

A stylized black and white illustration of a beer glass with a thick head of foam. The glass has a white outline and a black interior. Inside the glass, there is a white silhouette of a person's face with a beard and mustache, and a white letter 'C' on the chin.

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

# **HYMNAL**

## **VOLUME 2**

*A collection of songs for  
singing and sloshing.*

# BEER CHOIR HYMNAL

## VOLUME 2

- |    |                              |    |  |
|----|------------------------------|----|--|
| 58 | Across the Western Ocean     | 29 | The Happy Wanderer                     |
| 14 | All for Me Grog              | 31 | Hard Times Come Again No More          |
| 48 | All Night Long               | 52 | Helan Går                              |
| 59 | Aloha 'Oe                    | 18 | How Can I Keep from Singing?           |
| 10 | Also Drank Varathursta       | 32 | How Much Is That Lager in the Window   |
| 53 | Arirang                      | 33 | I's the B'y                            |
| 56 | Auld Lang Syne               | 55 | Leron, Leron Sinta                     |
| 39 | The Barley Mow               | 30 | Let Us Sing Together                   |
| 13 | Beer Barrel Polka            | 35 | Marching to the Brewery                |
| 47 | Beer Choir, Beer Choir       | 15 | Molly Malone                           |
| 1  | Beer Choir Theme Song        | 46 | Pub Crawl March                        |
| 50 | Beer Lover's Waltz           | 34 | The Rattlin' Bog                       |
| 49 | Beer Psalms                  | 13 | Roll Out the Barrel                    |
| 11 | Bevo                         | 37 | Roll the Old Chariot Along             |
| 5  | Bier Her (Beer Here)         | 7  | Schnitzelbank                          |
| 24 | Bright College Days          | 12 | Shenandoah                             |
| 58 | Cape Cod Chanty              | 58 | Shores of Botany Bay                   |
| 17 | Charlie Mopps                | 21 | Sing We a Song of Merry Glee           |
| 20 | Cheers for Tomorrow          | 19 | A Song of Good Noses                   |
| 54 | Cielito Lindo                | 38 | Take Me Out to the Tavern              |
| 16 | Danny Boy                    | 23 | Tapster, Drinker                       |
| 26 | Das Fliegerlied              | 22 | A Tavern in the Town                   |
| 36 | Detlef's Drinking Song       | 3  | This Is My Song                        |
| 4  | Dough-Ray-Me                 | 9  | Tosse the Pot                          |
| 45 | Drink It Up, Dear Friends    | 25 | To the Folks Behind the Bar            |
| 40 | The Drinks Are on Me         | 58 | To the Sea! (a medley of Sea Chanties) |
| 58 | Drunken Sailor               | 57 | Vive le Chœur de Bière                 |
| 27 | Du, du liegst mir im Herzen  | 41 | Waltzing Matilda                       |
| 2  | Ein Prosit der Gemütlichkeit | 58 | Song of the Wellerman                  |
| 28 | Fathom the Bowl              | 42 | Whiskey Me Away                        |
| 3  | "Finlandia" Hymn             | 52 | The Whole Goes Down                    |
| 26 | The Flyer Song               | 43 | Wild Mountain Thyme                    |
| 8  | Glorious Beer                | 6  | The Wild Rover                         |
| 51 | Hair of the Dog              | 44 | You'll Never Drink Alone               |



20 **Choir!** E<sup>7</sup> **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 beer

26 **A** **Beer** **Choir!** A<sup>7</sup> D B<sup>7</sup> 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<sup>#07</sup>/D A<sup>6</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> E<sup>7</sup>/B A G<sup>#</sup>

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

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

39 A G<sup>#</sup> A G<sup>#</sup> A G<sup>#</sup> 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 - est health 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!  
life! A toast, raise a toast to fin - est health and life! Oans! Zwoa!

yo ho ho ho ho Ein -  
A -

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

## This Is My Song

"Finlandia" Hymn

Lloyd Stone

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 oth-er lands have sun-light, too, and clo-ver,

13

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho-ly shrine; but oth-er hearts in  
and skies are ev'-ry-where as blue as mine. O hear my song, thou

19

oth-er 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.

## Dough-Ray-Me

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

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

C G<sup>7</sup>

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

9 C C<sup>7</sup>/E F

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

(gal)

17 C/G F D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> G

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

25 E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup> Am F G<sup>7</sup> C

Tea? No thanks, I'm drink-ing 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 C<sup>7</sup> 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 C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> 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 C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

und ich hier di Ohn-macht krie-gen? Bier her, beer 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, ya!

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

# 6 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!

## Schnitzelbank

Traditional German  
arr. Michael Engelhardt

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

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

7 Ab Eb Ab Eb D<sup>o</sup>/Ab Bb7 Eb **Fine** **Leader** Eb

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

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

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?

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

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!

# Glorious Beer

Will Godwin and Steve Leggett (1896)

G G D<sup>7</sup>

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

8 D<sup>7</sup>

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

15 G G D<sup>7</sup>

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

23 D<sup>7</sup>

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

31 G G

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

37 G<sup>7</sup> C D<sup>7</sup>

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

43 G

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

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines. Chord symbols (G, D7, C) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes or bar lines.

# 9 Tosse the Pot

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

Cheerfully

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

8

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 purse 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\_

8

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\_



## Bevo

Irving Berlin

## Marcia

Pno. G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>#</sup>0<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

8 G G G  
I used to own a vi-cious look-ing dog who would-n't bite, I

15 G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Am  
used to know a dan-g'rous look-ing man who could-n't fight, my bro-ther trained wild an - i - mals but

21 A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G  
they were rare-ly tame, and now I've tast-ed of a drink that strikes me just the same. Be - vo, —

28 D<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
— oh, oh, oh, Be - vo, — you're the grand-est im - i - ta-tion that we know, — you're the on - ly

36 E<sup>7</sup> Am A<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G  
drink that a sol-dier can pick, you taste like la-ger but you have-n't got the kick! Oh, Be - vo, —

44 D<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
— oh, oh, oh, Be - vo, — tho' you have-n't got a punch up your sleeve - o, — all the sol-diers in -

52 C C<sup>#</sup>0<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G G  
sist that an earth-y dra-ma - tist could ea - si - ly come stag-ger-ing home on Be - vo. vo.

## 12

## 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 A7

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 Bm F#m Bm D/A 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.

## 13

## Beer Barrel Polka

Roll Out the Barrel

Lew Brown and Wladimir Timm

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 - round 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. G D G G

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

4 C G Em Am D

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 G C G

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 Em D C 1.2.3. D G 4. D G

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.

## Molly Malone

Traditional Irish

*Wistfully* D A<sup>7</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> 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 D G A<sup>7</sup>

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

21 D A<sup>7</sup> D

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

## Danny Boy

Fred E. Weatherly

Old Irish Air

*Andante*

(3) *p*

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



bend and tell me that you love me, and I shall sleep in peace un-til you come to me!

*sempre pp*

*poco rit.*

*Più lento*

*rall.*

With a bounce, in 2

A<sup>7</sup> D

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

5 G A<sup>7</sup> D

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

11 G D A<sup>7</sup>

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

15 D A<sup>7</sup> 1. D A<sup>7</sup> 2.4.6. (last time repeat and fade) D A<sup>7</sup> 3. D N.C.

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

21 To Chorus A<sup>7</sup> 4. D N.C. To Chorus A<sup>7</sup>

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

## How Can I Keep from Singing?

Robert Wadsworth Lowry

My life flows on in end - less song A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion, 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? \_\_\_

## A Song of Good Noses

from "Wit and Mirth: Pills to Purge Melancholy"

Jonathan D. Campbell

Unreasonably fast (♩. = 108)

*Leader*

My nose is the larg-est of all in this place, Mark how it be-com-eth the midst of my face, By  
(By) mea-sure I take it from end to the brow, Four inch-es by com-pass, the same doth al-low.

5 *Choir*

Room for good nos-es, the best in our town, Come fill the pot host, your ale 'tis brown,

*Leader*

For your nose and mine shall not quar'l, So long as one gal-lon re-mains in the barr'l. It



serves as a wea-pon my mouth to de-fend, My teeth it pre-serv-eth still like a good friend, Where  
(Where) if so I hap-pen to fall on the ground, My nose takes the bur-den and keeps my face sound.

25 *Choir*

Room for good nos-es, the best in our town, Come fill the pot host, your ale 'tis brown,

*Choir*

For your nose and mine shall not quar'l, So long as one gal-lon re-mains in the barr'l. We



have the best nos-es that be in our town, If an-y bring bet-ter, come



let them sit down!



## Sing We a Song of Merry Glee

William Browne from "Good Wine"

Jonathan D. Campbell

1st time: Upper part, unison

2nd time: Both parts

Sing we a song of mer - ry glee, And Bac - chus fill the bowl. Then

here's to thee; and thou to me, And ev' - ry thirst - y soul.

Sing we a song of mer - ry glee, And Bac - chus fill the bowl. Then

here's to thee; and thou to me, And ev' - ry thirst - y soul.

Then here's to thee; And ev' - ry thirst - y soul.

ev' - ry thirst - y soul, and ev' - ry thir - sty soul.

## A Tavern in the Town

Adapted from William H. Hills

William H. Hills

C C<sup>7</sup>/E F F<sup>♯</sup>0<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>♯</sup>0<sup>7</sup>

Pno.

8 G<sup>7</sup> C C

There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him  
(Good) friends are wait-ing here for you, here for you, To share a heart-y tune or

15 G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>/E F G<sup>7</sup>

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh - ter free and nev - er,  
two, tune or two, We have law - yers, real - tors, school - teach - ers, too, all read - y to

22 C G<sup>7</sup> C

nev - er thinks of me. Fare - thee - well, for I must leave thee, do not let my part - ing  
hoist a lust - y brew!

28 G<sup>7</sup> C F/C C C

grieve thee, and re - mem - ber that the best of friends must part. (must part.) A - dieu, a -

34 C G<sup>7</sup>

dieu, kind friends, a - dieu, (a - dieu, a - dieu,) I can no long - er stay with you, stay with

40 C C<sup>7</sup>/E F F<sup>♯</sup>0<sup>7</sup>

you, I'll hang my heart on a weep - ing wil - low tree, and

45 G<sup>7</sup> 1. C G<sup>7</sup> 2. C

may the world go well with thee. Good thee.

