



Did you ever hear tell of Sweet Bet-sy from Pike, who crossed the wide moun-tains with



her lov-er Ike, two yoke of cat-tle and a large yel-low dog, a tall Shang-hai roos-ter, and a



Did you ever hear tell
Of Sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide mountains
With her lover Ike,
Two yoke of cattle
And a large yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster,
And a one- spotted hog.
Singing too- ra- ly- oo- ra- liOo- ra- li- ay.

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.

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 swam the wide rivers
And crossed the tall peaks,
And camped on the prairie
For weeks upon weeks.
Starvation and cholera,
Hard work and slaughterThey reached California
'spite of hell and high water.

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.

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.

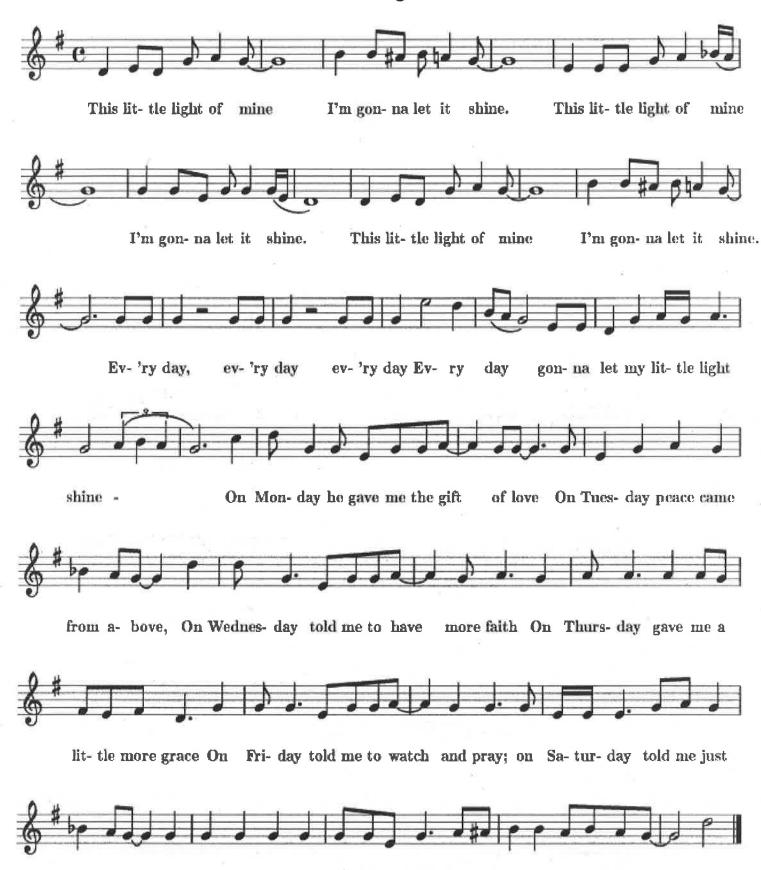


Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away.
That's where my heart is turning ever
That's where the old folks stay
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.
All the world is sad and dreary
ev'rywhere I roam.
Oh dear ones, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home.

All 'round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young
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 ...

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

This Little Light of Mine



what to say, On Sun-day gave me pow- er di- vine, Just to let my lit- tle light shine, Oh.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'



Sweet Georgia Brown



www.abcnotation.com/tunes

Ballad of Tom Joad



Tom Joad got out of the old Mac-a-les-ter pen, There he got his pa-



role, Af-ter four long years on a man-kil-ling charge, Tom Joad come a-



wal- kin' down the road, poor boy, Tom Joad come a- wal- kin' down the road.

Listen to the Mockingbird



ANYWHERE I WANDER

From The Motion Picture "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"



di Elgil, 1959 (Renswar) Piliphot MySoC CORP Millights Reserved

Moulin Louge) Where is your Heart



Try An

King Jahren Halin

Sous les ciels de Paris



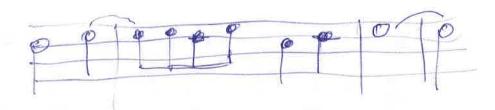
The Ashgrove



Eb 3 Am (down 2 notes - 4 1/2 steps)

