

Directed by Dr. Amanda Huntleigh, Karmella Sellers, Victoria Bausman, and Than Chesher



The Dubuque Chorale Presents

Reflections of Home

Friday, October 21, 7:00 PM
Saturday, October 22, 7:00 PM
Steeple Square, 101 E 15th St, Dubuque

In partnership with



Opening Doors
healing • hope • home

Program Supplement

Program Notes

Imagine

Childhood is a wonderful time of possibility, promise, and learning. Dubuque Chorale Cadenza opens the program with an invitation: “Come with me and you’ll be in a world of **Pure Imagination!**” Our very own Willy Wonka sets the stage while we consider what is possible through this familiar favorite. The trebles from the Dubuque Chorale continue this message of possibility embraced specifically through the singer’s childhood as they present Tormis’ haunting **Lauliku Lapsepõli**. Our soloists sing about their experiences learning many songs as the gateway to reading, writing, and telling their own stories. In Estonian culture, it is an expectation that all people are singers and would learn and grow as the ballad describes. The choir provides the stable foundation for the unfolding narrative through their beautifully subtle harmonic shifts.

—Amanda Huntleigh

Circle ‘Round the Moon is a song from a larger work called *Reflections of Youth*. The piece is about nature and how humans instinctively wonder about

things that we cannot see on this planet that we call home. This piece is the first piece that the Legati Singers and Staccati Singers will ever sing together! It is a beautiful, hopeful, charming piece of music. During this number, you will hear beautiful unison sounds as the children worked diligently to match their vowels and use consonants to make the text known to the audience. Then the children split into two parts—which is no easy feat, considering most of them had limited singing opportunities in school for the last two years, and much of those experiences were probably simpler songs. We are so proud of these children as they produce lovely music for your hearts to hear!

—Karmella Sellers

Mama Don't 'low is a fantastic song of Americana. The earliest recording was found in 1925 by Charlie Jackson and multiple versions exist; each with lyrics singing about the musical independence boys slowly gain when “mama ain't home”. Banjo playin', jazz singin', and in this instance, “gee-tar playin'.” From a unison beginning the tenors and basses add more harmonies as more people come to the party while mama's not home. Then they enjoy a quieter but jaunty off-beat middle section that al-

most could be considered “classier” music, then gets right back to the rousing down home finish.

—Than Cheshier

Following the playful mischief presented in *Mama Don't 'low*, the full Chorale moves into Bernstein's setting of Voltaire's satire *l'Optimisme*. The operetta, *Candide*, begins with the main character's teacher conveying the wisdom of his personal philosophy in **The Best of All Possible Worlds**. While the text states that the world is doing well, Bernstein emphasizes the irony of Voltaire's message of extreme optimism through exaggerated musical gestures. Replicating the natural human cycling from pessimism to genuine optimism, we move to Rosephanye Powell's measured and hopeful message of **To Sit and Dream**. “Setting the poetry of the same title by Langston Hughes, this text addresses ‘our problem world’ with the hope that those who dare to dream can ‘make our world anew’” (Powell). John Lennon's **Imagine**, as performed by Georgette Mills, sings of the fervent desire to build a world for the next generation. As young adults learn about the world and begin to determine their place within it, we close this section of the program

with **Corner of the Sky**, the story of Prince Pippin who is setting out on his own.

—Amanda Huntleigh

Cultivate

Dubuque Chorale Cadenza opens the second portion of the program by being lovestruck. In **Till There was You** from Meredith Wilson's *The Music Man*, we sing of the overwhelming power of falling in love, perhaps for the first time. Singing John Denver's **Follow Me**, Nick Anderson expresses the depths of that love. Is there any stronger commitment than asking someone to leave their current home and make a new home together? After the Chorale witnesses the Dubuque Chorale Children's Choirs perform *The Lonely Goatherd*, it is clear as ever that **Children Will Listen**. As someone who influences young hearts, it is important to remember that they are listening—to our words, our tone, our interactions, and our choices. "Careful the things you say!"

