

Songbook CPS Dinner Cape Town 2024



Our mission is to assist pharmacists, wherever they live and practise, in the delivering of medicines, health products and services that will improve medicine use and advance patient care.

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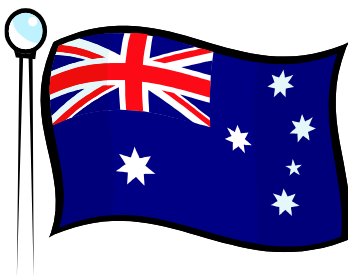
Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Down came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."



Auld Lang Syne

*This is originally a sixteenth century folksong.
Robert Burns wrote it down from an old man's singing.
He wrote verses 2 and 3; the others are older.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?
And days of auld lang syne, my dear, And days of auld lang syne,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?

And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

Cockles and Mussels

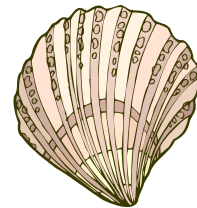
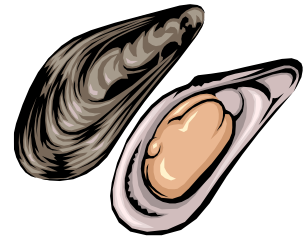
James Yorkston's song about the strange events at night in the fair city of Dublin.

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
through streets broad and narrow

*Crying, »Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive oh!«,
»Alive, alive oh! Alive, live oh!
Crying, »Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive oh!«*

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying, »Cockles and Mussels!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
Her ghost wheels her barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying, »Cockles and Mussels!

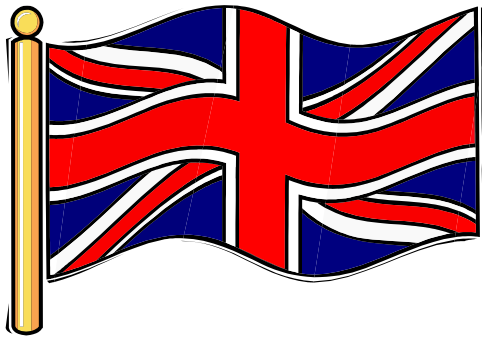


Let it be

by The Beatles

When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking Words of wisdom, let it be
And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom let it be.

And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
For though they may be parted, there is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.



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!

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strive,

Who more than self their country loved,

And mercy more than life!

America! America! May God thy gold refine

Til all success be nobleness,

And every gain devine!

O beautiful for patriot dream

That sees beyond the years

Thine alabaster cities gleam,

Undimmed by human tears!

America! America! God shed his grace on thee,

And Crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!



Regnvejrsgang i november

Jeg vil male dagen blå
med en solskinsstribes på
vælge lyset frem for skyggen
gi' mig selvet puf i ryggen
tro på alting, selv på lykken
jeg vil male dagen blå.

Jeg vil male dagen gul
solen som en sommerfugl
sætter sig på mine hænder
alle regnvejrsgange ender
der står 'maj' på min kalender
jeg vil male dagen gul.

Jeg vil male dagen rød
med den sidste roses glød
jeg vil plukke kantareller
løvetand og brændenælder
leve i det nu, der gælder
jeg vil male dagen rød.

Jeg vil male dagen hvid
nu hvor det er ulvetid
købe franske anemoner
for de sidste tyve kroner
lytte til Vivaldis toner
jeg vil male dagen hvid.



Farewell to Nova Scotia

*Chorus: Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?*

The sun was setting in the west,
The birds were singing on every tree.
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me.

Chorus

I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my parents whom I love so dear,
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore.

Chorus

The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm,
The captain calls, and I must obey.
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,
For it's early in the morning and I'm far, far away.

Chorus





La Vie en Rose

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouches
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens
Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui, dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré, pour la vie
Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi,
Mon cœur qui bat



Oman kullan silmät

Oman kullan silmät, sinisen on harmaat,
ne on mulla mielessäni aina.
Joka sunnuntaki, väliin viikollaki,
aina kun vain silmäni kiinni painan.

