Rainer Uebel

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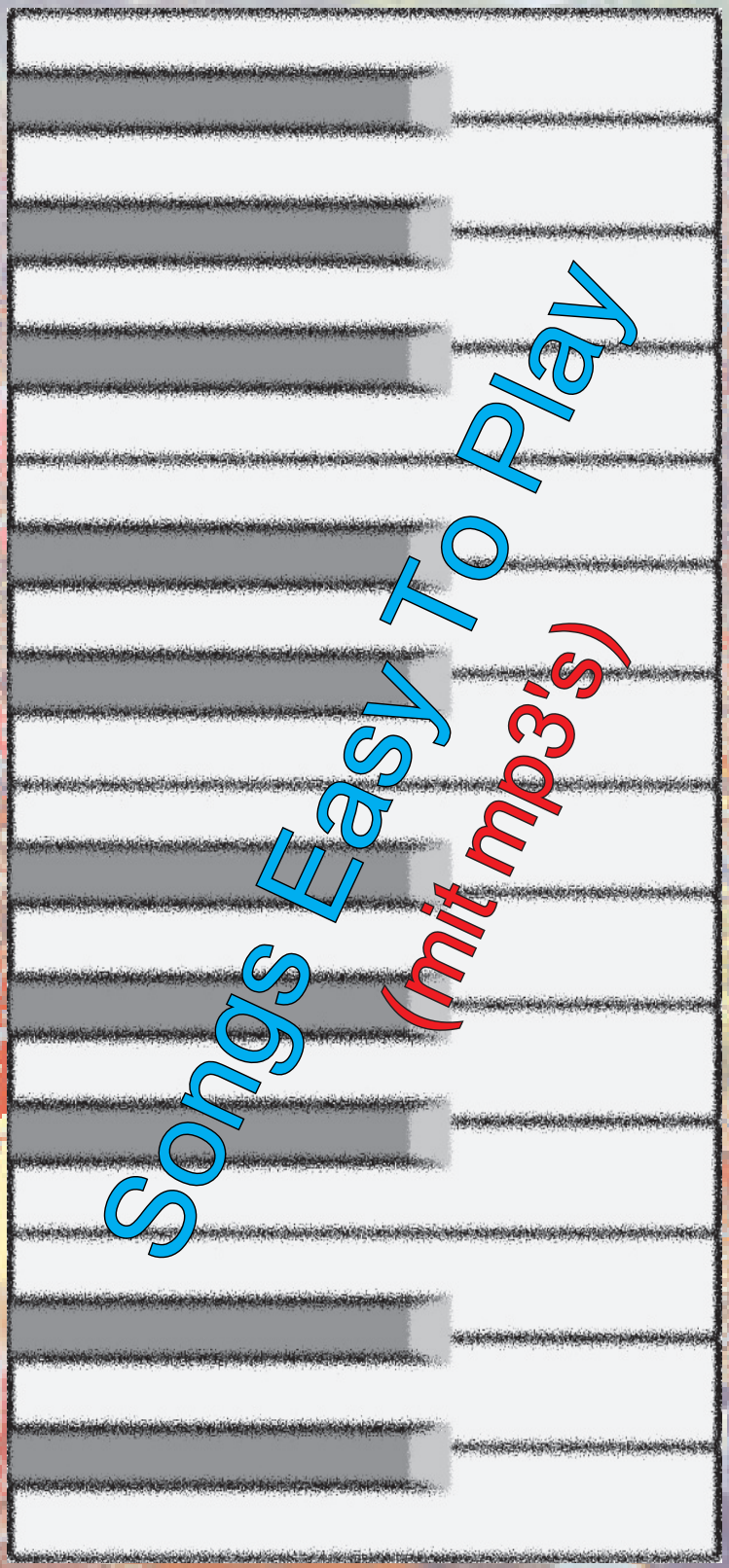


De Hamborger Veermaster
(On The Banks Of Sacramento)
Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Home On The Range
Glory Hallelujah!
Letzte Rose ('Tis The Last Rose Of Summer)
Greensleeves
Aloha Oe
Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho
Kalinka
Yellow Rose Of Texas
La Cucaracha
Oh, My Darling Clementine
Amazing Grace
Danny Boy (Londonderry Air)
Red River Rock
(Red River Valley)

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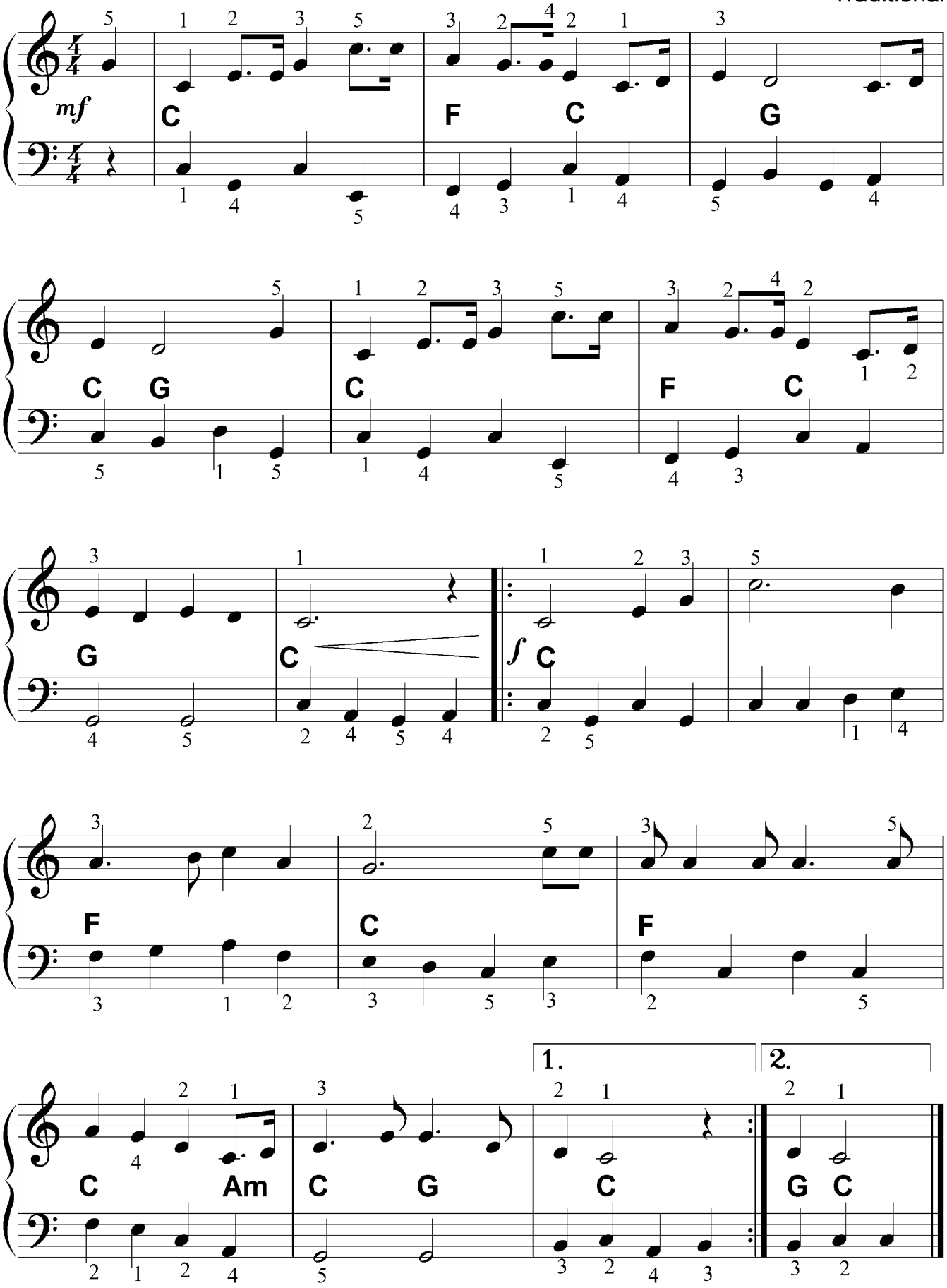
# De Hamborger Veermaster

On The Banks Of Sacramento

(♩=120)

Traditional



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1. Ick heff mol en Hamborg en Veermaster sehn, to my hoodah, to my hoodah,
   de Masten so scheep as den Schipper sien Been, to my hoodah, to my hoodah ho.
   Blow, boys blow for Carlifornio, there is plenty of gold, so I'm told,
   on the banks of Sacramento.
   Blow, boys blow...

2. Dat Deck weer von Isen, vull Schiet und vull Smeer, to my hoodah, to my hoodah,
   dat weer de Schietgäng eer schönstes Pläseer, to my hoodah, to my hoodah ho.
   Blow, boys blow...

3. Dat Logis weer vull Wanzen, de Kombüs weer vull Dreck, to my hoodah, to my hoodah,
   de Beschüten de leupen von sülven all weg, to my hoodah, to my hoodah ho.
   Blow, boys blow...

4. Dat Soltfleesch weer gröön und de Speck weer vull Maden, to my hoodah, to my hoodah,
   Kööm gev dat blots an Wiehnachsobend, to my hoodah, to my hoodah ho.
   Blow, boys blow...

## On The Banks Of Sacramento

1. A bully ship and a bully crew, dooda, dooda,
   a bully mate and a captain too, dooda, dooda, day!
   Then blow ye winds hi oh, for Californyoh!
   There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
   on the banks of Sacramento!

2. Where golden ore is so rich in store, dooda, dooda,
   on Sacramento's golden shore, dooda, dooda, day!
   Then blow ye winds hi oh, for Californyoh!
   There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
   on the banks of Sacramento!

3. Where gold is thick for a spade or brick, dooda, dooda
   they dig it out in big heavy bricks, dooda, dooda, day!
   Then blow ye winds hi oh, for Californyoh!
   There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
   on the banks of Sacramento!


