

Lyrics for All Songs

- All of the States
- Cover Your Face
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- A Present for Santa Claus
- Red Lights, Green Lights, Yellow Lights, and Blue
- Robin Is Gone
- Skating on the Lake
- Sounds of the Season
- The Wallenhoople Minnesota Youth Band
- We Are a Choir
- Wouldn't You Rather Be Swimming

All of the States

Barbara Leeds

Italic words are sung at the same time as regular words.

We started with thirteen, got thirty-seven more.
Now we'll see if we know the score.

There's Massachusetts, Alabama, Idaho, Hawaii,
North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Ohio,
Alaska, Nebraska, Florida,
Wyoming, Rhode Island, Oregon.

We know all of the states.
There's fifty of 'em. Count 'em!
We love all of the states
In the USA.

California, Colorado, Arkansas, Nevada,
Connecticut, New Mexico, Vermont and then Wisconsin,
Missouri, New Jersey, Delaware,
Montana, New Hampshire, and there's more.

*Kansas, Utah, Michigan,
Texas, Georgia, Washington,
Oklahoma, Arizona, Maryland, Virginia,
Minnesota, Mississippi, Illinois, Kentucky.*

We know all of the states.
There's fifty of 'em. Count 'em!
We love all of the states
In the USA.

*Red white and blue is our banner,
Helpful and hopeful our manner.*

We know all of the states.
There's fifty of 'em. Count 'em!
We love all of the states
In the USA.

*Freedom for all is our mission,
Justice our noble tradition.*

We know the score.
There's just a few more.
And finally, finally, finally,
North Carolina, South Carolina,
West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New York!

*Indiana, Louisiana,
Maine!*

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Cover Your Face

Lyrics by Barbara Leeds, Music by Charles Davis

With the holidays approaching, there is something in the air.
This year we have a different way to show how much we care.
This gift is not an object but an action we can do.
There's lots of people doing it, and you can do it too.

It's a very welcome present; it can bring a lot of cheer.
No need to wait for Christmas; it is good throughout the year.
This gift cannot be bought in stores, cannot be bought online.
If everyone would give it, hallelujah! We'd be fine.

Cover your face; you can do it today.
Cover your face; keep six feet away.
You might have some yucky germs and might not even know.
You could spread those yucky germs; who knows how far they'd go?
So cover your face from your nose to your chin.
With everybody covered, the healing can begin.

Do you have trouble buying presents?
Well, think outside the box. What we're giving is living.
It's better than a sweater or another pair of socks.

Cover your face; you can do it today.
Cover your face; keep six feet away.
You might have some yucky germs and might not even know.
You could spread those yucky germs; who knows how far they'd go?
So cover your face from your nose to your chin.
With everybody covered, the healing can begin.

May your holidays be healthy. We can visit via Zoom.
And maybe next year we can all be here
In the very same room.

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Down at the Mall

Barbara Leeds

Some kid said that there is no Santa.
But I saw him down at the mall.
Dressed in red, with a sled, it was dear old Santa.
And I saw him down at the mall.

The elves were there with candy canes to share.
I waited in line, then I went up to his chair.
I sat in the lap of my dear old Santa,
And I told him what I wanted down at the mall.

My mind was clear. I've been very good all year.
So I leaned in close, and I whispered in his ear.
I sat in the lap of my dear old Santa,
And I told him what I wanted down at the mall.

So don't tell me that there is no Santa.
'Cause I saw him down at the mall.
He was real. I could feel it was dear old Santa.
And I saw him down at the mall.

And I knew there'd be, right underneath our tree,
A big bright box with a present just for me.
I sat in the lap of my dear old Santa,
And I told him what I wanted down at the mall.

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The Gate of Heaven Opens

“Es Hat Sich Halt Eroffnet” (Austrian Christmas carol)

Adaptation, arrangement, and English words by Barbara Leeds

Angels. We'll see the angels.

The gate of heaven opens and angels tumble out—

Excited little angels; they are whirling all about.

They're spinning in a festive waltz with cartwheels and with somersaults.

These energetic cherubs are bursting with fun,

Exuberantly celebrating Mary's baby Son.

Hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

Hip hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

Shepherds. We're simple shepherds.

And now that we have seen all these angels going wild,

We're jumping too; we can't keep still. Let's go to see the Child.

We'll take our chickens, take our lambs—take hens and roosters, ewes and rams. Baa.

To Bethlehem we'll go, and the Child we will find.

