



Meets the

Flower City Beer Choir

Old Stone Tavern

2018

Beer Choir Theme Song

Michael Engelhardt
 Founding Choir Meister

March with "Spirit" ♩ = 140

D7 G D7

S/A

1. The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink - ing beer. The Beer Choir is the
 2. (Humming ...and drinking)

T/B

1. The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer
 2. (Humming ...and drinking)

G G7

7

choir that sings while drink - ing beer. The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink - ing
 beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer

C A7 D D7 G D7

13

beer. So BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing beer! Hm...
 beer, So BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing beer! Hm...

A Beer

18

2. **G E7 G#**

hm. The 1. Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink - ing beer. The
 hm. The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer

Beer Choir Theme Song

23

E7 A Beer Choir! Beer Choir!

Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink - ing beer. The Beer Choir is the choir that

beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer

29

A7 D B7 E D°7 A6 E7 So BOT-TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing

beer beer beer beer beer, So BOT-TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing

37

A (G#) A (G#) A (G#) A beer! BEER CHOIR!

beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer BEER CHOIR!

Ein Prosit Der Gemütlichkeit

A Toast To Finest Health

Traditional German
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Sehr Herzlich und Oktoberfesty ♩ = 110

D7 **G** **C** **Am** **G** **D7**
C **D**

S/A

Ein Pro - sit, ein Pro - sit der Ge - müt - lich -
A toast, raise a toast to fin - est health and

T/B

6 **G** **G** **G** **C** **Am** **G** **Am** **G** **D7** **G**
B **C** **D**

S

keit!
life!

Ein Pro - sit, ein Pro - sit der Ge - müt - lich - keit!
A toast, raise a toast to fin - est health and life!

B

(Yo ho ho ho ho)

11 **1.**
N.C.

S

Oans, Zwoa, Drei, G'suf - fa!

B

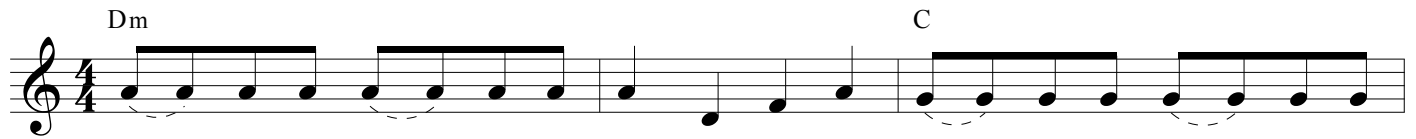
13 **2.**

S

Zi-cke za-cke zi-cke za-cke hoi, hoi, hoi! Zi-cke za-cke zi-cke za-cke hoi, hoi, hoi! Prost! Prost! PROST!!!

B

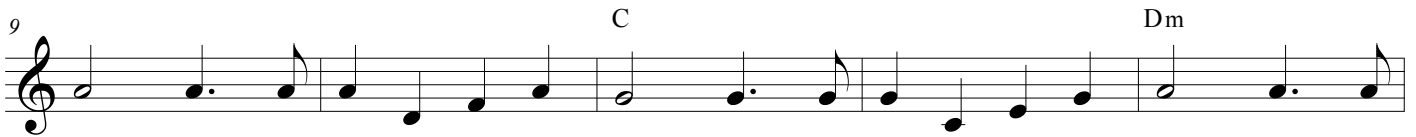
Drunken Sailor



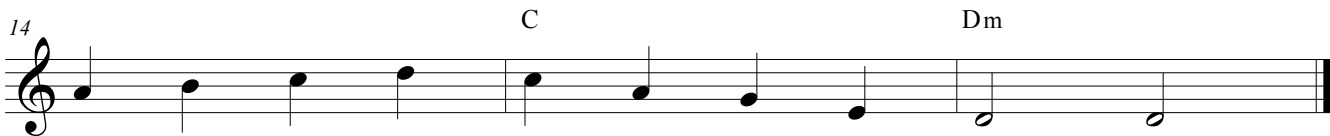
1. What shall we do with a drunk - en sail - or? What shall we do with a
 2. Put him in the scrup - pers with a horse - pipe on him. Put him in the scrup - pers with a
 3. Put him in the long boat un - til he's so - ber. Put him in the long boat un -
 4. Tie him by the legs in a run - nin' bow - line. Tie him by the legs in a
 5. Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flip - per. Soak him in oil till he



drunk - en sail - or? What shall we do with a drunk - en sail - or ear - ly in the mor - ning?
 horse - pipe on him. Put him in the scrup - pers with a horse - pipe on him ear - ly in the mor - ning.
 til he's so - ber. Put him in the long boat un - til he's sob - er ear - ly in the mor - ning.
 run - nin' bow - line. Tie him by the legs in a run - in' bow - line ear - ly in the mor - ning.
 sprouts a flip - per. Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flip - per ear - ly in the mor - ning.



Hoo - ray and up she ris - es. Hoo - ray and up she ris - es. Hoo - ray and



up she ris - es ear - ly in the mor - ning!

O Danny Boy



Oh Dan- ny Boy, The pipes, the pipes are cal- ling, From glen to glen, and



down the moun- tain side, The sum- mer's gone, and all the flow'rs are dy- ing,



'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come you back when sum- mer's in the



mea- dow Or when the val- ley's hushed and white with snow, 'Tis I'll be there, in



sun- shine or in sha- dow, Oh Dan- ny Boy, Oh Dan- ny Boy I love you so.

