

**Sing with
Ann Reed &
Dan Chouinard**

**7pm Monday March 16, 2026
St. Matthew's Episcopal
St. Anthony Park MN**

live stream on Ann's YouTube page

March 31 1933
Founding of Civilian
Conservation Corps
HAPPY WANDERER 1954

I love to go a-wandering
Along the mountain track
And as I go, I love to sing
My knapsack on my back

Val-deri, val-dera
Val-deri, val-dera...
My knapsack on my back

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me
Come join my happy song

Val-deri, val-dera
Val-deri, val-dera...
Come join my happy song

I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me

And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
Come join my happy song

Val-deri, val-dera
Val-deri, val-dera...
Come join my happy song

Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die
Oh, may I always laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky

Val-deri, val-dera
Val-deri, val-dera...
Beneath God's clear blue sky

Val-deri, val-dera
Val-deri, val-dera...
My knapsack on my back

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b. March 2, 1952 Karen Carpenter
TOP OF THE WORLD 1973

Such a feelin's coming over me
There is wonder
In most everything I see
Not a cloud in the sky
Got the sun in my eyes
And I won't be surprised
If it's a dream

Everything I want the world to be
Is now coming true
Especially for me
And the reason is clear
It's because you are here
You're the nearest thing
To heaven that I've seen

I'm on the top of the world lookin'
Down on creation
And the only explanation I can find
Is the love that I've found
Ever since you've been around
Your love's put me at the

top of the world

Something in the wind
has learned my name

And it's tellin' me

That things are not the same

In the leaves on the trees

And the touch of the breeze

There's a pleasin' sense of
happiness for me

There is only one wish on my mind

When this day is through

I hope that I will find

That tomorrow will be

Just the same for you and me

All I need will be mine if you are here

I'm on the top of the world lookin'

Down on creation

And the only explanation I can find

Is the love that I've found

Ever since you've been around

Your love's put me at the
top of the world

* * * * *

Feast of Saint Patrick
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
1912

There's a tear in your eye
And I'm wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such power in your smile
Sure a stone you'd beguile
So there's never a
teardrop should fall

When your sweet lilting laughter's
Like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle
bright as can be
You should laugh all the while
And all other times smile
And now smile a smile for me

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part
of the love in your heart
And it makes even
sunshine more bright
Like the linnets' sweet song
crooning all the day long
Comes your laughter
so tender and light

For the springtime of life
is the sweetest of all
There is ne'er a real care or regret
And while springtime is ours
throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile each chance we get

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they steal your heart away

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b. March 17 1919 Nat Cole
L-O-V-E 1964

L is for the way you look at me
O is for the only one I see
V is very, very extraordinary
E is even more than anyone
That you adore and

Love is all that
I can give to you
Love is more than
just a game for two
Two in love can make it
Take my heart and
please don't break it
Love was made
for me and you

* * * * *

Caffeine awareness month
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING 1945

I'm as restless as a
willow in a windstorm
I'm as jumpy as a
puppet on a string
I'd say that I had spring fever
But I know it isn't spring

I'm starry eyed and
vaguely discontented
Like a nightingale
without a song to sing
Oh why should I have spring fever
When it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing
I were somewhere else
Walking down a
strange new street
Hearing words
that I have never heard
From a man I've yet to meet

I'm as busy as a spider
spinning daydreams
I'm as giddy as a
baby on a swing
I haven't seen a
crocus or a rosebud
Or a robin on the wing

But I feel so gay
in a melancholy way
That it might as
well be spring
It might as
well be spring

* * * * *

Women's History Month
I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER
1915

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier
I brought him up to be my pride and joy
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles
It's time to lay the sword and gun away
There'd be no war today
If mothers all would say
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone
Who may never return again
Ten million mothers' hearts must break
For the ones who died in vain
Head bowed down in sorrow in her lonely years
I heard a mother murmur through her tears

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier
I brought him up to be my pride and joy
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?

