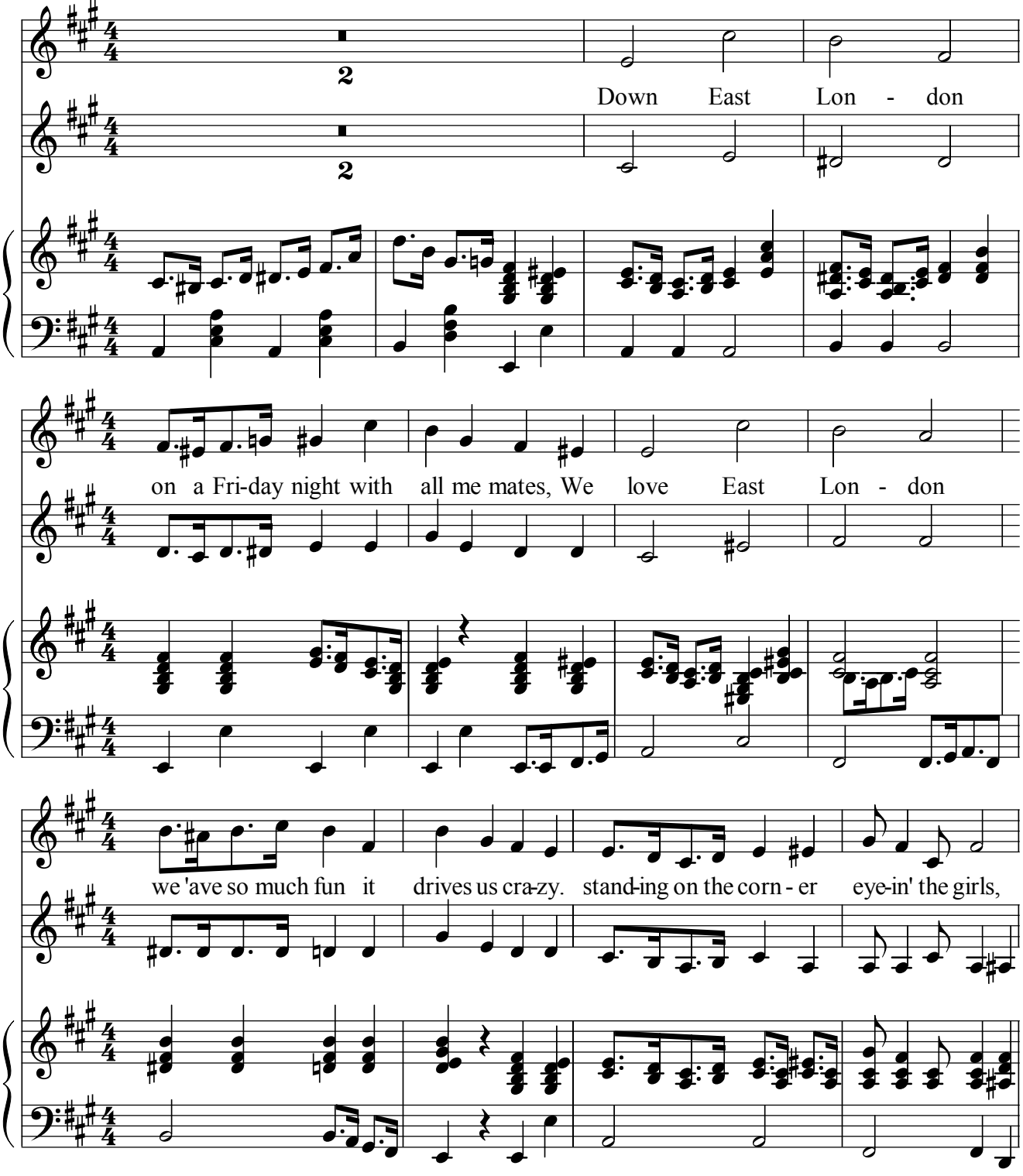
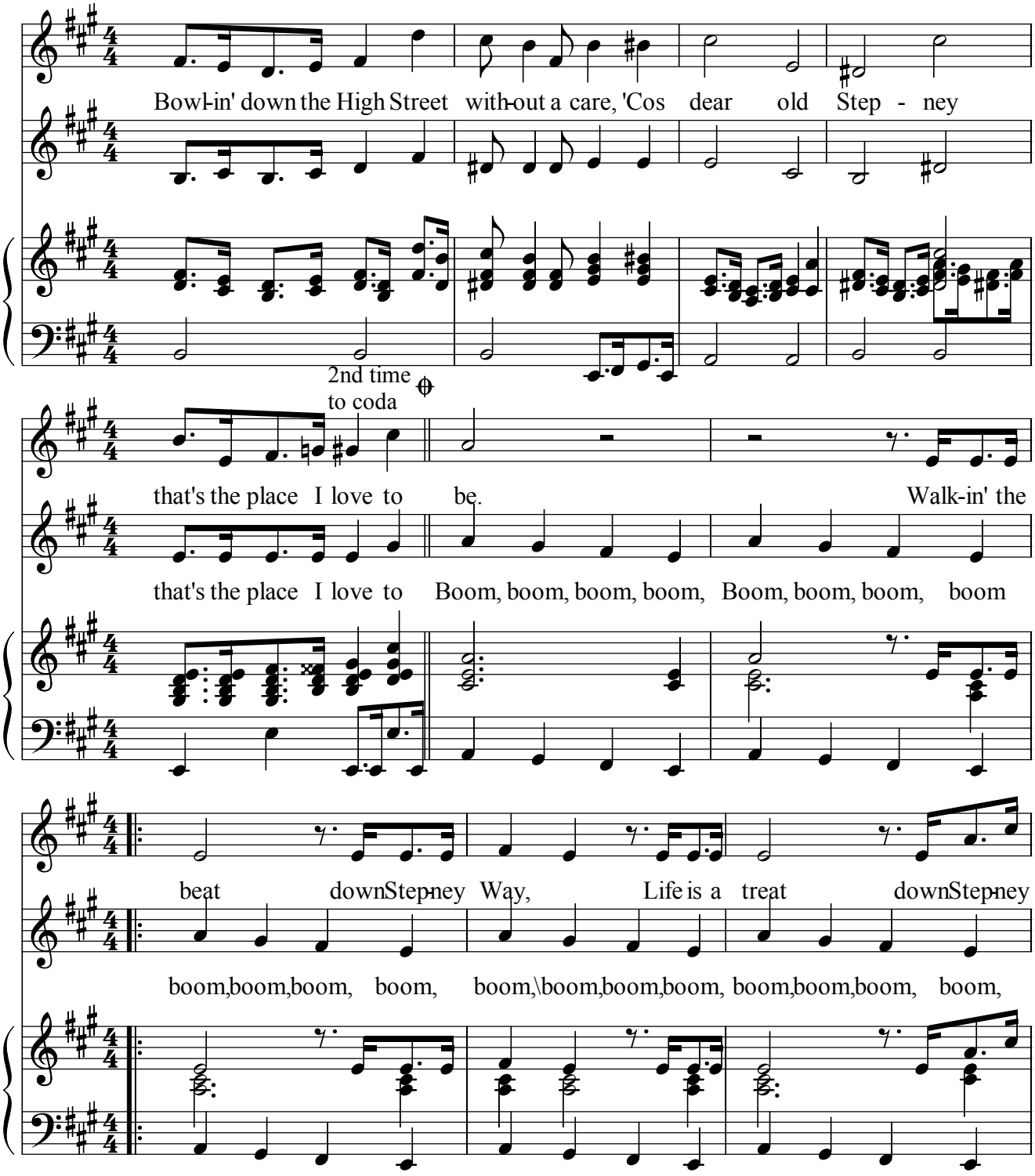
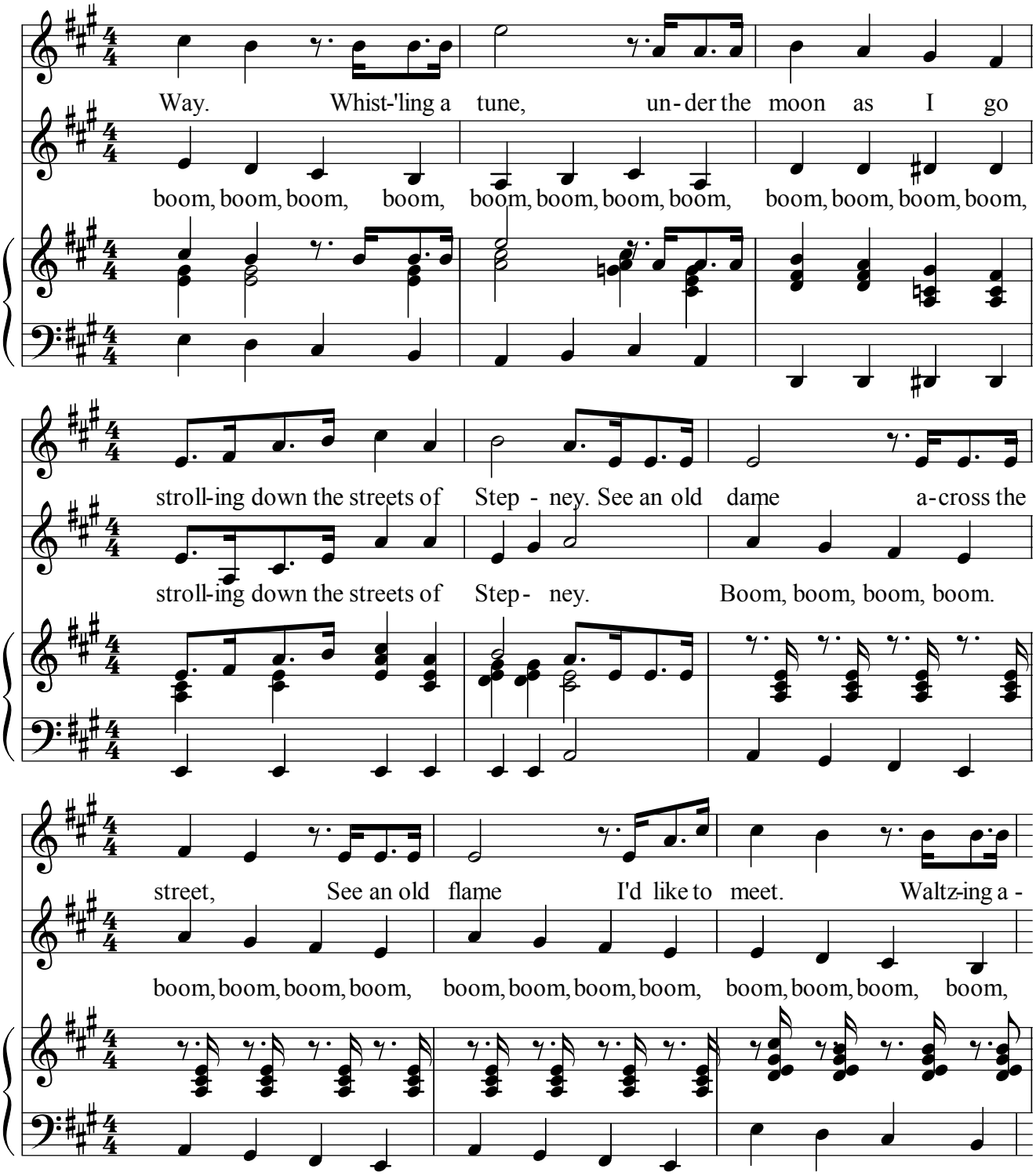
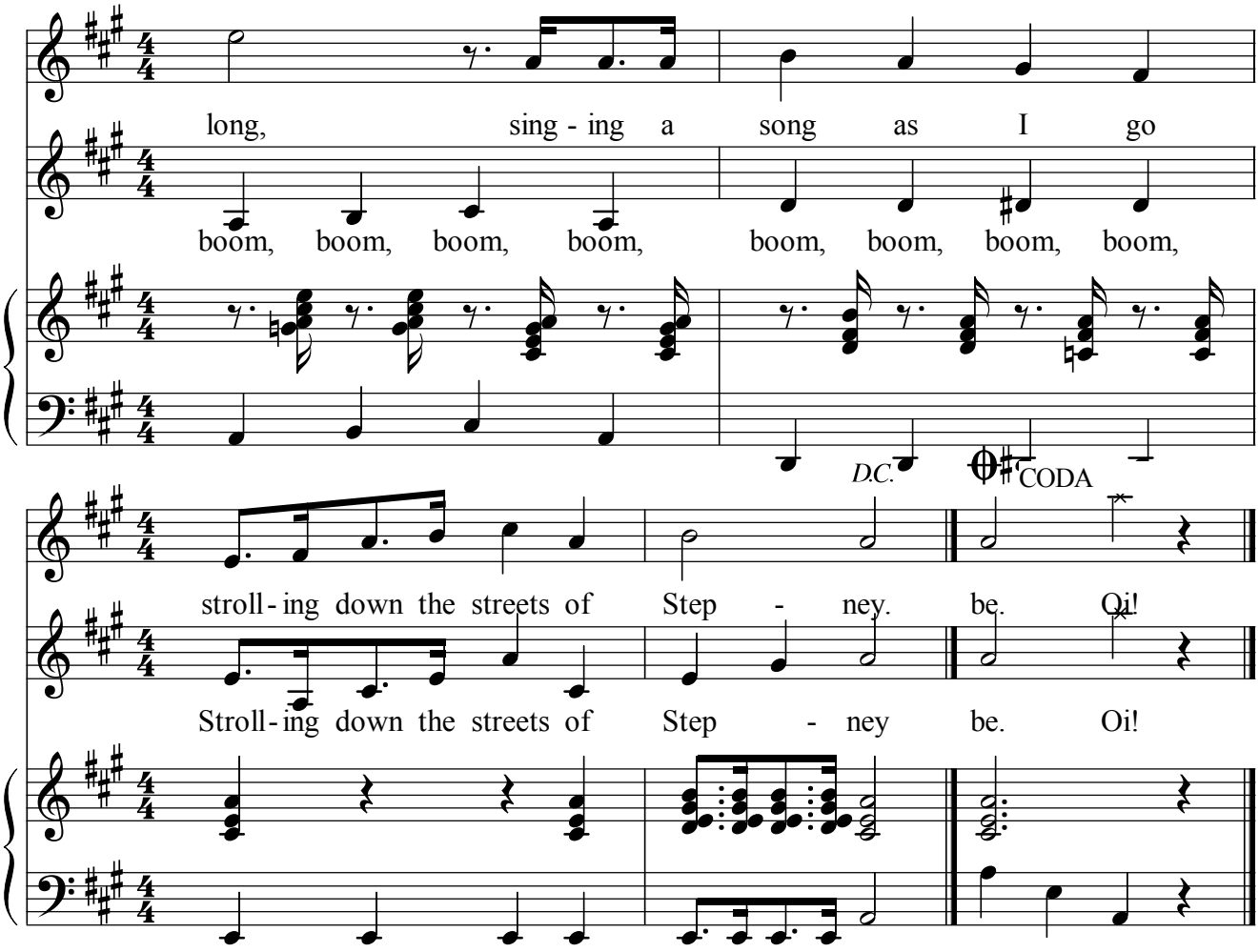
Song 1 Down Stepney Way




Bowl-in' down the High Street with-out a care, 'Cos dear old Step - ney
2nd time
to coda
that's the place I love to be. Walk-in' the
that's the place I love to Boom, boom, boom, boom, Boom, boom, boom, boom
beat downStep-ney Way, Life is a treat downStep-ney
boom,boom,boom, boom, boom,\boom,boom,boom, boom,boom,boom, boom,


Way. Whist-'ling a tune, un-der the moon as I go
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
stroll-ing down the streets of Step - ney. See an old dame a-cross the
stroll-ing down the streets of Step- ney. Boom, boom, boom, boom.
street, See an old flame I'd like to meet. Waltz-ing a -
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,



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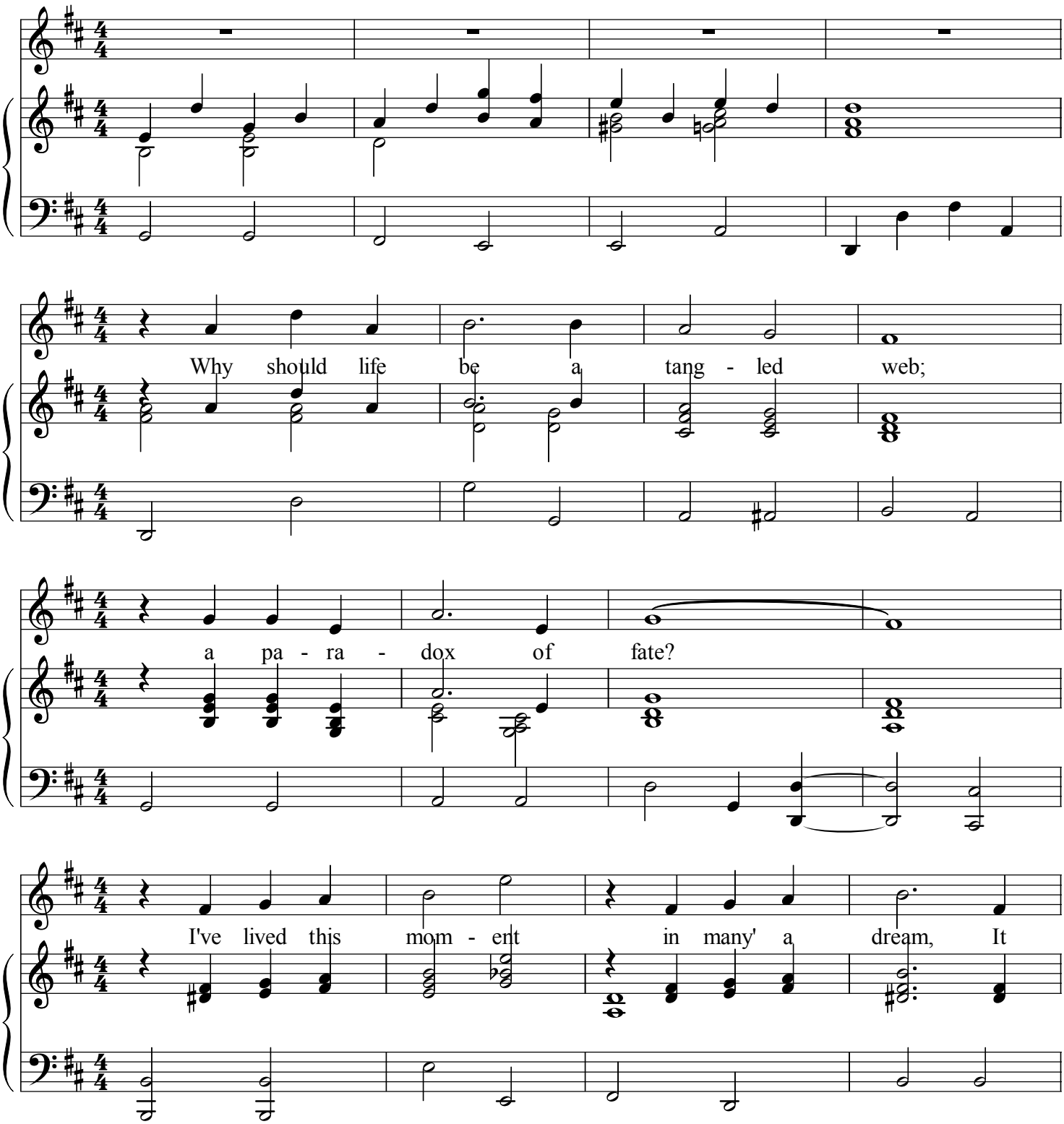
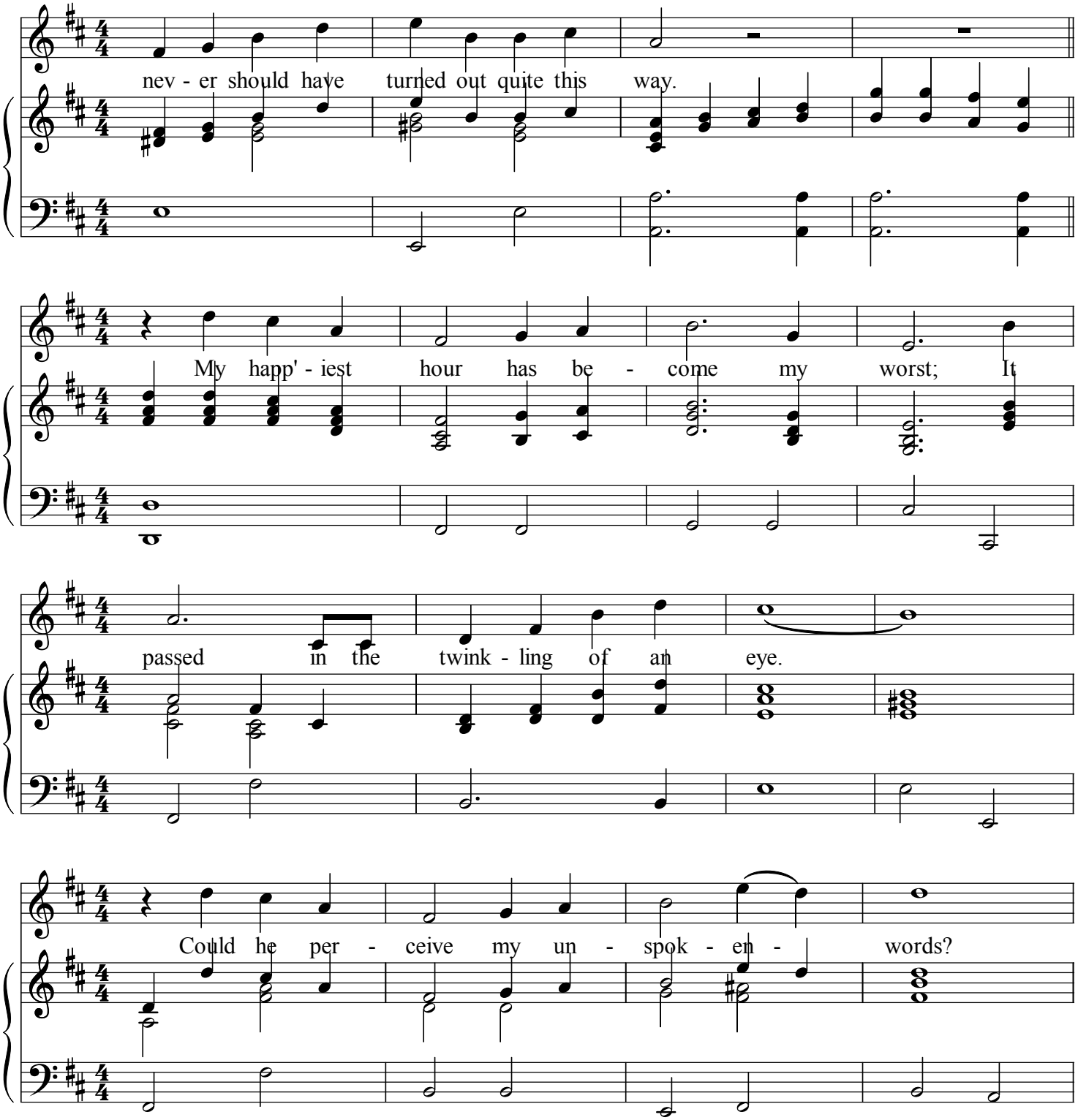
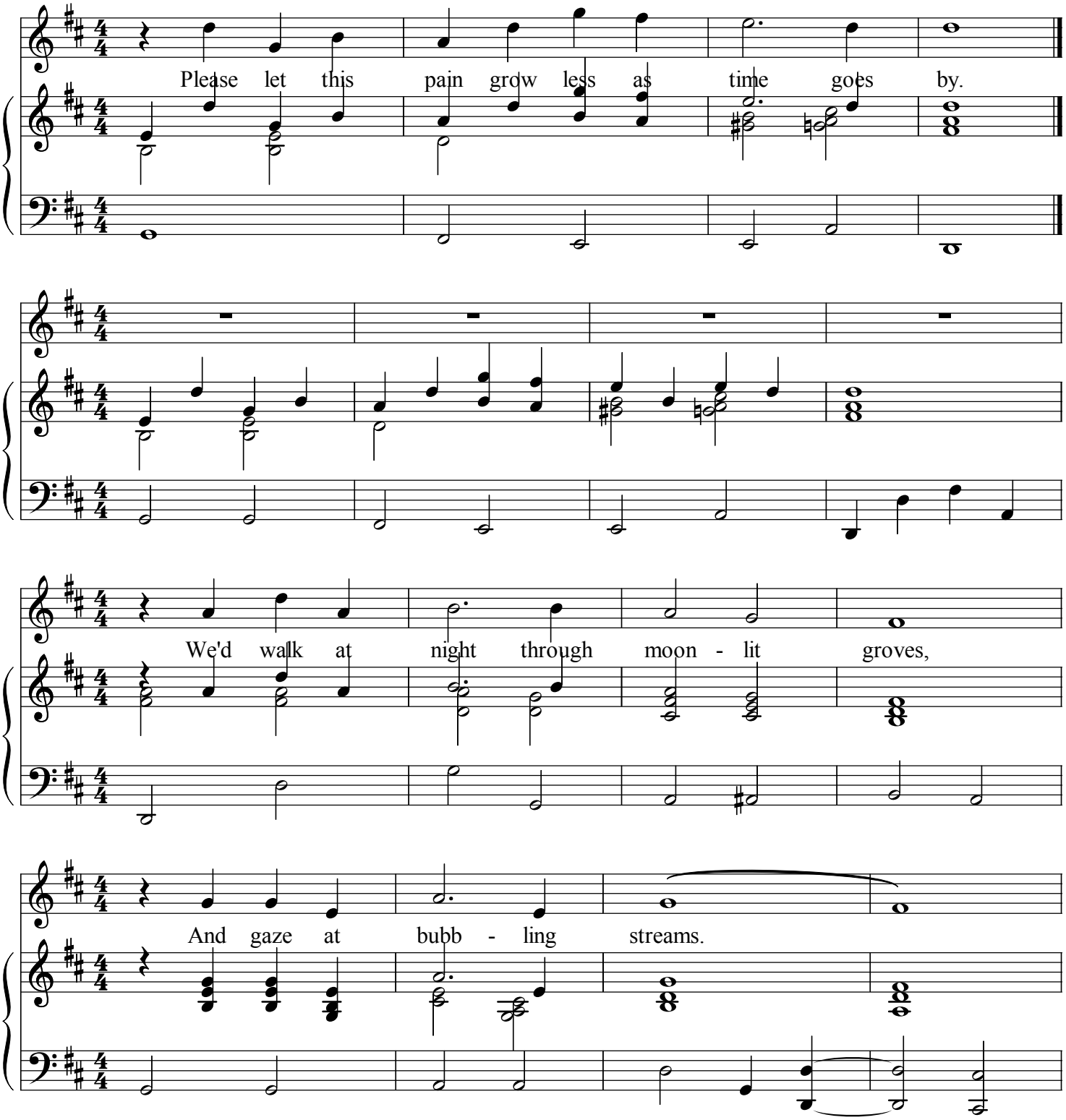
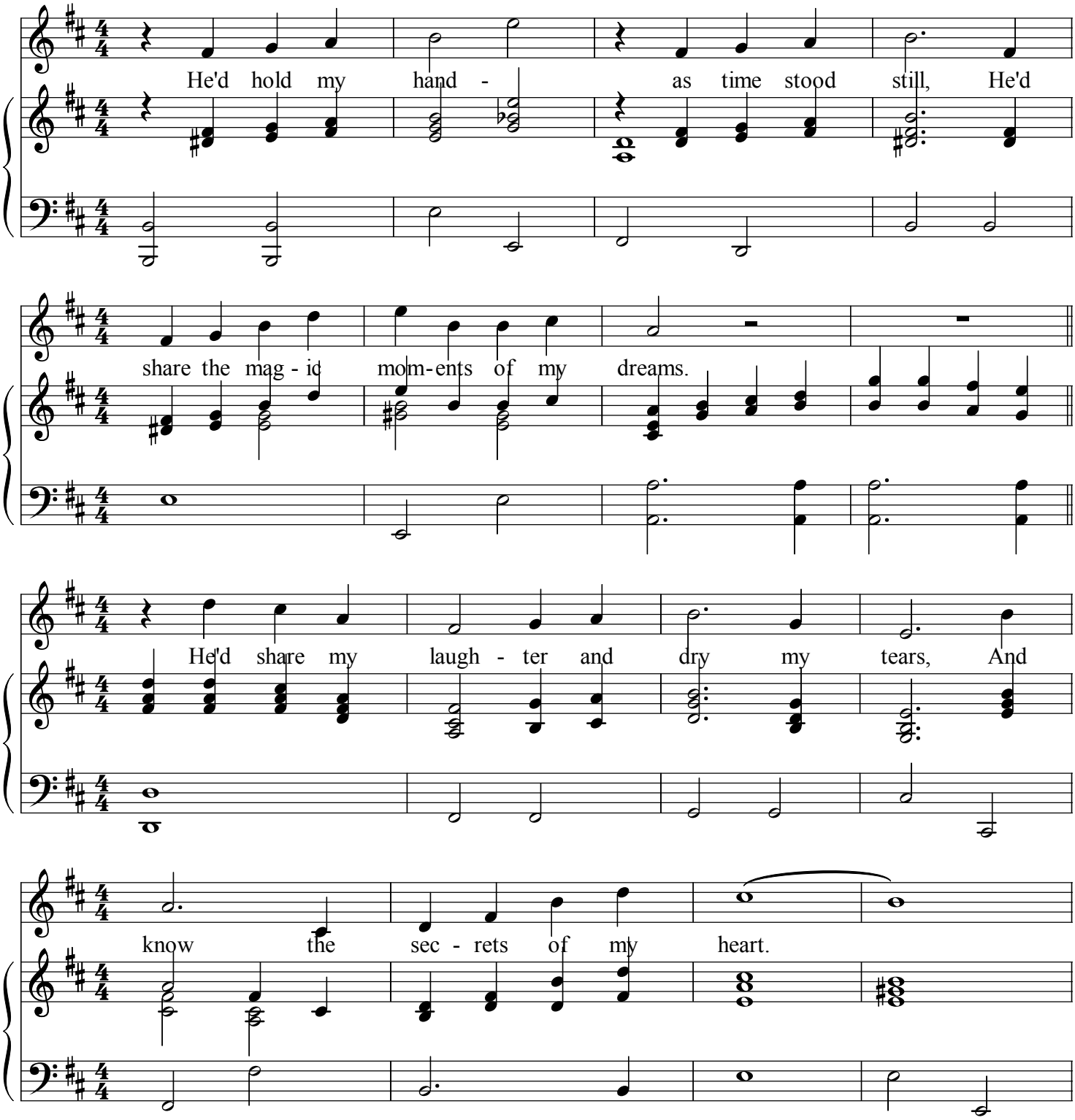
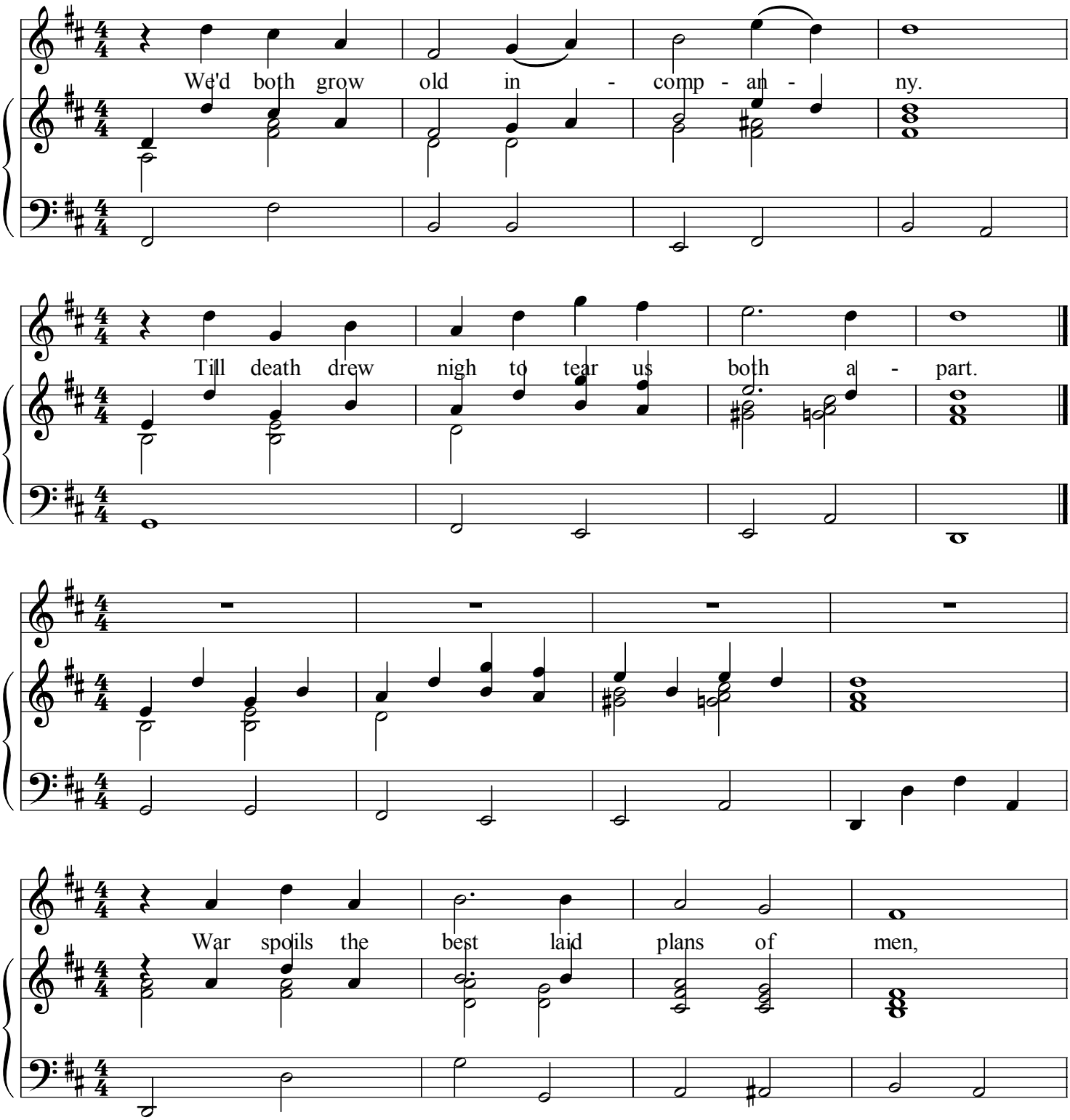
Song 2 Alice's Song