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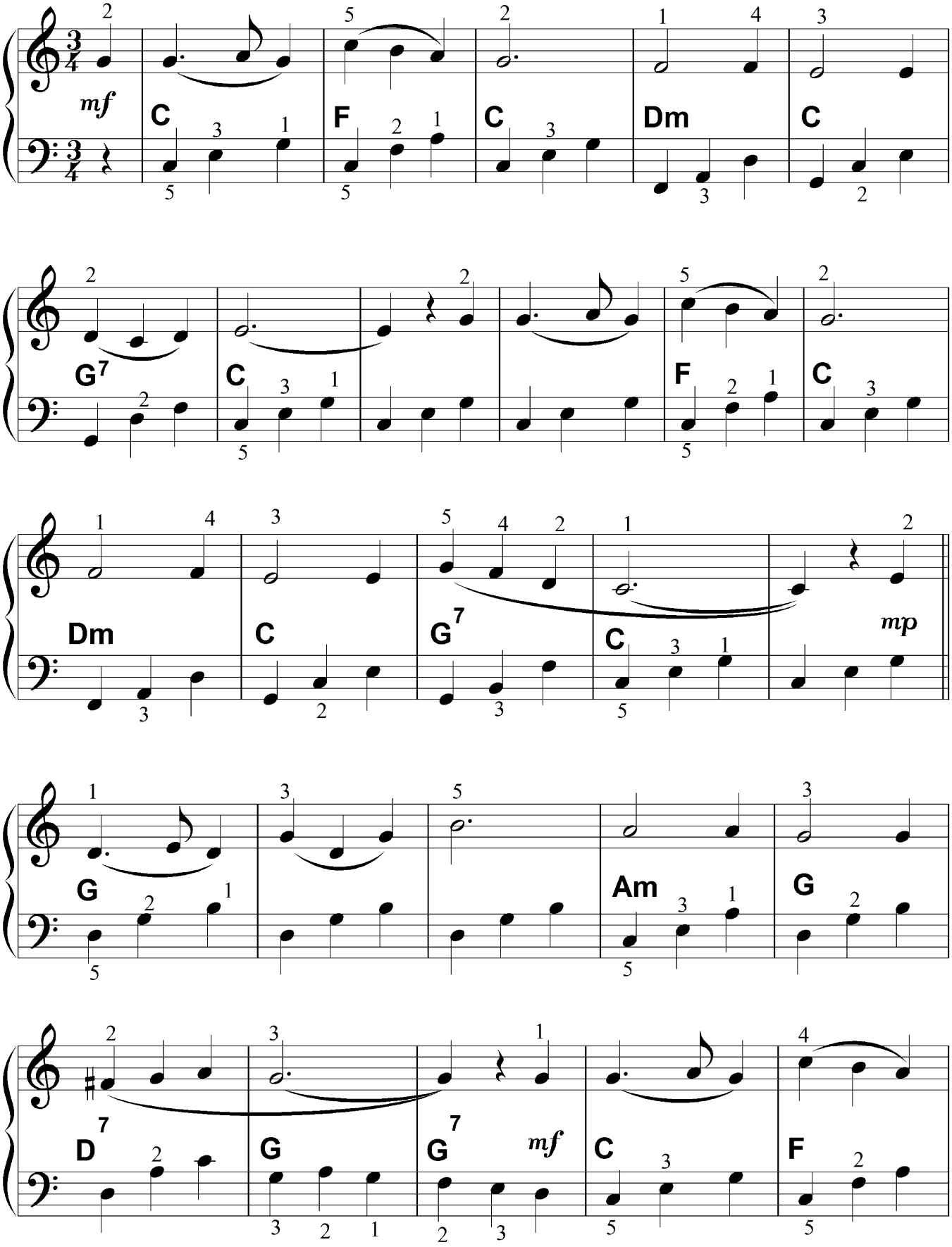
# Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten

(♩=126)

Volkslied



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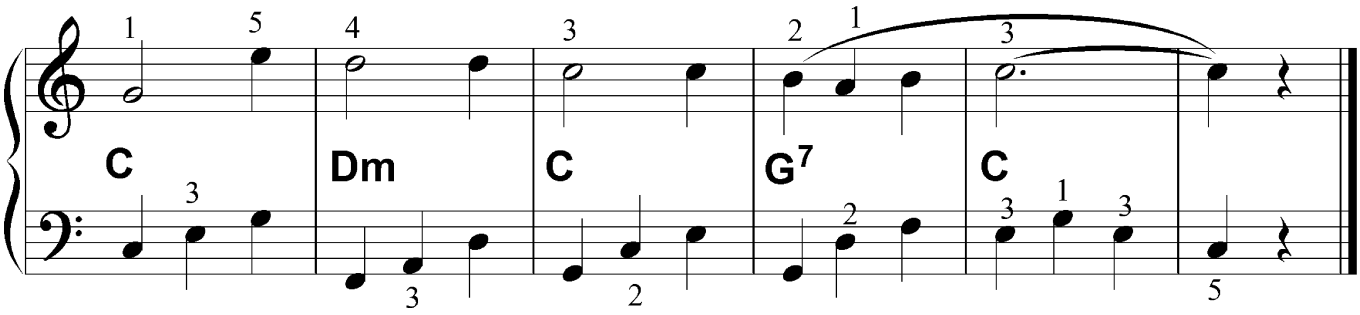


1. Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
   dass ich so traurig bin;
   ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
   das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
   Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
   und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
   Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
   im Abendsonnenschein.

2. Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
   dort oben wunderbar;
   ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
   sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.
   Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
   und singt ein Lied dabei;
   das hat eine wundersame,
   gewaltige Melodei.

3. Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
   ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
   er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
   er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
   Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
   am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
   und das hat mit ihrem Singen
   die Loreley getan.



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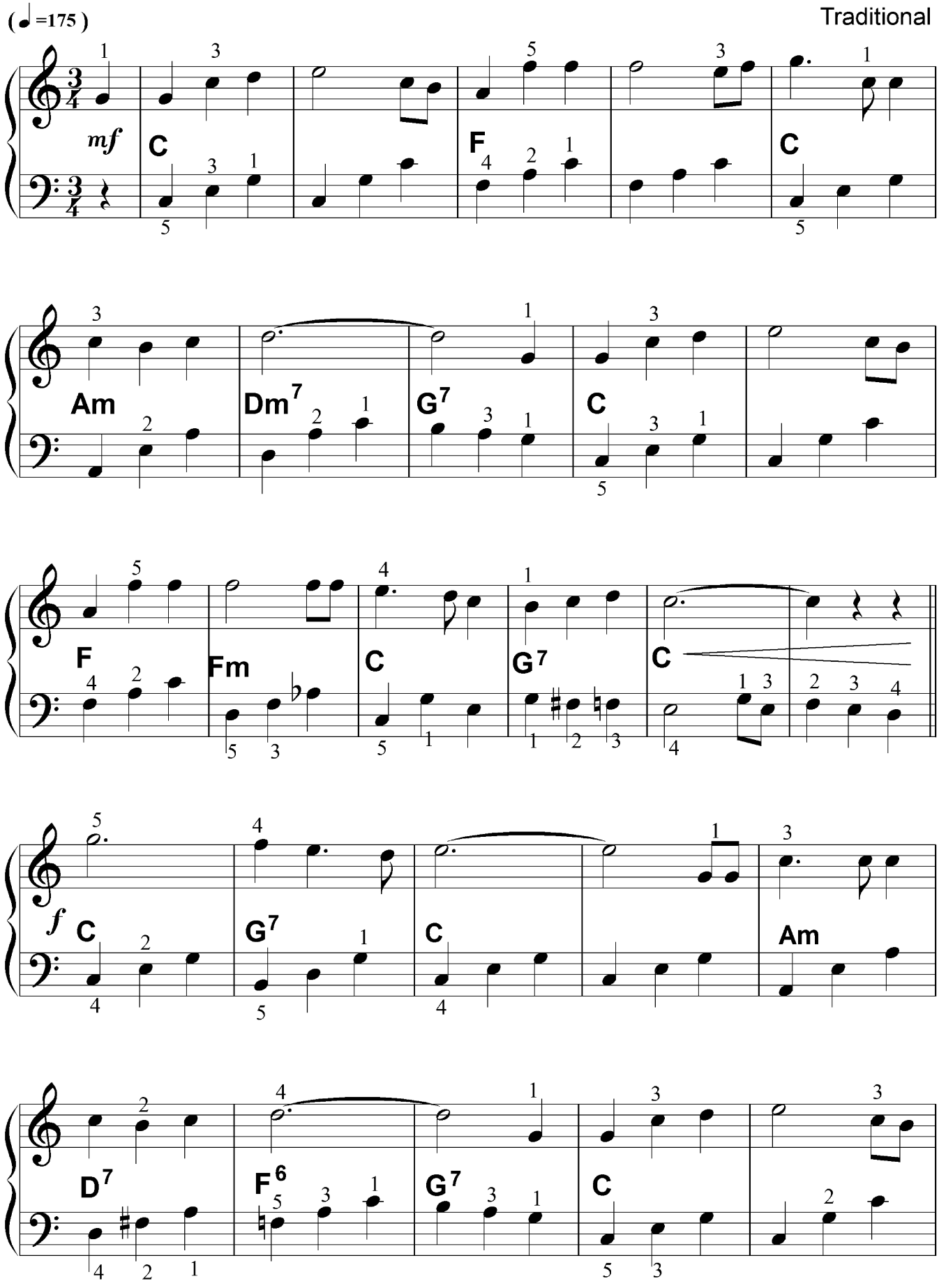
# Home On The Range



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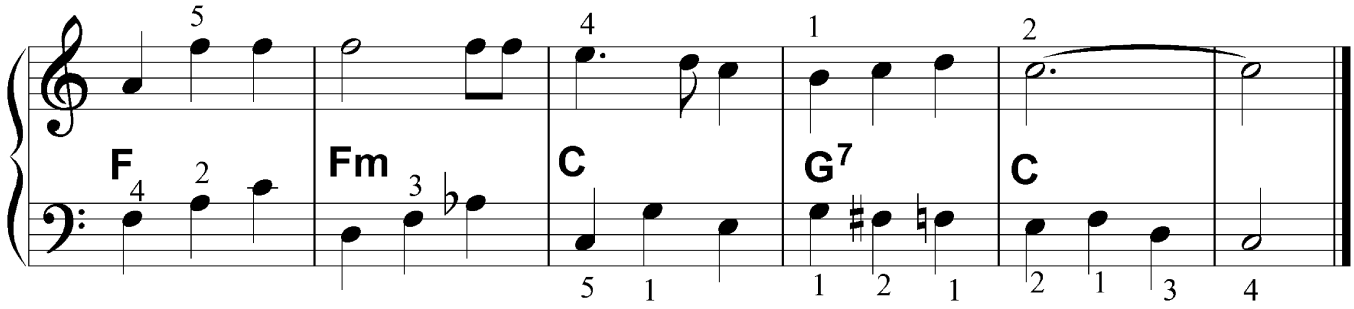


1. Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
   where the deer and the antelope play,
   where never is heard a discouraging word,
   and the skies are not cloudy or grey.
   Home, home on the range,
   where the deer and the antelope play,
   where never is heard a discouraging word,
   and the skies are not cloudy or grey.

2. Where often at night when the heavens were bright
   with the light of the glittering stars,
   have stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
   does their glory exceed that of ours?
   Home, home on the range,
   where the deer and the antelope play,
   where never is heard a discouraging word,
   and the skies are not cloudy or grey.



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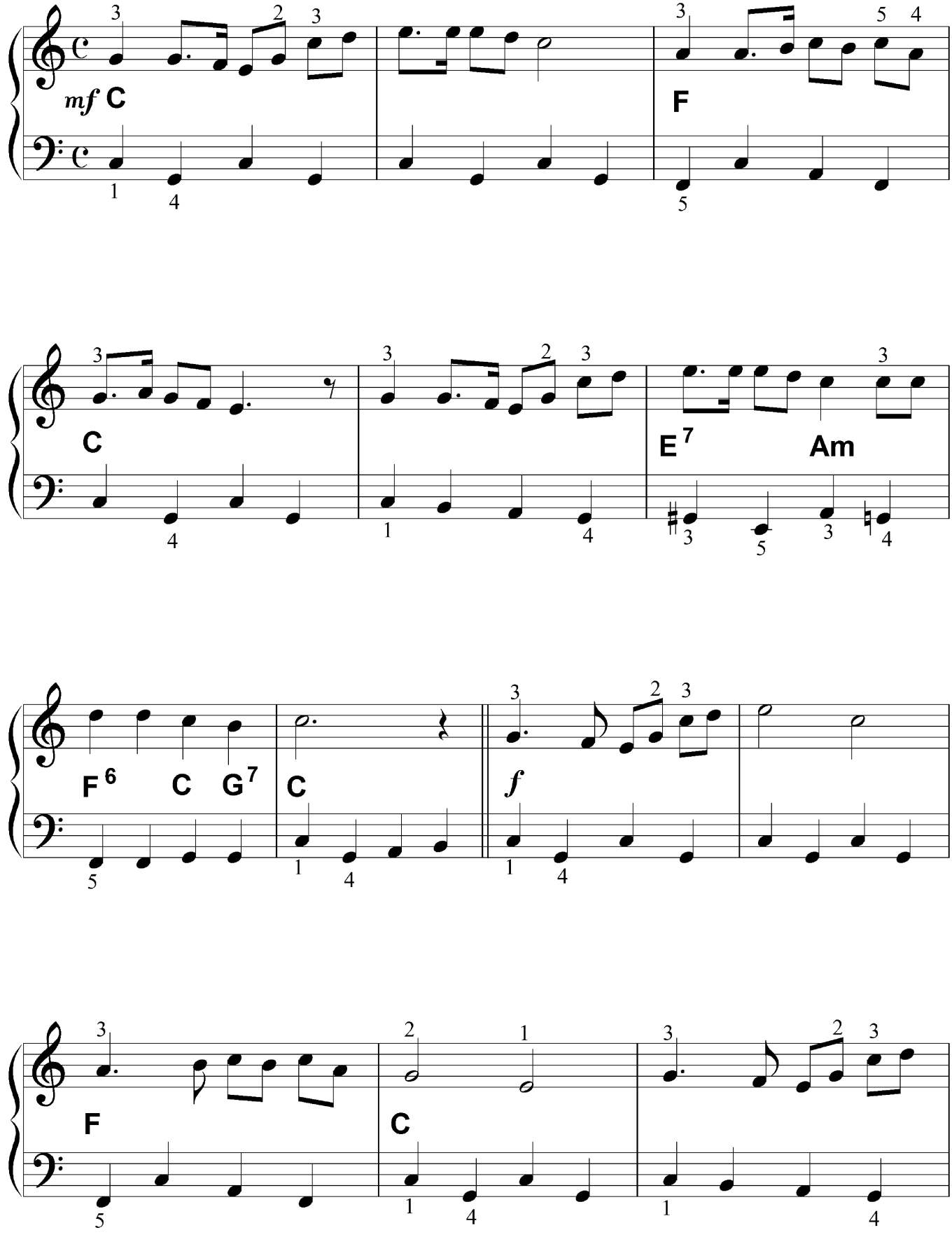
# Glory Hallelujah!

John Brown`s Body...

(♩=120)

Traditional



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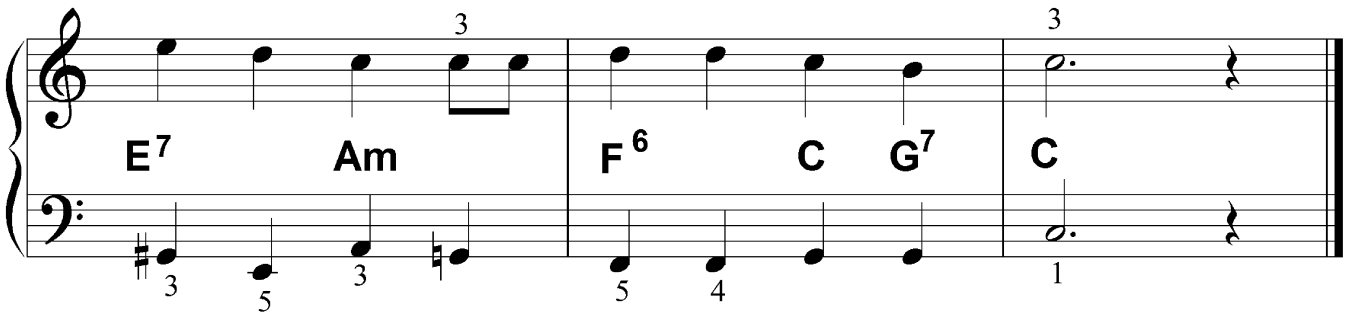


1. John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave
   John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave
   John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave
   But his soul goes marching on.
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   But his soul goes marching on.

2. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord...
   but his soul goes marching on.
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   But his soul goes marching on.

3. The stars of heaven are looking kindly down...
   In the grave of old John Brown.
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   Glory, glory Hallelujah!
   But his soul goes marching on.


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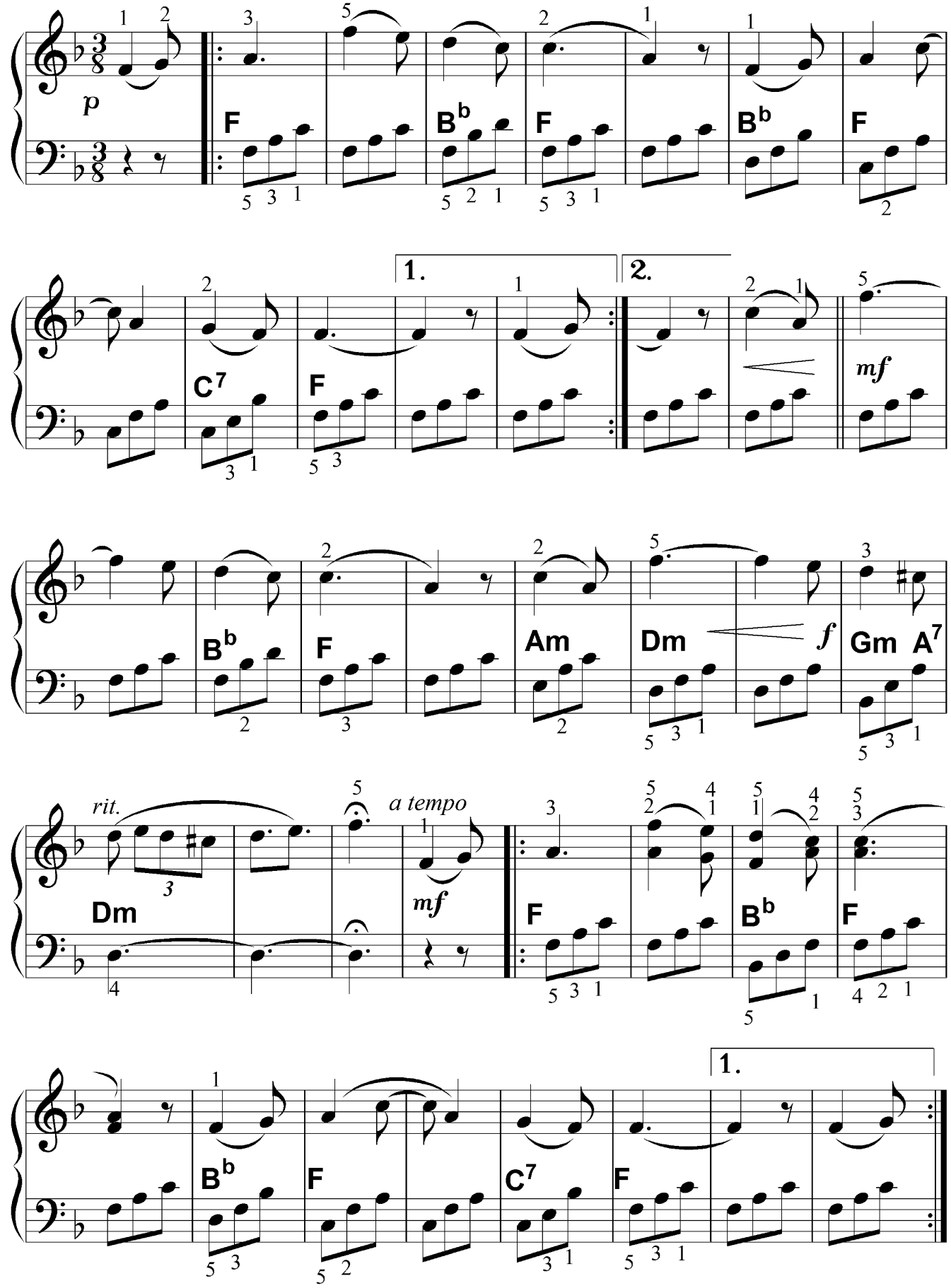
# Letzte Rose

(`Tis The Last Rose Of Summer)

(♩=90)

Friedrich von Flotow



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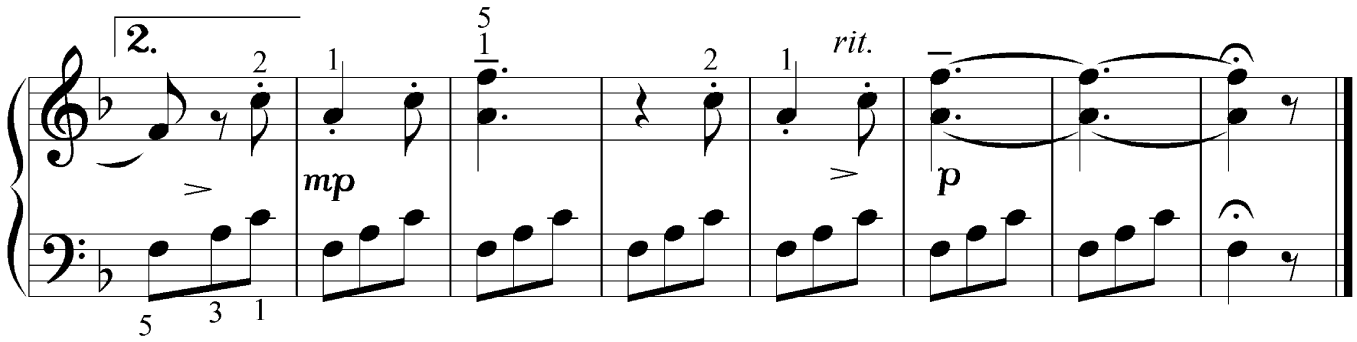


1. Letzte Rose, wie magst du so einsam hier blühn?
   Deine freundlichen Schwestern sind längst schon dahin.
   Keine Blüte haucht Balsam mit labendem, labendem Duft,
   Keine Blätter mehr flattern in stürmischer Luft.

2. Warum blühst du so traurig im Garten allein?
   Sollst im Tod mit den Schwestern, mit den Schwestern vereinigt sein.
   Drum pflück ich, oh Rose, vom Stamme, vom Stamme dich ab,
   sollst ruhen mir am Herzen und mit mir, ja mit mir im Grab.

## 'Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming all alone,
   All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
   No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
   to reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
   since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
   'thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
   where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
   and from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
   When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown.
   Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?