Let nations arbitrate their future troubles
It's time to lay the sword and gun away
There'd be no war today
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LET PEACE PREVAIL 2001

Let us try what love can do
Let peace prevail
To build this sad old world anew
Let peace prevail

Let peace prevail
Let peace prevail
In our hearts and in our minds
Let peace prevail

Feed the hungry, clothe the poor
Let peace prevail
Can't afford the cost of war
Let peace prevail

Let peace prevail
Let peace prevail
In our hearts and in our minds
Let peace prevail

Old wrongs now we must forgive
Let peace prevail

That ev'ry child on Earth may live
Let peace prevail

Let peace prevail
Let peace prevail
In our hearts and in our minds
Let peace prevail

Raise your voices, join your hands
Let peace prevail
Justice and mercy in every land
Let peace prevail

Let peace prevail
Let peace prevail
In our hearts and in our minds
Let peace prevail

* * * * *

Best Original Song Oscar 1966

ALFIE

What's it all about, Alfie?
Is it just for the moment we live?

What's it all about
When you sort it out, Alfie?
Are we meant to take more
than we give?
Or are we meant to be kind?

And if
only fools are kind, Alfie
Then I guess it is wise to be cruel
And if life belongs
only to the strong, Alfie
What will you lend
on an old golden rule?

As sure as I believe
there's a heaven above Alfie
I know there's something much more
Something even non-believers
can believe in

I believe in love, Alfie
Without true love we just exist, Alfie
Until you find the love you've missed
You're nothing, Alfie

When you walk
let your heart lead the way
And you'll find love any day
Alfie — Alfie

* * * * *

Best Original Song nominee 1966

GEORGY GIRL

Hey there, Georgy girl
Swingin' down the street
so fancy-free
Nobody you meet could
ever see the loneliness there
inside you

Hey there, Georgy girl
Why do all the boys just pass you by?
Could it be you just don't try?
Or is it the clothes you wear?

You're always window-shopping
But never stopping to buy
So shed those dowdy feathers and fly
a little bit

Hey there, Georgy girl
There's another Georgy deep inside
Bring out all the love you hide

And oh! what a change there'd be!
The world would see
a new Georgy girl

* * * * *

March 12 Alfred Hitchcock Day
Best Original Song Oscar 1956
QUE SERÀ, SERÀ
The Man Who Knew Too Much

When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother, what will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me

Que será, será
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que será, será
What will be, will be

When I grew up and fell in love
I asked my sweetheart, what lies ahead?
Will we have rainbows
Day after day?
Here's what my sweetheart said

Que será, será
Whatever will be, will be

The future's not ours to see
Que será, será
What will be, will be

Now I have children of my own
They ask their mother, what will I be?
Will I be handsome?
Will I be rich?
I tell them tenderly

Que será, será
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que será, será
What will be, will be
Que será, será

* * * * *

RIP Catherine O'Hara
d. January 30, age 71

b. March 1 1927 Harry Belafonte
BANANA BOAT SONG 1957

Day-o! Day-o!
Daylight come and me wan' go home
(repeat)

Work all night on a drink of rum...
(Daylight come...)
Stack banana till the mornin' come...
(Daylight come...)

Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana...
(Daylight come...) 2x

Lift six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch...
(Daylight come...) 2x

Day, me say day-o...
(Daylight come...) 2x

* * * * *

RIP Robert Duvall
d. February 15, age 95
SPEAK SOFTLY LOVE 1972

Speak softly, love
and hold me warm
against your heart
I feel your words
The tender
trembling moments start
We're in a world, our very own
Sharing a love
that only few have ever known

Wine-colored days
warmed by the sun
Deep velvet nights
when we are one

Speak softly, love
so no one hears us but the sky
The vows of love we make
will live until we die
My life is yours, and all because
You came into my world with love

so softly, love

* * * * *

RIP Connie Francis

d. July 17 age 87

RIP Neil Sedaka

d. February 27, age 86

#4 hit this week 1961

WHERE THE BOYS ARE 1960

Where the boys are
Someone waits for me
A smiling face
A warm embrace
Two arms to hold me tenderly

