

Welcome!

Words by Geoffrey Gardner
Music by Douglas Coombes

With a swing

F Gm7 F Gm7

(1) Welcome, welcome, (2) Welcome, welcome, (1) We're

Gmaj C7 Gmaj C7

glad that you have come; (2) We're glad that you have come;

F Gm7 F Gm7

(1) Welcome, welcome, (2) Welcome, welcome, (1) From

C7 F C7 F

each and everyone. (2) From each and everyone.

- 1 (1) Welcome, welcome,
(2) Welcome, welcome,
(1) We're glad that you belong;
(2) We're glad that you belong;
(1) Welcome, welcome,
(2) Welcome, welcome,
(1) From each and everyone.
(2) From each and everyone.

- 2 (1) Welcome, welcome,
(2) Welcome, welcome,
(1) We're glad that you belong;
(2) We're glad that you belong;
(1) Welcome, welcome,
(2) Welcome, welcome,
(1) From each and everyone.
(2) From each and everyone.

Back in school again

words and music by Mark and
Helen Johnson

VERSE

F C/E Dm F/C B

1. We're here star-ting the year, Ev - ery - bo - dy
2. We're all part of the school, Ev - ery - one is

4 Gm7 C C/E F C/E Dm F/C

back from their hol - i - day, New term, plen-ty to learn,
ve - ry im - por - tant, so Who's new? How do you do?

7 B^b B^b/A Gm7 Dm C C/E F **FINE** B^b **chorus** B^b/D

Ev - ery - one to - ge - ther a gain.
We're so glad you're join - ing us too! Back in school a- gain,

10 A/C# A⁷/E Dm E^b F/A B^b B^b/D

Mee-ting all our friends, Here with all of our tea - chers, Ev-ery one of us

14 A/C# A⁷/E Dm B^bm/E^b **GO BACK TO VERSE ONE**

Makes a dif - fer-ence, Let's do the best that we can!

Our school

words and music by Kate Walker

G C D7 G

In our school we work to - ge - ther. Yes, in our school

C D7 Em Am F

we try to help each oth - er. Make our school a hap - py place to be.

Last time ending only

D G G D7 G

In our school, a hap - py place to be.

2 In our school
we think of others,
Yes, in our school
we try to help each other,
Make our school
a happy place to be.

3 In our school
we make good friends,
Yes, in our school
we try to help each other,
Make our school
a happy place to be.

4 In our school
we work together,
Yes, in our school
we try to help each other,
Make our school
a happy place to be.

Chorus (last time)
In our school,
A happy place to be.

24 • when is it?



Monday alone,
Tuesday together,
Wednesday we walk
When it's fine weather,
Thursday we kiss,
Friday we cry,
Saturday's hours
Seem almost to fly.
But of all the days
Of the week we will call
Sunday the rest day,
The best day of all.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
February has twenty-eight alone,
Except in leap year. That's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

March winds and April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.



January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen ponds again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gilly flowers.

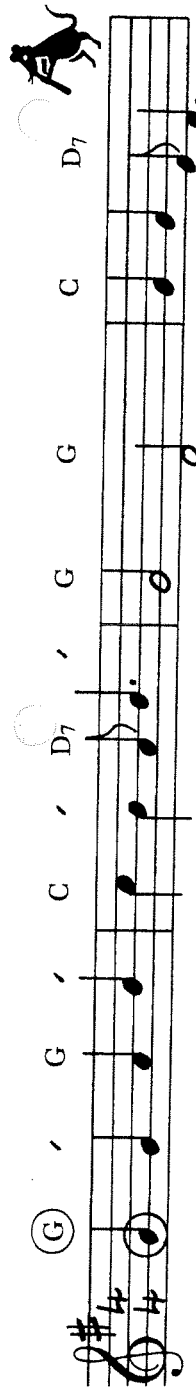
August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest load is born.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

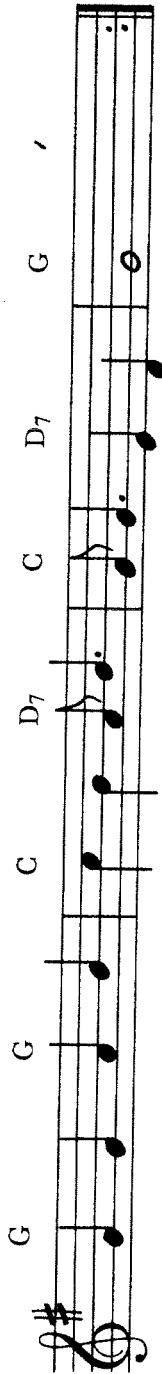
Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.