Anonymous 15th c. old English

Jonathan D. Campbell

**Omigosh, heartily!** (♩ = 120)*1x loud, 2x soft*

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-8. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Tap - ster, drink - er, fill an-oth-er ale, let the cup go round.

*Repeat as often as necessary for optimal sloshing of beer!*

9 ***f*** *molto splurgando* (loud each time)

Musical score for the second system, measures 9-16. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Drink to me, and I to thee, Here good ale is found.

## Bright College Days

Tom Lehrer

## Adagio, con brio

F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/F F F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

Pno.

Bright Col - lege Days, oh,  
Soon we'll be out a -

7 G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>7</sup>/A Gm A<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(sus4) C<sup>7</sup> F

care-free days that fly, To thee we sing— with our glass-es raised on high. Let's drink a  
mid the cold world's strife, Soon we'll be sli-ding down the ra - zor blade of life But as we

14 A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm A F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/F F

toast as each of us re - calls I - vy - cov-ered pro - fes-sors in i - vy - cov - ered halls.  
go our sor-did sep-'rate ways We shall nev - er for - get thee, thou gol-den col - lege days.

21 1. F D<sup>7</sup> Gm C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

Turn on the spig - ot Pour the beer and swig it And gau - de - a - mus ig - it - ur.

## Somewhat faster

25 2. F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>7 G<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Hearts full of youth, Hearts full of truth, Six parts gin to one—— part ver-mouth!

## To the Folks Behind the Bar

Freely adapted by Beer Choir

British Folk Song

Pno. G D E7/G# Am G/B C D7 G 7

(4) G D7 G

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of  
 We hear of Cle - o - pat - ra, And Cath - er - ine the Great, The  
 So - pra - nos sing the mel - o - dy, So sweet and so in - tune. Our

9 G D7 G

Hec - tor and Lys - an - der And such great names as these; But of  
 might - y Joan of Arc, she Kicked butt be - fore too late; These  
 al - to friends bring rich - ness And stel - lar at - ti - tudes. The

13 G E7/G# Am G/B D7

all the world's great he - roes The best I know, by far, With a  
 her - o - ines are swell, and just As might - y, not sub - par, With a  
 ten - ors hit high notes with grace, And bass - es are on fire, But

17 G/B A7/C# G/D Cm/Eb G/B C D G

tow row row row row row, Are the Folks Be - hind the Bar!  
 tow row row row row row, Are the Folks Be - hind the Bar!  
 none com - pare in sheer re - source To the Folks Be - hind the Bar!

21 G D E7/G# Am G/B C D7 G

## 26

## Das Fliegerlied (The Flyer Song)

So ein schöner Tag (Today Is Such a Lovely Day)

Traditional

German Folk Song

**Polka**      G      D

Und ich flieg', flieg', flieg', wie ein Flie-ger, bin so stark, stark, stark, wie ein Ti-ger, Und so  
And I fly, fly, fly like a bird, I am so strong, strong, strong like a Ti-ger, And so

5      C      G      D      G

groß, groß, groß wie 'ne Gi-raf - fe so hoch, oh Und ich spring', spring',  
big, big, big like a gi-raffe, and so tall, ah And I jump, jump,

10      D      C

spring', im-mer wie-der und ich schwimm', schwimm', schwimm' zu dir rü - ber Und ich neh'm', neh'm',  
jump once a - gain, and I swim, swim, swim o - ver to you and I take, take,

14      G      Refrain:      D

neh'm' dich bei der Hand weil ich dich mag, Und ich sag', 7 Heut' ist so ein schön - er  
take your hand be-cause you are my fave, And I say, To - day is such a love - ly

17      G      C      D      G      C

Tag, La la la la la, 7 heut' ist so ein schön - er Tag, La la la la la,  
day, La la la la la, to - day is such a love - ly day, La la la la la,

20      D      G      C      D

7 heut' ist so ein schön - er Tag, La la la la la, 7 heut' ist so ein schön - er  
to - day is such a love - ly day, La la la la la, to - day is such a love - ly

23      G      C      1. D      2. D      G

Tag, La la la la la, Und ich 7 heut' ist so ein schön - er Tag!  
day, La la la la la, And I to - day is such a love - ly day!

## Du, du liegst mir im Herzen

## You Are in My Heart

Freely adapted by Beer Choir

German Folk Song

Du, du liegst mir im Her - zen, Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn.  
 Brew, brew, you give me feel - ings, It's true, you give me chills.  
 Folks, friends, good fel - low drink - ers, Buds, pals, lov - ers of song.

Du, du, machst mir viel Schmer - zen, Weißt nicht, wie gut ich dir bin.  
 Dear beer, you send me reel - ing, I need this pint glass re - filled.  
 Choir folks, let's not be stink - ers, Ten - ors just al - ways seem wrong!

Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, Weißt nicht wie gut ich dir bin!  
 Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, I need this pint glass re - filled.  
 Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, We're kid - ding, ten - ors be - long...

Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, } weißt nicht wie gut ich dir bin!  
 Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, } I need this pint glass re - filled.  
 Ja, Ja, Ja, Ja, But bass - es are in - cred - i - bly strong.

4. When I drink I hear music, When I drink it's so dope!  
 If an alto is crooning, They simply sing just one note.  
 Ja, ja, ja, ja, Just joking, altos are rad.  
 Ja, ja, ja, ja, Please understand, don't be mad. ;)

5. Singing is so lovely, singing gives me a thrill.  
 Unless it's a soprano, Then it might be kind-a shrill.  
 Ja, ja, ja, ja, Just a joke, we mean no harm.  
 Ja, ja, ja, ja, Sopranos have quite the charm.

## Fathom the Bowl

Traditional

British Drinking Song

C G

Come all you bold he- roes, at - tend to my song, I'll sing in the praise of good  
From France we get bran- dy, from Ja - mai - ca comes rum, Sweet o - ran - ges and lem - ons from

7 F C C F Dm G<sup>7</sup> C

bran - dy and rum. Here's a clear crys - tal foun - tain o - ver Eng - land shall roll, Give me the punch  
Por - tu - gal come. Strong beer and good ci - der in Eng - land is sold, Give me the punch

14 G F G C C

la - dle, I'll fath - om the bowl. I'll fath - om the bowl, I'll  
la - dle, I'll fath - om the bowl.

19 G C G F G C

fath - om the bowl, Give me the punch la - dle, I'll fath - om the bowl.

3. Our Song Leader's a tyrant, they sit at their ease,  
They scold and they grumble, they do as they please,  
Unless they have beer then their soul's black as coal,  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

4. This brew'ry is a gem, they make smashing good ale.  
And the drink-pourers sling beer that helps us set sail.  
We're sure that the bar staff are gentle, kind souls...  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl!

# 29

# The Happy Wanderer

“Der fröhliche Wanderer”

Florenz Friedrich Sigismund

Friedrich-Wilhelm Möller (1954)

## Hearty Polka

C G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

I love to go a - wan - der - ing A - long the moun-tain track, And as I go, I  
I wave my hand to all I meet, And they wave back to me, And black-birds call so

6 C/E F G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C/G

love to sing, \*My knap - sack on my back. Val - de - ri, val - de - ra, val - de -  
loud and sweet \*From ev' - ry green-wood tree.

11 G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C C/E F G<sup>7</sup> C

ri, Val - de - ra - ha - ha - ha - ha - ha, Val - de - ri Val - de - ra, \* [repeat last line of the verse]

3. I love to wander by the stream That dances in the sun,  
So joyously it calls to me, \* “Come join my happy song.”
4. High overhead the skylarks swing, They never rest at home,  
But just like me, they love to sing \* As o'er the world we roam.
5. Oh, may I go a-wandering Until the day I die,  
And may I always laugh and sing \* Beneath the clear blue sky.

# 30

# Let Us Sing Together

a round in 4 parts

groups enter four bars apart

Little Campsongs Circular

Czech Folk Tune

F C<sup>7</sup> F F

Let us sing to-geth - er, let us sing to-geth - er, one and all a joy - ous song. Let us sing to -

6 C<sup>7</sup> F F Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

geth - er, one and all a joy - ous song. Let us sing a - gain and a-gain, let us sing a -

12 F Dm Gm C<sup>7</sup> F

gain and a-gain, let us sing a - gain and a-gain, one and all a joy - ous song.

# 31 Hard Times Come Again No More

Stephen Foster

$E_b$   $Bb^7$   $E_b$   $A_b$

Let us pause in life's plea - sures and count its ma - ny tears While we  
While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic, light and gay There are

3  $E_b/Bb$   $Bb^7$   $E_b$   $E_b$

all sup sor - row with the poor: There's a song that will lin - ger for -  
frail forms faint - ing at the door: Though their voi - ces are si - lent, their

6  $Bb^7$   $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b/Bb$   $Bb^7$   $E_b$

ev - er in our ears; Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more.  
plead - ing looks will say Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more.

(8)  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$   $E_b$   $F^7$   $Bb^7$

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard times, Hard times, come a - gain no more:

(12)  $E_b$   $Bb^7$   $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b/Bb$   $Bb^7$   $E_b$

Man - y days you have lin - gered a - round my cab - in door; Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more.

# 32 How Much Is That Lager in the Window

Sung to the tune of "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window"

Daniel Niebuhr

Bob Merrill

Slow Oom-pa-pa, swung 8ths

Musical notation for the first line of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bb, B°7, F7/C, F7, and Bb. There are two 'x' marks above the staff, with the instruction '(Drink up!)' written above them.

How much is that la - ger in the win - dow? The one by the Bel - gian gold ale, \_\_\_\_\_

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It continues the melody from the first line. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bb, B°7, F7/C, F7, and Bb. There are two 'x' marks above the staff, with the instruction '(Drink up!)' written above them.

— How much is that la - ger in the win - dow? I do hope that la - ger's on sale.

1. I must take a trip up to the tavern, And fill up a growler or two.  
If I had that lager, I'd be happy; you simply can't have too much brew.
2. I don't want a Dunkel or a Bitter, I don't want a Bock or a Brown.  
I don't want a Stout or German Pilsner, And I can't keep an I. P. A. down.

# 33 I's the B'y

Traditional

Native Newfoundland Folk Song

Jig; Very fast!

Musical notation for the first line of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, C, F, Bb, C, F, and C.

I's the b'y that builds the boat, And I's the b'y that sails her, I's the b'y that catch-es the fish And  
I took Li - za to \_\_\_ a dance As fast as she could trav - el, Ev - 'ry step that she \_\_\_ did take Was  
I don't want your mag-got-y fish, 7 They're no good for win - ter, I could buy as good\_ as that 7

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It continues the melody from the first line. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bb, C, F, F, C, and F.

takes\_ them home to Li - za. Swing your part - ner, Sal - ly Thi - bault, Swing your part - ner  
up to her knees in grav - el.  
Down in Bo - na Vis - ta.

Musical notation for the third line of the song. It continues the melody from the second line. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bb, C, F, C, Bb, C, and F.

Sal - ly Brown. Fo - go, Twil - lin - gate, More - ton's Har - bor, All a - round the cir - cle.

## 34

## The Rattlin' Bog

Traditional

Irish Drinking Song

Ho! Ro! The rat - tlin' bog, the bog down in the val - ley, O! Ho! Ro! The rat - tlin' bog, the

bog down in the val - ley, O! Now in the **bog** there was a **hole**, a rare **hole**, a

rat - tlin' **hole**. The **hole** in the **bog** and the bog down in the val - ley, O!

*Repeat all previous lines*

2. Now in that **hole** there was a **tree**, [ ... ] tree - hole - bog
3. Now on that **tree** there was a **limb**, [ ... ] limb - tree - hole - bog
4. Now on that **limb** there was a **branch**, [ ... ] branch - limb - tree - hole - bog
5. Now on that **branch** there was a **nest**, [ ... ] nest - branch - limb - tree - hole - bog
6. Now in that **nest** there was a **bird**, [ ... ] bird - nest - branch - limb - tree - hole - bog
7. Now on that **bird** there was a **fly**, [ ... ] fly - bird - nest - branch - limb - tree - hole - bog
8. Now on that **fly** there was a **flea**, [ ... ] flea - fly - bird - nest - branch - limb - tree - hole - bog
9. Now on that **flea** there was a **speck**, [ ... ] speck - flea - fly - bird - nest - branch - limb - tree - hole - bog

# 35

# Marching to the Brewery

Adapted from Josef Marale

South African Folk Song

D A<sup>7</sup> D

I'm with you and you're with me, And so we are all to-gether, So we are all to-gether, So we are  
We have beer, the beer is good, And so we will drink to-gether, So we will drink to-gether, So we will

8 D Em/G A<sup>7</sup> D

all to-gether. Sing with me, I'll sing with you, And so we will sing to-gether, As we march a - long.  
drink to-gether. When we drink, 'twill be a treat, And so let us drink to-gether, As we march a - long.

16 G A D A<sup>7</sup> D

We are march-ing to the brew-er - y, \_\_\_\_\_ the brew-er - y, \_\_\_\_\_ the brew-er - y! \_\_\_\_\_

24 D<sup>7</sup> G A D Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> D

\_\_\_\_\_ We are march-ing to the brew-er - y, \_\_\_\_\_ to get our - selves some beer! \_\_\_\_\_

# 36

# Detlef's Drinking Song

Dorothy Donnelly

from "The Student Prince"

Sigmund Romberg

**Allegretto giocoso** (♩. = 66)  
Pno. **f**

6

Drink! Drink! Drink! to eyes that are  
Drink! Drink! Drink! to arms that are

13 Drink to them!

Bright as stars when they're shin - ing on me! Drink! Drink!  
White and warm as a rose in the sun! Drink! Drink!

19 Drink to them!

Drink! to lips that are Red and sweet as the fruit on the tree!  
Drink! to hearts that will Love one on - ly when I am the one!

25 *mp espressivo* *rit.*

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine Lov - ing - ly, long - ing - ly soon in - to mine!  
 Here's a hope that those soft arms will twine Ten - der - ly, trust - ing - ly soon a - round mine!

*mp espressivo*

33 *a tempo* *p cresc.* *mf cresc.* *poco rit.*

May those lips that are red and sweet To - night with joy my own lips meet!  
 May they give me a price - less boon: Their love be - neath the sweet May moon!

*p cresc.* *mf cresc.*

41 *a tempo* *f con fuoco*

Drink! Drink! Let the toast start! May young hearts nev - er

*f con fuoco*

48

part! Drink! Drink! Drink! Let ev' - ry true lov - er sa -

54 1. 2. *ff*

lute their sweet - heart! lute their sweet - heart! Let's drink!

*ff*

# 37

## Roll the Old Chariot Along

"A Drop of Nelson's Blood"

Traditional

British Sea Shanty

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line contains measures 1-8 with chords Dm and C. The second line contains measures 9-16 with chords Dm, Am, C, and Dm. The lyrics are: "Roll the old char-i-ot a-long, roll the old char-i-ot a-long, roll the old char-i-ot a-long and we'll all hang on be-hind."

Verse Options:

1. Leader: Oh, we all will be alright, if we make it to the bar,

**Choir: Oh, we all will be alright, if we make it to the bar,**

**Oh, we all will be alright, if we make it to the bar,**

**And we'll all hang on behind.**

2. Oh, we all will be alright, if we sing loud and strong ...

3. Well another night of song wouldn't do us any harm ...

4. Well another pint of beer, wouldn't do us any harm ...

5. Well one more verse, wouldn't do us any harm ...

(Make up your own verses and sing them out!)

Submitted by Daniel Niebuhr, Atomic Chapter

# 38

## Take Me Out to the Tavern

Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame"

Daniel Niebuhr

Jack Norworth & Albert von Tilzer

Musical notation for the song in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is divided into four systems of staves with lyrics below. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: "Take me out to the Tavern, take me out on the town! Buy me some Beer, take me out for a song! Me-lo-dies, Pils-ner and I-P-A. Guinness, Darks, Reds and some I-rish Death Ale! And then Mugs sway-ing, rounds and joy, Schnit-zel-bank, Flie-ger-lied, Yell 'Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!' And we'll break out shots of Te-qui-la, till we can't see an-y-more! Then it's drink, and sing with the Beer Choir till we can't sing an-y-more! Then it's One! Two! Three rounds we're out, as we hit the floor! One! Two! Three rounds we're out, as we hit the floor!"

# The Barley Mow

Traditional

Get ready to finish your beers! Take a drink at the Grand Pause (G.P.) each time!

British Drinking Song

E A B E N.C. G.P.

Here's good luck to the pint pot,  
 quart pot,  
 half gallon,  
 gallon,  
 half barrel,  
 barrel,  
 brewery,

Good luck to the bar - ley mow. *Good luck!*

6 E F#m B

Jol - ly good luck to the pint pot,  
 quart pot,  
 half gallon,  
 gallon,  
 half barrel,  
 barrel,  
 brewery,

Good luck to the bar - ley mow! Oh, the

repeat all previous lines

10 E rit. last time (and go to Coda)

pint\_\_ pot, half a pint, gill pot, half a gill, quar-ter gill, nip-per-kin, and the brown bowl:  
 quart\_\_ pot,  
 ha' - gal - lon,  
 gal - lon, the  
 ha' - bar - rel,  
 bar - rel, the  
 brew - 'ry, the

(14) E E/B B7 E

Here's good luck, *Good luck!* Good luck to the bar - ley mow, mow, mow, mow!

**Final time, Slower**

**Even slower**

(19) A/B B7 E /D# C#m /G# F#m7 B7 E

*add harmonies, big finish!*

Here's good luck, *Good luck!* Good luck to the bar - ley mow!

## The Drinks Are on Me

Ben Ireland

**Chorus**

**D** **2** **G** **A** **D**

The drinks are on me, \_\_\_\_\_ friends, the drinks are on me. I had a good

**D** **G** **A** **G** **D**

day, so I'd like to pay, oh, for this one. And may-be some-time, down on my luck, you'll be there to

Final time: repeat this line three times as a tag, and rit. third time

**D** **A** **D** **G** **D** **To Verses**

lend me a buck, but for now, \_\_\_\_\_ friends, the drinks are on me.

**(22) Verse 1** **D** **G** **D**

If you ev - er felt the big love, \_\_\_\_\_ so big that it filled up your heart, And

**D** **A**

sure - ly you knew\_ that they would be true\_ And noth-ing would tear you a - part, Then

**G** **D** **D**

down to the tav-ern you go, Still float-ing on your lit - tle cloud. If you are in-spired be -

**A** **D.S. (To Chorus)**

fore you ex - pire, Come let me buy you a round, round round! The drinks are on

2. And now at the end of your days, in a box six feet underground,  
 The good reverend and family and friends are sadly gathered around.  
 But this is a celebration, so come now, dry those tears.  
 You can't take it with you, so put down the tissue, I've spent it on whiskey and beer, beer, beer!

## Waltzing Matilda

A.B. Patterson

Australian Folk Song

## Folksy swing

Once a jol - ly swag - man\_\_ camped be - side the bil - la - bong,      Un - der the shade of a  
 Down came a jum - buck to drink be - side the bil - la - bong.      Up jumped the swag - man and  
 Down came the stock - man,\_\_ rid - ing on his tho - rough - bred,\_\_      Down came the troop - ers,\_\_  
 Up\_\_ jumped the swag - man and plunged in - to the bil - la - bong,      "You'll nev - er take me a -

Cool - i - bah\_\_ tree,      And he sang\_\_ as he sat and\_\_ wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,  
 seized him with glee,      And he sang\_\_ as he shoved that\_\_ jum - buck in his tuck - er - bag,\_\_  
 one,\_\_ two,\_\_ three,      }      "Where's the jol - ly jum - buck\_\_ you've got in your tuck - er - bag?\_\_  
 live!"\_\_ said\_\_ he.      And his ghost\_\_ may be heard as you ride be - side that bil - la - bong:

"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!"  
 You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"  
 "You'll come a waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"

You'll come a waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me.      And he sang\_\_ as he sat and\_\_  
 And he sang\_\_ as he shoved that\_\_  
 }      "Where's the jol - ly jum - buck\_\_  
 And his ghost\_\_ may be heard as you

wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,      "You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"  
 jum - buck in his tuck - er - bag,\_\_  
 you've got in your tuck - er - bag,\_\_  
 ride be - side that bil - la - bong.