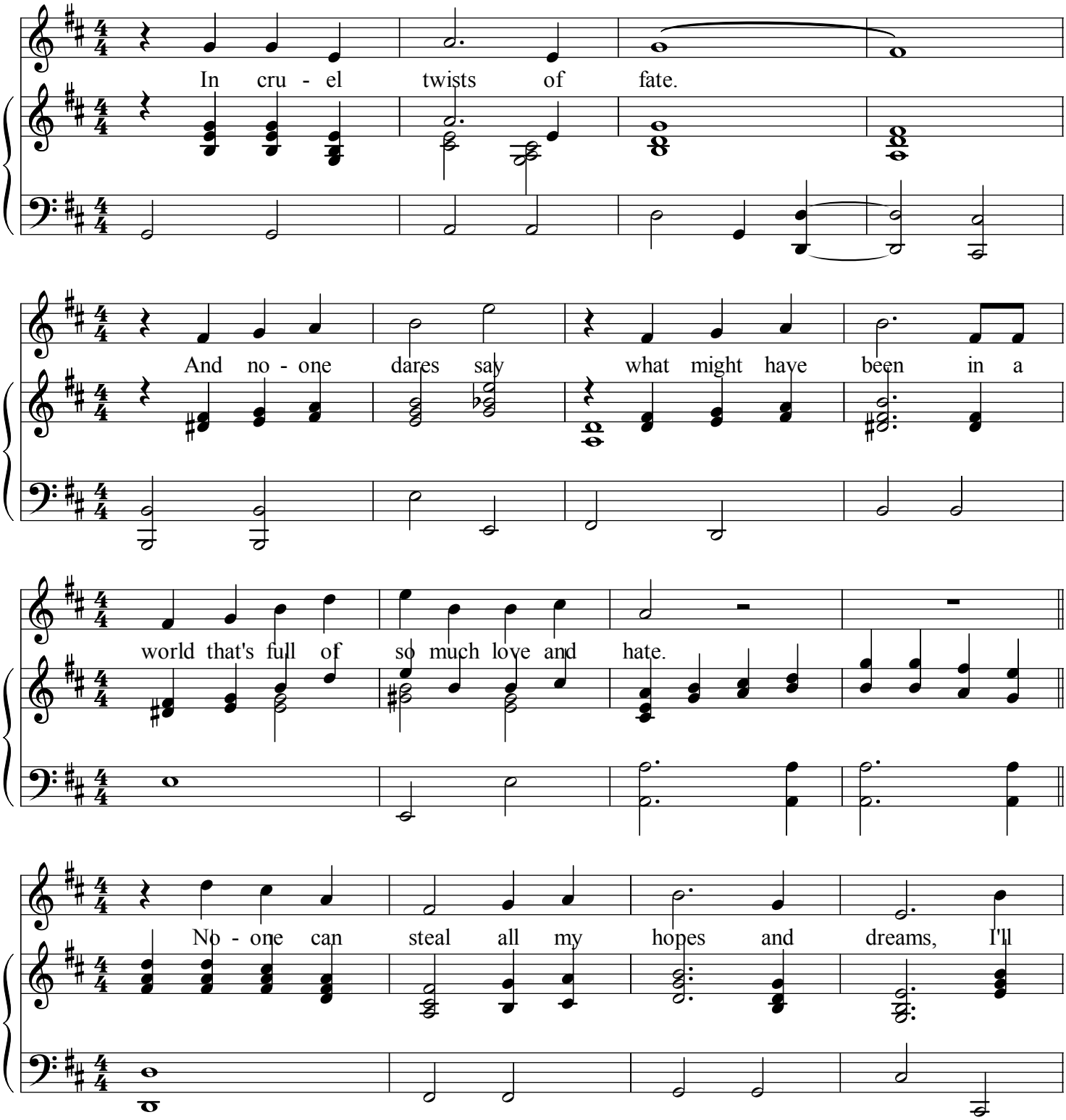


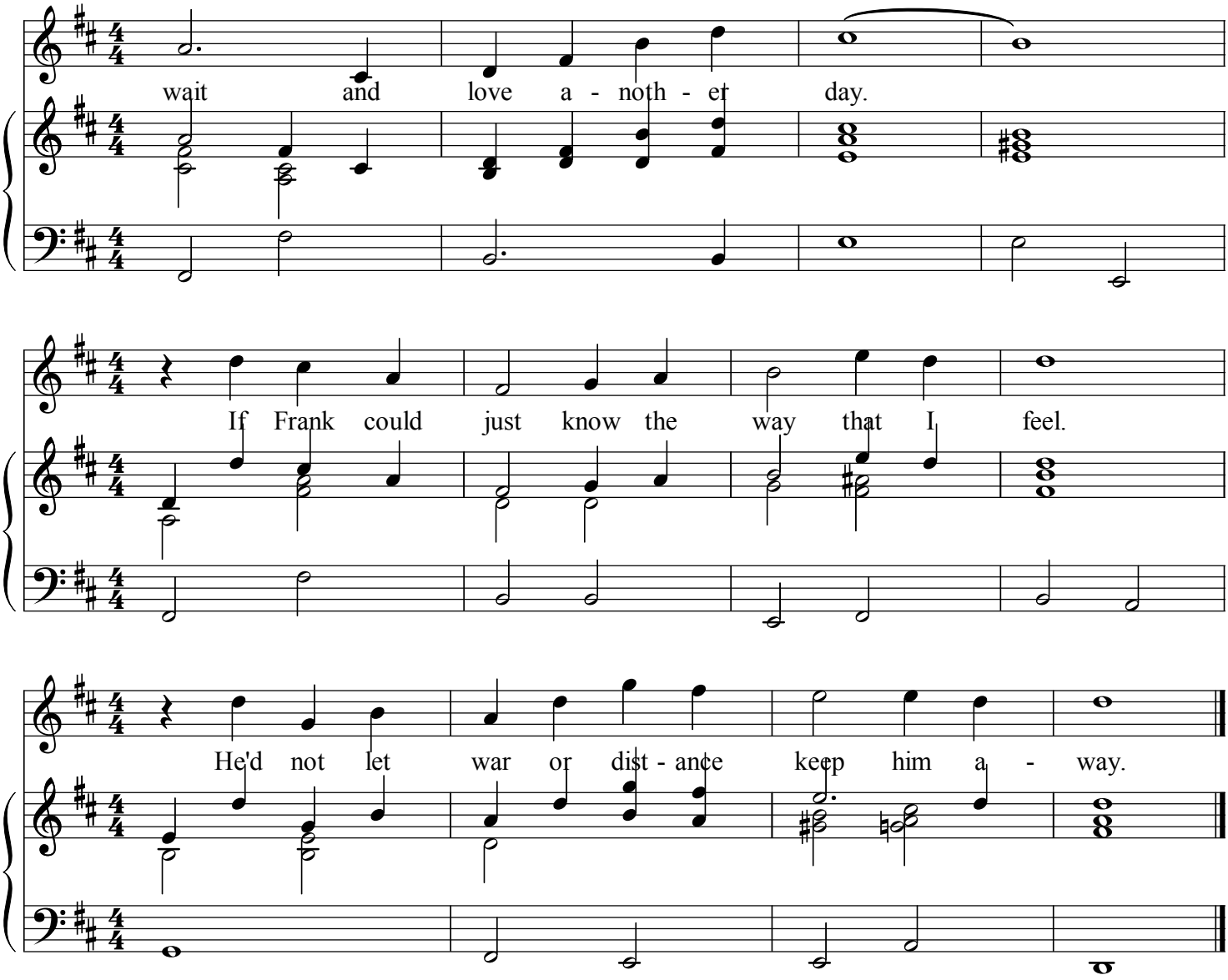

nev - er should have turned out quite this way.
My happ' - iest hour has be - come my worst; It
passed in the twink - ling of an eye.
Could he per - ceive my un - spok - en - words?


Please let this pain grow less as time goes by.
We'd walk at night through moon - lit groves,
And gaze at bubb - ling streams.


He'd hold my hand - as time stood still, He'd
share the mag - ic mom-ents of my dreams.
He'd share my laugh - ter and dry my tears, And
know the sec - rets of my heart.


We'd both grow old in - comp - an - ny.
Till death drew nigh to tear us both a - part.
War spoils the best laid plans of men,


In cru - el twists of fate.
And no - one dares say what might have been in a
world that's full of so much love and hate.
No - one can steal all my hopes and dreams, I'll



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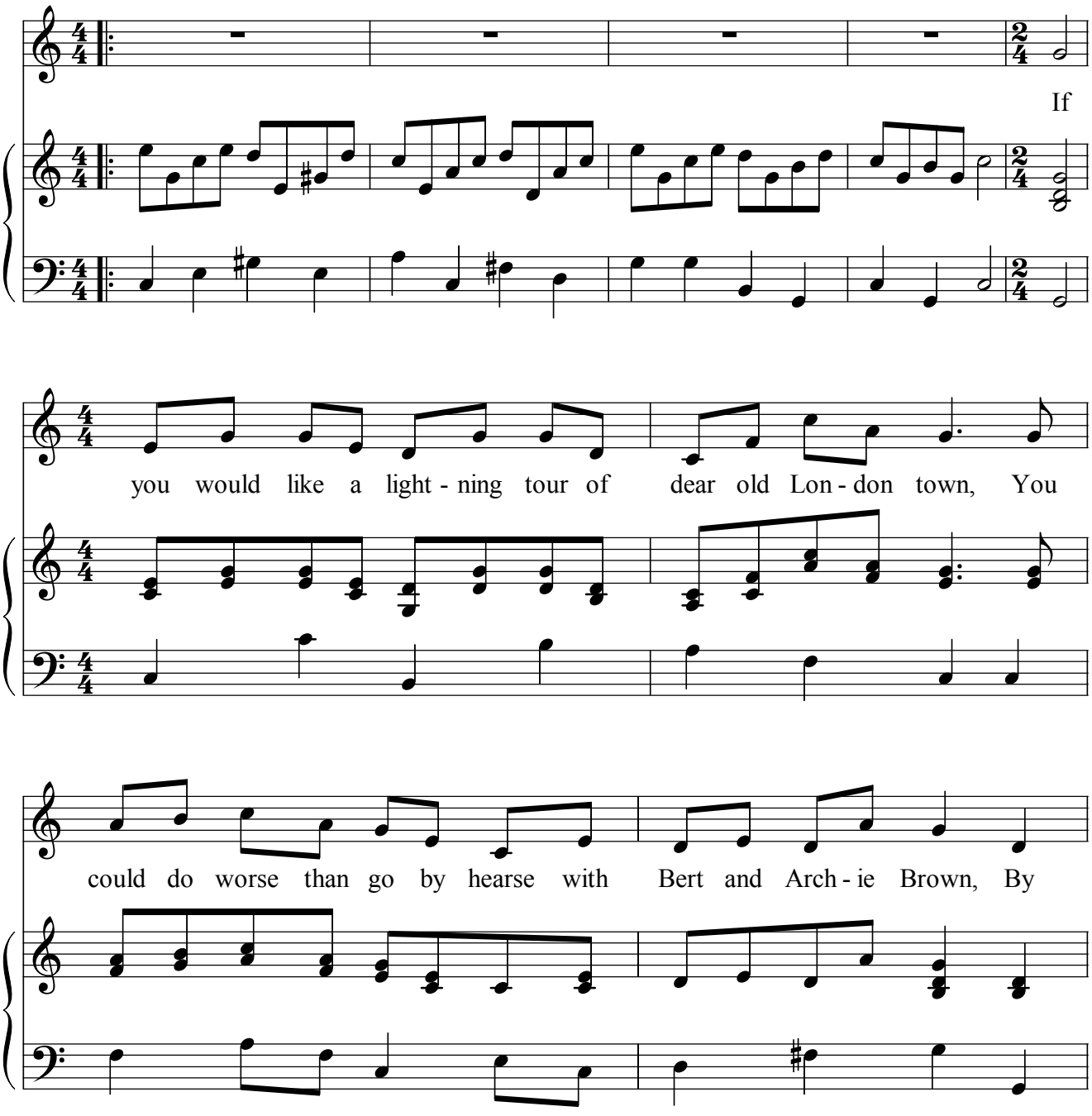
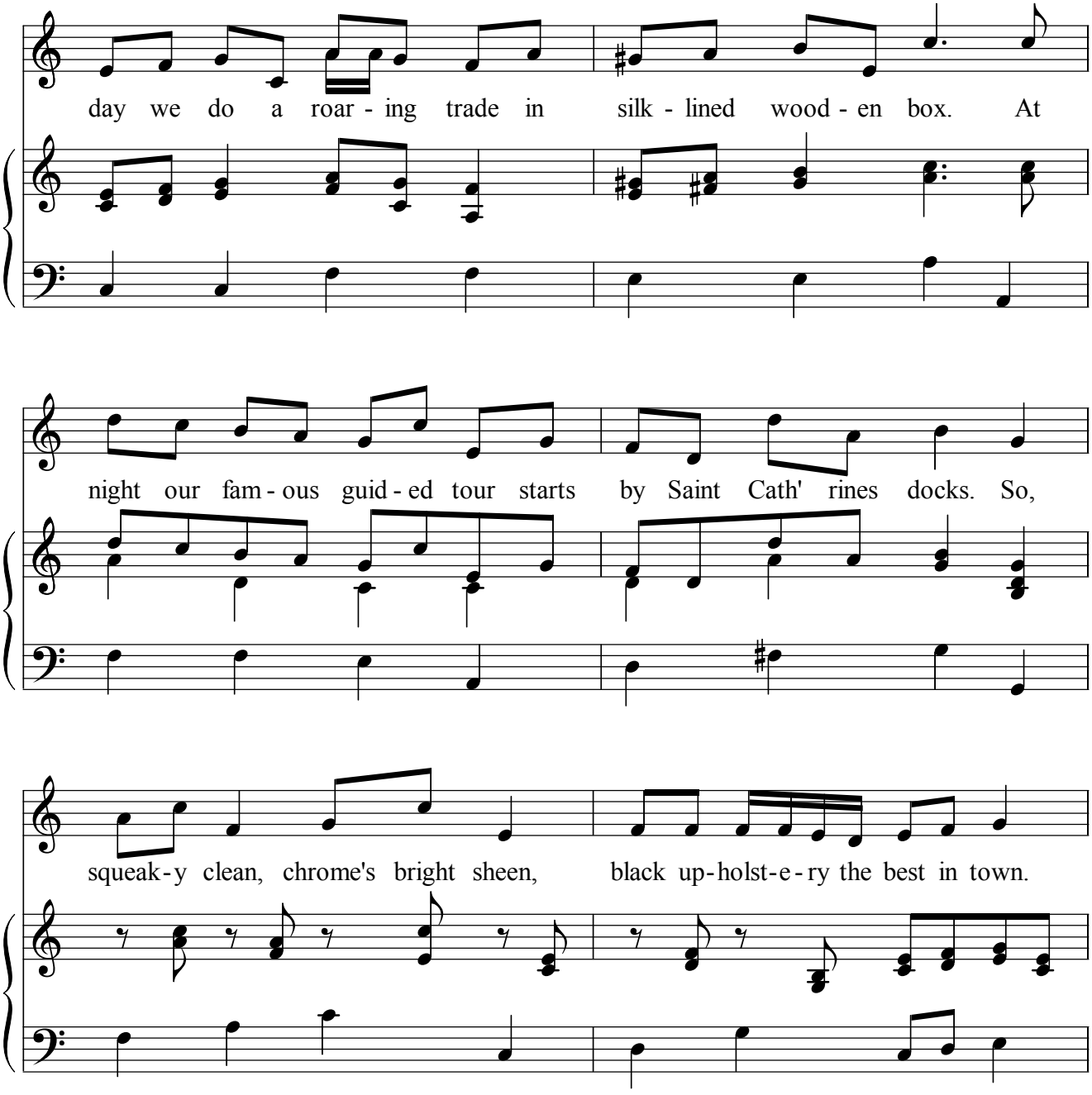
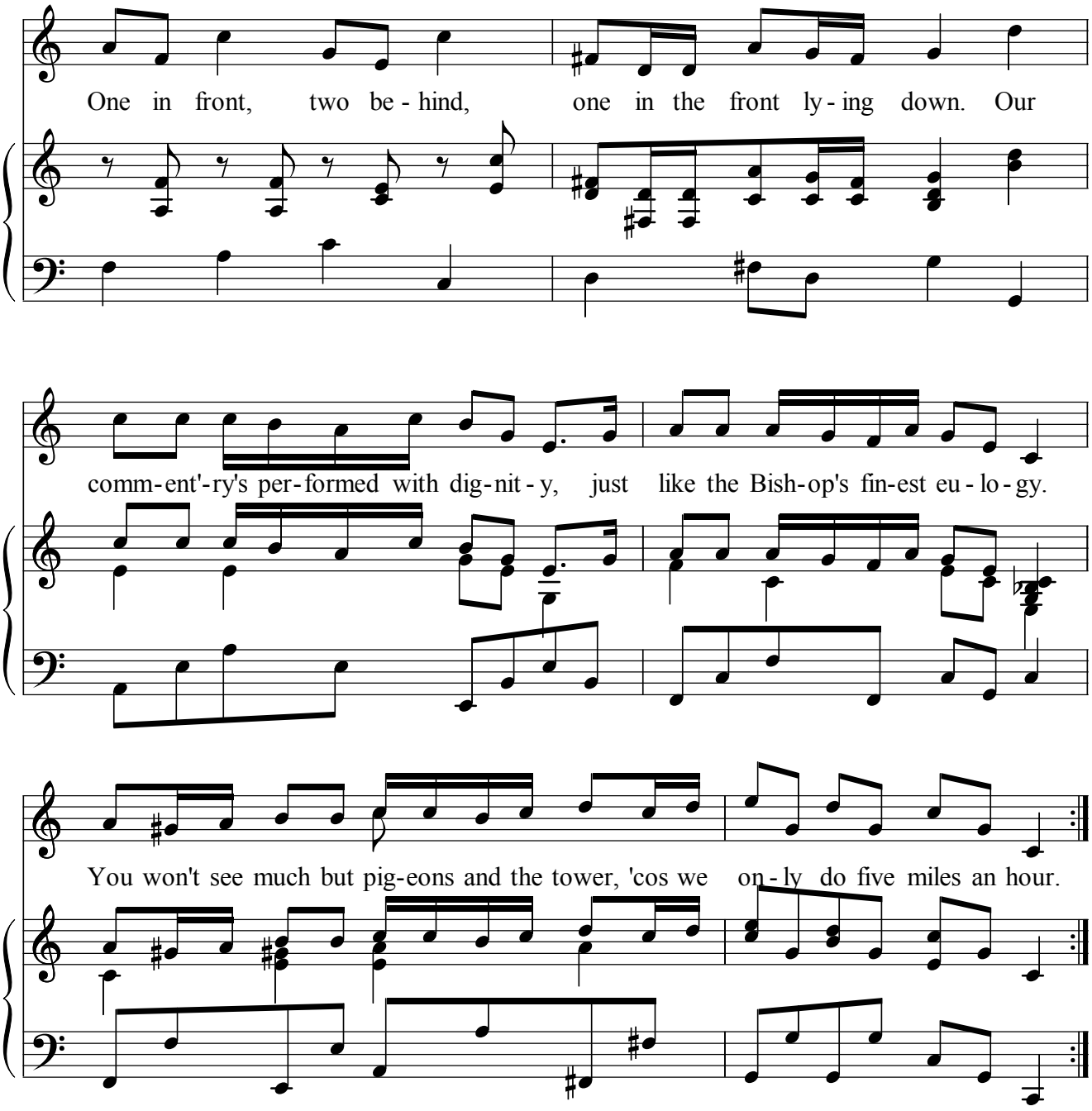
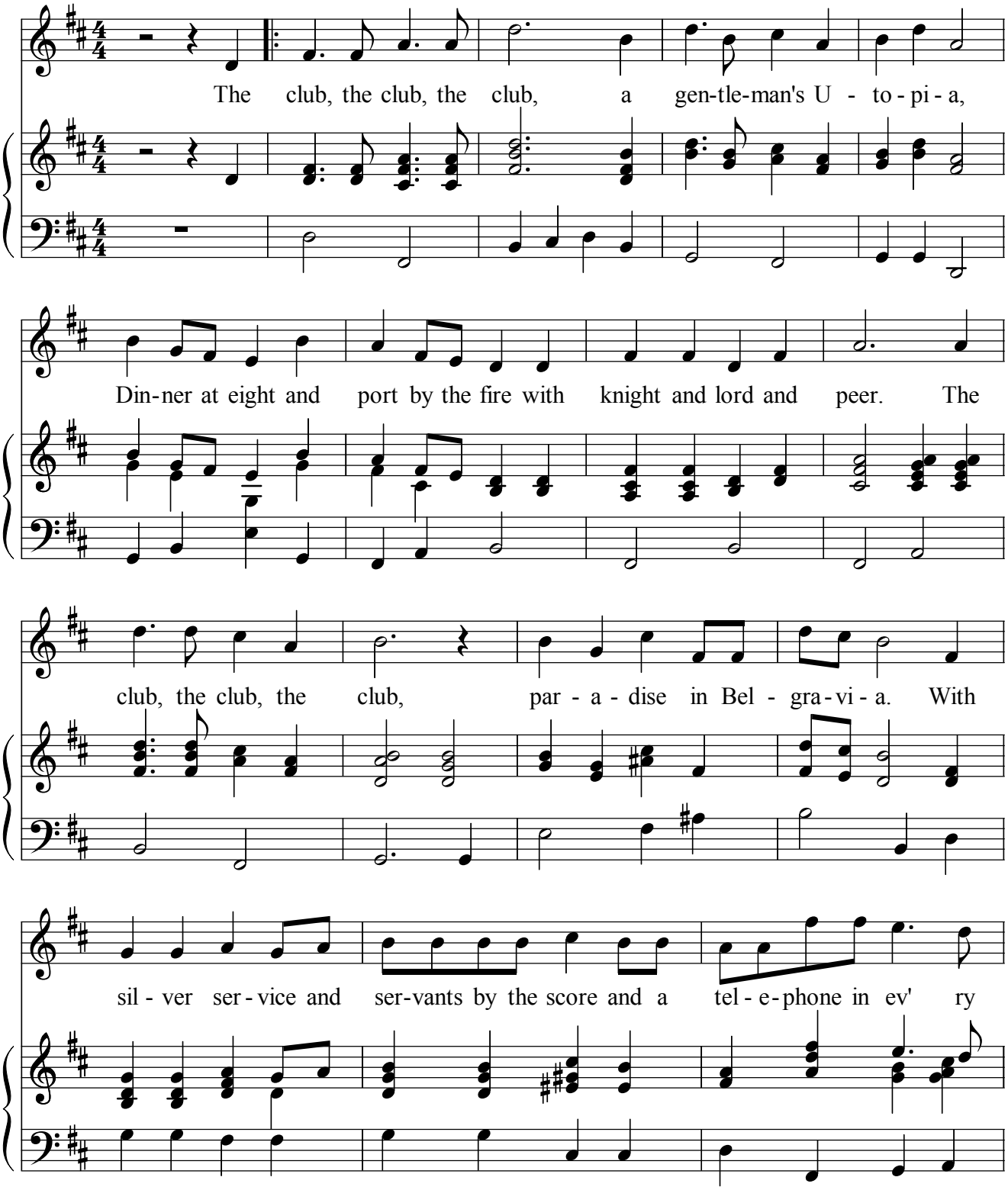
Tours of London Town

