



**BEER CHOIR**<sup>TM</sup>  
Sing Responsibly

**HYMNAL**

**VOLUME 1**

2nd Edition

with Choral Artistry Addendum 2022

# Beer Choir Hymnal

## with Choral Artistry Addendum

### Fall, 2022

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# Beer Choir Theme Song

Michael Engelhardt  
Founding Choirmaster

March, with spirit! (♩ = 138)

1. The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The Beer Choir is the  
hmm (drinking!) (drinking!)

The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer  
hmm (drinking!) (drinking!)

7. choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The Beer Choir is the choir that  
(drinking!)

beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer  
(drinking!)

12. sings while drink - ing beer, so BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's  
so BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! (drinking!)

beer beer beer beer beer, so BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's  
so BOT - TOMS UP! CHEERS! (drinking!)

16. sing while drink - ing beer! hmm The Beer Choir is the  
1. 2. Beer

1. sing while drink - ing beer! hmm The beer beer  
2. sing while drink - ing beer! The beer beer

20 **Choir!** E7 **Beer** Choir!

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

26 A **Beer** Choir! A7 D B7 E

beer. The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink-ing beer, so BOT - TOMS UP!

beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer, so BOT - TOMS UP!

32 G#07/D A6/C# E7/B A G#

CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing beer!

CHEERS! Let's sing while drink - ing beer beer beer beer

39 A G# A G# A G# A

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

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

# 2. Ein Prosit der Gemütlichkeit

## A Toast to Finest Health

Traditional German

arr. Michael Engelhardt

Sehr Herzlich und Oktoberfesty (♩ = 112)

D7  
Pno.

G

C

Am/C

G/D

D7

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

6 G D G G/B C Am G/B Am/C 1. G/D D7 G N.C.  
keit! Ein Pro - sit, ein Pro - sit der Ge - müt - lich - keit! Oans! Zwoa!  
life! A toast, raise a toast to fin - esthealth and life!

yo ho ho ho ho Ein\_

12 2. G/D D7 G N.C.  
Drei! G'suf - fa! müt - lich - keit! Zi - cke za - cke zi - cke za - cke hoi, hoi, hoi!  
health and life!

16  
Zi - cke za - cke zi - cke za - cke hoi, hoi, hoi! Prost! Prost! PROST!

# 3. He that Will an Alehouse Keepe

3-Part Round (getting rounder with each beer!)

From "Melismata" (1611)

ed. Thomas Ravenscroft and Michael Engelhardt

Part 1

Part 2

A D<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#m</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D A

He that will an ale-house keepe must have three things in store: a cham-ber and a

6 D<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#m</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D

fea - ther bed, a chim - ney and a hey non - ny non - ny,

9 Part 3 A D<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#m</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D

hey non-ny non - ny, hey non-ny no, hey non-ny no, hey\_ non-ny no!

# 4. Hey, Ho, Nobody at Home

3-Part Round

from "Pammelia" (1609)