## Whiskey Me Away

Ben Ireland



Whis-key me a-way, boys, Whis-key me a-way, O-ver the hills and the green, green groves,



Far be-yond the fray, Out past Mut-ton Is-land And the cliffs of Gal-way Bay.

Final time: repeat this line three times as a tag



Whis-key me a-way, boys, Whis-key me a-way.

To Verses

Verse 1



Went I out for the night, A burn-ing in my veins, To soothe it on-ly one thing could, And



bar-ley be the grain. Went I in-to Mc-Tav-er-ty's— And strolled up to the bar, And



placed me coin down sure and sure For whis-key in the jar.

To Chorus

2. The old man hesitated and looked me in the eye.  
Of course he'd seen that look before, folks lusting for the rye.  
He took the drink in hand and he poured me out my shot,  
And down it went like heaven in a hell so piping hot.

## Wild Mountain Thyme

Traditional

Scottish Folk Song

E A E/G# A E

Oh the sum-mer - time is com-in',\_\_\_\_ And the trees are sweet - ly bloom-in',\_\_\_\_ And the  
I will build my love a tow-er,\_\_\_\_ Near yon pure and crys - tal foun - tain,\_\_\_\_ And\_\_\_\_  
If my true love they were gone,\_\_\_\_ I would sure - ly find an - oth - er,\_\_\_\_ Where the

5 A G#m C#m C#m/B A F#m7 E A

wild\_ moun-tain thyme\_\_\_\_ Grows a - round the bloom-in' heath-er.\_\_\_\_ Will ye go,\_\_\_\_ Las - sie,  
on it I will build\_\_\_\_ All the flow - ers of the moun-tain.\_\_\_\_ (Lad - die,)  
wild\_ moun-tain thyme\_\_\_\_ Grows a - round the bloom-in' heath-er.\_\_\_\_

10 E A E A G#m C#m E/B

go? And we'll all go to - geth - er,\_\_\_\_ To pluck wild moun - tain thyme\_\_\_\_ All a -

15 A F#m7 E A E Pno. E A E

round the bloom-in' heath-er,\_\_\_\_ Will ye go,\_\_\_\_ Las - sie, go?  
(Lad - die,)

## You'll Never Drink Alone

Daniel Niebuhr

Richard Rodgers

With hope and yearning

B $\flat$  B $\flat$  F/A E $\flat$ /G

When you drink from a glass, hold your chin up high And don't be a -

8 B $\flat$ /F F Fm $^6$  Cm A $\flat$  E $\flat$

fraid of the dark, At the end of the bar they'll re - fill your

14 Cm A $\flat$ /C E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  Fm/A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /G D/F# B $\flat$  $^7$ /F E $\flat$  *like a Cecil B. DeMille epic*

stein And re - frain from con - demn - ing re - marks. Drink on! Raise your

20 A $^{\circ 7}$ /E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$ m $^6$  B $\flat$ /F Dm $^7$  E $\flat$

beer! Drink on! Raise your ale! Though your nose be filled with foam, \_\_\_\_\_

26 F $^7$ /E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D D $^+7$  E $\flat$  C $^7$ /E B $\flat$ /F D $^+$

\_\_\_\_\_ Drink on, drink on, with hops in your heart And you'll nev - er

32 E $\flat$ maj $^7$  E7( $\flat 5$ ) Dm/F *rit.* F $^7$ /E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D D $^+$  E $\flat$  F $^9$  B $\flat$

drink a - lone, \_\_\_\_\_ you'll nev - er drink a - lone! \_\_\_\_\_

# Drink It Up, Dear Friends

Jonathan D. Campbell

♩. = 88

*f*

Beer, beer, — glo - ri - ous beer! Drink it up, dear friends, and have some good cheer!

*f*

5 *Leader* *Choir* *Leader*

Ale is so won - der - ful, joy - ous, and strong; Drink it all day and your  
Do you know why I pre - fer a fine malt? Be - cause I'm out of te -  
Guin - ness is dark and our la - ger is clear, Beer, beer, — glo - ri - ous beer! Both of those beers are ac -  
Un - less it's **Busch Light\*** or some - thing like that, Then we are beer snobs and

10 *f* *Choir*

life is a song. Beer, beer, — glo - ri - ous beer! Drink it up, dear friends, and have some good cheer.  
qui - la and salt.  
cept - a - ble here.  
re - fuse to rhyme.

*f*

15 unis. *f* Sop. Descant *f* Beer, — beer,

Beer, beer, glo - ri - ous beer! Drink it up, dear friends, and have some good cheer. Beer, beer, —

*f*

20 *rit.* *Largo* *f* (ignite fireworks)

beer, glo - ri - ous beer, — have some good cheer! Have some good cheer!  
glo - ri - ous beer! Drink it up, dear friends, and have some good cheer! Have some good cheer!

\*Acceptable substitutions include: Keystone, Bud Light, Icehouse, PBR, or Grain Belt.

# Pub Crawl March

Tyler Behny

**March** D D

Pno. On-ward to beer! On-ward to beer! Glo-ri-ous  
Where is the beer? Glo-ri-ous  
Mar-vel-ous beer! Glo-ri-ous

On-ward to beer! Beer, beer, beer, beer. Beer...

5 Em Em

beer! On-ward for some-thing fresh and in-vit-ing. On-ward we go with friends in  
beer! Where are the bev-'ra-ges so ex-cit-ing? Look all a-round in this old  
beer! Mar-vel at such a drink so u-nit-ing. Growl-ers of ales! La-gers in

9 Em G(sus4)/D A/C# A D D

tow in search of spir-it-ed spir-its to sa-vor. Stead-fast and true, mot-ley our  
town; track down a fine tap-room brim-ming with fla-vor! We're o-ver-due for our next  
pails! Am-bi-tion in a jug; we will not wa-ver. Rush in the slew of grain im-

13 D F#m7/E D7/F G G C#/G#

crew; af-ter a well-spring of good cheer! To be a new-found sort in this  
brew; let us con-vene our hope this day! Wheth-er it's red, brown, white, am-ber,  
bued with all the art-ist-ry we've got So fill your mug, stein, boot, gob-let,

17 D/A A#+ Bm7 Bm7/F# E E/G# A A/C# D 1.2. 3.

smart co-hort could be your wis-est plan all year! Where is the beer? beer!  
black, or tan, we'll have the bar-keep pour a-way! Mar-vel-ous beer!  
draught, or flute and bring the rest home in a pot! Glo-ri-ous

Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer! On-ward to beer! Beer, beer, beer, beer.

# Beer Choir, Beer Choir

sung to "A Bicycle Built for Two"

Linda Kachelmeier

Harry Dacre (1892)  
arr. Kachelmeier

F B $\flat$  F

Beer Choir, Beer Choir sing - ing a song or two.  
Beer Choir, Beer Choir you know just what to do.

9 C<sup>7</sup> F Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

I'm so hap - py har - mo - ni - zing with you!  
It's so fun - to sing while we have a few.

17 Gm C F F B $\flat$  F C<sup>7</sup> There's We

un - less they start com - plain - ing... But  
I think we're sound - ing bet - ter! But

no need for for - mal train - ing,  
were dry but now we're wet - ter,

25 F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

you sound sweet, it's fun to meet in a choir\_ that's drink - ing, too!  
you look cool up - on a stool as we're sing - ing and drink - ing brew!

# All Night Long

a round in 3 parts  
groups enter on the half bar

Linda Kachelmeier and  
Mike Stoffel

Linda Kachelmeier

1

Let us toast our trou - bles a - way an - oth - er beer and a song. (clink!)  
And so now we come to the end: an - oth - er year in the ground. (clink!)

3

Ev' - ry eve - ning we gath - er with friends, it's right where we be - long. (clink!)  
All four sea - sons we've gath - ered with friends, we love hav - ing you a - round. (clink!)

5

Por - ter and pale, — dun - kel and ale, the list — is — just so long! (clink!) And  
Bour - bon, then gin, then bour - bon a - gain our mer - ri - ment — did re - sound! (clink!) And

7

now we are here to be - gin it a - gain and keep it up all night long! (clink!)  
now we are here to be - gin it a - gain and keep it up all year round. (clink!)

## Beer Psalms

Chris Foss

Refrain:

(hum) (hum) We thank you, Beer.

The score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and accompaniment is block chords. The refrain is marked with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

## Beer Lover's Waltz

Chris Foss

Stately and Grand

B $\flat$  F

What's that bev-'rage so tas - ty? So bub - bly, so gold - en, so bright?

9 F $^7$  B $\flat$

What's that sweet\_ e - lix - ir that turns\_ our dark skies\_ light?

17 B $\flat$  B $\flat$  $^7$  E $\flat$

What's that great\_ en - a - bler? De - li - cious, de - light - ful, it's true.

25 E $\flat$ m B $\flat$ /F Gm C $^7$  F $^7$  F $^7$ (b13)

What's that drink\_ so\_ love - ly, made from heav - en's morn - ing dew? Oh,

The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a waltz-like melody with a steady accompaniment. Chords are indicated above the staff. The piece ends with a fermata over the final note.

33 Bb Cm F7

Beer, \_\_\_\_\_ tast - y beer, \_\_\_\_\_ I love beer!

(slurp) ah! (slurp) ah!

Beer, \_\_\_\_\_ beer, \_\_\_\_\_ love - ly, I love beer!

40 F7 Cm Gm F7

Beer, \_\_\_\_\_ Beer, \_\_\_\_\_

(slurp) ah! (slurp) ah! I love beer,

gold - en,

Beer, \_\_\_\_\_ bub - bly beer, \_\_\_\_\_ I love beer!

48 F7(b13) Bb Cm Bb/D Eb

Oh, Beer, \_\_\_\_\_ beer, du - ti - ful I love beer!

Beer, beau - ti - ful beer, \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, (slurp) ah! (slurp) ah! I love beer!

