Food, Glorious Food

From the musical ‘Oliver’ by Lionel Bart

Is it worth the waiting for? If we live ‘til eighty-four, all we ever get is gru-el!

Every day we say a prayer, will they change the bill of fare? Still we get the same old gru-el!

There’s not a crust, not a crumb can we find, can we beg, can we borrow or cadge.

But there’s nothing to stop us from getting a thrill when we all close our eyes and imagine:

Food, glorious food! Hot sausage and mustard! While we’re in the mood, cold jelly and custard! Pease pudding and saveloys, ‘What’s next?’ is the question.

Rich gentlemen have it boys, in-dye-gestion!

Food glorious food! We’re anxious to try it. Three banquets a day, our favourite diet!

Just picture a great big steak – fried, roasted or stewed. Oh food wonderful food, marvellous food, glorious food.

Food, glorious food! What is there more handsome? Gulped, swallowed or chewed, still worth a king’s ransom.

What is it we dream about? What brings on a sigh? Piled peaches and cream about six feet high!

Food, glorious food! Eat right through the menu! Just loosen your belt, two inches and then you,

Work up a new appetite in this interlude,

Then food, once again food, fabulous, food, glorious food!

Tell Me It’s Not True

From the musical ‘Blood Brothers’ by Willy Russell

Tell me it’s not true, say it’s just a story. Something on the news. Tell me it’s not true. Though it’s here before me, say it’s just a dream, say it’s just a scene from an old movie of years ago. From an old movie of Marilyn Monroe.

Say it’s just some clowns, two players in the lime light, bring the curtain down. Say it’s just two clowns, who couldn’t get their lines right, say it’s just a show on the radio that we can turn over and start again. That we can turn over it’s only a game.

Tell me it’s not true, say I only dreamed it and morning will come soon. Tell me it’s not true, say you didn’t mean it, say it’s just pretend, say it’s just the end of an old movie from years ago. From an old move with Marilyn Monroe.

Tell me it’s not true, say you didn’t mean it. Say it’s just pretend, say it’s just the end of an old movie from years ago. Of an old movie with Marilyn Monroe.

Do You Hear the People Sing?

From the musical ‘Les Miserables’.

Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg.

Lyrics by Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel.

Chorus: Do you hear the people sing? Singing the song of angry men? Is it the music of a people who will not be slaves again! When the beating of your heart echoes the beating of the drums, there is a life about to start when tomorrow comes!

Verse 1: Will you join in our crusade? Who will be strong and stand with me? Beyond the barricade is there a world you long to see? Then join in the fight that will give you the right to be free!

Repeat chorus:

Verse 2: Will you give all you can give so that our banner may advance? Some will fall and some will live. Will you stand up and take your chance? The blood of the martyrs will water the meadows of France!

Repeat chorus: