

LET'S SING TOGETHER



Let's sing together

48 British and American Songs



Volk und Wissen Volkseigener Verlag Berlin 1983

LET'S SING TOGETHER.—

Britische und amerikanische Lieder

Die Auswahl der Lieder und die Abfassung der Kommentare besorgten Herr ALBERT BURKHARDT und Herr RUDOLF TELLING.

Herr Burkhardt übernahm die musikalische Bearbeitung der Lieder in Zusammenarbeit mit der Musikabteilung des Verlages.

Wir danken Herrn Victor Grossman, Berlin, für die Begutachtung des Manuskripts und für wertvolle Hinweise.

Vom Ministerium für Volksbildung der Deutschen Demokratischen Republik als Schulbuch bestätigt.

10. Auflage

Ausgabe 1968

Lizenz-Nr. 203 · 1000/83 (DN 510709-10)

Druck: Grafischer Großbetrieb Karl-Marx-Werk Pößneck

Redaktionsschluß: 17. 5. 1982

Bestell-Nr. 730 248 7

Schulpreis DDR: 1,80

PREFACE

The integrated socialist education system of the G.D.R. requires the education of universally accomplished persons. Learning a foreign language does not only mean becoming competent enough to understand and speak this language. It also means getting acquainted with the life and work of the working people in the other country, hearing something about the people's problems, about their social and political struggle and getting to know their scientific, technical and cultural achievements.

Singing the songs of the people whose language we learn contributes greatly towards promoting our interest in the language and the people. Simultaneously, it is an important form of aesthetic education. The present booklet contains 48 songs, selected out of hundreds. Its special aim has been to select songs which are pleasing to the pupils and which are suitable for singing with the whole class. It has been the authors' goal to present characteristic songs of England, Wales, Scotland, and the United States of America. The songs are not classified in geographical or historical sequence but are grouped in three divisions according to their contents, main ideas and their origin. There are songs showing the ploughman in the fields, the soldier on his march, the sailor at his work, the Black man with his yearning for equality of all people, and man in general in his struggle for a better life.

The first group, entitled "Join in the fight", contains songs of the working-class movement, of the peace movement, songs against racism, and Spirituals. In the second part, named "My bonnie is over the ocean", you will find folk-songs, shanties, and Christmas songs. The third group, "For he's a jolly good fellow", presents rounds, birthday songs, humorous songs, and cumulative songs.

With nearly all songs there is a commentary concerning the origin, history, or musical construction of the song which is thought to be useful for the singer. The authors have endeavoured to characterise the songs according to their difficulty of language (i.e. unknown words and grammatical constructions). They divided the songs into three groups on this basis.

The first group has not been marked at all in the table of contents.

It contains the easier songs. The words of "English for You", Part One and Two, are a prerequisite. Those words the German meaning of which cannot be derived from the context are listed together with the notes in the appendix.

For the songs of the second group, marked with an asterisk*, the English-German Dictionary by W. Schmidt, VEB Verlag Enzyklopädie Leipzig (12,000 words), is taken as a basis, and for the third group, marked with two asterisks**, the basis is the English-German Dictionary of the VEB Verlag Enzyklopädie Leipzig (36,000 words). Those words not contained in either of the two dictionaries are given in the appendix.

The numbers found together with the asterisks in the table of contents refer to the tapes available for the songs.

We feel certain this collection of songs will bring pleasure to everyone who works with it. Songs are made to be sung. We hope you will sing them as often as you can.

Join in the fight



THE INTERNATIONALE

French words: Eugène Pottier
music: Pierre Degeyter

Musical staff with notes and chords D7, G, C, a

1. A-rise, ye starve-lings, from your slum-bers! A-rise, ye

Musical staff with notes and chords D, G, C

crim-i-nals of want! For reason in revolt now thunders And at

Musical staff with notes and chords D7, G, A7, D, A7

last ends the age of cant. Now a-way with all your su-per-

Musical staff with notes and chords D, A7, D

sti-tions, Ser-vile masses, a-rise, a - rise! We'll change forth-

Musical staff with notes and chords G, e, D, A7

with the old con-di-tions And spurn the dust to win the

Chorus

Musical staff with notes and chords D, D7, G, C, D

prize! Then, comrades, come rally! And the last fight let us

Musical staff with notes and chords G, D, e h, A7

face. The In-ter-na-tion-ale — U-nites the hu-man

Musical staff with notes and chords D, D7, G, C, D

race. Then, comrades, come rally! And the last fight let us

Musical staff with notes and chords G, E7, a, G, D7, G

face. The In-ter-na-tion-ale — U-nites the human race.

2. No saviours from on high deliver,
No faith have we in prince or peer.
Our own right hand the chains must shiver,
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.
Ere the thieves will out with their booty
And to all give a happier lot,
Each at the forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot!

Then, comrades, come rally!
And the last fight let us face.

The Internationale
Unites the human race.

Then, comrades, come rally!
And the last fight let us face.

The Internationale
Unites the human race.

3. We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil,
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil.
On our flesh too long has feed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey.
But now farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.
Then, comrades, come rally! ...

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

Moderato e marcato

1. Join in the fight, o Ne-gro com-rade. Join in the fight, o
struggling comrade. Join in the fight, o hardpressed comrade.
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world! O broth-er, don't you
weep, don't you pray. Sal-vation isn't coming that way. All together
let's press on to the fray. Black and white, we'll rebuild the world!

Fine
Da Capo al Fine

The musical score is written on five staves in 2/4 time. The tempo is 'Moderato e marcato'. The key signature has one flat (F major/D minor). The first staff has a C chord above it. The second staff has G and C chords above it. The third staff has G and C chords above it. The fourth staff has an 'a' (accidental) above it and a C chord above it. The fifth staff has G7 and C chords above it. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

2. Join in the fight, and stand up straight now.
Join in the fight, the dawn is late now.
Join in the fight, we must not wait now.
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world!
O brother, don't you weep, don't you pray.
Salvation isn't coming that way.
All together let's press on to the fray.
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world!

WE SHALL OVERCOME

1. We shall o-ver - come, - We shall o-ver - come, -
 We shall o-ver-come some day. For deep in my
 heart I do be-lieve: We shall o-vercome some day.

2. We'll walk hand in hand,
 We'll walk hand in hand,
 We'll walk hand in hand some day.
 For deep in my heart
 I do believe:
 We'll walk hand in hand some day.

3. We shall live in peace,
 We shall live in peace,
 We shall live in peace some day.
 For deep in my heart
 I do believe:
 We shall live in peace some day.

4. We are not afraid,
 We are not afraid,
 We are not afraid today.
 For deep in my heart
 I do believe:
 We are not afraid today.

THE INK IS BLACK

words: David Arkin
music: Earl Robinson

Light and bright

1. The ink is black, the page is white, Togeth-er we learn to
read and write, To read and write; And now a child can
un-der-stand, This is the law of all the land, All the land.
The ink is black, the page is white, To-
geth-er we learn to read and write, To read and write.

Detailed description: The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Light and bright' and the key signature. The lyrics are: '1. The ink is black, the page is white, Togeth-er we learn to read and write, To read and write; And now a child can un-der-stand, This is the law of all the land, All the land.' The second staff continues: 'The ink is black, the page is white, To- geth-er we learn to read and write, To read and write.' Chord symbols (G, D7, C, A7) are placed above the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

2. Their robes were black, their heads were white,
The schoolhouse doors were closed up tight,
Were closed up tight;
Nine judges all set down their names
To end the years and years of shame,
Years of shame.
Their robes were black, their heads were white,
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

3. The slate is black, the chalk is white,
The words stand out so clear and bright,
So clear and bright;
And now at last we plainly see
The alphabet of liberty,
Liberty!
The slate is black, the chalk is white,
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

4. A child is black, a child is white,
The whole world looks upon the sight,
A beautiful sight;
For very well the whole world knows
This is the way that freedom grows,
Freedom grows!
A child is black, a child is white,
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

5. The world is black, the world is white,
It turns by day and then by night,
It turns by night;
It turns so each and ev'ryone
Can take his station in the sun,
In the sun!
The world is black, the world is white,
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

In march tune

1. John Brown's body lies a-mould' ring in the grave, John Brown's
 bod-y lies a-mould' ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-
 mould' ring in the grave, But his soul's marching on. Glo-ry,
 glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah,
 Glo-ry, glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah, His soul's marching on.

2. He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
 And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through
 and through,
 They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
 But his soul's marching on.
 Glory, glory Hallelujah,
 Glory, glory Hallelujah,
 Glory, glory Hallelujah,
 His soul's marching on.

3. John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
But his soul's marching on.

Glory, glory . . .

4. Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free.

Glory, glory . . .



THE FAMILY OF MAN

words and music: Fred Dallas

1. I be-long to a fam-i - ly, the big-gest on the
 earth, A thousand every day are com-ing to birth. Our
 sur-name isn't Dal-las or Has-ted or Jones, It's a
 name ev-ery man should be proud he owns. It's the
 fam-i-ly of man - keeps growing, The fam-i-ly of man -
 - keeps sowing the seeds of a new life ev-ery day.

Chorus

2. I've got a sister in Melbourne, a brother in Paree,
 The whole wide world is dad and mother to me.
 Wherever you turn you will find my kin,
 Whatever the creed, or the colour of the skin.
 It's the family of man keeps growing,
 The family of man keeps sowing
 The seeds of a new life every day.



3. The miner in the Rhondda, the coolie in Peking,
Men across the world who reap and plough and spin.
They've all got a life and others to share it,
Let's bridge the oceans and declare it.
It's the family ...
4. From the North Pole ice to the snow at the other,
There isn't a man I wouldn't call brother.
But I haven't much time, I've had my fill
Of the men of war who want to kill.
It's the family ...
5. Some people say the world is a horrible place,
But it's just as good or bad as the human race:
Dirt and misery or health and joy,
Man can build or can destroy.
It's the family ...

BLOWING IN THE WIND

words and music: Bob Dylan

1. How many roads must a man walk down, Be-fore you
call him a man? How many seas must a white dove sail, Be-
fore she sleeps in the sand? How many times must the cannon balls
fly, Be-fore they're ev-er banned? The answer, my friend, is
blowing in the wind, The answer is blowing in the wind.



2. How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.

3. How many times must a man look up,
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.

THE HAMMER SONG

words: Lee Hays
music: Pete Seeger

Andante D

1. If I had a ham-mer, I'd ham-mer in the
morn-ing, I'd ham-mer in the eve-ning all o-ver this
land; I'd ham-mer out dan-ger, I'd
ham-mer out a warn-ing, I'd ham-mer out a love between
All our brothers All o-ver this land!

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff is marked 'Andante D' and begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff has chord markings 'A', 'D', and 'G' above the notes. The fourth staff has a 'D' chord marking above the first note. The fifth staff has chord markings 'G', 'D', 'A7', and 'D' above the notes. The score ends with a double bar line.