56 Eb Bb/F Gm Cm F7 Bb

(A bigger slurp.....)

ah! I love beer! \_\_\_\_\_

(A bigger slurp.....) ah! I love beer! \_\_\_\_\_

## Hair of the Dog

Chris Foss

Slow and Ominous!

Cm G Eb G Cm G Eb Fm

Beer is so great, it's glo - rious, but one thing is for sure, If you find you've had too man - y, a  
And so if you've been drink - ing, and an ache is in your head, And\_ all you want to do\_ is

4 Cm G Cm Eb

head - ache you'll pro - cure, And\_ if you're not too care - ful, you'll be  
go straight back to bed, But you can't i - ma - gine sleep - ing, and you

6 Cm F G G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(b13)

feel - ing like man - ure! But my friends, rest ea - sy, there's a cure: It's the...  
feel you'll soon be dead! Well my friends, try this\_ in - stead:

**Rousing!**

9 F C7  
Hair of the dog that cures what ails you, the hair of the dog will bring you

12 C7 F Dm  
'round, It - 'll perk you right up, and you'll be feel - ing like a pup, and all your

15 G7 C7 F  
troub - les will dis - ap - pear! With the hair of the dog, you'll feel much

18 C7 C7  
bet - ter, the hair of the dog will fix your head, So if you're feel - ing gross, the morn - ing

22 F Dm Gm C7 1. F  
af - ter lots of toasts, just go on, and have an - oth - er beer!

25 2. F Gm C7 F  
beer! Just go on, and have an - oth - er beer! CHEERS!

# Helan Går

## The Whole Goes Down

Traditional

Swedish Drinking Song  
arr. Dan Wanamaker

With spirit(s)

*f*

7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - la - la - lej! 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! 7  
The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - la - la - lej! The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! The

*f*

5

He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - la - la - lej! 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! Och  
whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - la - la - lej! The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! And

He - lan går, — he - lan går! Hej ja, He - lan går, — he - lan går! Och  
whole goes down, — whole goes down! Hey, the whole goes down, — whole goes down! And

9

den som in - te he - lan tar Hen hel - ler in - te hal - van får. 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la-lej! Och  
one who does-n't take the whole won't get the half one ei - ther. The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la-lej! And

*rit.* *a tempo* *p sub.*

den som in - te he - lan tar Hen hel - ler in - te hal - van får. 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! Och  
one who does-n't get the half won't get the whole one ei - ther. The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej! And

*p sub.*

13

den som in - te he - lan tar Hen hel - ler in - te hal - van får. 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej!  
one who does-n't get the half won't get the whole one ei - ther. The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej!

He - lan går, He - lan går,  
whole goes down, the whole goes down,

*rit.* *f* *Very slow molto rit.* *ff*

den som in - te he - lan tar Hen hel - ler in - te hal - van får. 7 He - lan går, sjung hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej!  
one who does-n't get the half won't get the whole one ei - ther. The whole goes down, sing hopp fal-le-ral-la - lej!

*f* *ff*

Traditional

Korean Folk Song

F Bbmaj7 F Dm F/C

A - ri - rang, A - ri - rang, A - ra - ri - yo. A - ri - rang\_ Go - ge - ro\_  
 A - ri - rang, A - ri - rang, A - ra - ri - yo. Cross - ing\_ o - ver\_

7 Bb F F

naw - maw - gan - da. Na - rul baw - ri - go ga - shi - nun ni -  
 A - ri - rang Pass. Oh, my dear who a - ban - doned\_

12 Dm F/C Bb Gm7 F

- mun Shim - ni do mok ga - saw bal - byung nan - da.  
 me, You'll have sore feet be - fore you've gone ten miles.

Mexican *copla* song

Quirino Mendoza y Cortés

Swaying Waltz tempo

Bb F7

De la Sie - rra Mo - re - na, Cie - li - to Lin - do, vie - nen ba - jan - do,  
 In the Sie - rra Mo - re - na moun - tains, a love - ly sky shines a - round me;

9 F7 Bb Piano (2nd time)

Un par de o - ji - tos ne - gros, Cie - li - to Lin - do, de con - tra - ban - do.  
 Twodark eyes search the wide ho - ri - zon, a sin - gle tear falls be - side me.

17 Bb Bb7 Eb Gm7/D Cm F7 Bb Bb

Ay, ay, ay, ay, Can - ta y no llo - res, Por - que can -  
 Ay, ay, ay, ay, Sing and don't cry, dear, For sing - ing

26 G7 Cm F7 Bb

tan - do se a - le - gran, Cie - li - to Lin - do, los co - ra - zo - nes.  
 light - ens heav - y hearts as the skies a - bove show their light there.

## Leron, Leron Sinta

Traditional  
English lyrics Dan Wanamaker

Filipino Folk Song

D A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

Le - ron, Le - ron, sin - ta, Bu - ko ng pa - pa - ya, Da - la - da - la'y bus -  
 Le - ron, Le - ron, my love, Pa - pa - yas grow a - bove, A bas - ket you will  
 Come on, come on, Ne - neng, The tam - a - rinds hang low. So hold your bas - ket

6 D D

lo, Si - sid - lan ng sin - ta, Pag - da - ting sa du - lo'y, Na  
 need To hold the fruit, my love. That creak - y branch, it broke And  
 tight, And up the tree you go. You're al - most to the top, The

11 D<sup>7</sup> G G D/A A<sup>7</sup> D

ba - li ang sa - nga, Ka - pos ka - pa - la - ran, Hu - ma - nap ng i - ba.  
 dropped you from on high, I'll go get some - one else To have an - oth - er try!  
 branch - es start to sway, Hold on, Ne - neng, hold on, You won't fall down to - day!

## Auld Lang Syne

Traditional

Scottish Folk Song

F C F B<sup>b</sup> F

Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance  
 And sure - ly you'll buy your pint cup! And sure - ly I'll buy mine! And we'll take a cup o'

6 C B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F C

be for - got, And auld \_\_\_ lang \_\_\_ syne? For auld \_\_\_ lang \_\_\_ syne, my dear, For  
 kind - ness yet For auld \_\_\_ lang \_\_\_ syne.

11 F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F C B<sup>b</sup> C F

auld \_\_\_ lang \_\_\_ syne. We'll take a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld \_\_\_ lang \_\_\_ syne!

3. We two have paddled in the stream,  
 From morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us broad have roared  
 Since auld lang syne.

4. And there's a hand my trusty friend!  
 And give me a hand o' thine!  
 And we'll take a right good-will draught,  
 For auld lang syne.

## Vive le Chœur de Bière

Sung to the tune of "Vive la Compagnie"

Chris Foss

French Folk Song

B $\flat$  Eb F $^7$  B $\flat$

To ev - 'ry good per - son, we wish you good cheer, Vi - ve le chœur de bière! And  
To ev - 'ry good sing - er, with pitch - es so loud, And  
*Make up more verses!*

5 B $\flat$  Eb F B $\flat$

that's al - ways eas - i - er with a good beer! Vi - ve le chœur de bière!  
if it's not tune - ful, at least it's quite loud!

9 B $\flat$  Eb F B $\flat$

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve la bière, vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve la bière,

13 G $m$  C $m$  F B $\flat$

vi - ve la bière, vi - ve la bière, vi - ve le chœur de bière!

# To the Sea!

a medley of Sea Chanties

arr. Dan Wanamaker

## "Song of the Wellerman"

Moderate (♩ = 100)

Cm Fm

(pound) There once was a ship that put to sea, The name of the ship was the She'd not been two weeks from shore When down on her a

6 Cm Cm Gm Cm

Bil-ly o' Tea, The winds blew up, her bow dipped down, Oh blow, my bul-ly boys, blow. huh right-whale bore. The cap-tain called all hands and swore He'd take that whale in tow. huh

11 Ab Eb Fm Cm

Soon may the Wel-ler-man come To bring us sug-ar and tea and rum.

Bass add low octave

15 Ab Eb Gm 1. Cm 2. Cm Bb7

One day, when the tong-uin' is done, We'll take our leave and go. go.

Same tempo

"Cape Cod Chanty"

20 Eb Vamp (Pno.) Eb Bb

Cape Cod girls, they have no combs, Heave a - way, heave a -  
Cape Cod boys, they have no sleds, Heave a - way, heave a -

25 Eb Eb Bb7 Eb

way, They comb their hair with cod - fish bones, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!  
way, They slide down - hill on cod - fish heads, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

30 Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

Heave a - way, ye bul - ly, bul - ly boys, Heave a - way, heave a - way!  
Heave a - way, heave a - way, Ye bul - ly, bul - ly boys, ye bul - ly, bul - ly boys!

34 Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

Heave a - way, and don't you make a noise, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

38 Ab Pno. rit. Eb Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb

Heave a - way, heave a - way, heave a - way!

"Across the Western Ocean"

§ Verses

(43)

E $\flat$

B $\flat$

E $\flat$

Oh, the times were hard and the wag - es low, The  
 That land of prom - ise there you'll see, I'm  
 To Liv - er - pool I'll take my way, A - me - lia, where you bound for? To  
 Be - ware those pack - et ships, I pray, They'll

48

A $\flat$

E $\flat$ /G

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

E $\flat$

E $\flat$ /B $\flat$

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

E $\flat$

Rock - y Moun - tains are my home,  
 bound a - cross that West - ern sea,  
 Liv - er - pool, that Yank - ee school, A - cross the West - ern O - cean.  
 steal your clothes and stores a - way,

(51)

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

E $\flat$

A $\flat$

E $\flat$

A - me - lia, where you bound for? A - me - lia, where you bound for? The

56

A $\flat$

E $\flat$ /G

B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>/F

E $\flat$

E $\flat$ /B $\flat$

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

E $\flat$

D.S. (To Verses)

Rock - y Moun - tains are my home, A - cross the West - ern O - cean.

(59)

Pno.