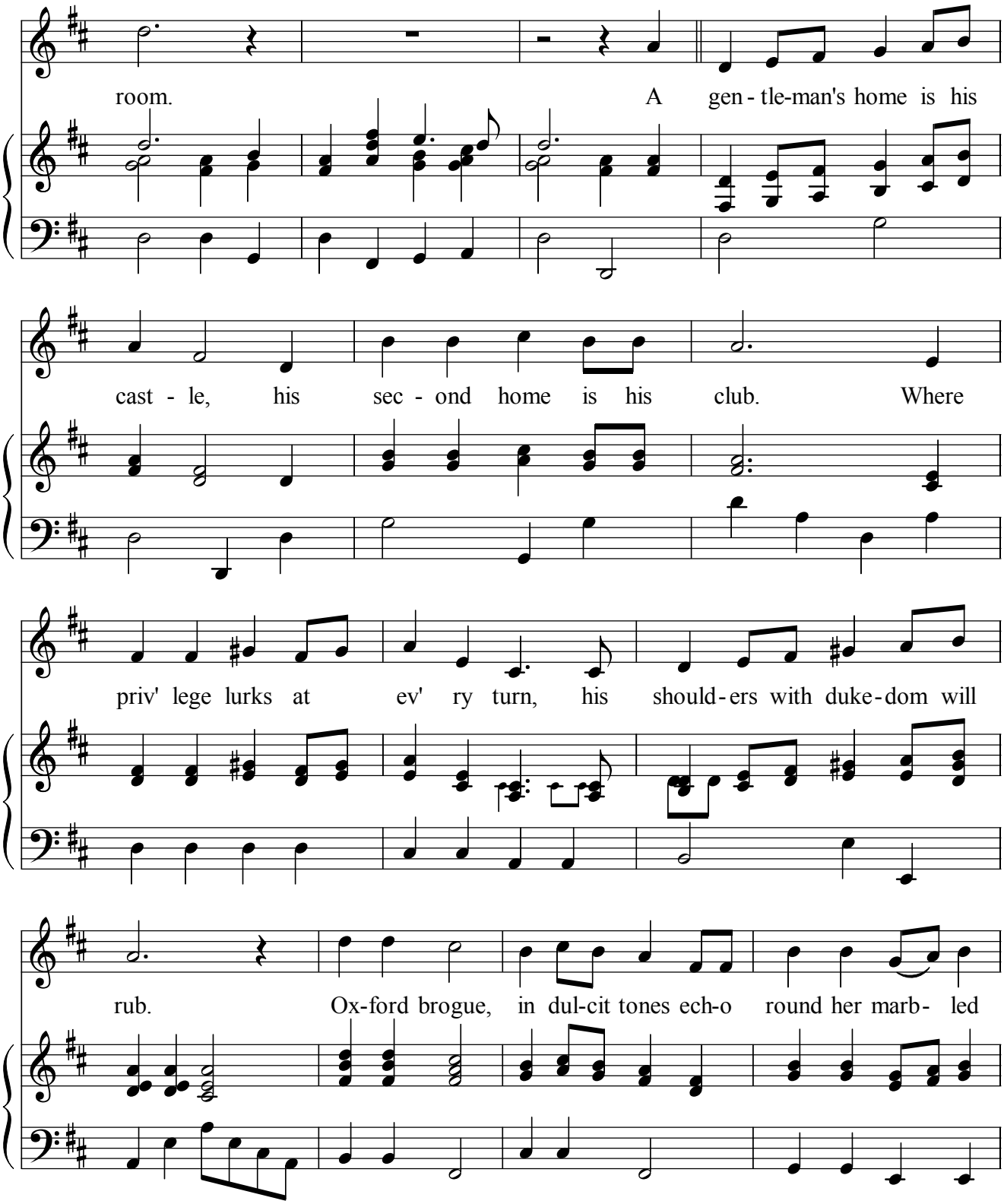


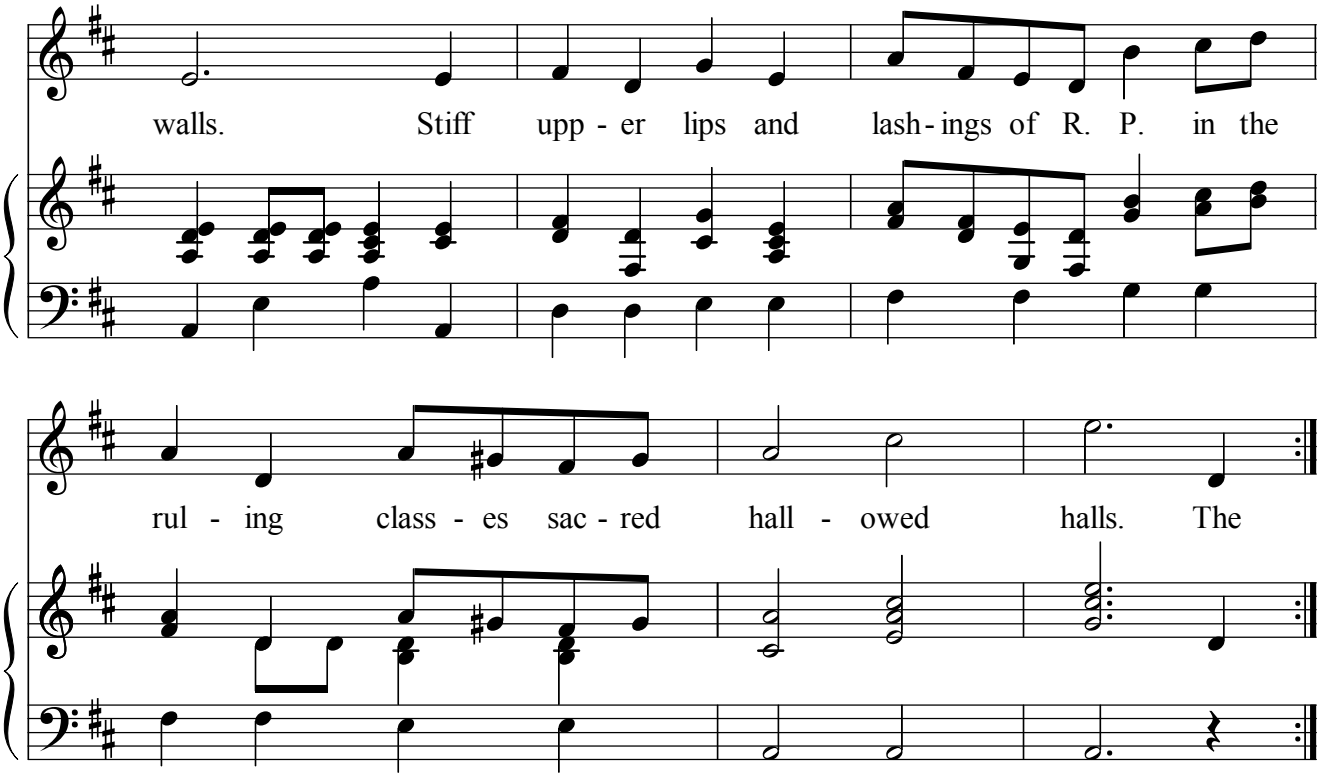

day we do a roar - ing trade in silk - lined wood - en box. At
night our fam - ous guid - ed tour starts by Saint Cath' rines docks. So,
squeak - y clean, chrome's bright sheen, black up - holst - e - ry the best in town.


One in front, two be - hind, one in the front ly - ing down. Our
comm-ent'-ry's per-formed with dig-nit - y, just like the Bish-op's fin-est eu - lo - gy.
You won't see much but pig-eons and the tower, 'cos we on - ly do five miles an hour.

The Club


The club, the club, the club, a gen-tle-man's U - to - pi - a,
Din-ner at eight and port by the fire with knight and lord and peer. The
club, the club, the club, par - a - dise in Bel - gra - vi - a. With
sil - ver ser - vice and ser-vants by the score and a tel - e - phone in ev' ry


room. A gen - tle-man's home is his
cast - le, his sec - ond home is his club. Where
priv' lege lurks at ev' ry turn, his should-ers with duke-dom will
rub. Ox-ford brogue, in dul-cit tones ech-o round her marb- led



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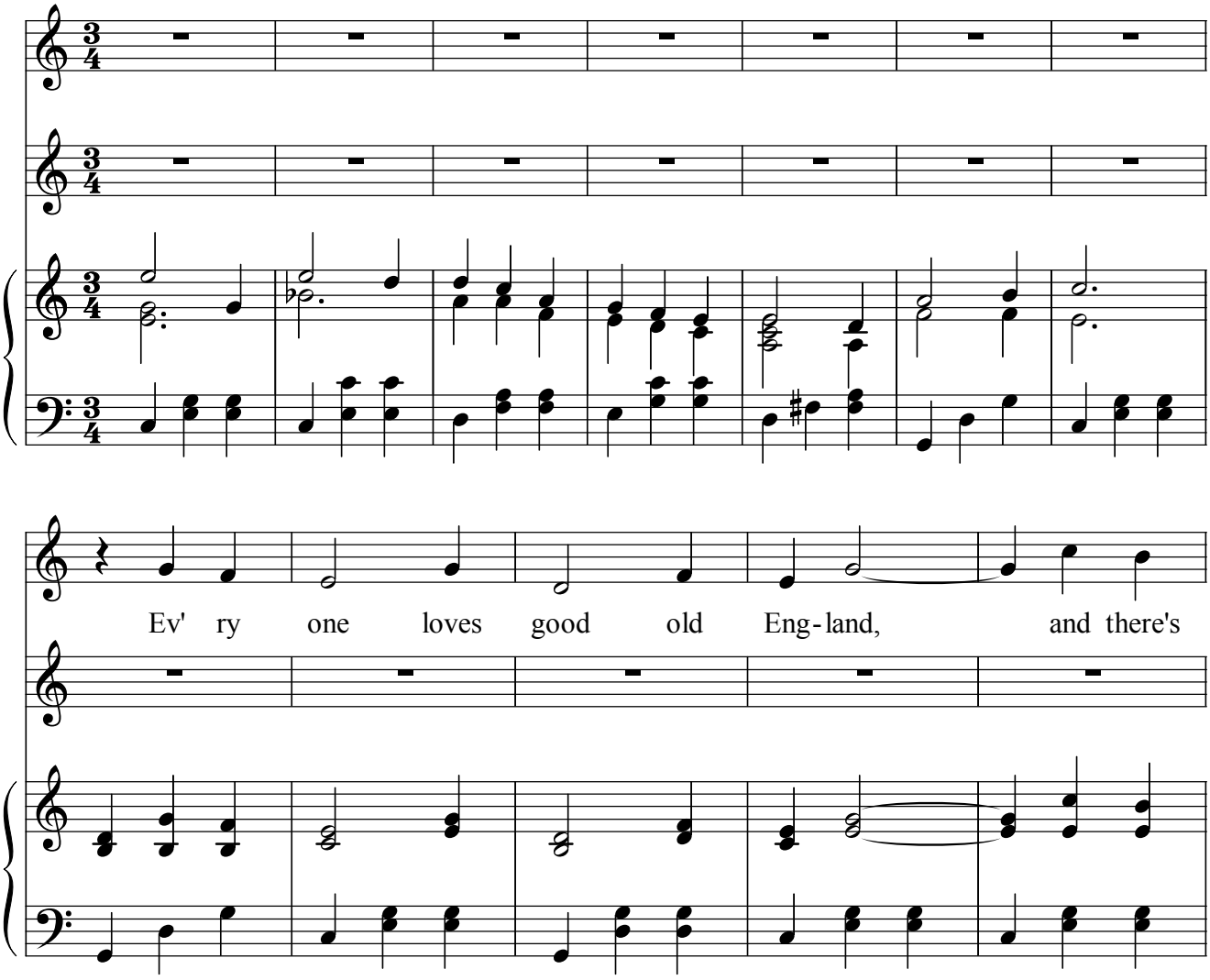
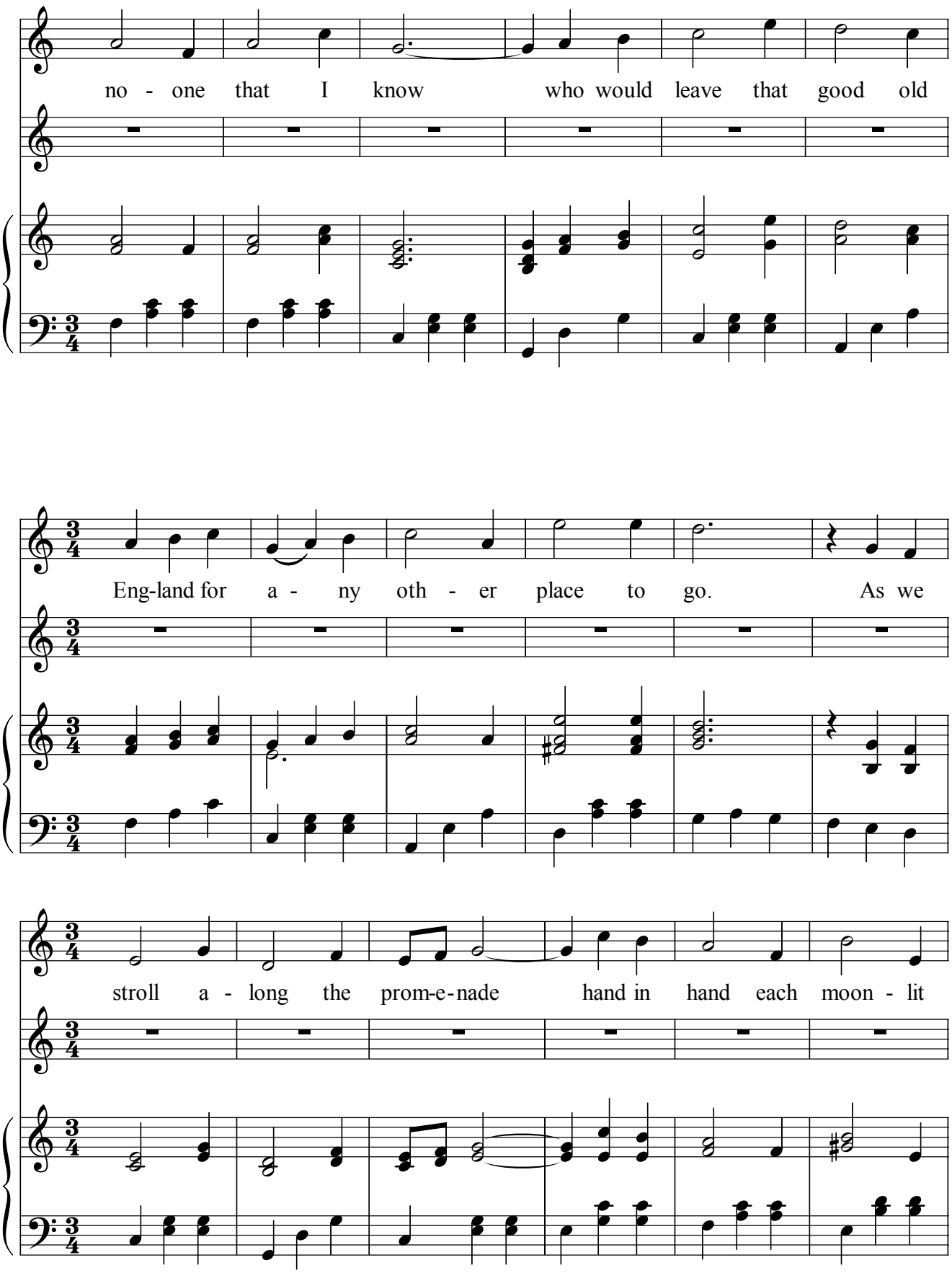
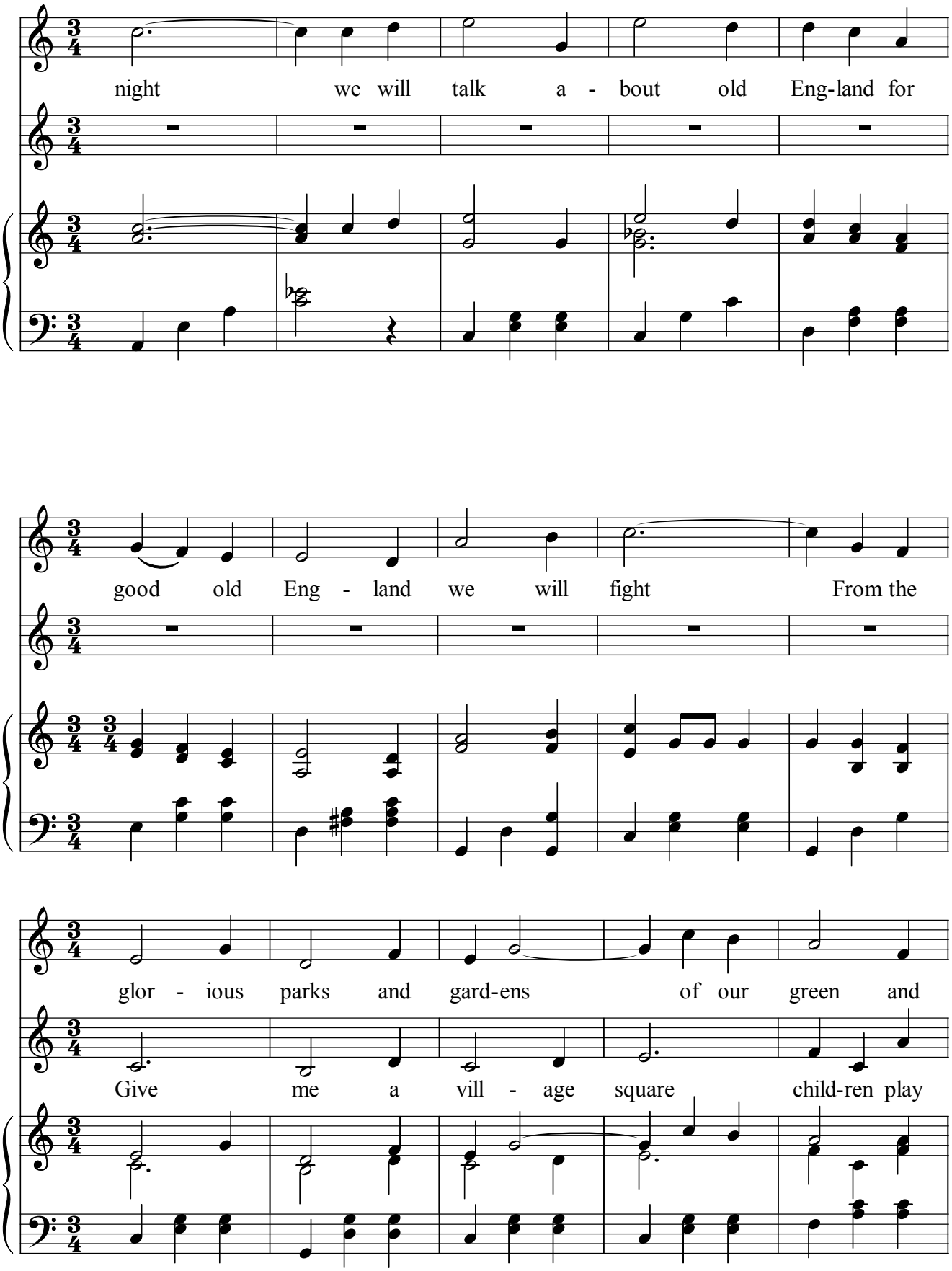
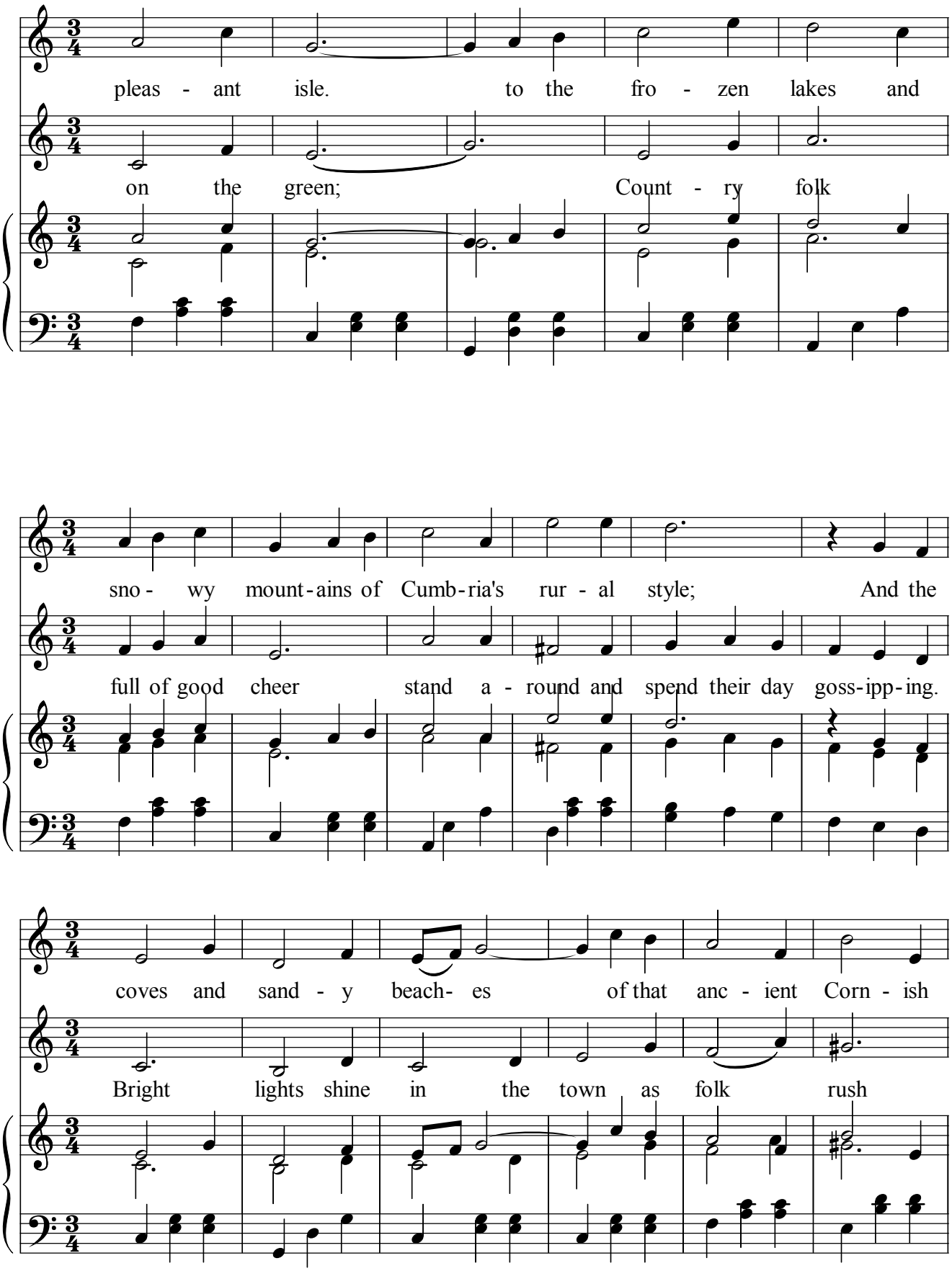
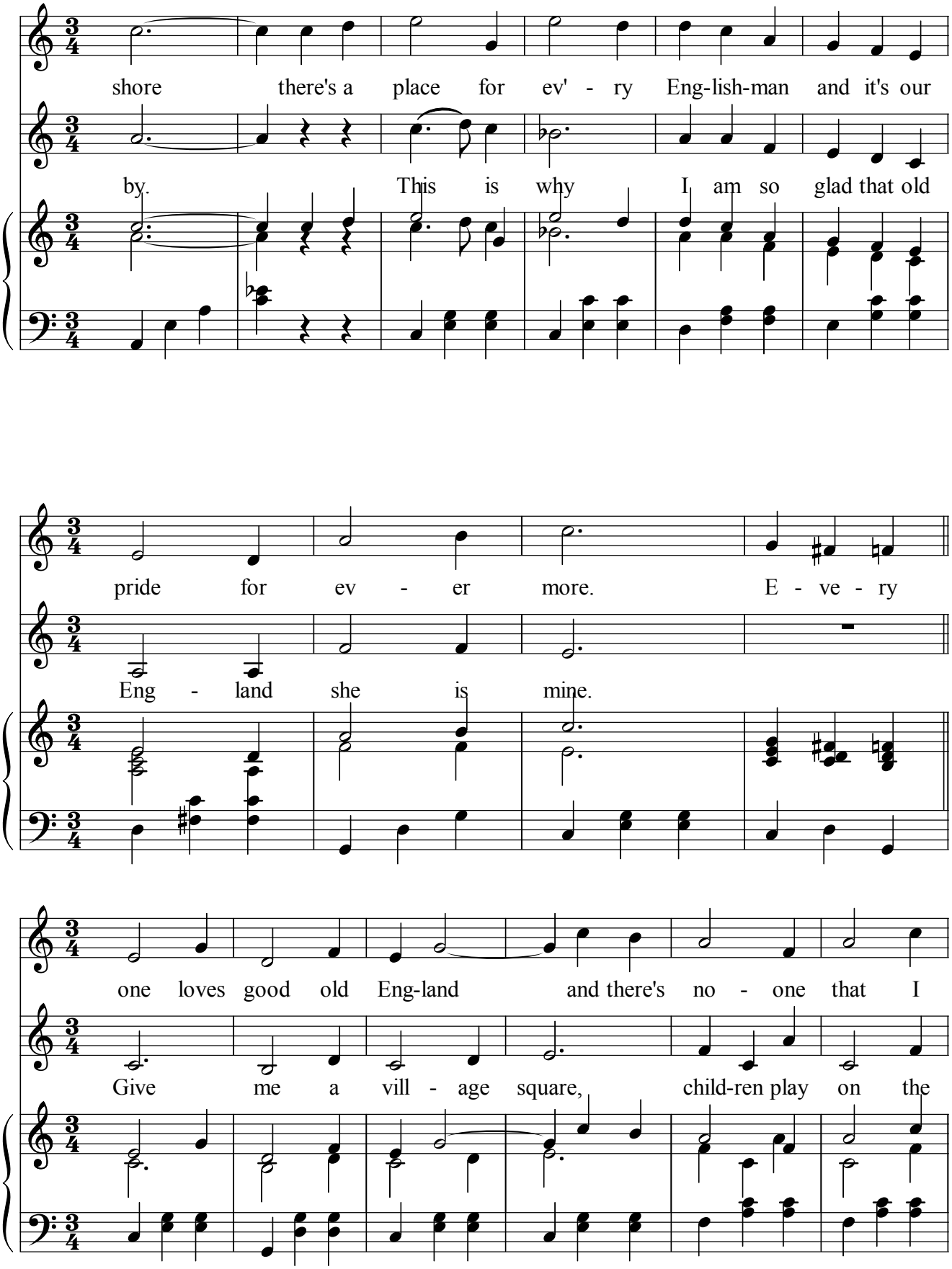
Good Old England