The Wild Rover

Traditional Irish
 Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Oom-pa-pa, Mug-swinging tempo ♩ = 140

1. I've been a wild rov - er for ma - ny a
 2. I went to an ale-house I used to fre -
 3. I'll go home to my par - ents, con - fess what I've

year. I spent all me mon - ey on whis - key and beer. But now I'm re -
 quent I told the land - la - dy me mon - ey was spent. I asked her for
 done, and ask them to par - don their pro - di - gal son. And when they've ca -

turn - ing with gold in great store. I nev - er will play the wild
 cre - dit, she an - swered me, "Nay! Such cus - toms as yours I could
 ressed me as oft times be - fore, I nev - er will play the wild

rov - er no more. And it's no, nay, nev er! No, nay, nev - er, no
 have an - y - day!"
 rov - er no more!

more! Will I play the wild rov - er, no nev - er, no more!

Bier Her

Traditional German
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Anspruchsvoll und Durstig! ♩ = 120

Melody

T/B

Bass

F C7 F

Bier her, Bier her, od - er ich fall um, juch - he!
Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down, yo ho!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her juch - he!
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here yo ho!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier juch - he!
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer yo ho!

7 C7 F C7 F

Bier her, Bier her, od - er ich fall um!
Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down!

Soll das Bier im Kel - ler lie - gen,
Should the beer lie in the cel - lar,

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier!
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here Beer!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her,
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her,
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here

13 C7 F C7 F

Und ich hier die Ohn - macht krie - gen? Bier her, Bier her, od - er ich fall um, ja!
When I'm such a thir - sty fel - ler? Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down, ja!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier, ja!
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer, ja!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier, ja!
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer, ja!

'Tis Women

From "The Catch Club or Merry Companions" (c. 1700)

Henry Purcell

ed. Michael Engelhardt

D **Em** **C** **D** **G**

'Tis wom - en that makes us love.
 men that

'Tis love that makes us sad.
 love that

'Tis sad - ness makes us drink.
 sad - ness

And drink - ing makes us mad!
 And drink - ing

Dough-Ray-Me

Music by: Rogers & Hammerstien...sort of

Arr. Michael Engelhardt...but not really

Like Julie Andrews, but more surly...and slurry ♩ = 120

C **G7**

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer. Ray, the guy who serves my beer. _____

9 **C** **C7** **F**
E

Me, the guy who drinks my beer. Far, a long long way for beer. _____

17 **C** **F** **D7** **G**
G **F#**

So, I think I'll have a beer. _____ La, la la la la la beer. _____

25 **E7** **A m** **F** **G7** **C**
G#

Tea? No thanks, I'm drink - ing beer! And that brings us back to beer, beer, beer, beer!

Let Us Be Drinking, Drinking, Drinking

Bímís ag Ól, ag Ól, ag Ól

Owen Roe O'Sullivan 1780
poetic adaptation by Laurie Betts Hughes

Traditional Irish
arr. Laurie Betts Hughes

Jig ♩. = 72

My name is O'-Sul-li-van, Most Hon-ored Teach-er. My qual-if-i-cat-ions will ne'er be ex-tinct;
I'd write a good let-ter, on pap-er or parch-ment; I'd con-strue an auth-or, and give the right sense;
I'm count-ed the val-ient in all con-reg-at-ions; I beat the cour-ag-eous, and hum-ble the bold;
I am pro-fic-ient in bright el-o-qu-tion; By Pros-o-dy's rules— I gov-ern my tongue;

I'd write as good Lat-in as an-y in Ire-land; No doubt I'm fam-il-iar with "a"-rith-mat-ic.
I— court the fair maid-ens, un-known to their par-ents, And gaze on their charms— with-out ev-id-ence.
No doubt I' desc-end-ed of nob-le Mil-es-ians; By her-o-ic fame— my name is en-rolled.
I— journ-al-ize book-keep-ing with-oot con-fus-ion; I'm song to the Muse-es from Parn-ass-us sprung.

Chorus:

And let us be drink-in', drink-in', drink-in', Let us be drink-in' and kiss-in' the wom-en

¹³

Let us be drink-in' and danc-in' to mus-ic; Isn't best to be drink-in' than dy-in' of thirst?

On Music

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Alle Menschen Mussen Sterben
J.S. Bach 1685-1750

Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be - fore thy spell!

Why should feel - ing ev - er speak, When thou breathes her soul so well.

Friend - ship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they.

Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray.

Nottingham Ale

From Henry Playford
The Dancing Master
8th Edition, 1690

Liliburlero



When Ve - nus, the god - dess of beau - ty and love, a - rose from the broth_ that
Ye bi - shops and dea - cons, priests, cu - rates and vi - cars, when once you have tas - ted you'll
Ye sur - geons who more ex - e - cu - tions have done, with pow - ders and po - tion and



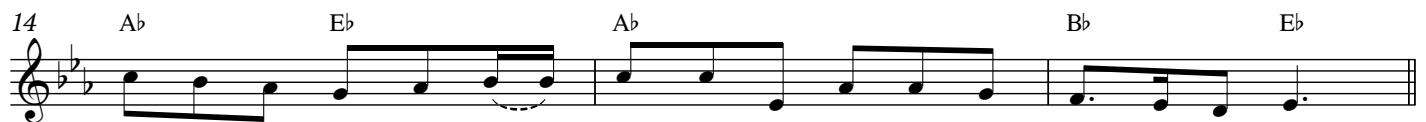
swam on the sea, Mi - ner - va sprang out from the cra - nium of Jove. A coy sul - len lass, as most
own it is true that Not - ting - ham Ale is the best of all li - quors, and none un - der - stand what is
bo - lus and pill, than hang - man with noose, or sol - dier with gun, or mi - ser with fa - mine, or



auth - ors a - gree. But Bac - chus they tell us, that prince of good fel - las, was
good as do you. It dis - pels e - very va - pour, saves pen, ink and pa - per, when
law - yer with quill, to dis - patch us the quick - er, for - bid us malt li - quor, till our