2. If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land;
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning,
I'd ring out a love between
All our brothers
All over this land!
3. If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land;
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning,
I'd sing out a love between
All our brothers
All over this land!
4. Now I've got a hammer and I've got a bell,
And I've got a song to sing all over this world;
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,
And it's the song of love between
All our brothers
All over this world!



THE H-BOMB'S THUNDER

words: John Brunner

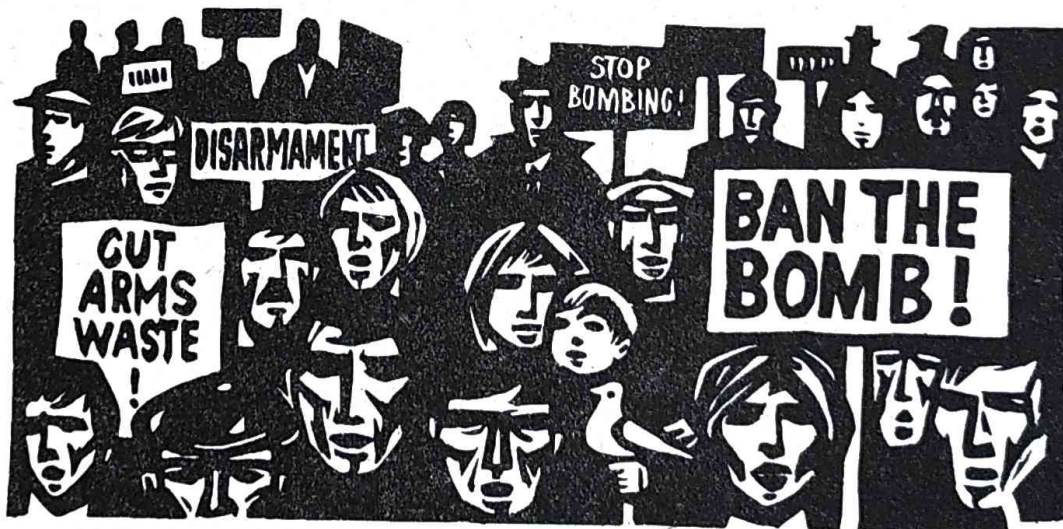
1. Don't you hear the H-Bomb's thunder, — Ech-o
like the crack of doom? While they rend the skies a-
sun-der, — Fall-out makes the earth a tomb. Do you
want your homes to tum-ble, Rise in smoke towards the
sky? Will you let — your cit-ies crum-ble, — Will you
see — your chil-dren die? Men and wom - en, stand to-
geth-er, — Do not heed the men of war. Make your
minds up, now or nev-er, — Ban the Bomb for ev-er- more.

Chorus

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: G, G7, C, G, e, A7, D, G, G7, C, G, e, D7, G, G7, C, G, D, G7, C, G, D7, G. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

2. Tell the leaders of the nations
Make the whole wide world take heed:
Poison from the radiations
Strikes at every race and creed.
Must you put mankind in danger,
Murder folk in distant lands?
Will you bring death to a stranger,
Have his blood upon your hands?
Men and women, stand together,
Do not heed the men of war.
Make your minds up, now or never,
Ban the Bomb for evermore.

3. Shall we lay the world in ruin?
Only you can make the choice.
Stop and think of what you're doing.
Join the march and raise your voice.
Time is short, we must be speedy.
We can see the hungry filled,
House the homeless, help the needy.
Shall we blast, or shall we build?
Men and women, ...



BAN THE BOMB

Andante

G D G D G D

1. Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, Broth-ers

G D G D G

all, at work and school? Come and join the fight now,

D G D7 G D7 G

For a bet-ter world now, Ban the Bomb, Ban the Bomb!

2. Two great marches, two great marches
On London town, Trafalgar Square.
And we are united
In a common purpose.
Ban the Bomb, ban the Bomb!

3. No Yankee bases, no Yankee bases
On British soil, to mar and spoil.
We will tell Macmillan,
We don't want Polaris!
Ban the Bomb, ban the Bomb!

4. They're still dying, they're still dying
From bombs before, we want no more.
No more Hiroshimas,
No more Nagasakis.
Ban the Bomb, ban the Bomb!

HOLD THE FORT

Resolutely

1. We meet to-day in free-dom's cause And raise our voices
high; We'll join our hands in un-ion strong to bat-tle or to
Chorus
die. Hold the fort, for we are com-ing, Un-ion men, be
strong; Side by side we bat-tle on-ward, Vic-to-ry will come.

2. Look, my comrades, see the union,
Banners waving high;
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.
Hold the fort, for we are coming,
Union men, be strong;
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.
3. See our numbers still increasing,
Hear the bugles blow,
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.
Hold the fort, ...

WHAT WE WANT

words and music: Joe Hill

1. We want all the workers in the world to or-gan-ize —
— In-to a great big un-ion grand, And when we
all u-nit-ed stand, The world for workers we'll demand. If the
work-ing class could on-ly see and re-al-ize What mighty
power labor has, Then the exploit-ing mas-ter class it soon
would fade a - way. **Chorus** Come all ye toil-ers that work for wages,
come from ev'-ry land, Join the fighting band, In-to one union
grand. Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a par-a-
dise When the slaves get wise, get wise, Get wise and organize.

2. We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjack,
And all the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and the staker and the chimney sweep,
We want the man that's slinging hash,
The child that works for little cash,
In one union grand.

Come all ye toilers that work for wages.

Come from ev'ry land,

Join the fighting band,

Into one union grand.

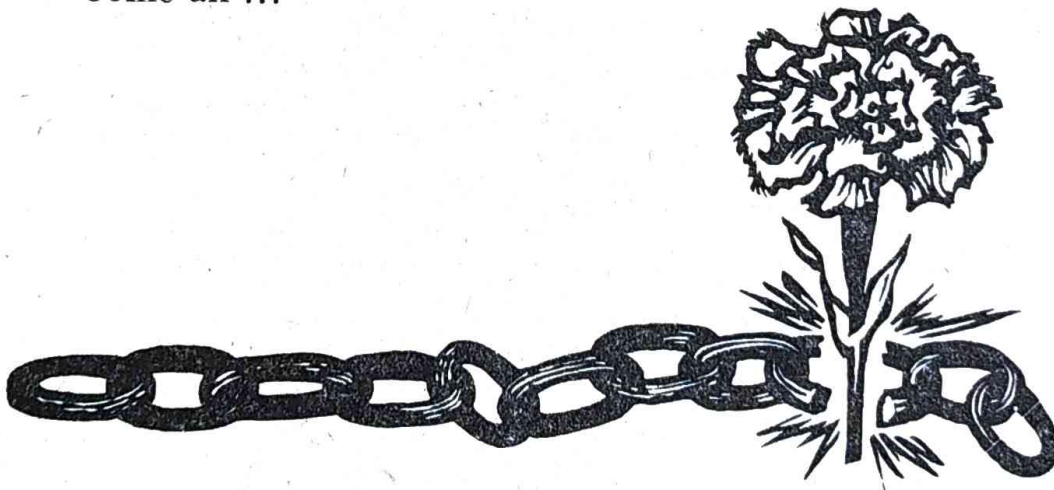
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a paradise

When the slaves get wise, get wise,

Get wise and organize.

3. We want the tinner and the skinner and the chambermaid,
We want the man that spikes our soles,
We want the man that's digging holes,
We want the man that's climbing poles,
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man,
And all the factory girls and clerks.
Yes, we want everyone that works
In one union grand.

Come all ...



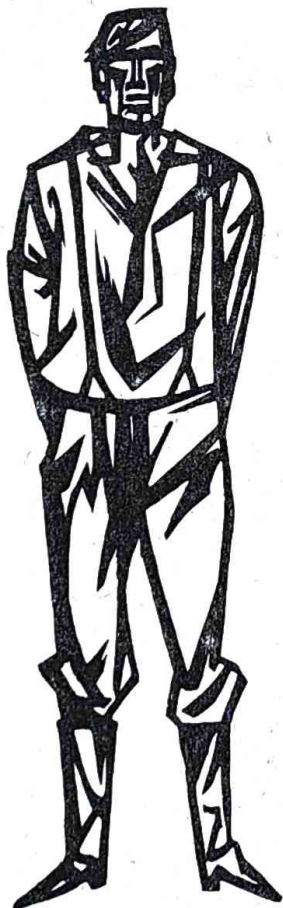
JOE HILL

words: Alfred Hayes
music: Earl Robinson

Somewhat slow, with expression

1. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, A-live as you and
me, Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."—"I nev-er
died," says he, "I nev-er died," says he. he.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a C chord. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The second staff continues the melody with a C chord, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The third staff continues with a G chord, a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. Above the final measure, there are two first endings: the first ending is marked '1.-6.' and the second ending is marked '7.'. The final measure is a whole note C4 with a C chord.



2. "In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge." —
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."
3. "The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe," says I. —
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."
4. And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."
5. "Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where workingmen are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side,
Joe Hill is at their side.
6. From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organize,"
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill,"
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill."
7. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead." —
"I never died," says he,
"I never died," says he.

I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

words: Jim Garland

Broadly C F



1. I don't want — your millions, mister; — I don't want —



— your dia-mond ring. — All I want — is the



right to live, mister; — Give me back — my job a - gain. —

2. I don't want your Rolls Royce, mister;
I don't want your pleasure yacht;
All I want is food for my babies;
Give to me my old job back.

3. We worked to build this country, mister,
While you enjoyed a life of ease;
You've stolen all that we built, mister;
Now our children starve and freeze.

4. Think me dumb if you wish, mister;
Call me green, or blue, or red;
This one thing I sure know, mister:
My hungry babies must be fed.

5. Take the two old parties, mister;
No difference in them I can see,
But with a Farmer-Labor party
We could set the people free.

SIXTEEN TONS

Moderato e marcato

1. Some folks say a man's made out of mud. But a
poor man's made out of muscle and blood, muscle and blood,
skin and bone, a mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

Chorus

You load sixteen tons and what do you get? But another day
old-er and deep-er in debt. St. Pe-ter, don't you call me, 'cause
I can't go, I owe my soul to the com-pa-ny store.

2. I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine.
I picked up my shovel and I went to the mine.
Loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal,
And the straw-boss said, "God bless my soul!"
You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
But another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter, don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.

ROLL THE UNION ON

words: Lee Hays, Claude Williams

With rolling rhythm

1. If the boss is in the way, We're gon - na
roll it over him, We're gonna roll it o-ver him, We're gonna
roll it o-ver him. If the boss is in the way, We're gonna
roll it o-ver him, We're gon-na roll the un-ion
Chorus
on... We're gonna roll, We're gon-na roll, We're gon-na
roll the un-ion on... We're gon-na roll, We're gon-na
roll, We're gon - na roll the un-ion on.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a consistent rolling eighth-note rhythm. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with guitar chords (G, C, D7) indicated above the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2. If the scabs are in the way,
We're gonna roll it over them,
We're gonna roll it over them,
We're gonna roll it over them.
If the scabs are in the way,
We're gonna roll it over them,
We're gonna roll the union on.
We're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on.
We're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on.

