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Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton, Olney Hymns, 1779

Die Moorsoldaten

Rudi Goguel, Johann Esser, Wolfgang Langhoff

Hannes Wader

$\text{♩} = 90$
Em Em Am Em B⁷ Em



1. Wo-hin auch d-as Au-ge blik-ket, Moor und Hei-de nur rings um.

5 G G Am Em B⁷ Em



Vo-gel-sang u-ns nicht er-quik-ket, Ei-chen ste-hen kahl und krumm. Wir

9 G D Em B⁷ Em 1. 2.



sind die Moor-sol - da - ten und zie-hen mit den Spa-ten ins Moor. Wir Moor.

2. Hier in dieser öden Heide
ist das Lager aufgebaut,
wo wir fern von jeder Freude
hinter Stacheldraht verstaubt.
wir sind die Moorsoldaten
und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

3. Morgens ziehen die Kolonnen
durch das Moor zur Arbeit hin,
graben bei dem Brand der Sonne,
doch zur Heimat steht ihr Sinn.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

4. Heimwärts, heimwärts! Jeder sehnet
sich nach Eltern, Weib und Kind.
Manche Brust ein Seufzer dehnet,
weil wir hier gefangen sind.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

5. Auf und nieder gehn die Posten,
keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten.
Vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

6. Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen.
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
Heimat, du bist wieder mein!
Dann ziehn die Moorsoldaten
nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

Dos Kelbl

Oyfn furl ligt dos kelbl
Ligt gebundn mit a shtrik
Hoykh in himl flit dos shvelbl
Freydt zikh, dreyt zikh hin un krik.

Refrain:

Lakht der vint in korn
Lakh un lakht un lakht
Lakht er op a tog a gantsn
mit a halber nakht.

Donaj, donaj, donaj, donaj,
donaj, donaj, donaj, daj.
Donaj, donaj, donaj, donaj,
donaj, donaj, donaj, daj.

Shrayt dos kelbl, zogt der poyer
“Ver zhe heyst dikh zayn a kalb?
Volst gekert tsu zayn a foygl
Volst gekert tsu zayn a shvalb?”

Refrain

Bidne kelber tut men bindn
Un men shlept zey un men shekht
ver s’hot fligl, flit aroyf tzu
iz bay keynem nit keyn knekht

Refrain

Greensleaves

Alas my love you do me wrong,
to cast me off discourteously;
and I have loved you so long,
delighting in your company.

Refrain:

Greensleaves was all my joy,
Greensleaves was my delight.
Greensleaves was my heart of gold,
and who but my lady Greensleaves?

If you intend thus to disdain,
it does so more enrapture me,
and even so, I still remain,
a lover in captivity.

Refrain

Alas, my love, that you should own
a heart of wanton vanity,
so I must meditate alone
upon your insincerity.

Refrain

Ah, Greensleaves, now fare-well, adieu,
to God I pray to prosper thee.
For I am still thy lover true,
come once again and love me.

Refrain

1

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Lyke Wake Dirge

This ae nighte, this ae nighte
Every nighte and alle
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte
And Christe receive thy saule

When from hence away thou pass
Every nighte and alle
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last
And Christe receive thy saule

When from Brig o' Dread thou pass
Every nighte and alle
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last
And Christe receive thy saule

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon
Every nighte and alle
Sit thee down and put them on
And Christe receive thy saule

But if hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
Every nighte and alle
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare bane
And Christe receive thy saule

When from Whinny-muir thou pass
Every nighte and alle
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last
And Christe receive thy saule

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
Every nighte and alle
The fire shall never make thee shrink
And Christe receive thy saule

But if meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane
Every nighte and alle
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane
And Christe receive thy saule

This ae nighte, this ae nighte
Every nighte and alle
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte
And Christe receive thy saule

Saint James Infirmary

It was down in Old Joe's barroom,
On the corner by the square,
The usual crowd was assembled
And big Joe McKinney was there.

He was standing at my shoulder.
His eyes were bloodshot red;
He turned to the crowd around him,
These are the very words he said:

"I went down to the St. James Infirmary
I saw my baby there,
She's laid out on a cold white table,
So so cold, so white, so fair."

"Let her go, let her go, God bless her;
Wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over
She'll never find a sweet man like me."
Oh, when I die, bury me
In my high top Stetson hat;
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
God'll know I died standin' pat.

I want six crap shooters for pall bearers.
Chorus girl to sing me a song.
Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon.
Raise Hell as I roll along.

Roll out your rubber tired carriage,
Roll out your old time hat.
Twelve men going to the graveyard
And eleven coming back.

Now that I've told my story,
I'll take another shot of booze.
And if anyone should happen to ask you,
I've got those gamblers' blues.

Scarborough Fair

Male part:

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
For she was once a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Without any seam or needlework,
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where never sprung water or rain ever fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Female part:

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope he'll answer as many for me,
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to buy me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Between the salt water and the sea sand,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And never let one corn of it fall,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

When he has done and finished his work.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he shall be a true lover of mine. \newpage

Amazing Grace

| A | B |
| C | D |

Line 1

Line 2

Line 3

Refrain

Tumbalalayka

Shteyt a bocher, shteyt un tracht
Tracht un tracht a gantze nacht
Vemen tsu nemen un nit far shemen
Vemen tsu nemen un nit far shemen

Refrain:

Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika
Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika
Tumbalalaika, shpiel balalaika
Tumbalalaika - freylach zol zayn

Meydl, meyd, ch'vel bay dir fregen
Vos kan vaksn, vaksn on regn?
Vos kon brenen un nit oyfhern?
Vos kon benken, veynen on treren?

Refrain

Narisher bocher, vos darfstu fregn?
A shteyn ken vaksn, vaksn on regn
Libeh ken brenen un nit oyfhern
A harts kon benkn, veynen on treren

Refrain