ed. Thomas Ravenscroft and Michael Engelhardt

Part 1

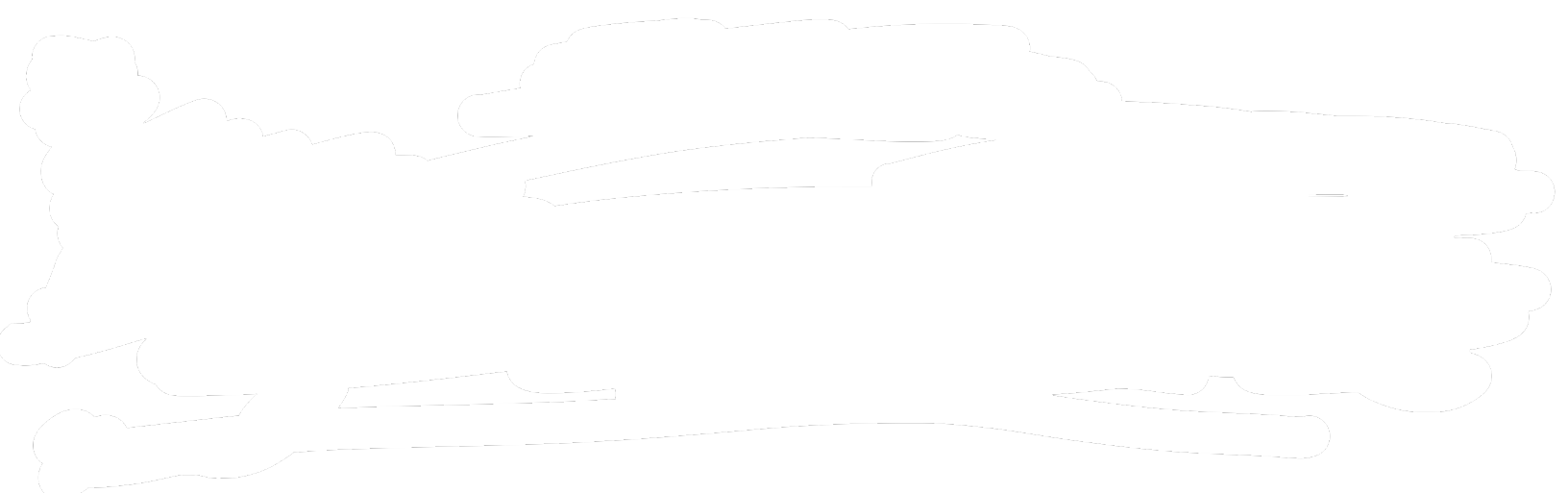
Part 2

Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

Hey, ho, no - bo - dy at home. Meat nor drink nor

4 Gm Dm Part 3 Gm Dm Gm Dm

mo - ney have I none Fill the pot, E - die! Fill the pot, E - die!



# 5.

## In Heaven There Is No Beer

Ralph Maria Siegel  
and Ernst Neubach

Musical score for 'In Heaven There Is No Beer' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics in English and German. Chords are indicated above the notes.

Chords: G, C, D, G, G, C, G, D, G

English lyrics: In Heav-en there is no beer. That's why we drink it here. And  
Im Him-mel gibt's kein Bier, drum trink - en wir es hier. Denn  
when we're gone from here, our friends will be drink-ing all the beer.  
sind wir nicht mehr hier, dann trink - en die and - ern un-ser Bier.

En el cielo no hay cerveza que beber  
Por eso ando tomando noche y día  
Porque ya cuando se me llegue el día  
En el mundo seguirá la Ferrusquilla

# 6. Dough-Ray-Me

Rogers & Hammerstein... sort of  
arr. Michael Engelhardt... but not really

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

Musical score for 'Dough-Ray-Me' in C major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics in English. Chords are indicated above the notes.

Chords: C, G7, C, C7/E, F, C/G, F, D7/F#, G, E7/G#, Am, F, G7, C

English lyrics: Dough, the stuff that buys me beer. Ray, the guy who serves my beer. Me, the guy who gal  
drinks my beer. Far, a long, long way for beer. So, I think I'll have a beer.  
La, la la la la la beer. Tea? No thanks, I'm drink-ing  
beer! And that brings us back to beer, beer, beer, beer!

# 7.

# Bier Her

## Beer Here

Traditional German  
arr. Michael Engelhardt

Anspruchsvoll und Durstig! (♩ = 120)

F F C7 F

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

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

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

8 C7 F C7 F

Bier her, beer here, o - der ich fall um! Soll das Bier im Kel - ler lie - gen,  
beer here, or I will fall down! Should the beer lie in the cel - lar,

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

Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here,  
beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here,

13 C7 F C7 F

und ich hier di Ohn - macht krie - gen? Bier her, beer here, o - der ich fall um, ja!  
when I'm such a thir - sty yel - ler? Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down, ya!

Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier, ja!  
beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer, ya!

Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier her, beer here, Bier, ja!  
beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer here, beer, ya!



# 8.

# Drunken Sailor

Traditional English Sea Chantey



What\_ shall we do\_\_\_ with a drunk - en sail - or?      What\_ shall we do\_\_\_ with a  
 Put him in the scrup - pers with a horse - pipe on him.      Put him in the scrup - pers with a  
 Put him in the long\_\_\_ boat un - til he's so - ber.      Put him in the long\_\_\_ boat un -  
 Tie him by the legs\_\_\_ in a run - nin' bow - line.      Tie him by the legs\_\_\_ in a  
 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  
 horse - pipe on him.      Put him in the scrup - pers with a horse - pipe on him      ear - ly in the  
   til he's so - ber.      Put him in the long\_\_\_ boat un - til he's so - ber      ear - ly in the  
   run - nin' bow - line.      Tie him by the legs\_\_\_ in a run - nin' bow - line      ear - ly in the  
 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 ri - ses,*      *hoo - ray and up she ri - ses,*



