



BEER  CHOIR
Sing Responsibly

HYMNAL

VOLUME 1

2nd Edition

BEER CHOIR LARGE HYMNAL

VOLUME 1 2ND EDITION

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1 Beer Choir Theme Song

Michael Engelhardt
 Founding Choirmaster

March, with spirit! (♩ = 138)

The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The Beer Choir is the
 (drinking!) (drinking!)
 The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer
 (drinking!) (drinking!)
 choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The Beer Choir is the choir that
 (drinking!) (drinking!)
 beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer
 (drinking!) (drinking!)
 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!)
 D7 G D7 G E7/G# A Beer
 1. sing while drink - ing beer! hmm The Beer Choir is the
 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

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#°7/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

Sehr Herzlich und Oktoberfesty (♩ = 112)

Traditional German
arr. Michael Engelhardt

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 - est health and

6 G D G G/B C Am G/B Am/C 1. G/D D7 G N.C.

keit!
life!

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

Oans! Zwoa!

yo ho ho ho ho Ein_

12 2. G/D D7 G N.C.

Drei! G'suf - fa! müt - lich - keit!
health and life!

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

16

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

3

He that Will an Alehouse Keepe

From "Melismata" (1611)

ed. Thomas Ravenscroft and Michael Engelhardt

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

Part 1

Part 2

A D⁶ D A⁷ F^{#m} G A⁷ D A

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

6 D⁶ D A⁷ F^{#m} G A⁷ D

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

9 Part 3 A D⁶ D A⁷ F^{#m} G A⁷ D

hey non-ny non - ny, hey non-ny no, hey non-ny no, hey_ non-ny no!

4

Hey, Ho, Nobody at Home

from "Pammelia" (1609)

ed. Thomas Ravenscroft and Michael Engelhardt

3-Part Round

Part 1

Part 2

Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

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

4 Part 3 Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

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

5

Banbury Ale

from "Pammelia" (1609)

ed. Thomas Ravenscroft and Michael Engelhardt

4-Part Round

Part 1

Part 2

Part 3

Part 4

Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

Ban-bu-ry Ale. Where, where, where? At the black-smith's house. I would I were there!

6

'Tis Women

4-Part Round

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

Henry Purcell

ed. Michael Engelhardt

Part 1

G D Em C D G

'Tis wo - men that makes us love;

Part 2

D Em C D G

'tis love that makes us sad;

Part 3

D Em C D G

'tis sad - ness makes us drink;

Part 4

D Em C D G

and drink - ing makes us mad!

7 Dough-Ray-Me

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

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

C G⁷ C

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

11 C⁷/E F C/G F

drinks my beer. Far, a long, long way for beer. So, I think I'll have a beer.

21 D⁷/F[#] G E⁷/G[#]

La, la la la la beer. Tea? No thanks, I'm drink - ing

27 Am F G⁷ C

beer! And that brings us back to beer, beer, beer, beer!

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

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

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

9 The Wild Rover

Traditional Irish
arr. Michael Engelhardt

Oom-pa-pa, mug-swinging tempo (♩ = 140)

G G/D G G/D G

I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny_ a
I went to an ale-house I used to_ fre-
I'll go home to my pa-rents, con-fess what I've

8 C G/D D⁷ G

year.____ I spent all me mo-ney_ on whis-key_ and beer. But now I'm re-
quent.____ I told the land la-dy_ me mo-ney_ was spent. I asked her for
done____ and ask them to par-don their pro-di-gal one. And when they've ca-

16 C G/D D⁷

turn-ing with gold in great store.____ I ne-ver_ will play the_ wild ro-ver no
cre-dit, she an-swered me "Nay!____ Such cus-toms as yours I_ could have a-ny
ressed me, as oft times be-fore,____ I ne-ver_ will play the_ wild ro-ver no

23 G D⁷ G C

more. And it's no, nay, ne-ver!____ No, nay, ne-ver, no more
day!"
more!