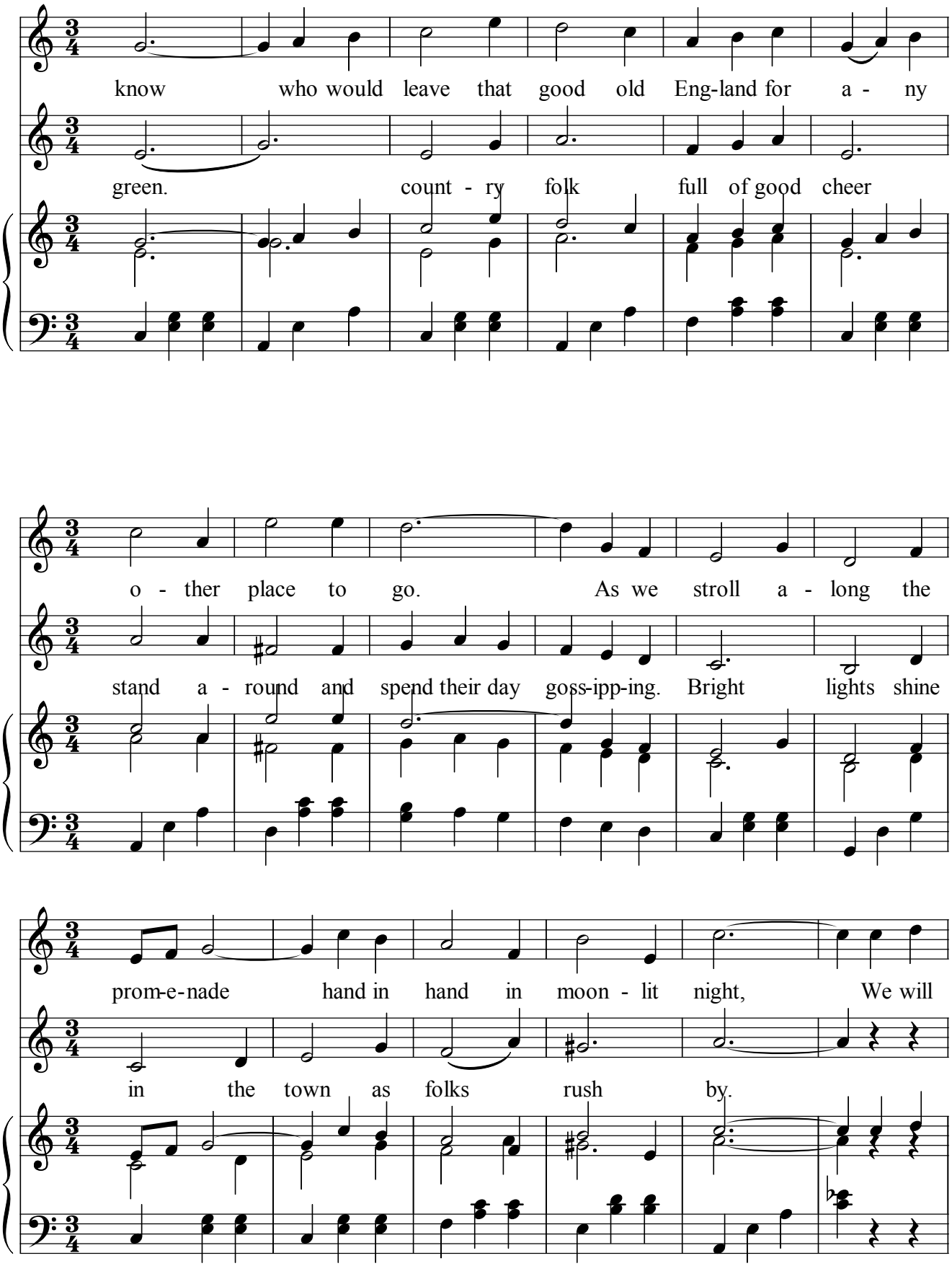


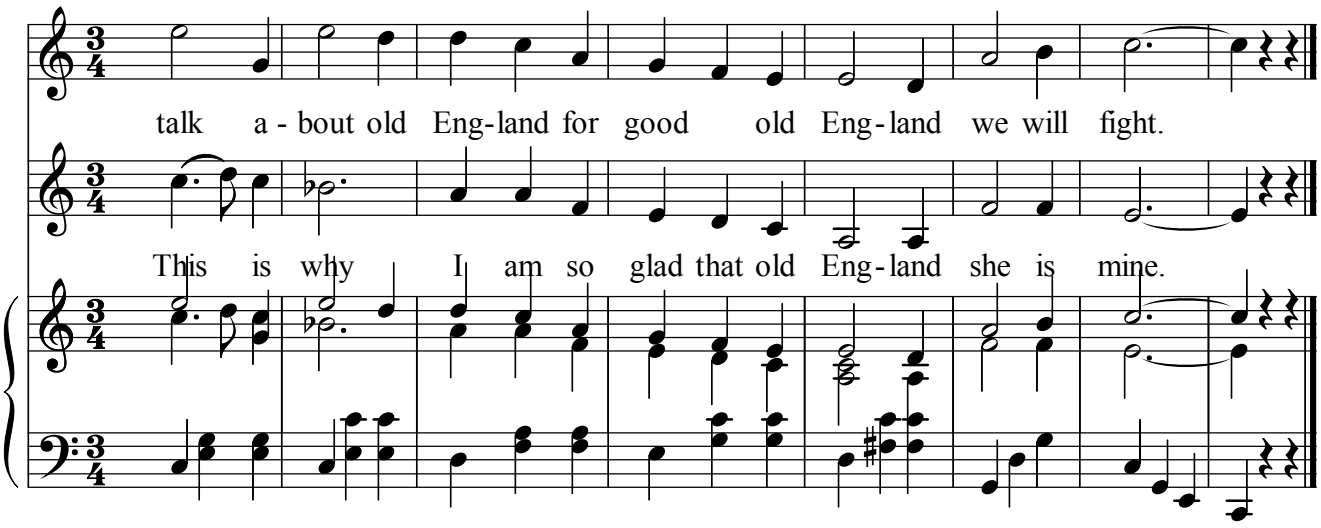

no - one that I know who would leave that good old
Eng-land for a - ny oth - er place to go. As we
stroll a - long the prom-e-nade hand in hand each moon - lit


night we will talk a - bout old Eng-land for
good old Eng - land we will fight From the
glor - ious parks and gard-ens of our green and
Give me a vill - age square child-ren play


pleas - ant isle. to the fro - zen lakes and
on the green; Count - ry folk
sno - wy mount-ains of Cumb-ria's rur - al style; And the
full of good cheer stand a - round and spend their day goss-ipp-ing.
coves and sand - y beach- es of that anc - ient Corn - ish
Bright lights shine in the town as folk rush


shore there's a place for ev' - ry Eng-lish-man and it's our
by. This is why I am so glad that old
pride for ev - er more. E - ve - ry
Eng - land she is mine.
one loves good old Eng-land and there's no - one that I
Give me a vill - age square, child-ren play on the


know who would leave that good old Eng-land for a - ny
green. count - ry folk full of good cheer
o - ther place to go. As we stroll a - long the
stand a - round and spend their day goss-ipp-ing. Bright lights shine
prom-e-nade hand in hand in moon - lit night, We will
in the town as folks rush by.



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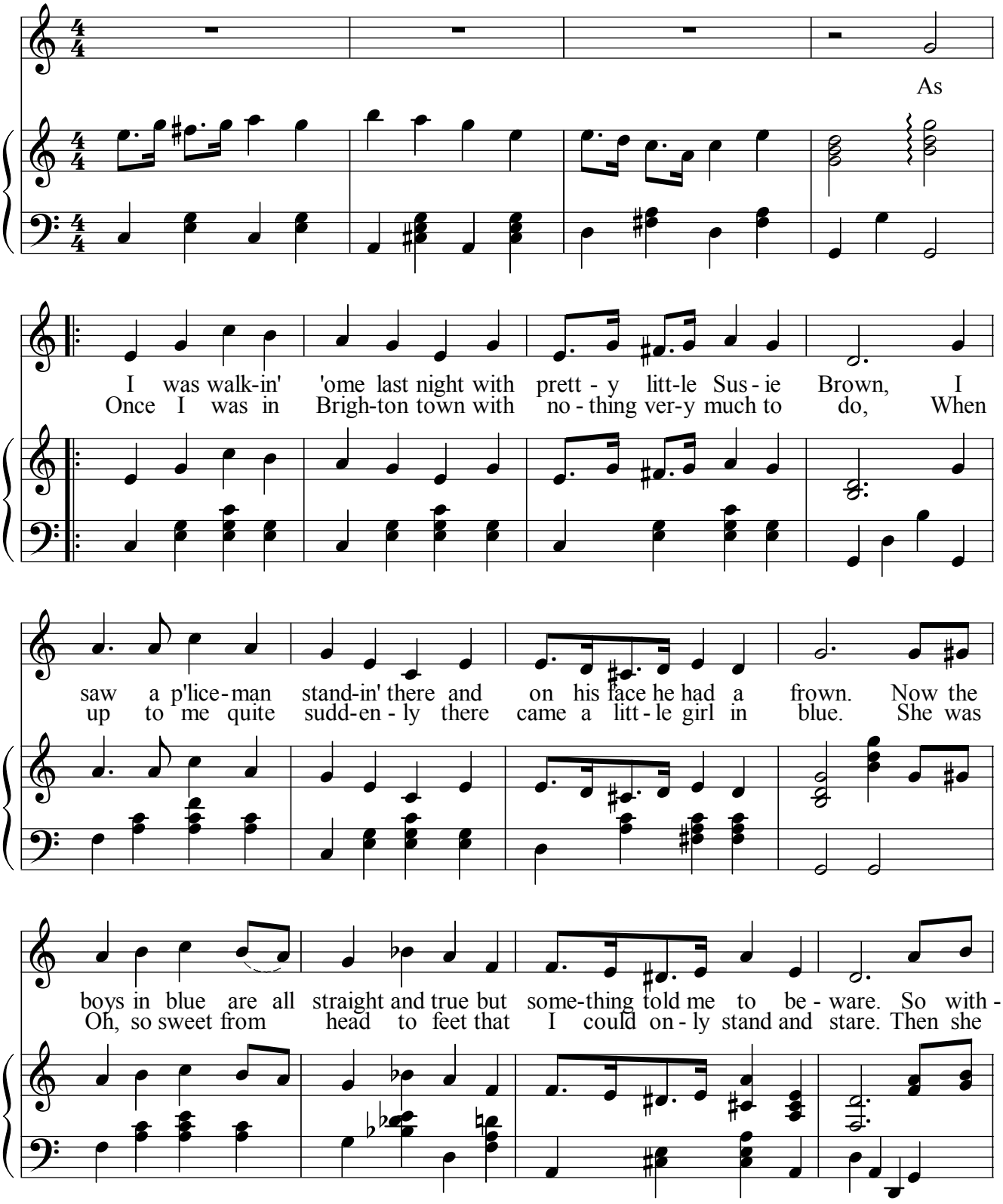
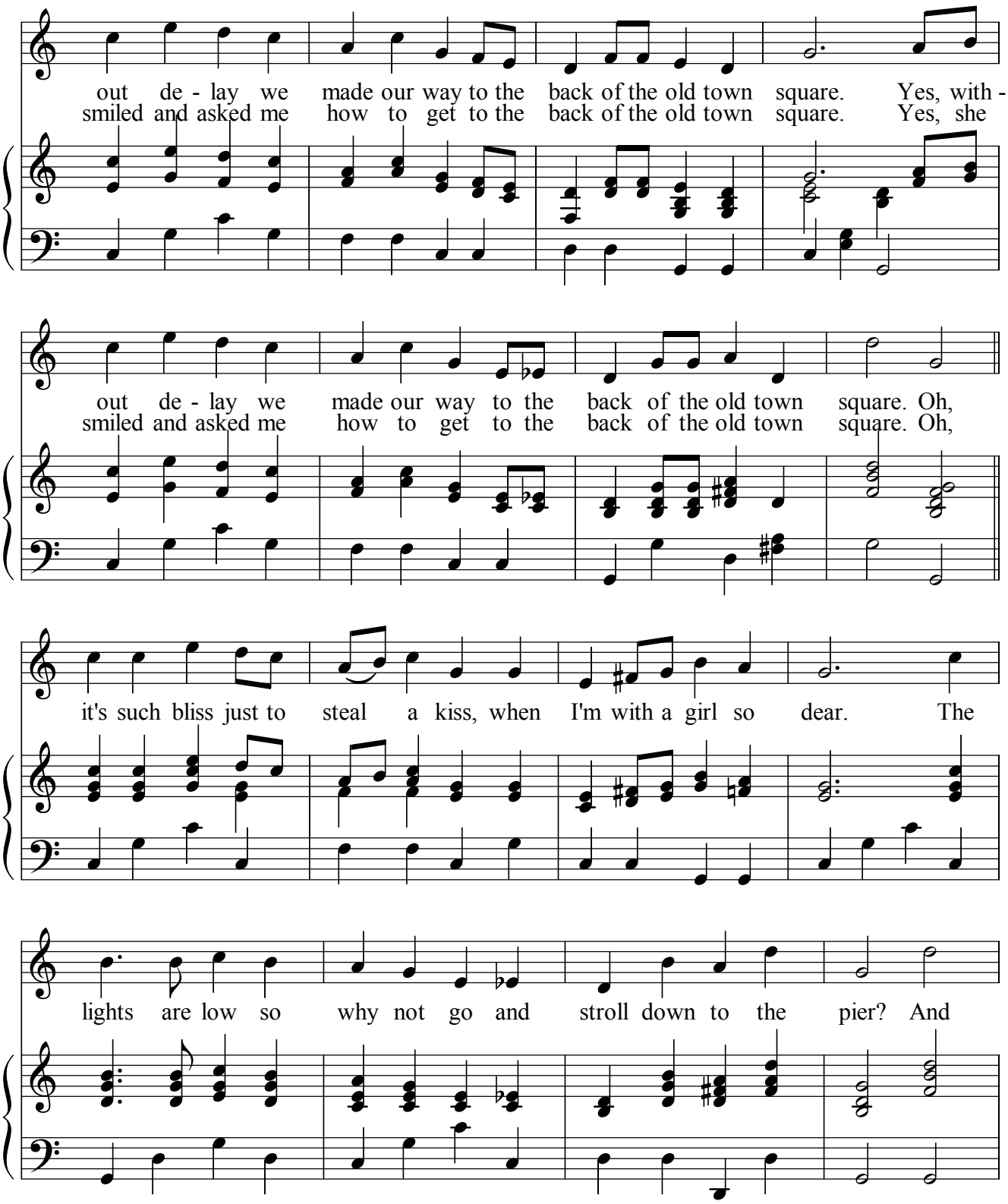
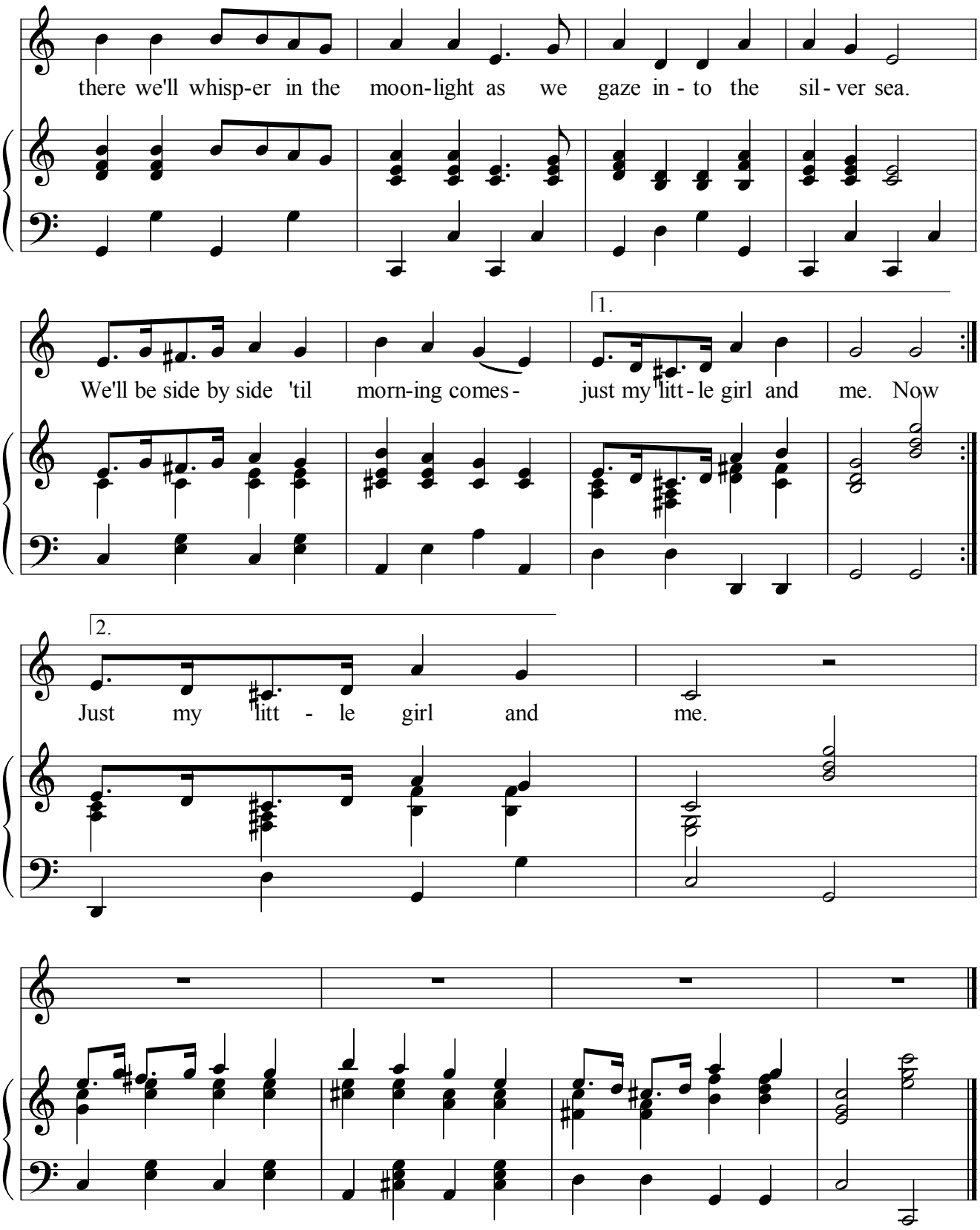
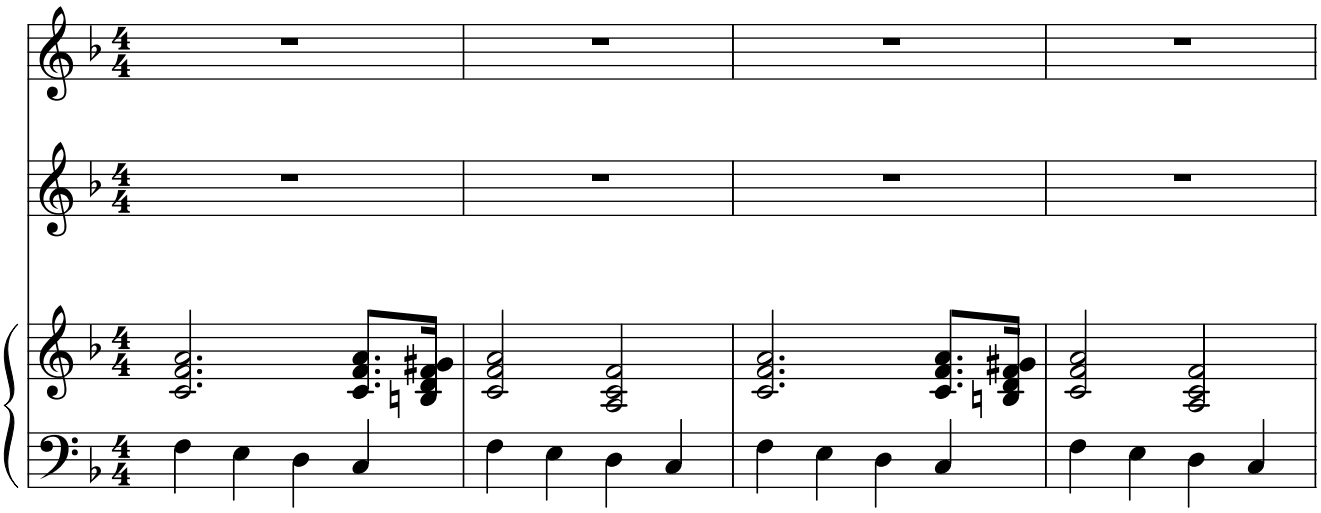
By the Old Town Square

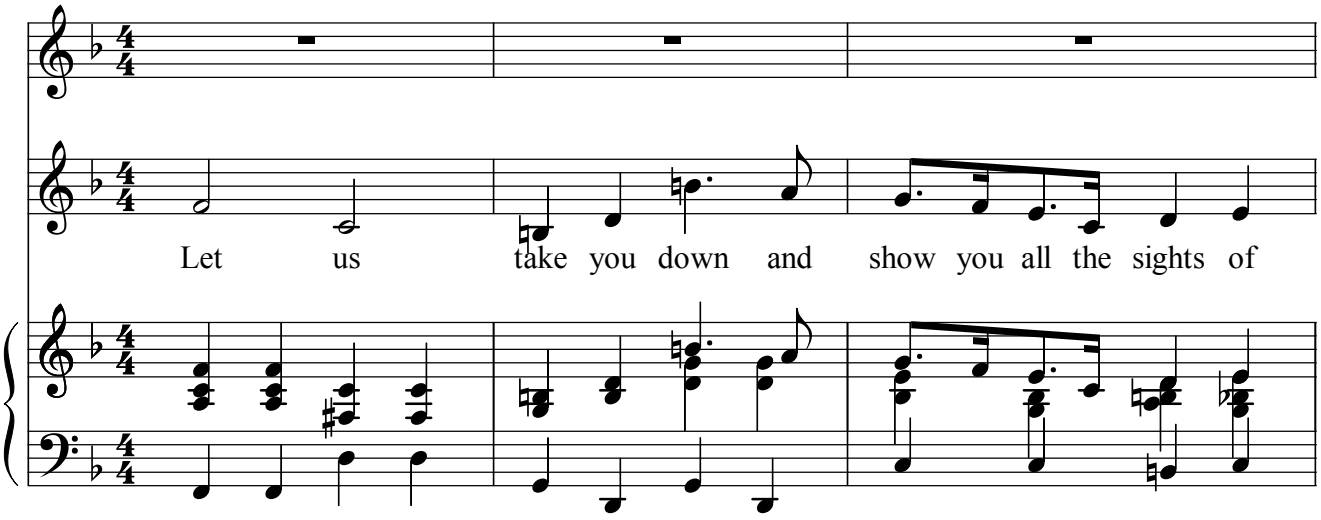


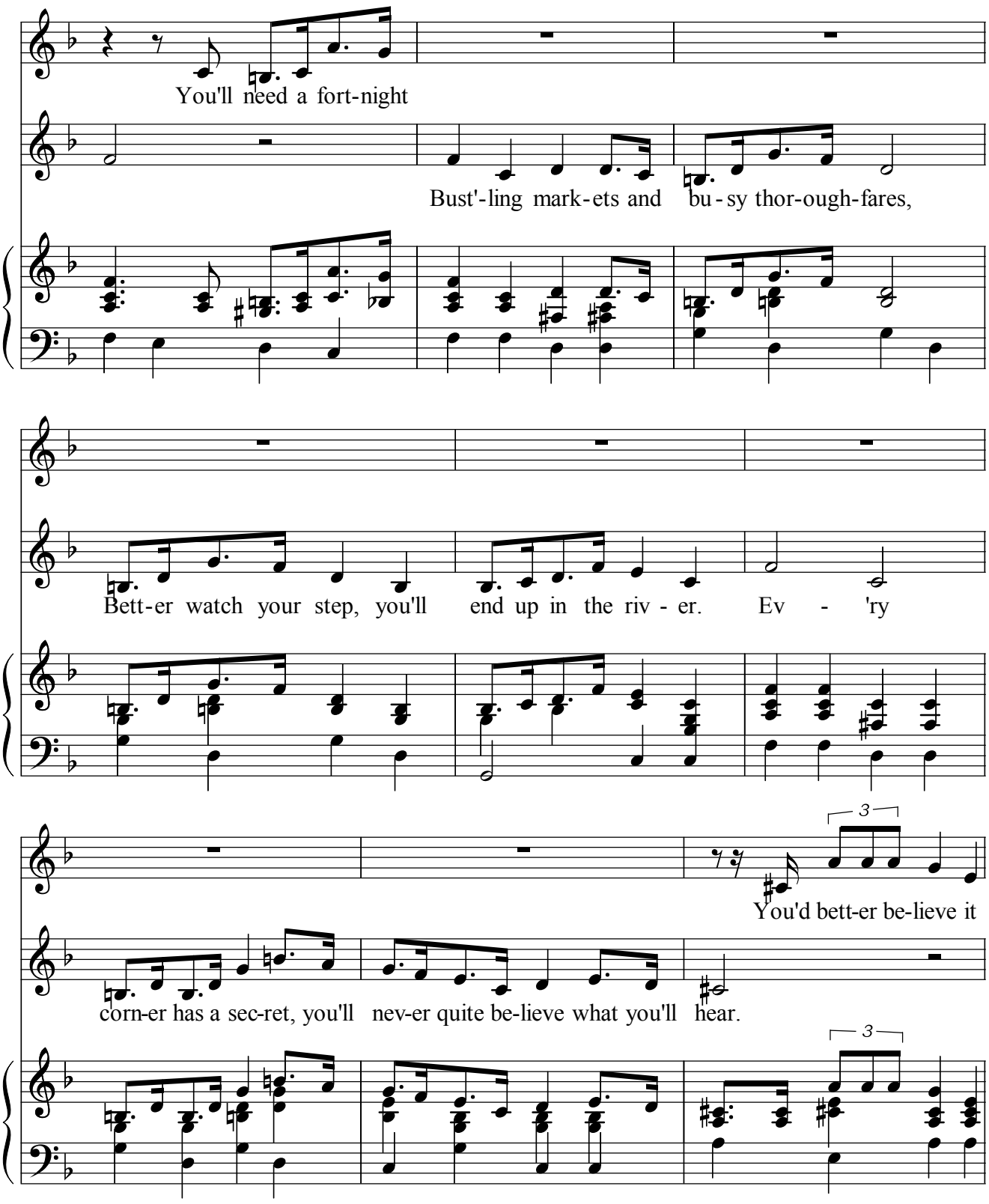

out de - lay we made our way to the back of the old town square. Yes, with -
smiled and asked me how to get to the back of the old town square. Yes, she
out de - lay we made our way to the back of the old town square. Oh,
smiled and asked me how to get to the back of the old town square. Oh,
it's such bliss just to steal a kiss, when I'm with a girl so dear. The
lights are low so why not go and stroll down to the pier? And

