THE
AMAZING BASS RACE

SONGBOOK
Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver,

where still the mighty moose wanders at will,

Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.

Boom did- dy ah - da boom, did - dy ah - da boom, did - dy ah - da eeeaaa!
Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree,
Merry merry king of the bush is he,
Eating all the gum-drops he can see,
Laugh, kookaburra, laugh, kookaburra, happy you must be!

*Original version: Gay your life must be!
Japan

Sakura, Sakura

Japanese Folksong

Piano

Moderato

Sa - ku - ra, Sa - ku - ra, blossoms waving

Everywhere Clouds of glory fill the sky. Mist of beauty

In the air, lovely colors floating by. Sakura

Sakura, let all come singing.
Jasmine Flower

Flower of jasmine, so fair!
Flower of jasmine, so fair!
Budding and blooming here and there,
Pure and fragrant all do declare.
Let me pick you with tender care,
Sweetness for all to share.
Jasmine fair, oh Jasmine fair.

LYRICS

Flower of jasmine, so fair!
Flower of jasmine, so fair!
Budding and blooming here and there,
Pure and fragrant all do declare.
Let me pick you with tender care,
Sweetness for all to share.
Jasmine fair, oh Jasmine fair.
LYRICS

‘Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho!
Once more, once again, still once more.

Volga, Volga our pride,
Mighty stream so deep and wide.
Ay-da, da, ay-da!

Ay-da, da, ay-da!
Mighty stream so deep and wide.
Volga, Volga you’re our pride.

Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho!
Once more, once again, still once more.
1. The froggies, the froggies are funny to behold. No ears at all, no ears at all, and then they have no tails!
3. The piglets, the piglets are funny to behold. They all have ears, they all have ears and they have tails also.
Scotland

Scotland the Brave

Hark where the night is falling, Hark hear the pipes calling Loudly and proudly calling down through the glen, There where the hills are sleeping Now feel the blood a-leaping High as the spirits of the old Highland men. Towering in gallant fame,

Scotland my mountain hame, High may your proud standards glorious wave, Land of my high endeavour Land of the shining river Land of my heart forever Scotland the brave!
Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral
(That's an Irish Lullaby)

James Royce Shannon, 1914

O-ver In Kil-lar ney... Ma-ny years a-go, My Mo-ther sang a song to me In tones so sweet and low; Just a sim-ple lit-tle dit-ty, In her good ol'-rish way, And I'd give the world to hear her sing That song of hers to-day. Too-ra-loo-ra-loo ral,— Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-loo ral,—

Bake, Bake, Bake a Cake

Bake, bake, bake a cake
The baker called out!
If you want to bake a cake
You need seven ingredients:
Sugar and salt
Eggs and lard
Milk and flour
and saffron makes the cake yellow.
On the bridge of Avignon
Everyone is always dancing
On the bridge of Avignon
They are dancing all around.

All the pretty ladies go this way
And then they go again that way.
On the bridge of Avignon
Everyone is always dancing.
LYRICS

Sleep my baby
Until the meal is ready
And if it isn’t
The neighbors will be.

Sleep my baby
Until your mommy’s arrived
The bread is on the table
The sweets are on the tray.
We are marching in the light of God
We are living in the love of God
We are moving in the power of God
We are marching in the light of God
We are living in the love of God
We are moving in the power of God
We are marching in the light of God
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We are marching in the light of God
We are living in the love of God
We are moving in the power of God
LYRICS

Circle, little circle, let us all circle round and round
Let's circle all around, all around we shall circle.
The ring you gave me was made of glass and broke,
The love you had for me was small and ended.
That's why, Mrs. Sancha*, please get into the circle
Tell a very nice verse, say farewell and go away!
Day-O
(The Banana Boat Song)
Words and Music by Irving Burgie and William Attaway

Intro
Moderate Calypso \( \frac{J}{\text{NC.}} = 122 \)  \( \uparrow \uparrow \downarrow \downarrow \)

Verse
C

Day-light come— and me wan’ go home—

1. Work all night— on a drink of rum—

Day-light come— and me wan’ go home.

Stack banana till de morning come—

Day-light come— and me wan’ go home.
La Raspa

Mexican Folk song

A

La ras-pa yo bai-lé al de-re-cho y al re-ves,
Si quieres tu bai-lar empieza a mover los pies.

The ras-pa I will dance as forward and back I go,
If you want to dance, begin with your heel and toe.

B

Brin-ca, brin-ca, brin-ca tam-bien,
Al-ways mov-ing, mov-ing your feet,
Que la ras-pa vay al bai-lar al de-re-cho y al re-ves.

Pie-s. Que la ras-pa vay al bai-lar al de-re-cho y al re-ves.
Always moving, moving your feet, back and forth now jump to the

Repeat A

C

Re-pet A
This Land is Your Land

This land is your land, this land is
As I went walking that ribbon of
This land is your land, this land is

my land, from California, to the New York
highway, I saw above me, the endless
my land, from California, to the New York

island, from the red-wood forests, to the Gulf Stream
skyway, I saw below me, that golden
island, from the red-wood forests, to the Gulf Stream

waters, This land was made for you and me.
valley, This land was made for you and me.
waters, This land was made for you and me.