

Songbook

CHROM. MUNDHARMONIKA

48 Folk & Gospel Songs

LIEDTEXTE

Songbook

CHROM. HARMONICA

48 Folk & Gospel songs

LYRICS

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Angel Band

Trad.

My latest sun is sinking fast, my race is nearly run.
My strongest trials now are past, my triumph is begun.
Oh, come, Angel Band, come and around me stand.
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home,
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home.

I know I'm near the holy ranks, of friends and kindred dear.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, the crossing must be near.
Oh, come, Angel Band, come and around me stand.
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home,
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home.

I've almost gained my heavenly home, my spirit loudly sings.
The holy ones, behold they come, I hear the noise of wings.
Oh, come, Angel Band, come and around me stand.
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home,
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home.

Oh bear my longing heart to him, who bled and died for me.
Whose blood now cleanses from, all sin, and gives me victory.
Oh, come, Angel Band, come and around me stand.
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home,
Oh bear me away on your snowwhite wings to my immortal home.

Aura Lee (Love me tender)

W. W. Fosdick, G. R. Poulton

When the blackbird in the Spring, 'on the willow tree,
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lee.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

In her blush, the rose was born 'twas music when she spoke,
in her eyes the light of morn sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Take my heart and take my ring I give my all to thee
take me for eternity dearest Aura Lee!
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
sunshine in thy face was seen, Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Banks of the Sacramento

Trad.

In the Black Ball Lines I served my time, to me hodah, to me hodah!
In a full rigged ship and in her prime, to me hoodah, hoodah, day!
Blow, boys, blow, for Californio!
For there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

Oh we were the boys to make her go. To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
Around Cap Horne in the frost and snow. To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
Blow, boys, blow, for Californio!
For there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

Around Cap Horn in seventy days. To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
Around Cap Horn is a mighty long ways. To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
Blow, boys, blow, for Californio!
For there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

When we was tracking around Cap Horn. To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
I often wished I'd never been born. To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
Blow, boys, blow, for Californio!
For there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

The mate he whacked me around and around. To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
And I wished I was home all safe and sound. To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
Blow, boys, blow, for Californio!
For there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

Beautiful Dreamer

St. Foster

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Banks of the Ohio

Trad.

I asked my love to take a walk, to take a walk just a little way.
And as we walk, oh, the may we talk, all about our wedding day.

Chorus:

Only say that you'll be mine - in our home we'll happy be,
down beside where the waters low - on the banks of the Ohio.

I held a knife against her breast - as into my arms she pressed,
she said Willie, don't you murder me - I'm unprepared for eternity.

Chorus

I took her by her lily white hand - and dragged her down that bank of sand,
there I throwed her in to drown - I watched her as she loated down.

Chorus

Was walking home tween twelve and one - thinkin' of what I had done,
I killed a girl, my love you see - because she would not marry me.

Chorus

Very next morn about half past four - the sherif came knocked at my door,
he said now young man come now and go - down to the Banks of the Ohio.

Chorus

Come all you fair and tender ladies

Trad.

Come all you fair and tender la-dies.
Be careful how you court young men.
They're like a star on a summer's morning.
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

If I'd a-known before I met him,
of all the lies that he would say,
I'd locked my heart in a box of golden,
the only key I'd thrown away.

I wish I was a little sparrow,
and I had wings and I could fly.
I'd fly away to my false true lover
and when he'd speak I would deny.
But I am not no little sparrow,
I have no wings neither can I fly.
I'll sit right down in my grief and sorrow,
and let my troubles pass me by.

Camptown Races

St. Foster

The Camptown ladies sing this song. Doo-dah, Doo-dah.
The Camptown racetrack's five miles long . Oh, de dooda day.
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all night.
I bet my money on a bob tailed nag somebody bet on the gray.

I come down there with my hat caved in, doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home with a pocket full of tin, oh! de doo-dah day!
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all night.
I bet my money on a bob tailed nag somebody bet on the gray.

The long tail filly and the big black hoss, doo-dah! Doo-dah!
They fly the track and they both cut across, oh! de doo-dah day!
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all night.
I bet my money on a bob tailed nag somebody bet on the gray.

The blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole, doo-dah! doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom with a ten foot pole, oh! de doo-dah day!
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all night.
I bet my money on a bob tailed nag somebody bet on the gray.

