

Sing with Dan Chouinard

**Danish American Center
July 6, 2026**

**lyrics also at
DanChouinard.com/calendar**



June 28 1902 R. Rodgers
b. July 12 1895 O. Hammerstein II
THE SOUND OF MUSIC 1959

My day in the hills
Has come to an end, I know
A star has come out
To tell me it's time to go
But deep in the
dark green shadows
Are voices that urge me to stay
So I stop and I wait and I listen
For one more sound
For one more lovely thing
that the hills might say

The hills are alive
with the sound of music
With songs they have sung
for a thousand years
The hills fill my heart
with the sound of music
My heart wants to sing
every song it hears

My heart wants to
beat like the wings of the
birds that rise from the
lake to the trees
My heart wants to sigh like a
chime that flies from a
church on a breeze

To laugh like a brook when it
trips and falls over
stones on its way
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray

I go to the hills
when my heart is lonely
I know I will hear
what I've heard before
My heart will be blessed
with the sound of music
And I'll sing once more

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request: YOUNG AT HEART 1953

Fairy tales can come true
It can happen to you
If you're young at heart
For it's hard, you will find
To be narrow of mind
If you're young at heart

You can go to extremes
with impossible schemes
You can laugh when your dreams
fall apart at the seams
And life gets more exciting
with each passing day
And love is either in your heart
or on its way

Don't you know that it's worth
every treasure on earth
To be young at heart
For as rich as you are
It's much better by far
To be young at heart

And if you should survive
to a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive
out of being alive!

And here is the best part:
You have a head start
If you are among
the very young at heart

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July 1 Canada Day
O CANADA 1880 / 1908

O Canada!
Our home and native land
True patriot love
In all of us command

With glowing hearts
We see thee rise
The True North, strong and free
From far and wide,
O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee

God keep our land
Glorious and free
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

Car ton bras sait porter l'épée
Il sait porter la croix
Ton histoire est une épopée
des plus brillants exploits

God keep our land

Glorious and free

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

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b. July 5 1912 Mack David (lyr)
LA VIE EN ROSE 1945 / 1950

Hold me close and hold me fast
The magic spell you cast
This is la vie en rose
When you kiss me, heaven sighs
And though I close my eyes
I see la vie en rose

When you press me to your heart
I'm in a world apart
A world where roses bloom

And when you speak
angels sing from above
Everyday words seem
to turn into love songs

Give your heart and soul to me
And life will always be
La vie en rose

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b. June 30 1917 Lena Horne
STORMY WEATHER 1931 / 1943

Don't know why
There's no sun up in the sky
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps raining all the time

Life is bare
Gloom and misery everywhere
Stormy weather
Just can't get my poor self together
I'm weary all the time

When he went away
The blues walked in and met me
If he stays away
Old rocking chair will get me
All I do is pray
The lord above will let me
Walk in the sun once more

Can't go on
Everything I had is gone

Stormy weather

Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps raining all the time, the time
Keeps raining all the time

* * * * *

b. July 6 1915 Laverne Andrews
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY 1944

Gonna take a sentimental journey
Gonna set my heart at ease
Gonna make a sentimental journey
To renew old memories

Got my bag, I got my reservation
Spent each dime I could afford
Like a child in wild anticipation
Long to hear that "All aboard!"

Seven
That's the time we leave
At seven
I'll be waiting up for heaven
Counting every mile of railroad track
That takes me back

Never thought
My heart could be so yearny
Why did I decide to roam?
Gotta take this sentimental journey
Sentimental journey home

* * * * *

TODAY d. Philando Castile July 6 2016

TOMORROW: July 7: Global Forgiveness Day

July 19–20, 1848

first convention for women's rights

Seneca Falls NY

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND 1963

How many roads
must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?

How many seas
must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?

How many times
must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?

The answer my friend
Is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

2. How many years

can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
How many years
can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times
can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer my friend
Is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

3. How many times
must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears
must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths
will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

The answer my friend
Is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

* * * * *

**b. July 12 1817 Henry David Thoreau
SIMPLE GIFTS 1848**

'Tis the gift to be simple
'Tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down
where we ought to be
And when we find ourselves
in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley
of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend
we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
Till by turning, turning
we come 'round right

'Tis a gift to be simple
'Tis a gift to be fair
'Tis a gift to wake and
breathe the morning air
And each day we walk
on the path that we choose

'Tis a gift we pray
we never shall lose

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend
we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
Till by turning, turning
we come 'round right

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GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE 1945

I don't believe in
frettin' and grievin'
Why mess around with strife?
I never was cut out
to step and strut out
Give me the simple life!

Some find it pleasant
dining on pheasant
Those things roll off my knife
Just serve me tomatoes
and mashed potatoes
Give me the simple life!

A cottage small is all I'm after
Not one that's spacious and wide
A home that rings
with joy and laughter
And the ones you love inside

Some like the high road
I like the low road
Free from the grief and strife

Sounds corny and seedy
but yes, indeedy
Give me the simple life

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July 5

International Cherry Pit Spitting Day

LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES 1931

Life is just a bowl of cherries

Don't take it serious

It's too mysterious

You work, you save

you worry so

But you can't take your dough

When you go, go, go

So keep repeating:

It's the berries!

The strongest oak must fall

The sweet things in life

To you were just loaned

So how can you lose

What you've never owned?