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING





The Imprecibility was the state of the state Bhma19 1. To dream The lm - pos - si - ble Dream (2, To) the un-right-n -ble right. wrong. Ebmajs un - beat - a - ble fight. the foe, chaste from a pure and far, love un - bear - a - ble bear with Bor - row, when your arms are too wea - ry. the un-reach-a-ble where the brave dare not go. 2.70 reach. fol - low that This star! En mat - ter how mat - ter how RM ques-tion or with - out right_ To fight for tho far:



The Impossible Oream



DW Am Love Thome from "The Umbreilas of Cherbourg" (Les Parapluies de Cherbourg) English lyrics by Norman Gimbel Moderate tempo Will takes for 1. If it Will You, for thou sand sum - mers Wait For 'til $I^{i}m$ For Til. side Wait You, you're back be mė BMI ing 'til I hear you sigh hold you Gmd 61 DM 2, An y here in my arms. Ahead to Interlude DW Fins AW Gm6 The love. you. clock will and tick hours by one. all the The will come when wait ing's done. Bm7-5 time when you re-turn and find me here and Straight

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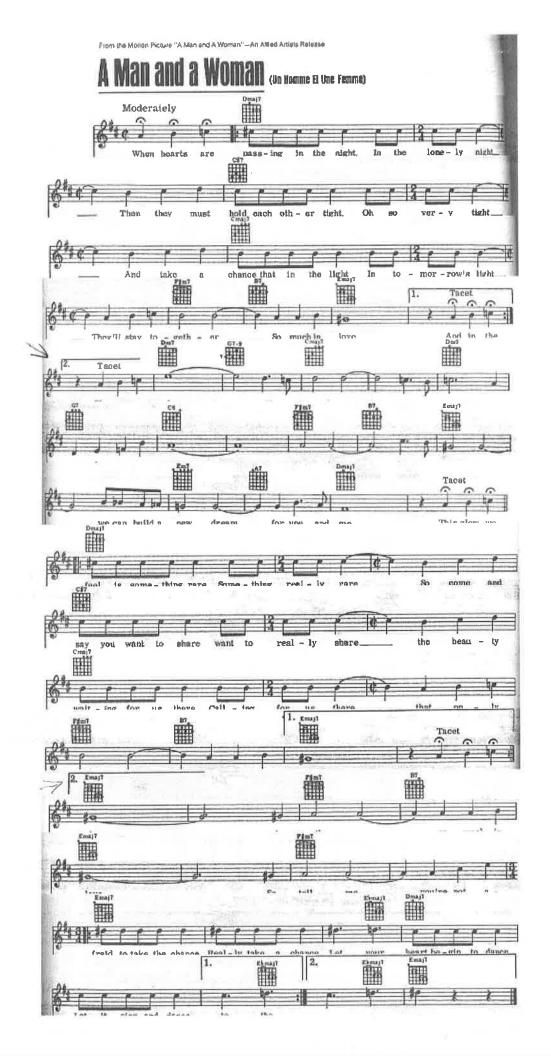
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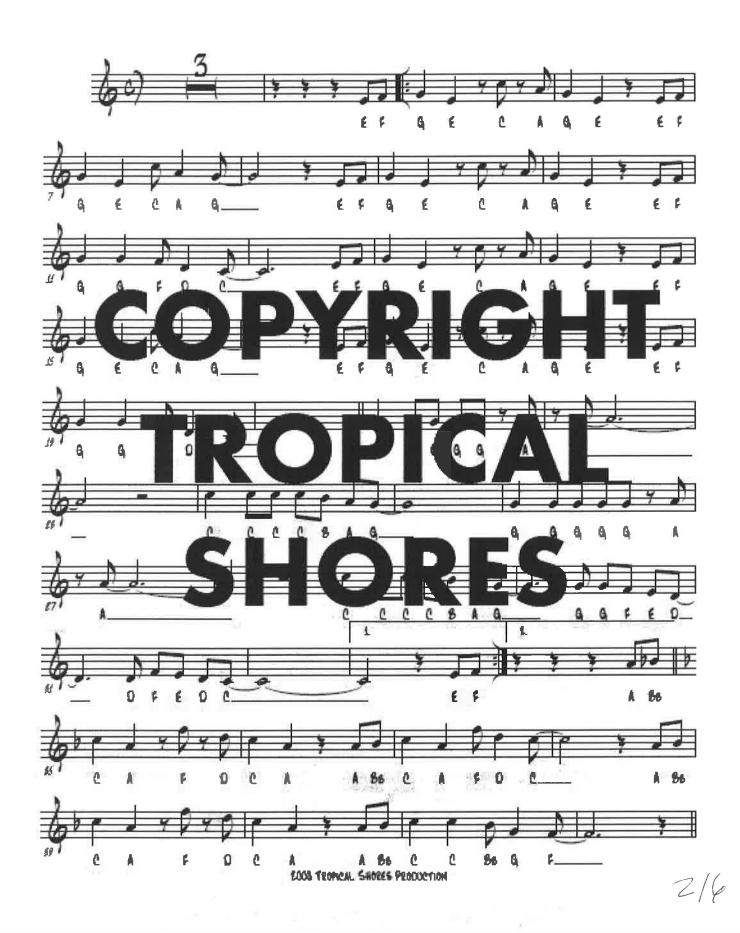
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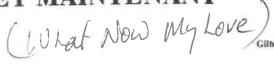
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Paroles de Pierre DELANOË