Ju - pi - ter's son. Pray at - tend to my tale. Those who thus chat - ter mis -
you're of a mind from your pul - pits to rail. It - 'll o - pen your throats. You can
bo - dies grow weak and our fa - ces grow pale. But mind who he plea - ses, what



take quite the mat - ter! He sprang from a bar - rel of Not - ting - ham Ale!
speak with - out notes! When in - spired by a bot - tle of Not - ting - ham Ale.
cures all di - sea - ses, is a com - for - ting bot - tle of Not - ting - ham Ale.

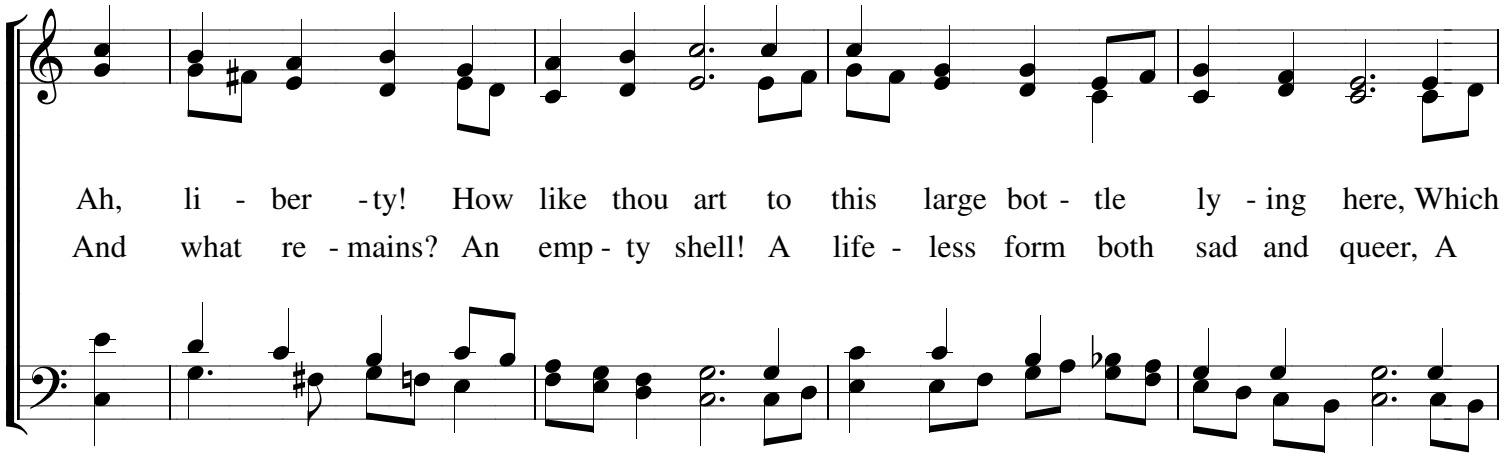


Not - ting - ham Ale, boys, Not - ting - ham Ale, no li - quor on earth is like Not - ting - ham Ale.

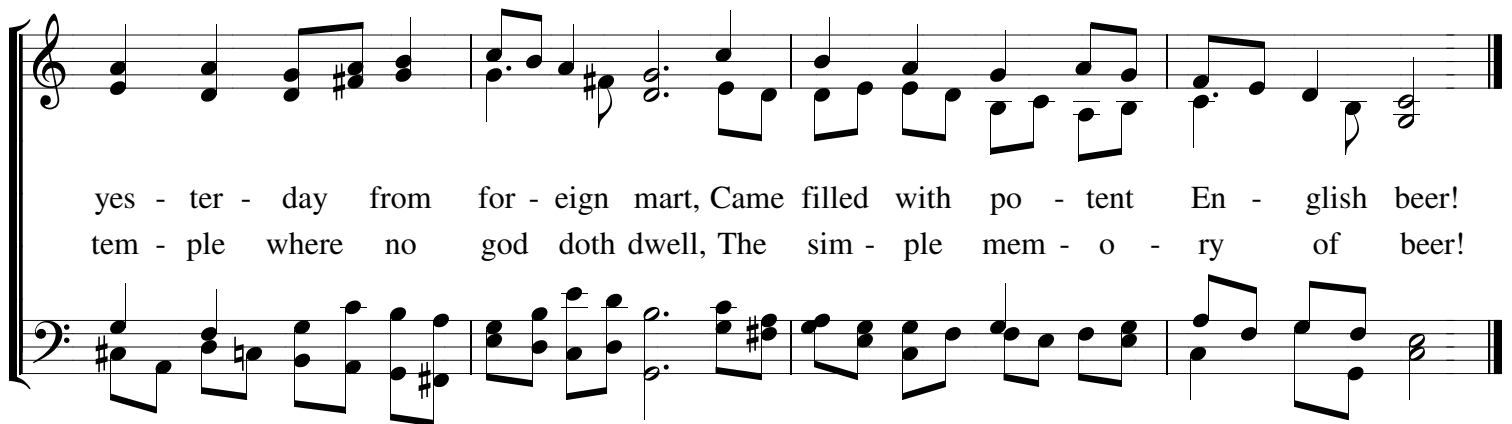
Ah, liberty! How like thou art

William Aytoun (1813-1865)

Vom Himmel Hoch
J.S. Bach 1685-1750



Ah, li - ber - ty! How like thou art to this large bot - tle ly - ing here, Which
And what re - mains? An emp - ty shell! A life - less form both sad and queer, A



yes - ter - day from for - eign mart, Came filled with po - tent En - glish beer!
tem - ple where no god doth dwell, The sim - ple mem - o - ry of beer!

24. Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly

Bu - sy, cu - rious, thir - sty fly, drink with me, and drink as I; free - ly wel - come

Bu - sy, cu - rious, thir - sty fly, drink with me, and drink as I; free - ly wel - come

6 Chorus

to my cup, could'st thou sip and sip it up. *Make the most of life you may,*

to my cup, could'st thou sip and sip it up. *Make the most of life you may,*

11

life is short and wears a - way; life is short and wears a - way.

life is short and wears a - way; life is short and wears a - way.

25. The Man That Is Drunk Is Void of All Care

“A Shepherd Kept Sheep on a Hill so High”

The man that is drunk is void of all care; *fa la la la la la la la la la:*
He may run a race or may fight a bear;

and should he have no pen nor knife for to wield; his bot - tle a - lone is his sword and his shield;

9

fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la.

Lines On Ale

Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849)

Aus meines Herzens Grunde
J.S. Bach 1685-1750

Oh min - gled cream and am - - ber, I drain my glass a -

The first system of musical notation for 'Lines On Ale'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

gain. Such quir - ky vis - sions clam - ber through the cham - ber of my brain! The

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

stran - gest thoughts and fan - cies are born and fade a - way. What

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

care I how time pass - - es, I'm drink - king ale to - day!

The fourth and final system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes with a half note E6, followed by quarter notes F#6, G6, and A6. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment.

39. Two Canons

No. 14: Let Us Sing

Antonio Caldara

In a round

Part 1

Let us sing — la la la be - cause sum-mer is here a - gain;

Part 2

la la la la la la la la la la is here a - gain;

Part 3

la la la la la la la sum-mer is here a - gain.

No. 21: If You Want Peace and Quiet

Antonio Caldara

In a round

Part 1

If you — want peace — and qui - et, flee — from Cu - pid's bow.

Part 2

Then you are luck - y, care-free, wise, not — to men - tion heal - thy.

Part 3

If love finds you, join us for beer — right here.

The Erie Canal

Dm Gm A⁷ Dm B^b A⁷ Dm

I got a mule, her name is Sal, Fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca nal! She's a
 We'd better look a-round for a job, old gal, You can
 Wherewould I be if I lost my pal, I'd

Dm Gm A⁷ Dm B^b A⁷ Dm

good old work-er and a good old pal, Fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca nal! We've
 bet your life I'll ne-ver part with Sal, Git
 like to see a mule as good as my Sal, A

Am F C F A⁷/E Dm A⁷

hauled some bar-ges in our day, Filled with lum-ber, coal, and hay, And
 up mule, here comes a lock, We'll make Rome 'bout six o'-clock,
 friend of mine once got her sore, Now he's got a bust-ed jaw 'Cause

Dm Gm A⁷ F B^b A⁷ Dm C⁷

we know ev-'ry inch of the way from Al-ba-ny to Buf-fa-lo.
 One more trip and back we'll go, right back home to Buf-fa-lo.
 she let fly with an i-ron toe, and kicked him back to Buf-fa-lo.

F C⁷ F C⁷ F

Low bridge, ev-'ry-bo-dy down, Low bridge, 'cause we're com-ing to a town, and you'll

F C⁷ F C⁷

al-ways know your neigh-bor; you'll al-ways know your pal, if you

F B^b F/C C⁷ F

ev-er nav-i-gat-ed on the E-rie Ca-nal.

26. SHENANDOAH

AMERICAN TRADITIONAL

MODERATELY, WITH EXPRESSION



1. OH SHEN-AN - DOAH, _ I LONG TO HEAR YOU _ A -
2. OH SHEN-AN - DOAH, _ I LOVE YOUR DAUGH-TER _ A -
3. THIS WHITE MAN LOVES _ YOUR IN - DIAN MAID - EN _ A -
4. FARE - WELL, GOOD-BYE, _ I SHALL NOT GRIEVE YOU _ A -

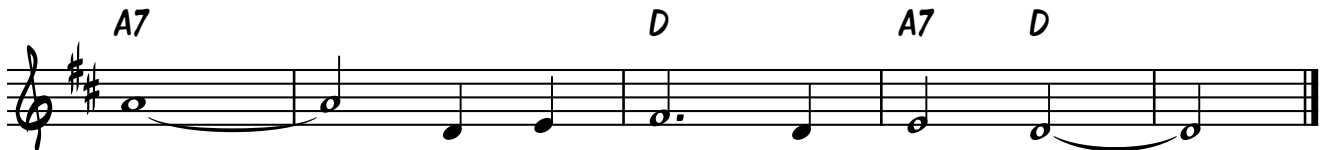


- | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|----------------|--------------------|
| WAY _____ | YOU ROLL-ING | RIV - ER _____ | OH SHEN-AN-DOAH, _ |
| WAY _____ | YOU ROLL-ING | RIV - ER _____ | OH SHEN-AN-DOAH, _ |
| WAY _____ | YOU ROLL-ING | RIV - ER _____ | IN MY CA-NOE _ |
| WAY _____ | YOU ROLL-ING | RIV - ER _____ | OH SHEN-AN-DOAH, _ |



- | | | | |
|-------|-------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| _____ | I LONG TO HEAR YOU _____ | A - WAY, _____ | I'M BOUND A - |
| _____ | I LONG TO HEAR YOU _____ | A - WAY, _____ | I'M BOUND A - |
| _____ | WITH NO-TIONS LAD - EN _____ | A - WAY, _____ | I'M BOUND A - |
| _____ | I'LL NOT DE - CEIVE YOU _____ | A - WAY, _____ | WE'RE BOUND A - |

D.C.



- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|------|-----------------------|
| WAY _____ | 'CROSS THE | WIDE | MIS - SOUR - I. _____ |
| WAY _____ | 'CROSS THE | WIDE | MIS - SOUR - I. _____ |
| WAY _____ | 'CROSS THE | WIDE | MIS - SOUR - I. _____ |
| WAY _____ | 'CROSS THE | WIDE | MIS - SOUR - I. _____ |

O Du Lieber Rochester

Air: "O du lieber Augustin"

Allegretto.

mf *p*

O du lieb-er Roch-es-ter, Roch-es-ter, Roch-es-ter, O du lieb-er

mf *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and G major. The first staff begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staves.

p

Roch-es-ter, du bist so fein! Machst mir kein' Schmerz-en, Du

p

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and G major. The first staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staves.

pp *mf* *pp*

liegst mir im Herz-en; O du mein lieb-er Roch-es-ter, Du bist ja mein!


pp *mf* *pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and G major. The first staff has dynamics of piano-piano (*pp*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and piano-piano (*pp*). The lyrics are written below the staves.



Sam Patch

Words by
KENDRICK P. SHEDD

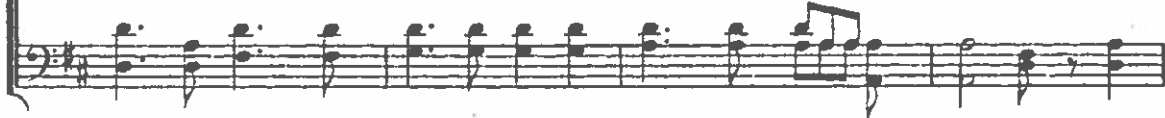

Air: "O Alte Burschenherrlichkeit"
Arranged by
LOUISE M. FOREMAN




1. It was eight-teen twenty - six and three, As we may all re - mem-ber, That
2. Though Sam lived down in Jer - sey state, He roamed all o'er the na - tion; His
3. One day he braved Ni - ag²ra's power; That was not sat - is - fy - ing. "The
4. Poor Sam he ne'er more saw the light. He left the earth be - hind him. Be -

Patch he jumped the Gen - e - see, The thir - teenth of No - vem-ber. The
spring-ing ap - pe - tite to sate He jumped with ju - bi - la - tion. From
Gen - e - see I'll next de - vour," Said he, "Or die a try - ing!" He
neath the Falls there lost to sight, No mor - tal man could find him. But

crowd looked on and held its breath, As Sam plunged downward to his death. Oh!
bridge and mast he brave - ly sprang, While count - less lips his prais - es sang. Oh!
plunged a hun - dred and a score. It was his last. He jumped no more. Oh!
at the riv - er's mouth he lay. They found him on Saint Pat - rick's day. Oh!




Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!



Parcel 5! Sung to the tune of "Edelweiss"*

Lyrics by Brenda Tremblay

Parcel 5, Parcel 5,
Every day you stand empty.
Green and wide, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Let's plant some trees so they bloom and grow.
Bloom and grow forever...
Parcel 5, Parcel 5,
Neo-urbanists love you.

Parcel 5, Parcel 5,
Every day you stand empty.
Broadway shows? Jazz fest crowds?
Possibilities flourish!
Let's plant some trees so they bloom and grow.
Bloom and grow forever...
Parcel 5, Parcel 5,
Bless our downtown forever!

* The opinion (if you can call it that) expressed here does not reflect the official stance of WXXI or its affiliates.

COME AGAIN!



Tenors
Sopranos
Altos, Basses

The normal verses sung are the ones at the bottom of this page (1, 2, and 6), each time with a repeat of the fourth and fifth lines. The other 3 verses are on the opposite page.

John Dowland

1, 2, 2, 2

Sopranos

Altos

Tenors

Basses

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite

7

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain;
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

6. Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
Do tempt while she, while she for triumphs laughs.

15

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die.

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to

21

with thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - - pa - thy.

to die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.

thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweet est sym - pa - thy.

die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine
 By frowns doth cause me pine
 And feeds me with delay;
 Her smiles, my springs that makes my joy to grow,
 Her frowns, *her frowns*, the winter of my woe.

4. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
 My eyes are full of streams.
 My heart takes no delight
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find
 And mark the stormes, *the stormes* are me assign'd.

5. But alas, my faith is ever true,
 Yet will she never rue
 Nor yield me any grace;
 Her Eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
 Whom tears nor truth, *nor truth* may once invade.

* Dowland probably intended an F# here, or would have expected singers to apply the rules of *musica ficta* by sharpening the note. Dowland notated the song without a key signature, thus requiring all sharps to be explicitly written in, and the note here was probably overlooked.

Sing we and chant it

Thomas Morley
(1557-1603)

f (repeat *p*)

Soprano 1

1. Sing we and chant it While love doth grant it. Fa la la la la la la la,
2. All things in - vite us Now to de - light us.