Old muley cow come on to the track, doo-dah! Doo-dah!
The bob-tail fling her over his back, oh! de doo-dah day!
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all night.
I bet my money on a bob tailed nag somebody bet on the gray.

Dixie

Trad.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
old times they are not forgotten;
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land, where I was born in,
early on one frosty mornin',
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Oh I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
to live and die in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Ole Missus marry "Will the weaver",
Willum was a gay deceiver
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around'er,
he smiled fierce as a forty pounder,
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Oh I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
to live and die in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver
but that did not seem to grieve'er
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Ole Missus acted the foolish part,
and died for a man that broke her heart
look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Oh I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
to live and die in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie,
away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Foggy Foggy Dew

Trad.

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid
I wooed her in the winter time
Part of the summer too
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side
When I was fast asleep
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair
Ah, me, what could I do?
So all night long, I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every single time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid
He reminds me of the wintertime
Part of the summer too
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew

For he's a jolly good fellow

Trad.

For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,
for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.
Which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny.
For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,
for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.

Give me that old time religion

Trad.

Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Its' good enough for me!
It was good for Paul & Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
Lord it's good enough for me!

Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Lord its' good enough for me!
Makes me love everybody
Makes me love everybody
Makes me love everybody
And it's good enough for me

Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion
Lord its' good enough for me!
It will take us all to heaven
It will take us all to heaven
It will take us all to heaven
Lord it's good enough for me

Go down, Moses

Trad.

When Israel was in Egypt's land: Let my people go,
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my People go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
tell old Pharaoh, let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord bold Moses said: Let my people go,
If not I'll smite your firstborn dead. Let my People go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
tell old Pharaoh, let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil. Let my people go,
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil! Let my People go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
tell old Pharaoh, let my people go.

O let us all from bondage flee. Let my people go,
And let us all in Christ be free. Let my People go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
tell old Pharaoh, let my people go.

Happy Birthday to You

Trad.

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, happy birthday
Happy birthday to you

John Brown's body

Trad.

John Brown's body lies amouldring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amouldring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amouldring in the grave,
but his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelu jah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah but his soul goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord.
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord.
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord.
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelu jah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah but his soul goes marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelu jah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah but his soul goes marching on.

John Brown died that the slaves might be free.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
And his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelu jah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah but his soul goes marching on.

Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho

Trad.

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls came tumblin' down.
You may talk about the men of Gideon, you may talk about the men of Saul
but there're none like good old Joshua, at the battle of Jericho.

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho and the walls came tumbling down.
Up to the walls of Jericho he marched with spear in hand,
"go blow them ram-horns" Joshua cried, "'cause the battle is in my hand."

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho and the walls came tumbling down.
Then the lamb ram sheep horns begin a blow, trumpets begin a sound.
Joshua commanded the children to shout, and the walls came tumbling down.

Let the midnight special

Trad.

Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the big bell ring,
you go marchin to the table, see the same damned thing.
Knife and fork upon the table, nothing in the pan.
If you say a thing about it, you're in trouble with the man.
Let the midnight special shine its light on me,
let the midnight special shine its everlovin light on me.

When you get up in the morning, when that big bell ring.
You go marching to the table, you meet the same old thing.
Knife and fork are on the table, ain't nothing in my pan.
And if you say a thing about it, you have a trouble with the man.
Let the midnight special shine its light on me,
let the midnight special shine its everlovin light on me.

If you ever go to Houston, boy, you better walk right,
And you better not squabble and you better not right.
Benson Crocker will arrest you, Jimmy Boone will take you down.
You can bet your botom dollar, that you are Sugar Land bound.
Let the midnight special shine its light on me,
let the midnight special shine its everlovin light on me.

Merrily We Roll Along

Trad.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

Muss i denn (Wooden Heart)

Trad.

Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtele hinaus,
Städtele hinaus, und du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier?
Wenn i komm' wenn i komm' wenn i wiederrum komm'
wiederrum komm', kehr' i ein mein Schatz, bei dir.
Kann i glei net allweil bei dir sein,
han i doch mein Freud' an dir!
Wenn i komm' wenn i komm' wenn i wiederum komm',
wiederum komm', kehr' i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i wandere muss, wandere muss,
Wie wenn d'Lieb' jetzt wär' vorbei!
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Mädele viel, Mädele viel,
lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.
Denk du net, wenn i 'ne Andre seh', no sei mein' Lieb' vorbei;
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Mädele viel, Mädele viel,
lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.