ht maintenant que value fave Vers quel minnt glissera ma sie Tu m'as laissé la terre entière Many la terre same toi c'est petit Vieus mics amis soyez gentils Vous savez bien que l'ou n'y peut rien Même PARIS grêve d'ennui Youtes see rues me meent

-2-

1.007

be maintenant que sussie faire Je sais en rire pour ne plus pleurer Je was brûter des maits entieres Au matin je te hairai Et pois an soir dans mon miroje Je verrai bien le fin du chemin has une fleur et pas de pleurs Au moment de l'Adieu. Je n'ai sesiment plus rien à faire le qui reament plus rien.

- 3 -

PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND



di 1970 phoessa tibidi Aliacowolco mutoc de CARROS. An Frants for the SILA Confession are Assessfuture at BESCHMOOD MUTOC DDITE In Frants Standard - Artematicana Communi Escand - Standard Francesco

BOOK | WAY-MA

下的机器-排车机。

Ma - er

EDICK FW - FO THE

THE

City of New Orleans



Ri- ding on the Ci- ty of New Or- leans,

Illi- nois Cen- tral Mon- day mor- ning rail,



Fif- teen cars and fif- teen rest- less ri- ders,

Three con- duc- tors twen- ty five sacks of



mail.

All a- long the south- bound Od- ys- sey the train pulls out of Kan- ka- kee and



rolls a- long the hou-ses farms and fields;

Pas- sing towns that had no names and



freight yards full of old black men and the grave- yards of the rus- ted au- to- mo- biles.



Good mor- nong A- me- ri- ca how are you,

Say don't you know me,



I'm your na- tive son,

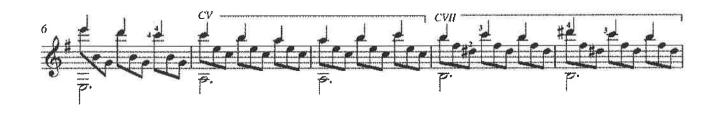
I'm the train they call the Ci-ty of New Or-leans,



I'll be gone five hun-dred miles when the day is done.



