

Warm up rounds

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at my will sir,
At my will.

Hey, ho, nobody home
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Still I will be ver-y merry
Hey, ho, nobody home

Oh, poor bird
Take your flight
High above the sorrows (remember the note which is different from the
recording on the syllable “the”)
Of this sad night