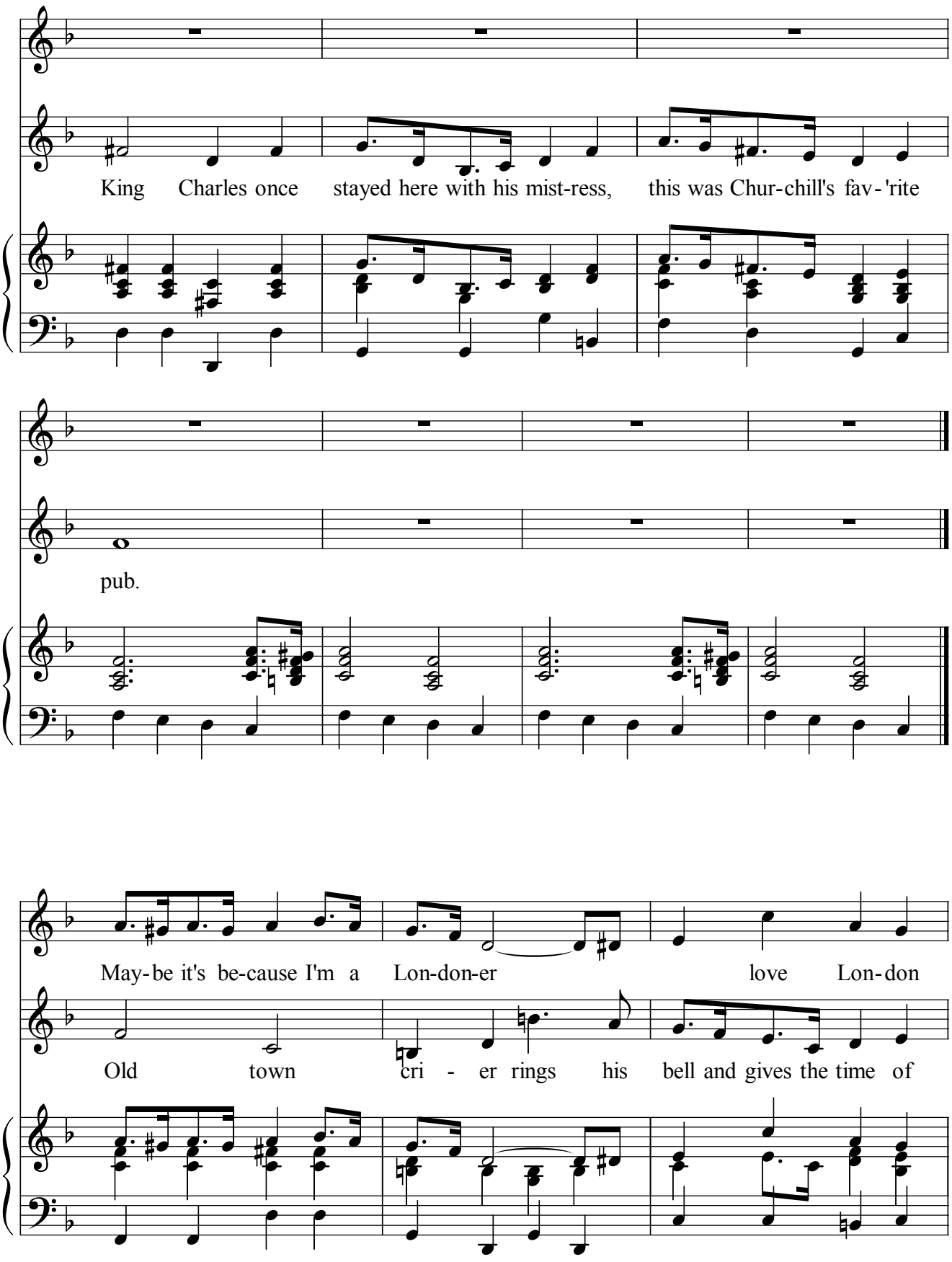

there we'll whisp-er in the moon-light as we gaze in - to the sil - ver sea.
We'll be side by side 'til morn-ing comes - just my litt - le girl and me. Now
1.
2.
Just my litt - le girl and me.

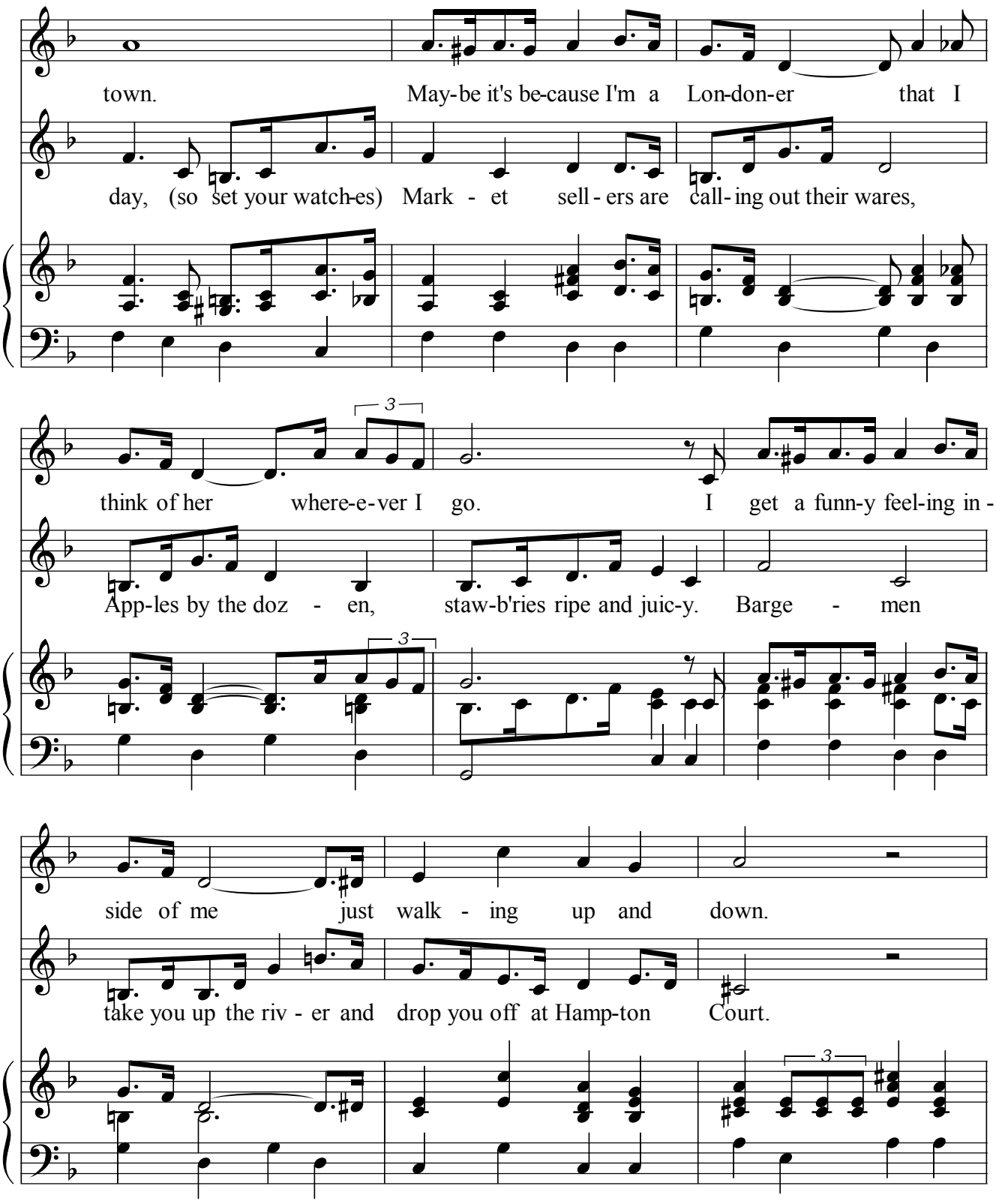
The Sights and Sounds of London Town

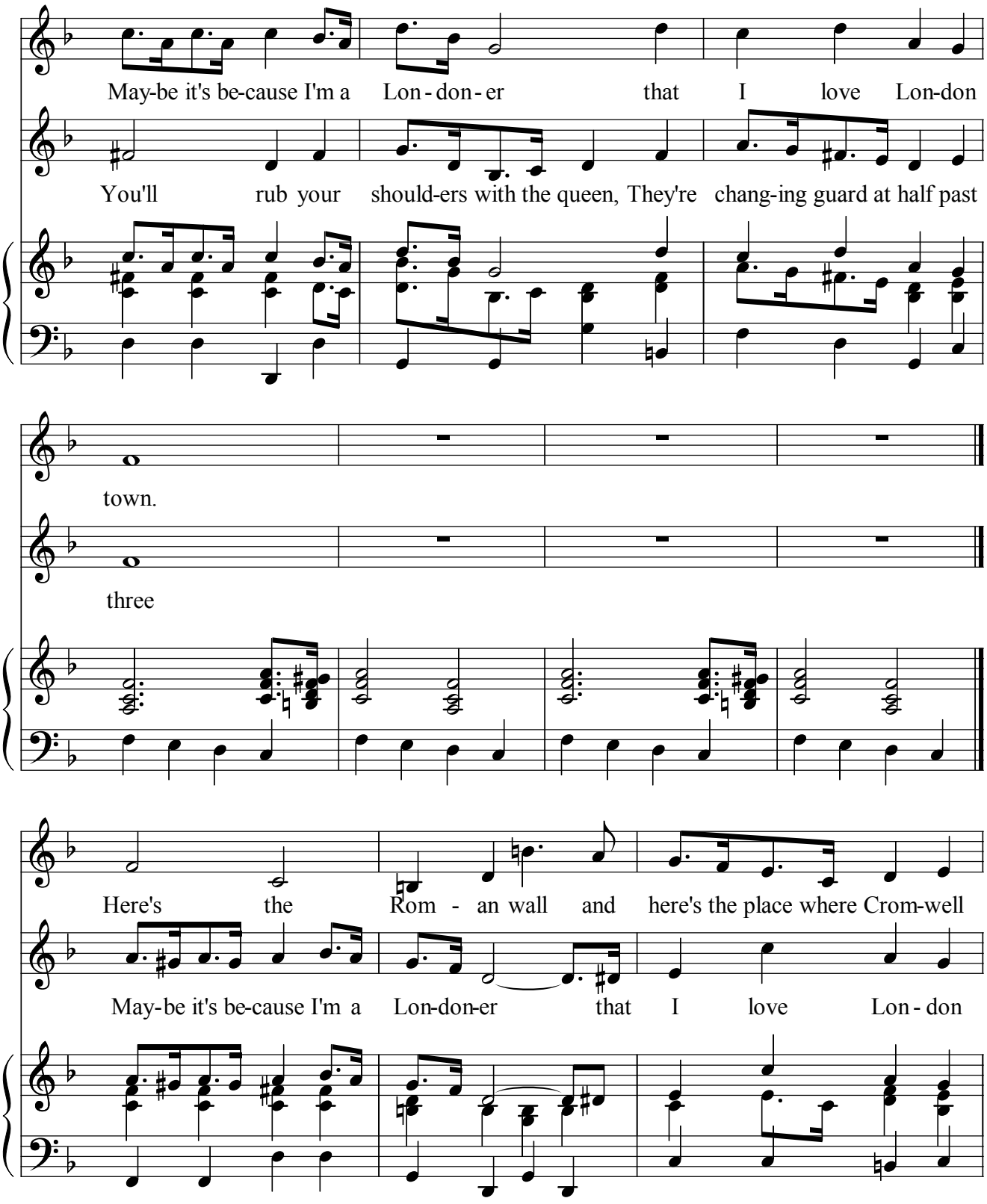


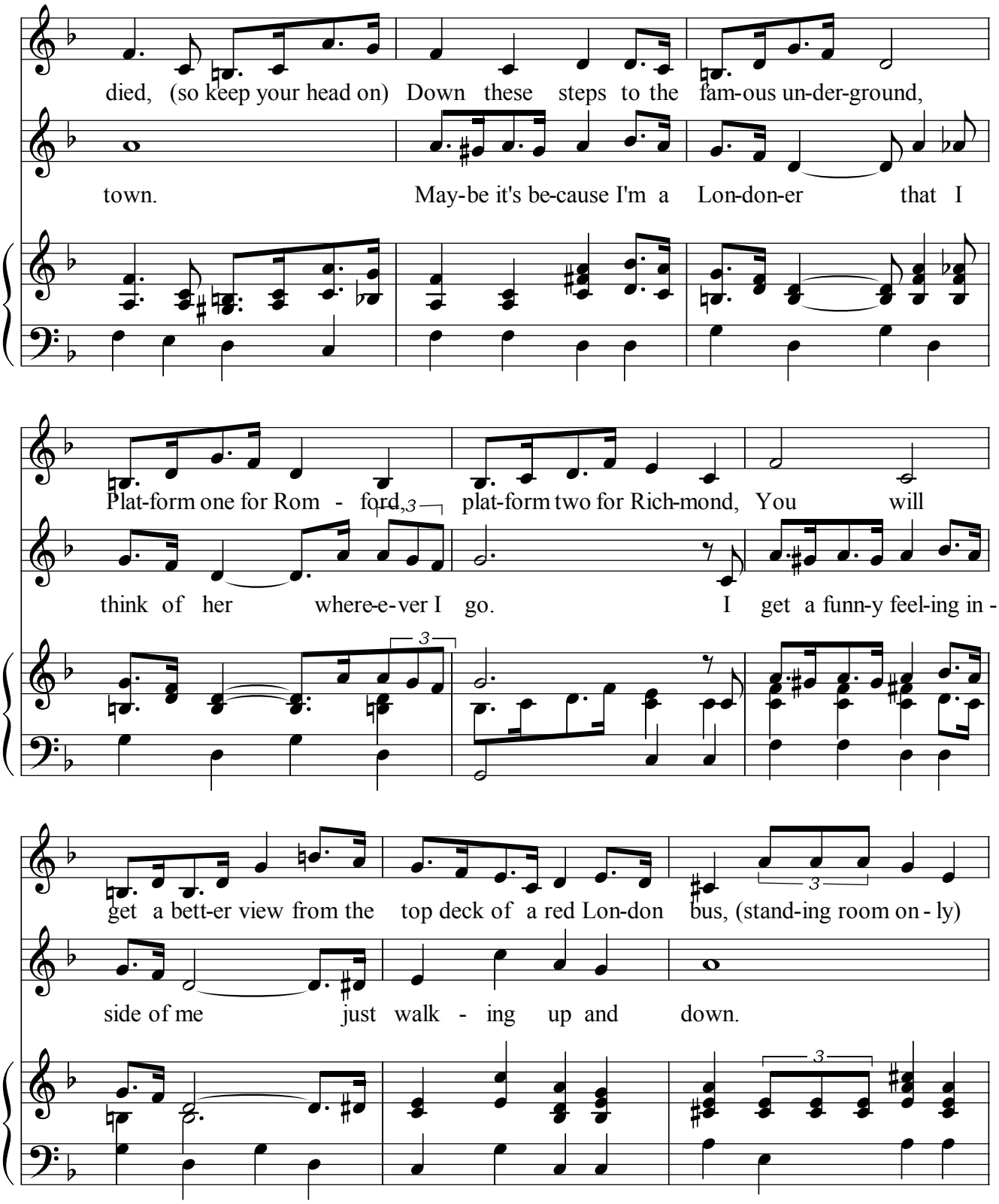


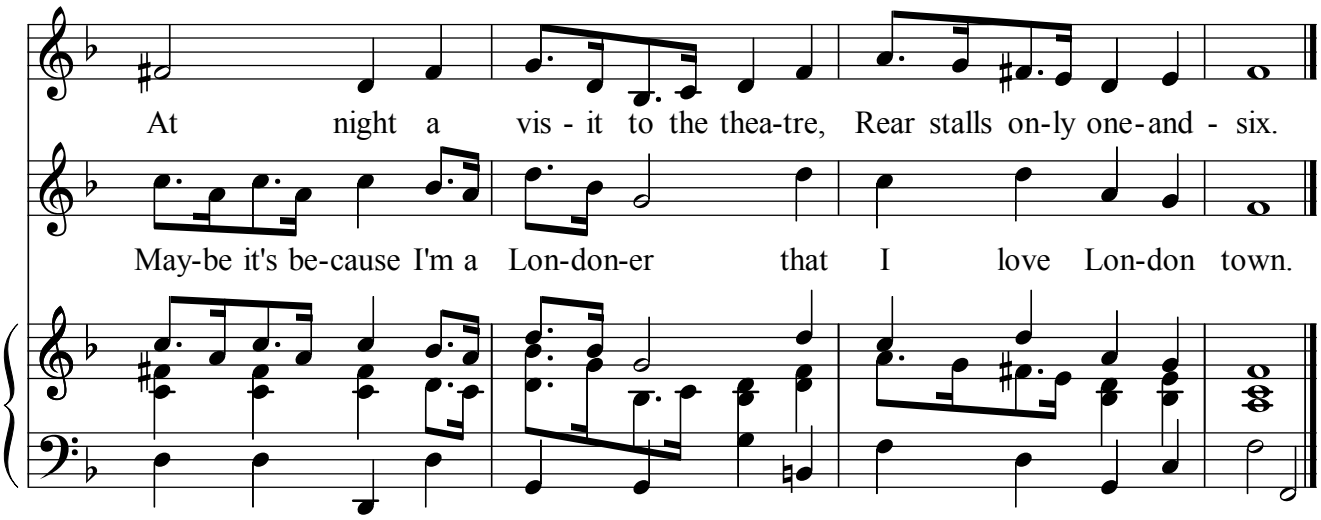

You'll need a fort-night
Bust'-ling mark-ets and bu-sy thor-ough-fares,
Bett-er watch your step, you'll end up in the riv - er. Ev - 'ry
3
You'd bett-er be-lieve it
corn-er has a sec-ret, you'll nev-er quite be-lieve what you'll hear.
3


King Charles once stayed here with his mist-ress, this was Chur-chill's fav-'rite
pub.
May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon-don-er love Lon-don
Old town cri - er rings his bell and gives the time of

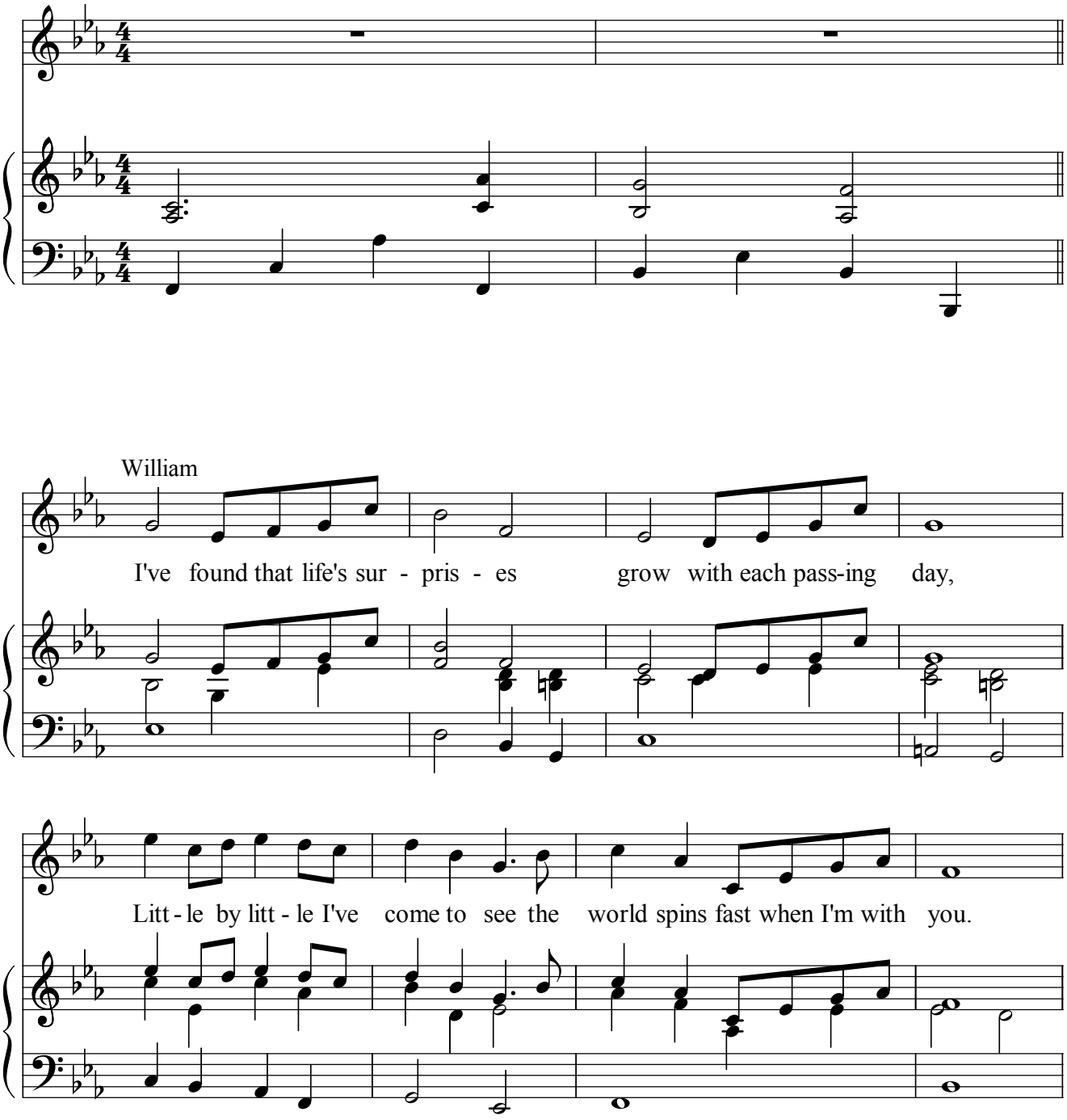

town.
May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon-don-er that I
day, (so set your watch-es) Mark - et sell - ers are call- ing out their wares,
think of her where-e-ver I go.
I get a funn-y feel-ing in -
App-les by the doz - en,
staw-b'ries ripe and juic-y.
Barge - men
side of me just walk - ing up and down.
take you up the riv - er and drop you off at Hamp-ton Court.

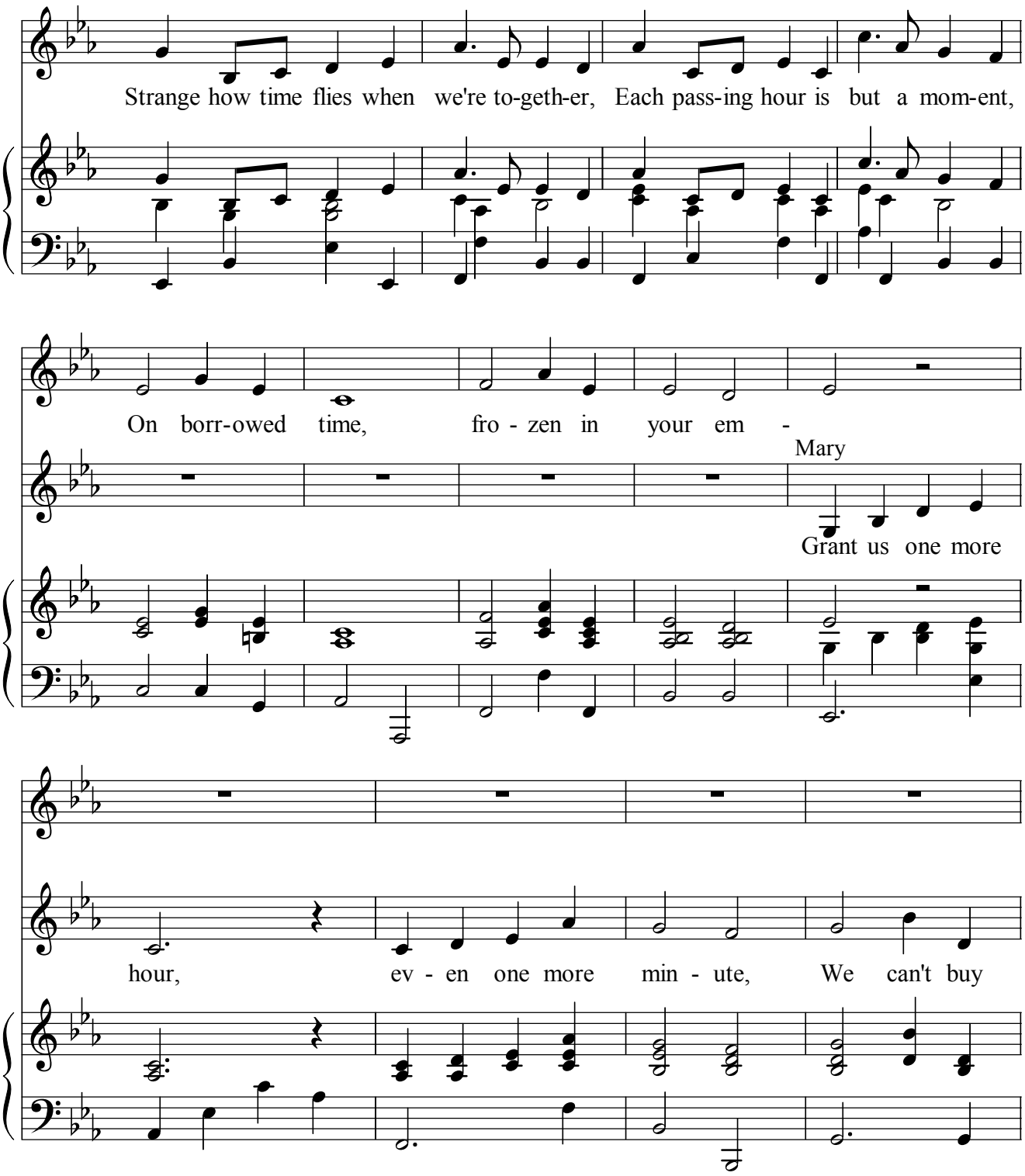

May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon - don - er that I love Lon-don
You'll rub your should-ers with the queen, They're chang-ing guard at half past
town.
three
Here's the Rom - an wall and here's the place where Crom-well
May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon-don-er that I love Lon - don

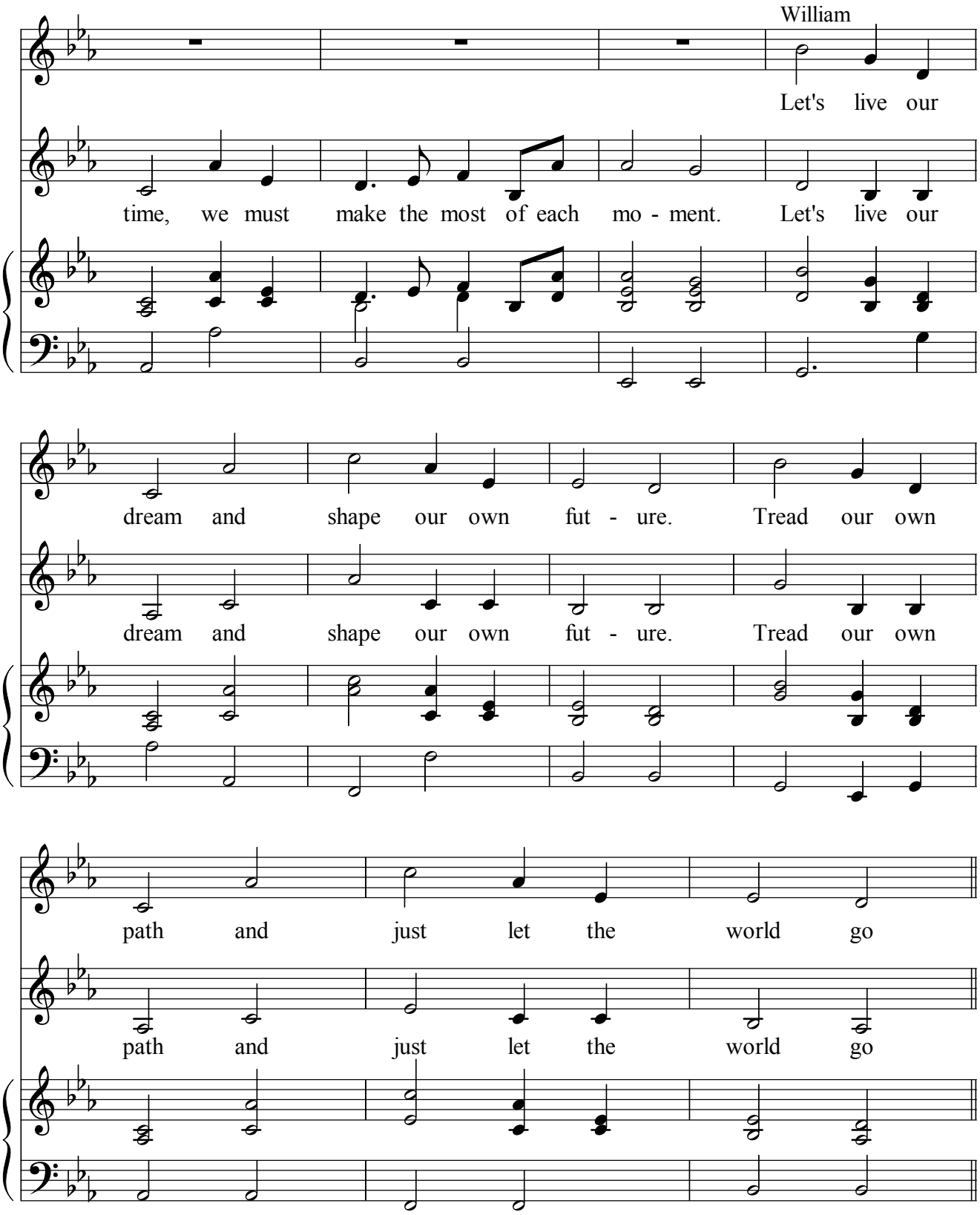

died, (so keep your head on) Down these steps to the fam-ous un-der-ground,
town. May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon-don-er that I
Plat-form one for Rom - ford, plat-form two for Rich-mond, You will
think of her where-e-ver I go. I get a funn-y feel-ing in -
get a bett-er view from the top deck of a red Lon-don bus, (stand-ing room on - ly)
side of me just walk - ing up and down.

