



An Scór a Thógáil Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Lár

We're Ser - geant Pep - per's Lone - ly Hearts Club Band We

We hope you will enjoy the show

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Sit back and let the evening go

Sgt Pepper's Lonely (x3) Hearts Club Band

Idircheol Gutha

It's wonderful to be here, It's certainly a thrill

You're such a lovely audience,

We'd like to take you home with us

We'd love to take you home



An Scór a Thógáil

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Véarsa 2

I don't really want to stop the show

But I thought you might like to know

That the singer's going to sing a song

And he wants you all to sing along

So let me introduce to you,

The one and only Billy Shears

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Coda/Nasc le 'Little Help from my Friends'

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An Scór a Thógáil She's Leaving Home

Intreoir



Véarsa 1

Wednesday morning at five o'clock as the day begins

Silently closing her bedroom door

Leaving the note that she hoped would say more

She goes downstairs to the kitchen clutching her handkerchief

Quietly turning the backdoor key

Stepping outside, she is free

Curfá 1

She (we gave her most of our lives)

Is leaving (sacrificed most of our lives)

Home (we gave her everything money could buy)

She's leaving home after living alone, for so many years (bye, bye)



An Scór a Thógáil She's Leaving Home

Véarsa 2

Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown

Picks up the letter that's lying there

Standing alone at the top of the stairs

She breaks down and cries to her husband: "Daddy, our baby's gone.

"Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly?"

"How could she do this to me?"

Curfá 2

She (we never thought of ourselves)

Is leaving (never a thought for ourselves)

Home (we struggled hard all our lives to get by)

She's leaving home after living alone, for so many years (bye, bye)



An Scór a Thógáil She's Leaving Home

Véarsa 3

Friday morning at nine o'clock she is far away

Waiting to keep the appointment she made

Meeting a man from the motor trade

Curfá 3

She (what did we do that was wrong?)

Is leaving (we didn't know it was wrong)

Home (fun is the one thing that money can't buy)

Something inside, that was always denied, for so many years

Coda

She's leaving home

Bye, bye.



An Scór a Thógáil When I'm 64

Intreoir

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Véarsa 1

When I get older, losing my hair many years from now

Will you still be sending me a valentine

Birthday greetings, bottle of wine

If I've been out till quarter to three would you lock the door?

Will you still need me, will you still feed me when I'm 64?

Ceangail 1

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You'll be older too

Ah_____ and if you say the word

I could stay with you



An Scór a Thógáil When I'm 64

Véarsa 2

I could be handy mending a fuse when your lights have gone

You can knit a sweater by the fireside

Sunday mornings go for a ride

Doing the garden, digging the weeds, who could ask for more?

Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm 64?

Ceangail 2

Ev'ry summer we can rent a cottage in the Isle of Wight

If it's not too dear

We shall scrimp and save

Grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck and Dave



Véarsa 3

Send me a postcard, drop me a line stating point of view

Indicate precisely what you mean to say

You're sincerely wasting away

Give me your answer, fill in a form, mine for ever more

Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm 64?

Coda

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