31 G C D⁷ G

will I play_ the wild ro-ver,____ no ne-ver,____ no more!____

Drunken Sailor

Traditional English Sea Chantey

Dm C

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

4 Dm C

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

8 Dm Dm C

mor - ning? Hoo - ray and up she ri - ses, hoo - ray and up she ri - ses,

13 Dm C Dm

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

Schnitzelbank

Traditional German
 arr. Michael Engelhardt

Leader *Choir* % *Refrain*

E \flat A \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat ⁷ E \flat E \flat

Ist das nicht ein Schnit - zel - bank? Ja, das ist ein Schnit - zel - bank! Oh, die schö - ne

Fine *Leader*
Eb

7 Ab Eb Ab Eb D°/Ab Bb7 Eb

Schnit - zel - bank! Oh, die schö - ne Schnit - zel - bank! Ist das nicht ein

Choir *Leader*
Eb Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Eb Ab Eb

14

Kurz und Lang? Ja, das ist ein Kurz und Lang! Ist das nicht ein Hin und Her?
Kreutz und Quer? Ja, das ist ein Kreutz und Quer! Ist das nicht ein Schiess Ge - wehr?
Wa - gen Rad? Ja, das ist ein Wa - gen Rad! Ist das nicht ein Krumm und Grad?
Gros - ses Glas? Ja, das ist ein Gros - ses Glas! Ist das nicht ein Och - sen Blas?
Hau - fen Mist? Ja, das ist ein Hau - fen Mist! Ist das nicht ein Schnick - el Fritz?
Dic - ke Frau? Ja, das ist ein Dic - ke Frau! Ist das nicht ein Fet - te Sau?
Lang - er Mann? Ja, das ist ein Lang - er Mann! Ist das nicht ein Tan - nen - baum?
Hoch - zeits Ring? Ja, das ist ein Hoch - zeits Ring! Ist das nicht ein Gefährlich - es Ding?

Choir *Repeat all previous lines* *D.S. (to refrain)*
Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

19

Ja, das ist ein Hin und Her! Hin und Her! Kurz und Lang!
Ja, das ist ein Schiess Ge - wehr! Schiess Ge - wehr! Kreutz und Quer!
Ja, das ist ein Krumm und Grad! Krumm und Grad! Wa - gen Rad!
Ja, das ist ein Och - sen Blas! Och - sen Blas! Gros - ses Glas!
Ja, das ist ein Schnick - el Fritz! Schnick - el Fritz! Hau - fen Mist!
Ja, das ist ein Fet - te Sau! Fet - te Sau! Dic - ke Frau!
Ja, das ist ein Tan - nen - baum! Tan - nen - baum! Lang - er Mann!
Ja, das ist ein Gefährlich - es Ding! Gefährlich - es Ding! Hoch - zeits Ring!

12

Glorious Beer

Will Godwin and Steve Leggett (1896)

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

8

_____ I re - fer to that great lu - bri - ca - tor, _____ that won - der - ful to - nic called

15



beer! Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. Beer, beer, glo-ri-ous beer, fill your-self right up to

23



here! Don't be a - fraid of it; drink till you're made of it! Drink of our old la-ger

31



beer! Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. Drink a good deal of it; make a whole meal of it.

37



Come, now, a rou - sing good cheer, hur - rah! Up with the sale of it,

43



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

13 How Stands the Glass Around?

Wolfe's Song
from "The Convivial Songster" (1782)

Moderato
Pno.



How stands the glass a - round? For shame ye take no care, my boys; how stands the glass a -
Why, sol - diers, why should we, should we be mel - an - cho - ly, boys; why, sol - diers, why should
'Tis but, 'tis but in vain, I mean not to up-braid you, boys; 'tis but, 'tis but in

12

10
 round? Let mirth and wine a - bound. The trum - pets sound, the co - lours they are
 we, whose busi - ness 'tis to die? Don't fear, drink on, don't fear, drink on, be
 16
 vain, for sol - diers to com - plain. Should next cam - paign send us to Him who
 fly - ing, boys, to fight, kill, or wound: may we still be
 jol - ly, boys, 'tis he, you, or I! Cold, hot, wet, or
 20
 made us, boys, we're free from pain! But if we re -
 found, con - tent with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.
 dry, we're al - ways bound to fol - low, boys, and soon to fly.
 main, a bot - tle and a kind - ly friend cure all a - gain.

14 Trudge Away Quickly

Thomas Ravenscroft
 "A Briefe Discourse" (1615, no. 10)
 ed. Michael Engelhardt

Cheerfully

Trudge a-way quick-ly and fill the black bole de - vout - ly as long as wee bide. Now

8
 wel - come good fel - lowes, both stran - gers and

11
 all, let mad - ness and mirth set sad - ness a - side. **Fine**

Of all reck-nings I love good cheere with hon-est folkes in com-pa-ny:
 Mis-ter But-ler give us a taste of your best drinke so gent-ly:
 Mis-ter But-ler of this take part, ye love good drinke as well as I:

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

and when drinke comes my part for to beare, for still me thinks one
 a juggle or twaine, and make no waste, for still me thinks one
 and drinke to mee with all your hart, and drinke to mee with all your hart,

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

tooth is drye, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.
 tooth is drye, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.
 tooth is drye, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.

loo loo loo, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.
 loo loo loo, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.
 loo loo loo, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.

