

COMIC CHORUSES

and a few solos
brought to you by
Diamond Valley Singers



Another op'nin, another show!
from Kiss Me, Kate (Cole Porter)



**There are bad times just around
the corner
(in 1952)**

Noel Coward

Kevin Pye



They're out of sorts in Sunderland and terribly cross in Kent.

They're down in Hull and the Isle of Mall is seething with discontent.

They're nervous in Northumberland and Devon is down the drain.

They're filled with wrath on the Firth of Forth and sullen on Salisbury plain.

In Dublin they're depressed lads maybe because they're Celts

For Drake is hurrying West, lads, and so is everyone else

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Misery's here to stay

There are bad times just around the corner.

There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky.

And it's no good whining about a silver lining

For we know from experience they won't roll by.

With a scowl and a frown we'll keep our peckers down

And prepare for depression and doom and dread.

We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag

And wait until we drop down dead.

**From Portland bill to Scarborough they're querulous and subdued
and Shropshire lads have behaved like cads from Berwick-on-tweed to
Bude,**

They're mad at market Harborough and livid at Leigh-on-sea.

In Tunbridge wells you can hear the yells of woe-begone bourgeoisie.

We all get bitched about, lads, whoever our vote elects,

We know we're up the spout, lads, and that's what England expects.

Hurray-hurray-hurray! Trouble is on the way.

There are bad times just around the corner.

The horizon's gloomy as can be,

there are black birds over the greyish cliffs of Dover

and the rats are preparing to leave the B.B.C.

We're an unhappy breed and very bored indeed

when reminded of something that Nelson said.

While the press and the politicians nag nag nag

we'll wait until we drop down dead.

**From Colwyn Bay to Kettering
they're sobbing themselves to sleep,**

**The shrieks and wails in the Yorkshire dales
have even depressed the sheep.**

**In rather vulgar lettering a very disgruntled group
have posted bills on the Cotswold hills
to prove that we're in the soup.**

**While begging Kipling's pardon
there's one thing we know for sure**

if England is a garden we ought to have more manure.

Hurray-hurray-hurray! suffering and dismay.

**There are bad times just around the corner
and the outlook's absolutely vile.**

**There are home fires smoking from Windermere to Woking
and we're not going to tighten our belts and smile, smile,
smile.**

**At the sound of a shot we'd just as soon as not
take a hot water bottle and go to bed,**

**We're going to untense our muscles till they sag sag sag
and wait until we drop down dead.**

**There are bad times just around the corner, we can all
look forward to despair,**

**It's as clear as crystal from Bridlington to Bristol
that we can't save democracy and we don't much care**

**If the reds and the pinks believe that England stinks
and that world revolution is bound to spread,**

**We'd better all learn the lyrics of the old red flag
and wait until we drop down dead.**

A likely story - Land of hope and glory -

Wait until we drop down dead.

Which is the properest day to sing?