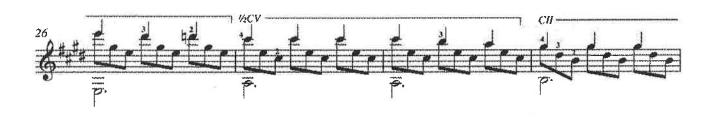




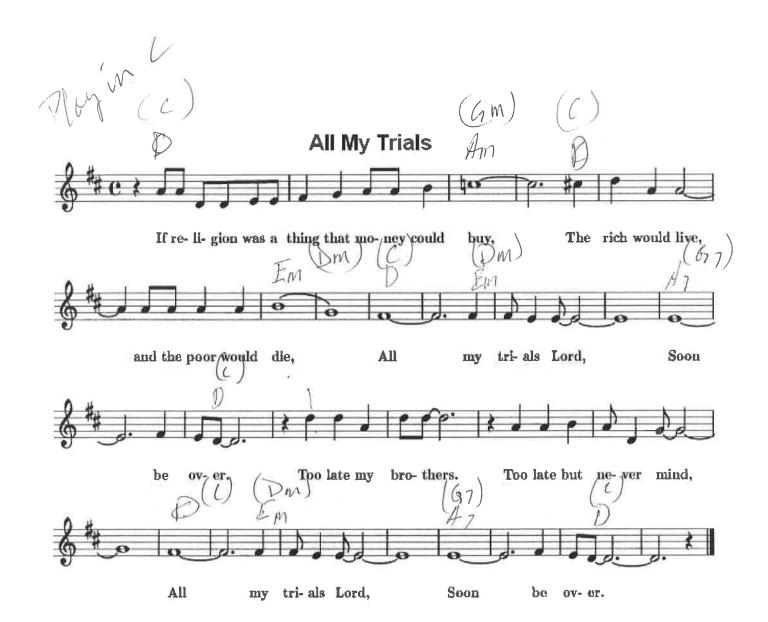


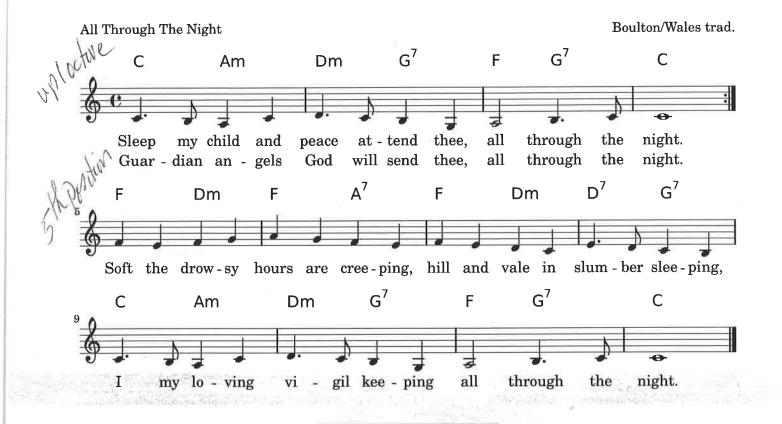












Sleep my child and peace attend thee, All through the night. Guardian angels God will send thee, All through the night. Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slumber sleeping, I my loving vigil keeping All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night
O'er they spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night.

Love, to thee my thoughts are turning All through the night
All 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.

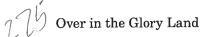
Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral

(That's an Irish Lullaby)



Blues trad.







I've a home prepaired,
where the saints abide,
just over in the glory land;
and I long to be
by my savior's side,
just over in the glory land;
just over in the glory land,
I'll join the happy angel band,
just over in the glory land;
just over in the glory land;
there with the mighty host I stand,
just over in the glory land;

20 playin Cuploctive

Waltzing Matilda

Australia, words widely attributed to "Banjo" Paterson / Melody from Scottish Regimental March "Craigielea"

earliest date: 1903 (Ballad Index)

adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



1. Once a jol - ly swag-man camped_ by a bil-la-bong, un-der the shade of a coo-li-bah tree. And he



sang as he sat and wait-ed while his bil-ly boiled, "You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me."



Waltz-ing Ma-til-da, waltz-ing Ma-til-da, "You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me." And he



sang as he sat and wait-ed while his bil-ly boiled, "You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me."

- 2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong, up jumped the swagman, grabbed him with glee. And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag, "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

 **Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

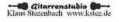
 And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag, "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."
- 3. Down came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred, up came the troopers one, two, three. Who'se that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag? "You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me." Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

 Who'se that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag? "You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me."
- 4. Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong. "You'll never catch me alive," said he.

 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong. "You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me."

 Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong. "You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me."





Dodi Li

Lyrics from Shir Hashirim (Song of Songs) Verses 2:16, 3:6, 4:9, 4:16 Music by Nira Chen (born 1924 in Israel)

Source: unknown (internet)

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adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2010 www.kstez.de



Ploy in C

Steplan Fester

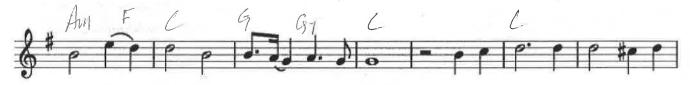


Let us pause in life's pleas- ures, and count its ma- ny tears, While we all sup



sor- row with the poor.

There's a song that will lin- ger for- ev- er in our



ears, Oh hard times come a- gain no more.

