

Words & Music by Mick Flinn & Peter Morris

# Do The Conga

Moderato

2.3.4. Do do—do— Choo choo-choo,— like a  
D Em A D Em A D Em A

(1) Do do—do— You you— you—  
D A D Em A D Em A

train a-cross the floor.

do do—do— do do—do—  
Em A 1.2. A D G A

It's con - ga night for sure. It's con - ga night, — so  
It's con - ga, — it's con - ga night, — so

D G A

join feel  
the par - ty ev - ry - one, the mu - sic and the beat,  
the dancing's just be - gun,  
and we're all hav - ing it's some-thing that I

D F#m Bm G

fun to - night, — can't ex - plain. —  
Dance Bump  
that con - ga till you drop, to - ge - ther one, two, three,  
we're ne - ver gon - na like waves a - cross the

# 981 Parable

M.D. Ridge

Intro

## Refrain

To ev - 'ry thing, \_\_\_\_\_ there is a sea-son; a time to be  
 born and a time to die. 1. A time to plant \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. A time to speak,  
 3. A time for joy,  
 and a time for har-vest; a time to meet and a time to part  
 and a time for si-lence; a time to wound and a time to heal  
 and a time for grie-ving; a time to seek and a time to lose.

## Verses

1. A so - wer went out to sow the seed. Some of it  
 2. Noth - ing can grow in bar - ren soil; bri - ars and  
 3. God's word is like the far - mer's seed, roo - ted in  
 fell up - on the path, some fell on shal - low, roc - ky  
 ra - vens take their toll; still there is grain a hun - dred -  
 joy - ful, lo - ving hearts, grow - ing like grain in fer - tile  
 soil; and some am - ong cho - king thorns. *to Refrain and Vv 2-3*  
 fold, from seed that took root and grew.  
 ground, a har - vest that o - ver-  
 3. flows.  
*To Final Refrain*

## Final Refrain

To ev - 'ry thing, \_\_\_\_\_ there is a sea-son; a time to be  
 born and a time to die. A time to plant \_\_\_\_\_