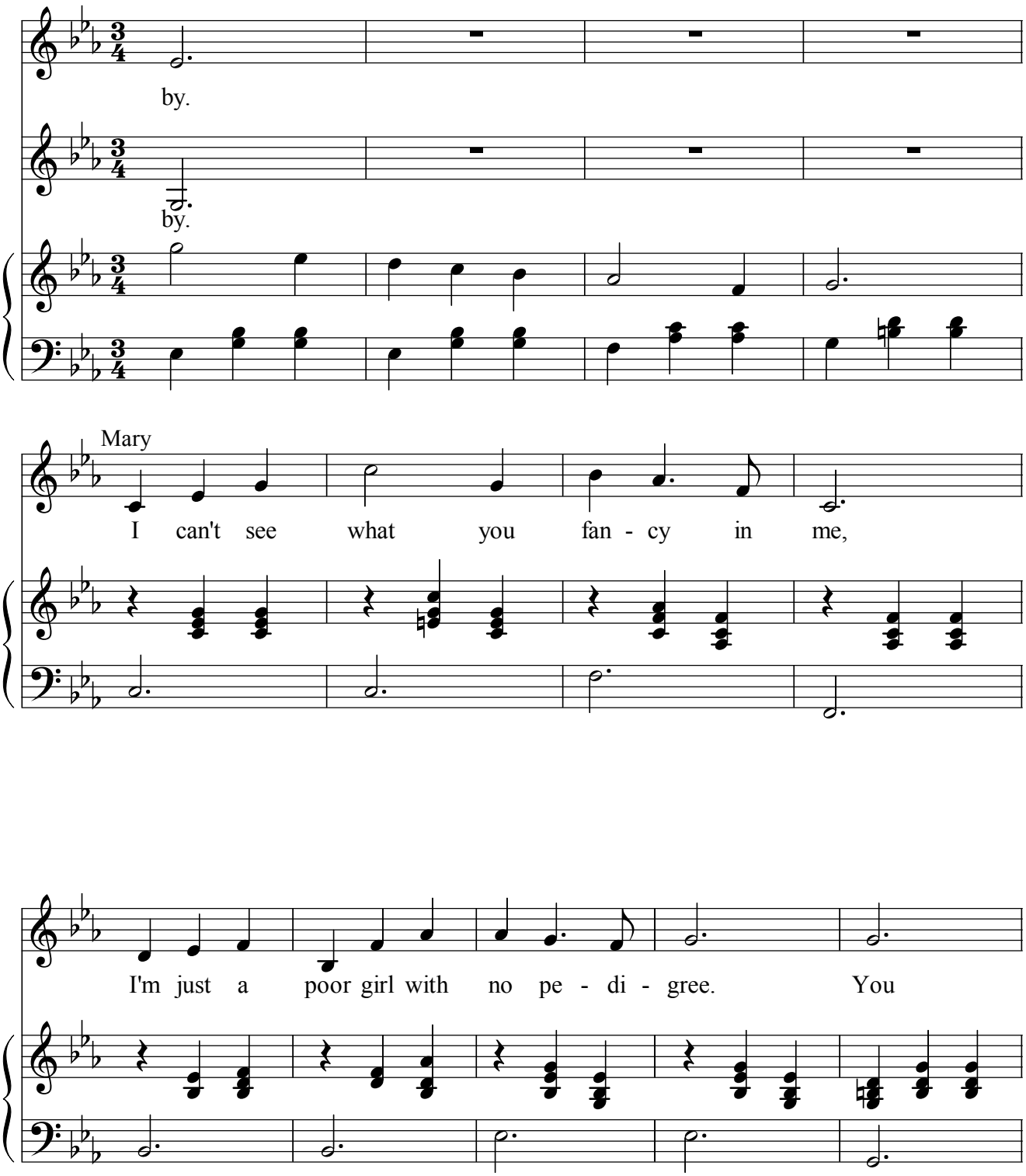

At night a vis - it to the thea-tre, Rear stalls on-ly one-and - six.
May-be it's be-cause I'm a Lon-don-er that I love Lon-don town.

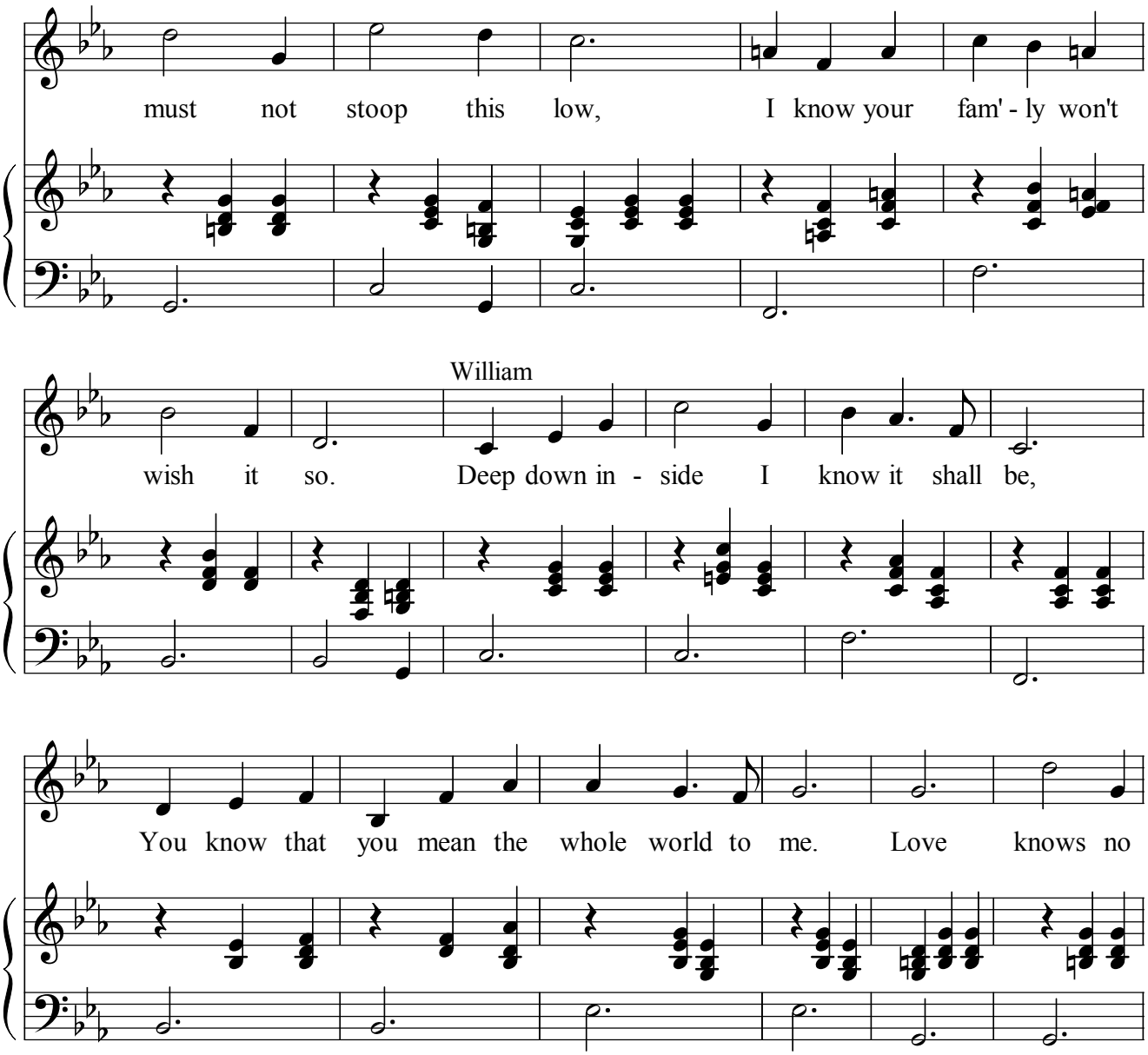
As Happy as a Skylark

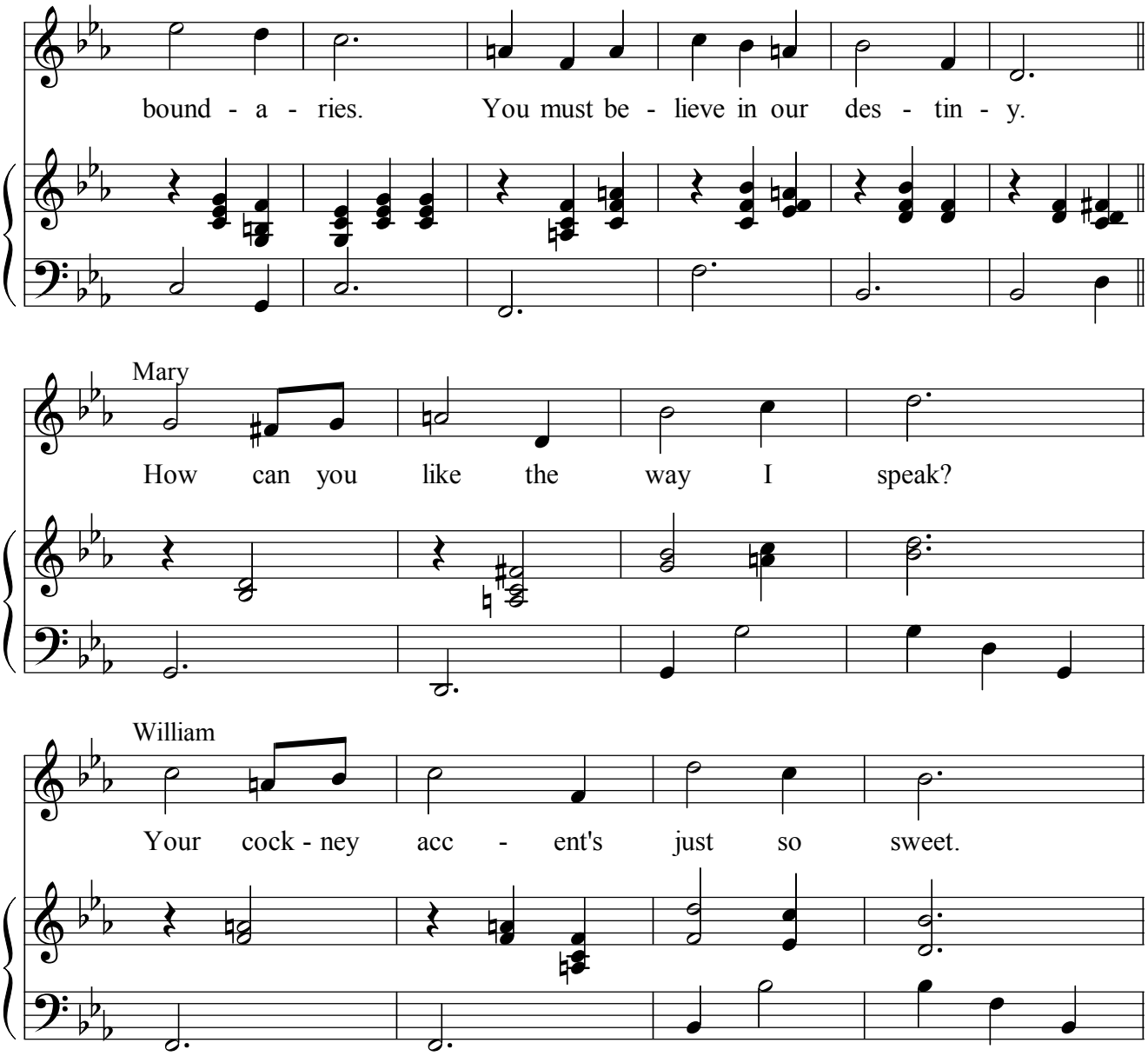


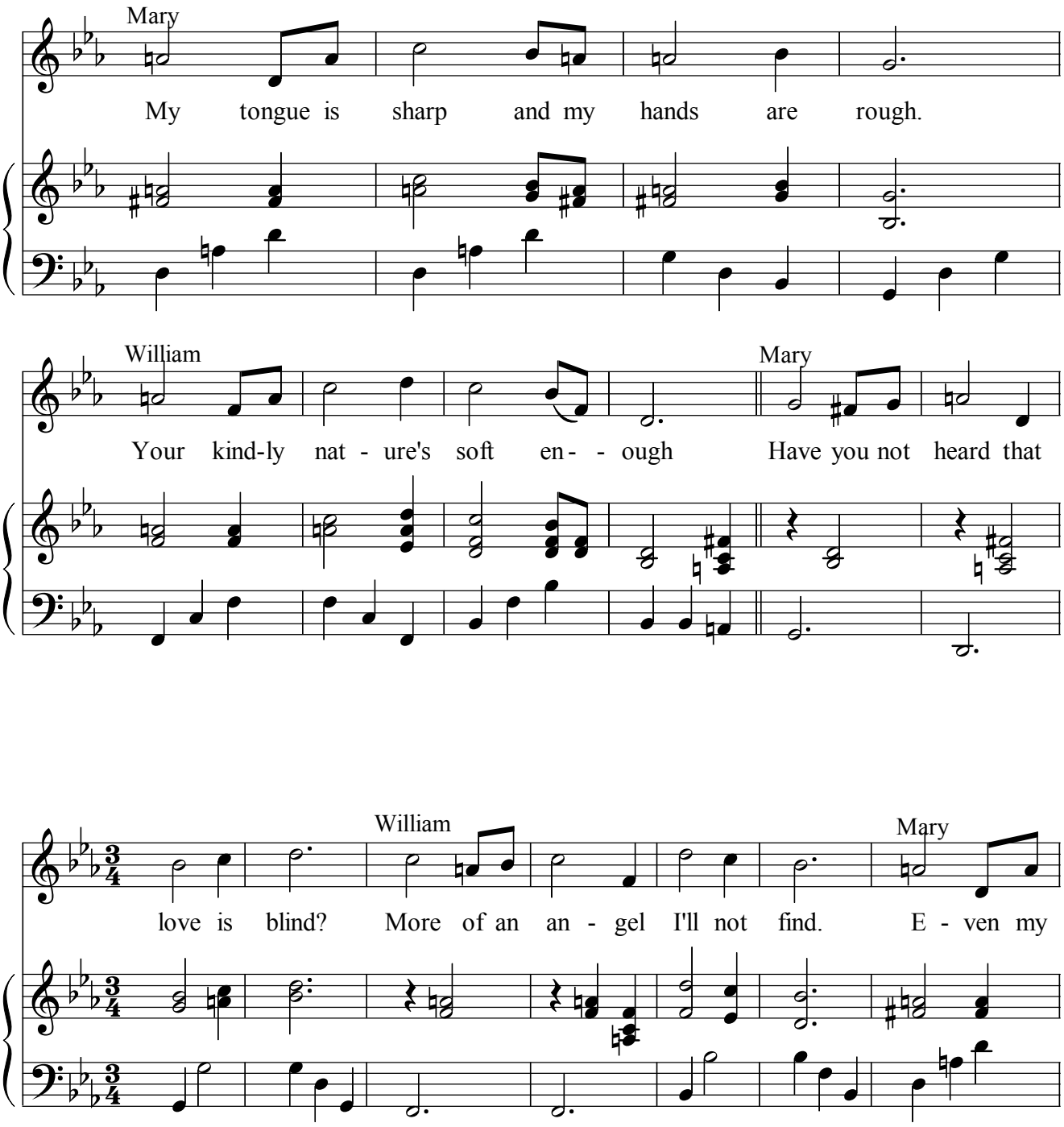

Strange how time flies when we're to-geth-er, Each pass-ing hour is but a mom-ent,
On borr-owed time, fro - zen in your em -
Mary
Grant us one more
hour, ev - en one more min - ute, We can't buy

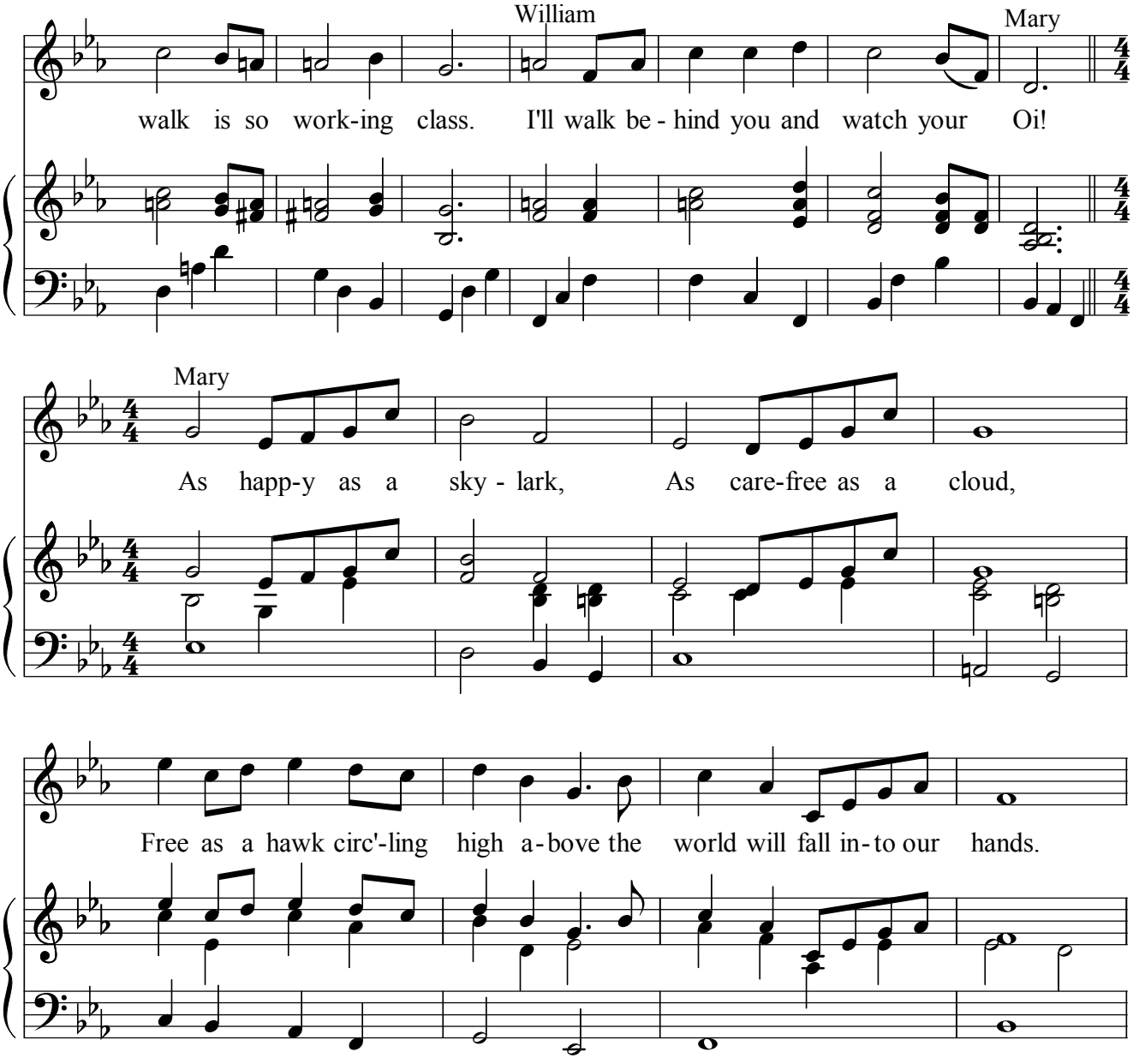

William
Let's live our
time, we must make the most of each mo - ment. Let's live our
dream and shape our own fut - ure. Tread our own
dream and shape our own fut - ure. Tread our own
path and just let the world go
path and just let the world go

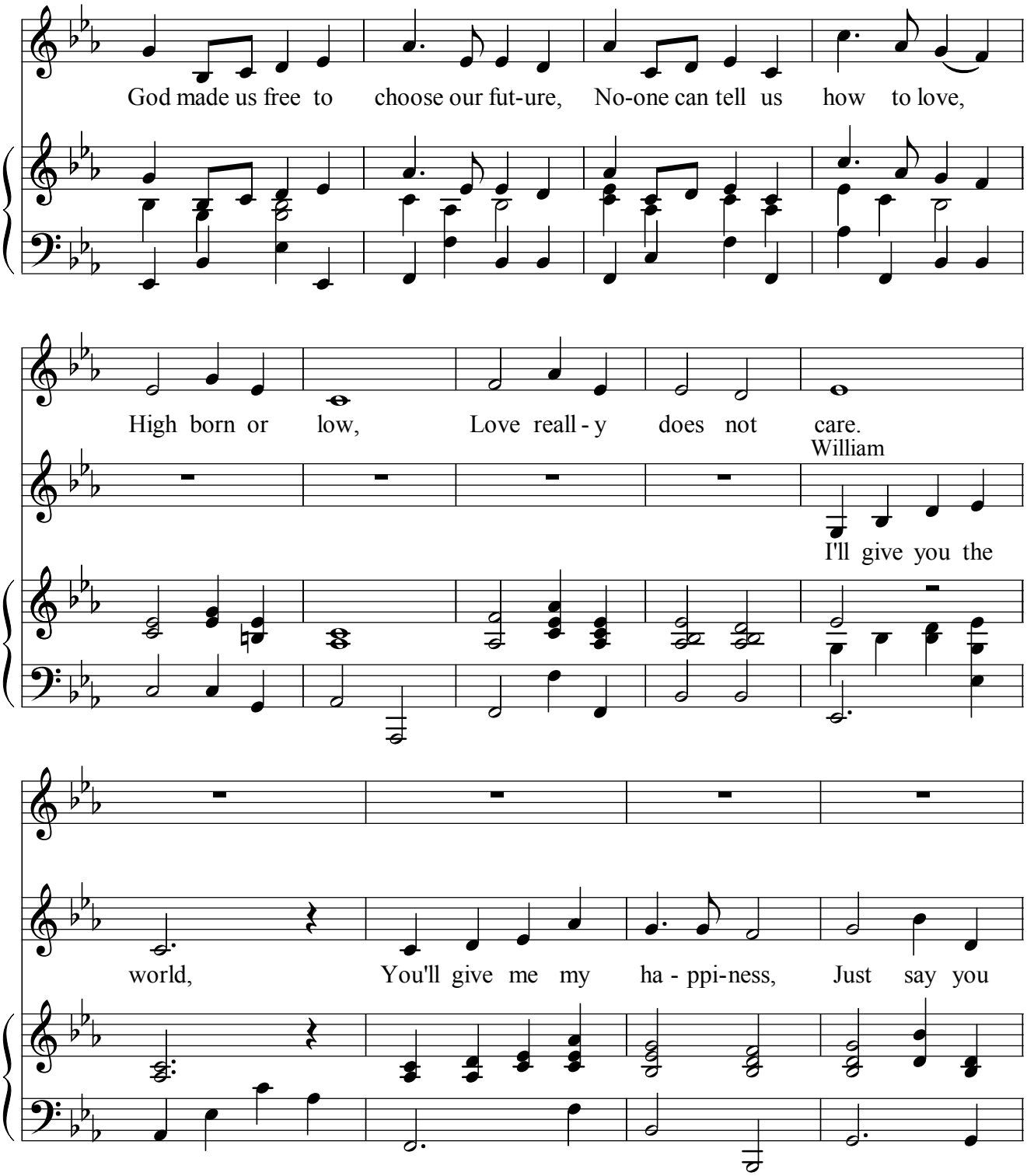

by.
by.
Mary
I can't see what you fan - cy in me,
I'm just a poor girl with no pe - di - gree. You

