

Frere Jacques

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
Dormez vous? Dormez vous?
Sonnez les matines, Sonnez les matines
Din din don, Din din don.

Are you sleeping? Are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John
Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing
Din din don, Din din don.

America (My Country, Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly Singing on the plain.
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their glad refrain.
Gloria in excelsis deo.