It's time for peace and harmony for all of humankind.

Hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

Hip hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

Baby. We'll see the baby.

We're going now to Bethlehem. Yes, we are on our way.

We'll see the Child in Bethlehem in a manger full of hay.

For He who brings good will to all was born in a lowly stable stall. Moo.

In Bethlehem He's born. And with joy we will sing

To welcome Him with gratitude for all the love He'll bring.

Yes, the Child of Peace is born. This is glorious news.

So join the party, pass the grapes, and put on your dancing shoes.

Hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

Hip hip hurrah. Hip hip hip hip hurrah.

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The Gift of Your Time

Lyrics by Barbara Leeds, Music by Charles Davis

You pursue the perfect Christmas,
With ev'rything just so.
You are busy making Christmas.
You're always on the go:
Building panoramic sights,
Untangling all the lights,
Setting snowmen on the lawn,
A partridge and a swan.

But all I want is the gift of your time,
The gift of your time. And it won't cost a dime.
All I want is the gift of your time.
Would you spend some time with me?

Ev'ry year it's more extensive:
Decor becomes more grand
And the presents more expensive.
It's getting out of hand.
High-tech Santa winks an eye.
Robotic reindeer fly.
Up go sheep and shepherds too.
The donkey plays kazoo.

But all I want is the gift of your time,
The gift of your time. And it won't cost a dime.
All I want is the gift of your time.
Would you spend some time with me?

Oh, it's so easy and it's free.
How happy we both would be.
Yes, we would surely have a ball.
Your time is the best gift of all.

Yes, all I want is the gift of your time,
The gift of your time. And it won't cost a dime.
All I want is the gift of your time.
Would you spend some time with me?
Would you spend some time, some glorious time?
Would you spend some time with me?

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May Our Light Forever Shine

Barbara Leeds

Under foreign domination, our lives were looking bleak.
There came a mighty army to try to make us Greek,
Desecration of our temple, a violent attack.
Then we stood up for freedom, and we took the temple back.

And so we light the candles with joyful song and prayer,
Spin the dreidel, spread the word: A miracle happened there.
They wanted to destroy us. But no, we're doing fine.
We're radiant. We're hopeful. May our light forever shine.

We restored our holy temple; we cleaned it up and then
We needed pure oil for our flame to burn again.
There was just one little vial and a miracle so great:
It should have burned for just one day; instead, it burned for eight.

And so we light the candles with joyful song and prayer,
Spin the dreidel, spread the word: A miracle happened there.
They wanted to destroy us. But no, we're doing fine.
We're radiant. We're hopeful. May our light forever shine.

And still we remember what happened in those days,
Commemorate it every year with gratitude and praise.
We are strong in our tradition; our future's looking bright.
Come celebrate! It's Hanukkah, the Festival of Light.

And so we light the candles with joyful song and prayer,
Spin the dreidel, spread the word: A miracle happened there.
They wanted to destroy us. But no, we're doing fine.
We're radiant. We're hopeful. May our light forever shine.
We're radiant. We're hopeful. May our light forever shine.
More than surviving, we are thriving. May our light forever shine.

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A Present for Santa Claus

Barbara Leeds

Santa works hard the whole year through
To bring cool presents to me and you.
Santa fulfills our ev'ry whim.
But nobody ever thinks about him. So

Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
Wrap it up pretty with a big red bow.
Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
And we'll all say "Ho ho ho."

Santa could use a few good perks:
An iPod to listen to while he works,
Seatbelts and airbags for those bumpy stops,
Boots with cleats for snowy rooftops.

Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
Wrap it up pretty with a big red bow.
Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
And we'll all say "Ho ho ho."

A thermos of cocoa to stow behind the seat,
Warm wool socks for his cold old feet,
Reins for the reindeer, a backup team of mules,
Or, for the workshop, ergonomic tools.

Let's think, think, think. What would Santa want?
A weekend with the missus in a cabin in Vermont?
Or we could get him a super-duper scoop
For cleaning up all of that reindeer poop.

Maybe he'd like a brand-new sleigh,
A digital model with a dizzying display
Of gauges and buttons to poke and press
And solar polar GPS. So

Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
Wrap it up pretty with a big red bow.
Let's get a present for Santa Claus.
And we'll all say "Ho ho ho."

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Red Lights, Green Lights, Yellow Lights, and Blue

Barbara Leeds

When I think about my Daddy, I often recall
Going swimming in summer, carving pumpkins in fall,
And ev'ry year when December came around,
Watching Daddy on the ladder while I stood on the ground.