Über's Jahr, über's Jahr, wenn mer Träubele schneid't, Träubele schneid't,
Stell' i hier mi wiedrum ein.
Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schätzele noch, Schätzele noch,
so soll die Hochzeit sein.
Über's Jahr, do ist mein' Zeit vorbei, da g'hör' i mein und dein.
Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schätzele noch, Schätzele noch,
so soll die Hochzeit sein.

Kumbaya my Lord

Trad.

Kumbaya my Lord, Kumbaya - Kumbaya my Lord, Kumbaya
Kumbaya my Lord, Kumbaya - O Lord Kumbaya.

Someone's crying Lord, Kumbaya - someone's crying Lord, Kumbaya,
someone's crying Lord, Kumbaya - oh Lord, Kumbaya.

Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya - someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya,
someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya - oh Lord, Kumbaya.

Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya - someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya,
someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya - oh Lord, Kumbaya.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen

Spiritual

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen Glory Hallelujah!
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground oh, yes, Lord!

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - glory hallelujah!
Although you see me going 'long so - oh, yes, Lord!
I have my trials here below - oh, yes, Lord!

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - nobody knows but Jesus
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - glory hallelujah!
If you get there before I do - oh, yes, Lord!
Tell all-a my friends I'm coming too - oh, yes, Lord!

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen - glory hallelujah!
Oh, every day to you I pray- oh, yes Lord!
For you to drive my sins away - oh, yes Lord!

La Cucaracha

Trad.

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar
Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Una pata para andar

Una cucaracha grande
Se pasea en la cocina
Y la chancla de mi madre
Le ha quitado una patita

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar
Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Una pata para andar

Esta coja cucaracha
Nunca se da por vencida
Y aunque le falte una pata
Baila siempre en la cocina

Tiene tanta mala pata
Esta pobre señorita
Que mi padre con su chancla
Le ha quitado otra patita

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar
Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Las dos patitas de atrás

Enfadada y muy molesta
Llamó a todas sus amigas
"Ay, pronto haremos una fiesta
En medio de la cocina"

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar
Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Las dos patitas de atrás

Michael row the boat ashore

Trad.

Michael row the boat ashore - Hallelujah,
Michael row the boat ashore – Hallelujah.

Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah,
sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah.

Jordan's river is deep and wide, Hallelujah,
and I've got a home on the other side, Hallelujah.

Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah,
Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah.

Did you hear what old Jonah said, hallelujah
Did you hear what old Jonah said, hallelujah

When the world thought he was dead, hallelujah
When the world thought he was dead, hallelujah

I was taking' me a ride, hallelujah
I was taking' me a ride, hallelujah

In that big old whales inside, hallelujah
In that big old whales inside, hallelujah

So, Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
So, Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Oh my darling Clementine

Trad.

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
dwelt a miner, forty niner, and his daughter Clementine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy, And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses, Sandals were for Clementine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water ev'ry morning just at nine,
tit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles, soft and fine.
But, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

How I missed her! How I missed her! How I missed my Clementine.
But I kissed her little sister, I forgot my Clementine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Oh, Shenandoah

Trad.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
away you rolling river.
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
away, I'm bound away,
across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river.
For her I'd cross, your roaming waters,
Away, I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,
And hear your rolling river.
'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,
Away, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river.
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

Trad.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody knows but Jesus
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Glory Hallelujah

Sometimes I'm up sometimes I'm down
Oh yes Lord
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground,
Oh yes, Lord

Oh nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody knows my sorrow
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Glory Hallelujah

Oh everyday to You I pray
Oh yes Lord
For You to drive my sins away
Oh yes Lord

Oh nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody knows but Jesus
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Glory Hallelujah

Oh Susanna

St. Foster

I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
Oh - oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
for I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry.
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh - oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
for I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still.
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down the hill.
Oh - oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
for I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye.
Says I, I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh - oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
for I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around.
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.
Oh - oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
for I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

Old Folks at Home (Swanee River)

St. Foster

Way down upon the Swanee river, far, far away,
that's where my heart is turning ever, that's where the old folks stay.
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,
oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

All up and down the whole creation - sadly I roam,
still longing for the old plantation - and for de old folks at home.
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,
oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wandered, when I was young,
den many happy days I squandered, many de songs I sung.
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,
oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

When I was playing wid my brudder, happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, dere let me live and die.
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,
oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

One little hut amond de bushes, one dat I love,
still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,
oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

Old MacDonald had a farm

Trad.