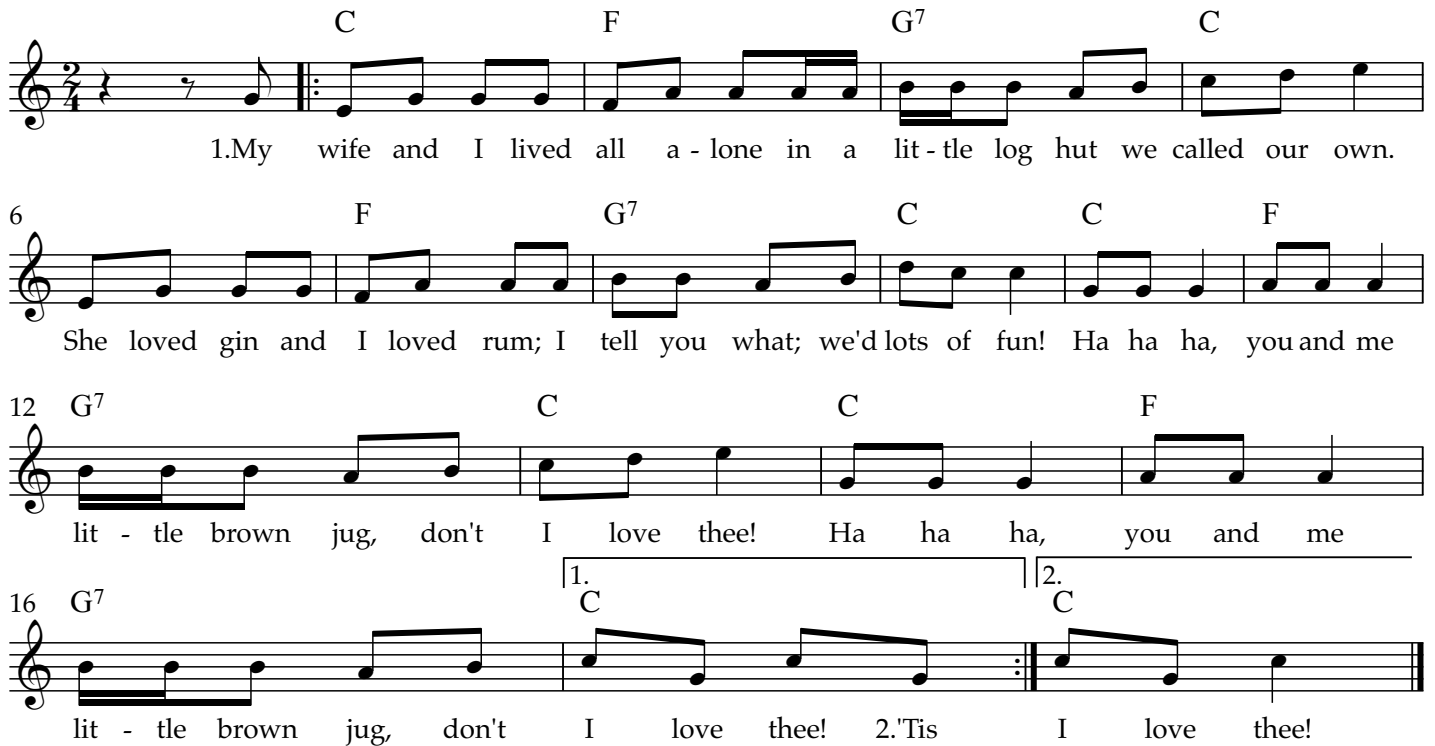
*hoo - ray and up she ri - ses*      *ear - ly in the*      *mor - ning!*



# 9.

## Little Brown Jug

Joseph E. Winner



1. My wife and I lived all a-lone in a lit-tle log hut we called our own.

She loved gin and I loved rum; I tell you what; we'd lots of fun! Ha ha ha, you and me

lit - tle brown jug, don't I love thee! Ha ha ha, you and me

lit - tle brown jug, don't I love thee! 2. 'Tis I love thee!

2. 'Tis you who makes my friends my foes,  
'tis you who makes me wear old clothes.  
Here you are so near my nose,  
so tip her up and down she goes!

3. When I get toiling to my farm,  
I take little brown jug under my arm.  
I place it under a shady tree;  
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

4. If I'd a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd clothe her in the finest silk.  
Feed her on the choicest hay  
and milk her forty times a day.

5. The rose is red, my nose is, too,  
the violet's blue and so are you.  
And yet I guess, before I stop,  
I'd better have another drop.

# 10. This Is My Song

Lloyd Stone

"Finlandia" Hymn

Jean Sibelius  
arr. Mike Magatagan

Adagio (♩ = 80)

This is my song, O God of all the na-tions, a song of peace for  
My coun-try's skies are blu-er than the o-cean, and sun-light beams on

7

lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the coun - try where my heart is;  
clo - ver - leaf and pine; but o - ther lands have sun - light, too, and clo - ver,

13

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine; but o - ther hearts in  
and skies are e - v'ry - where as blue as mine. O hear my song, thou

19

o - ther lands are beat - ing with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
God of all the na - tions, a song of peace for their land and for mine.

# Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

Henry van Dyke (1907); alt.

Ode to Joy

Ludwig van Beethoven (1824)  
adapt. Edward Hodges; alt.

Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, God of love;  
All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,  
Thou art gi - ving and for - gi - ving, e - ver bles - sing, e - ver blest;

5

hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore thee, hail thee as the sun a - bove.  
stars and pla - nets sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;  
well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest.

9

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the pain of doubt a - way; gi -  
field and fo - rest, vale and moun - tain, blos - som - ming mea - dow, flash - ing sea, chant -  
E - ver sing - ing march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife; joy -

13

- ver of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.  
- ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee.  
- ful mu - sic lifts us sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

## 12.

## John Barleycorn

English Folk Song

D A

There were three men came from the West, their for - tunes for to try. And  
They laid him in three fur - rows deep, lay clods up - on his head. And  
They let him lie for a very long time, till the rain from heaven did fall, then

6 D

these three men made a sol - emn vow, John  
these three men made a sol - emn vow, John  
lit - tle Sir John sprang up his head and he

8 G D Bm A D

Bar - ley - corn must die, John Bar - ley - corn must die.  
Bar - ley - corn was dead, John Bar - ley - corn was dead.  
did a - maze them all, he did a - maze them all.