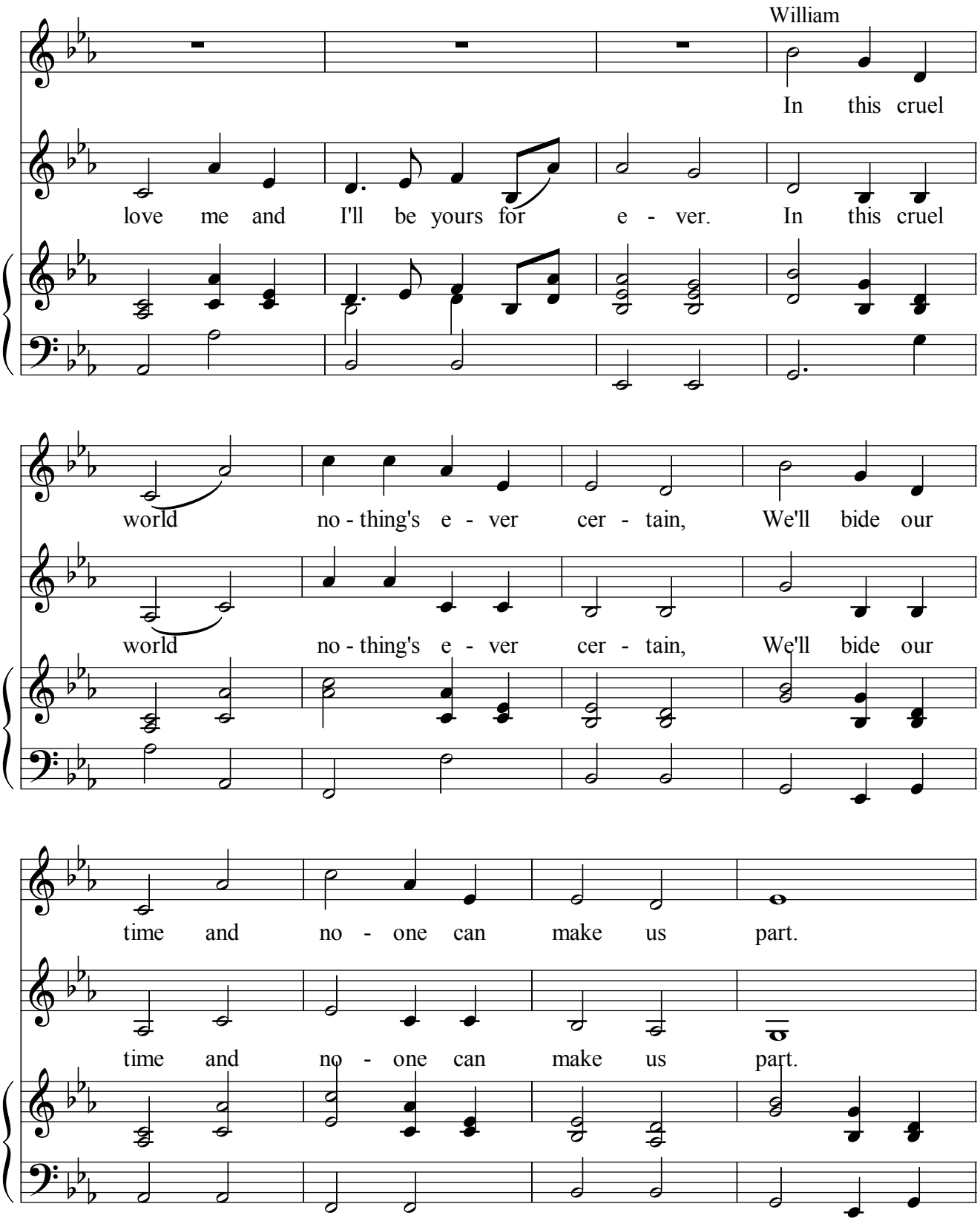

must not stoop this low, I know your fam' - ly won't
William
wish it so. Deep down in - side I know it shall be,
You know that you mean the whole world to me. Love knows no

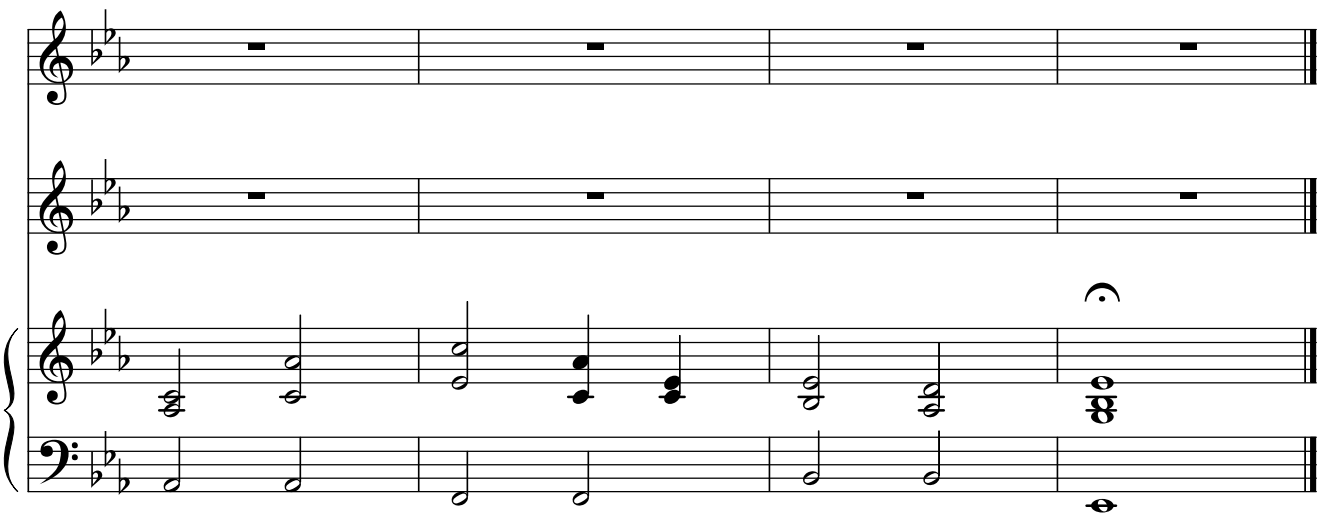

bound - a - ries. You must be - lieve in our des - tin - y.
Mary
How can you like the way I speak?
William
Your cock - ney acc - ent's just so sweet.


Mary
My tongue is sharp and my hands are rough.
William
Your kind-ly nat - ure's soft en- - ough
Mary
Have you not heard that
William
love is blind? More of an an - gel I'll not find.
Mary
E - ven my


William
Mary
walk is so work-ing class. I'll walk be - hind you and watch your Oi!
Mary
As happ-y as a sky - lark, As care-free as a cloud,
Free as a hawk circ'-ling high a-bove the world will fall in-to our hands.


God made us free to choose our fut-ure, No-one can tell us how to love,
High born or low, Love reall - y does not care.
William
I'll give you the
world, You'll give me my ha - ppi-ness, Just say you


William
In this cruel
love me and I'll be yours for e - ver. In this cruel
world no - thing's e - ver cer - tain, We'll bide our
world no - thing's e - ver cer - tain, We'll bide our
time and no - one can make us part.
time and no - one can make us part.



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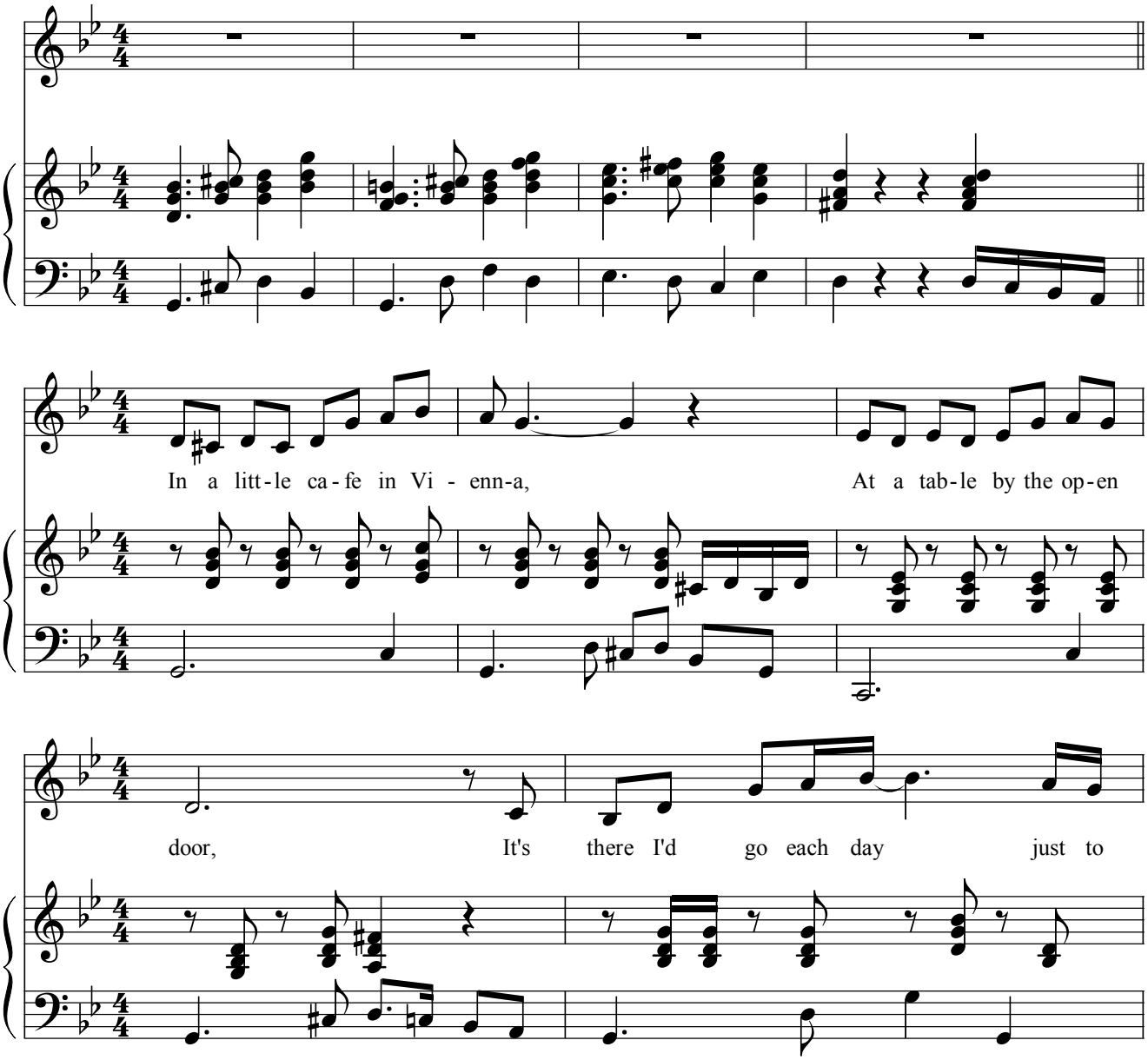
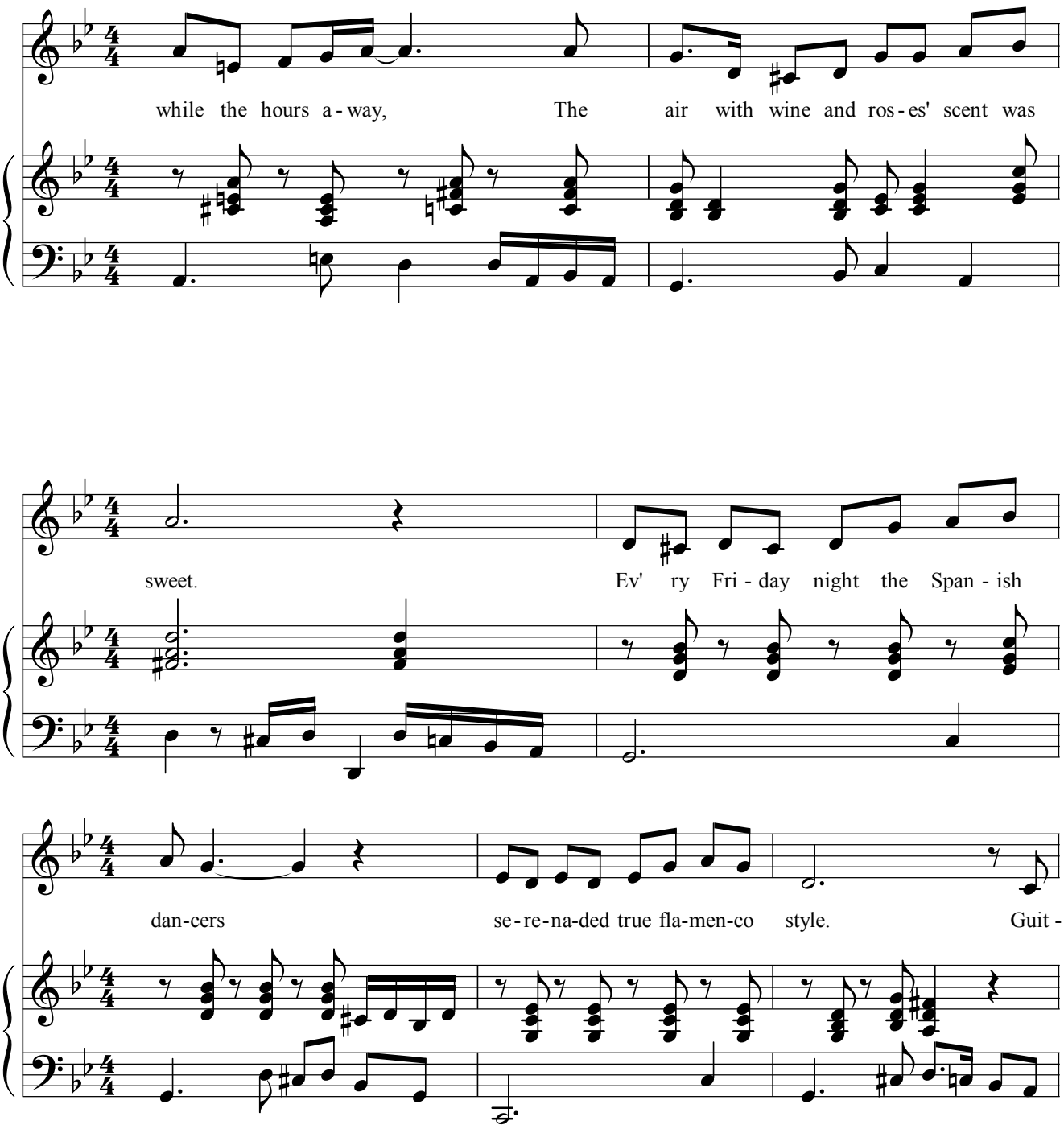
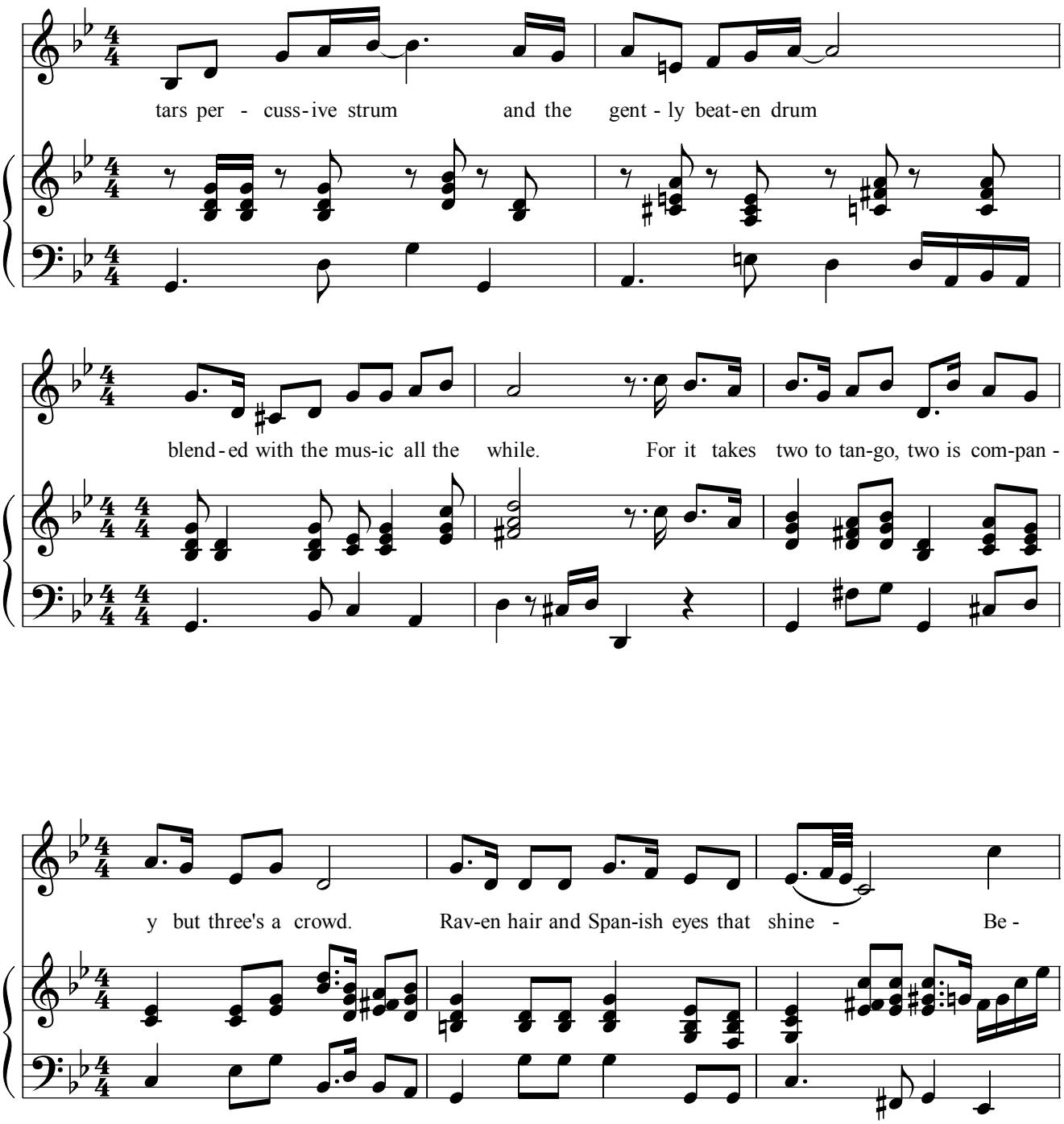
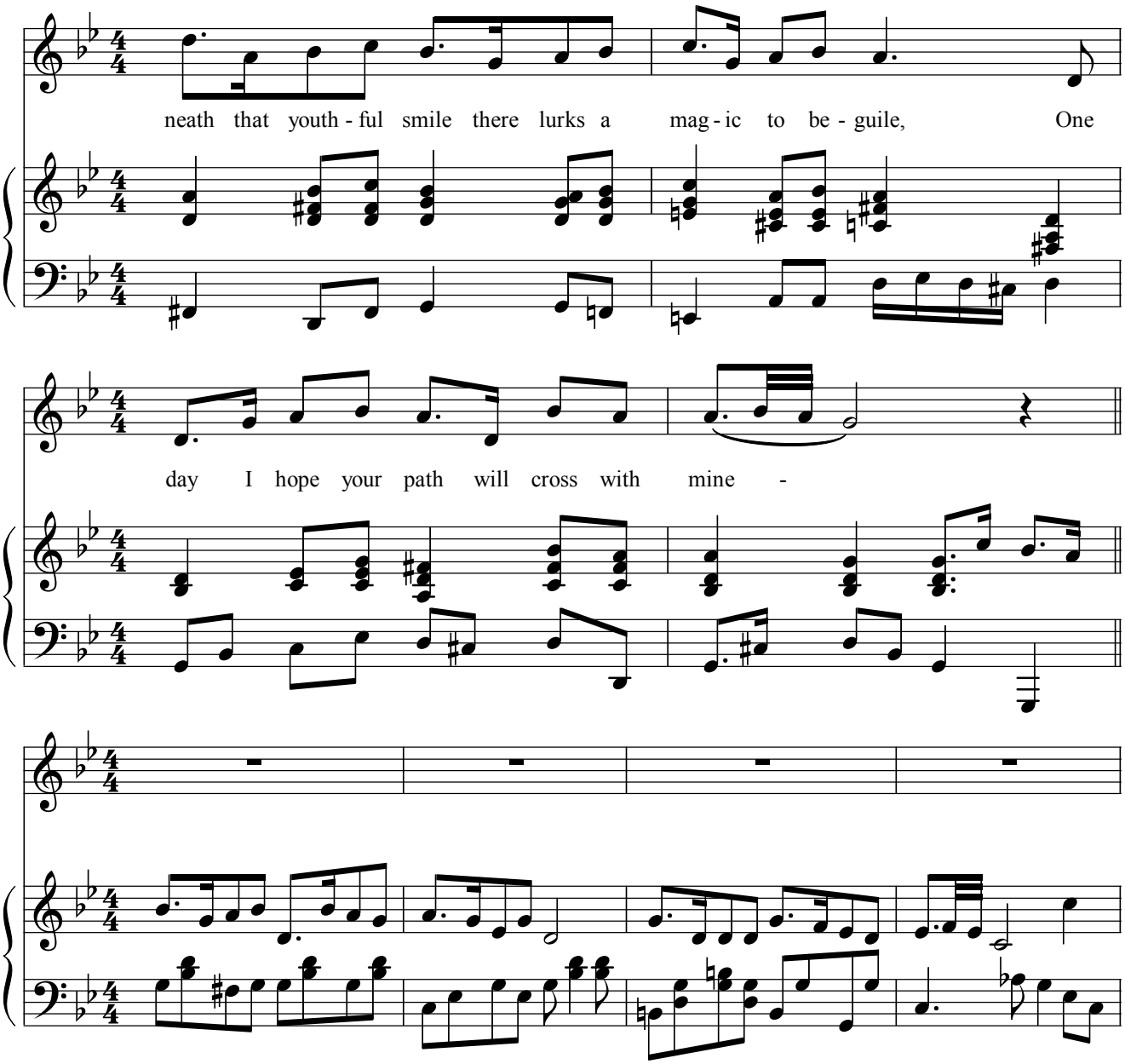
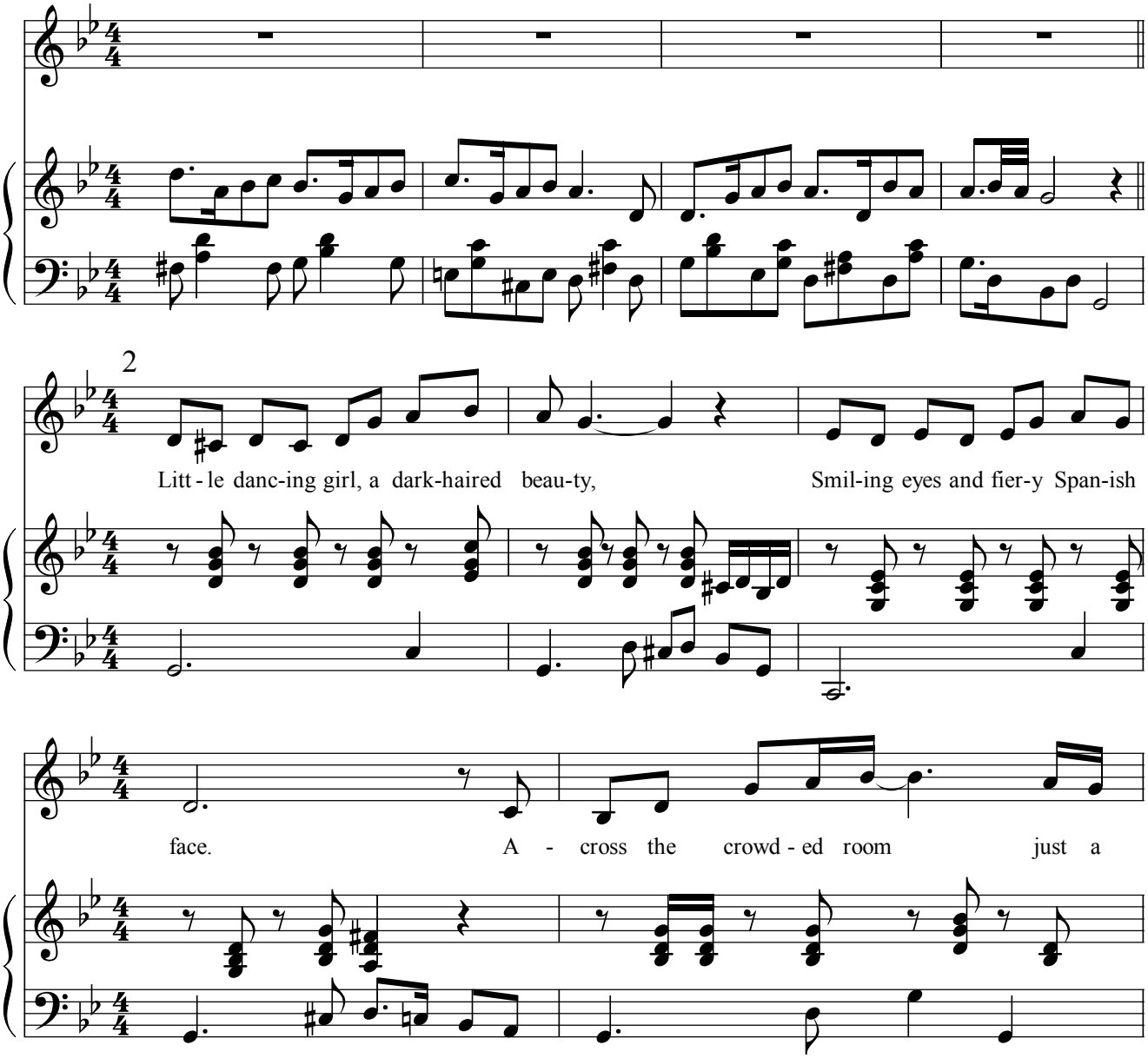
In a Little Cafe in Vienna