Soprano 2

1. Sing we and chant it While love doth grant it. Fa la la la la la la la
2. All things in - vite us No w to de - light us.

Alto

1. Sing we and chant it While love doth grant it. Fa la la la la la,
2. All things in - vite us Now to de - light us.

Tenor

1. Sing we and chant it While love doth grant it. Fa la la la la,
2. All things in - vite us Now to de - light us.

Bass

1. Sing we and chant it While love doth grant it. Fa la la la la la, fa la
2. All things in - vite us Now to de - light us.

10

S

fa la la la. *p* Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth.
f Hence, care, be pack - ing! No mirth be lack - ing!

A

la la la la. *p* Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth.
f Hence, care, be pack - ing! No mirth be lack - ing!

T

fa la la la. *p* Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth.
f Hence, care, be pack - ing! No mirth be lack - ing!

B

la la la la. *p* Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth.
f Hence, care, be pack - ing! No mirth be lack - ing!

S
Now is best lei - sure To take our plea - sure. Fa la
Let spare no trea - sure To live in plea - sure.

A
Now is best lei - sure To take our plea - sure. Fa la la la la la
Let spare no trea - sure To live in plea - sure.

T
Now is best lei - sure To take our plea - sure. Fa la la la la
Let spare no trea - sure To live in plea - sure.

B
Now is best lei - sure To take our plea - sure. Fa la la la la la
Let spare no trea - sure To live in plea - sure.

S
la la la la, fa la la la la. 1. 2.
la, fa la la la, fa la la la. la.

A
fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la. 1. 2.
la.

T
la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la. 1. 2.
la.

B
la, fa la la la la la la la. 1. 2.
la. la.

An Old Irish Tale

Anonymous

Herr Gott, dich loben alle wir
J.S. Bach 1685-1750

Some Guinness was spilt on the bar-room floor, when the
He lapped up the frothy foam on the floor, and then

pub had been shut - - for the night. When
back on his haunch - - ches he sat. And

out of his hole crept a wee brown mouse, and
all through the night you could hear him roar, "BRING

stood in the pale - - moon - light.
ON - THE DAMN - - CAT!"

29. My Wild Irish Rose

Words and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderately

mf

If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which by oth - er

rit.
p a tempo.

song Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead, — Yet — dear - er to
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say, — But I know that my

me, Yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds a - loft its proud head. — 'Twas
Rose would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name ta - ken a - way. — Her

6309
M.W. & Sons 13452-4

Copyright MCCCCXCIX by M. Witmark & Sons
Copyright Renewed

Publisher member of A. S. C. A. P.
International Copyright Secured. Made in U. S. A.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING PUBLIC PERFORMANCE FOR PROFIT
The making of any unauthorized adaptation, arrangement or copy of this publication, or any part thereof,
is an infringement of copyright and subjects the infringer to severe penalties under the Copyright Act.

Vict
Herb
Sol
Albu

Volumes

Each v
contains
of his g
songs.

\$1.
E A

giv - en to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've
 glances are shy when - e'er I pass by The bow - er where

known no re - pose, She is dear - er by far than the
 my true love grows. And my one wish has been that some

world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I - rish rose.
 day I may win The - heart of my wild I - rish rose.

REFRAIN *With much expression*

My wild I - rish rose, The sweet-est flow'r that grows,

M.W.& Sons 13452-4

THE GRANVILLE VOCAL STUDY PLAN
 By Dr. CHARLES NORMAN GRANVILLE

THE GRANVILLE VOCAL STUDY PLAN
 Work Book\$2.50
 THE GRANVILLE VOCAL STUDY PLAN
 Album of Records.....\$7.50
 REMICK MUSIC CORP.

A new and practical method of Voice Training for individual or classroom use. Five unbreakable double faced records, comprising voice exercises and accompaniments, are employed as an integral part of the system.

You may search ev-'ry - where, but none can com-pare With my wild

I - rish rose. ————— My wild I - rish rose, —————

The dear-est flow'r that grows, ————— And some day for my

sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish rose. —————

I Think That I Shall Never Hear

An Wasserflussen Babylon
J.S. Bach 1685-1750

I think that I shall ne- ver hear a poem as love- ly as a beer. A

brew that's best straight from a tap, with gol - den hue and snow- wy cap. The

li - quid bread I drink all day, Un - til my mem'- ry melts a - way; A

beer that's made with hops and malt, and yeast and wa - ter has no fault! Oh

poems are made by fools, I fear, but on - ly wort can make - - - a beer!

On Music

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Alle Menschen Mussen Sterben
J.S. Bach 1685-1750

Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be - fore thy spell!

Why should feel - ing ev - er speak, When thou breathes her soul so well.

Friend - ship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they.

Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray.

Also Drank Varathursta

Theme from 2001: Beers On The Wall

Parody of 'Also Sprach Zarathustra'
by Richard Strauss
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Sehr betrunken. $\text{♩} = 69$

p *f* *p* *f*

S/A
T/B

Beer... Beer... Beer... Beer...

pp *rit.*

6 *p* *f* *p* *f*

S
B

10 *p* *f* *p* *f* *cresc.*

S
B

14 *rit.* *ff*

S
B

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line (S/A, S, S, S) and a piano accompaniment line (T/B, B, B, B). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Sehr betrunken.' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats per minute. The score includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *pp* (pianissimo), and *ff* (fortissimo), along with crescendos and ritardandos. The lyrics 'Beer...' are repeated in the first system. The piano accompaniment features triplet patterns in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl (A Wassail Song)

G **D** **G**

Land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl un - til it doth run o - ver!
 He who drinks a large stout ale and goes to bed quite mel - low,
 If I had a pile of bricks I'd build my chim - ney high - er.
 Here's to those who make a scene and sing a - round the ta - ble!
 Come now let us dance and sing and drive a - way all sor - row!