They let him stand till the midsummer day  
Till he looked both pale and wan.  
Then little Sir John, he grew a long beard,  
And he so became a man.

They have hired men with the scythes so sharp  
to cut him off at the knee.  
They rolled him and tied him around the waist,  
they served him barbarously.

They have hired men with the crab-tree sticks  
to cut him skin from bone.  
And the miller has served him worse than that,  
he's ground him between two stones.

They've wheeled him here and they've wheeled him there,  
they've wheeled him to a barn.  
And they have served him worse than that,  
they bunged him in a vat.

They have worked their will on John Barleycorn,  
but he lived to tell the tale.  
For they pour him out of an old brown jug,  
and they call him home-brewed ale.

## 13.

## Down Among the Dead Men

from "The Dancing Master"  
(3rd edition, 1726)  
arr. Andreas Stenberg

Here's a health to the Queen and a last - ing peace, to fac - tion an end, to  
Let charm - ing Beau - ty's health go round in whom ce - les - tial  
In smi - ling Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, de - ny no plea - sure  
May love and wine their joys main - tain, and their u - ni - ted

4

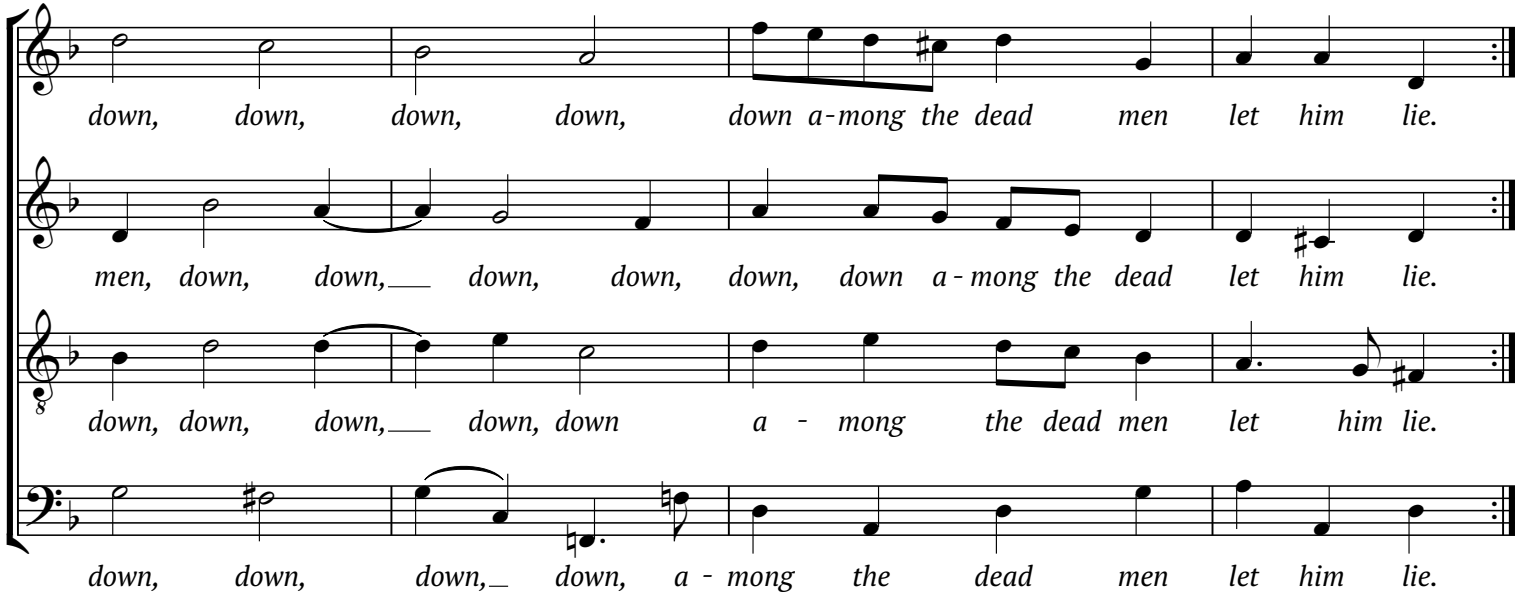
wealth in - crease; come, let us drink it while we have breath, for  
joys are found; and may con - fu - sion still pur - sue, the  
to my soul; let Bac - chus' health round brisk - ly move, for  
plea - sures reign; while smi - ling plen - ty crowns the land, we'll

7

there's no drink - ing af - ter death; and he that will this health de - ny,  
sense - less wo - man ha - ting crew; and they that wo - man's health de - ny,  
Bac - chus is a friend to love; and he that will this health de - ny,  
sing the joys that both af - ford; and they that won't with us com - ply,

11

down a - mong the dead men, down a - mong the dead men,  
down a - mong the dead men, down a - mong the dead  
down a - mong the dead men, down a - mong the dead men,  
down, down, down a - mong the dead men, down a - mong them,



down, down, down, down, down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

men, down, down, down, down, down, down a-mong the dead let him lie.

down, down, down, down, down a - mong the dead men let him lie.

down, down, down, down, a - mong the dead men let him lie.



