SPN lyrics (parents get in circle around the class.)

## *Sunrise, Sunse*t (from Fiddler)

Where is the little girl I carried, WOMEN

Where is the little boy at play? MEN

I don’t remember growing older, When did they?

When did she get to be a beauty? MEN

When did he grow to be so tall? ? WOMEN

Wasn’t it yesterday when they were small?

Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset, Swiftly flow the days;

Seedlings turn overnight to sun flow’rs, Blossoming even as we gaze.

Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset, Swiftly flow the years;

One season following another, Laden with happiness and tears.

(move to stage and fill risers – you will spill off the risers and fill the sides.)

**I’ve Grown Accustomed to your Face**(My Fair Lady)

I’ve grown accustomed to your face, (*Rows 1 - 2 pictures up)*

It always makes the day begin

I’ve grown accustomed to your tunes *(Rows 3-4 pictures up)*

Your whistles night and noon

Your smiles *(to the right)*, Your frowns *(to the left)*,

Your ups (*up)* your downs *(down)*.

Are second nature to me now. Like breathing out*(out)* and breathing in*(in)*

I was serenely independent and content before we met,*(hold out to your right)*

Surely I could always be that way againPAUSE and yet.

# I’ve grown accustomed to your looks(*bring in close and look at picture)*

Accustomed to your voice (*bring to your chest)*

Accustomed to your face. *(hold up for all to see) LEAVE STAGE AND Ladies will sit for the slide show*