

SING IT AND SAY IT

Sing it and say it,
Can anyone play it?
There's no need to be shy.
Sing it and say it,
Can anyone play it?
Come on, let's give it a try.

You'll soon learn the tune in a jiff and a half,
You'll soon learn the words, they might make you laugh!
So listen to me,
There's no need to read,
Rhyme and rhythm are all you need.

Sing it with me on the count of three.
One, two, three, four!

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GOOD MORNING, CLASS

TEACHER: Good morning, class!

CLASS: Good morning, Sir!

TEACHER: Today, it's history.

CLASS: Hooray!

TEACHER: Sssh!



Let's travel back to Roman times,
To AD forty-three.

CLASS: AD?

TEACHER: Anno Domini.

CLASS: Oh!

TEACHER: The Roman Emperor, Claudius,
Set sail from Italy.

CLASS: Ooh!

TEACHER: Invading Britain.

CLASS: When?

TEACHER: I told you, AD forty-three.

BRITAIN BELONGS TO ME

CLAUDIUS: From the mountains of Wales,
To those northern dales,
Britain belongs to me.
From those old hill forts,
To those Channel ports,
Britain belongs to me.



Let me hear the sweet sound of
Marching feet,
Stamping my authority on
Watling Street.
Let me hear all those
Ancient Britons say

SOLDIERS: (spoken)
*Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,*

BRITONS: (shouted) Hail Claudius!

CLAUDIUS: Yes, I'm here to stay,
My cavalry and my infantry,
Have won me a place in history.
It's primitive after Italy,
But Britain.....

*Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
HALT!*

CLAUDIUS: Belongs to me.

CLAUDIUS: From the banks of the Thames,
To the Cambridge fens,
Britain belongs to me.
From the vale of York,
To that Chiltern chalk,
Britain belongs to me.



Let me hear the sweet sound of
Marching feet,
Stamping my authority on
Watling Street.

*Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,*

Let me hear all those
Ancient Britons say.....

*Left right, left right,
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Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
Left right, left right,
HALT!*



CLAUDIUS: Belongs to me.

BRITONS: (shouted) HAIL CLAUDIUS!

NOW TELL ME, CLASS

TEACHER: Now tell me, class,
Describe to me,
Those fighting men of Rome.

CLASS: Brave?
Strong?

TEACHER: Yes,
But did they miss their families?
And did they miss their mums?



OVER THE SEA IN ITALY

I wish I could be in Italy,
Over the sea in Italy,
My mother will be,
Thinking of me,
Over the sea in Italy.

In the shade of the old olive tree,
Basket of wool on her knee.
The light will be dimming,
But she'll still be spinning,
To make a fine blanket for me.
She wishes, like me,
I was over the sea,
Over the sea in Italy.

I wish I could be in Italy,
Over the sea in Italy.
My father will be,
Thinking of me,
Over the sea in Italy.



He'll be picking our grapes in the sun,
Working 'til harvesting's done.
His back will be aching,
But wine he'll be making,
A vintage to save for his son.
He wishes, like me,
I was over the sea,
Over the sea in Italy.

I wish I could be in Italy,
Over the sea in Italy.
My family will be,
Thinking of me,
Over the sea in Italy.



We all look like soldiers of Rome,
Men with strong minds of our own,

But when I'm not sleeping,
I hear a man weeping,
I know I'm not homesick alone.
He wishes, like me,
He was over the sea,
Over the sea in Italy.

WHO FOUGHT FOR BOUDICCA?

TEACHER: Now who can name,
The English tribe,
Who fought for Boudicca?

CLASS: Iceni?

TEACHER: Yes,
They met defeat at Watling Street,
But do you know the year?

CLASS: AD Sixty!



BOUDICCA

ICENI: We're the Iceni,
We're making a stand.
We're ready to fight,
For the rest of our lives.
For our children, our queen and our land.

Our Queen Boudicca,
She's fearless and brave.
Our Queen Boudicca,
From the Romans our land she will save.
We will not give in,
Though our forces are thin,
We are free men, we'll never be slaves.

Brave, brave Britons,
Fearless fighting machine.
Brave, brave Britons,
Willing to die for our queen.



ROMANS: We are the Romans,
This land we will own.
We're ready to fight,
For the rest of our lives.
For our children, our Emperor and Rome.

Our emperor Nero,
Has sent his decree.
Our Emperor Nero,
Cannot rest while that woman is free.
But London she's won,
Verulanium's gone,

And our army from Lincoln must flee.

Brave, brave Romans,
Fearless fighting machine.

Brave, brave Romans,
Ending the reign of your queen.

ICENI:

Brave, brave Britons
Fearless fighting machine.
Brave, brave Britons,
Willing to die for our queen.

ROMANS:

Brave, brave Romans,
Fearless fighting machine.
Brave, brave Romans,
Ending the reign or your queen



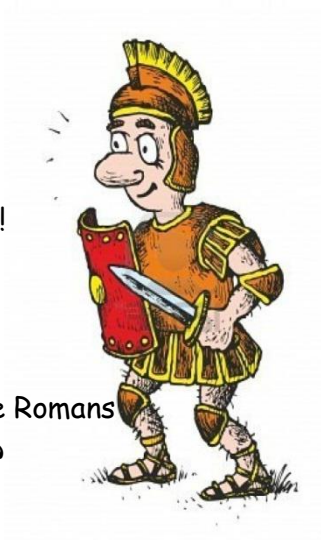
AD 122

TEACHER: Now who can name,
A Scottish tribe?

CLASS: *(solo)* I can, I know two!
Picts, Celts,

TEACHER: Yes,
And who knows what the Romans
Built in AD one two two?

CLASS: Er.....!



HADRIAN'S WALL

It's a hundred and twenty kilometres long,
And they're building it high,
And they're building it strong.
It's three metres thick,
And it's six metres tall,
D'you know what it is yet?
Hadrian's Wall!

Oh, the Emperor Hadrian,
Said we were savages,
Living on porridge,
And raw meat and haggises.
Up came his army,
Us Scots to control,
And just to make sure,
They built Hadrian's Wall.



It's a hundred and twenty kilometres long,
And they're building it high,
And they're building it strong.
It's three metres thick,
And it's six metres tall,
D'you know what it is yet?
Hadrian's Wall!

Eighty five miles,
From the Tyne to the Solway,
From Wallsend to Bowness,
The Wall goes the whole way.
With ditches and turrets,
And forts every mile.
He thinks it will stop us,
And that makes us smile.

It's a hundred and twenty kilometres long,
And they're building it high,
And they're building it strong.
It's three metres thick,



And it's six metres tall,
D'you know what it is yet?
Hadrian's Wall!

DANCE BREAK

Hadrian's Wall!

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