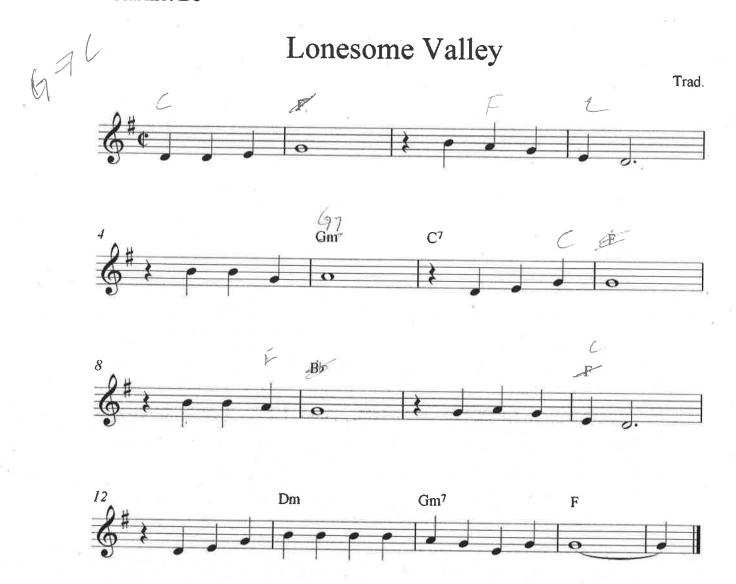
Tis a song, a sigh of the



wear- y, Hard times, hard times, come a- gain no more. Man- y days you have



ling- ered a- round my cab- in door, Oh, hard times, come a- gain no more.



Free clarinet sheet music at http://www.capotastomusic.com



When John Hen-ry was a lit-tle ba-by,

a - sit-tin' on his pa-pa's knee,



picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel and he said, "ham-mer's gonna be the death of



me, Lord, Lord" and he said, "ham- mer's gon-na be the death of me."

When John Henry was a little baby, asittin' on his papa's knee, he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel and he said, "hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord" and he said, "hammer's gonna be the death of me."

Well, the Captain said to John Henry
"I'm gonna bring my steam drill around
Gonna bring my steam drill out
on the job.
Gonna whup that steel on down,

down, down. Whup that steel on down"

John Henry said to his Shaker
"Shaker, you had better pray
If you miss your six feet of steel
It'll be your buryin' day, day, day
It'll be your buryin' day".

Some say he's born in Texas.

Some say he's born up in Maine.

I just say he was a Louisiana man.

Leader of a steel-driving chain gang.

Leader on a steel-driving gang.

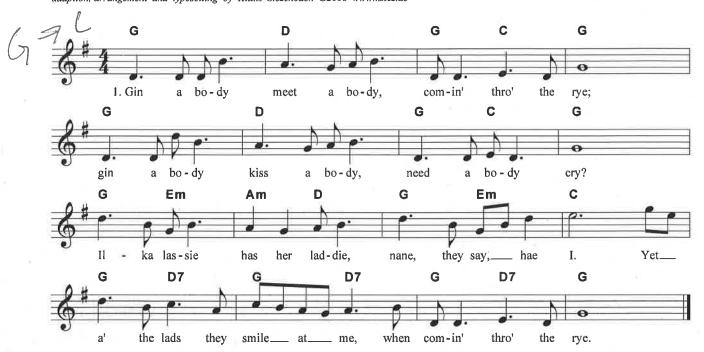
John Henry said to the Captain:
"You can bring your steam drill around.
You can bring your steam drill out
on the job
I'll beat your steam drill down,
down, down Beat your steam drill down".

Now, the Shaker said to John Henry
"Man ain't nothing but a man.
But before I'd let that
steam drill beat me down
I'd die with an hammer in my hand,
hand, hand, I'd die
with an hammer in my hand".

John Henry had a little woman, Her name was Polly Ann. John Henry took sick and was laid up in bed While Polly drove steel like a man, man, man. Polly drove steel like a man. Comin' Chro' Che Rye

Scotland (Robert Burns, 1759-1796)

earliest date: 1796 (Ballad Index) adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



- 2. Gin a body meet a body comin' frae the town; gin a body greet a body, need a body frown?

 Ilka lassie has her laddie, nane, they say, hae I.

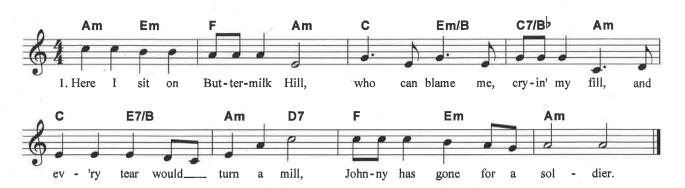
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, an' what the waur am I?
- 3. Gin a body meet a body comin' frae the well; gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell?