Thomas Arne



Brush up your Shakespeare

from **Kiss Me, Kate (Cole Porter)**

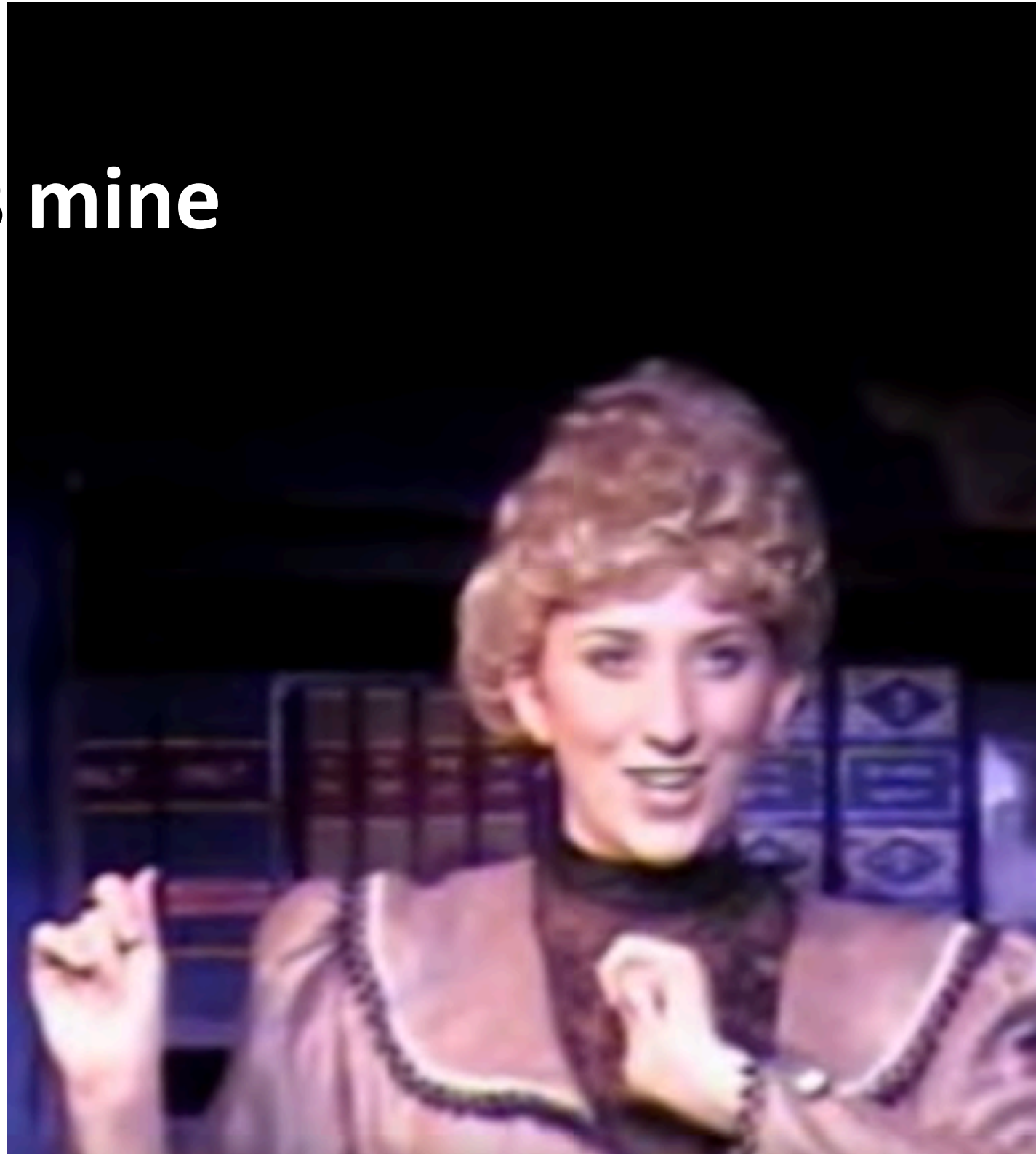


This place is mine

from Phantom

Maury Yeston

Nadia Migliardi



Pythagoras

(a round about a triangle and three squares)

David Ellyard

The square on the hypotenuse

(area C)

of a right-angled triangle

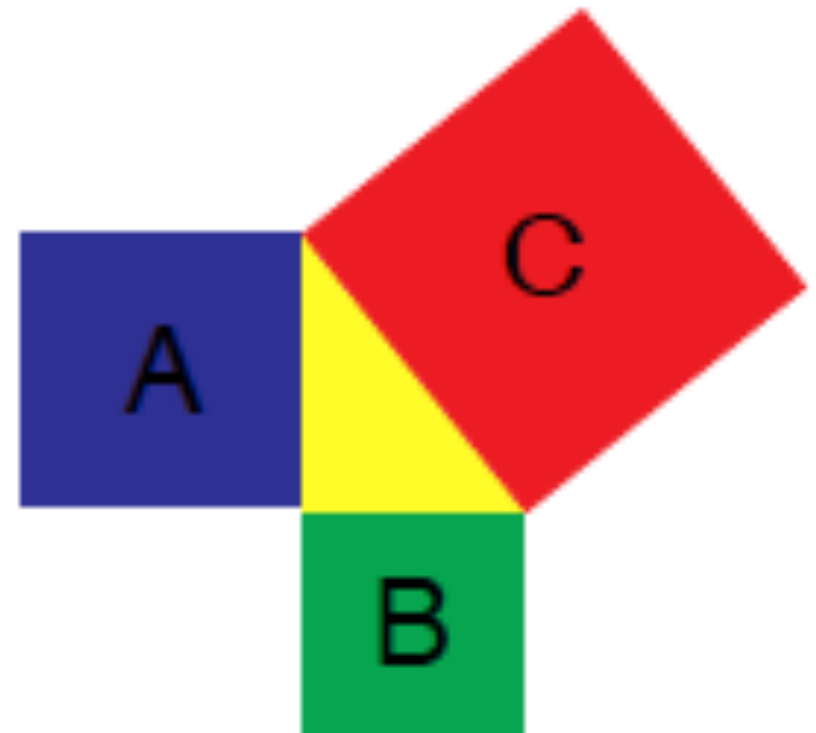
(the yellow one)

is equal to the sum of the squares

on the two adjacent sides

(area A + area B)

Fa la la, and hey nonny no!