—Amanda Huntleigh

Who doesn't have pictures of puppets, children, and Julie Andrews breaking a sweat when they hear the delightful number, **The Lonely Goatherd**? And it

takes place in a home, with family gathered. We may not have puppets, but we have the younger choir, the Staccati Singers, adding a bit of motion to the Legati Singers' rendering of this piece. We included this piece because, to me, home is something bigger than the four walls of your house. It is community, neighbors, relationships. The song starts off with someone who is lonely, but by the end he has, not only a family, but a community who have heard him sing, and recognize him as one of their own. Phew, this piece has its challenges, but these children are fierce. They are telling a story so the audience can understand it, and “yodeling” up a storm. We hope you enjoy it as much as we do!

The song **Home** talks about the idea of wherever you are being your home. And, perhaps, whomever you are with makes that place your Home. The children love this song because most of them knew it. The directors are still working on good singing. Making sure the words are understood and the sounds are beautiful is important. Having children work through popular music to get into their head voice gives them different style opportunities to reach the same goals. They also have the opportu-

nity to sing with two acoustic guitars, which, we're sure, makes them feel like rock stars!

—Karmella Sellers

Reminisce

Journey On, composed by Derrick Fox, speaks to both the lasting impact and the ethereal nature of relationships. As we experience grief, joy, and transitions in our lives, we carry our loved ones with us; however, we may part ways. Herman Hupfeld's jazz classic **As Time Goes By** was featured in the classic film *Casablanca* and integrated into *Sleepless in Seattle*, a contemporary movie also depicting the complexities of love. Cadenza reminds us that we must make time for love throughout our lives, no matter what obstacles may be before and behind us.

—Amanda Huntleigh

Music in my Mother's House was written by Wisconsin musician and author Stuart Stotts in 1985. Mr. Stotts visits with educators, librarians, and social service professionals using the power of storytelling to inspire change in communities. **Music in My Mother's House** reminisces of times gone by, good and bad, while singing songs with the fami-

ly. J. David Moore's arrangement grows the melody into many harmonies showing 'Mother's gift of song' touching many lives. A small ragtime piano interlude moves into a thankful memory of Mom's gift of music to us all as we sing to her memory.

Schubert's **Der Tanz** (The Dance) gives us a lilting waltz led by an energetic piano accompaniment as we sing of the dancing we do in our youth to the point of exhaustion. Written during an exceptionally prolific point in Schubert's life, *Der Tanz* is one of the over 600 examples of German Lieder or songs composed for voice and piano. During the 19th century, the *Lied* was a popular art form inspired by the explosion of German literature during the classical and romantic eras.

—Than Chesher

It is fitting that we would honor the role that sacred spaces hold in our lives while performing at Dubuque's historic Steeple Square. Anton Bruckner composed the motet **Locus Iste** for the dedication of a church. Indeed, "this place was made by God," and we are honored to present this performance here. Darmon Meader's **Love Psalm** connects the themes of romantic love, friendship, gratitude, and the ups and downs of life by urging us to find "the rhyme and the reason of living in

today, while thinking of tomorrow.” How essential, and sometimes evasive. Chorale member Danielle Phillips introduced me to Dar Williams’ **Iowa**. As I heard “But way back where I come from, we never mean to bother. We don’t like to make our passions other people’s concern,” I thought of my paternal grandparents who would help anyone but never wanted to bother anyone with their needs—a mid-western trait to be sure. As the song evolves, the narrator moves from a place of fear of her feelings and of change to the joy we often find when we are willing to take a risk and be true to our feelings. I am struck by how much this song encapsulates about life and the place we call our home.

—Amanda Huntleigh

From Stephen Schwartz’ *Wicked*, Cadenza sings **For Good**, the duet between sisters Elphaba and Glinda as they depart from each other’s lives forever. At the premier, Schwartz said the opening lyrics came from his daughter after he asked her what she would say to her best friend if they never saw each other again. In Mac Huff’s arrangement, the choir emphasizes the metaphors of reasons the sister’s paths crossed. Through it all they’ve been changed forever and for the better “For Good”.

Home is the finale from *The Wiz*, a 1978 Motown reimagining of Frank L. Baum's *The Wizard of Oz*. As Diana Ross' Dorothy says goodbye to her new friends she made in Oz, she reminisces about all of the wonderful things that home means to her. Interestingly, a 19-year-old Michael Jackson wasn't producers' first choice as the Scarecrow in the film, however, producer Quincy Jones was impressed enough by the future star that they collaborated on three of Jackson's solo albums including *Thriller* and *Bad*.