# 14. Let Us Be Drinking, Drinking, Drinking

*Bimis 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-ition; 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 jour-nal-ize book-keep-ing with-out 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

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



## 15.

The Old Folks at Home  
(Swanee River)

Stephen Foster

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>

Way down up - on the Swan - ee Riv - er. Far, far a - way.  
All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young.  
One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

5 E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$

That's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, That's where the old folks stay.  
Then man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y the songs I sung.  
Still sad - ly to my mem' ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

9 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  F/C B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
When will I see the bees a - humm - ing, All 'round the comb?

13 E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$

Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, Then let me live and die.  
When will I hear the ban - jo strum - ming, Down in my good old home?

17 B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$

All the world is sad and drea - ry, Eve - ry - where I roam.

21 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>/B $\flat$ Cm A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$

Oh! broth - er how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

# 16. Shenandoah

American Traditional

Moderately, with expression

D G D G

Oh Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you a - way you roll - ing  
 Oh Shen - an - doah, I love your daugh - ter a - way you roll - ing  
 Fare - well, good - bye, I shall not grieve you a - way you roll - ing

7 D Bm F#m G

ri - ver, oh Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you a -  
 ri - ver, oh Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you a -  
 ri - ver, oh Shen - an - doah, I'll not de - ceive you a -

13 D A7 D A7 D

way, I'm bound a - way 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.  
 way, I'm bound a - way 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.  
 way, we're bound a - way 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.

# 17. Beer Barrel Polka

Lew Brown and Wladimir Timm

Roll Out the Barrel

Jaromir Vejvoda

Bb F7

There's a gar - den, what a gar - den, on - ly hap - py fa - ces bloom there, and there's

5 F Bb

ne - ver a - ny room there for a wor - ry or a gloom there. Oh there's mu - sic and there's

10 F7

dan - cing and a lot of sweet ro - man - cing. When they play a pol - ka, they

15 B $\flat$  F $^7$  F

all get in the swing. E - v'ry time they hear that oom pa pa, e - v'ry -  
hear a rum - ble on the floor; it's the

21 B $\flat$  F $^7$

bo - dy feels so tra la la they want to throw their cares a - way;  
big sur - prise they're wait - ing for, and all the cou - ples form a ring

28 1. B $\flat$  2. B $\flat$

they all go "la dee ah hee ay." Then they hear them sing.  
for miles a - roud you'll

35 E $\flat$   
Pno. E $\flat$

Roll out the bar - rel!

42 B $\flat^7$

We'll have a bar - rel of fun! Roll out the bar - rel!

50 E $\flat$

We've got the blues on the run! Zing boom ta rar - rel,

58 A $\flat$  Fm

ring out a song of good cheer! Now's the time to

63 D $^7$  E $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat^7$  E $\flat$

roll the bar - rel for the gang's all here!

# 18. Molly Malone

Traditional Irish

Wistfully



Musical score for Molly Malone, featuring a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and 3/4 time signature. The score is divided into systems with lyrics and guitar chords (D, A7, G) indicated above the staff.

In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, where girls are so pret - ty, 'twas there that I  
She was a fish - mon - ger, and sure, 'twas no won - der, for so were her  
She died of a "fa - ver" and no one could save 'er, and that's how I

6 first spied sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she wheeled her wheel - bar - row through  
mo - ther and fa - ther be - fore; and they wheeled their wheel - bar - row through  
lost my sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone. Now her ghost wheels her bar - row through

11 streets wide and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live - o." A -  
streets wide and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live - o."  
streets wide and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live - o."

17 live, a - live - o, a - live, a - live - o, cry - ing

21 "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live - o."