Älä tule meille, meillä haukutahan,
mene sinne missä keuhutahan.
Kyllä ne ämmät tuopi, kyllä ne ämmät tuopi, sulle sellaisia, joill' on rahhaa.

Vanha kultaraukka, tuli meidän kautta,
luuli, että vielä aukeis ovi.
Vaan kun uusi kulta vieres, vanha oven pieless'
eihän kahta rakastella sovi.



Uma Casa Portuguesa

Numa casa portuguesa fica bem
pão e vinho sobre a mesa.
Quando à porta humildemente bate alguém,
senta-se à mesa co'a gente.
Fica bem essa fraqueza, fica bem,
que o povo nunca a desmente.
A alegria da pobreza
está nesta grande riqueza
de dar, e ficar contente.

Quatro paredes caiadas,
um cheirinho á alecrim,
um cacho de uvas doiradas,
duas rosas num jardim,
um São José de azulejo
sob um sol de primavera,
uma promessa de beijos
dois braços à minha espera...
É uma casa portuguesa, com certeza!
É, com certeza, uma casa portuguesa!

No conforto pobrezinho do meu lar,
há fartura de carinho.
A cortina da janela e o luar,
mais o sol que gosta dela...
Basta pouco, pouquinho p'ra alegrar
uma existência singela...
É só amor, pão e vinho
e um caldo verde, verdinho
a fumar na tijela.



Chodo Kal Ki Baatein (Hindi Song)

Chhodo kal ki baatein, kal ki baat puraani
Naye daur mein likhenge milkar nayi kahaani
Hum hindustani, hum hindustani

Aaj puraani zanjeeron ko tod chuke hain
Kya dekhe us manzil ko jo chhod chuke hain
Chaand ke dar pe jaa pahuncha hai aaj zamaana
Naye jagat se hum bhi naata jod chuke hain
Naya khon hai, nayi umangein, ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum hindustani

Chhodo kal ki baatein, kal ki baat puraani
Naye daur mein likhenge milkar nayi kahaani
Hum hindustani, hum hindustani

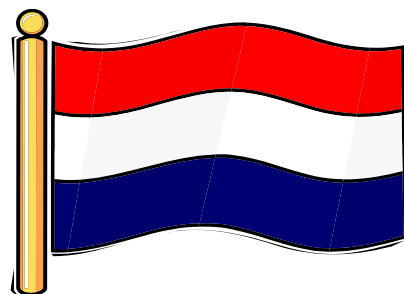
Aao mehnat ko apna imaan banaaye
Apne haathon ko apna bhagwaan banaaye
Ram ki is dharti ko gautam ki bhoomi ko
Sapnon se bhi pyaara hindustan banaaye
Naya khon hai, nayi umangein, ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum hindustani

Chhodo kal ki baatein, kal ki baat puraani
Naye daur mein likhenge milkar nayi kahaani
Hum hindustani, hum hindustani



Tulpen uit Amsterdam

Als de lente komt dan stuur ik jou
Tulpen uit Amsterdam
Als de lente komt pluk ik voor jou
Tulpen uit Amsterdam
Als ik wederkom breng ik voor jou
Tulpen uit Amsterdam
Duizend gele, duizend rode
Wensen jou het allermooiste
Wat mijn mond niet zeggen kan,
Zeggen tulpen uit Amsterdam.



SWEDISH SONG

Samborombon, en liten by förutan gata,
den ligger inte långt från Rio de la Plata, nästan i kanten av den blåa Atlanten
och med Pampas bakom sig många hundra gröna mil, dit kom jag ridande en
aften i april, för jag ville dansa tango.

Dragspel, fiol och mandolin
hördes från krogen och i salen steg jag in, där på bänken i mantilj och med en
ros vid sin barm satt den bedårande lilla Carmencita.
Mamman, värdinnan satt i vrån,
hon tog mitt ridspö, min pistol och min manton.
Jag bjöd upp och Carmencita sa:
'Si gracias señor. Vamos á bailár este tango.'

Carmencita lilla vän, håller du utav mig än?
Får jag tala med din pappa och din mamma, jag vill gifta mig med dig,
Carmencita!