 Ilka lassie has her laddie, ne'er a ane hae I,
 but a' the lads they smile on me when comin' thro' the rye.
- 4. Amang the train there is a swain, I dearly lo'e mysel'; but what his name, or where his hame, I dinna care to tell. Ilka lassie has her laddie, nane, they say, hae I, yet a' the lads they smile on me when comin' thro' the rye.

Buttermilk Hill

USA

earliest date: 1892 (Ballad Index "Shule Agra") adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



- 2. Me, oh my, I loved him so, / broke my heart to see him go, and only time will heal my woe, / Johnny has gone for a soldier.
- 3. I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel, / likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel, and buy my love a sword of steel, / Johnny has gone for a soldier.
- 4. I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red, / and through the streets I'll beg for bread, for the lad that I love from me has fled, / Johnny has gone for a soldier.

the bluebells of scotland

Scotland

Source: Corries LP/earliest date: ca. 1915 (Ballad Index) adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



- 2. Oh where, tell me where, did your heeland laddie dwell?
 Oh where, tell me where, did your heeland laddie dwell?
 He dwelt in bonnie Scotland where blooms the sweet bluebell, and it's oh, in my heart that I love my laddie well.
- 3. Oh what, tell me what, did your heeland laddie wear? Oh what, tell me what, did your heeland laddie wear? A bonnet with a lofty plume and on his breast a plaid, and it's oh, in my heart that I love my heeland lad.
- 4. Oh what, tell me what, if your heeland lad is slain?

 Oh what, tell me what, if your heeland lad is slain?

 Oh no, true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, for it's oh, my heart would break if my heeland lad were slain.

Finnegan's Wake

Ireland

earliest date: before 1861 (Ballad Index) adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



- 2. One mornin' Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake, he fell from the ladder and broke his skull, so they carried him home his corpse to wake. They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed, a gallon of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head. Whack fol the darn, o, dance to your partner, whirl the floor, your trotters shake. Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!
- 3. His friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch, first they brought in tay and cakes, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch. Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see? "O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?" "Arragh, hold your gob", said Paddy McGhee! Whack fol the darn, o, dance to your partner, whirl the floor, your trotters shake. Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!
- 4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job: "O Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure." Biddy she gave her a belt on the gob and left her sprawlin' on the floor. And then the war did soon engage, 'twas woman to woman and man to man, Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began. Whack fol the darn, o, dance to your partner, whirl the floor, your trotters shake. Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!
- 5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a gallon of whiskey flew at him. It missed him, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim! The corpse revives! See how he raises! Tim Finnegan jumping from the bed, says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes! Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?" Whack fol the darn, o, dance to your partner, whirl the floor, your trotters shake. Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!



To MISK We Lave Piano Concerto No.1 in Bb



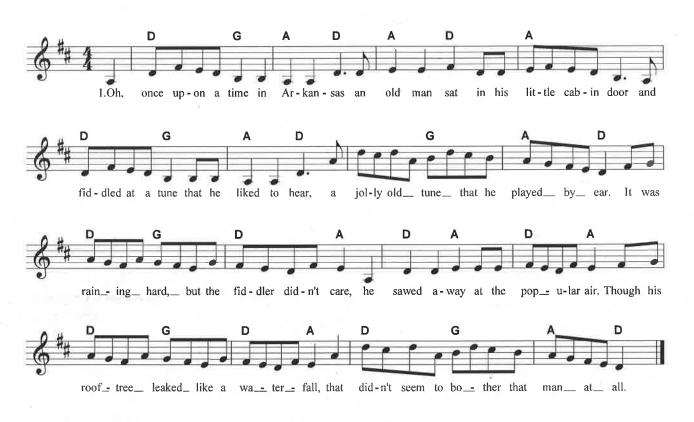
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Arkansas Traveller

USA

Ballad Index: This was a popular minstrel-show sketch in the 1900s, earliest date 1847 adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de



- 2. A traveller was riding by that day, / and stopped to hear him a-practicing away. The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet, / but still the old man didn't seem to fret. So the stranger said: "Now the way it seems to me, / you'd better mend your roof," said he. But the old man said, as he played away: / "I couldn't mend it now, it's a rainy day."
- 3. The traveller replied: "That's all quite true, / but this, I think, is the thing for you to do; Get busy on a day that is fair and bright, / then pitch the old roof till it's good and tight." But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel, / and tapped the ground with his leathery heel: "Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain; / my cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."