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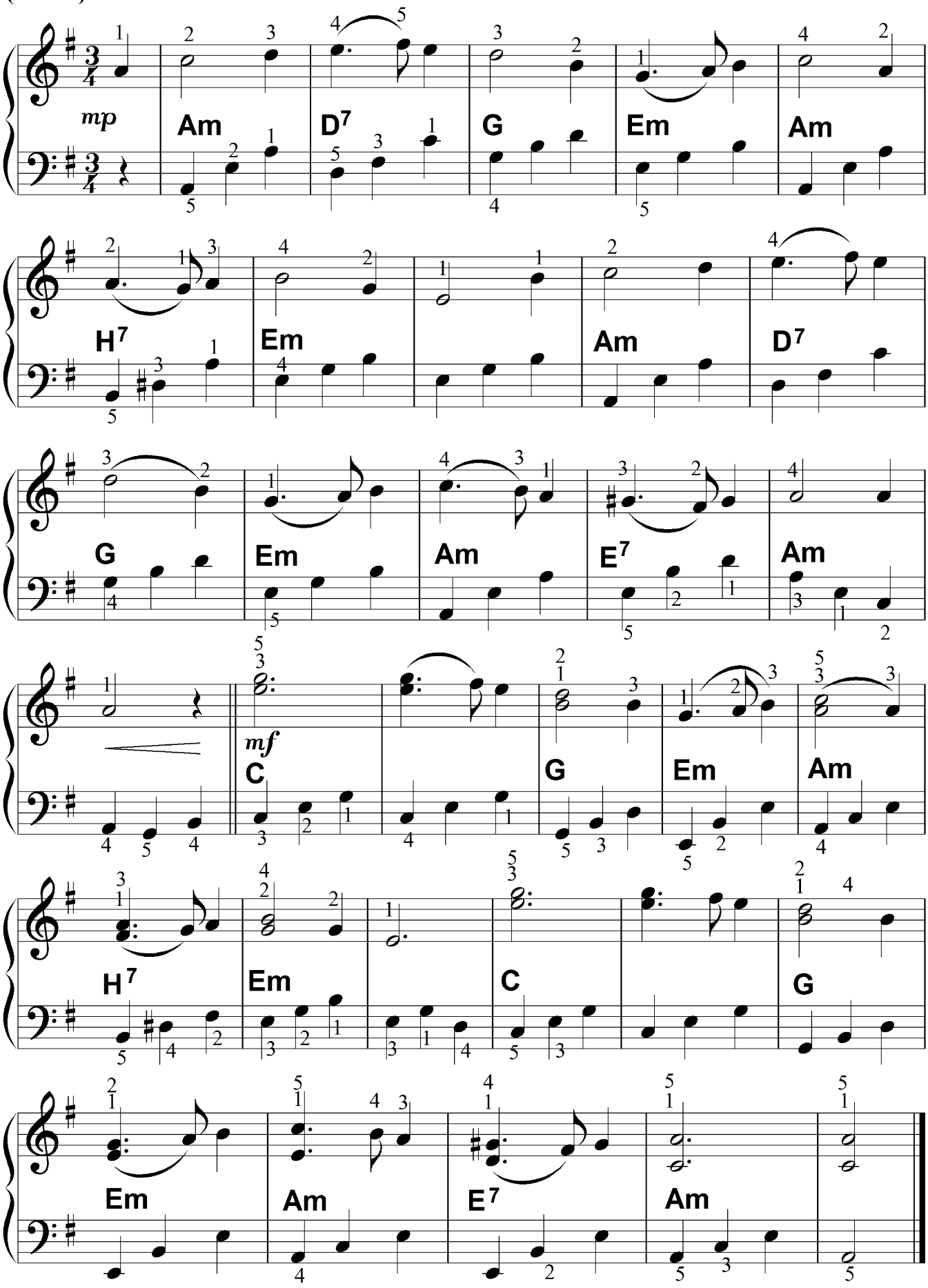
# Greensleeves

(♩=120)

Traditional



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1. Alas, my love, you done me wrong
to cast me off discourteously
and I have loved you so long
delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
and who but my Lady Greensleeves.

2. If you intend thus to disdain,
it does the more enrapture me,
and even so, I still remain
a lover in captivity.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
and who but my Lady Greensleeves.

3. Alas, my love, that should own
a heart of wanton vanity,
so must I meditate alone
upon your insincerity.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
and who but my Lady Greensleeves.

4. Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
to God I pray to prosper thee,
for I am still your lover true,
come once again and love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
and who but my Lady Greensleeves.


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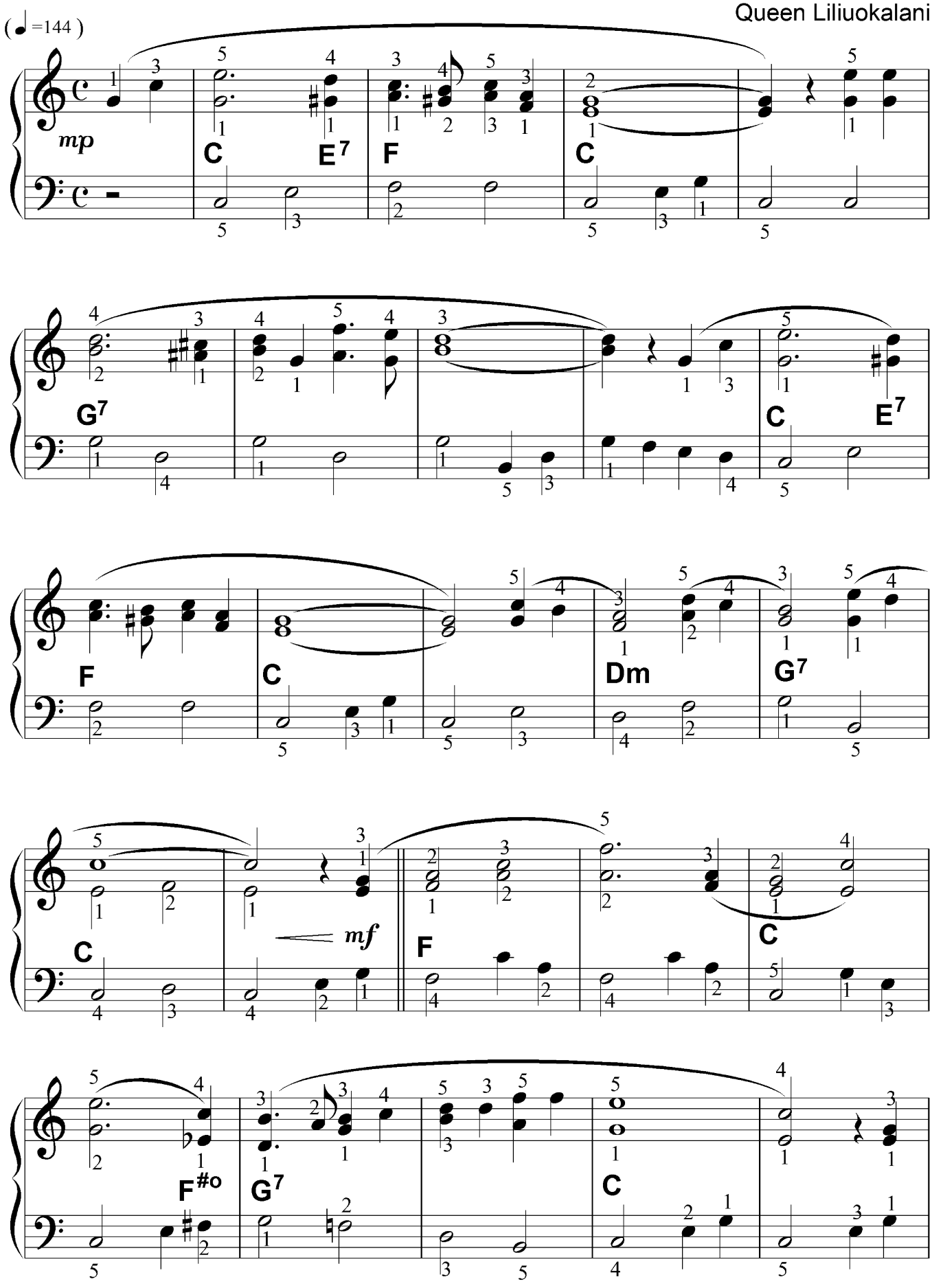
# Aloha Oe

Queen Liliuokalani



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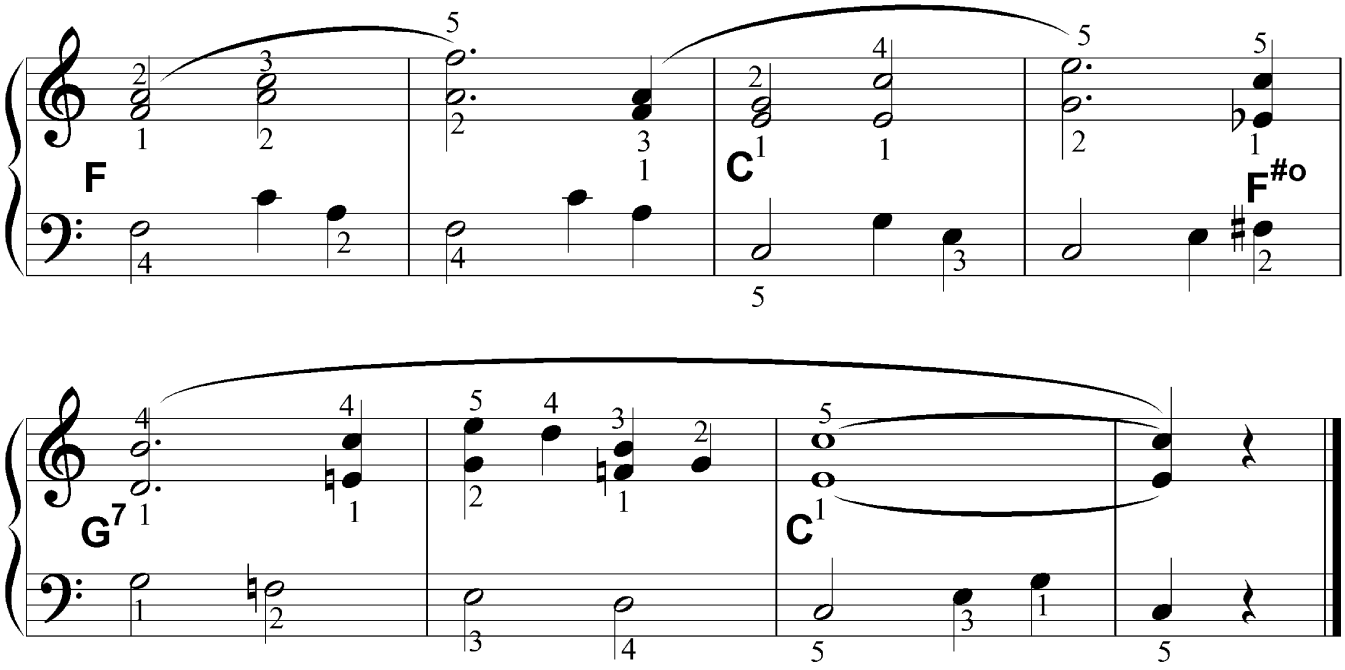


1. I have to leave my heart and go away
   to a land across the farest sea.
   But my thoughts will always be by you
   if I should never come, don't cry in the rain.
   Aloha oe, aloha oe
   be back again some day and then I'll stay
   your warm embrace will leave a trace
   until we meet again.

2. Through seven seas and hold I'm outward bound
   but one thing I know my heart is found
   when the wind blows Tahiti girls
   beware it could be that I'm home.
   Aloha oe, aloha oe
   be back again some day and then I'll stay
   your warm embrace will leave a trace
   until we meet again.