3. If Jim Crow is in the way,
We're gonna roll it over him, ...

4. No matter who is in the way,
We're gonna roll it over him, ...



WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

1. The un-ion is be-hind us, We shall not be moved. The
un-ion is be-hind us, We shall not be moved. Just like a
tree that's stand-ing by the wa - ter, We shall not be
moved. **Chorus** We shall not, we shall not be moved,
We shall not, we shall not be moved. Just like a tree that's
stand-ing by the wa - ter, We shall not be moved.

2. We're black and white together,
We shall not be moved.
We're black and white together,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
We shall not be moved.
We shall not, . . .

SONG OF THE WAGE SLAVE

words: Ernest Jones
music: Alfred Roberts

1. The land it is the land-lord's, The trader's is the sea. The
ore the u-surer's coffers fills, But what remains for me? But
what re-mains for me? **Chorus** The coming hope, the future day, when
Wrong to Right shall bow, And hearts that have the courage,
men, To make that future now, To make that fu-ture now.

2. The camp, the pulpit, and the law
For rich men's sons are free;
Theirs, theirs are learning, art, and arms —
But what remains for me?
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, ...

3. The hour of leisure happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife —
But what remains for me?
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, ...

2. Out spake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
“If London’s Tow’r were Michael’s hold,
We’ll set Trelawney free.
We’ll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With one and all and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?”
A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James’s men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

3. And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
Here’s men as good as you!
Trelawney he’s in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die,
But here’s twenty thousand Cornish men,
Will know the reason why.
A good sword ...



DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Lively

1. (I'm) gon-na lay down my sword and shield Down by the
 riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the
 riv-er-side. I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
 Down by the riv-er-side, I'm gonna stud-y — war no
Chorus
 more. I ain't gon-na stud-y war no more, ain't gon-na
 stud-y war no more, ain't gon-na stud-y — war no
 more. I ain't gonna stud-y war no more, ain't gon-na
 stud-y war no more, ain't gon-na stud-y — war no more.

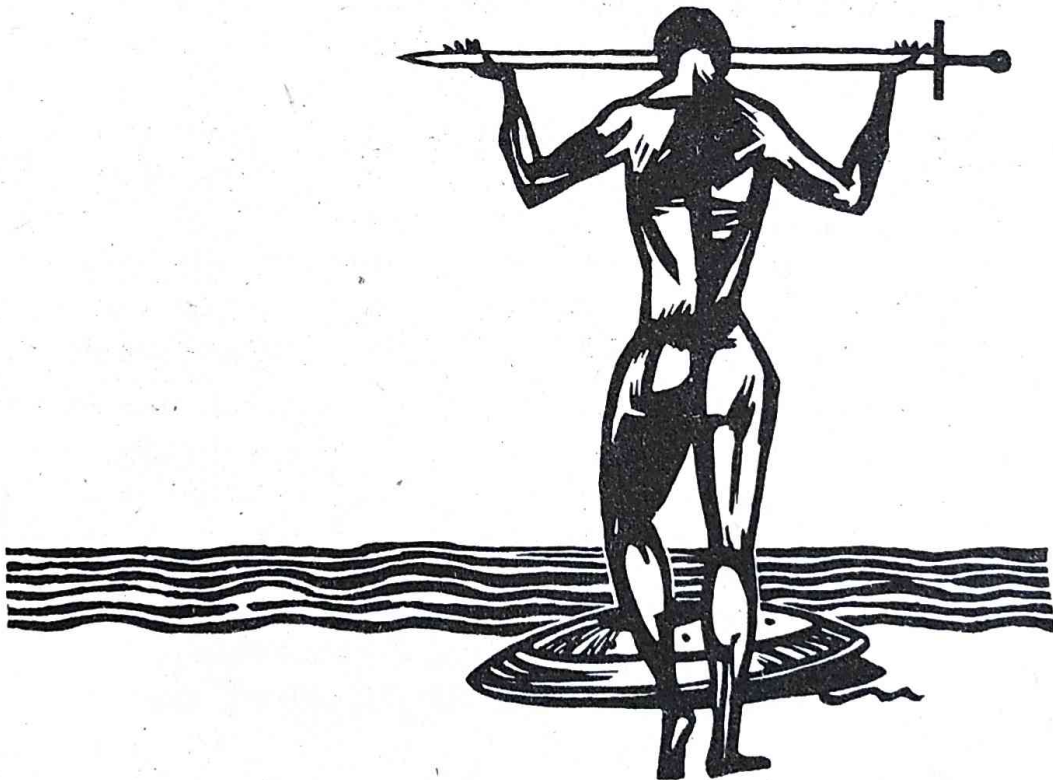
2. I'm gonna talk with my brethren
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.

I'm gonna talk with my brethren
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna study war no more.

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

3. I'm gonna bury that atom bomb
Down by the riverside ...

4. I'm gonna shout out that call of peace
Down by the riverside ...



WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Moderato

1. I am just a lone-ly pil-grim, Plodding through this
 world of sin.— But I want to build a cit-y,— Where all
 people can march in.— O when the Saints go marching in.
 — O when the Saints go marching in.— O Lord, I want to
 be in that number,— When the Saints go marching in.—

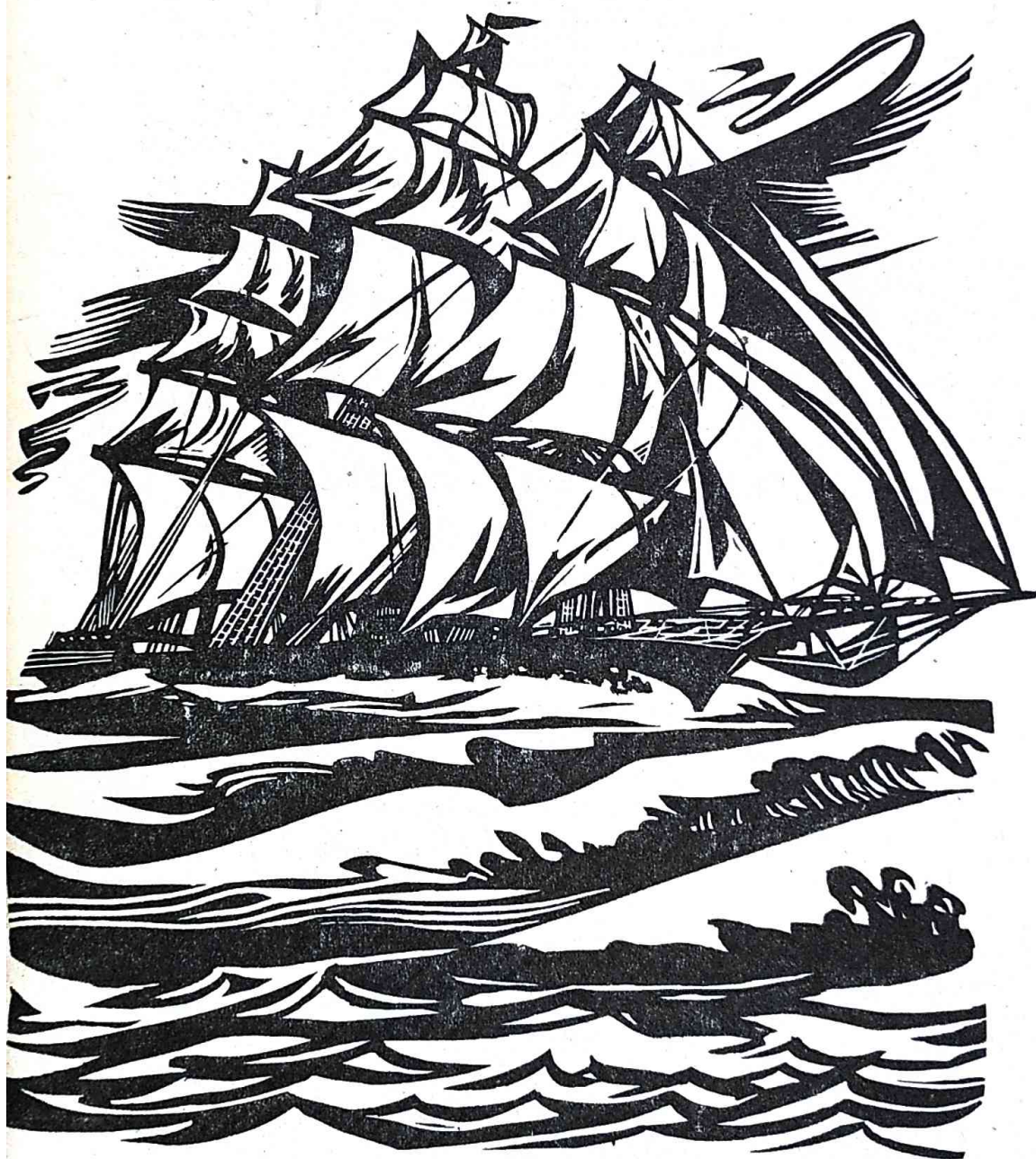
Chorus

Chords: A7, D, D7, G, D, E7, A, A7, D, D7, G, D, A7, D, D7, G, D, E7, A7, D, G, D

2. Roll on Jordan, roll on high.
 Roll one side as we go by.
 There's a better world a-coming,
 And the Saints go marching in.
 O when the Saints go marching in.
 O when the Saints go marching in.
 O Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the Saints go marching in.

3. I am just a weary traveller,
 Travelling through this world of woe,
 But I'm working for that morning,
 When there'll be peace down here below.
 O when the Saints ...

My bonnie is over the ocean



MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN

Moderato, with movement

1. My bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My
 bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My bon-nie is o-ver the
 o - cean, O bring back my bonnie to me. Bring back,
 bring back, (O) Bring back my bon-nie to me, to me.
 Bring back, bring back, O bring back my bonnie to me.

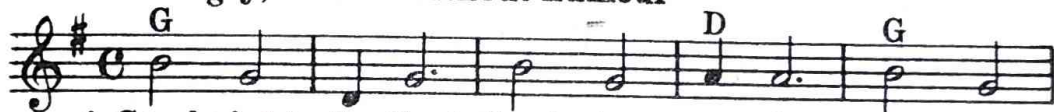
2. O blow ye winds over the ocean,
 O blow ye winds over the sea,
 O blow ye winds over the ocean
 And bring back my bonnie to me.
 Bring back, bring back,
 Bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
 Bring back, bring back,
 O bring back my bonnie to me.

3. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamt that my bonnie was dead.
 Bring back, ...

4. The winds have blown over the ocean,
 The winds have blown over the sea,
 The winds have blown over the ocean
 And brought back my bonnie to me.
 Brought back, brought back,
 Brought back my bonnie to me, to me,
 Brought back, brought back,
 Brought back my bonnie to me.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Feelingly, but not without humour



1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night,



la - dies, We're going to leave you now.