E $\flat$ /B $\flat$

E $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>/D $\flat$

C<sup>7</sup>

/B $\flat$

A<sup>7</sup>(sus4)

A<sup>7</sup>

Moderately fast, swung

(63) Pno. Dm Am Dm C7

"Shores of Botany Bay"

(67) F Dm Bb F

I'm on my way\_ down to the quay\_ Where the ship at an - chor lays, To com -  
 The boss came up\_ this morn - in'\_\_\_\_\_ And he says, "Well, Pat, you know, That if

72 F Dm G7 C

mand a gang\_ of nav - vies there\_ They\_ told me to en - gage. I  
 you don't mix\_ that mor - tar quick, I'm a - fraid you'll have to go." Well

76 F Dm Bb F C

thought I'd drop in for a drink\_ Be - fore I sailed a - way\_ For to  
 since he did in - sult me,\_\_\_\_\_ I de - mand - ed all me pay\_ And I

80 Dm Am Dm C7

take a trip on an em - i - grant\_ ship To the shores of Bot - a - ny Bay.  
 told him straight I was gon - na em - i - grate To the shores of Bot - a - ny Bay.

(83) F Dm Bb F F

Fare - well to your bricks and mor - tar, Fare - well to your dirt - y lime, Fare - well to your gang - way and

89 Dm G7 C F Dm

— your gang - plank And to hell with your o - ver - time. For the good ship Rag - a - muf - fin She's

94 Bb F C Dm Am Dm

ly - in' at the quay\_ For to take old Pat with a shov - el on his back to the shores of Bot - a - ny Bay.

Faster, straight 8ths

(99) Dm Am Dm Vamp (Pno.)

For to take old Pat with a shov - el on his back to the shores of Bot - a - ny Bay.

"Drunken Sailor"

105

Dm

C



What shall we do___ with a drunk-en sail - or?	What shall we do___ with a drunk-en sail - or?
Put him in the scup-pers with a horse-pipe on him.	Put him in the scup-pers with a horse-pipe on him.
Put him in the long___ boat un - til he's so - ber.	Put him in the long___ boat un - til he's so - ber.
Tie him by the legs___ in a run - nin' bow - line.	Tie him by the legs___ in a run - nin' bow - line.
Soak_ him in oil___ till he sprouts a flip - per.	Soak_ him in oil___ till he sprouts a flip - per.

109

Dm

C

Dm



What_ shall we do___ with a drunk - en sail - or	ear - ly in the mor - ning?
Put him in the scup-pers with a horse - pipe on him	ear - ly in the mor - ning.
Put him in the long___ boat un - til he's so - ber	ear - ly in the mor - ning.
Tie him by the legs___ in a run - nin' bow - line	ear - ly in the mor - ning.
Soak_ him in oil___ till he sprouts a flip - per	ear - ly in the mor - ning.

113

Dm

C



Hoo - ray and up she ri - ses,	hoo - ray and up she ri - ses,
--------------------------------	--------------------------------

117

Dm

C

Dm



hoo - ray and up she ri - ses	ear - ly in the mor - ning!
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## Aloha 'Oe

Farewell to Thee

Queen Lili'uokalani

Very slowly and tenderly

G C G D7

Ha - 'a - he - o e ka u - a i nā pa - li, Ke ni - hi a -  
Proud - ly swept the rain by the cliffs As on it  
Sweet mem - o - ries come back to me, With fresh re -

6 G C

'e - la i ka na - he - le, E u - hai a - na pa - ha i ka  
glid - ed through the trees, Still fol - low - ing with grief the  
mem - brance of the past. Dear - est one, yes you are mine

11 G C D7 G G7

li - ko, Pu - a 'ā - hi - hi le - hu - a o u - ka.  
li - ko, The ā - hi - hi le - hu - a of the vale.  
own. From you true love shall nev - er de - part.

(16) G7 C G D7

A - lo - ha 'o - e, a - lo - ha 'o - e, E ke o - na - o - na  
A - lo - ha 'o - e, a - lo - ha 'o - e, Thou charm - ing one who

22 G G7 C

no - ho i ka li - po, One fond em - brace, A  
dwells a - mong the bow - ers, One fond em - brace, be -

27 G D7 G

ho - i a - 'e au, Un - til we meet a - gain.  
fore I now de - part, Un - til we meet a - gain.

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.

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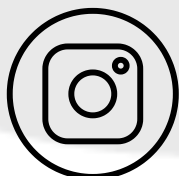
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# 1

## HERE COMES THE SUN

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Words and Music by  
GEORGE HARRISON

Moderately

Chords: A, D, E7, A

Chords: D, E7, A

Chords: Dmaj7, B7/D#, A, D, A/C#, Bm7, A, E7

Here Comes The Sun, and I say "It's all right."

Chords: A, D, E7, A

Lit - tle dar - ling, it's been a long, cold, lone - ly win - ter; Lit - tle dar - ling,  
Lit - tle dar - ling, the smiles re - turn - ing to their fac - es; Lit - tle dar - ling,  
Lit - tle dar - ling, I feel that ice is slow - ly melt - ing; Lit - tle dar - ling,

Chords: D, E7, A

it feels like years since it's been here. }  
it seems like years since it's been here. }  
it seems like years since it's been clear. }

Here Comes The Sun,

Chords: Dmaj7, B7, A, D, A/C#, Bm7, A, E7

Here Comes The Sun, and I say "It's all right." To Coda

Chords: A, E7, C, G, D, A

Chords: E7, C, G, D, A, E7

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes.

Chords: E7, E7sus, E7

D.S. al Coda

Chords: Dmaj7, B7, A, D, A/C#, Bm7, A, E7

Here Comes The Sun, It's all right,

Chords: A, D, A/C#, Bm7, A, E7, C, G, D, A

It's all right

# 2 TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

(By Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver)

## Intro: G

G Em D C G  
Almost heaven... West Virginia... Blue Ridge Mountains... Shenandoah River

Em  
Life is old there... older than the trees...

D C G  
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze

## CHORUS:

G D Em C  
Country roads... take me home... to the place... I belong...

G D C G  
West Virginia... mountain mama... take me home... country roads.

G Em D  
All my memories... gather 'round her...

C G  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water...

Em  
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky

D C G  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

G D Em C  
Country roads... take me home... to the place... I belong...

G D C G  
West Virginia... mountain mama... take me home... country roads.

## BRIDGE:

Em D G G7  
I hear her voice in the morning hour; she calls me.

C Am D  
The radio reminds me of her home, far away

Em F C G  
And driving down the road, I get a feeling that I should have been home

D D7 ||| (STOP)  
yesterday...yesterday...

G D Em C  
Country roads... take me home... to the place... I belong...

G D C G  
West Virginia... mountain mama... take me home... country roads.

G D Em C  
Country roads... take me home... to the place... I belong...

G D C G  
West Virginia... mountain mama... take me home... country roads.

D G D C D G  
Take me home... down country roads...take me home... down country roads...

3

KirbysCovers.com

## Friends In Low Places Chords & Lyrics - By Garth Brooks

Intro – A-A7/A+-Bm-Esus7-E

A A7/A+

Blame it all on my roots - I showed up in boots

Bm

And ruined your black tie affair

E

The last one to know - The last one to show

A

I was the last one you thought you'd see there

A7/A+

And I saw the surprise - And the fear in his eyes

Bm

Dm

When I took his glass of champagne

E

And I toasted you - Said, honey, we may be through

But you'll never hear me complain

A

'Cause I've got friends in low places - where the whiskey drowns

Bm

E

And the beer chases my blues away - and I'll be okay

A

I'm not big on social graces - think I'll slip on down to the oasis

Bm

E

A

Oh, I've got friends in low places

Break – A-Bm-E-A

A A7/A+  
Well, I guess I was wrong - I just don't belong  
Bm  
But then, I've been there before  
E  
Everything's all right - I'll just say goodnight  
A  
And I'll show myself to the door  
A7/A+  
Hey, I didn't mean - To cause a big scene  
Bm Dm  
Just give me an hour and then  
E  
Well, I'll be as high as that ivory tower - That you're livin' in

A  
'Cause I've got friends in low places - where the whiskey drowns  
Bm E  
And the beer chases my blues away - and I'll be okay  
A  
I'm not big on social graces - think I'll slip on down to the oasis  
Bm E A  
Oh, I've got friends in low places x2

I guess I was wrong - I just don't belong  
But then, I've been there before  
And everything is alright - I'll just say goodnight  
And I'll show myself to the door  
I didn't mean to cause a big scene - Just wait 'til I finish this glass  
Then sweet little lady - I'll head back to the bar  
And you can kiss my ass

# 4 Tequila Sunrise (by The Eagles)

G

It's another tequila sunrise

Starin' slowly cross the sky... Said good bye.

G

He was just a hired hand...

Workin' on a dream he planned to try... the days go by

Em C Em  
Every night, when the sun goes down...

C Em Am  
Just another lonely boy in town...

D7  
And she's out runnin' round

G

She wasn't just another woman

Am D7 G  
And I couldn't keep from comin' on... It's been so long

G

Oh, and it's a hollow feelin'

D Am D7 G  
When it comes down to dealin' friends... It never ends.

Am D  
Take another shot of courage

Em E Am  
Wonder why the right words never come

B Em7 A  
You just get numb

G

It's another tequila sunrise

Am  
This old world still looks the same

D7 G  
Another frame.

# 5 Sweet Caroline

Intro: E7

A D  
Where it began, I can't begin to knowing  
A E  
But then I know it's growing strong  
A D  
Was in the spring, and spring became the summer  
A E  
Who'd have believed you'd come along?  
A A6 E7 D E7 D E  
Hands, touching hands, reaching out, touching me, touching you

A D E7 D E  
Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
A D E D C#m Bm  
I've been inclined to believe they never would. But now I

A D  
Look at the night, and it don't seem so lonely  
A E  
We fill it, up with only two  
A D  
And when I hurt, hurting runs off my shoulders  
A E  
How can I hurt when holding you?  
A A6 E7 D E7 D E  
Warm, touching warm, reaching out, touching me, touching you

A D E7 D E  
Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
A D E D C#m Bm  
I've been inclined to believe they never would. Oh, no, no

Interlude: | E | (7 times)

A D E7 D E  
Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good  
A D E7 D E  
Sweet Caroline, I believe they never could

b

# I Like Beer

Tom T Hall

Strathman

F B $\flat$  F

In some of my songs I have cas-ual-ly men-tioned the fact that I like to drink

7 C7 F B $\flat$  F G7 C

beer. This lit-tle song is more to the point Roll out the bar-rel and lend me your

16 C7 B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

ears beer it makes me a jol-ly good fel-low I like beer

25 G G7 C ad lib C7

It helps me un-wind and some-times it makes me feel mel-low (makes him feel mel-low).