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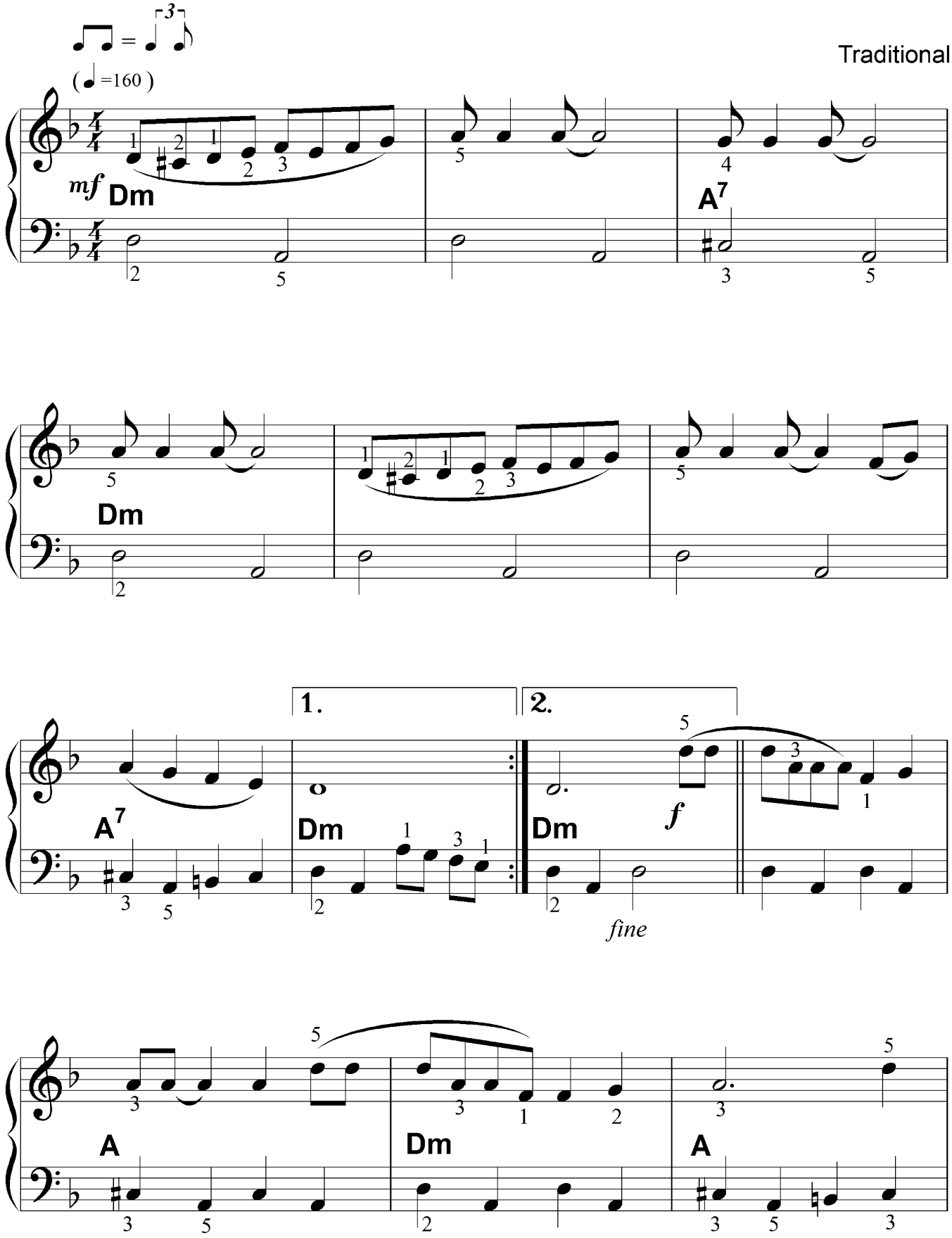
# Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho

Traditional



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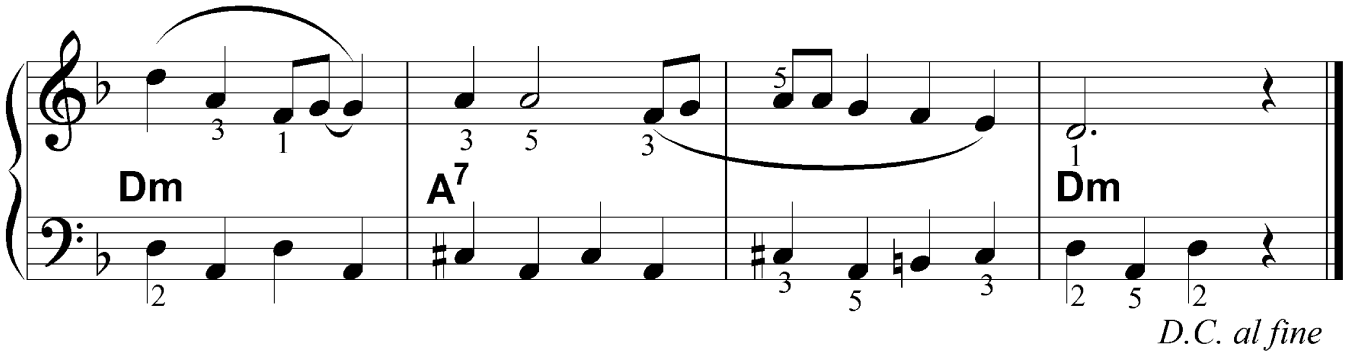


Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,
and the walls came tumbling down.

1. You may talk about the kings of Gideon,
   you may talk about the man of Saul,
   there's none like good old Joshua,
   in the battle of Jericho.

   Joshua fit the battle...

2. Right up the walls of Jericho.
   He marched with spear in hand.
   Go, blow that ram's horm, Joshua cried,
   'cause the battle am in my hand.

   Joshua fit the battle...

3. Then the lamb ram sheep horns begin to blow,
   Trumpets begin to sound.
   Joshua commanded the children to shout,
   and the walls came tumbling down.



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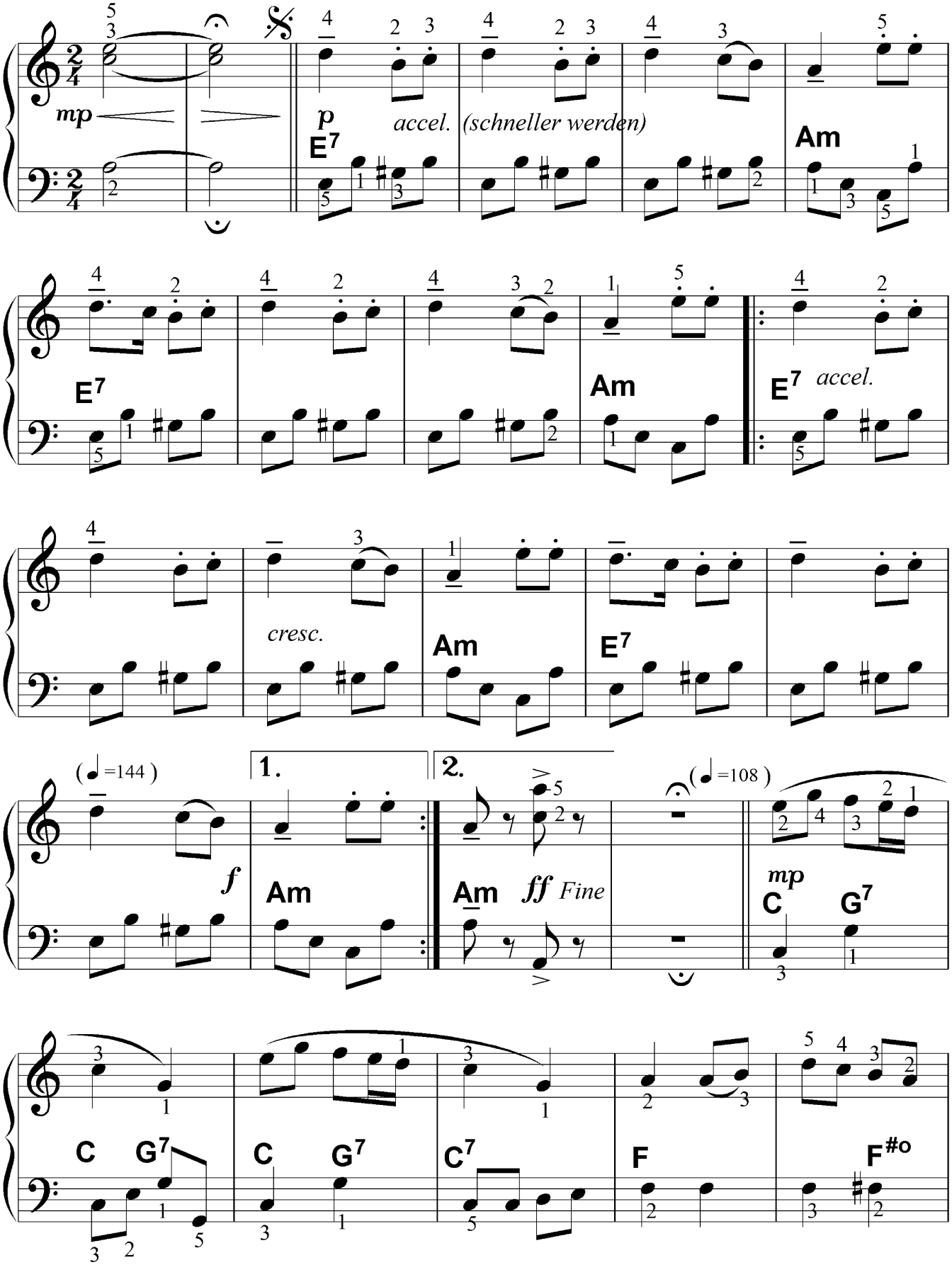
# Kalinka

(♩=76)

Russ. Volkslied



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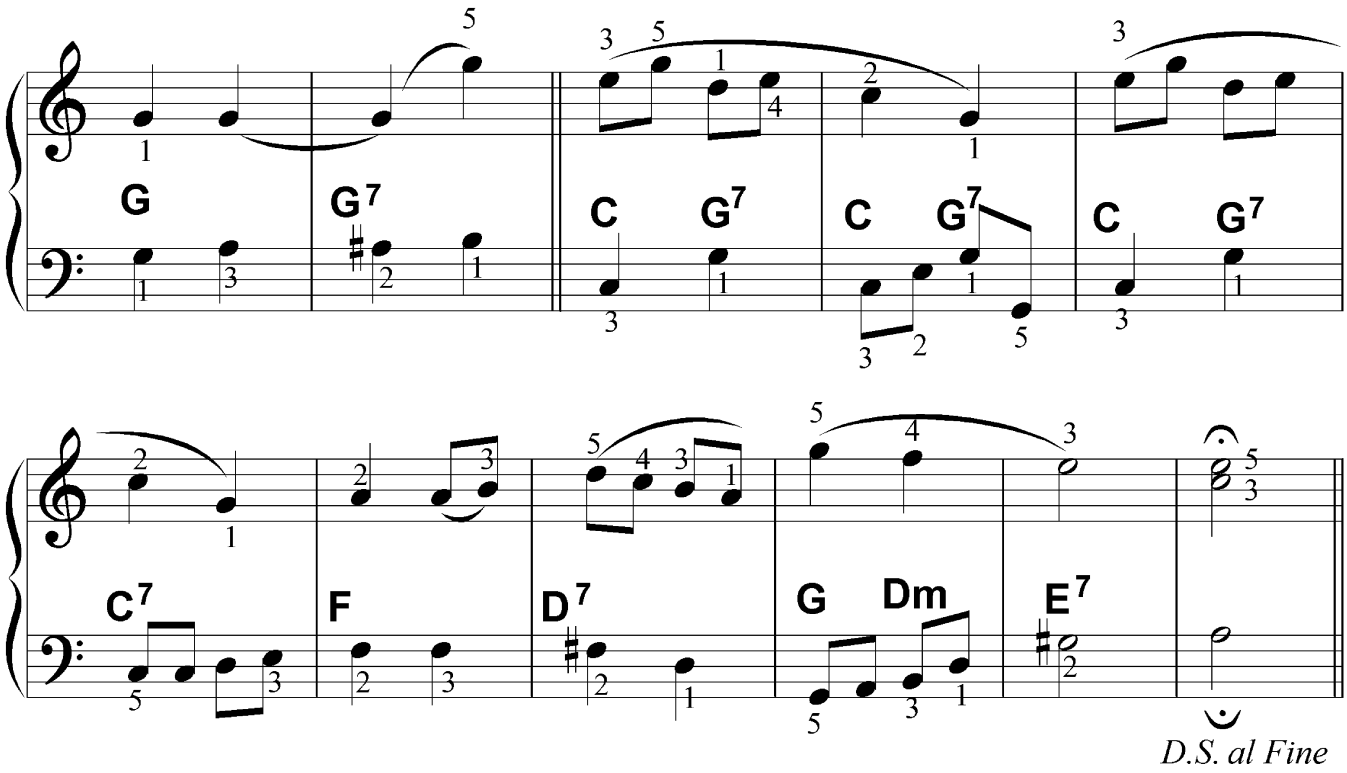


Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka maja,
w sadu jagoda malinka, malinka maja.
Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka maja,
w sadu jagoda malinka, malinka maja.