D.C. al Fine

Tosse the Pot

Thomas Ravenscroft
 "A Briefe Discourse" (1614, no. 11)
 ed. Michael Engelhardt

Cheerfully

Fine

Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be mer-ry and drinke till our cheekes be as red as a cher-ry.

9

We take no thought, we have no care, for still we spend and ne-ver spare
 We drinke, ca-rouse with hart most free, a har-ty draught I drinke to thee,
 And, when our mo-ney is all spent, then sell our goods and spend our rent,
 Let us con-clude as we be-gan and tosse the pot from woman to man,

Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

17

till of all mo-ney our pursse is bare, we e-ver tosse the pot.
 then fill the pot a-gaine to me and e-ver tosse the pot.
 or drinke it up with one con-sent and e-ver tosse the pot.
 and drinke as much as now we can and e-ver tosse the pot.

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

D.C. al Fine

16

With a Cheerful Old Friend

H. Carey

from "The Convivial Songster" (1782)

Moderato con energia

Pno.

mf

With a cheer - ful old friend and a mer - ry old song and a tan - kard of
 I en - vy no mor - tal be he e - ver so great, nor scorn I the
 Then let us, com - pan - ions, be cheer - ful and gay, and cheer - ful - ly

10

por - ter, I could sit the night long and laugh at the fol - lies of
 wretch for his low - ly es - tate, but what I ab - hor and must
 spend life's re - main - der a - way; up - held by a friend, then our

15 *f* *rit.*

those that re - pine, tho' I must drink por - ter and they must drink wine.
 deem as a curse is mean - ness of spi - rit, not poor - ness of purse.
 foes we'll des - pise, for more we are en - vied the high - er we rise.

Also Drank Varathursta

theme from "2001: Beers on the Wall"

"Also Sprach Zarathustra"
Richard Strauss
arr. Michael Engelhardt

Sehr betrunken (♩ = 69)

Beer Beer beer beer

5 beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer

9 beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer

13 beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer!

Nottingham Ale

Liliburlero

from "The Dancing Master"
(8th edition, 1690)

E \flat B \flat E \flat A \flat

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

4 B \flat E \flat E \flat B \flat

swam on the sea, Mi - ner - va sprang out from the cra - nium of Jove. A
own it is true that Not - ting - ham Ale is the best of all li - quors, and
bo - lus and pill, than hang - man with noose, or sol - dier with gun, or

7 E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat E \flat

coy sul - len lass, as most auth - ors a - gree. But Bac - chus they tell us, that
none un - der - stand what is good as do you. It dis - pels e - very va - pour, saves
mi - ser with fa - mine, or law - yer with quill, to dis - patch us the quick - er, for -

10 E \flat E \flat E \flat B \flat

prince of good fel - las, was Ju - pi - ter's son. Pray at - tend to my tale.
pen, ink and pa - per, when you're of a mind from your pul - pits to rail. It - 'll
bid us malt li - quor, till our bo - dies grow weak and our fa - ces grow pale. But

13 A \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat

Those who thus chat - ter mis - take quite the mat - ter! He
o - pen your throats. You can speak with - out notes! When in -
mind who he plea - ses, what cures all di - sea - ses, is a

15 A \flat B \flat E \flat

sprange from a bar - rel of Not - ting - ham Ale!
spired by a bot - tle of Not - ting - ham Ale.
com - for - ting bot - tle of Not - ting - ham Ale.

E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat

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

19 O Good Ale, Thou Art My Darling

Early English Air



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. For_
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!