Sing a song of Sixpence

In the style of Handel (Michael Diack)

**Song a song of sixpence.
A pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty
blackbirds, baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
the birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty
dish to set before a king!**



I'll never be jealous again

From The Pajama Game Adler and Ross

Robyn Mulder and Alan Flint



Pastime with good company

King Henry VIII

Verse 1:

Pastime with good company
I love and shall until I die.
Grudge who likes, but none deny,
So God be pleased, thus live will I.
For my pastance: hunt, sing, and
dance.
My heart is set!
All goodly sport for my comfort.
Who shall me let?



I'm Henery the Eighth, I am



cho: I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!

Henery the Eighth, I am, I am!

I got married to the widow next door,

She's been married seven times before.

And every one was a Henery

She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.

I'm her eighth old man named Henery,

Henery the Eighth I am!

Old Mother Hubbard

Alfred Wheeler

ORIGINAL

Old Mother Hubbard,
she went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggie a bone.
When she got there the
cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none.



INTERVAL

Anything goes

Cole Porter



In olden days a glimpse of stocking
was looked on as something shocking,

Now heaven knows, **Anything goes.**

Good authors too who once knew better words

Now only use four letter words

writing prose, **Anything goes.**

The world has gone mad today, and good's bad today,

and black's white today and day's night today,

When most guys today that women prize today

are just silly gigolos.

So though I'm not a great romancer,

I know that you're bound to answer

when I propose, **Anything goes.**

Rubber Duckie

Jeff Moss (Sesame Street)



Your hay it is mowed from King Arthur (Henry Purcell)

**Your hay it is mowed and your corn is reaped
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heaped.**

**Come boys, come, Come boys, come
and merrily roar out our harvest home.**

We cheated the parson, We'll cheat him again,

For why should a blockhead get one in ten

For prating so long like a book-learned sod

Till pudding and dumpling are burned to pot.

We'll toss of our ale till we cannot stand

And heigh for the honour of old England.

Our tribute to TV cooking shows

“Soup of the Evening, Beautiful Soup!”

from Alice in Wonderland, where it is sung by the ‘Mock Turtle’

Words: Lewis Carroll, Music: N Clifford Page

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,

Waiting in a hot tureen!

Who for such dainties would not stoop?

Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!

Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!

Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,

Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
game, or any other dish?

Who would not give all else for two
pennyworth only of Beautiful Soup?

Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!

Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,

Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

“You are old, Father William”

Words: Lewis Carroll, Music: N Clifford Page

**“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head –
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”**



“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,

“I feared it might injure the brain;

But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again.”

**“You are old,” said the youth,
“as I mentioned before,
and have grown most uncommonly fat;
yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door –
pray, what is the reason of that?”**



**“In my youth,” said the sage,
as he shook his grey locks,**

“I kept all my limbs very supple

**by the use of this ointment –
one shilling the box –**

allow me to sell you a couple?”

**“You are old,” said the youth,
“and your jaws are too weak
for anything tougher than suet;
yet you finished the goose,
with the bones and the beak –
pray, how did you manage to do it?”**



**“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
and argued each case with my wife;
and the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
has lasted the rest of my life.”**

**“You are old,” said the youth,
“one would hardly suppose
that your eye was as steady as ever;
yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose –
what made you so awfully clever?”**



**“I have answered three questions,
and that is enough,”**

said his father; “don’t give yourself airs!

Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?

Be off, or I’ll kick you downstairs!”

Little Jack Horner

Michael Diack

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
and pulled out a plum,
And said “what a
good boy am I”.



The Noah Jazz

Words: Tracey Lloyd, Music: Herbert Chappell

Mrs Noah: Robyn

Mr Noah: Ian

The Noah boys: Malcolm, Kevin, Trevor, Philip

Sunny angel: Dianne

Rainy devil: Alan

Sunny and Rainy chorus: Audience

Sunny chorus WOMEN

**The sun will shine, shine, shine,
Till there isn't a cloud in the sky.**

**We'll get so hot, hot, hot,
And the earth will get lovely and dry.**

**The winds will blow, blow, blow,
and the waters will soon be gone.**

**Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song,
Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song.**

Rainy chorus MEN

**It's gonna rain, rain, rain,
There's a great big black cloud in the sky.
You'll get so wet, wet, wet,
And we all will be drowned by and by.
The waves will flow, flow, flow,
over Noah and all his throng,
Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song,
Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song.**

**The sun will shine, shine, shine,
It's gonna rain, rain rain,
Till there isn't a cloud in the sky.
There's a great big black cloud in the sky.
We'll get so hot, hot, hot,
You'll get so wet, wet, wet,
And the earth will get lovely and dry.
And we all will be drowned by and by.**

**The winds will blow, blow, blow,
The waves will flow, flow, flow,
and the waters will soon be gone.**

**over Noah and all his throng,
Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song
Just so long as we sing, sing, sing this song**

We're all done

Thanks for coming