Chorus



Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, Roll a-long, roll a-long,



Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long O'er the dark blue sea.

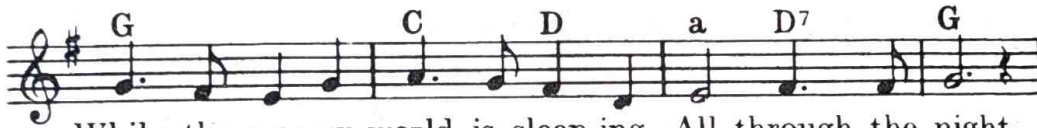
2. Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
 Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along,
 Roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along
 O'er the dark blue sea.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Very restfully, but not too slowly



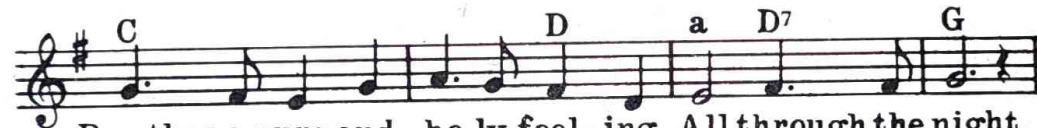
1. While the moon her watch is keeping, All through the night,



While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing, All through the night,

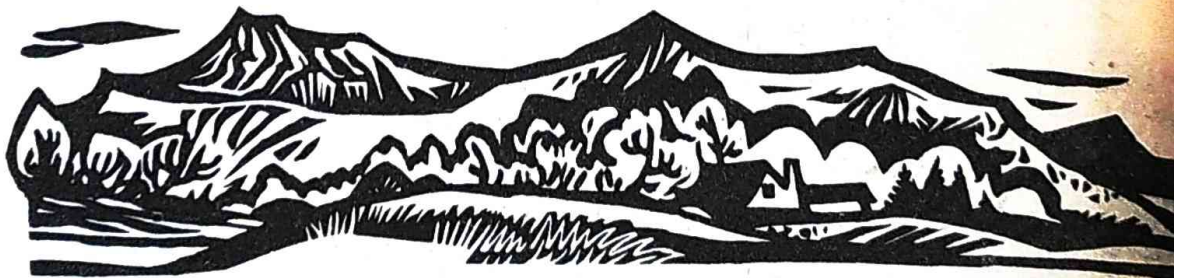


O'er my bosom gen-tly steal-ing, Visions of de-light reveal-ing,



Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.

2. Love, to thee my thoughts are turning,
All through the night,
And for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever,
Parting will not last forever,
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.



AULD LANG SYNE

words: Robert Burns

Moderately fast, with firm rhythm

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got and nev-er brought to
mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang
syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne; We'll
take a cup o' kind-ness yet for auld lang syne.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. Chords F, C, and F are indicated above the first three measures. The second staff continues the melody with chords B, F, C7, F, and C. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and features a more complex melody with chords F, B, F, C, B, F, and B. The fourth staff concludes the piece with chords F, C7, F, C, and F.

2. And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And give a hand of thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

words: Dion Boucicault
music: James Oswald

With fervour

1. Oh, Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the news that's
 go-ing round? The sham-rock is for - bid by law to
 grow on I-rish ground. Saint Pat-rick's Day no more we'll
 keep, his col-our can't be seen, For there's a cru-el
 law a-gainst the wearing of the green. I met with Napper
 Tan-dy, and he took me by the hand, And he said, How's
 poor old Ire-land, and how does she stand.? She's the
 most dis-tress-ful country that ev-er yet was seen, They're
 hang-ing men and women there for wear-ing of the green.

2. Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that she has shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on
the sod,
But, never fear, 'twill take root there tho' under foot 'tis
trod.
When laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as
they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not
show,
Then I will change the colour I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the
green.



LOCH LOMOND

Andante moderato



1. By— yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie
 braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where
 me and my true love were ev-er wont to gae, On the
 bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-mond. O you'll take the
 high road and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scot-land be-
 fore you; But me and my true love we'll nev-er meet a-
 gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mond.

2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
 Where in deep purple hue the Highland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

O you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland before you,
 But me and my true love, we'll never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

March time

Bring the good old bu-gle, boys, we'll sing an-oth-er song,
 Sing it with a spir-it that will start the world a-long,
 Sing it as we used to sing it, fif-ty thou-sand strong,
 While we were march-ing through Geor-gia. Hur-rah! Hur-
 rah! We bring the ju-bi-lee. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The
 flag that makes you free. So we sang the cho-rus from At-
 lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching through Georgia.

BILLY BOY

Lively

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly

Boy, Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? — I have

been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a

young thing and can-not leave her moth-er. —

Detailed description: The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The first staff begins with a 'D' chord. The second staff has an 'A' chord above it. The third staff has a 'D' chord above it. The fourth staff has 'A7' and 'D' chords above it. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines.

2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy? —
Yes, she bade me to come in,
There's dimple in her chin,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
3. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy? —
She can make a cherry pie,
Quick as you can wink an eye,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
4. Can she cook a bit of steak, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she cook a bit of steak, charming Billy? —
She can cook a bit of steak,
Aye, and make a girdle cake,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

RIO GRANDE

Quite fast, with swinging rhythm

1. Oh, say were you ev-er in Ri-o Grande? O
 Ri-o,— It's there that the riv-er runs down to the
 strand, And we're bound for the Rio Grande. Then away, love, a-
 way. Way down Ri-o,— So fare you well, my
 bon-ny young girl, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande.

2. So pack up your donkey and get under way,
 O Rio,
 The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay,
 And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
 Then away, love, away.
 Way down Rio,
 So fare you well, my bonny young girl,
 For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

3. Good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of town,
 O Rio,
 We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown,
 And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
 Then away, . . .

SACRAMENTO

Hearty and spirited



1. We've formed our band and we are well manned, doo-da,



doo-da, To journey a-far to the Promised Land, dooda, dooda



day. Where the golden ore is rich in store, dooda, dooda, On the



banks of the Sacra-men-to shore, dooda, doo-da day. Then



ho, boys, ho, to Cal-i-for-nia go. There's plen-ty of



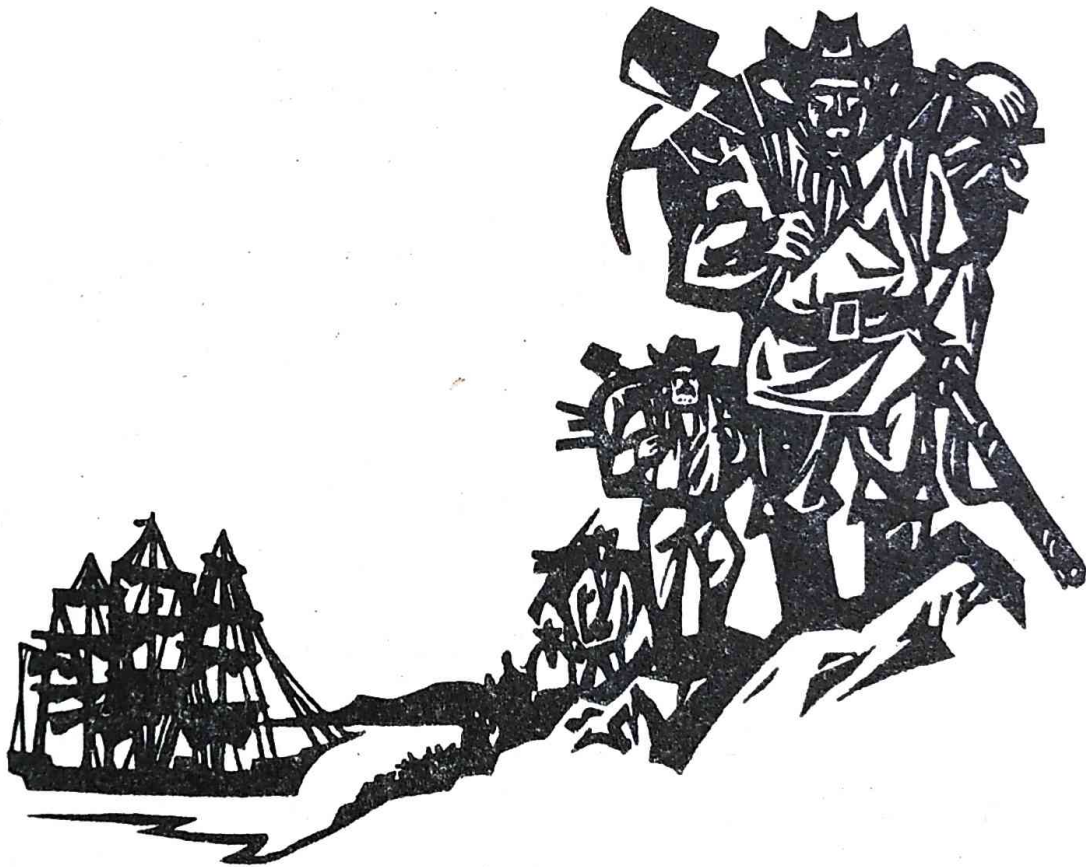
gold, so I've been told, On the banks of Sac-ra-men-to.

2. As the gold is there most anywhere, dooda, dooda,
 And they dig it out with an iron bar, dooda, dooda day.
 And where 'tis thick, with a spade or pick, dooda, dooda,
 They can take out lumps as heavy as a brick, dooda, dooda
 . day.

Then ho, boys, ho, to California go.
 There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
 On the banks of Sacramento.

3. We sailed round the Cape in the month of May, dooda, dooda,
And then we headed for Frisco Bay, dooda, dooda day.
We didn't find gold in forty-nine, dooda, dooda,
We didn't find gold at any time, dooda, dooda day.
Then ho, boys, ho, to California go.
There's plenty of stones and dead men's bones,
On the banks of Sacramento.

4. Oh, the land we'll save for the bold and brave, dooda, dooda,
Have determined there shall never breathe a slave, dooda,
dooda day.
Let foes recoil for the sons of toil, dooda, dooda,
Shall make California God's free soil, dooda, dooda day.
Then ho, boys, ho, to California go.
No slave shall toil on God's free soil,
On the banks of Sacramento.



CLEMENTINE

words and music: Percy Montrose

Moderato con spirito



1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a



mine, Dwelt a min-er, forty-nin-er, And his daughter Clemen-



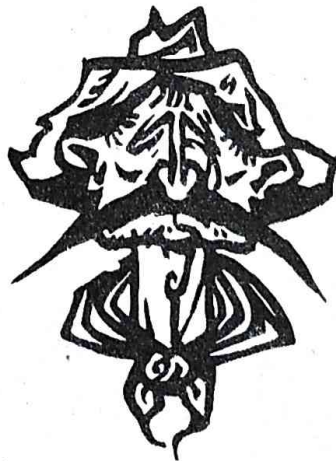
tine. O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clemen-tine,



Thou art lost and gone for-ev-er, Dreadful sor-ry, Clemen-tine.

2. Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topes
Sandals were for Clementine.
O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.
3. Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

4. Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine,
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.
5. Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.
6. In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilized by Clementine.
7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garlands soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.
8. How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.



OH, SUSANNA

words and music: Stephen C. Foster

Brightly

1. I come from Al - a - bam - a With my ban - jo on my
knee, I'm going to Loui - si - an - a My true love for to
see. It rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was
dry, The sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san - na, don't you

Chorus

cry. Oh, Su - san - na, don't you cry for me, I—
come from Al - a - bam - a With my ban - jo on my knee.



2. I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna dear,
A-coming down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
I said, I'm coming from the south,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me,
For I've come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee.

3. I soon will be in New Orleans,
And then I'll look all round,
But if I do not find her,
This darkey'll surely die.
And when I find Susanna,
I'll fall upon the ground,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna, ...



HOME ON THE RANGE

Easy canter

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, Where the
 deer and the an-te-lope play, Where sel-dom is heard a dis-
 cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.—

Chorus
 Melody
 Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an-te-lope
 play, Where sel-dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing
 word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.—

Chord symbols: F, B, G7, C7, F, B, C, F, C, F6, G7, C7, F, B, F, C, F.

2. Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
 And the breezes so balmy and light
 That I would not exchange my home on the range
 For all the cities so bright.

Home, home on the range,
 Where the deer and the antelope play,
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
 And the skies are not cloudy all day.

3. Oh, I love those wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain tops green.

Home, home ...

4. How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Home, home ...



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

words and music: Stephen C. Foster

Rather slowly

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
summer, the darkies are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
merry, all happy and bright. By'n by hard times comes a-
knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good
night! Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-
day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y
home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

Chorus

G A7 D G C G D7 G C G e C G D7 G

2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
 Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh, weep no more today.
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home far away.

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
 Weep no more, ...



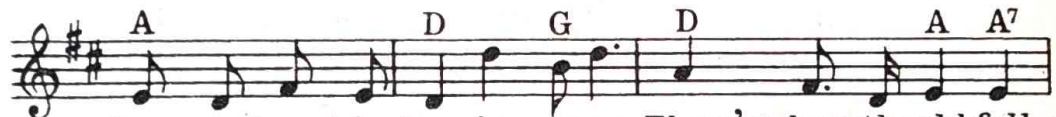
OLD FOLKS AT HOME

words and music: Stephen C. Foster

Moderato



1. Way down upon the Swanee River, Far, far a - way, There's



where my heart is turning ev-er, There's where the old folks

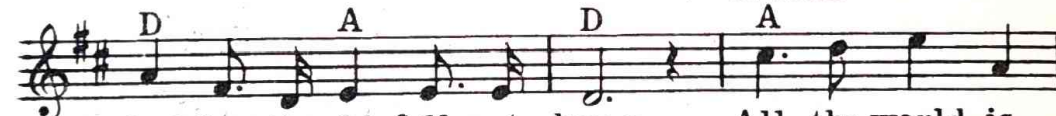


stay. All up and down the whole cre- a- tion, Sad-ly I



roam, Still long-ing for the old plan- ta- tion

Chorus



And for the old folks at home. All the world is



sad and dreary, Ev'-ry-where I roam. Oh, darkeys, how my



heart grows wear-y Far from the old folks at home.

2. All round the little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.

When I was playing with my brother
Happy was I.

Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam.

Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

3. One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming,
All round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?
All the world ...



DECK THE HALL

Gaily.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly, Fa la la la la la
la la la, 'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Fa la la la
la. la la la la, Fill the mead cup, raise the was-sail,
Fa la la la la la la la la, Troll the an-cient
Christ-mas car-ol Fa la la la la la la la la.

2. See the flowing bowl before us,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la la la la la,
While I sing of beauty's treasure,
Fa la la la la la la la.



3. Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Laughing, quaffing all together,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa la la la la la la la.

JINGLE, BELLS

words and music: J. Pierpont

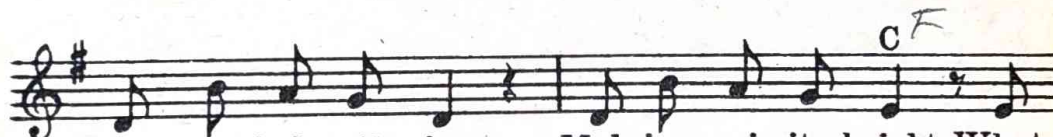
With spirit



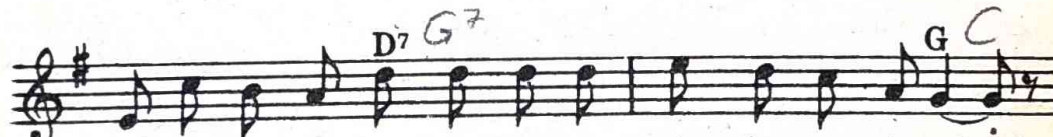
1. Dash-ing through the snow In a one-horse o-pen sleigh,



O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way.

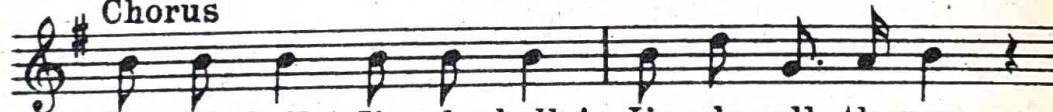


Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright, What



fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night.

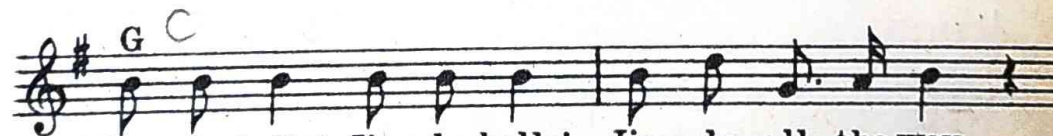
Chorus



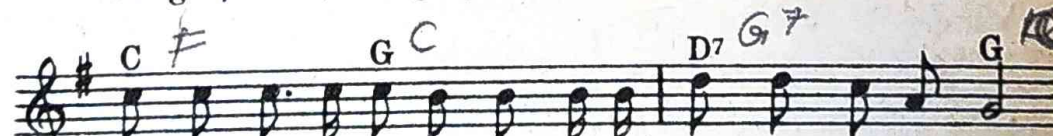
Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way.



O what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!



Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way.



O what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

2. A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seemed his lot,
He got into a drifted bank
And we, we got upsot.
 Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!
 Jingle all the way!
 O what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh!
 Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!
 Jingle all the way!
 O what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh!

3. Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bobtailed bay,
Two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! You'll take the lead.
 Jingle, bells! ...

WHITE CHRISTMAS

words and music: Irving Berlin

I'm dream-ing of a white Christ-mas Just like the
ones I used to know, — Where the tree-tops glis-ten And
chil-dren lis-ten to hear sleigh bells in the snow. —
I'm dream-ing of a white Christ-mas, With ev-'ry
Christ-mas card I write, — May your days be mer-ry and
bright — And may all your Christ-mas-es be white. —

Handwritten guitar chords: C G, d a, G, F C, G D, C G, C7 G7, F C, f, C G, D7 A, d, G7 D7, C G, d a, G O, F C, G D, C G, C7 G7, F C, f, C G, G7 D7, C G.

For he's a jolly good fellow



FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

Fast, with a good swing

Musical score for "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C7, F, B, F, C, F, B, C7, F, B, F, B, F, C, B, F, C7, F.

For - he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good
 fel - low, For he's a jol-ly good fel - low, And so say all of
 us. - And so say all of us, - And so say all of
 us. - For he's a jol-ly good fel - low, For he's a jol-ly good
 fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, And so say all of us.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Fairly fast

Musical score for "Happy Birthday to You" in 3/4 time, key of G major. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: G, D7, G, G6, C, G, D7, G.

Hap-py birth-day to you! Hap-py birth-day to
 you! Happy birth-day, dear Pe-ter, Happy birth-day to you!

THE CHILDREN OF FAR DISTANT LANDS

Tempo di marcia

1. The chil-dren of far dis-tant lands With
joy-ous song we greet: Hold out to us your friend-ly-
hands Our cir-cle to com-plete. A-round the world so
ver-y-wide Our cir-cle it shall be, Good will and
friend-ship need no tide or ship to cross the sea.

2. Then, boys and girls, as in our play
Around the world we go,
With happy hearts we'll try today
Each other's land to know.
And when our time for playing flies,
And when our childhood ends,
May we, then grown so old and wise,
Be firm and loyal friends.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Lively

1. She'll be com-ing round the moun-tain when she
comes, o yes! She'll be coming round the mountain when she
comes, o yes! She'll be com-ing round the moun-tain,
she'll be com-ing round the moun-tain, she'll be
com-ing round the moun-tain when she comes, o yes!

2. She'll be driving six white horses when she comes, ho-back,
o yes!
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes, ho-back,
o yes!
She'll be driving six white horses, she'll be driving six white
horses,
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes, ho-back,
o yes!

3. O we'll all go out to meet her when she comes, hi-babe,
ho-back, o yes! ...



4. We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, hack-hack,
hi-babe, ho-back, o yes! ...
5. And we'll all have chicken and dumpling when she comes,
yum-yum, hack-hack, hi-babe, ho-back, o yes! ...
6. She will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes, snork-
snork, yum-yum, hack-hack, hi-babe, ho-back, o yes! ...
7. She'll be wearing red pyjamas when she comes, scratch-
scratch, snork-snork, yum-yum, hack-hack, hi-babe,
ho-back, o yes! ...

LONDON'S BURNING

four-part round

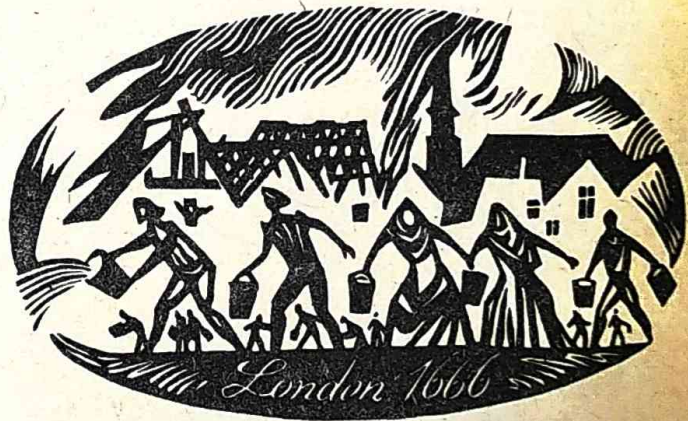
Gaily

1. Lon-don's burn-ing, Lon-don's burn-ing, Fetch the

2. en-gine, fetch the en-gine, Fire, fire! Fire,

3. fire! Pour on wa-ter, pour on wa-ter.