1. Pod sasnoju, pod selenoju,
spat palashitje wy menja.
Ai da ljuli, ljuli, ai da ljuli, ljuli,
spat palashitje wy menja.

Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka maja,
w sadu jagoda malinka, malinka maja.
Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka maja,
w sadu jagoda malinka, malinka maja.

2. Ach, krasawiza, duscha-djewiza,
poljubi she ty menja.
Ai da ljuli, ljuli, ai da ljuli, ljuli,
poljubi she ty menja.



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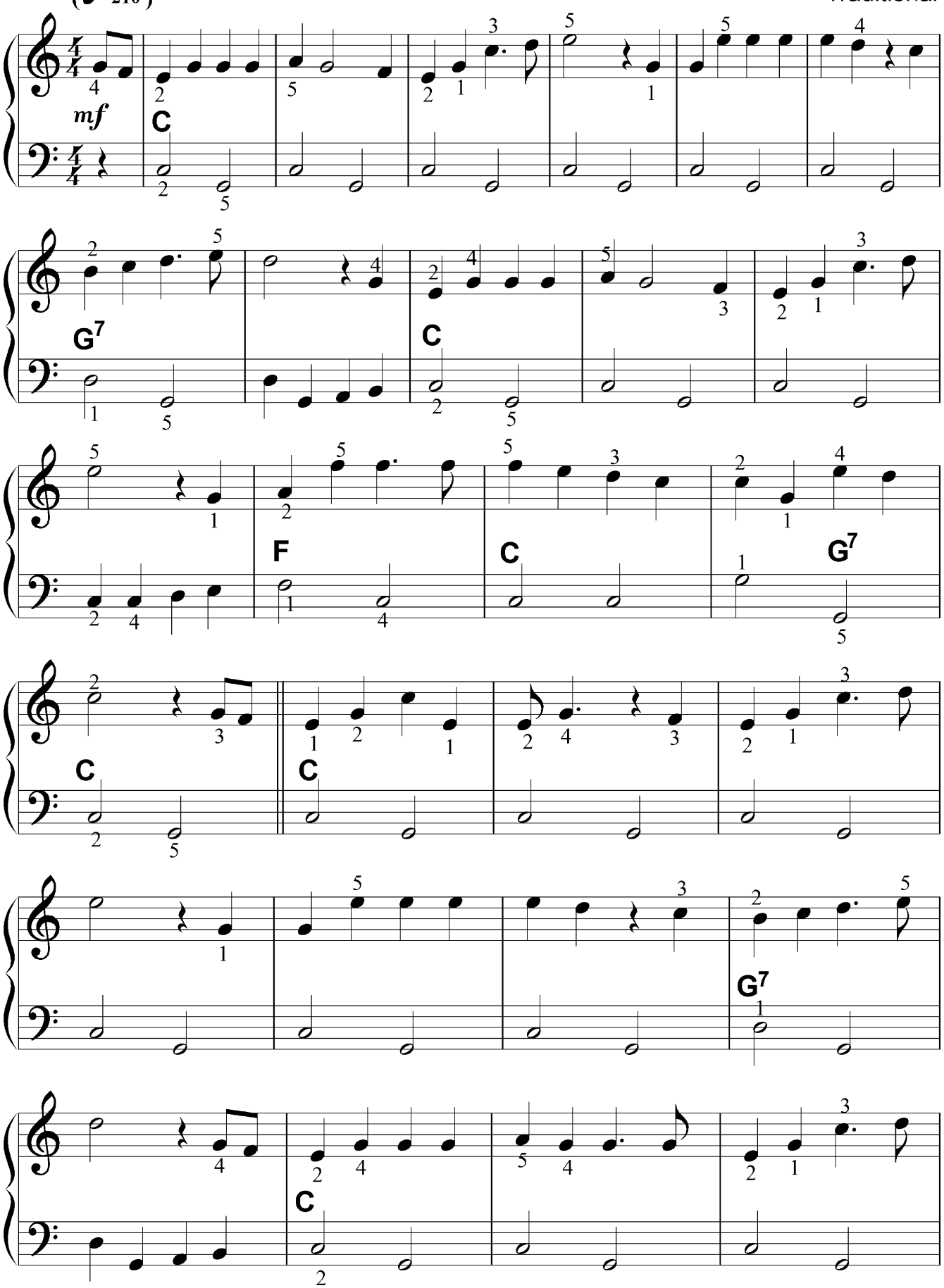
# Yellow Rose Of Texas

Traditional



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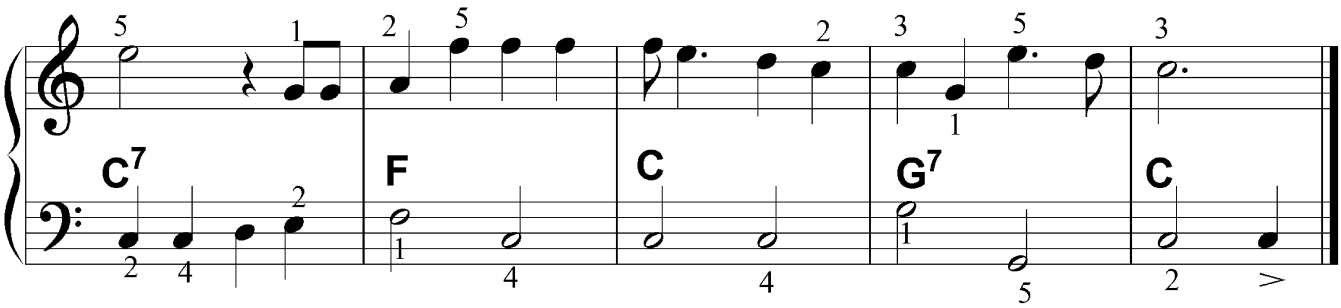


1. There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am goin' to see,
   no other fellow loves her, nobody, only me.
   She cried so when I left her, it's like to break my heart,
   and if I ever find her, we never more will part.
   She's the sweetest rose of color this fellow ever knew,
   her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew.
   You may talk about your dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
   but the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

2. Where the Rio Grande is flowing and the starry skies are bright,
   she walks along the river, in the quiet summer night.
   She thinks, if I remember, when we parted long ago,
   I promised to come back again, and not to leave her so.
   She's the sweetest rose of color this fellow ever knew,
   her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew.
   You may talk about your dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
   but the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

3. Oh, now I'm goin' to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
   and we'll sing the song together that we sang so long ago.
   We'll play the banjo gaily and we'll sing the songs of yore,
   and the yellow rose o Texas shall be mine forever more.
   She's the sweetest rose of color this fellow ever knew,
   her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew.
   You may talk about your dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
   but the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.


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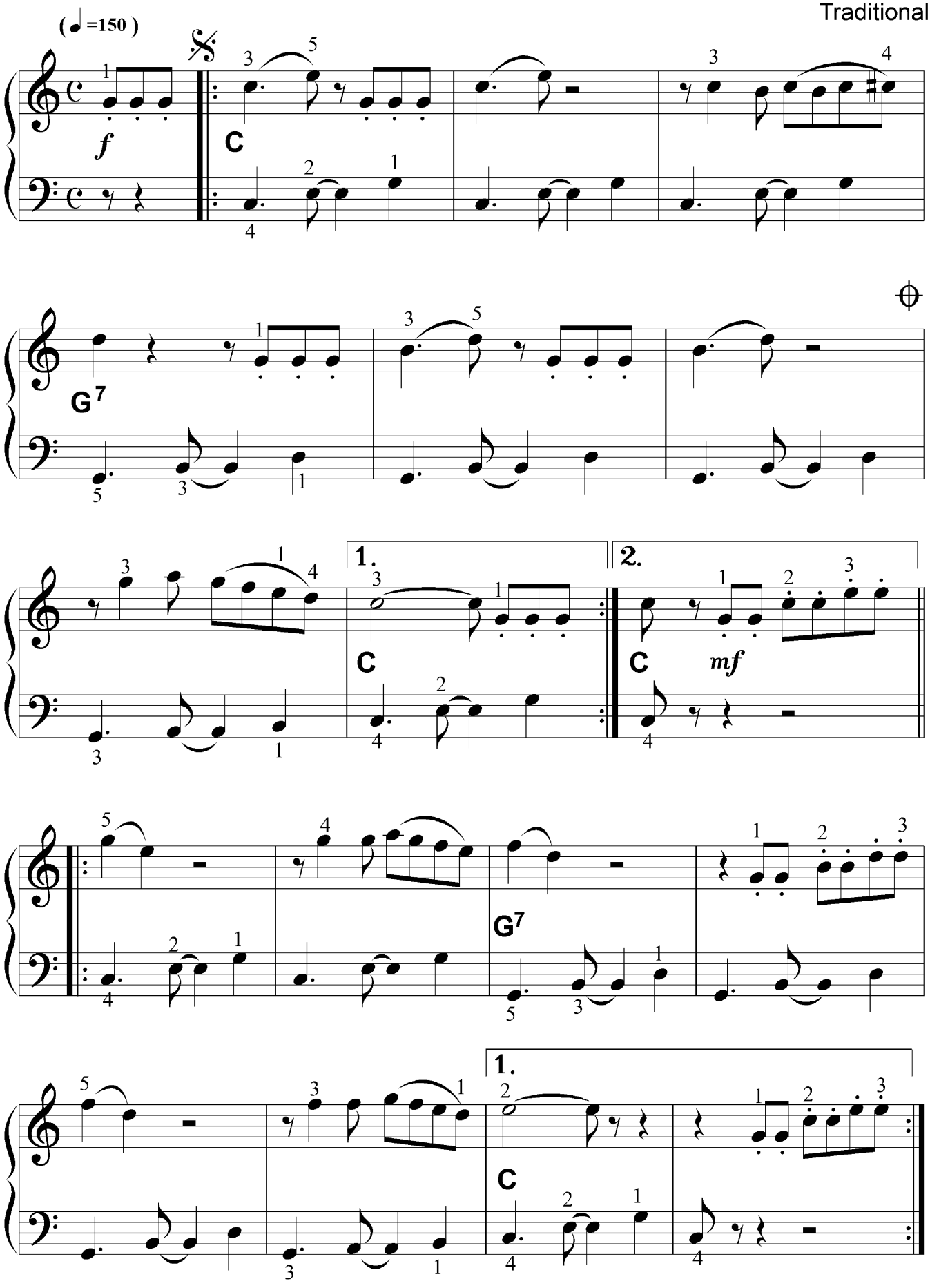
# La Cucaracha

Traditional



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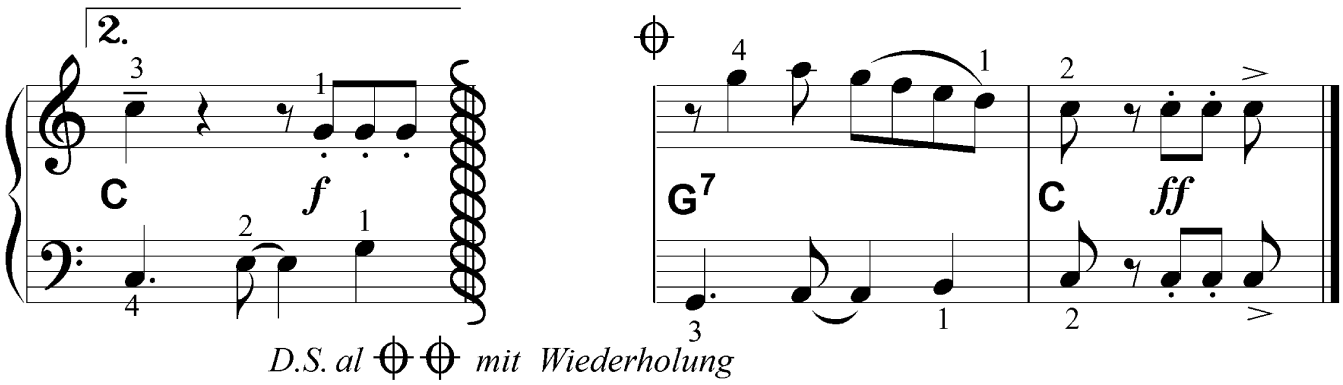


La cucaracha, la cucaracha
ya no quiere caminar,
porque no tiene,
porque le falta
Marijuana que fumar.