Where the boys are
My true love will be
He's walking down
some street in town
And I know
he's looking there for me

In the crowd of a million people
I'll find my valentine
And then I'll climb

to the highest steeple
And tell the world he's mine

Till he holds me
I wait impatiently
Where the boys are
Where the boys are
Where the boys are
Someone waits for me

* * * * *

RIP Bob Dowma
d. February 18, age 83



River City Quartet: Bob Dowma, John Chouinard, Jim Foy, Dan
Below: Happiness Emporium, 1975 International Champions



LIDA ROSE

Music Man 1957 / 1962

Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose
To get the sun back in the sky
Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose
About a thousand kisses shy

Ding dong ding
I can hear the chapel bell chime
Ding dong ding
At the least suggestion I'll pop the question

Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose
Without a sweetheart to my name
Lida Rose, now everyone knows
That I am hoping you're the same

So here is my love song, not fancy or fine
Lida Rose, oh won't you be mine?

Lida Rose, oh Lida Rose
Oh Lida Rose

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March 20-26
National Introverts Week
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' 1929

No one to talk with
All by myself
No one to walk with
But I'm happy on the shelf
Ain't misbehavin'
I'm savin' my love for you

I know for certain
The one I love
I'm through with flirtin'
It's just you I'm thinkin' of
Ain't misbehavin'
I'm savin' my love for you

Like Jack Horner
In the corner
Don't go nowhere
What do I care?
Your kisses are worth waitin' for
Believe me

I don't stay out late
Don't care to go
I'm home about eight
Just me and my radio
Ain't misbehavin'
I'm savin' my love for you

* * * * *

b. March 22 1923 Marcel Marceau
SHOW ME *My Fair Lady*
1956

FREDDY:

Speak and the world is full of singing
And I'm winging higher than the birds
Touch and my heart begins to crumble
The heavens tumble, darling, and I'm...

ELIZA:

Words! Words! Words!
I'm so sick of words
I get words all day through
First from him, now from you
Is that all you blighters can do?

Don't talk of stars burning above
If you're in love, show me
Tell me no dreams, filled with desire
If you're on fire, show me

Here we are together in the
middle of the night!
Don't talk of spring

Just hold me tight

Anyone who's ever
been in love'll tell you that
This is no time for a chat

Haven't your lips
longed for my touch?
Don't say how much, show me!
Show me!

Don't talk of love lasting through time
Make me no undying vow
Show— me now!

Sing me no song, read me no rhyme
Don't waste my time, show me
Don't talk of June, don't talk of fall
Don't talk at all, show me

Never do I ever want to
hear another word
There isn't one I haven't heard
Here we are together in
what ought to be a dream
Say one more word and I'll scream

Haven't your arms hungered for mine?

Please don't "expl'ine," show me

Show me!

Don't wait until wrinkles and lines

Pop out all over my brow

Show— me now!

* * * * *

b. March 22 1930 Steven Sondheim
SOMEWHERE 1957

There's a place for us
Somewhere a place for us
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere

There's a time for us
Someday a time for us
Time together with time to spare
Time to learn, time to care

Someday, somewhere
We'll find a new way of living
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere

There's a place for us
A time and place for us
Hold my hand
And we're halfway there
Hold my hand
And I'll take you there
Somehow! Someday!

Somewhere!

* * * * *

SHALOM CHAVERIM

שלום חברים

Peace, friends

Shalom chaverim, shalom chaverim

Shalom, shalom

L'hitra'ot, l'hitra'ot

Shalom, shalom

- - - - -

Farewell, dear friends

Farewell, dear friends

Shalom, shalom

Till we meet again, till we meet again

Shalom, shalom

* * * * *

b. March 5 1903 Irving Kahal (lyr)
I'LL BE SEEING YOU 1938

I'll be seeing you
In all the old familiar places
That this
heart of mine embraces
All day through

In that small cafe
The park across the way
The children's carousel
The chestnut tree
The wishing well

I'll be seeing you
In every lovely summer's day
In everything that's
bright and gay
I'll always think
of you that way

I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon

But I'll be seeing you

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