Nej, don Fritiof Andersson,
kom ej till Samborombon,
om ni hyser andra planer när det gäller mig, än att dansa tango.

Ack, Carmencita gör mig inte så besviken, jag tänker skaffa mig ett jobb här i
butikken, sköta mig noga, bara spara och knoga inte spela och dricka, men bara
älska dig.
Säg, Carmencita, det är ändå blott med mig, säg, som du vill dansa tango.



ARIRANG (Korea)

아리랑, 아리랑, 아라리요...
아리랑 고개로 넘어간다.
나를 버리고 가시는님은
십리도 못가서 발병난다.

청천하늘엔 잔별도 많고
우리네 가슴엔 희망도 많다

저기 저 산이 백두산이라지
동지 설달에도 꽃만 핀다



Sevilla:

Sevilla
Tan sonriente
Yo me lleno de alegría cuando hablo con su gente
Sevilla enamora al cielo
Para vestirlo de azul
Hasta el sol duerme en Triana
Y la luna en Santa Cruz
Sevilla tiene un color especial
Sevilla sigue teniendo su duende
Me sigue oliendo a azahar
Me gusta estar con su gente
Sevilla tiene un color especial
Sevilla sigue teniendo su duende
Me sigue oliendo a azahar
Me gusta estar con su gente
Sevilla
Tan cariñosa
Tan torera y tan gitana, tan flamenca, y tan hermosa
Sevilla enamora al río
Y hasta San Lucas se va
Y a la mujer de mantilla
Le gusta verla pasar
Sevilla tiene un color especial
Sevilla sigue teniendo su duende
Me sigue oliendo a azahar
Me gusta estar con su gente
Sevilla tiene un color especial
Sevilla sigue teniendo su duende
Me sigue oliendo a azahar
Me gusta estar con su gente

茉莉花 mòlìhuā

好一朵美丽的茉莉花
hǎo yì duō mělì de mòlìhuā

好一朵美丽的茉莉花
hǎo yì duō mělì de mòlìhuā

芬芳美丽满枝桠
fēnfāng měilì mǎn zhīyā

又香又白人人夸
yòu xiāng yòu bái rén rén kuā

让我来将你摘下
ràng wǒ lái jiāng nǐ zhāi xià

送给别人家
sònggěi biérénjiā

茉莉花 呀 茉莉花
mòlìhuā ya mòlìhuā



Shiawase nara te wo tatakou

幸せなら 手を たたこう
幸せなら 手を たたこう
幸せなら 態度で しめそうよ
そら みんなで 手を たたこう

幸せなら 足 ならそう
幸せなら 足 ならそう
幸せなら 態度で しめそうよ
そら みんなで 足 ならそう

Shiawase nara te wo tatakou
Shiawase nara te wo tatakou
Shiawase nara taido de shimesou yo
Hora minna de te wo tatakou

Shiawase nara ashi narasou
Shiawase nara ashi narasou
Shiawase nara taido de shimesou yo
Hora minna de ashi narasou



“ITS TIME FOR HIGHLIFE

LADIES AND GENTS

PREPARE YOURSELVES

LET'S HAVE SOME GOOD"TIME TONITE (Repeat)

Chorus

"SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE , SHAKE YOUR BODIES

SHAKE YOUR BODIES

LETS HAVE SOME GOOD TIME TONITE!"(Repeat)



Heal the World

There's a place in your heart
And I know that it is love
And this place it was brighter than tomorrow
And if you really try
You'll find there's no need to cry
In this place you'll feel there's no hurt or sorrow

There are ways to get there
If you care enough for the living
Make a little space
Make a better place

Heal the world
Make it a better place
For you and for me, and the entire human race
There are people dying
If you care enough for the living
Make a better place for you and for me

If you want to know why
There's love that cannot lie
Love is strong
It only cares of joyful giving
If we try we shall see
In this bliss we cannot feel
Fear of dread, we stop existing and start living

Then it feels that always
Love's enough for us growing
Make a better world
So make a better world

Heal the world
Make it a better place
For you and for me, and the entire human race
There are people dying
If you care enough for the living
Make a better place for you and for me