Old MacDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O,
and on his farm he had a cow E-I-E-I-O.
With a moo-moo here and a moo-moo there.
here a moo, there a moo - everywhere a moo-moo.
Old MacDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O.

Over the river and through the woods

Trad., L. M. Child

Over the river and through the woods,
to grandmother's house we go.
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
through white and drifted snow.
Over the river and through the woods,
oh how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes and bites the nose as
over the ground we go.

On top of Old Smokey

Trad.

On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, come acourtin' too slow.

Well a-courting's a pleasure - and parting is grief,
but a false-hearted lover - is worse than a thief.

A thief he will rob you - and take all you have,
but a false-hearted lover - will send you to your grave.

And the grave will decay you - and turn you to dust,
not one girl in a hundred - a poor boy can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you - and tell you more lies,
than the crossties on the railroad - or the stars in the skies.

They'll tell you they love you - just to give your heart ease,
but the minute your back's turned - they'll court whom they please.

I'll go up on Smokey - on the mountain so high,
where the wild birds and the turtle doves - can hear my sad cry.

As sure as the dewdrops - fall on the green corn,
last night she was with me - tonight she is gone.

Well I went up on a mountain top - to call my baby back,
she was gone with that Eastman - down that lonesome railroad track.

If you ever see a dark cloud - a-rollin' in the sky,
it's my woman gone to heaven - with a tear drop in her eye.

Row, row, row your boat

Trad.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.
Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, life is but a dream.

Row, row, row your boat - gently down the brook.
If you catch a little fish - please let it off the hook .

Row, row, row your boat - gently down the creek.
If you see a little mouse - listen to it squeak.

Row, row, row your boat - gently down the river.
If the river gets you wet - don't forget to shiver.

Red River Valley

Trad.

From this valley they say you are going, we will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.
For they say you are taking the sunshine, that has brightened our pathways a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me; do not hasten to bid me adieu.
But remember the Red River Valley, and the girl that has loved you so true.

I've been thinking a long time, my darling, of the sweet words you never would say.
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish? For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving, oh, how lonely and sad it will be.
Just think of the fond heart you're breaking, and the grief you are causing to me.

From this valley they say you are going, when you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected, when she loves no one other than you.

As you go to your home by the ocean, may you never forget those sweet hours.
That we spent in the Red River Valley, and the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

I have promised you, darling, that never will a word from my lips cause you pain.
And my life, it will be yours forever, if you only will love me again.

They will bury me where you have wandered, near the hills where the daffodils grow.
When you're gone from the Red River valley, for I can't live without you I know.

She'll be coming round the mountain

Trad.

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming round the mountain, she'll be coming round the mountain,
she'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes, ho ho!
She'll be driving ...

Oh! We'll all go out to meet her when she comes, hi hi
Oh! We'll all go ...

We'll kill the old big rooster when she comes, hack hack
We'll kill the old ..

We'll all have chicken an' dumplings when she comes, yum yum
We'll all have ...

She will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes, smork smork :|
She will have to sleep ...

She'll be wearing red pyjamas when she comes, scratch scratch
She'll be wearing ...

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Trad.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from home, a long way from home

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done
And a long, long way from home, a long way from home

The Streets of Laredo

Trad.

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo.
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy",
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story:
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First down to Rosie's and then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

"Get sixteen gamblers to handle my coffin,
Let six jolly cowboys come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard and lay they sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along,
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Go, bring me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips, "the cowboy then said;
Before I returned his soul had departed
And gone to the round-up, the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drums slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

Sweet Betsy from Pike

J. A. Stone

Oh, do you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
she crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike.
With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog.
A tall Shanghai rooster and an old yeller dog.

They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks,
and camped on the prairie for weeks upon weeks.
Starvation and cholera, hard work and slaughter,
they reached California 'spite of hell and high water.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
twas near by the road on a green shady flat.
Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose,
with wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Out on the prairie one bright starry night,
they broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight.
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
and showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train.

The Injuns came down in a thundering horde,
and Betsy was scared they would scalp her adored.
So under the wagon-bed Betsy did crawl,
and she fought off the Injuns with musket and ball.