1. ¡Una cucaracha pinta!
Le dijo a una colorada:
vamonos para mi tierra,
a pasar la temporada.

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
ya no quiere caminar,
porque no tiene,
porque le falta
Marijuana que fumar

2. Todos las muchachas
tienen en los ojos dos estrellas,
pero las mejicanitas
de seguro son mas bellas.
¡Ole!


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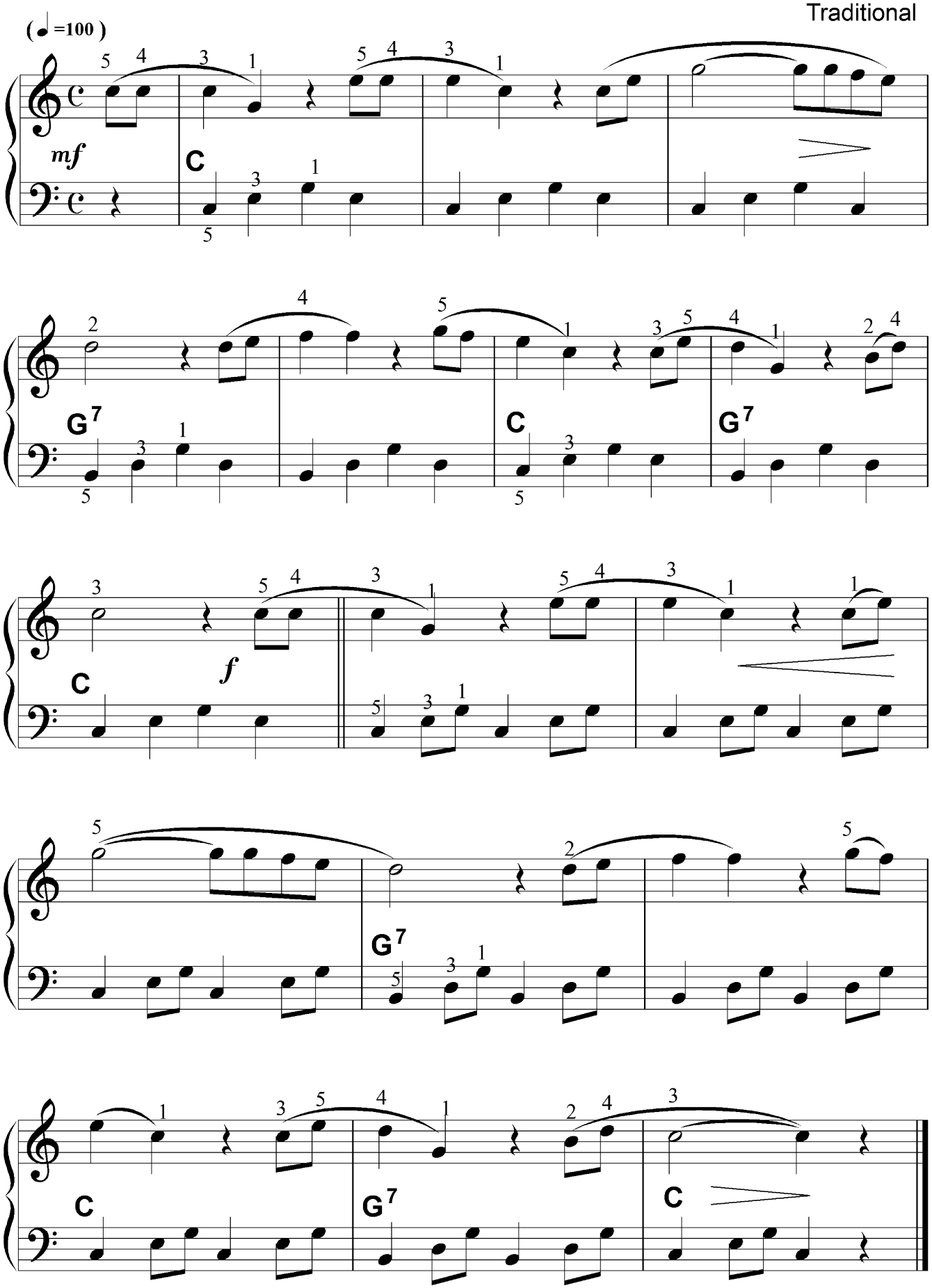
# Oh, My Darling Clementine

Traditional



1. In a cavern, in a canyon,
excavating for a mine,
lived 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.

2. 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...

3. Drove she ducklings to the water
every morning just at nine.
Stubbed her toe against a splinter,
fell into the foaming-brine.
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
oh, my darling Clementine...

4. 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...

5. How I missed her, how I missed her,
how I missed my Clementine,
till I kissed her little sister
and forgot my Clementine.
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
oh, my darling Clementine...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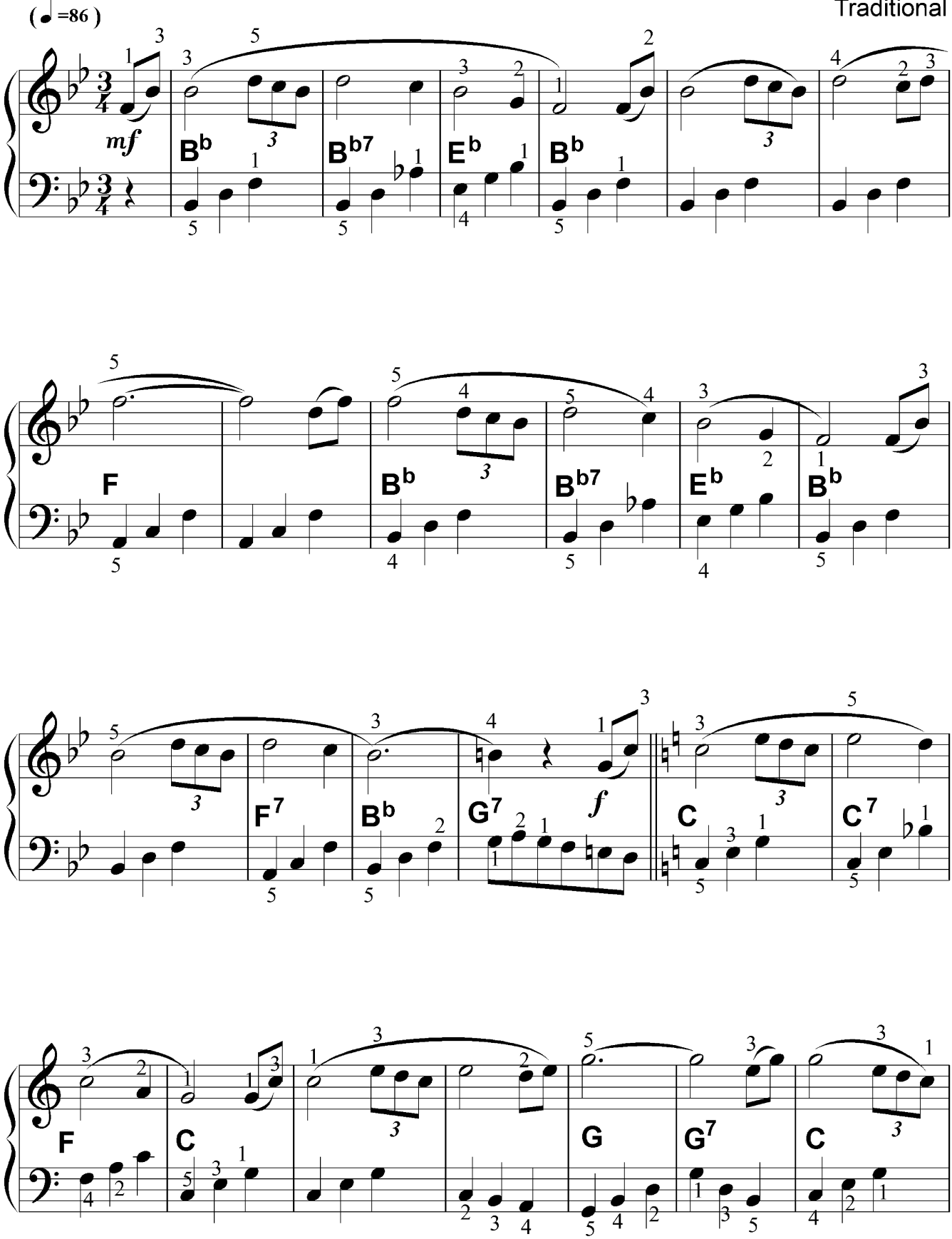
# Amazing Grace

Ein schöner Tag

Traditional



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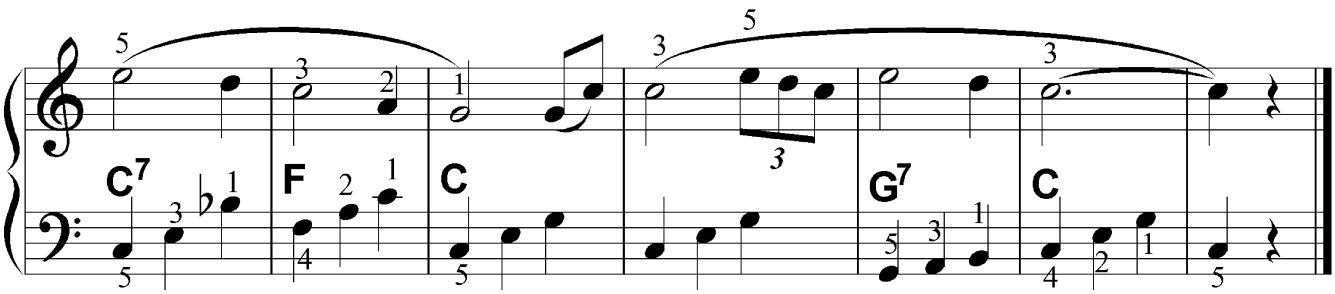


1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sounds,
   that saved a wretch like me.
   I once was lost, but now am found,
   was blind but now I see.

2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
   and grace my fears relieved.
   How precious did that grace appear
   the hour I first believed.

3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
   I have already come;
   'tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
   and grace will lead me home.

4. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
   in an believer's ear.
   It soothes his sorrows, heals the wounds,
   and drives away his fear.

5. Must Jesus bear the cross alone
   and all the world go free?
   No, there's a cross for ev'ryone
   and there's a cross for me.