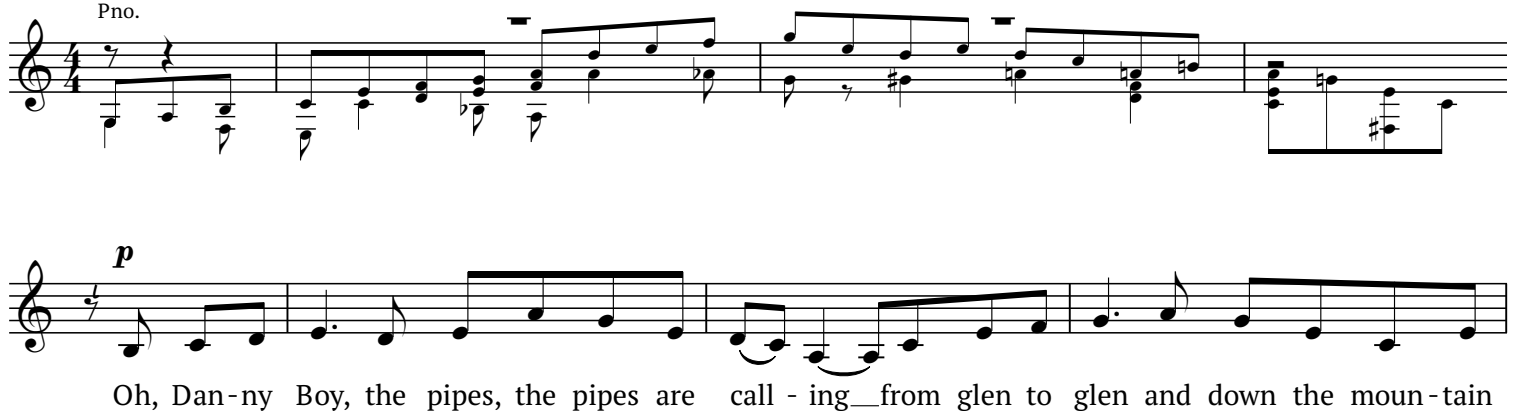
# 19. Danny Boy

Fred E. Weatherly

Old Irish Air

Andante


Pno.




Musical score for Danny Boy, featuring a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and 4/4 time signature. The score is divided into systems with lyrics and piano dynamics (p) indicated.


Oh, Dan - ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing from glen to glen and down the moun - tain


7  
  
side, the sum-mer's gone, and all the ros-es fall - ing, it's you, it's you must go and I must


11  
  
bide. But come ye back when sum-mer's in the mea - dow, or when the

14  
  
val-ley's hushed and white with snow, it's I'll be here in sun-shine or in sha - dow, oh, Dan-ny

18  
  
Boy, oh, Dan-ny Boy, I love you so! Pno. But when ye

22  
  
come, and all the flow'rs are dy - ing, if I am dead, as dead I well may be, ye'll come and

26  
  
find the place where I am ly - ing and kneel and say an A-ve there for me; and I shall

30  
  
hear, though soft you tread a - bove me, and all my grave will warm - er, sweet - er be, for you will

34 *sempre pp* *poco rit.* *Più lento* *rall.*  
  
bend and tell me that you love me, and I shall sleep in peace un-til you come to me!

Dedicated to Peter Warlock, the True Toper

# 20. Beer Is Veritable Proof

Jonathan Campbell

Deadly serious (♩ = 100)

Beer is proof that God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to be hap- py.

Beer is proof that God\_ loves us

*mp*

*mp*

4

Beer is proof that God loves us andwants us to be hap - py.

and\_ wants us to be hap- py. Beer is proof that God\_ loves us

Beer is proof that God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to be hap - py.

*mp*

7

Beer. Beer is proof that God loves us andwants us to be hap - py.

and\_ wants us to be hap- py. Beer is proof that God\_ loves us

Beer is proof that God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to be hap - py.

10

Beer. Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be hap - py.  
 and\_ wants us to be hap - py. Beer is proof that God\_ loves us  
 Beer is proof that God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to be hap - py.

13

Beer. Beer is proof God loves us. Proof! *f* Oh, ve-ri-ta-ble proof!  
 and\_ wants us to be hap - py. God loves us. Proof! Oh, ve-ri-ta-ble  
 Beer is proof that God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to be hap - py.

16

Proof! Oh, ve - ri - ta - ble proof! Proof! Oh, ve - ri - ta - ble proof!  
 proof! Proof! Oh, ve - ri - ta - ble proof! Proof! Oh, ve - ri - ta - ble  
*f* God loves us, oh, ve - ri - ta - ble truth! God loves us, oh, ve - ri - ta - ble truth!

18

*p* Proof! *f* and\_ wants us to be hap - py.  
*p* proof! *f* God\_ loves us and\_ wants us to\_ be hap - py.  
*p* Beer is proof that God\_ loves us *f* and\_ wants us to be hap - py.

## 21.

## How Can I Keep from Singing?

Robert Wadsworth Lowry

My life flows on in end-less song a - bove earth's la - men - ta - tions, I  
While though the tem - pest loud - ly roars, I hear the truth, it liv - eth. And

5

hear the real, though far - off, hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion. Through  
though the dark - ness 'round me close, songs in the night it giv - eth. No

9

all the tu - mult and the strife I hear its mu - sic ring - ing - it  
storm can shake my in - most calm - while to that rock I'm cling - ing. Since

13

sounds an e - cho in my soul. How can I keep from sing - ing? -  
love is lord of heav'n and earth - how can I keep from sing - ing? -



# 22.

## How Dry I Am

Irving Berlin

Melody

How dry I am, how dry I am. No-bod - y

Barbershop Quartet

How dry I am, \_\_\_\_\_ how dry I am. No -bod - y

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features three staves. The top staff is the 'Melody' line in treble clef, G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'How dry I am, how dry I am. No-bod - y'. The middle staff is the 'Barbershop Quartet' line in treble clef, with lyrics 'How dry I am, \_\_\_\_\_ how dry I am. No -bod - y'. The bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef, G major, 4/4 time, providing harmonic support for the quartet.