—Than Cheshier

Happy seems to encompass a lot of ideas around Reflections of Home. As we think about our lives, we want to be happy, but we have to choose to be happy. We are the creators of our own story, and though everything is not always wonderful, there are always wonderful moments. One of those moments, for me, is when the children sing with the adults. One of the goals for this organization is to create a lifelong love for music, not just as consumers, but as performers. There is no better way to instill this in children than to have them sing with the generations who have gone before them. The adult Chorale members are the children's biggest fans, and the joy elicited from them when singing

all together is palpable. It is a very homey feeling—
of family, community, relationships!

—Karmella Sellers

Lyrics

Pure Imagination

Come with me and you'll be in a world of pure imagination!

Take a look and you'll see into your imagination!

We'll begin with a spin trav'ling in the world of my creation!

What we'll see will defy explanation!

If you want to view paradise simply look around and view it!

Anything you want to, do it! Want to change the world? There's nothing to it!

There is no life I know to compare with pure imagination!

Living there, you'll be free if you truly wish to be.

You will find in your mind there's a world of endless fascination.

No more fun place to be than in your imagination!

You can dream any dream, you can savor ev'ry situation!

Life in there's a sensational sensation!

If you want to see magic lands, close your eyes and you will see one!

Wanna be a dreamer? Be one! Anytime you please

and please save me one!

There is no place to go to compare with your imagination!

So go there to be free if you truly wish to be!

Lauliku Lapsepõli (The Singer's Childhood)

See program p. 8 for text and translation

Circle Round the Moon

Circle 'round the moon, invites me to stay out in the wintertime.

Crystals in the air, suggest that I prepare for the cold night air.

High above the trees, you will make me see, that with such a sight,

Sheer delight, is hidden everywhere for those who care to see.

Caverns down below, invite me to come down on the slipp'ry rock.

Icicles of stone, and horrid mountain gnomes, hidden in the dark.

In the ground below, you will make me know that with such a sight,

Sheer delight, is hidden everywhere for those who care to see.

What great mind behind it, dreamed it and

designed it?

Pale moons, cavern tombs, starry, starry sky.

Flurry blizzard snow, watch it as it blows in the
blue grey skies.

Sandy summer beach, hear the seagulls screech in
the hot dry air.

What great mind behind it dreamed it and
designed it?

Snowy night, summer flight, painful beauty in my
sight,

Making me long for you.

Mama Don't 'low

Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here

Oh no, our mama don't 'low no dancin' parties
round here

But Mama isn't here right now

So we don't care what she don't allow

Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here

Mama don't 'low no guitar playin' round here

Oh no, our Mama don't 'low no guitar playin'
round here

Well, Mama's gone out to the store

So all her rules we can ignore

Mama don't 'low no guitar playin' round here

Mama don't 'low no loud singin' round here
Mama don't 'low no loud singin' round here
Guess Mama isn't gonna like
All the things we're gettin' up to tonight
Mama don't 'low no loud singin' round here

Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here
No sir, our mama don't 'low no dancin' parties
round here

But Mama's gone out for the night
So we'll do-si-do til mornin' light
Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round
No, she don't 'low no dancing'
Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here

Oh, no, our Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties
round here

But Mama isn't here right now
So we don't care what she don't allow
Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here
Mama don't 'low no dancin' parties round here

The Best of All Possible Worlds

Let us review lesson eleven! Paragraph two,
Axiom seven.

Once one dismisses the rest of all possible worlds,
One finds that this is the best of all possible
worlds.

Pray classify pigeons and camels.

Pigeons can fly. Camels are mammals.

There is a reason for everything under the sun.

Objection! Oh? What about snakes?

Well, let me see! 'Twas Snake that tempted
Mother Eve.

Because of Snake we now believe that though
depraved, we can be saved

From hellfire and damnation. Because of Snake's
temptation.

If Snake had not seduced our lot, and primed us
for salvation,

Jehova could not pardon all the sins that we call
cardinal,

Involving bed and bottle!

Now onto Aristotle! Okay! Mankind is one, all
men are brothers,

As you'd have done, do unto others!