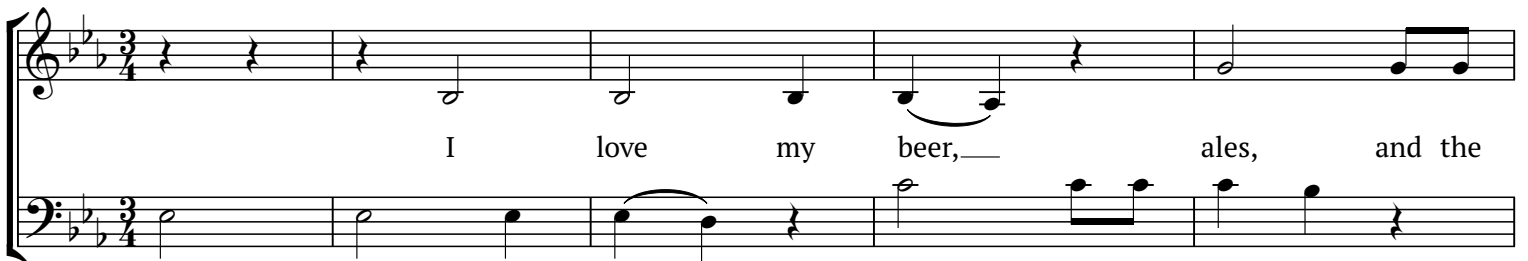


9
O good ale, thou art my dar - ling, and my joy both_ night and mor - ning.

20 Te Solo Adoro

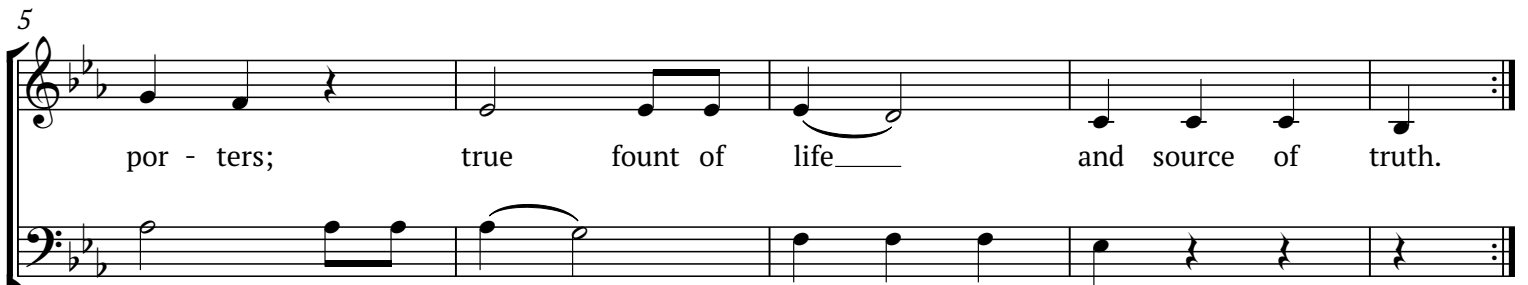
I Love My Beer

Ludwig van Beethoven



I love my beer,____ ales, and the

I love my beer,____ ales, and the por - ters;



5
por - ters; true fount of life____ and source of truth.

true fount of life____ and source of truth.

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.

22

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.

Down Among the Dead Men

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

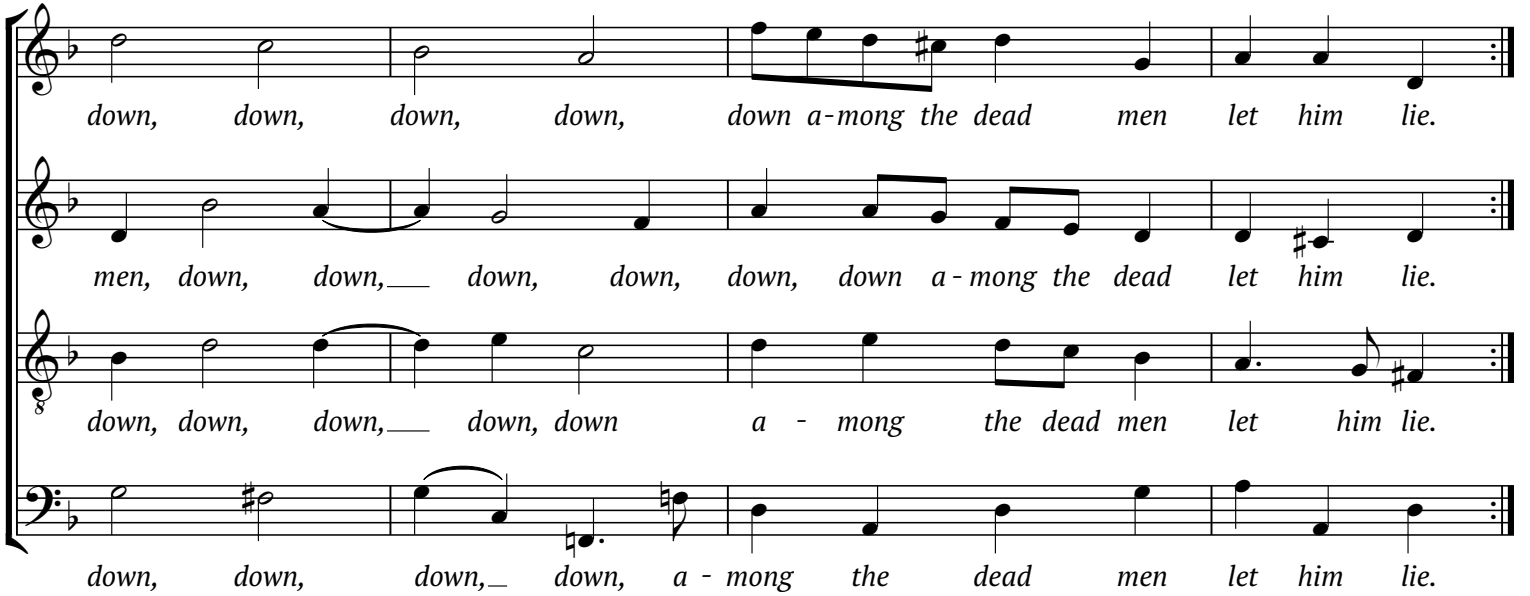
Here's a health to the Queen and a last - ing peace, to fac - tion an end, to
Let charm - ing Beau - ty's health go round in whom ce - les - tial
In smi - ling Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, de - ny no plea - sure
May love and wine their joys main - tain, and their u - ni - ted