G **D** **G**

Land - lord fill the flow - ing bowl un - til it doth run o - ver!
 He who drinks a large stout ale and goes to bed quite mel - low,
 If I had a pile of bricks I'd build my chim - ney high - er.
 Here's to those who make a scene and sing a - round the ta - ble!
 Come now let us dance and sing and drive a - way all sor - row!

G **G7** **C** **D** **D7** **G**

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be; For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer ry - be;
 lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
 That would stop the neigh - bor's cat, That would stop the neigh - bor's cat,
 They're the best of com - pan - y, They're the best of com - pan - y,
 For per - haps we may not meet, For per - haps we may not meet,


G **G7** **C** **a** **A** **D** **A7** **D7** **G**

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be. To - mor - row we'll be so - ber!
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jolly good fel - low!
 That would stop the neigh - bor's cat from piss - ing on my fire!
 They're the best of com - pan - y, Let's toast em while we're ab - le!
 For per - haps we may not meet A - gain un - til to - mor - row!

O Good Ale, thou art my Darling

Early English Air

With energy



The land - lord_ he looks ve - ry big, with his high cocked hat and_ pow - dered wig; me -
The brew - er_ brewed thee_ in his pan, and the tap - ster_ draws thee_ in his can, so
Thou oft hast_ made my_ friends my foes, and_ some - times made me_ pawn my clothes, but

5



thinks he__ looks both_ fair and fat, but he may thank you and me for__ that.
I with_ them will_ play my part, and lodge thee next un - to my__ heart.
since thou_ art so__ near my nose, come up, my friend, and_ down it__ goes!

Chorus



For_ O good ale, thou art my dar - ling, and my joy both_ night and mor - ning.

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Desmond has a barrow in the marketplace
 Molly is the singer in a band
 Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your
 face"
 And Molly says this as she takes him by the
 hand

(Chorus)

Ob-la di, ob la-da, life goes on, bra
 La-la, how the life goes on
 Ob-la di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra
 La-la, how the life goes on

Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's
 store
 Buys a twenty carat golden ring
 Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
 And as he gives it to her she begins to sing

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

In a couple of years they have built
 A home sweet home
 With a couple of kids running in the yard
 Of Desmond and Molly Jones

Happy ever after in the market place
 Desmond lets the children lend a hand
 Molly stays at home and does her pretty
 face
 And in the evening she still sings it with
 the band

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

In a couple of years they have built
 A home sweet home
 With a couple of kids running in the yard
 Of Desmond and Molly Jones

Happy ever after in the market place

Molly lets the children lend a hand
 Desmond stays at home and does his pretty
 face
 And in the evening she's a singer with the
 band

(Tag)

And if you want some fun, sing ob-la-di,
 bla-da

Bills Moon Rising

*(to the tune of "Bad Moon Rising"
by Creedence Clearwater Revival)*



I see the Bills moon a-rising
I see trouble on the way
I see Titans, Colts, and Lions
I see bad times today

Don't play ball tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a Bills moon on the rise

I hear Patriots a-blowing
I know the Bears are coming soon
I fear Dolphins overflowing
I hear the voice of Jets and ruin

Don't play ball tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a Bills moon on the rise

BRIDGE

Hope you got your things together
Hope you are quite prepared to lose
Looks like you're in for nasty weather
Jaguars will give us all the blues

Don't play ball tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a Bills moon on the rise

Don't play ball tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a Bills moon on the rise

MOLLY MALONE

IRELAND

Wistfully

Verses 1, 2 & 3:

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes guitar chord diagrams for D, A7, and G. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, where girls are so
 2. 3. See additional lyrics

pret - ty, 'twas there that I first spied sweet Mol - ly Ma -
 lone, as she wheeled her wheel bar - row through streets wide and
 nar - row, cry - ing, "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live -
 o." A - live, a - live - o, a - live, a - live -
 o, cry - ing, "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live - o."

2. She was a fishmonger, and sure, 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her mother and father before;
 And they wheeled their wheelbarrow through streets wide and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o."
 (To Chorus:)

3. She died of a "faver" and no one could save 'er,
 And that's how I lost my sweet Molly Malone.
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets wide and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o."
 (To Chorus:)

Two Canons

Let Us Sing

Antonio Caldara

In a round

Part 1

Let us sing — la la la be - cause sum-mer is here a - gain;

Part 2

la la la la la la la la la la is here a - gain;

Part 3

la la la la la la sum-mer is here a - gain.

If You Want Peace and Quiet

Antonio Caldara

In a round

Part 1

If you — want peace_ and qui - et, flee — from Cu-pid's bow.

Part 2

Then you are luck - y, care-free, wise, not — to men-tion heal - thy.

Part 3

If love finds you, join us for beer — right here.