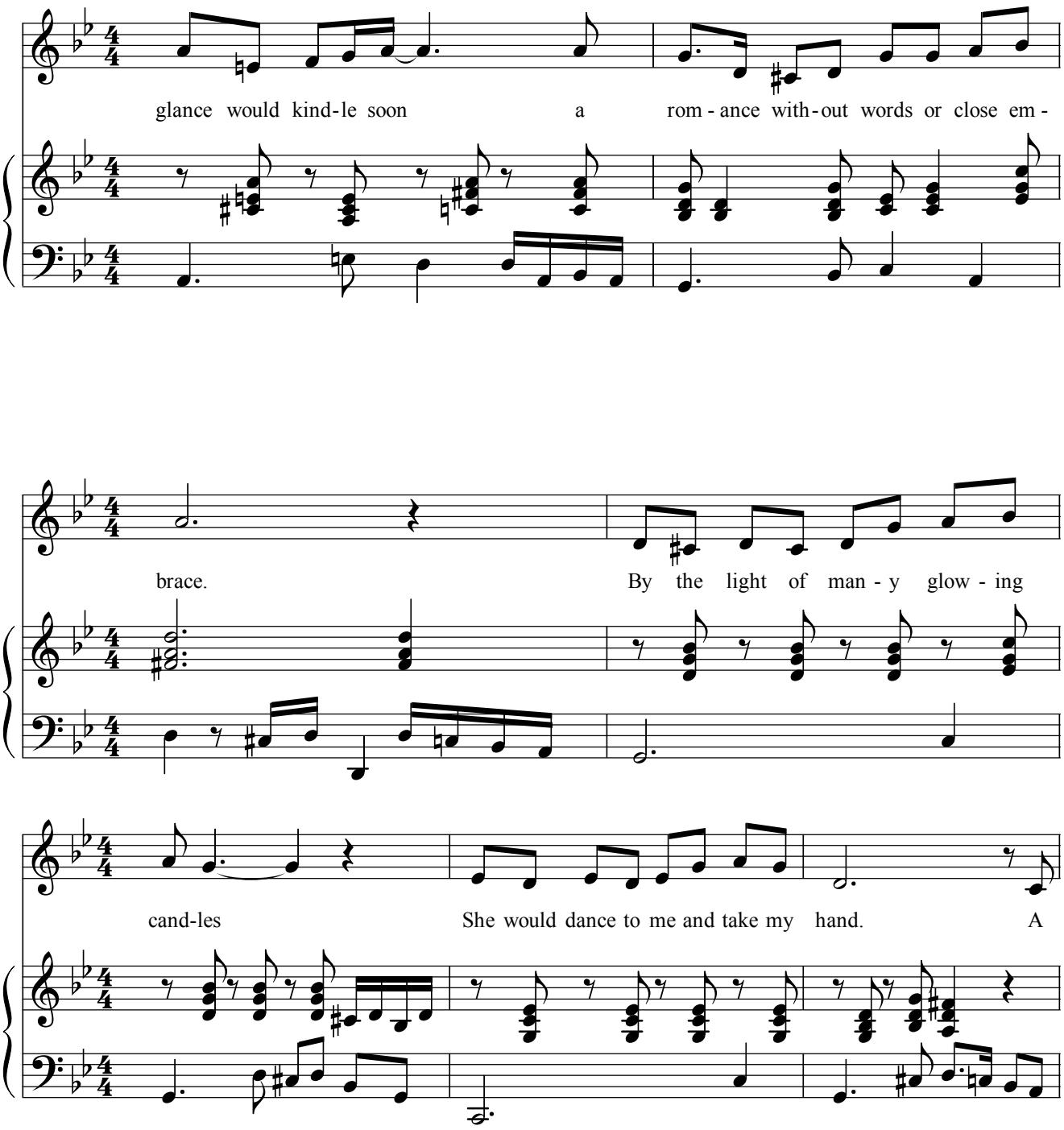


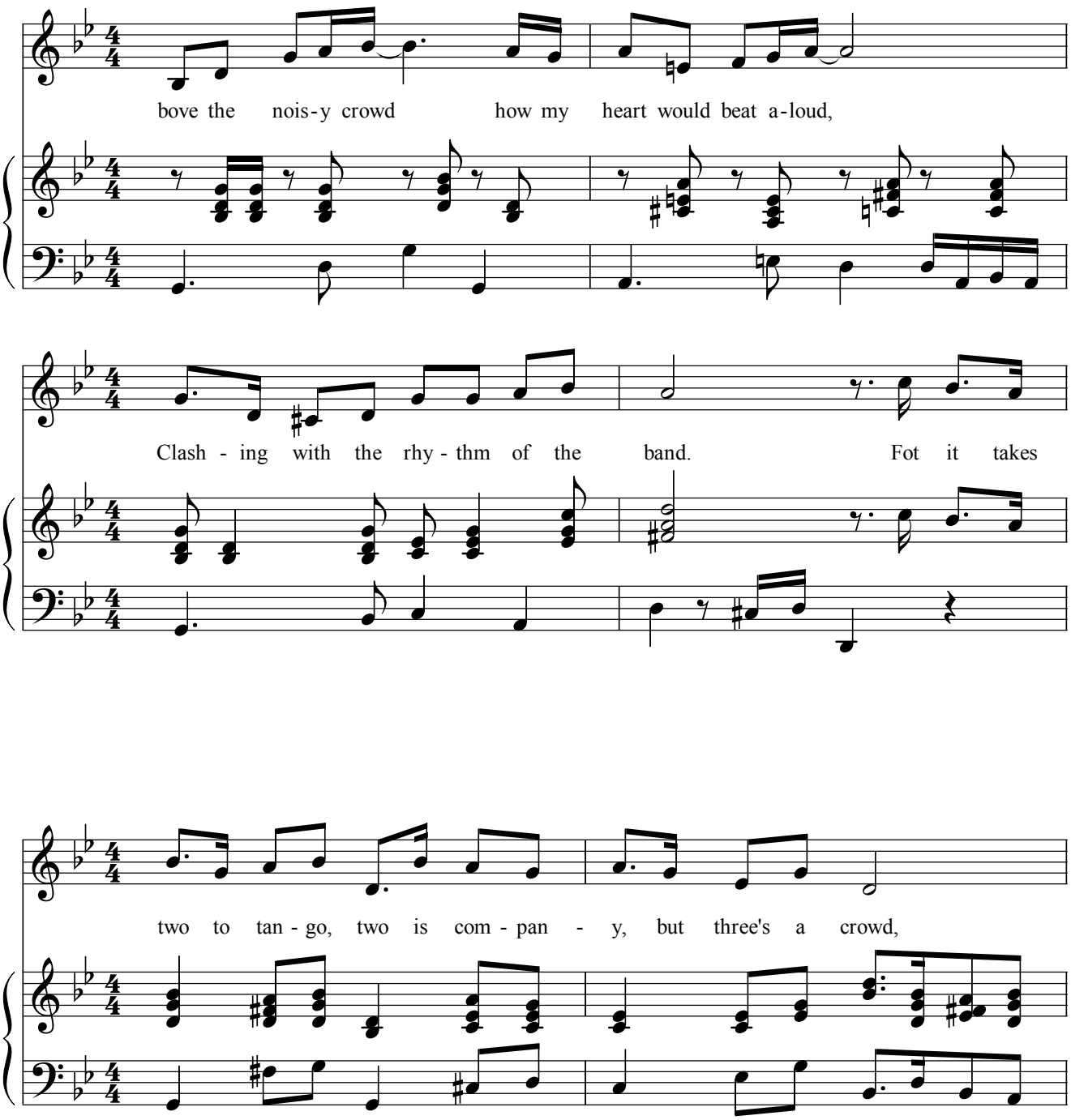

while the hours a - way, The air with wine and ros - es' scent was
sweet. Ev' ry Fri - day night the Span - ish
dan-cers se - re - na-ded true fla-men-co style. Guit -

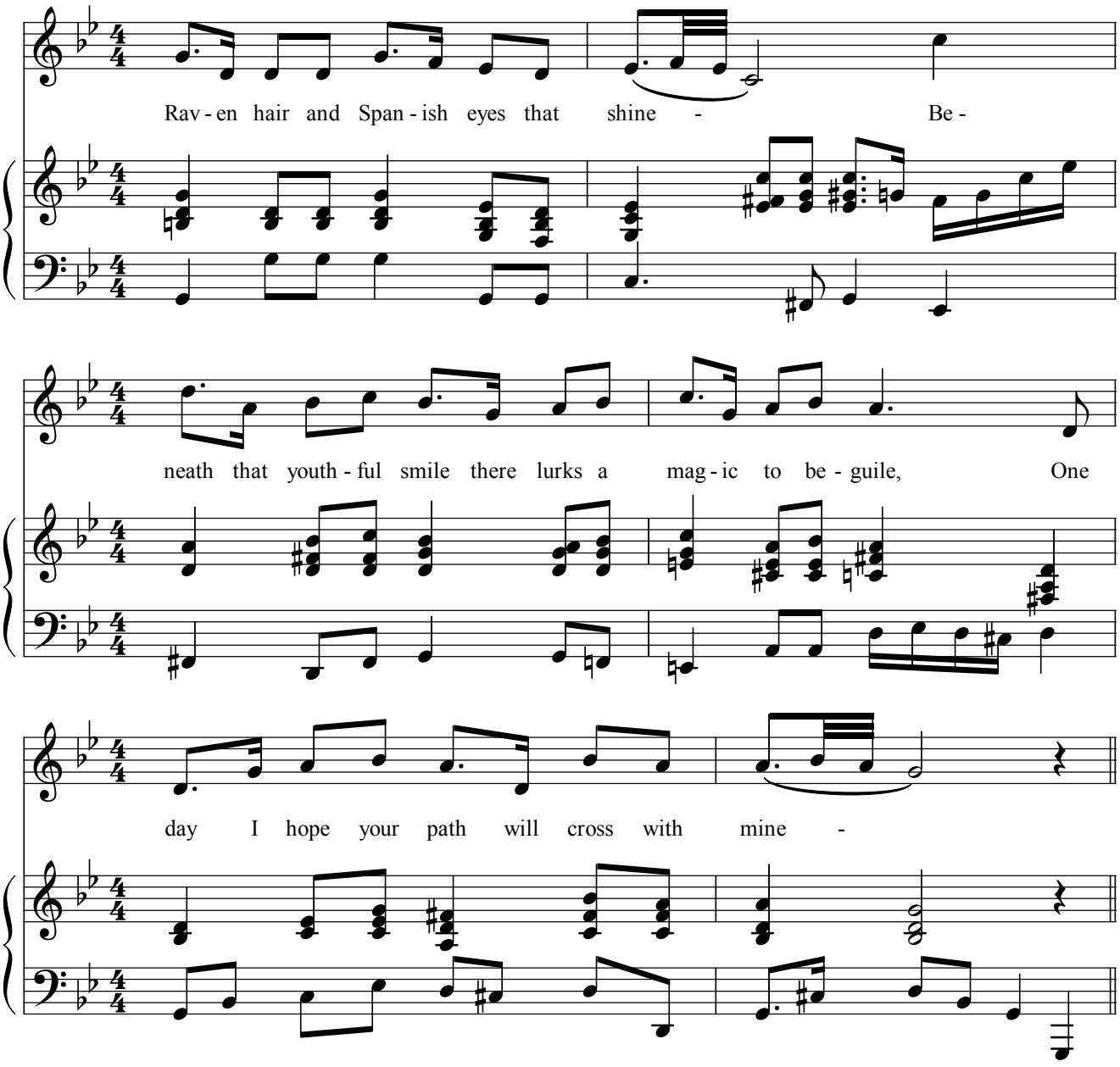

tars per - cuss-ive strum and the gent - ly beat-en drum
blend-ed with the mus-ic all the while. For it takes two to tan-go, two is com-pan -
y but three's a crowd. Rav-en hair and Span-ish eyes that shine - Be -

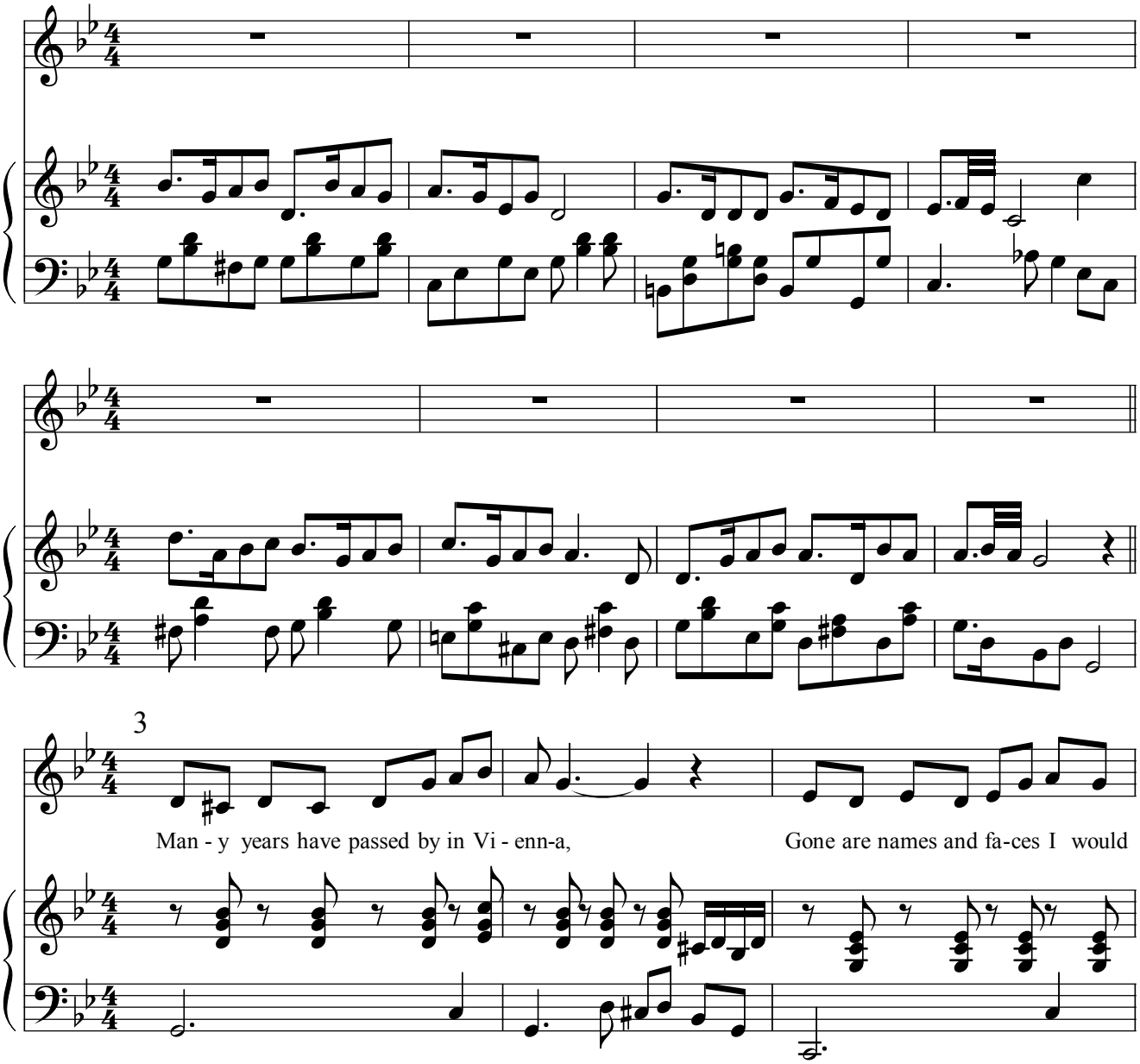

neath that youth - ful smile there lurks a mag - ic to be - guile, One
day I hope your path will cross with mine -

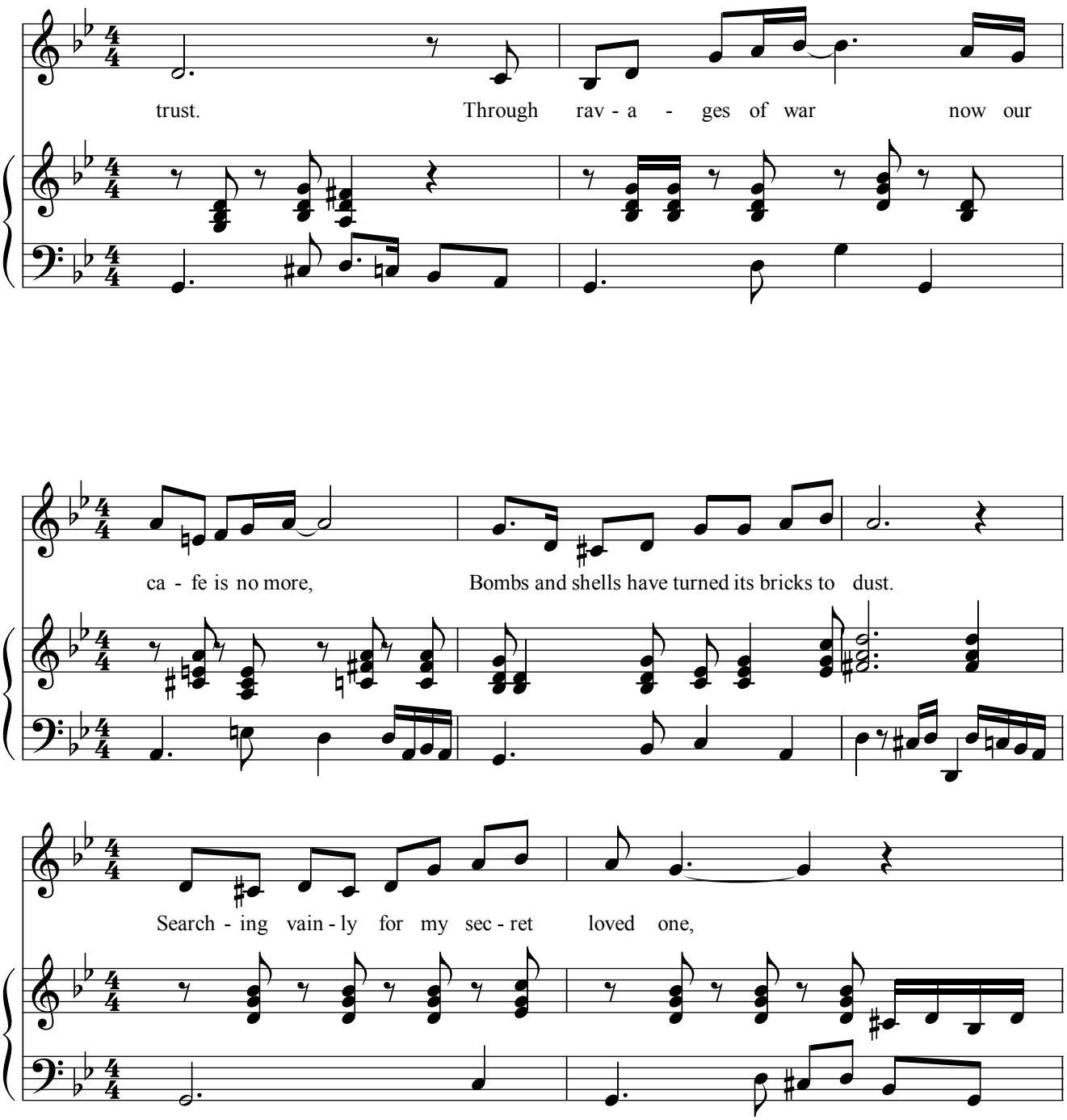

2
Litt - le danc-ing girl, a dark-haired beau-ty,
Smil-ing eyes and fier-y Span-ish
face.
A - cross the crowd - ed room
just a

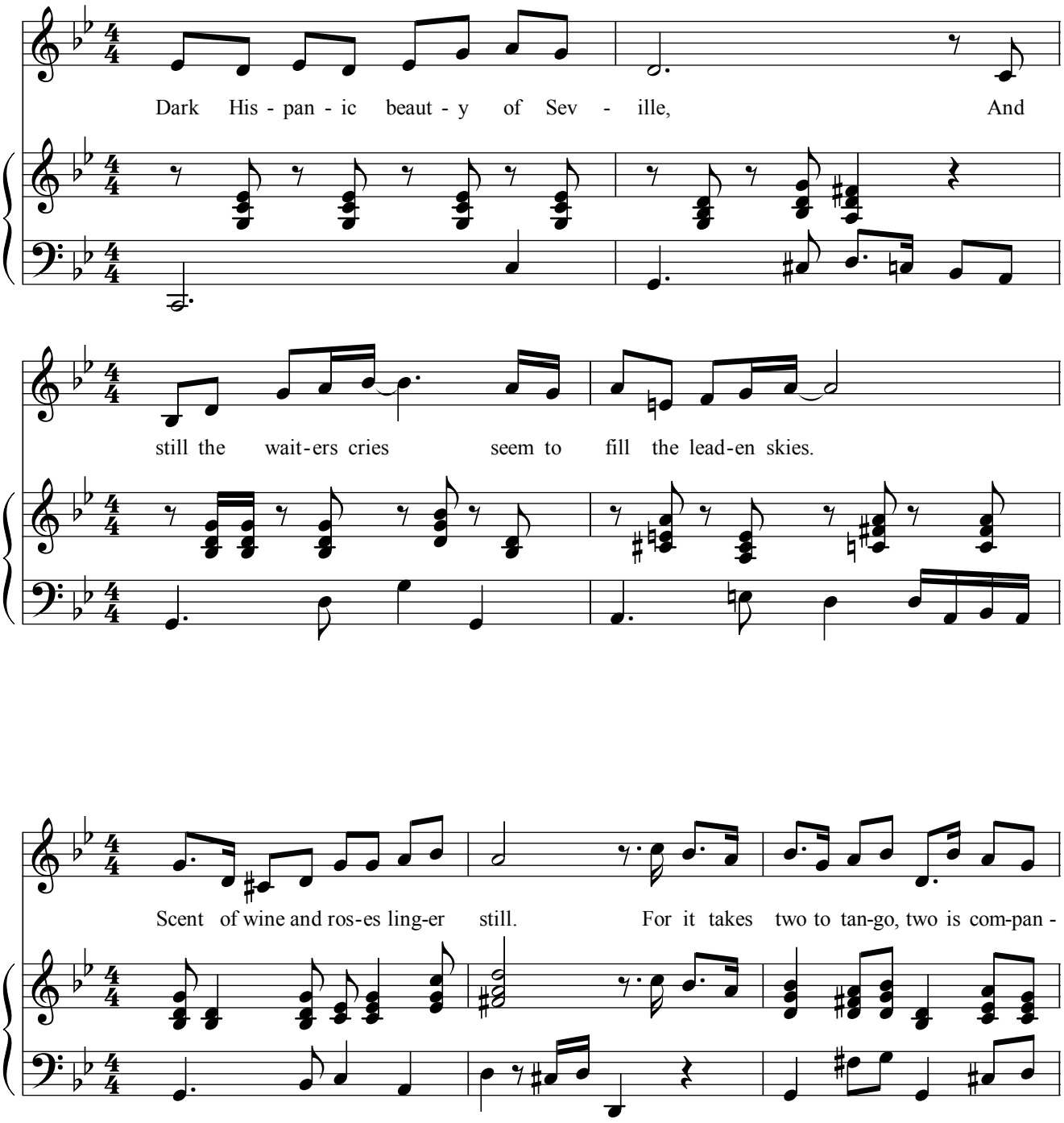

glance would kind-le soon a rom - ance with - out words or close em -
brace. By the light of man - y glow - ing
cand-les She would dance to me and take my hand. A

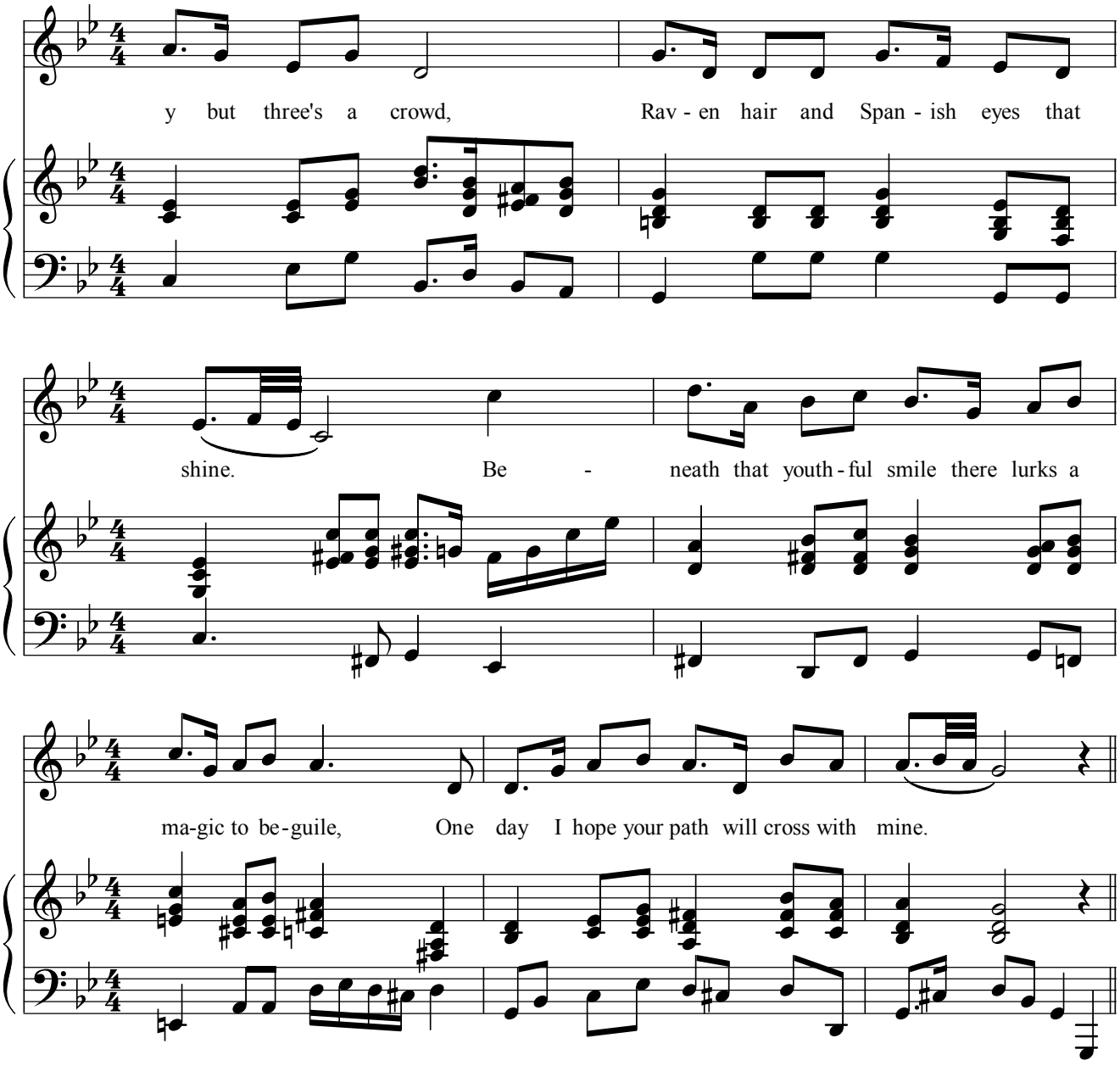

bove the nois-y crowd how my heart would beat a-loud,
Clash - ing with the rhy - thm of the band. Fot it takes
two to tan - go, two is com - pan - y, but three's a crowd,

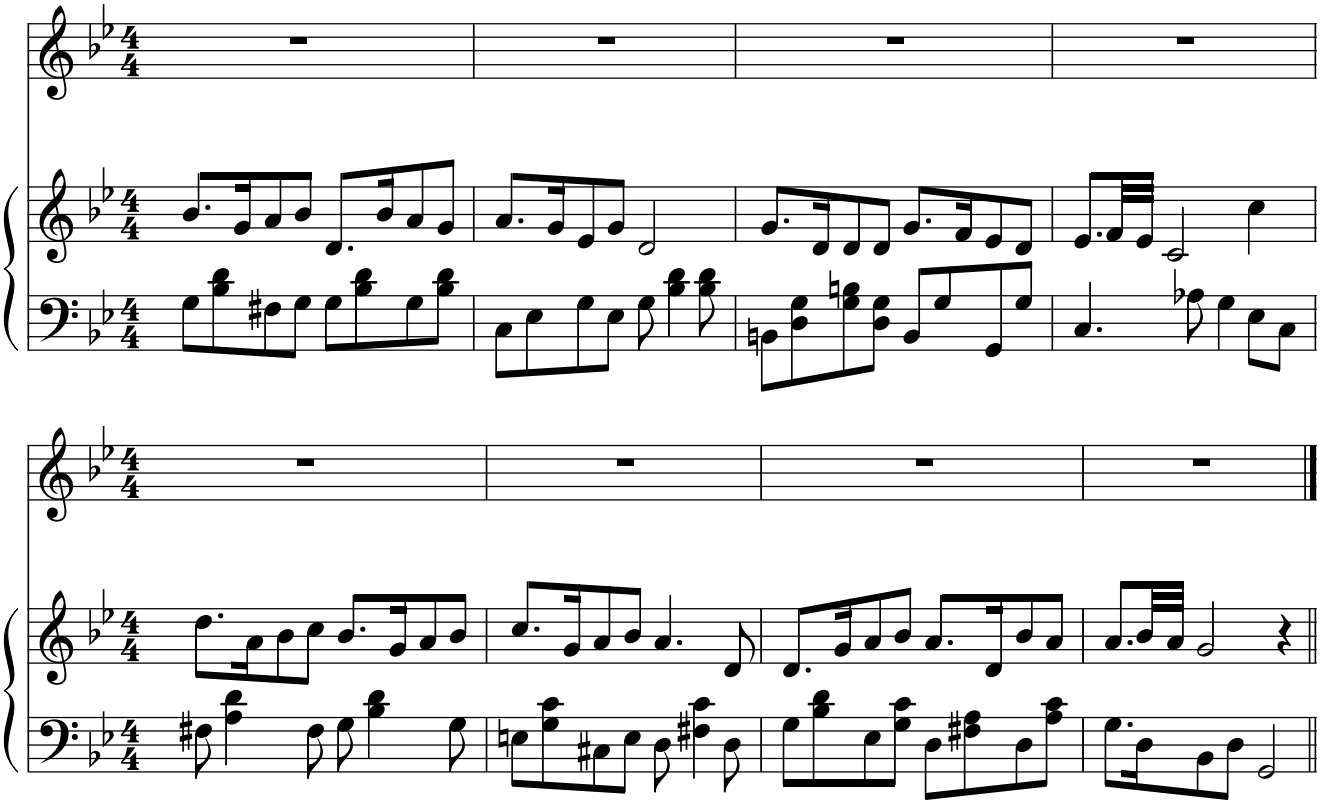

Rav - en hair and Span - ish eyes that shine - Be -
neath that youth - ful smile there lurks a mag - ic to be - guile, One
day I hope your path will cross with mine -


3
Man - y years have passed by in Vi - enn-a,
Gone are names and fa-ces I would


trust. Through rav - a - ges of war now our
ca - fe is no more, Bombs and shells have turned its bricks to dust.
Search - ing vain - ly for my sec - ret loved one,


Dark His - pan - ic beaut - y of Sev - ille, And
still the wait-ers cries seem to fill the lead-en skies.
Scent of wine and ros-es ling-er still. For it takes two to tan-go, two is com-pan -


y but three's a crowd, Rav - en hair and Span - ish eyes that
shine. Be - neath that youth - ful smile there lurks a
ma-gic to be-guile, One day I hope your path will cross with mine.



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