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,

13



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

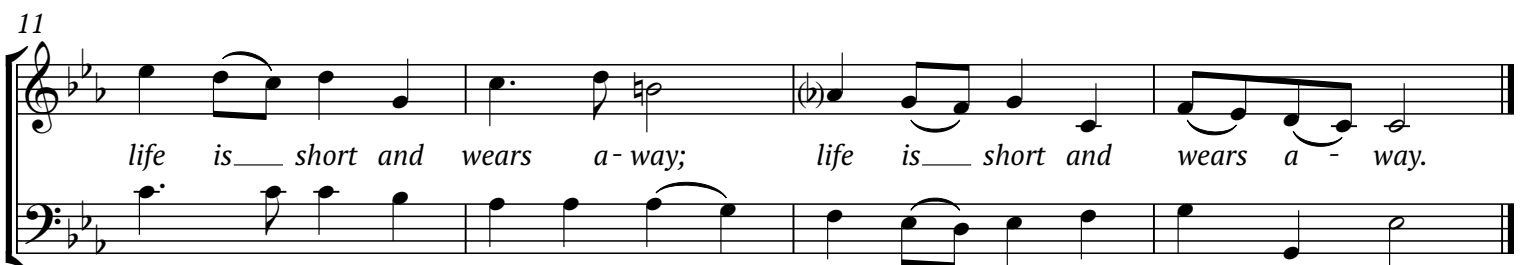
24

Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly

Old English Air
Dr. Green

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

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



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

Oh, We That Are Drunk Are Void of All Care

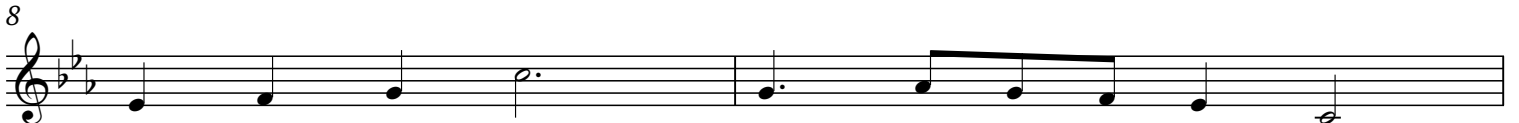
"A Shepherd Kept Sheep on a Hill So High"
from "Collection of English Songs" (1814)



Oh, we that are drunk are void of all care; fa la la la la la la la la la:
We may run a race_ or may fight a bear;



and should we have no pen nor knife for to wield; this_ bot - tle a - lone is our



sword and our shield; fa la la la la la



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

Freundschaft

Friendship

Ludwig van Beethoven

In a round
Part 1



Freund - schaft ist die Quel - le wah - rer Glück - se - lig - keit, Freund - schaft,
Friend - ship is the source of true bliss and mer - ri - ment, friend - ship,