34 F B $\flat$  F F7 B $\flat$

Whis-key's too rough champ-agne costs too much And vod-ka puts my mouth in gear This

42 B $\flat$ m F D7 G C F

lit-tle re-frain should help me ex-plain as a mat-ter of fact I like beer.

2. My wifes often frowns when we're out on the town, and I'm wearing a suit and a tie. She's sipping vermouth and she thinks I'm uncouth. When I yell as the waiter goes by. (CHORUS)

3. Last night I dreamed that I passed from the scene, and went to a place so sublime. The water was clear and tasted like beer. Then they turned it all into wine. (CHORUS)

# Clancy Lowered The Boom!

Words & Music by Johnny Lange & Hy Heath



1. Now Clancy was a peaceful man if you know what I  
 2. O' Leary was a fighting man, we all knew he was  
 3. Now Clancy left the barber-shop with tonic on his  
 4. Mul-rooney walked in - to the bar and ordered up a  
 5. O' Hou-li-han de - livered ice to Mrs. Clancy's  
 6. The neigh-bors all turned out for Kate O' Grady's wedding

mean. The cops picked up the pieces after Clancy left the  
 tough. He strutted 'round the neighbor-hood a - shootin' off his  
 hair. He walked in - to the pool room and he met O' - Rilly  
 round. He left his drink to tele- phone and Clancy drank it  
 flat. He al- ways lingered for a while to talk of this and  
 night. Mc - Dugal said, "Let's have some fun, I think I'll start a

scene. He never looked for trouble that's a fact you can a -  
 guff. He picked a fight with Clancy, then and there he sealed his  
 there. O' - Riley said, "For goodness sake, now do I smell per -  
 down. Mul-rooney said, "Who drank me drink? I'll lay him in his  
 that. One day he kissed her just as Clancy walked in - to the  
 fight. He wrecked the hall, then kissed the bride and pul - ver-ized the

sume, But nevertheless when trouble would press, Clancy lowered the  
 doom. Be - fore you could shout, "O' - Leary, look out!" Clancy lowered the  
 fume." Be - fore you could stack your cure on the rack, Clancy lowered the  
 tomb." Be - fore you could tap the top of your hat, Clancy lowered the  
 room. Be - fore you could say the time of the day, Clancy lowered the  
 groom. Then quick as a wink, be - fore you could think, Clancy lowered the

C 18 F 19 20 C 21

boom. Oh, that Clan - cy Oh, that Clan - cy. When  
 boom. Be -  
 boom. Be -  
 boom. Be -  
 boom. Be -  
 boom. Then

C#dim7 24 G7 25 C

ever they got his Irish up, Clancy lowered the boom. Oh, the  
 fore you could shout, "O' - Leary, look out!" Clancy lowered the boom.  
 fore you could stack your cue on the rack, Clancy lowered the boom.  
 fore you could tap the top of your hat, Clancy lowered the boom.  
 fore you could say the time of the day, Clancy lowered the boom.  
 quick as a wink, be - fore you could think Clancy lowered the boom.

2. Dm G7 28 C Dm G7 D.C. 30 C final ending

boom, boom, boom, boom, boom boom, boom boom, boom, boom,

Dm G7 32 C G7 33 C G7 34 C G7 35 C

boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, Clancy lowered the boom.

## MCNAMARA'S BAND

SHAMUS O'CONNOR  
STRATHMAN

G A/C# D<sup>SUS</sup> G

OH ME NAME IS MC - NA - MA - RA I'M THE LEAD - ER OF THE BAND AL -  
NOW WE ARE RE - HEAR - IN FOR A VER - Y SWELL AF - FAIR THE

Am D<sup>7</sup> G/B Em7 A<sup>9</sup> G/B Cm A/C#D<sup>7</sup>

5 THOUGH WE'RE FEW IN NUM - BERS, WE'RE THE FIN - EST IN THE LAND WE  
AN - NAUL CEL - E - BRA - TION ALL THE GENT - RY WILL BE THERE WHEN

G A<sup>7</sup>/C# D<sup>7</sup> G G/F

9 PLAY AT WAKES AND WED - DINGS AND AT EV - RY FANC - Y BALL AND  
GEN - ERAL GRANT TO IRE - LAND CAME HE TOOK ME BY THE HAND SAYS

C/E Cm/E<sup>b</sup> G/D Em7 A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

13 WHEN WE PLAY AT FUN - ER - ALS WE PLAY THE MARCH FROM SAUL. OH! THE  
HE I NE - VER SAW THE LIKES OF MC - NA - MA - RA'S BAND

G D<sup>7</sup> G Am7 D<sup>7</sup>

17 DRUMS GO BANG, AND THE CYM - BALS CLANG AND THE HORNS THEY BLAZE A - WAY MC - CAR - THY PUMPS THE

G/B Em7 A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

22 OLD BA - ZON WHILE I THE PIPES DO PLAY AND HEN - NES - SY TEN - NES - SEE

D<sup>7</sup> G G/F C/E Cm/E<sup>b</sup>

26 TOOT - LES THE FLUTE AND THE MUS - IC IS SOME - THING GRAND A CRED - IT TO OLD

G/D Em7 A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

30 I - RE - LAND IS MC - NA - MA - RA'S BAND.

## When Irish Eyes are Smiling

Ernest L. Ball

M. Strathman

C G C G C

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm won-der-ing why for it ne-ver should be there at

7 G7 C A7 D7

all. With such pow'r in yuour smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile, so there's nev-er a

14 G G7 C G

tear-drop should fall. when your sweet lilt-ing laugh-ter's like some fair-y song and your

21 C F D7 G

eyes twink-le bright as can be you should laugh all the while and all oth-er times

28 D7 G C G7 C

smile, and now smile a smile for me. When I - rish eyes are smil - ing

35 C7 F C F C A7

sure it's like a morn in spring in th elilt of I - rish laugh-ter you can

44 D7 G G7 C G7 C F

hear the an-gels sing. When I - rish hearts are hap-py all the worldseems brightand

54 C F D7 C A7 D7 G7 C

gay. And when I - rish eyes are smil - ing sure the steal your heart a - way.

10

# THE PARTING GLASS

Traditional Irish and Scottish

Oh\_ all the mo-ney that e'er I had, I\_ spent it in\_ good  
 4 com - pa - ny. And all the harm that\_ e'er I've done, a -  
 7 las it was to\_ none but me. And all\_ I've\_ done for  
 10 want of\_ wit to mem'r - y now I\_ can't re - call; So\_  
 13 fill to me the par-ting glass, good night and joy be\_ with you all.

Oh, all the money e'er I had, I spent it in good company.  
 And all the harm that e'er I've done, alas it was to none but me.  
 And all I've done for want of wit to mem'ry now I can't recall;  
 So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all.

Oh, if I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile  
 There is a fair maid in this town that sorely has my heart beguiled  
 Her rosey cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall.  
 So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had, they're sorry for my going away.  
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I had, they would wish me one more day to stay.  
 But since it falls unto my lot, that I should rise and you should not,  
 I'll gently rise and softly call, good night and joy be with you all.

# BUDWIESER BEER

**D**

12

# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

B $\flat$  F/C F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress A
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting strife, Who
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine

B $\flat$  F/C C $^7$  F F $^7$

1. pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
2. thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
3. more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
4. al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

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

1. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, And
2. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-
3. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
4. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, And

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

1. crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
2. firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
3. all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
4. crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!



## YELLOW SUBMARINE

D C G Em Am C D  
In the town where I was born lived a man who sailed to sea  
G D C G Em Am C D  
And he told us of his life in the land of submarines  
G D C G Em Am C D  
So we sailed up to the sun til we found the sea of green  
G D C G Em Am C D  
And we lived beneath the waves in our yellow submarine

G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

G D C G Em Am C D  
And our friends are all aboard, many more of them live next door  
G D C G  
And the band begins to play

G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

Interlude: | D C | (8 times)

G D C G Em Am C D  
As we live a life of ease, every one of us has all we need  
G D C G Em Am C D  
Sky of blue and sea of green in our yellow submarine

G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
G D G  
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
(repeat and fade)

14

## American Pie

G D Em7  
 A long, long time ago,  
 Am C Em D  
 I can still remember how that music used to make me smile  
 G D Em7  
 And I knew if I had my chance,  
 Am C Em C D  
 That I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while  
 Em Am Em Am  
 But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver  
 C G Am C D  
 Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step  
 G D Em Am7 D  
 I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride  
 G D Em  
 Something touched me deep inside  
 C D7 G  
 The day the music died

## CHORUS

G C G D  
 So bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

## VERSE (start strumming/start tempo)

G Am  
 Did you write the book of love  
 C Am Em D  
 And do you have faith in God above, if the Bible tells you so?  
 G D Em  
 Do you believe in rock and roll  
 Am7 C Em A7 D  
 Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?  
 Em D Em D  
 Well I know that you're in love with him 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym  
 C G A7 C D7  
 You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those rhythm and blues  
 G D Em Am C  
 I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck  
 G D Em C D7 G  
 But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died, I started singin'

## CHORUS

G C G D  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

VERSE

Now for ten years we've been on our own,  
G Am  
and moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be  
C Am Em D  
When the jester sang for the king and queen  
G D Em  
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in a voice that came from you and me  
Am7 C Em A7 D  
And while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown  
Em D Em D  
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned  
C G A7 C D7  
And while Lenin read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park  
G D Em C D7 G  
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'

CHORUS

Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
G C G D  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
G C G D  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

VERSE

Helter Skelter in a Summer swelter  
G Am  
the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast  
C Am Em D  
It landed foul on the grass  
Am7 C Em A7 D  
the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast...  
Em D Em D  
Now at halftime there was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching tune...  
C G A7 C D7  
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance  
G D Em Am C  
'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield  
G D Em C D7 G  
Do you recall what was the feel the day the music died, we started singin'

CHORUS

Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
G C G D  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
G C G D

G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

VERSE

G Am  
 And there we were all in one place,  
 C Am Em D  
 a generation lost in space, with no time left to start again  
 G D Em Am7 C  
 So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle  
 Em A7 D  
 stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend  
 Em D Em D  
 And as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 C G A7 C D7  
 No angel born in Hell could break that Satan's spell  
 G D Em Am C  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite  
 G D Em C D7 G  
 we saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singin'

CHORUS

G C G D  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

LAST VERSE (STOP strumming, STOP tempo)

G D Em  
 I met a girl who sang the blues  
 Am C Em D  
 And I asked her for some happy news, but she just smiled and turned away  
 G D Em Am C  
 I went down to the sacred store, where I'd heard the music years before...  
 Em C D  
 but the man there said the music wouldn't play.  
 Em Am Em Am  
 But in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed..  
 C G Am C D  
 But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken  
 G D Em Am7 D7  
 And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost  
 G D Em Am7 D7 G  
 They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died,  
 And they were singin'

FINAL CHORUS

G C G D  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie

G C G D  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
G C G D

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die  
G C G D

Bye, bye Miss American Pie

G C G D  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
G C G D

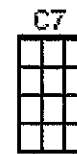
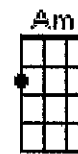
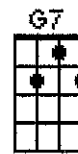
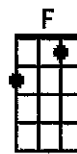
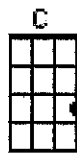
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

C D7 G  
Singin' this will be the day that I die.