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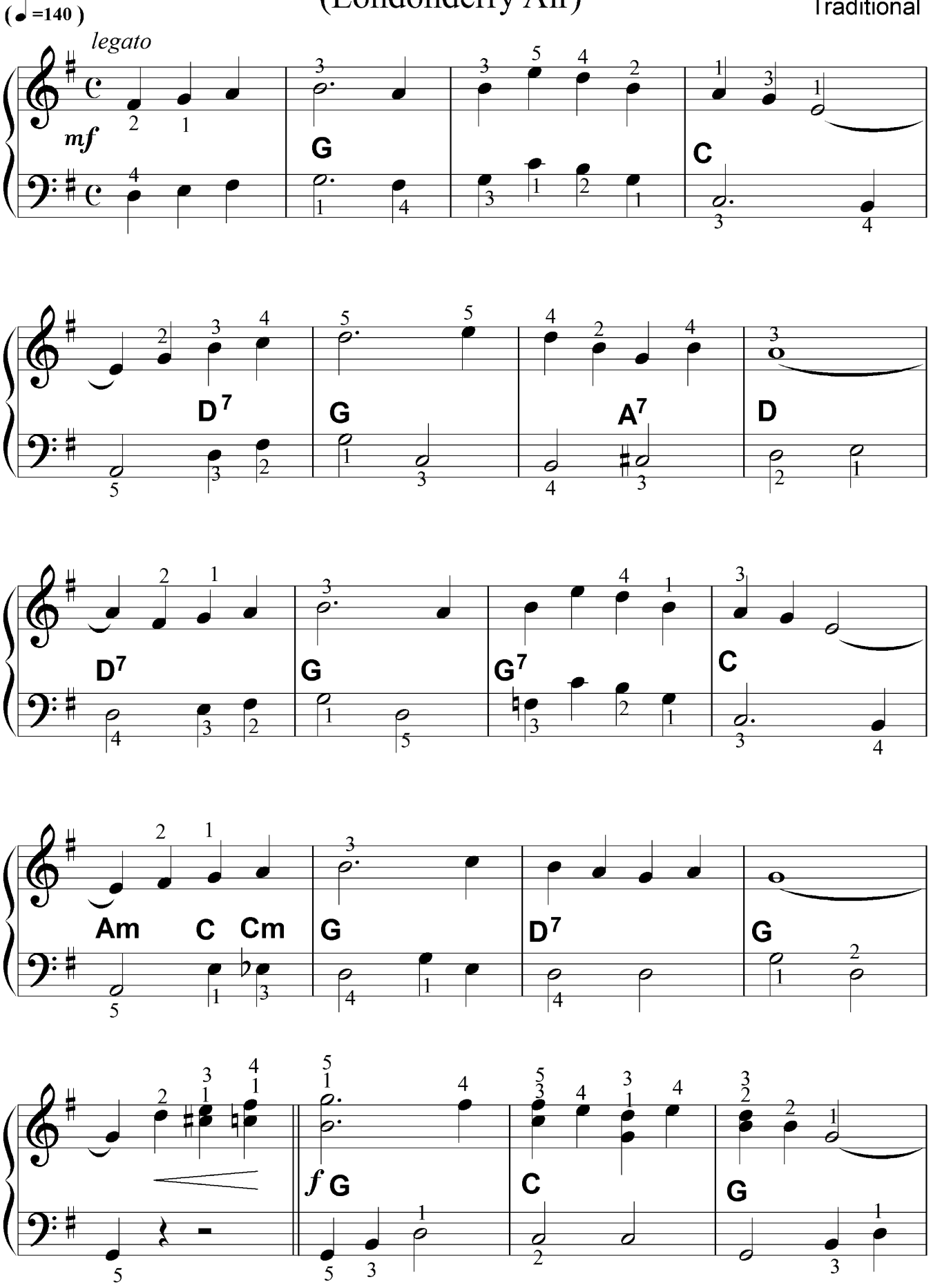
# Danny Boy

(Londonderry Air)

Traditional



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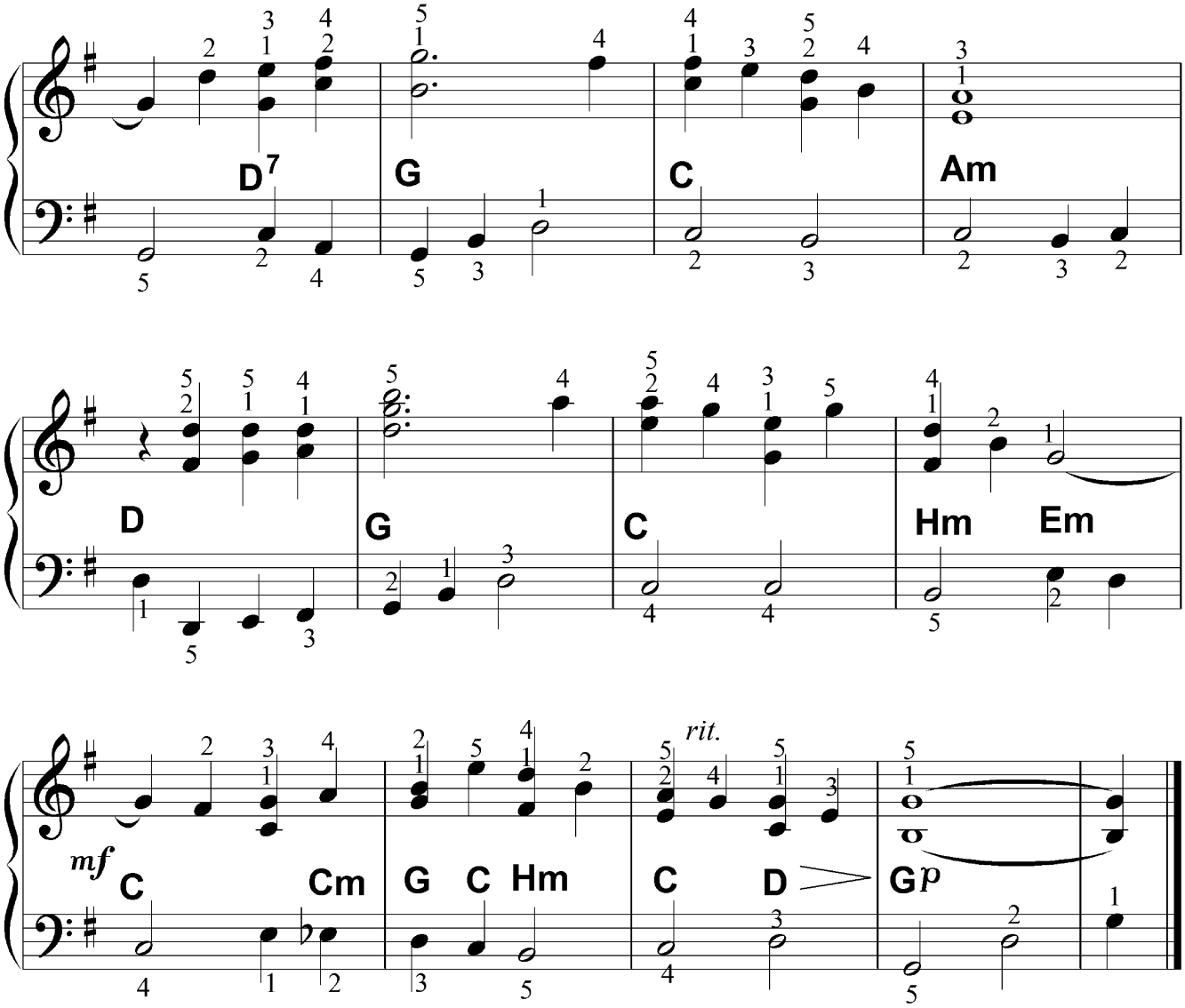


Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

from glen to glen, and down the mountain side.

The summer's gone, and all the roses fading,

'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,

for I'll be here, in sunshine or in shadow.

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.



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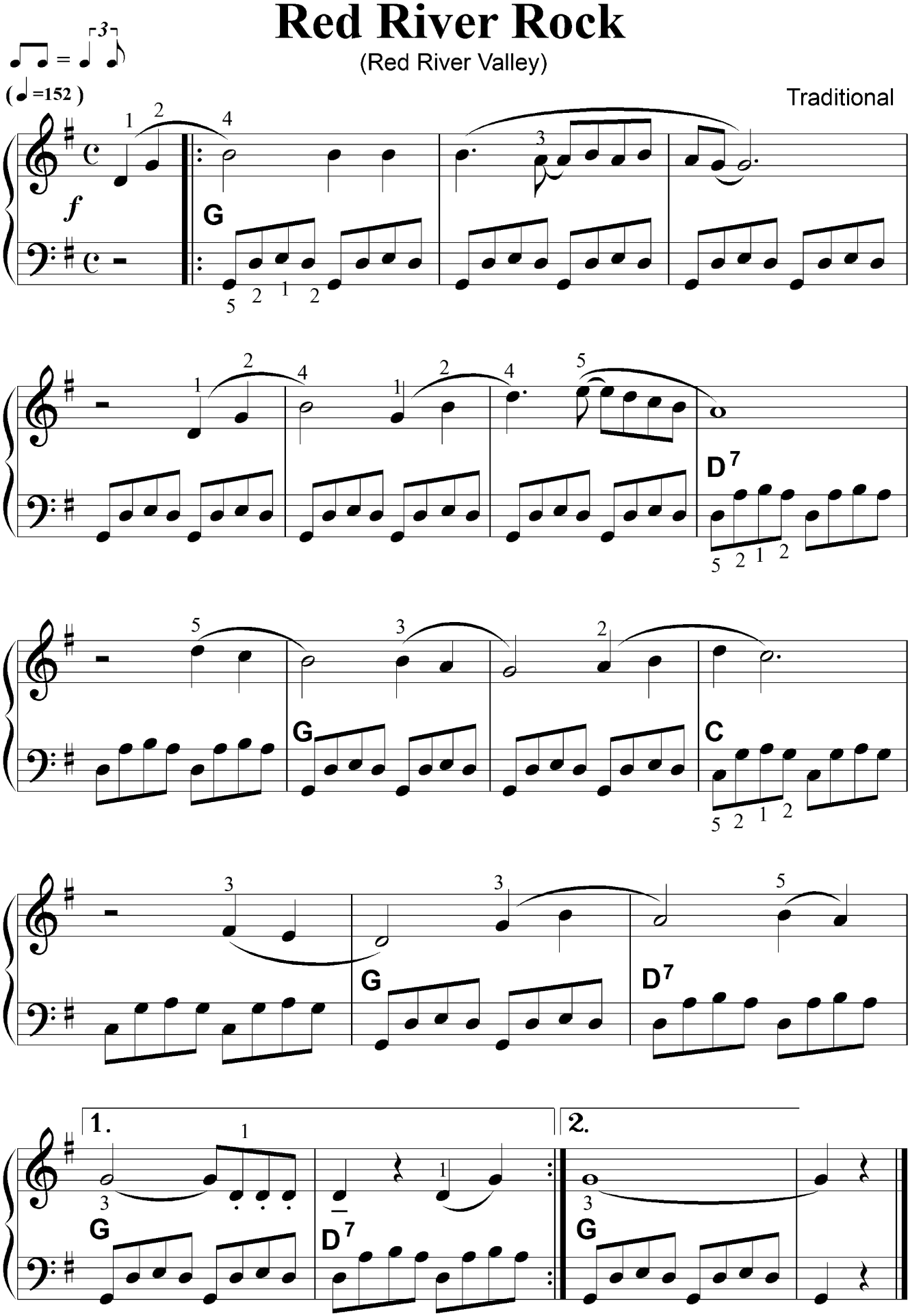
# Red River Rock

(Red River Valley)

Traditional



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