6

knows how dry I am.

knows how dry I am. How dry I am!

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, starting at measure 6. It features three staves. The top staff is the 'Melody' line in treble clef, G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'knows how dry I am.'. The middle staff is the 'Barbershop Quartet' line in treble clef, with lyrics 'knows how dry I am. How dry I am!'. The bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef, G major, 4/4 time, providing harmonic support.

# THE ART OF THE GROUND ROUND

(S. 1.19/lb.)

for Three Baritones and Discontinuo

P.D.Q. BACH (1807-1742)?  
Squarely edited by  
Professor Peter Schickele

23.

## I. Loving Is as Easy

Allegro

A

Lov - ing is as eas - y as fall - ing off a log; A

B

When you're hot you know you're hot, And

C

Cold, cold, lov - ing is

Discontinuo

*mf*

(Fine)

To B

cat -'ll love a cat and a dog-'ll love a dog, dog.

(Fine)

To C

when you're not you're not hot.

(Fine)

To A

hard, hot hot, hot.

(Fine)

# 24. 2. Please, Kind Sir

(2 Parts)

Allegro moderato

(Fine) (☺)

A Please, (Fine) kind sir, that por - trait I

B Ver - y well, it can be ar - ranged. — If you —

(Fine) (☺)

Discontinuo *f*

see, if that's your daugh - ter, pre-

please, — — — — — sit you down, make your-self at home — — — — —

sent her to me. — — — — — Look! Her

— — — — — while she's — — — — — up

\* Trill starts on principal note.

face could launch a thou - sand ships.  
dress - ing, She'll be down in a jif - fy, She's

Look! Her face could launch a thou -  
up dress - ing, She'll be down in a

- sand ships, thou-sand ships, thou-sand ships, thou - sand ships.  
jif - fy, jif - fy, jif - fy, jif - fy.

To B  
To A

# 25. 3. Jane, My Jane

**Largo**  
(*Fine*)

A Jane, \_\_\_\_\_ my

B hair is your crown, and your

C day, that you re - move when you re - tire

Discontinuo  
*p*

Jane, \_\_\_\_\_

breath is like down, with your

wind of a com - post heap on fire

you are my  
 eyes black as nuns, and your  
 like nuns, they cross them-selves each day

queen.  
 face like the sun's, You are my  
 set ov - er Pitts-burgh, U. S. A.

To **B**  
 For your  
 To **C**  
 queen for a  
 To **A**  
 Oh,

# 26. 4. Who, Oh Who

Allegro

A Who, oh who

B why should a boy like I hang a-

C I heard some -

Discontinuo *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. Staves A, B, and C are vocal parts in treble clef. Staff A has three measures with notes on G4, B4, and G4. Staff B has six measures with notes on G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, and E4. Staff C has six measures with notes on G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, and E4, with a slur over the last three notes. Staff D is a Discontinuo part in bass clef with six measures of eighth notes, starting on G3 and ending on G3. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the first measure of the Discontinuo part.

wants me? When - ev - er I come

round when I could be off to

- one say the oth - er day, "Re-

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. Staves A, B, and C are vocal parts in treble clef. Staff A has six measures with notes on G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, and E4. Staff B has six measures with notes on G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, and E4. Staff C has six measures with notes on G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, and E4. Staff D is a Discontinuo part in bass clef with six measures of eighth notes, starting on G3 and ending on G3.

(Fine)

home moth-er shoes me a-way,  
 war? War, war is hell.  
 mem-ber that your ar-my wants you,— your

(Fine)

moth-er shoes me a-way, moth-er shoes  
 War, war is hell. War,  
 ar-my wants you,— your ar-my

me a-way, Why? Why? — Oh  
 war is hell. But so — is — peace.  
 wants you,— your ar-my wants you now''

To [B]  
 To [C]  
 To [A]



# 27.

## 5. Golly, Golly, Oh

Andante

A  
Gol - ly, gol - ly, oh my

B  
Did you ev - er

C  
Hol - y cow! Jeez Lou-

Discontinuo  
*p* *sostenuto*

gosh! Gol - ly, gol - ly,

hear of such a thing? Oh

ise! Man a - live!

(non staccato)

my oh my! Gol - ly, gol - ly,  
 boy, that real - ly takes the cake! Well I  
 I de - clare! Now I've seen ev - 'ry-thing!

good - ness sakes a - live! Can  
 nev - er ev - er saw the likes  
 Well I'll be! Will you

*(Fine) (no ♩)*

you beat that! To B  
*(Fine)*  
 of that! To C  
*(Fine)*  
 look at that! To A  
*(Fine) (no ♩)*

# 28. 6. Nellie Is a Nice Girl

*Allegro*

A Nel - lie is a nice girl, but Han - nah is a

B Sam - my is a sing - er and a good one too.

C doo doo doo doo doo doo

Discontinuo *mf*

hor - ri - ble prude.