7 Part 2



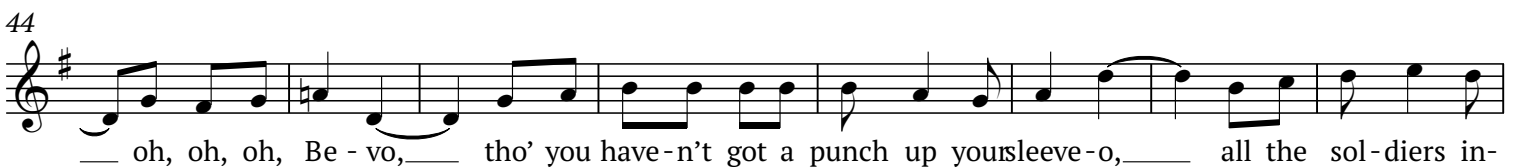
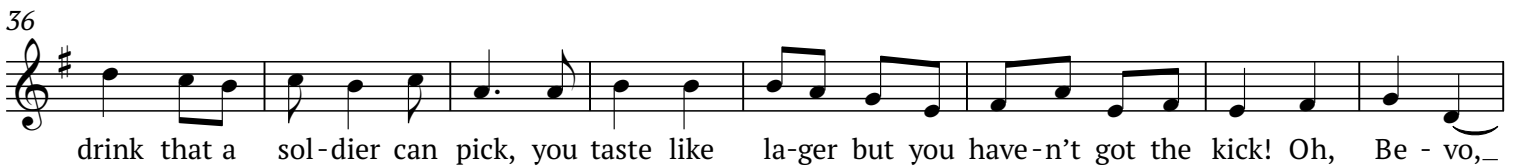
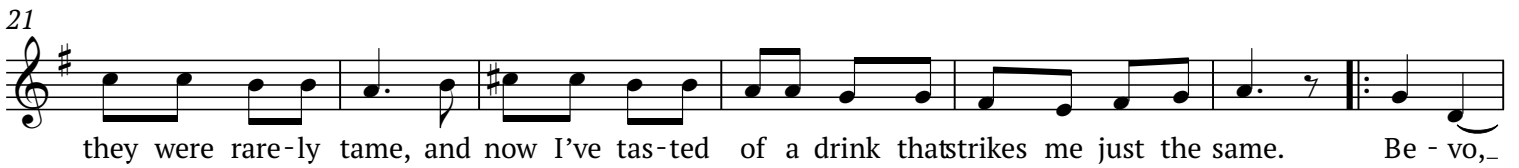
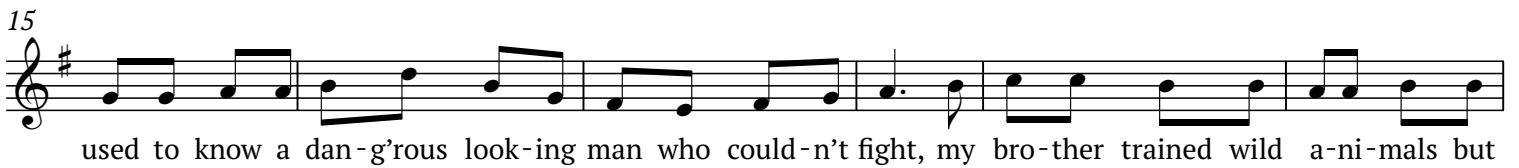
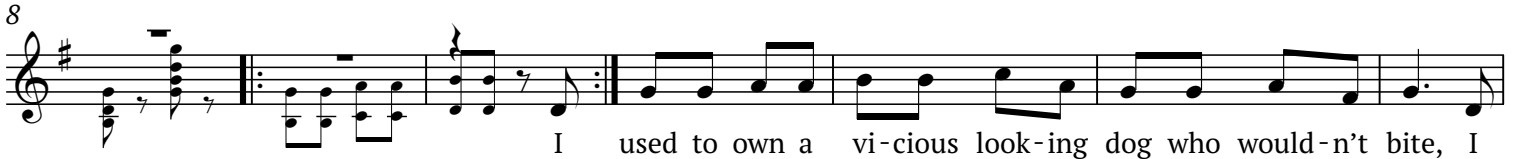
Freund - schaft ist die Quel - le wah - rer Glück - se - lig - keit, Freund - schaft,
friend - ship is the source of true bliss and mer - ri - ment, friend - ship,

13 Part 3



Freund - schaft ist die Quel - le wah - rer Glück - se - lig - keit.
friend - ship is the source of true bliss and mer - ri - ment.

Marcia
Pno.



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.

Beer Barrel Polka

Lew Brown and Wladimir Timm

Roll Out the Barrel

Jaromir Vejvoda

B \flat F 7

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

5 F B \flat

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

10 F 7

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!

All for Me Grog

Traditional Irish Folk Song

Brightly
Pno.

Well, it's all for me grog, me
are me__ boots, me
is me__ shirt, me
sick in the head and I

4 jol - ly, jol - ly grog, it's all for me beer and to - bac - co, for I
nog - gin', nog - gin' boots, they're all gone for beer and to - bac - co, for the
nog - gin', nog - gin' shirt, it's all gone for beer and to - bac - co, for the
have - n't been to bed since I first came a - shore from me slum - ber, for I

7 spent all me tin on the las - sies drink - ing gin, far a -
heels they are worn and the toes are kicked a - bout, and the
col - lar is worn, and the sleeves they are all torn, and the
spent all me dough on some good ale, don't you know, far a -

9 cross the west - ern o - cean I must wan - der. Where_
soles are look - ing out for bet - ter wea - ther. Where_
tail is look - ing out for bet - ter wea - ther. I'm_
cross the west - ern o - cean I must wan - der.