It's my fav'rite part of Christmas,
My fav'rite part of the year:
My Daddy hanging up the Christmas lights
As the big day draws near.

Red lights, green lights, yellow lights, and blue
Shining from the tree and outside the house too—
From the eaves and from the rooftop. Oh such a wondrous view.
Looking at the lights is my fav'rite thing to do.

Ev'ry now and then my Daddy went off to the store.
We already had lights, but he'd look for some more.
Who knew what he'd bring home? But I'd always be glad
With whatever struck his fancy, 'cause he was my Dad.

He got purple and pink, little white lights that blink,
Puce and chartreuse and a glittery strand of gold.
He got burgundy and buff. And when he had enough,
He hung up the new along with the old.

With the red lights, green lights, yellow lights, and blue
Shining from the tree and outside the house too—
From the eaves and from the rooftop. Oh such a wondrous view.
Looking at the lights is my fav'rite thing to do.

Now the years have passed and my Daddy is gone.
But he glows in my memory as time rolls on.
And ev'ry year when December comes around,
I'm the one who's on the ladder; it's my children on the ground.

It's our fav'rite part of Christmas,
Our fav'rite part of the year:
With me now hanging up the Christmas lights
As the big day draws near.

Starting with red lights, green lights, yellow lights, and blue,
The lights of my family grew and grew.
How beautiful the vision of lights of ev'ry hue.
May the lights also shine on you.

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Robin Is Gone

Barbara Leeds

Good thing he made a lot of movies.
Good thing his movies make us laugh.
Good thing, good thing.

But who knows what he felt inside?
Who knows how many tears he cried?
Robin is gone. Robin is gone.

No more will Robin walk among us.
No more will Robin hear us laugh.
No more, no more.

And who knows what he felt inside?
Who knows how many tears he cried?
Robin is gone. Robin is gone.

Could be he's walking with the angels.
Could be the angels make him laugh.
Could be, could be.

And who knows what he felt inside?
Who knows how many tears he cried?
Robin is gone. Our Robin is gone.

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Skating on the Lake

Barbara Leeds

When the weather is cold and the ground is white,
I would throw a ball of snow at ev'ryone in sight.
Well, a snowball fight is lots of fun; it's true.
But it's even more fun before the day is done to be
Skating on the lake with you.

I would build a fat snowman, a very fine chap.
I would dress him in a scarf and a baseball cap.
Well, building a snowman is fun; it's true.
More enjoyable yet is the feeling I get when I'm
Skating on the lake with you.

Ah, isn't it nice to move across the ice.
Going side by side, hand in hand we glide.
We'll make a figure eight. Oh, I just can't wait
Till I'm skating on the lake with you.
When I'm skating on the lake, all my senses are awake,
When I'm skating on the lake with you.

Back when I was a kid, I would get a big thrill
With an old red toboggan, zooming down the hill.
Well, zooming down the hill is lots of fun; it's true.
But I've got more zest; it's a personal best to be
Skating on the lake with you.

I would lie on my back on the fluffy new snow.
Whish! Whish! Arms and legs make a snow angel grow.
Making angels in the snow is lots of fun; it's true.
But holy cow! I'm even happier now when I'm
Skating on the lake with you.

Ah, isn't it nice to move across the ice.
Going side by side, hand in hand we glide.
We'll make a figure eight. Oh, I just can't wait
Till I'm skating on the lake with you.
When I'm skating on the lake, all my senses are awake,
When I'm skating on the lake with you, with you,
When I'm skating on the lake with you. Wahoo!

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Sounds of the Season

Barbara Leeds

Plinka plinka plinka Plinka harp-a plinka Plinka plinka Glinka plink.

These are the sounds, the sounds of the season.
What glorious music to make the heart swell.
These are the sounds, the sounds of the season.
How joyful the sounds of Noel.

Ding ding. Bells ring.
Sweetly the violin plays heavenly song.
Doodle-oodle-flute-al oodle-oodle-oodle oodle-oodle-oodle-oo.
The trumpet today says “Too-too-too-ray.”

Plinka plinka plinka Plinka harp-a plinka Plinka plinka Glinka plink.

These are the sounds, the sounds of the season.
What glorious music to make the heart swell.
These are the sounds, the sounds of the season.
How joyful the sounds of Noel.

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The Wallenhoople Minnesota Youth Band

Barbara Leeds

Left, left. Left right left.
Left, left. Left right left.
Rat-tat. Rat-tat. Rrrrrrr-rat-tat.