Beer Barrel Polka

D

There's a gar - den what a gar - den On - ly hap - py fa - ces

5 A7 A

bloom there And there's ne - ver an - y room there For a wor - ry or a

9 D A7

gloom there Oh there's mu - sic and there's danc - ing And a lot of sweet ro - manc - ing

14 D A7

When they play a pol - ka They all get in the swing Ev - ry time they hear
hear a rum

19 A D

that oom pa pa Ev - ry - bod - y feels so tra la la They want to
ble on the floor It's the big sur prise they're wait ing for And all the

26 A7 1.

throw there cares a way They all go lah de ah he ay Then they
cou - ples form a ring For miles a - round you'll

34 2. G

hear them sing Roll out the barrel we'll have a

44 D7 G

bar rel of fun Roll out the barrel We've got the blues on the run

55 C Am

Zing Boom Ta rar rel Ring out a song of good cheer Now's the time to

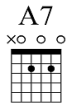
64 F#7 G A7 D7 G

roll the bar rel for the gang's all here

CHARLIE MOPPS

ENGLISH DRINKING SONG

With a bounce, in 2



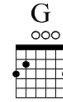
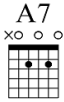
Verses 1, 2 & 3:



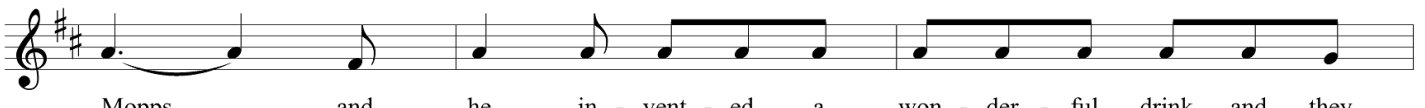
A _____ long time a - go, _____ way back in his - to -
 2. 3. See additional lyrics



ry, _____ when all they had to drink was noth - ing but cups of



tea, _____ a - long came a man by the name of Char - lie



Mopps, _____ and he in - vent - ed a won - der - ful drink, and they

1. 3. 5. *To Chorus:* 2. 4. 6.

Last time repeat and fade



gave it the name of hops. Oh, he Beer, beer, beer, did - dle - y,

2. The
 3. A

Chorus:

Oh, he oughta been an admiral, a sultan or a king;
 And to his praises we should always sing.
 Oh, look what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer.
 Lord bless Charlie Mopps—the man who invented beer. (Beer, beer, diddley.)

2. The Abbey, The Connaught, The Hole In The Wall as well—

One thing you can be sure, it's Charlie's beer they sell.
 So come on all you lucky lads, at ten o'clock she stops:
 For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mopps.

Spoken: One...two...three...four...five...
 (To Chorus:)

3. A bushel of hops and a barrel of malt, and stir it around with a stick.

The sort of lubrication to make your engine tick.
 Twenty pints of wollop a day will keep away the quacks.
 It's only fourpence ha' penny a pint and a shilling and tuppence in tax.

Spoken: Shame...shame...shame...
 (To Chorus:)

Whiskey in the Jar

trad.

As I was going o-ver the Kilmagenny mountain, I met with Captain Farrell and his
 money he was counting, I first pro-duced me pis-tol, and then I drew my ra-pier, saying
 'Stand and de-li-ver for you are a bold de-ceiver!' With me ring dum a doodle um dah,
 whack fol the dad-dy o, whack fol the dad-dy o, there's whis-key in the jar!

2. He counted out his money,
 and it made a pretty penny,
 I put it in me pocket
 and I took it home to Jenny.
 She sighed and she swore
 that she never would betray me,
 but the Devil take the women
 for they never can be easy!
 With me ring dum a doodle um dah...

3. I went into my chamber
 all for to take a slumber,
 I dreamt of gold and jewels
 and for sure it was no wonder.
 But Jenny drew me charges,
 and she filled them up with water,
 and she sent for captain Farrell
 to be ready for the slaughter!
 With me ring dum a doodle um dah...

4. And it was early in the mornin
 before I rose to travel,
 up comes a band of footmen
 and likewise Captain Farrell.
 I then produced my pistol,
 for she'd stolen away my rapier,
 but I couldn't shoot the water,
 so a prisoner I was taken!
 With me ring dum a doodle um dah...

5. If anyone can aid me,
 it's me brother in the army,
 If I can find his station
 in Cork or in Killarney.
 And if he'd come and join me,
 we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
 I'm sure he'd treat me better
 than me darling sporting Jenny!
 With me ring dum a doodle um dah...

Glorious Beer



Let me sing you a song of a gar- gle, A lo- tion to me ve- ry



dear, I re- fer to that great lu- bri- ca- tor, That won- der- ful



to- nic called beer, Boom boom boom boom boom. Beer Beer glo- ri- ous beer,



Fill your- self right up to here, Don't be a- fraid of it, drink till you're



made of it, Drink of our old la- ger beer, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. Drink a good



deal of it, make a whole meal of it Come boys a rou- sing good cheer, Hur- rah.



Up with the sale of it, down with the bale of it Glo- ri- ous, glo- ri- ous beer!

Waltzing Matilda

Australian



Once a jol-ly swag - man camped be-side a bil-la-bong, Un - der the shade of a



cool - i - bah tree, And he sang as he sat and wait - ed till 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 till his bil - ly boiled, "You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me."

In Heaven There Is No Beer

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

In Hea- ven there is no beer, That's why we drink it here. And
 when we're all gone from here, Our friends will be drink-ing all the beer!

In Heaven there is no wine,
 So we drink till we feel fine.
 And when we leave this all behind,
 Our friends will be drinking all the wine.

La, la, la, etc.

In Heaven there is no sex,
 So let's do that next.
 And when our muscles no longer flex,
 Someone else will be having sex.

La, la, la, etc.

In Heaven there is no beer,
 That's why we drink it here.
 And when we're all gone from here,
 Our friends will be drinking all the beer.