It's understood in this best of all possible worlds,
All's for the good in the best of all possible worlds!

Objection! Yes! What about war?

Well, it seems to me Though war may seem a
bloody curse,

It is a blessing in reverse. When cannons roar
both rich and poor

By danger are united. Till every wrong is righted.

Philosophers make evident the point that I have cited.

'Tis war makes equal, as it were, the noble and the commoner,

Thus war improves relations.

Now onto conjugations.

Amo, amas, amat, amamus.

Proving that this is the best of all possible worlds
With love and kisses, the best of all possible worlds.

Quod erat demunstrandum! Q.E.D.!

In this best of all possible worlds!

Quod erat demunstrandum! Q.E.D.!

To Sit and Dream

To sit and dream. To sit and read.

To sit and learn about the world.

Outside our world of here and now.

Outside our world, our problem world.

To dream of vast horizons of the soul,

Of dreams made whole, unfettered, free.

Help me, help me.

All you who are dreamers too.

Help me make our world anew.

I reach out my hand to you.

To sit and dream. To sit and read.

To sit and learn about the world.

To sit and dream.

Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven

It's easy if you try

No hell below us

Above us, only sky

Imagine all the people

Livin' for today

Imagine there's no countries

It isn't hard to do

Nothing to kill or die for

And no religion, too

Imagine all the people

Livin' life in peace

You may say I'm a dreamer

But I'm not the only one

I hope someday you'll join us

And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions

I wonder if you can

No need for greed or hunger

A brotherhood of man

Imagine all the people

Sharing all the world

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one

Corner of the Sky

Everything has its season,
Everything has its time,
Show me a reason and I'll soon show you a
rhyme.

Cats fit on the windowsill,
Children fit in the snow,
Why do I feel I don't fit in anywhere I go?

Rivers belong where they can ramble,
Eagles belong where they can fly,
I've got to be where my spirit can run free,
Got to find my corner of the sky.

Every man has his daydreams,
Every man has his goal,
People like the way dreams have of sticking to the
soul.

Thunderclouds have their lightning,
Nightingales have their song,
And don't you see I want my life to be something
more than long?

Rivers belong where they can ramble,
Eagles belong where they can fly,
I've got to be where my spirit can run free,
Got to find my corner of the sky.

So many men seem destined to settle for
something small
But I won't rest until I know I'll have it all.
So don't ask where I'm going, just listen when I'm
gone;
And far away you'll hear me singing softly to the
dawn:

Rivers belong where they can ramble,
Eagles belong where they can fly,
I've got to be where my spirit can run free,
Got to find my corner of the sky.

Till There Was You

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard
them ringing.
No, I never heard them at all till there was you.
There were birds in the sky but I never saw them
winging
No, I never saw them at all till there was you.
And there was music and wonderful roses, they
tell me,
In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.

There was love all around but I never heard it singing.

No, I never heard it at all till there was you.

Follow Me

It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done,
To be so in love with you and so alone.

Follow me where I go, what I do, who I know
Make it part of you to be a part of me.

Follow me up and down,
All the way and all around,
Take my hand and say you'll follow me.

It's long been on my mind,
You know it's been a long, long time,
I've tried to find the way that I can make you understand

The way I feel about you,
And just how much I need you
To be there where I can talk to you
When there's no one else around.

Follow me where I go, what I do, who I know
Make it part of you to be a part of me.

Follow me up and down,
All the way and all around,
Take my hand and say you'll follow me.

You see I'd like to share my life with you
And show you things I've seen,
Places that I'm going to
Places where I've been
To have you there beside me
To never be alone
And all the time that you're with me,
We will be at home

Follow me where I go, what I do, who I know
Make it part of you to be a part of me.
Follow me up and down,
All the way...
Take my hand and I will follow you.

The Lonely Goatherd

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Folks in a town that was quite remote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay

A prince on the bridge of a castle moat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Men on a road with a load to tote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Men in the midst of a table d'hote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Men drinking beer with the foam afloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
What a duet for a girl and goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Ummm (ummm)
Odl lay ee (odl lay ee)
Odl lay hee hee (odl lay hee hee)
Odl lay ee

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hoo hoo
She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hmm hmm
What a duet for a girl and goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Happy are they
lay dee olay dee lee o
Soon the duet will become a trio
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Odl lay ee, old lay ee
Odl lay hee hee, odl lay ee
Odl lay odl lay, odl lay odl lee, odl lay odl lee
Odl lay odl lay odl lay
Hoo!