I In the Spring the leaves are budding, Green, green leaves are budding.

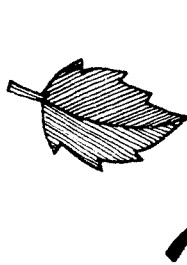


In the Spring the leaves are budding, Budding on the trees.

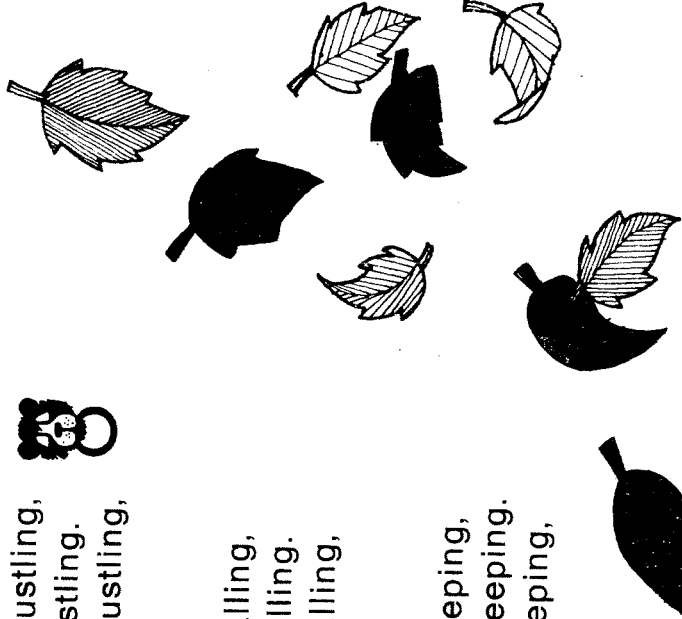
2 In the Summer leaves are rustling,
Green, green leaves are rustling.
In the Summer leaves are rustling,
Rustling on the trees.



3 In the Autumn leaves are falling,
Brown, brown leaves are falling.
In the Autumn leaves are falling,
Falling from the trees.



4 In the Winter leaves are sleeping,
Brown, brown leaves are sleeping.
In the winter leaves are sleeping,
Sleeping in the trees.



The leaves are green,
The nuts are brown,
They hang so high
They will not come down.

Leave them alone
Till frosty weather,
Then they will all
Come down together.



I like to think
That, long ago,
There fell to earth
Some flakes of snow
Which loved this cold,
Grey world of ours
So much, they stayed
As snowdrop flowers.

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snowmen
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over the lakes.
Smooth and clean and frost white
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue.

Snow is snowy when it's snowing,
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