The wagon broke down with a terrible crash,
and out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash.
A few little baby-clothes, done up with care,
looked rather suspicious, but all on the square.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire of the way,
when Brigham declared that Sweet Betsy should stay.
Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer,
while Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

The alkali desert was burning and bare,
and Isaac's soul shrank from the death that lurked there.
"Dear old Pike County, I'll go back to you",
says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do!"

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out,
and down in the sand she lay rolling about.
Ike in great wonder looked on in surprise,
saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain.
She declared she'd go back to Pike County again.
Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
and they traveled along with his arm round her waist.

The Shanghai ran off, and the cattle all died,
that morning the last piece of bacon was fried.
Ike got discouraged, Betsy got mad,
the dog drooped his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
with wonder looked down upon old Placerville.
Ike said to Betsy, as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Swing low, sweet chariot

American Spiritual

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see, coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels coming after me, coming for to carry me home.

Chorus

Sometimes I'm up, and sometimes I'm down, coming for to carry me home,
but still my soul feels heavenly bound, coming for to carry me home.

Chorus

The brightest day that I can say, coming for to carry me home,
when Jesus washed my sins away, coming for to carry me home.

Chorus

If you get there before I do, coming for to carry me home,
tell all my friends I'm coming there too, coming for to carry me home.

The house of the rising sun

Trad.

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun.
it's been the ruin of many poor girl, and me, O God, for one.

If I had listened what Mamma said, I'd been at home today.
Being so young and foolish, poor boy, let a rambler lead me astray.

Go tell my baby sister, never do like I have done.
To shun that house in New Orleans, They call the Rising Sun.

My mother she's a tailor; she sold those new blue jeans.
my sweetheart, he's a drunkard, Lord, drinks down in New Orleans.

The only thing a drunkard needs, is a suitcase and a trunk.
The only time he's satisfied, is when he's on a drunk.

Fills his glasses to the brim, passes them around.
Only pleasure he gets out of life, is hoboin' from town to town.

One foot is on the platform, and the other one on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans, to wear that ball and chain.

Going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.
Going back to spend the rest of my life, beneath that Rising Sun.

That's what's the Matter

S. C. Foster

We live in hard and stirring times Too sad for mirth, too rough for rhymes;
For songs of peace have lost their chimes And that's what's the matter!
The men we held as brothers true Have turn's into a rebel crew;
So now we have to put them thro' and that's what's the matter!
That's what's the matter the rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee by land and sea and that's what's the matter!

Oh! yes, we thought our neighbors true Indulg'd them as their mothers do;
Thy storm'd our bright Red, White and Blue and that's what's the matter!
We'll never give up what we gain for now we know we must maintain
Our Laws and Rights with might and main; and that's what's the matter!
That's what's the matter the rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee by land and sea and that's what's the matter!

The rebels thought we would divide and Democrats would take their side;
They then would let the Union slide and that's what's the matter!
But, when the war had once begun all party feeling soon was gone;
We join'd as brothers, ev'ry one! And that's what's the matter!
That's what's the matter the rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee by land and sea and that's what's the matter!

The Merrimac, with heavy sway had made our Fleet an easy prey
The Monitor got in the way and that's what's the matter!
So health to Captain Ericsson I cannot tell all he has done
I'd never stop when once begun and that's what's the matter!
That's what's the matter the rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee by land and sea and that's what's the matter!

We've heard of Gen'ral Beauregard and thought he'd fight us long and hard;
But he has play'd out his last card and that's what's the matter!
So what's the use to fret and pout we soon will hear the people shout
Secession dodge is all play'd out! And that's what's the matter!
That's what's the matter the rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee by land and sea and that's what's the matter!

Tom Dooley

Trad.

Chorus:

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

Chorus

I met her on the mountain - there I took her life,
met her on the mountain - stabbed her with my knife.

Chorus

This time tomorrow - reckon where I'll be,
hadn't a-been for Grayson - I'd a-been in Tennessee.

Worried man

Trad.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
it takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
it takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long!

Went across the river, I lay down to sleep.
Went across the river, I lay down to sleep.
Went across the river, I lay down to sleep.
When I woke up had shackles on my feet!

Twenty one links of chain around my leg.
Twenty one links of chain around my leg.
Twenty one links of chain around my leg.
And on each link there's an initial of my name!