Hawa Nagila

Lyrics by Abraham Zwi Idelsohn (1882-1938) / Traditional melody from Ukraine & Romania adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2010 www.kstez.de



Come, we shall exult and rejoice! Come, we shall sing! Brothers, awake with lucky hearts!

NATURE BOY

CONCERT PITCH

EDEN AHBEZ



US trad.



There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am gon-na see. No-body else could miss her not



half as much as me. She cried so when I left her t'was like it broke her heart. And if I ever



find her we nev-er more will part. She's the sweet-est little rose bud that Tex-as ev-er



knew. Her eyes are bright as diamonds they sparkle like the dew. You may talk about your



Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee, but the yellow rose of Texas is the on-ly girl for me.

There's a yellow rose in Texas That I am gonna see. Nobody else could miss her Not half as much as me. She cried so when I left her T'was like it broke her heart. And if I ever find her We never more will part. She's the sweetest little rose bud That Texas ever knew. Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew. You may talk about your Clementine And sing of Rosa Lee, But the yellow rose of Texas Is the only girl for me.

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 little rose bud...

MeLadie D'Amour

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America the Beautiful





When the sun in the mor-ning peeps o- ver the hill, And kis-ses the ro-ses 'round



my win-dow sill, Then my heart fills with glad-ness when I hear the trill Of the birds in the



tree- tops on Moc- kin' Bird Hill. Tra la la, Twee- dle- dee dee dee It gives me a thrill, To



wake up in the mor- ning to the moc- kin' bird's trill. Tra- la- la twee- dle- dee dee there's



peace and good will; You're wel- come as the flow- ers on Moc-kin' Bird Hill



Haiwian Sunset



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Come Back To Sorrento



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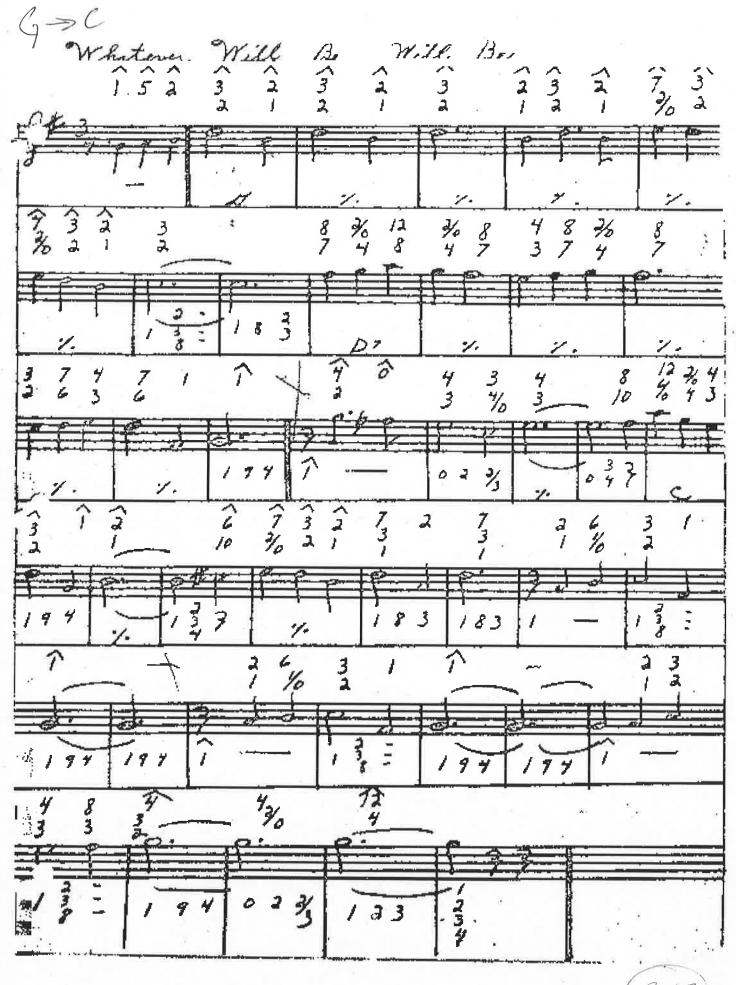
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YOUR CHEATIN' HEART



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