The Snowman



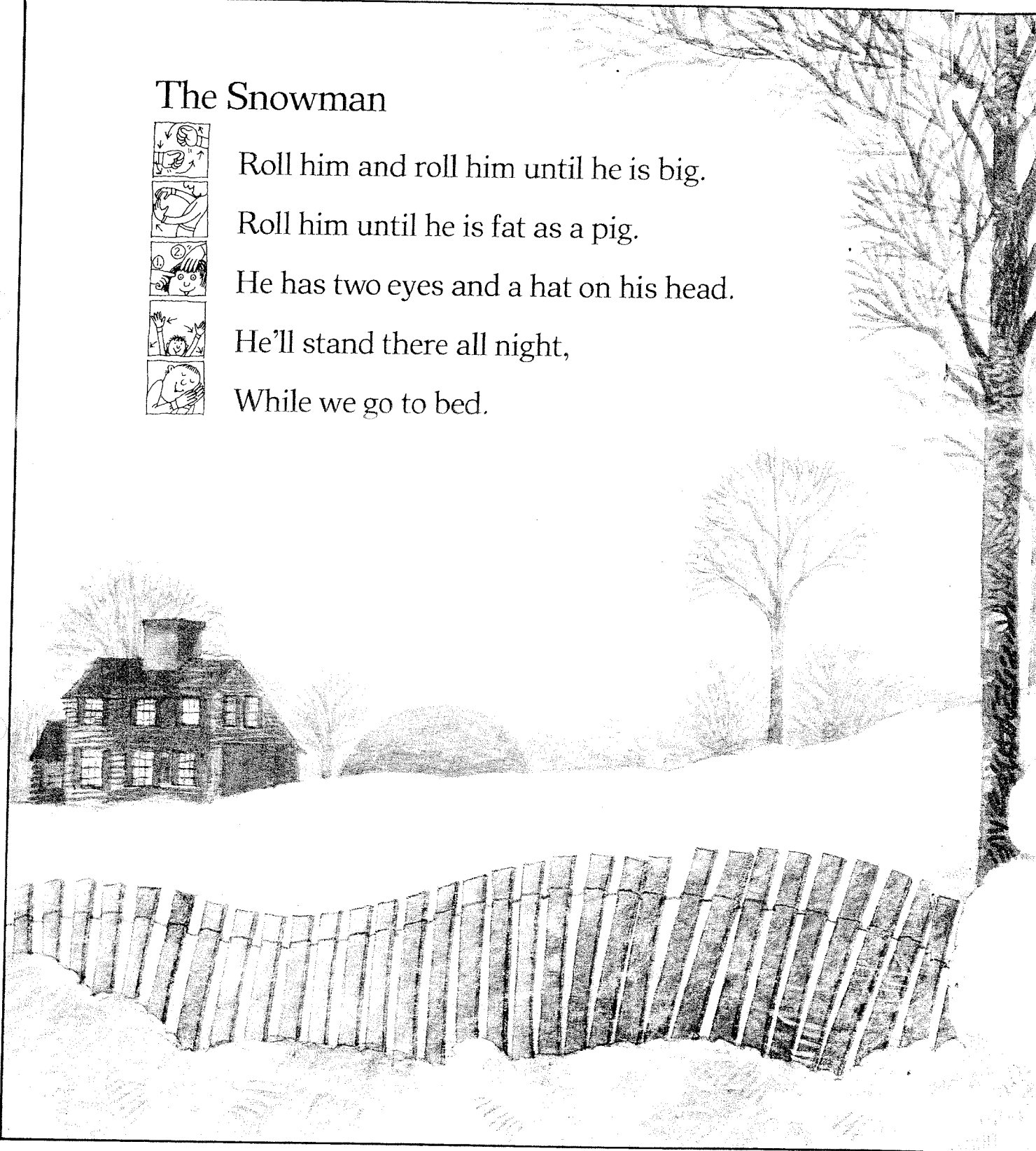
Roll him and roll him until he is big.

Roll him until he is fat as a pig.

He has two eyes and a hat on his head.

He'll stand there all night,

While we go to bed.



Snowflakes



Merry little snowflakes

Falling through the air,



Resting on the steeple



And the tall trees everywhere,



Covering roofs and fences,



Capping every post,



Covering the hillside

Where we like to coast.



Merry little snowflakes

Do their very best



To make a soft, white blanket



So buds and flowers may rest.

But when the bright spring sunshine

Says it's come to stay,



Those merry little snowflakes

Quickly run away.

This is how the snowflakes play about,
Up in cloudland they dance in and out.

This is how they whirl down the street,
Powdering everybody they meet.

This is how they come fluttering down,
Whitening the roads, the fields and the town.

This is how the snowflakes cover the trees,
Each branch and twig bends in the breeze.

This is how they cover the ground,
Cover it thickly, with never a sound.

This is how snowflakes blow in a heap,
Looking just like fleecy sheep.

This is how people shiver and shake
On a snowy morning when they first awake.

This is how snowflakes melt away
When the sun sends out his beams to play.

Use fingers, arms and body to mime the actions suggested by the words.