Children Will Listen

How do you say to a child in the night,
“Nothing’s all black, but then nothing’s all white?”
How do you say, “It will all be all right”
When you know that it mightn’t be true?
What do you do?

What do you leave to your child when you’re
dead?
Only whatever you put in its head.
Things that your father and mother had said,

Which were left to them too.

Careful what you say.

Careful the things you say, children will listen,
Careful the things you do, children will see. And
learn.

Children may not obey, but children will listen.
Children will look to you for which way to turn,
To learn what to be.

Careful before you say, "Listen to me." Children
will listen.

Careful the wish you make, wishes are children.
Careful the path they take—wishes com true, not
free

Careful the spell you cast, not just on children.
Sometimes the spell may last, past what you can
see

And turn against you . . .

Careful the tale you tell, *that* is the spell.
Children will listen.

Home

Hold on to me as we go
As we roll down this unfamiliar road
And although this wave (wave) is stringing us
along

Just know you're not alone
'Cause I'm gonna make this place your home

Settle down, it'll all be clear
Don't pay no mind to the demons
They fill you with fear
The trouble, it might drag you down
If you get lost, you can always be found

Just know you're not alone
'Cause I'm gonna make this place your home

Journey On

Journey on my friend
We will surely meet again
And as time moves on, keeps rolling along
We will write our own stories

Beauty lives in you
Bring joy in all you do,
Take time to see the joy, the peace,
Be the light the world needs

We will rise, we will soar
We'll see all the places we've dreamed of before
We'll be free as the breeze
We'll write our own stories
We will journey on

Journey on my friend
We will surely meet again
And as time moves on, keeps rolling along
We will write our own stories
We will journey on

As Time Goes By

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh.
The fundamental things apply as time goes by.
And when two lovers woo, they still say “I love
you,”
on that you can rely;
No matter what the future brings, as time goes by.
Moonlight and love songs never out of date,
Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate;
Woman needs man, and man must have his mate,
That no one can deny.
It's still the same old story, a fight for love and
glory,
A case of do or die!
The world will always welcome lovers as time goes
by.

Music In My Mother's House

There were wind chimes in the window. Bells
inside the clock.

An organ in the corner and tunes on a music box.
We sang while we were cooking or working in the
yard.

We sang because our lives were really hard.

There was music in my mother's house.

There was music all around.

There was music in my mother's house.

And my heart still feels full with the sound.

She taught us all piano but my sister had the ear.
She could play the melody for any song she'd hear.

I don't claim much talent but I've always loved to
play

and I guess I will until my dying day.

There was music in my mother's house.

There was music all around.

There was music in my mother's house.

And my heart still feels full with the sound.

Those days come back so clearly although I'm far
away.

She gave me the kind of gift I love to give away.

And when my mother died and she'd sung her last
song,

We sat in the living room singing all night long.

Singing la la la la,

Singing the front porch songs.

Singing the old torch songs.

La la la la.

Singing the hymns to send her home.

There was music in my mother's house.

There was music all around.

There was music in my mother's house.

And my heart still feels full with the sound.

Der Tanz (The Dance)

See program p. 8 for text and translation

Locus Iste (This Place)

See program p. 8 for text and translation

Love Psalm

Days come, days go. We try to take the time to let
love grow.

Don't ignore the sands of time. Just let a little love
in, yours and mine.

Friends come and friends will go. The ones that
last a lifetime, savor so.

Life flows on, so sublime. But only if we stop and take some time.

Every season, listen to the rhythm of the earth and sky. The rhyme and the reason. Of living in today, while thinking of tomorrow. Days pass and nights unfold.

The innocence of youth becomes the wisdom of the old.

We must remember love and once again, we'll learn to live a life we love.

Amen.