Life is just a bowl of cherries

So live and laugh at it all

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TOMORROW

**b. July 7 1940 Ringo Starr
OCTOPUS' GARDEN 1969**

I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus's garden
In the shade

He'd let us in
Knows where we've been
In his octopus's garden
In the shade

I'd ask my friends
to come and see
An octopus's garden with me

I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus's garden
In the shade

We would be warm
below the storm
In our little hideaway
beneath the waves

Resting our head on the seabed
In an octopus's garden near a cave

We would sing and dance around
Because we know
we can't be found

I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus's garden
In the shade

We would shout and swim about
The coral that lies beneath the waves
(lies beneath the ocean waves)
Oh, what joy for every girl and boy
Knowing they're happy
and they're safe
(hap-py and they're safe)

We would be so happy, you and me
No one there to tell us what to do

I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus's garden with you
In an octopus's garden with you

In an octopus's garden with you

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Top hit this week 1966
WILD THING (The Troggs)

Wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing

Wild thing, I think I love you
But I wanna know for sure
So come on and hold me tight
I love you

Wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing

Wild thing, I think you move me
But I wanna know for sure
So come on and hold me tight
You move me

Wild thing
You make my heart sing

You make everything groovy
Wild thing

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**(Top hit this week 1976
AFTERNOON DELIGHT)**

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Top hit this week 1971
YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

When you're down and troubled
And you need a helping hand
And nothing, nothing is going right.
Close your eyes and think of me
And soon I will be there
To brighten up
even your darkest night

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again

Winter, spring, summer, or fall
All you have to do is call
And I'll be there
You've got a friend

If the sky above you
Should turn dark
and full of clouds
And that old north wind
should begin to blow

Keep your head together
And call my name out loud
Soon I'll be knocking
upon your door

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again

Winter, spring, summer, or fall
All you have to do is call
And I'll be there, yes I will

Ain't it good to know
that you've got a friend
When people can be so cold
They'll hurt you and desert you
They'll take your soul if you let them
But don't you let them

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again

Winter, spring, summer, or fall

All you have to do is call
And I'll be there
You've got a friend

* * * * *

June 28 1902 Richard Rodgers
b. July 12 1895 Oscar Hammerstein II
SURREY WITH THE FRINGE 1943

When I take you out tonight with me
Honey, here's the way it's gonna be
 You will set behind
 A team of snow-white horses
In the slickest gig you'll ever see

 Chicks and ducks and
 geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey
When I take you out in the surrey
 With the fringe on top

 Watch that fringe and
 see how it flutters
 When I drive them
 high-steppin' strutters
 Nosy pokes will peek
 through their shutters
And their eyes will pop!

 The wheels are yellow

the upholstery's brown
The dashboard's genuine leather
With isinglass curtains
you can roll right down
In case there's a change
in the weather

Two bright side-lights
winkin' and blinkin'
Ain't no finer rig I'm a thinkin'
You can keep yer rig if yer thinkin'
that I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny little surrey
With the fringe on the top

3. I can see the stars gettin' blurry
When we ride back home in the surrey
Ridin' slowly home in the surrey
With the fringe on top

I can feel the day gettin' older
Feel a sleepy head near my shoulder
Noddin', droopin' close to my shoulder
Till it falls, kerplop!

The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill
The moon is takin' a header
And just as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still
A lark'll wake up in the meader

Hush, you bird, my baby's a-sleepin'
Maybe got a dream worth a-keepin'
Whoa! you team and just keep a-creepin'
At a slow clip clop
Don't you hurry little surrey
With the fringe on top

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b. July 14 1912

**Woody (Woodrow Wilson) Guthrie
I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS MISTER**

I don't want your millions, Mister
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live, Mister
Give me back my job again

I don't want your Rolls-Royce, Mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want's just food for my babies
Give to me my old job back

We worked to build this country, Mister
While you enjoyed a life of ease
You've stolen all that we built, Mister
Now our children starve and freeze

Think me dumb if you wish, Mister
Call me green, or blue, or red
This one thing I sure know, Mister
My hungry babies must be fed

Take the two old parties, Mister

No difference in them I can see
But with a Farmer-Labor Party
We could set the people free

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**b. July 10 1947 Arlo Guthrie
CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
(Steve Goodman) 1971**

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central
Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars
and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors
and twenty-five sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey
The train pulls out at Kankakee
Rolls along past houses
farms and fields
Passin' towns that have no names
Freight yards full of old gray men
And the graveyards
of the rusted automobiles

Good morning, America
How are you?
Don't you know me?

I'm your native son
I'm the train they call
The City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
when the day is done

Dealin' cards with the old men
in the club car
Penny a point
Ain't no one keepin' score
Won't you pass the paper bag
that holds the bottle
And feel the steel wheels
rumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpet
made of steam
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails
is all they dream.

Good morning, America

How are you?
Don't you know me?
I'm your native son
I'm the train they call
The City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
when the day is done

Night time on
The City of New Orleans
Changing cars in
Memphis, Tennessee
Half way home
And we'll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness
Rolling down to the sea

And all the towns and people seem
to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rails
still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his song again:
"The passengers will please refrain
This train's got
The disappearing railroad blues!"

Good night, America
How are you?
Don't you know me?
I'm your native son
I'm the train they call
The City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
when the day is done

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THIS IS MY SONG

m. 1900 / w. 1934

This is my song
O God of all the nations
a song of peace
for lands afar and mine

This is my home
the country where my heart is
here are my hopes
my dreams, my holy shrine

But other hearts
in other lands are beating
with hopes and dreams
as true and high as mine

My country's skies
are bluer than the ocean
and sunlight beams
on cloverleaf and pine

But other lands
have sunlight too, and clover

and skies are everywhere
as blue as mine

O hear my song
thou God of all the nations
a song of peace
for their land and for mine

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REQUESTS

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