved anyone the way I love you
How could I, when I was born to be Just yours

Lil Marlene

Underneath the lantern
By the barrack gate
Darling I remember
The way you used to wait
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly
That you loved me
You'd always be
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marleen

Time would come for roll call
Time for us to part
Darling I'd caress you
And press you to my heart
And there neath that far off lantern light
I'd hold you tight
We'd kiss good night
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marleen

Orders came for sailing
Somewhere over there
All confined to barracks
'Twas more than I could bear
I knew you were waiting in the street
I heard your feet
But could not meet
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marleen

Resting in our billet
Just behind the line
Even though we're parted
Your lips are close to mine
You wait where that lantern softly gleamed
Your sweet face seems
To haunt my dreams
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marleen
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marleen

The White Cliffs Of Dover

There'll be bluebirds over, The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter, And peace ever after
Tomorrow, when the world is free
The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again
There'll be bluebirds over, The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see
The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again
There'll be bluebirds over, The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see

We'll Meet Again

Let's say goodbye with a smile, dear
Just for a while dear we must part
Don't let this parting upset you
I'll not forget you, sweetheart
We'll meet again, Don't know where, Don't know
when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day
Keep smiling through
Just like you always do
'Til the blue skies chase those dark clouds far away
And I will just say hello
To the folks that you know
Tell them you won't be long
They'll be happy to know
That as I saw you go
You were singing this song
We'll meet again, Don't know where, Don't know
when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day
And I will just say hello
To the folks that you know
Tell them you won't be long
They'll be happy to know
That as I saw you go
You were singing this song
We'll meet again, Don't know where, Don't know
when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Land of hope and glory

Land of hope and glory, mother of the free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set.
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
Land of hope and glory, mother of the free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set.
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

National Anthem

God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Rule Britannia

When Britain first, at heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main
Arose arose from out the azure main
This was the charter, the charter of the land
And guardian angels sang this strain
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
More dreadful, dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
More dreadful, dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves

The Muses, still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coasts repair
Shall to thy happy, happy coasts repair
Blest isle regardless, with countless beauty places
And manly hearts to guard the fair
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
Britons never, never, shall be slaves



Band Conductor: David Haines, Band Leader: Kate Fox

Contact us through our website or social channels

www.BurtonConcertBand.co.uk