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My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

Moderately
Pno.

A tempo

If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song of a flow - er that's now drooped and
They may sing of their ro - ses which by o - ther names would smell just as sweet - ly, they

15



dead, _____ yet_ dear - er to me, yes, than all of its mates, tho'_ each holds a -
say, _____ but I know that my Rose_ would ne - ver con - sent to have that sweet name

22



loft its proud head. _____ 'Twas gi - ven to me by a girl that I know; since we've
ta - ken a - way. _____ Her glan - ces are shy when - e'er I pass by the _____

29



met, faith, I've known no re - pose, _____ she is dear - er by far than the
bow - er where my true love grows. _____ And my one wish has been that some

rit.**A tempo***espressivo*

35



world's bright - est star and I call her my wild I - rish rose. _____ My wild I - rish
day I may win the_ heart of my wild I - rish rose. _____

43



rose, _____ the sweet - est flow'r that grows, _____ you may search e - v'ry - where, but

51



none can com - pare with my wild I - rish rose. _____ My wild I - rish rose, _____

60



_____ the dear - est flow'r that grows, _____ and some day for my sake, she

67



may let me take the bloom from my wild I - rish rose. _____

rit.

Molly Malone

Traditional Irish

Wistfully

D A⁷ D

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 A⁷ D

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 A⁷ D A⁷ D

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 G A⁷

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

21 D A⁷ D

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

Danny Boy

Fred E. Weatherly

Old Irish Air

Andante

Pno.

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! But when ye

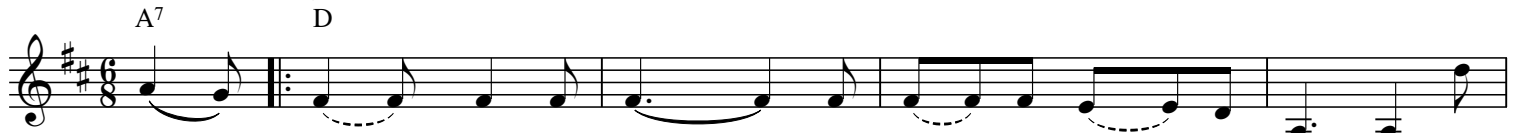
22
come, and all the flow'rs are dy - ing, if I am dead, as dead I well may be, ye'll come and

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!

With a bounce, in 2



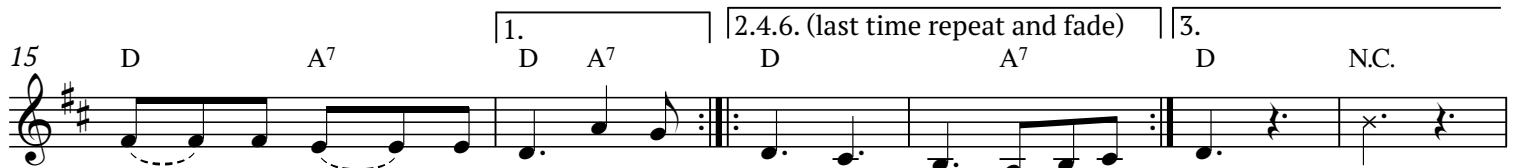
A long time a - go, way back in his - to - ry, when
 Chorus: ought - a been an admiral, a sul - tan, or a king;
 Ab - bey, The Connaught, The Hole In The Wall as well - one
 bushel of hops and a barrel of malt and stir it a-round with a stick. The



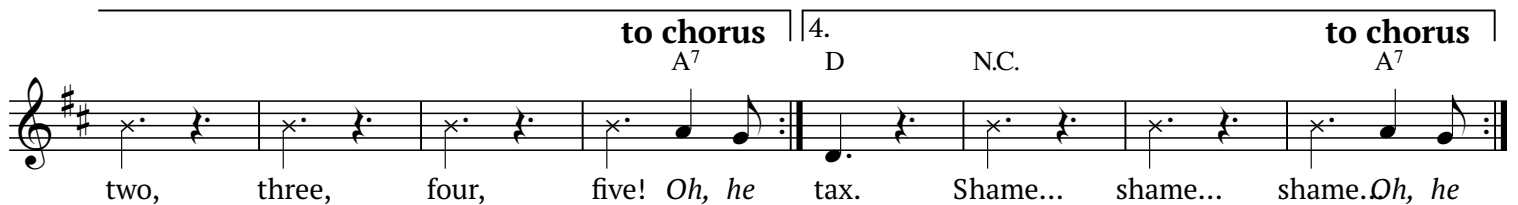
all they had to drink was noth-ing but cups of tea, a - long came a man by the
 and to his prai - ses we should al - ways sing. Oh, look what he has done for us, he's
 thing you can be sure, it's Char - lie's beer they sell. So come on all you luck - y lads, at
 sort of lub - ri - ca - tion to make your en - gine tick. Twenty pints of wallop a day will