4.



ROW YOUR BOAT

music: E. O. Lyte
four-part round

Smoothly

1. Row, row, row your boat Gently down the stream; Mer-ri-ly,

2. mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream.


3.

4.




MICHAEL FINNIGIN


Fast



1. There was an old man called Mi-chael Fin-ni-gin,



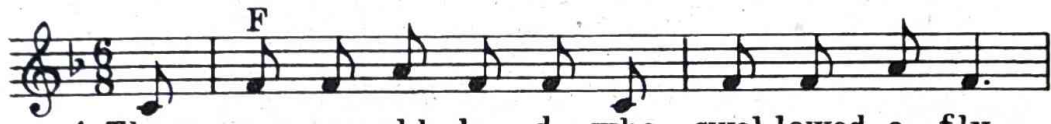
He grew whis-kers on his chin-i-gin, The wind came up and



(shouted)
blew them in-i-gin, Poor old Michael Fin-ni-gin (begin-i-gin).

2. There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He got drunk through drinking ginigin,
Thus he wasted all his tinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin (beginigin).
3. There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He kicked up an awful dinigin,
Because they said he must not sinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin (beginigin).
4. There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He went fishing with a pinigin,
Caught a fish but dropped it inigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin (beginigin).
5. There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He grew fat and then grew thinigin,
Then he died, and had to beginigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.

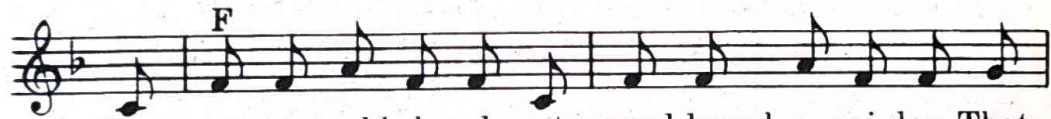
THE OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY



1. There was an old la - dy who swal-losed a fly,



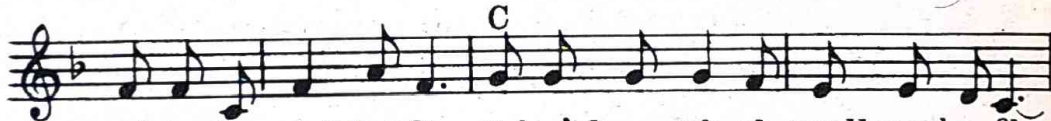
I don't know why she swallowed a fly, Per-haps she'll die.



2. There was an old la - dy who swal-losed a spi-der That



wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her. She swallowed the



spi-der to catch the fly- I don't know why sheswallowed a fly,



— Per-haps she'll die. 3. There was an old la - dy who



swallowed a bird. How ab-surd to swal-low a bird! —



She swal-losed the bird to catch the spi-der,
She swal-losed the spi-der to catch the fly-



I don't know why she swallowed a fly, — Perhaps she'll die.

4. There was an old lady who swallowed a cat.
Fancy that she swallowed a cat!
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider ...
5. There was an old lady who swallowed a dog.
Oh, what a hog — she swallowed a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat ...
6. There was an old lady who swallowed a goat.
She opened her throat and swallowed a goat!
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog ...
7. There was an old lady who swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly —
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
Perhaps she'll die.
8. There was an old lady who swallowed a horse.
(*Spoken:*) She's dead, of course.

ONE MAN WENT TO MOW

March time



1. One man went to mow, Went to mow a mead-ow,—



One man and his dog Went to mow a mead-ow.—



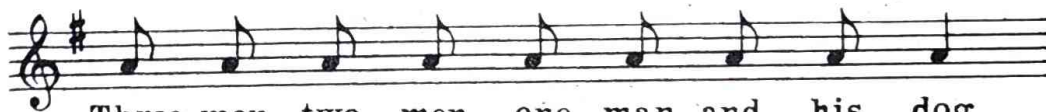
2. Two men went to mow, Went to mow a mead-ow,—



Two men, one man, and his dog Went to mow a mead-ow.—



3. Three men went to mow, Went to mow a mead-ow,—



Three men, two men, one man, and his dog



Went to mow a mead-ow.—

4. Four men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow,
Four men, three men, two men, one man, and his dog
Went to mow a meadow. ...

THE INTERNATIONALE

We begin the booklet with this song because it is the anthem of the communist movement in the world. It was written in France and then translated into countless languages, for it is an expression of the peoples' fight everywhere against exploitation and oppression. The song shows great hope and confidence in the struggle of the working people and in their final success. The prophecy in the line "The dawn brings in a brighter day" has already come true in the socialist countries and will some day be realised in the whole world. The last two lines of the chorus, "The Internationale unites the human race", apply equally well to all songs in the group "Join in the fight".

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

In 1936 the American writer and journalist Lawrence Gellert published a collection of more than 300 protest songs of the Black people he had collected during the twelve years which he had spent in the southern states on farms and in slums, together with the poorest of the poor Black workers. "Join in the fight" ("Black and White") is one of the most famous songs of this collection, a call for international solidarity in the fight against racial discrimination and monopolist exploitation.

fray [frei] – Kampf

WE SHALL OVERCOME

Within the sixties, this anthem of the Black liberation movement has become famous around the world. The confidence and the sense of purpose which mass singing of this adaptation from an old Baptist hymn impart can well be imagined. The well-known folksinger Pete Seeger says: "In 1936 a white woman helping to organise trade unions heard some Negro tobacco workers singing on a picket line. One of the old songs was 'I will overcome'. The woman added some extra verses, and it was occasionally sung as a union song. In 1946 she taught it to me, and I sang it up north, adding still

more verses, such as 'We'll walk hand in hand'. . . . I confess that for me the most important word is 'We' — and when I sing it I think of the whole human race, which must stick together if we are going to solve crucial problems that face us all: problems of war and peace, of poverty, ignorance and fear, of health and population." This song expresses the spirit of the Black people's struggle typical for the early sixties.

overcome [ˌouvə'kʌm] — überwinden

deep [di:p] — tief

believe [bi'li:v] — glauben

for — hier: denn

heart [hɑ:t] — Herz

THE INK IS BLACK

In 1954 the nine judges of the United States Supreme Court decided unanimously that separate schools for white and Black children were unconstitutional. This great victory was the result of long and increasingly dramatic struggles for equal rights. The Court decision was only a first step. In many schools in the Southern states there is still racial discrimination but the fight for equal rights for the Black pupils proceeded with renewed impetus after 1954. This song calls for equal rights for both Black and white children in the schools.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

This song has made immortal a brave man who died because he deeply sympathised with the Black slaves and tried to make them free. John Brown (1800–1859), a cattle-dealer and travelling salesman, became an organiser of the "underground railroad" in order to help slaves flee from the plantations in the Southern states to begin a new life in the North.

In 1859 John Brown and about 20 followers captured the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, an important gateway to the Southern region. But the action failed and John Brown was hanged for "treason to the Commonwealth, conspiring with slaves to commit treason and murder". His death was followed by a broad public discussion and political movement. It thus influenced the stream of the history of the U.S.A. and was one of the starting points of the

Civil War (1861-1865) which brought the end of slavery in the United States. This end of slavery, however, existed only on paper.

a-mould'ring (*coll.*) = mouldering

hallelujah [ˌhæliˈluːjə]

Virginia [vəˈdʒɪnjə] – state in the East of the U.S.A., once a
“slave” state

THE FAMILY OF MAN

This is a song of the British folk-song movement. The London Youth Choir, which has travelled over England, popularised songs like this. They help people who are engaged in the struggle for peace, progress and prosperity.

Paree [pɑˈri:] – Paris

Rhondda – Miners' district in Wales

coolie [ˈkuːli] – Kuli

I have my fill – ich habe genug

BLOWING IN THE WIND

Bob Dylan, the famous young American poet, singer and composer, wrote many progressive songs for a number of years against racial discrimination, war and preparations for war. This song, which is one of his best, became popular in many countries in 1964. The German translation of the song, however, sung by Marlene Dietrich, is not quite correct (“Die Antwort weiß ganz allein der Wind”), and the English text is more optimistic.

THE HAMMER SONG

In the sixties, this song became very popular, especially with the youth. It had started on its way through the folk-song process – with many new verses and different musical versions – both in the U.S.A. and in other countries. Even this version is somewhat different from

the original one, published in 1948. The song was sung during the Korean War and at the height of the McCarthy period (Senator Joseph McCarthy fought wildly against the Communist Party and all the other progressive forces in the U.S.A.). "The Hammer Song" is a call to the people of the United States to recover and defend the best of their democratic traditions.

danger ['deɪndʒə] – Gefahr	ring [rɪŋ] – läuten, klingeln
warning ['wɔːnɪŋ] – Warnung	justice ['dʒʌstɪs] – Gerechtigkeit
bell [bel] – Glocke	

THE H-BOMB'S THUNDER

Karl Dallas says: "The genealogy of this song, which is called the national anthem of the 'Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament', is interesting, for it reflects the composition of the contemporary folk-song movement in Britain. In its earliest history the tune was Welsh which was taken by evangelists and given English-language words. The song was parodied by Welsh miners in a song with the chorus 'Union miners stand together'. This song was taken to the American coalfields by Welsh emigrants, and it is now better known in America than in Britain."

BAN THE BOMB

This song is sung to the tune of the round "Are you sleeping", which is the translation of the French round "Frère Jacques". – In 1958 the first Aldermaston (or: Easter) march took place. At these marches thousands of people, including groups from the Communist Party, the British Peace Committee, and the trade unions demonstrated for peace and sang progressive songs, such as "Ban the Bomb", "The Family of Man", "The H-bomb's thunder". Aldermaston, the centre of nuclear armament, 53 miles from London, often was at the start or the end of the marches. The great peace rallies took place in Trafalgar Square in London.