15

# This Land is your Land Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

Intro: C chord



## CHORUS

This land is your land this land is my land  
 From California to the New York island  
 From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
 This land was made for you and me

As I was walking that ribbon of highway  
 I saw above me that endless skyway  
 I saw below me that golden valley  
 This land was made for you and me

I've roamed & rambled and I followed my footsteps  
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
 And all around me a voice was sounding  
 This land was made for you and me

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling  
 & the wheat fields waving & the dust clouds rolling  
 As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting  
 This land was made for you and me

As I went walking I saw a sign there  
 And on the sign it said "No Trespassing"  
 But on the other side it didn't say nothing  
 That side was made for you and me

In the squares of the city, in the shadow of a steeple  
 By the relief office I seen my people  
 As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking  
 Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me  
 As I go walking that freedom highway  
 Nobody living can ever make me turn back  
 This land was made for you and me

16

# "Piano Man" by Billy Joel

with LISA WITT

♩ = 60

Dm7 D<sup>o7</sup>

3 C ♩=180 G/B F/A C/G Fmaj7 C/E D7 G C

12 G/B F/A C/G F G7(sus4) C

18 F/C Cmaj7

1. F/C C Dm7/C	2. F/C C Dm/C
----------------	---------------

22 C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D

It's  
 nine o'clock on a Sa-tur-day The re-gu-lar crowd shuf-fles in

29 G C G/B F(add9)/A C/G F(add9) G9(sus4) C

There is an old man sit-ting next to me Ma-kin'love to his to-nic and gin

37 C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D

He says, "Son, can you play me a me-mo-ry I'm not real-ly sure how it goes

45 G C G/B F/A C/G F F/G C

But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it com-plete When I wore a youn-ger man's clothes"

53 G Am Am/G D/F# F Am Am/G D/F#

La la la, di da da La la, di da da

# "Piano Man" by Billy Joel

with LISA WITT

61 D G G/F C/E G<sup>7</sup>/D C G/B F/A C/G

da dum\_\_\_\_\_ Sing us\_\_\_\_\_ a song, you're the pia-no man\_\_\_\_\_

70 F C/E D G C G/B F(add9)/A C/G

Sing us a song to - night\_\_\_\_\_ Well, we're all in the mood for a me-lo-dy And

78 F(add9) F/G C G/B F(add9)/A C/G

you've got us fee-lin' al - right

86 F F/G C F/C Cmaj<sup>7</sup> 1. F/C C Dm<sup>7</sup>/C 2. F/C C Dm<sup>7</sup>/C

Now

93 C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D

John at the bar is a friend of mine He gets me my drinks for\_\_\_\_\_ free\_\_\_\_\_

100 G C G/B F/A C/G F(add9)

\_\_\_\_\_ And he's quick with a joke\_\_\_\_\_ or to light up your smoke\_\_\_\_\_ But there's some-place that

106 G<sup>9</sup>(sus<sup>4</sup>) C C G/B F/A C/G

he'd ra-ther be He says, "Bill, I be-lieve this is kil-ling me" As the

113 F C/E D G C G/B F(add9)/A

smile ran a - way from his face\_\_\_\_\_ "Well I'm sure that I could be a mo-vie star\_\_\_\_\_

# "Piano Man" by Billy Joel

with LISA WITT

120 C/G F F/G C Am Am/G D/F#

If I could get out of this place" La la la, di da da.

128 F Am Am/G F#o7 F G G/F C/E G/D

La la, di da da da dum Now

137 C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D G

Paul is a real es tate no-vel-ist Who ne-ver had time for a wife And he's

145 C G/B F(add9)/A C/G F(add9)/A G9(sus4) C

tal-kin' with Da-vy, who's still in the Na-vy And pro-ba-bly will be for life And the

153 C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D G

wai-tress is prac-ti-cing po-li-tics As the bu-sines smen slow-ly get stoned Yes, they're

161 C G/B F/A C/G F F/G C

sha-ring a drink they call lone-li-ness But it's bet-ter than drin-kin' a - lone

169 Am Am/G D F Am Am/G

# "Piano Man" by Billy Joel

with LISA WITT

175 D F Am Am/G D F G G/F

183 C/E G7/D C G/B F/A C/G F C/E D

Sing us a song you're the pia-no man Sing us a song to - night

192 G C G/B F/A C/G F F/G C

Well we're all in the mood for a me-lo-dy And you got us feel-ing al - right

200 G C G/B F/A C/G F G7(sus4)

207 C F/C Cmaj7 F/C C Dm7/C C

1. C 2. C

# 17

# Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You

Voice/Leadsheet

(orchestra intro) A

*7*  $E\flat$   $E\flat\text{maj}7$

You're just too good to be true, can't take my eyes off of you.  
 way that I stare, there's no-thing else to com-pare.

$E\flat7\text{sus}4$   $E\flat7$   $A\flat$

You'd be like hea-ven to touch, I want to hold you so much. At long last  
 The sight of you makes me weak, there are no words left to speak. But if you

$A\flat\text{m}6$   $E\flat$   $F/E\flat$

love has ar-rived, and I thank God I'm a-live. You're just too good to be true,  
 feel like I feel, please let me know that it's real.

$A\flat\text{m}6/E\flat$   $E\flat$   $F\text{m}7/B\flat$   $E\flat$  (orchestra break)  $C7\#9$

can't take my eyes off of you. Par-don the eyes off of you. I love you

B  $F\text{m}9$   $F\text{m}9/B\flat$   $B\flat7/A\flat$   $G\text{m}7$   $G\text{m}7/C$   $C\text{m}$

ba-by, and if it's quite al-right, I need you ba-by, to warm the lone-ly nights. I love ya

$F\text{m}7$   $B\flat7\text{b}9$   $E\flat6$   $C7\#9$   $F\text{m}9$   $F\text{m}7/B\flat$   $B\flat7/A\flat$

ba-by, trust in me when I say: Oh pret-ty ba-by, don't bring me down I pray. Oh pret-ty

$G\text{m}7$   $G\text{m}7/C$   $C\text{m}$   $F\text{m}7$   $D\flat7$  (Fine)

ba-by, now that I've found you, stay. And let me love you, ba-by, let me love you. You're just too

## DECEMBER 1963

(OH, WHAT A NIGHT)  
FROM JERSEY BOYS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROBERT GAUDIO  
AND JUDY PARKER

MODERATELY

1. OH, WHAT A NIGHT. LATE DE-CEM-BER BACK IN SIX-TY-THREE, -  
 — (2.) YOU KNOW I DID-N'T E-VEN KNOW HER NAME, - BUT  
 (3.) HYP-NO-TIZ-IN', MES-MER-IZ-ING ME, -  
 (4.) (SEE ADDITIONAL LYRICS)

WHAT A VER-Y SPE-CIAL TIME FOR ME, - AS I RE-MEM-BER, WHAT A NIGHT. -  
 I WAS NEV-ER GON-NA BE THE SAME; - WHATA LA-DY, WHAT A NIGHT. -  
 SHE WAS EV-'RY-THING I DREAMED SHE'D BE; - SWEET SUR-REN-DER, WHAT A NIGHT. -

To CODA ⊕ 1. 2.  
 7 C F G F G

2. OH, WHAT A NIGHT. - OH,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

10 DM F FMAJ7 Am

I, \_\_\_\_\_ I GOT A FUN-NY FEEL-IN' WHEN SHE WALKED \_\_\_\_\_ IN \_\_\_\_\_ THE ROOM. -

13 G DM F

OH \_\_\_\_\_ MY, \_\_\_\_\_ AS I RE-CALL IT END-ED MUCH

16 *G* *C* *F* *D.S. AL CODA*

TOO SOON. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. OH, WHAT A NIGHT. \_\_\_\_\_

CODA



19 *F* *G* *Am* *C* *D*

(Instrumental)

22 *DM7* *EM7* *F*

I FELT A RUSH LIKE A ROLL-IN' BALL OF THUN - DER, SPIN-NIN' MY HEAD A-ROUND . 'N'

25 1. *G* *D.S.S. AL CODA* 2. *G* *C* *F*

TAK-IN' MY BOD-Y UN - DER. 4. OH, WHAT A TAK-IN' MY BOD-Y UN - DER. \_\_\_\_\_

28 *G* *C* *F* *G* *C* *F* REPEAT AND FADE

OH, WHAT A NIGHT! \_ OH, WHAT A NIGHT! \_\_\_\_\_

ADDITIONAL LYRICS

4. OH, WHAT A NIGHT.  
 WHY'D IT TAKE SO LONG TO SEE THE LIGHT?  
 SEEMED SO WRONG, BUT NOW IT SEEMS SO RIGHT.  
 WHAT A LADY, WHAT A NIGHT.