Marching, marching. We are marching.
Marching in a big parade.
Marching, marching. Playing and marching.
We're the Wallenhoople Minnesota Youth Band.

Woodwinds noodling: clarinet and fluteling, backed by saxophone.
Brass with golden tone: trumpet, French horn, sousaphone, and trombone.
Together strutting down the street, as row by row we move our feet.
The brass will blare and the woodwinds tweet, *tweetily tweet*,
While the percussion keeps the beat. What a beat.

Boom. Boom. Boom boom. Boom boom.
Snare drum with a ratatat-tat and a ratatat-tattle and a rata-tattley-tat.
Tenor drum. Pud-a-pum. Pud-a-pud-a. Pud-a-pum. Crash!

Marching, marching. We are marching.
Marching in a big parade.
Marching, marching. Playing and marching.
We're the Wallenhoople Minnesota Youth Band.

Dressed in uniform, standing straight and tall and proud,
We play snappy tunes. We can play 'em good and loud.
We play the right notes—a lot of the time. We do our very, very best.
And if he could only see us now ...
John Philip Sousa ... would be impressed.

'Cuz we are the band, the band. Oh, we are the band, the band.

Marching, marching. We are marching.
We're marching, we're marching, forever marching.
Doodle-oodle dut dut doo.

Marching in a big parade.
Doodle-oodle dut dut doo.

Marching, marching. Playing and marching.
Hup hup. Hup-a-hup hup. Hup hup. Hup hup.

The Wallenhoople Minnesota—
The day is hot and my lip is shot
In the Wallenhoople Minneso—
There's a pebble in my shoe, and I don't know what to do
In the Wallenhoople Minnesota Youth Band. Left right!

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We Are a Choir

Barbara Leeds

Verses are sung by individual parts (soprano, alto, tenor, bass, and solo) and combinations of parts. Each part sings its own motif.

Verse 1 (S, A, T, B, SATB)

S What a graceful thing to sing soprano, flittering, twittering to and fro.
A See the sturdy alto, hard at work. Oh see her glow.
T Tenor virtuoso, molto maestoso.
B The bass can go to all the notes below.

Chorus 1 (SATB)

Oh, we sing lower, and we sing higher.
And when we blend, we're a four-part choir,
Joining our voices in harmony.
We are a choir, SATB.

Verse 2 (B, TB, ATB, SATB)

B Yo-ho, yo-ho! We'll find a root we know.
T I'm a well-bred fellow. I would never bellow.
A Altruistic alto, filling in for smoother flow.
S We are up on top. We sing soprano. We're the main melody. We're the show.

Chorus 2 (SATB)

Oh, we sing lower, and we sing higher.
And when we blend, we're a four-part choir,
Joining our voices in harmony.
We are a choir, SATB.
When we make music, we feel free.
We are a choir, SATB. G E C.

Verse 3 (combinations of SATB using words of verse 1 and 2, plus Solo)

Solo Though we sing four-part, four the status quo, another part starting to grow.
 Though we sing four-part, four the status quo, another part starting so high,
 So high, so high, so high,
B So low, so low,
Solo Solo.

Coda (SATB)

Sol do do sol, fa mi fa mi re do. Sol do mi.

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Wouldn't You Rather Be Swimming

Lyrics by Barbara Leeds, Music by Charles Davis

The car won't start. The phone is on the blink.
The kids are driving you crazy. And what's that awful stink?
The house is such a mess. And you're sleeping less and less.
You can't find your pants. And you feel a lot of stress.

And wouldn't you rather be swimming, swimming.
Gliding through the pool, so calm so cool,
Playing in the water like a dolphin or an otter,
Floating on your back and watching all the birdies fly by, fly by, fly by.

Your socks don't match. You took the wrong bus.
You're gonna be late for work, and your boss will make a fuss.
The heel came off your shoe. There's an IRS review.
And ev'ryone in town is looking hard at *you*.

And wouldn't you rather be swimming, swimming.
Gliding through the pool, so calm so cool,
Playing in the water like a dolphin or an otter,
Floating on your back and watching all the birdies fly by, fly by, fly by.

Wiggle an arm. Wiggle a leg. Last one in is a rotten egg.

So wouldn't you rather be swimming, swimming.
Gliding through the pool, so calm so cool,
Playing in the water like a dolphin or an otter,
Floating on your back and watching all the birdies fly by, fly by, fly by.

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