name of Char - lie Mopps, and he in - ven - ted a won - der - ful drink, and they
 filled us up with cheer. Lord bless Char - lie Mopps - the
 ten o' clock she stops: for five short se - conds, re -
 keep a - way the quacks. It's only four - pence ha' pen - ny a pint and a



gave it the name of hops. Oh, he beer, beer, beer, did - dle - y, Mopps. One,
 man who in - ven - ted The
 mem - ber Char - lie A
 shil - ling and tup - pence in



two, three, four, five! Oh, he tax. Shame... shame... shame. Oh, he

Whiskey in the Jar

Irish Traditional



As I was go - ing o - ver the Kil - ma - gen - ny Moun - tain, I met with Cap - tain
 He coun - ted out his mo - ney, and it made a pret - ty pen - ny, I put it in me
 I went in - to my cham - ber all for to take a slum - ber, I dreamt of gold and
 It was ear - ly in the mor - ning be - fore I rose to tra - vel, up comes a band of
 If a - ny - one can aid me, it's me bro - ther in the ar - my, if I can find his



Far - rell and his mo - ney he was coun - ting, I first pro - duced me pis - tol, and
 pock - et and I took it home to Jen - ny. She sighed and she swore that she
 jewels and for sure it was no won - der. But Jen - ny drew me char - ges and she
 foot - men and like - wise Cap - tain Far - rell. I then pro - duced me pis - tol, for she'd
 sta - tion in Cork or in Kil - lar - ney. And if he'd come and join me, we'd go



then I drew me ra - pier, say - ing "Stand and de - li - ver for you are a bold de -
 ne - ver would be - tray me, but the De - vil take poor Jen - ny for she ne - ver could be
 filled them up with wa - ter, and she sent for Cap - tain Far - rell to be rea - dy for the
 sto - len a - way me ra - pier, but I could - n't shoot the wa - ter, so a pri - s'ner I was
 ro - ving in Kil - lar - ney, I'm sure he'd treat me bet - ter than me dar - ling spor - ting



cei - ver!" With me ring dum a doo - dle um dah, whack fol the
 ea - sy!
 slaugh - ter!
 ta - ken!
 Jen - ny!



dad - dy - o, whack fol the dad - dy - o, there's whis - key in the jar!

Under the Anheuser Bush

Andrew B. Sterling

Harry Von Tilzer

Tempo di Valse ♩ = 160

Pno.

9

15 Talk a-bout the shade of the shel-ter-ing palms, praise the bam-boo tree and its
Rave a-bout the place where your swells go to dine, pic-ture Sue and me with our

22 wide spread-ing charms, there's a lit-tle bush that grows right here in town, you know its
sand-wich and stein, un-der-neath the bush where the good fel-lows meet, life seems worth

29 name, it has won such re-nown; oft-en with my sweet-heart just af-ter the play,
li-ving, our joy is com-plete; if you're sad at heart, take a trip there to-night,

35 to this lit-tle place then my foot-steps will stray, if she he-si-tates when she
you'll for-get your woe and your eyes will grow bright, there you'll sure-ly find me with
poco rit. A tempo

43 looks at the sign, soft-ly I whis-per "Now Sue don't de-cline." Come, come,
my sweet-heart Sue, come down this ev'-ning, I'll in-tro-duce you.

51 come and make eyes with me un-der the An-heu-ser Bush, _____ come, come,

58 drink some "Bud-wise" with me un-der the An-heu-ser Bush, _____ hear the old
Pno.

66 Ger-man band, just let me hold your hand, yah! _____ Do,

70 do, come and have a stein or two un-der the

1. An-heu-ser Bush. _____ 2. Bush. _____

Beer Is Veritable Proof

Jonathan Campbell

Deadly serious (♩ = 100)

Beer is proof that God_ loves us
 Beer is proof that God_ loves us and_ wants us to be hap- py.

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.

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.

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?—

39

Let Us Sing

no. 14
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.

40

If You Want Peace and Quiet

no. 21
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.