**3rd grade concert songs**

**Sing America Sing**

Sing America sing!

Lift up your voice in a song

Sing, America sing!

Sing with a voice proud and strong

With many faces from many places,

A joyful message we bring

A celebration across our nation

Let merry music ring

Sing America sing

Lift up your voice in a song

Sing America sing

Sing with a voice proud and strong

With song we greet you, as now we treat you

To a world of melodies

So lift up your voice in a song

And soon all America will sing along.

Sing America sing

Lift up your voice in a song

Sing America sing

Sing with a voice proud and strong

With song we great you, as now we treat you

To a world of melodies

So lift up your voice in a song

And soon all America will sing along

Sing America, sing America sing!

**Home on the Range/ Live in the City**

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,

Where the deer and the antelope play

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word

And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range

Where the deer and the antelope play

Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word

And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Someday I’ll live in the city

I hear millions of people are running around

To the music of taxi horns blaring

Oh what I wouldn’t give for that beautiful sound

Yes I’m longing to be in the hustle and bustle

All night the lights are as bright as the day

They are lighting my way to the city

And it’s there in the city I know I will stay

*Girls repeat live in the city/*

*boys go back to home on the range*

**Blowin’ in the Wind**

How many road must a man walk down,

Before they can 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

How many years must a mountain exist,

Before it is 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,

And pretend that he just doesn’t see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind

The answer is blowin’ in the wind

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

The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

**Au Clair de la Lune**

*(French folk song)*

Au clair de la lune,

Mon ami Pierrot

Prete moi ta plume

Pour ecrire un mot

Ma chandelle est morte

Je n’ai plus de feu

Ouvre moi ta porte

Pour l’amour de Dieu.

**Michael Finnigan/This Old Man**

There was an old man named Michael Finnigan

He had whiskers on his chinnigan

The wind came up and blew them in again

Poor old Michael Finnigan begin again

*Repeat*

This old man he played one

He plays knick knack on my drum

With a knick knack patty whack

Give the dog a bone

This old man came rolling home.

*Girls sing This old man 2 more times*

*Boys sing Michael Finnigan 2 times*

**Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious**

*(p)* Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

*(mp)*Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

*(mf)* If you say it loud enough you’ll always sound precocious

*(f)* Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

*(p)*Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

*(mf)* Before I was afraid to speak

When I was just a lad

Me father gave me nose a tweak

And told me I was bad

But then one day I learned a word

That saved me achin’ nose

The biggest word you ever heard

And this is how it goes Oh!

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough you’ll always sound precocious

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

‘E traveled all around the world

and ev’rywhere ‘E went

‘E’d use his word and all would say,

”There goes a clever gent!”

When dukes and maharajas

Pass the time of day with me

I say me special word

And then they ask me out to tea Oh!

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough you’ll always sound precocious

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay!

So when the cat has got your tongue,

There’s no need for dismay

Just summon up this word

And then you’ve got a lot to say

But better use it carefully

Or it can change your life

One night I said it to me girl

And now me girl’s me wife

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough you’ll always sound precocious

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocios!