

# English Through Music

## Part 1: In pairs or small groups, discuss the questions below.

- When you were little, did you use to ask many questions to your parents?

What kind of questions did you ask?

- When they are little, many kids say that when they grow up they want to be a doctor or a fireman.

What about you? What kind of future did you dream of?  
How big were your dreams?

Have your dreams realised? Have your parents supported you in your dreams?

- The song you're going to hear is performed by Doris Day in Alfred Hitchcock's film The Man Who Knew Too Much. (The song was written for this movie). She sings it to her son when putting him to bed.

In your culture, is it usual for parents to sing a song or tell stories, or maybe even read a book when putting a child to bed?

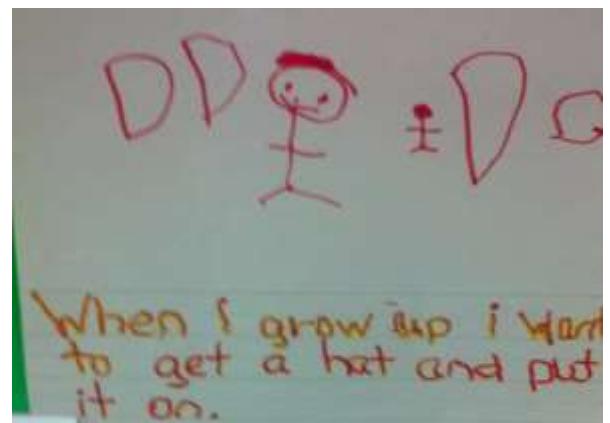


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## Part 2: Compare the sentences below. All of them are correct. What's the difference?

1.

- When I was 5 asked my mother why people got sick.
  - When I was 5 I asked my mother, 'Why do people get sick?'
- When I was little, I asked my parents who had chosen my name.
  - When I was little I asked my parents, 'Who chose my name?'
- When I was a kid, I told my mum I would be a dentist when I grew up.
  - When I was a kid, I told my mum, 'I will be a dentist when I grow up'.

## Part 3. Punctuate the following lyrics (don't forget about capitalisation!).

A

When I was just a little girl

I asked my mother what will I be

B

When I was young, I fell in love

I asked my sweetheart what lies ahead

**Listen to the song and add the missing punctuation (this includes capitalisation).**

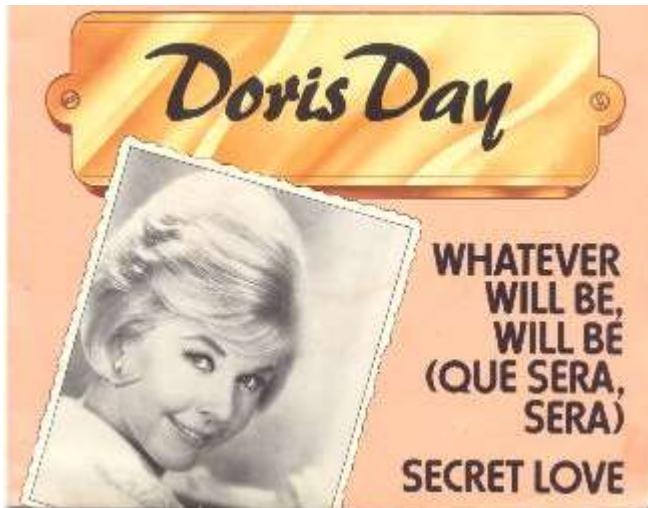


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When I was just a little girl  
I asked my mother, what will I be?  
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?  
Here's what she said to me:

Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be

When I was young, I fell in love  
I asked my sweetheart, what lies ahead?  
Will we have rainbows, day after day?  
Here's what my sweetheart said:

Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be

Now I have children of my own  
They ask their mother, what will I be?  
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?  
I tell them tenderly:  
Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be