The train I ride is twenty one coaches long.
The train I ride is twenty one coaches long.
The train I ride is twenty one coaches long.
And the gal I love is on that train and gone!

Asked that judge what's gonna be fine.
Asked that judge what's gonna be fine.
Asked that judge what's gonna be fine.
Twenty one years on that rooky mountain line!

We gather together (Thanksgiving Hymn)

Trad.

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;
He chastens and hastens His will to make known.
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing.
Sing praises to His Name; He forgets not His own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, were at our side, all glory be Thine!

We all do extol Thee, Thou Leader triumphant,
And pray that Thou still our Defender will be.
Let Thy congregation escape tribulation;
Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

We shall not be moved

Spiritual

We shall not, we shall not be moved,
we shall not, we shall not be moved,
just like a tree planted by the water,
we shall not be moved.

On the road to freedom, we shall not be moved
On the road to freedom, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side,
we shall not be moved.

We're brothers together, we shall not be moved
We're brothers together, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side,
we shall not be moved.

We shall overcome

Trad.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome
We shall overcome someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace
We shall live in peace someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

We shall brothers be, we shall brothers be
We shall brothers be someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

The truth shall make us free, truth shall make us free
The truth shall make us free someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

We are not afraid, we are not afraid
We are not afraid today
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday

When Johnny comes marching home

Trad., L. Lambert

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout,
the ladies they will all turn out, and we'll all feel gay,
when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say - with roses they will strew the way,
and we'll all feel gay - when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee, hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now - to place upon his loyal brow,
and we'll all feel gay - when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day, hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display, hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part, to fill with joy the warrior's heart,
and we'll all feel gay - when Johnny comes marching home.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

A. R. Habershon, Ch. H. Gabriel

I was standing by my window,
on one cold and cloudy day.
When I saw that hearse come rolling,
for to carry my mother away.

There are loved ones in the glory, whose dear forms you often miss.
When you close your earthly story, will you join them in their bliss?

In the joyous days of childhood, often they told of wondrous love.
Pointed to the dying Saviour; now they dwell with him above.

You remember songs of heaven, which you sang with childish voice.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, or are songs of earth your choice?

You can picture happy gath'ings, round the fireside long ago.
And you think of tearful partings, when they left you here below.

Yellow rose in Texas

Trad.

Oh the yellow rose of Texas is the only gal I love
Her eyes are even bluer than Texas skies above
Her heart's as big as Texas and wherever I may go
I'll remember her forever because I love her so
There are so many roses that bloom along the way
But my heart's in Amarillo and that's where it will stay
With the yellow rose of Texas so I'd better get there fast
'Cause I know I was her first love and I want to be her last
Oh the yellow rose of Texas is the only gal I love
Her eyes are even bluer than Texas skies above
Her heart's as big as Texas and wherever I may go
I'll remember her forever because I love her so

The eyes of Texas are upon you all the live long day
The eyes of Texas are upon you, you cannot get away
Do not think you can escape them at night or early in the morn
The eyes of Texas are upon you 'till Gabriel blows his horn
The eyes of Texas are upon you all the live long day
The eyes of Texas are upon you, you cannot get away
Do not think you can escape them at night or early in the morn
The eyes of Texas are upon you 'till Gabriel blows his horn
The eyes of Texas are upon you all the live long day
The eyes of Texas are upon you, you cannot get away
Do not think you can escape them at night or early in the morn
The eyes of Texas are upon you 'till Gabriel blows his horn

Yankee Doodle

Trad.

Yankee Doodle went to town, riding on a pony,
stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

Fath'r and I went down to camp, along with Captain Gooding,
and there we saw the men and boys, as thick as hasty pudding.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

And there we saw a thousand men as rich as Squire David,
and what they wasted every day, I wish it could be saved.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

The 'lasses they eat it every day, would keep a house a winter;
they have so much, that I'll be bound, they eat it when they've mind ter.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

And there I see a swamping gun, large as a log of maple,
upon a deuced little cart, a load for father's cattle.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

And every time they shoot it off, it takes a horn of powder,
and makes a noise like father's gun, only a nation louder.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

I went as nigh to one myself, as 'Siah's inderpinning;
and father went as nigh again, I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

Cousin Simon grew so bold, I thought he would have cocked it;
it scared me so I shrunk it off, and hung by father's pocket.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

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