Doo bee doo bee doo. Show it to him once and he will

doo. Bum buh-duh-bum buh-duh

*simile*

Paul is a pol - ice - man, but Pet - er is a

sing it through. Doo-bee doo-bee doo-bee doo.

buh - buh - buh - buh - buh (etc.)

pimp - ly and rude young  
 Doo-bee doo-bee doo. He will do his dut - y and his  
 buh Al - lons, en - fants de

man. *Last time to Coda* To **B**  
 dut - y is his doo-bee doo-bee doo. *Last time to Coda* To **C**  
 la pa - tri *Last time to Coda* To **A**  
*Last time to Coda*

Coda  
 O - y veh.  
 O - y veh.  
 e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé.  
 f

# 29.

## Gloucestershire Wassail

English Traditional Carol  
arr. R. Vaughan Williams

Was- sail, was- sail all o - ver the town! Our toast it is  
So here is to Cher - ry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our  
Come, but - ler, come fill us a bowl of the best, Then we hope that  
Then here's to the maid in the li - ly white smock, Who tripped to the

7

white, and our ale it is brown, Our bowl it is made of the  
mas - ter a good piece of beef, And a good piece of beef that  
your soul in hea - ven may rest; But if you do draw us a  
door and pulled back the lock! Who tripped to the door and

12

white ma - ple tree; With the was - sail - ing bowl we'll drink to thee.  
may we all see; With the was - sail - ing bowl we'll drink to thee.  
bowl of the small, Then down shall go but - ler, bowl and all.  
pulled back the pin, For to let these jol - ly was - sail - ers in.

# 30.

## Wassail Song

1. Here we come a - was - sail - ing A - mong the leaves so  
 2. Our was - sail cup is made — Of the rose - ma - ry  
 3. We are not dai - ly beg - gars That beg from door to  
 4. Good mas - ter and good mis - tress, While you're sit by the

4

green, — Here we come a - wand' - ring So fair — to be seen.  
 tree, — And so is your — beer Of the best — bar - ley.  
 door; — But we are neigh - bours' chil - dren, Whom you have seen be - fore.  
 fire, — Pray think of us poor chil - dren Who are wan - dering in the mire.

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Love and joy come to you, And to you your was - sail, too, And God bless you, and



send\_ you A Hap - py New Year, And God send you a Hap - py New Year.

5. We have got a little purse  
Of stretching leather skin;  
We want a little of your money  
To line it well within.

REFRAIN

6. Call up the butler of this house,  
Put on his golden ring.  
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,  
And better we shall sing.

REFRAIN

7. Bring us out a table  
And spread it with a cloth;  
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,  
And some of your Christmas loaf.

REFRAIN

8. God bless the master of this house  
Likewise the mistress too,  
And all the little children  
That round the table go.

REFRAIN

9. And all your kin and kinfolk,  
That dwell both far and near,  
We wish a Merry Christmas  
And happy New Year.

REFRAIN

# 31.

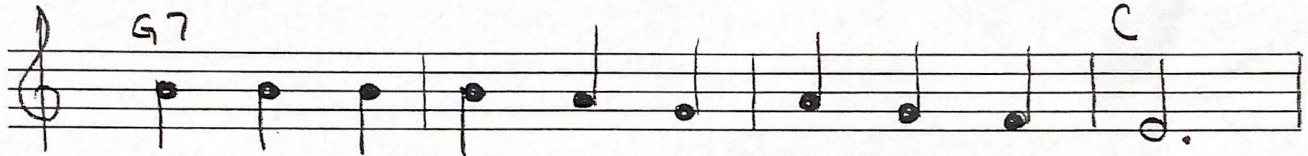
## Benediction Response

(Refrain: Dropkick Me Jesus)

Paul Craft



1. DROP KICK ME JE-SUS THRU THE GOAL POSTS OF LIFE  
2. MAKE ME OH MAKE ME LORD - MORE THAN I AM



END OV-ER END NEI-THER LEFT NOR TO RIGHT  
MAKE ME A PIECE IN YOUR MAS-TER GAME PLAN



STRAIGHT THRU THE HEART OF THEM RIGHT-EOUS UP RIGHTS  
FREE FROM THE ERR-THLY TEM-PEST-ION BE LOW



DROP KICK ME JE-SUS THRU THE GOAL POSTS OF LIFE  
I'VE GOT THE WILL LORD IF YOU'VE GOT THE TOE

Verse:

Bring on the brothers, who've gone on before  
And all of the sisters, who've knocked on your door  
All the departed, dear, loved ones of mine  
Stick 'em up front in the offensive line



# 32. Show Me the Way to Go Home

Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connolly

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "Show me the way to go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I had a lit-tle drink a-bout an hour a-go, and it went right to my head. Where-ev-er I may roam, oe'r land or sea or foam, you will al-ways find me sing-ing this song. Show me the way to go home." The score ends with a double bar line.

D G D

Show me the way to go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I

5 G A D

had a lit-tle drink a-bout an hour a-go, and it went right to my head. Where-ev-er I may

10 G D

roam, oe'r land or sea or foam, you will al-ways find me

14 A D

sing-ing this song. Show me the way to go home.