Macmillan – British Prime Minister (1957–1963)

Polaris – U.S.A. rocket

HOLD THE FORT

This song was based on a battle of the Union Army during the American Civil War (1861–1865). It meant to hold the fort, for the Union Army would soon arrive. It became a union song, and it is one of the favourites among British and United States workers' strike songs. Set to an old gospel hymn, it has been sung on picket lines and at union meetings throughout the U.S.A. for more than 50 years. In Great Britain it is the song of the transport workers. The German text to this tune reads "Brüder, seht die rote Fahne".

nigh [nai] – nahe

WHAT WE WANT

"What we want" is one of Joe Hill's (see notes to the song "Joe Hill") recruiting songs for the "Industrial Workers of the World" (IWW), a union in which skilled and unskilled workers of all industries were organised early in this century unlike most other American unions at the time which were limited to specialised trades.

labor (*am.*) – hier: Gewerkschaften

ye (*coll.*) = you

band [bænd] – Gruppe, Vereinigung

lumberjack ['lʌmbədʒæk] (*am.*) – Holzfäller, -arbeiter

staker ['steikə] – Pfahl-, Zaunsetzer

sling [sliŋ] (*am. coll.*) – ver-, hinunterschlingen

hash [hæʃ] – wieder aufgewärmtes Essen aus Fleischstücken

tinner ['tinə] – Klempner

skinner ['skinə] (*am. coll.*) – Maultier-, Pferdetreiber

trucker ['trʌkə] – Lastwagenfahrer

mucker ['mʌkə] – hier: Erdarbeiter

JOE HILL

Joe Hill (Joseph Hillstrom) came from Sweden to the United States at the age of nineteen. He worked at many jobs. Disappointed at the bad working conditions, he wanted to help to make the workers

free from misery and exploitation. So he joined the IWW (see notes to the song "What we want") and began to write poems and songs which encouraged the workers and strengthened their will to stand together against monopolists and warmongers. Soon he was well known as one of the most active organisers of the IWW and became famous as the author and singer of rousing songs. His imprisonment on a false murder charge caused a storm of protest, but he was finally shot in Salt Lake City, Utah, on 19 November, 1915. His last words, spoken just before he faced a firing squad of policemen, have passed into history: "Don't mourn for me. Organize!"

Joe Hill — (1879–1915) famous leader of American industrial workers
says I (*coll.*) = I say

Salt Lake ['sɔ:lt ,leɪk] City — capital of the state of Utah ['ju:tɑ:]
frame (*coll.*) — zu Unrecht anklagen

I (he) ain't (*coll.*) = I am (he is) not

he ain't never died (*coll.*) = he has(n't) never died

San Diego [ˌsændi'eɪɡəʊ] — port in California, in the utmost South
West of the United States

Maine [meɪn] — the state of the U.S.A. in the utmost North East

I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

The words of this song were written by Jim Garland, one of the organisers of a miners' strike in Kentucky in 1931. Garland was in the thick of many of the battles between the coal operators and the union. He knew what it meant to see the bosses with their millions and the miners with barely enough to live on. The tune of the song is based on the old folk melody "Greenback Dollar".

Rolls Royce — car of distinguished appearance

two parties — Democrats and Republicans in the U.S.A.

labor = labour

SIXTEEN TONS

Some of the most bitter conflicts of industrial America have taken place in and around the mine fields of the U.S.A. Very often real warfare broke out between the miners and the National Guard. The miners, how-

ever, were among the first to win the eight-hour day in 1897. The unity and militancy of the union miners has produced a great collection of songs. This song tells of the small mining towns, where the miners are always in debt to the one store, which belongs to the mine company.

Saint Peter – saint who is said to sit at the gate of heaven

'cause = because

company store – Laden des Unternehmers

straw-boss – zweiter Direktor

ROLL THE UNION ON

This is another song with an old melody of the Blacks, the words of which were written in 1936 in Little Rock, Arkansas. It came out of the struggle of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and was meant to be sung militantly in strikes and demonstrations. It has always been a favourite at May Day marches where the demonstrators inserted the names of whatever public enemies were most in the news at the moment.

gonna = going to

scab [skæb] – Streikbrecher

Jim Crow [krou] – Rassenhetze

no matter who – gleichgültig wer

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

This song came out of the heart of the South of the U.S.A. and spread throughout the country. The tune is from an old hymn, probably from a Spiritual. The words have been added to in countless strikes and demonstrations. Originally the workers in a small factory were having a dispute with the management and getting nowhere. So the workers decided to come to the factory the next day, sit down next to their machines and do nothing. The result was a settlement with the boss and a new song added to American folklore.

Text sung to this tune on the Aldermaston March (see "Ban the Bomb"):

"We say abandon H-bombs . . ."

"Evict the Yankee bombers . . ."

“Close the atom bases . . .”

“We’ll fill Trafalgar Square . . .”

we shall not be moved — wir werden nicht wanken

just like — (genau) so wie

tree [tri:] — Baum

leader [ˈli:də] — Führer

SONG OF THE WAGE SLAVE

In the early 19th century, the miserable working conditions in English towns led to the foundation of the Chartists’ Movement. This movement demanded democratic reforms and better working conditions.

When the English government rejected the demands of the Chartists, strikes were organised which were brutally suppressed by government troops. Ernest Jones (1819–1869), who was arrested together with many other Chartists, wrote the text of this “Song of the Chartists’ Movement”, as it has been called. He was one of the revolutionary leaders of the Chartists’ Movement.

In spite of its final failure the Chartists’ Movement was, according to Lenin, the first broad, real mass movement with a political basis and a proletarian-revolutionary character.

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

In 1686 King James II began a direct attack on the Church of England. He wanted to convert England to the Catholic Church. In this process he seemed to be threatening the entire constitution of the country. In 1687 he issued his first Declaration of Indulgence, in 1688 his second.

Sir John Trelawney [triˈlɔːni] (1650–1721), baronet and bishop of Bristol, opposed these Declarations and stood trial in 1688. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London.

Tamar [ˈteimə], Severn [ˈsevə(:)n] — rivers in England

Michael’s hold = Gewahrsam des “Erzengel Michael”

nay [nei] = no

ye (*coll.*) = you

spake = spoke

wight [wait] — Kerl

Cornish (*adj.*) — (Cornwall, peninsula in the southwest of England)

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

This Spiritual was probably sung a hundred years ago during and after slavery. Today it is sung as a protest song in the peace movement, with words adapted to the political situation. It symbolises man's hatred of war and yearning for peace. The Aldermaston marchers sang one new line in the song: "I'm gonna bury that atom bomb".

I'm gonna = I am going to
brethren ['breðrin] – Brüder

I ain't (*coll.*) = I am not

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

The Spirituals, created by unknown Afro-American singers among the slaves in the Southern states, were the expression of a religious hope for a better life in heaven, but also a hope for freedom here on earth. Some even hinted about ways to escape to the free North, but always used religious words so that the white masters would not understand. Some are lively, some are sad, many are among the most beautiful songs ever created.

Jordan [dʒɔ:dn] – Fluß im heutigen Jordanien

Lord = God

a-coming (*coll.*) = coming

MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN

This is an American college song, probably originated in Scotland (in view of the use of the word "bonnie"). In general, English folk-songs are not particular to any country or region, but are common to all parts of the British Isles in which the English language is spoken, and they extend even to the English-speaking countries overseas.

Bonnie ['bɒni] – hier: Liebste(r)

ye (*coll.*) = you

I lay [lei] – ich lag

dream [dri:m] – träumen

ocean ['ouʃ(ə)n] – Ozean

blow [blou] – blasen, wehen

pillow ['pilou] – Kissen

dead [ded] – tot

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

This is a shanty and an English students' song. In addition to the shanties which were actually sung at work, there were others sung for entertainment in the hours when the crew was off duty (see notes to the song "Rio Grande").

merrily ['merili] — fröhlich

dark [dɑ:k] — dunkel

farewell [,fæ'wel] — lebe (lebt) wohl

o'er = over

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

This is a Welsh air from the 18th century. There are many versions to the same melody. The song expresses the feelings and hopes of the Welsh miners. At the Welsh "Eisteddfod [ais'teðvəd]", the National Literary and Music Festival, old songs like this can still be heard. The ancient Welsh songs had an affinity with the Irish and Scottish which points to a Celtic background. It is to be regretted that a very large number are lost forever.

o'er = over

AULD LANG SYNE

This is a Scottish air, very popular in all English-speaking countries. It is often sung at farewell parties and at New Year's Eve, and the singers usually join hands. The first verse is very old, while the second and third verses are by the great poet Robert Burns. The original Scottish and Gaelic words have been forgotten, but, fortunately, the tune has been preserved.

It includes the so-called "Scotch Snap" (a short note followed by a long note). This device is possibly a result of the way in which the natural stresses fall in the Gaelic language.

auld lang syne ['ɔ:ldlæŋ'sain] (*schott.*) — vor langer, langer Zeit

forgot = forgotten

min' = mind

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

This is one of the most popular songs of Ireland's struggle for freedom. The text to this actually Scottish tune was written after the famous Rebellion in 1798. National emblems of the liberation movement were the shamrock and the green flag. The Irish of the south realised their hereditary desires for independence in 1921, but their Free State was only built after centuries of rebellion and strife. In 1937 Ireland was declared a sovereign republic.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, is the national celebration day, in memory of St. Patrick who christianised Ireland in 430.

forbid = forbidden

Napper Tandy (1740-1803) – national hero

'twill = it will

tho' = though

'tis = it is

trod = trodden

caubeen [kə'bi:n] (*ir.*) – Hut

LOCH LOMOND

This is the song of a Jacobite who was about to be executed and whose soul can then travel faster back to Scotland. (A Jacobite was a partisan of James II after he abdicated the throne in 1688.) But it could also be the song of any hunted fugitive travelling by stealth along hidden paths.

The folk-song of the Gaels at all its levels is constructed in such a way as to allow the hearers an active part. Thus the Bard or singer would keep the narrative going in a sort of recitative-like chant, while the listeners would "come in" with the chorus, sometimes merely a repeat of the original tune.

Loch Lomond [lɒk'loumɒnd] – lake in Scotland

Ben Lomond – mountain in Scotland

bonnie ['bɒni] – hübsch

brae [brei] – Hang

wont [wɒnt] – gewohnt

gae [gei] – gehen

o' = of

'twas = it was

yon (*poet.*) = those

me = I

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

The start of the Civil War (1861–1865) inspired the songwriters in the United States. Every important event, every victory or defeat produced its quota of songs. They were sung by millions: in the camp, on the march, when going into battle, at the fire-side. "Marching through Georgia" is one of those which are still alive. It tells of General Sherman's march through Georgia in 1864.

Atlanta [ət'læntə] – capital of Georgia

BILLY BOY

When the hard work on board the ships had to be done by hand, the sailors had to work in groups, and they found out that singing a song made their work easier. So the "shanties" (see notes to the song "Rio Grande") grew up, the sailors' working songs. Most shanties have good melodies and a steady swinging rhythm in order to carry along the rhythm of the work. Often a solo voice sang the verses, and then the group joined in the chorus.

cherry pie ['tʃeri'pai] – Kirschtorte

aye [ai] – ja

girdle cake ['gə:dl'keik] – Röstkuchen (Frühstücksgericht, etwa wie dt. Eierkuchen)

RIO GRANDE

This American shanty was first sung in the days before the Mexican War (1846–1848), when the Rio Grande was still a Mexican river and not a boundary river between Mexico and the U.S.A.

The term "Shanty" or "Chanty" probably comes from the French "Chantez" (= Singt!).

Shanty-singing was, of course, not an American invention. Shanties were sung on English vessels long before there was an American navy. The shantyman was that member of the crew whose voice, memory and skill in extemporising apt and humorous lines singled him out above all the others. The shantyman did not work but stood

alongside the workers. He took the solo parts, and the sailors, who were preparing their grip on the line, sang the chorus, on which "all hands gave a mighty pull".

