Dreich Mondays no more, He makes our hearts soar

Up tall and erect we're now standing

Arms loose, now freely we're dangling

Invisible Cord at us gently tugging,

Our heads up, up, are ballooning

With shoulders aback, now gyrating

Heads turning, all with eyes leading

Glass up now, and ready? **Deep** 'drinking'!

Tummies full now, as trains we're 'out-chugging'

Deep drinking again, we begin our "***SIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH-ing"***

Prepped right at last we are singing!

Dreich Mondays no more, He makes our hearts soar

His songs that are Mighty Wells Springing

Oh Danny Boy, us he is now leading

Va Pensiero with us he is pleading

The last rose of summer is here too

And Hamba Lu, Hamba Lu, Hamba Lu

Wi' a jaunt in our Step we are Spry

And Come Dm-Dm agin Thro' the Rye!

But LOOK! It's that time, we must part!

With Music, he's gladdened our hearts!

Dreich Mondays no more, He makes our hearts soar

Our Maestro of Music aplomb,

"Alan T, he's <u>our</u> Prince of Song"