

### **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