SACRAMENTO

When, in 1848/49, the news flashed over the mountains that in California gold had been found in unlimited quantities, gold that could be washed out of the sands or picked out of the rocks with fingernails, a wild stampede began. Men tramped over the endless miles of desert or sailed round Cape Horn to reach the "promised land", the "banks of Sacramento" river. This fantastic migration could not help pouring out into songs. The gold-hunters sang "Ho for California" to a dozen tunes. At first they sang with enthusiasm. Later, on the return voyages, bitter, sarcastic verses were sung to the same refrain.

The fourth verse of the text here was sung by the Abolitionists (fighters for the liberation of all Black slaves) to keep California free from slavery.

band [bænd] — Gruppe, Bande

afar [ə'fɑ:] — weit, fern

CLEMENTINE

This remarkable ballad became a favourite college song during the Reconstruction period in the 1870s. It was popular in San Francisco toward the end of the 19th century and was sung by the cowboys, lumberjacks and railwaymen in the Far West. Today it is still sung with much relish by college and community groups.

canyon ['kænjən] — tiefe Gebirgsschlucht

topses < top — Deckel

duckling — Entchen

forty-niner — Goldgräber von 1849 in Kalifornien

peak [pi:k] — kränkeln, dahinsiechen

he oughter jine = he ought to join

doth = does

draw the line — nicht mehr wollen

OH, SUSANNA

Stephen C. Foster (1826–1864) wrote about 200 songs, and many of them are still so popular today because of their simple, beautiful melodies. They are widely considered American folk-songs. Foster imitated songs of the Black people, and “Oh, Susanna” belongs to this part of his work. Published in 1848, it became the marching song of the forty-niners (the men who took part in the California gold-rush in 1848 and 1849) on their way to the West. It is one of the so-called nonsense songs which, because of their funny foolishness and paradoxical sentences, are beloved all over the world.

Susanna [su:'zænə] – a girl's name

Alabama [ˌælə'bæmə] – state in the South of the U.S.A.

Louisiana [lu(:),izi'æənə] – state in the South of the U.S.A.

a-coming (*coll.*) = coming

buckwheat cake ['bʌkwɪ:t'keɪk] – Buchweizenkuchen

New Orleans [nju:'ɔ:liənz] – seaport in Louisiana

darkey ['dɑ:ki] – Afro-Amerikaner (meist herabwürdigend)

HOME ON THE RANGE

The 1870s and the 1880s were the hey-day of the cowboy on the western plains. The weeks and months on horseback, on the long drive, offered little to relieve the heat, the rain, the monotony. So the cowboy sang songs. It is probable that the cowboy songs instead of springing up from a group, in the manner of most folk-songs, were the work of single but anonymous authors. Cowboy songs are almost invariably in the first person. There are songs about work and love, sentimental and humorous songs. The usual accompanying instrument is the guitar.

range [reɪndʒ] – offenes Gelände, weite Prärie

curlew ['kɜ:lju] – Brachvogel

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous anti-slavery novel “Uncle Tom's Cabin” probably inspired Stephen C. Foster to write “My old

Kentucky home" (1853), because the first draft had the title "Poor Uncle Tom, good-night", and the chorus originally went: "Grieve not for your old Kentucky home ... old Uncle Tom." But he changed the text and made the "Old Kentucky home" the topic of his song.

Kentucky [ken'tʌki] – state in the East of the United States
darky ['dɑ:ki] – Afro-Amerikaner (meist herabwürdigend)
by and by – bald
a-knocking (*coll.*) = knocking
possum ['pɒsəm] (*coll.*) = opossum – amerikan. Beutelratte
coon [ku:n] – Waschbär
glimmer ['glimə] – Schimmer
tote [tout] (*am. coll.*) – tragen, schleppen
no matter – es macht nichts, ganz gleich

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

This song is looked upon by many as an attempt to make slave life seem pleasant. Because of the praise of plantation life and the use of the word 'darkeys' many Black people dislike the song. The melody, however, has helped it become one of Stephen Foster's most popular songs.

Swanee ['swəni] River – river in Georgia and Florida, in the South
East of the United States

creation [kri'eɪʃ(ə)n] – Schöpfung, Welt
it rushes to my memory – es kommt mir in den Sinn
no matter – es macht nichts, es ist ganz gleich
a-humming < hum – summen
comb [kəʊm] – Honigwabe
tumble [tʌm] – klimpern

DECK THE HALL

An old Welsh air and Christmas song.

deck – schmücken
mead [mi:d] – Met (Honigbranntwein)
troll [trɒl] – (vor sich hin) trällern

JINGLE, BELLS

This is an American folk-song, students' song and Christmas song. The chorus can be accompanied by jingling glasses.

o'er = over

bobtailed bay – braunes Pferd mit gestutztem Schwanz

WHITE CHRISTMAS

The author of this song, Irving Berlin, came with his family from Siberia to the United States in 1893. Without any formal musical education he began to write song lyrics and to compose melodies. "Alexander's ragtime band" (1911) and similar compositions gave him international renown as the pioneer of ragtime music, based on Afro-American rhythms. He wrote the score and lyrics for musicals and musical shows as well as the music for motion pictures. "White Christmas" (1942) belongs to his best-known songs.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

"The longevity of some folk-songs and their strange metamorphoses can scarcely be exaggerated. The well-known melody sung in England to the words 'For he's a jolly good fellow', and in the United States to 'We won't go home till morning' or 'The bear went over the mountain', has the most variegated history of them all. Beginning in the 'Holy Land' as a song in praise of a French crusader who lost his life near Jerusalem, the 'Chanson de Mambron' took such strong root in the Orient that the melody is sung today in Egypt and Arabia, where they mistakenly claim it to be an old Egyptian folk tune. ... Crossing the Channel, and afterwards the ocean, the song of the old crusader became the carol of the modern rollicker." (L. Elson)

for – hier: weil, denn

jolly ['dʒɔli] – lustig; hier: sehr

fellow ['felou] – Kamerad

THE CHILDREN OF FAR DISTANT LANDS

A children's song with an English traditional melody.

hold [hould] out — hinstrecken, reichen

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

This song is popular in the United States. The old-time Spiritual "When the chariot comes" was changed by mountaineers into "She'll be coming". The song spread to railroad work gangs in the 1890s in the West (see notes to the songs "Home on the range" and "Clementine").

kill [kil] — töten, schlachten

chicken ['tʃikin] — Kücken

sleep [sli:p] — schlafen

pyjamas [pə'dʒɑ:məz] — Schlafanzug

horse [hɔ:s] — Pferd

rooster ['ru:stə] — Hahn

dumpling ['dʌmplɪŋ] — Kloß

wear [wɛə] — tragen

LONDON'S BURNING

The old four-part round (canon) is about the Great Fire in London in 1666. During a gale, a fire suddenly burst out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane near London Bridge. It soon spread through the neighbourhood and every effort to stop its progress proved vain. The flames gradually covered the whole area between the Tower and the Temple. 13,200 houses, including St. Paul's Cathedral, were reduced to ashes. The Monument, near London Bridge, was erected in memory of the Great Fire.

fetch [fetʃ] — holen

fire [faɪə] — Feuer

pour [pɔ:] — gießen

ROW YOUR BOAT

row [rou] — rudern

stream [stri:m] — Strom

dream [dri:m] — Traum

gently ['dʒentli] — sanft

merrily ['merili] — fröhlich

MICHAEL FINNIGIN

A jolly children's song from England.

igin = again kick up a din – Lärm machen

THE OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

This is a children's song in which animals form the main subject. The form is that of a cumulative song, so called because a new line is added for each verse, repeating all the preceding verses backward to the beginning. The words resemble those famous limericks which are humorous verses of five lines. They have no other sense but to amuse those who read or sing them. They are just as popular in Great Britain as in the United States.

jiggle – herumhopsen
hog – hier: rohe, gierige Person

ONE MAN WENT TO MOW

mow [mou] – mähen
meadow ['medou] – Wiese
dog [dɔg] – Hund

The following books were used as sources:

Hör zu, Mister Bilbo. Lieder aus der amerikanischen Arbeiterbewegung 1860-1950.
Herausgegeben von Perry Friedman.

Rütten & Loening, Berlin 1962 (pp. 10, 18, 30, 32)

Englische, schottische und irische Lieder nach Versen klassischer Dichter.
Zusammengestellt von B. Bell.

Staatlicher Musikverlag, Moskau 1957 (p. 33)

All Together Now. The Challenge Song Book. Edited by Eric Winter.
Challenge Publications, London 1960 (pp. 14, 20)

Labour Party Song Book. London 1955 (p. 34)

The People's Song Book. Edited by Waldemar Hille.
Sing Out, Inc., New York 1959 (p. 28)

CONTENTS

The first number refers to the page with the song, the second number refers to the page with the notes on the song.

Preface	3
---------	---

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

Songs for peace and equal rights

**The Internationale	6/77
*Join in the fight (MB-A 148)	8/77
We shall overcome (MB-A 679)	9/77
*The ink is black	10/78
*John Brown's body (MB-A 679)	12/78
*The Family of Man	14/79
*Blowing in the wind	16/79
The Hammer Song (MB-A 432)	18/79
**The H-bomb's thunder	20/80
*Ban the Bomb	22/80

Union songs

*Hold the fort (MB-A 679)	23/81
*What we want	24/81
*Joe Hill (MB-A 679)	26/81
*I don't want your millions, mister	28/82
**Sixteen tons (MB-A 679)	29/82
Roll the union on	30/83
We shall not be moved	32/83

Historical songs

**Song of the wage slave	33/84
*Song of the Western Men	34/84

Spirituals

*Down by the riverside (MB-A 679)	36/85
*When the saints go marching in	38/85

MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN

Popular songs and folk-songs

My bonnie is over the ocean (MB-A 196)	40/85
Good-night, ladies (MB-A 680)	41/86
*All through the night (MB-A 174)	42/86
*Auld lang syne (MB-A 680)	43/86
**The wearing of the green	44/87
*Loch Lomond (MB-A 680)	46/87
*Marching through Georgia	47/88
*Billy Boy (MB-A 680)	48/88
*Rio Grande	49/88
*Sacramento (MB-A 680)	50/89
*Clementine (MB-A 680)	52/89
*Oh, Susanna	54/90
*Home on the range	56/90
*My old Kentucky home	58/90
*Old folks at home	60/91
*Deck the hall	62/91
*Jingle, bells (MB-A 680)	64/92
*White Christmas	66/92

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

Children's songs

For he's a jolly good fellow (MB-A 680)	68/92
Happy birthday	68
*The children of far distant lands	69/93
She'll be coming round the mountain	70/93

Rounds

London's burning	72/93
Row your boat	72/93

Humorous songs and cumulative songs

*Michael Finnigin	73/94
*The old lady who swallowed a fly	74/94
One man went to mow	76/94

Kurzwort: 51 07 09 Let's sing...
Schulpreis DDR: 1,80