Iowa

I've never had a way with women, but the hills of Iowa make me wish that I could,

And I've never found a way to say I love you, but if the chance came by, oh I, I would,

But way back where I come from, we never mean to bother,

We don't like to make our passions other peoples' concern,

And we walk in the world of safe people, and at night we walk into our houses and burn.

Iowa, Iowa, Iowa, Iowa

How I long to fall just a little bit, to dance out of the lines and stray from the light,

But I fear that to fall in love with you is to fall
from a great and gruesome height.

So I asked a friend about it, on a bad day, her
husband had just left her,

She sat down on the chair he left behind, she said,
“what is love, where did it get me? whoever
thought of love is no friend of mine.”

Iowa, Iowa, Iowa, Iowa

Once I had everything, I gave it up for the
shoulder of your driveway and the words I’ve
never felt.

And so for you, I came this far across the tracks,
ten miles above the limit, and with no seatbelt,
and I’d do it again,

For tonight I went running through the screen
doors of discretion,

For I woke up from a nightmare that I could not
stand to see,

You were a-wandering out on the hills of Iowa
and you were not thinking of me.

Iowa, Iowa, Iowa, Iowa

Iowa, Iowa, Iowa, Iowa

For Good

I’ve heard it said that people come into our lives
for a reason,

Bringing something we must learn;
And we are led to those who help us most to grow
if we let them,
And we help them in return.

Well, I don't know if I believe that's true;
But I know I'm who I am today because I knew
you.

Like a comet pulled from orbit, as it passes a sun.
Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway
through the wood.

Who can say if I've been changed for the better
but,

Because I knew you, I have been changed for
good.

It well may be that we will never meet again in
this lifetime,

So let me say before we part,

So much of me is made of what I learned from
you.

You'll be with me like a handprint on my heart.

And now whatever way our stories end,

I know you have rewritten mine by being my
friend.

Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off
the sea.

Like a seed dropped by a sky bird in a distant wood.

Who can say if I've been changed for the better but,

Because I knew you I have been changed for good.

And just to clear the air I ask forgiveness
For the things I've done you blamed me for
But then I guess we know there's blame to share,
And none of it seems to matter anymore.

Like a comet pulled from orbit as it passes the sun.

Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea.

Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood.

Like a seed dropped by a bird in the wood.

Who can say if I've been changed for the better,
I do believe I have been changed for the better.
And because I knew you I have been changed for good

Home (from *The Wiz*)

When I think of Home, I think of place where there's love overflowing.

I wish I was home, I wish I was back there with
the things I've been knowing.

Wind that makes the tall grass bend into leaning,
Suddenly, the snowflakes that fall have a meaning.
Sprinkling the scene makes it all clean.

Suddenly my world's gone and changed its face,
but I still know where I'm going.

I have had my mind spun around in space and yet
I've watched it growing.

If you're listening, God, please don't make it hard
To know if we should believe the things that we
see.

Tell us should we run away, should we try and
stay

Or would it be better just to let things be?

Let them be.

Living here in this brand new world might be a
fantasy,

But it's taught me to love, so it's real to me, so real
to me.

And I've learned that we must look inside our
hearts to find

A world full of love like yours and mine,

There's no place like home!

Happy

It might seem crazy what I'm 'bout to say.
Sunshine she's here, you can take a break.
I'm a hot air balloon that could go to space,
With the air, like I don't care, and baby by the way.

Because I'm happy.

Clap along if you feel like a room without a roof.
Clap along if you feel like happiness is the truth.
Clap along if you know what happiness is to you.
Clap along if you feel like that's what you wanna
do.

Here come bad news talking this and that. (Yeah!)
Well gimme all ya got, and don't hold back.
Well I should probably warn ya, I'll be just fine.
No offense to you, don't waste your time.

Here's why! Because I'm happy!

Clap along if you feel like a room without a roof.
Clap along if you feel like happiness is the truth.
Clap along if you know what happiness is to you.
Clap along if you feel like that's what you wanna
do.

(Happy!) Bring me down, can't nothin' bring me
down.

My level's too high!

Bring me down, can't nothin' bring me down, I
said.

Because I'm happy.

Clap along if you feel like a room without a roof.

Clap along if you feel like happiness is the truth.

Clap along if you know what happiness is to you.

Clap along if you feel like that's what you wanna
do.

Happy!