DANCING QUEEN

You can dance, you can jive
Having the time of your life
Ooh, see that girl, watch that scene
Digging the dancing queen

Friday night and the lights are low
Looking out for a place to go
Where they play the right music
Getting in the swing
You come to look for a king

Anybody could be that guy
Night is young and the music's high
With a bit of rock music
Everything is fine
You're in the mood for a dance
And when you get the chance

You are the dancing queen
Young and sweet, only seventeen
Dancing queen
Feel the beat from the tambourine, oh, yeah

You can dance, you can jive
Having the time of your life
Ooh, see that girl, watch that scene
Digging the dancing queen

You're a teaser, you turn them on
Leave them burning and then you are gone
Looking out for another, anyone will do
You're in the mood for a dance
And when you get the chance

You are the dancing queen
Young and sweet, only seventeen
Dancing queen
Feel the beat from the tambourine, oh, yeah

You can dance, you can jive
Having the time of your life
Ooh, see that girl, watch that scene
Digging the dancing queen
Digging the dancing queen



WAKA WAKA (this is time for Africa)

You're a good soldier
Choosing your battles
Pick yourself up
And dust yourself off
And back in the saddle

You're on the front line
Everyone's watching
You know it's serious
We're getting closer
This isn't over

The pressure's on
You feel it
But you got it all
Believe it

When you fall, get up, oh, oh
If you fall, get up, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
'Cause this is Africa

Tsamina mina, eh, eh
Waka waka, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Africa

Listen to your God
This is our motto
Your time to shine
Don't wait in line
Y vamos por todo

People are raising
Their expectations
Go on and feed them
This is your moment
No hesitations

Today's your day
I feel it

You paved the way
Believe it

If you get down, get up, oh, oh
When you get down, get up, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Africa

Tsamina mina, eh, eh
Waka waka, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
Anawa, ah, ah

Tsamina mina, eh, eh
Waka waka, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Africa

Awabuye lamajoni, ipikipiki mama
Wa A to Z
Bathi susa lamajoni, ipikipiki mama
From East to West

Bathi waka waka ma, eh, eh
Waka waka ma, eh, eh
Zonk' izizwe mazibuye
'Cause this is Africa

(Tsamina mina)
(Anawa, ah, ah)
(Tsamina mina)
(Tsamina mina)
(Anawa, ah, ah)

Tsamina mina, eh, eh
Waka waka, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
Anawa, ah, ah

Tsamina mina, eh, eh
Waka waka, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Africa

Django, eh, eh
Django, eh, eh

Tsamina mina zangalewa
Anawa, ah, ah

Django, eh, eh
Django, eh, eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
Anawa, ah, ah

This time for Africa
This time for Africa
We're all Africa
We're all Africa



Muriendo de Pena.

Cuando yo me muera
No quiero canto mi pena
Prefiero que se me velen
Bailando una rica plena
Y si no me muero
Tampoco me hago problema
Porque tengo todo el tiempo
De bailar hasta que muera
No quiero a la gente
Todita de negro
Prefiero de rojo
Vestido a mi suegro
Y quiero en la tumba
Pollito y arroz
Patitas de cabra
Con todo el melón
Porque yo en la vida
He sido feliz
Y quiero morirme comiendo perdiz
Pero con vino tin-tinto
Pero con vino tinto
Pero con vino tin-tinto
Pero con vino tinto
Pero con vino tin-tinto
Pero con vino tinto
Pero con vino tin-tinto
Pero con vino tinto
Cuando yo me muera
No quiero canto mi pena
Prefiero que se me velen
Bailando una rica plena
Y si no me muero
Tampoco me hago problema
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Pero con vino tinto
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Pero con vino tinto
Pero con vino tin-tinto
Pero con vino tinto
Cuando yo me muera
No quiero canto mi pena
Prefiero que se me velen
Bailando una rica plena
Y si no me muero
Tampoco me hago problema
Porque tengo todo el tiempo...



International
Pharmaceutical
Federation

Community Pharmacy
Section

The FIP Family song

We are one, but we are many,
And from all the lands on earth we come.
We share a dream, and sing with one voice.
I am, you are, we are one Family.