



Songs

aus aller Welt

**108 bekannte Lieder
in Deutsch, Französisch, Italienisch,
Englisch, Spanisch, Jiddisch, Hebräisch,
Russisch und Latein**

Ausgabe 2018/19

zusammengestellt von Thomas Bigler

YESTERDAY – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away,
now it looks as though they're here to stay,
oh I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be
there's a shadow hanging over me
oh yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
now I need a place to hide away.
Oh I believe in yesterday. Mm mm mm mm mm m mmh.

GO DOWN MOSES – (Negro Spiritual)

R. Go down Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land.
Tell ol' Pharaoh, to let my people go!

1. When Israel was in Egypt's land; let my people go.
Oppressed so hard they could not stand; let my people go.

2. Thus spoke the Lord, but Moses said: let my people go.
If not I'll smite your first born dead; let my people go.

3. Oh let us all from bondage flee; let my people go.
And let us all in Christ be free; let my people go.

FÄLLT EIN REGEN – (Volkslied aus Ungarn)

Fällt ein Regen, leiser Regen, Frühling wird's auf Erden.
Möcht' in meiner Liebsten Garten eine Knospe werden.
Nie werd' ich als Rose blüh'n, denn ich welke traurig hin
in der hohen, in der dreistockhohen, grauen Stadtkaserne.

Kleiner Vogel, bunter Vogel, du sollst zu ihr fliegen!
Findest du mein feines Liebchen nur in Kummer liegen,
wenn sie weinet alle Stund', tu ihr meine Botschaft kund:
Warte Liebchen, warte nur, ich komme, wenn es Herbst geworden!

GREENSLEEVES – (Engl. Traditional)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously,
and I have loved you so long delighting in your company.

If you intend thus to disdain it does so more enrapture me,
and even so, I still remain, a lover in captivity.

Alas, my love, that you should own a heart of wanton vanity,
so must I meditate alone upon you insincerity.

Ah Greensleeves now, farewell adieu to God I pray to prosper thee,
I am still thy lover true, come once again and love me.

R. Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my lady Greensleeves.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN – (Negro spiritual)

R. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.
Nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Glory hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, oh yes Lord,
sometimes I'm almost to the ground, oh yes Lord.

Although you see me goin' long so, oh yes Lord,
I have my trials here below, oh yes Lord.

One day when I was walkin' long, oh yes Lord,
the el'ment open'd an' love came down, oh yes Lord.

I never shall forget that day, oh yes Lord,
when Jesus washed my sins away, oh yes Lord.

MORNING HAS BROKEN – (Cat Stevens, Stephen Demetre Georgiou, Yusuf Islam, *1948)

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day!

LET IT BE – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

When I find myself in times of trouble,
Mother Mary comes to me,
speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
And in my hour of darkness she is
standing right in front of me,
speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

And when the brokenhearted people
living in the world agree,
there will be an answer, let it be.
For though they may be parted, there is
still a chance that they will see,
there will be an answer, let it be.

And when the night is cloudy, there is
still a light that shines on me,
shines until tomorrow, let it be.
I wake up to the sound of music,
Mother Mary comes to me,
speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

TAKE ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS – (John Denver, 1943 – 1997)

Almost heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees,
younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze.

Country Roads take me home to the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home country roads

All my memories gather 'round her,
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty painted on the sky,
misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

Country Roads take me home to the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home country roads.

I hear her voice, in the morning hours she calls me,
the radio reminds me of my home far away,
and driving down the road I get a feeling that
I should have been home yesterday, yesterday!

Country Roads take me home to the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home country roads,
Take me home country roads, take me home country roads!

BLOWING IN THE WIND – (Bob Dylan, *1949)

How many roads must a man walk down
before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly
before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend is blowin' in the wind,
the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows
that so many people have died?
The answer, my friend is blowin' in the wind,
the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
before it's washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
pretending he just didn't see?
The answer, my friend is blowin' in the wind,
the answer is blowin' in the wind.

BANANA BOAT SONG – (Harry Belafonte, *1927)

Day, oh! Day, oh! Day dah light break, me wanna go home.
Come, Missa Tallyman, tally me banana.
Day dah light break, me wanna go home.
Have six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch!
Day dah light break, me wanna go home.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY – (USA)

John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
but his soul goes marching on.

R. Glory, Glory, hallelujah! Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
But his soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
on the grave of old John Brown.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
and his soul goes marching on.

WE SHALL OVERCOME – (Negro Spiritual)

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
we shall overcome some day!

R. Oh, deep in my heart I do believe,
that we shall overcome some day.

We'll walk hand in hand... some day.

Black and white together... some day.

We are not afraid... today.

We shall live in peace... some day.

OH SUSANNA – (Stephan Forster, 1826 – 1864)

When I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.
I'm goin' to Louisiana my Susanna for to see.

R. Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me.
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

It rained all day, the night I left, the weather was so dry.
The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still.
I dreamed I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill.

A red red rose was in her cheek, a tear was in her eye.
I said to her, Susanna girl, Susanna don't you cry.

ÜBER DEN WOLKEN – (Reinhard Mey, *1942)

Wind Nord–Ost, Startbahn null drei,
bis hier hör' ich die Motoren.
Wie ein Pfeil zieht sie vorbei,
und es dröhnt in meinen Ohren,
und der nasse Asphalt bebt,
wie ein Schleier staubt der Regen,
bis sie abhebt und sie schwebt
der Sonne entgegen.

R. Über den Wolken muss die Freiheit wohl grenzenlos sein.
Alle Ängste, alle Sorgen, sagt man,
blieben darunter verborgen und dann
würde, was hier gross und wichtig erscheint,
plötzlich nichtig und klein.

Ich seh' ihr noch lange nach,
seh' sie die Wolken erklimmen,
bis die Lichter nach und nach,
ganz im Regengrau verschwimmen.
Meine Augen haben schon
jenen winz'gen Punkt verloren.
Nur von fern klingt monoton
das Summen der Motoren.

Dann ist alles still, ich geh',
Regen durchdringt meine Jacke.
Irgend jemand kocht Kaffee
in der Luftaufsichtsbaracke.
In den Pfützen schwimmt Benzin,
schillernd wie ein Regenbogen.
Wolken spiegeln sich darin –
ich wär gern mitgeflogen!

CLEMENTINE – (USA)

In a cavern by a canyon, excavating for a mine,
dwelt a miner, forty–niner, and his daughter Clementine.

R. Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
thou art lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine
herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine,
struck her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Rosy lips above the water, blowing bubbles mighty fine,
but, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

WE ARE THE WORLD – (Lionel Richie / Michael Jackson)

There comes a time, when we heed a certain call,
when the world must come together as one.
There are people dying, and it's time to lend a hand
to life, the greatest gift of all.

We can't go on, pretending day by day,
that someone, somewhere will soon make a change.
We are all a part of God's great big family,
and the truth you know: Love is all we need!

We are the world, we are the children,
we are the ones who make a brighter day,
so let's start givin'.
There's a choice we're making,
we're saving our own lives,
it's true, we'll make a better day,
just you and me!

Well, send them your heart, so they know that someone aids,
and their lives will be stronger and free.
As God has shown us, by turning stone to bread,
and so we all must lend a helping hand.

We are the world, we are the children,
we are the ones who make a brighter day,
so let's start givin'.
There's a choice we're making,
we're saving our own lives,
it's true, we'll make a better day, just you and me!

When you're down and out, there seems no hope at all,
but if you just believe, there's no way we can fall.
Well, well, well, well let's realize,
that a change can only come,
when we stand together as one.

We are the world, we are the children,
we are the ones who make a brighter day,
so let's start givin'.
There's a choice we're making,
we're saving our own lives,
it's true, we'll make a better day, just you and me!

AULD LANG SYNE – (Scotland)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of lang syne?

R. For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty friend, and give a hand of thine.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

WIR FAHREN ÜBERS WEITE MEER – (Shanty aus England)

Wir fahren übers weite Meer. Hullabaloo, balay!
Die Heimat sehn wir nimmermehr. Hullabaloo, balay!

Vom Maste weht ein schwarzes Tuch. Was kümmert uns der Feinde Fluch?

Das wilde Wasser rauscht und schäumt. Mach einer von der Liebsten träumt.

Oh Bruder lass das Träumen sein. Vielleicht muss bald gestorben sein.

Und gilt's den Tod, wir fechten's aus. Von uns will keiner mehr nach Haus.

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN – (Interpreten: The Animals)

There is a house in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun,
and it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
and God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
she sewed my new blue jeans,
my father was a gambling man,
down in New Orleans.

The only thing a gambler needs,
is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied,
is when he's all a-drunk.

Oh mother, tell your children
not to do what I have done.
Spend your lives in sin and misery
in the House of the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform,
the other foot on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans,
to wear that ball and chain.

EL CONDOR PASA – (Paul Simon, *1941)

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail.
Yes I would. If I could, I surely would. Hmmh.
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail.
Yes I would. If I could, I surely would. Hmmh.

Away, I'd rather sail away
like a swan that's here and gone.
A man gets tied up to the ground,
he gives the world its saddest sound, its saddest sound.

I'd rather be a forest than a street.
Yes I would. If I could, I surely would.
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet.
Yes I would. If I could, I surely would.

SAG MIR WO DIE BLUMEN SIND – (Pete Seeger, *1919)

Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, wo sind sie geblieben?
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, was ist gescheh'n?
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind,
wann wird man je versteh'n, wann wird man je versteh'n?

Sag mir, wo die Mädchen sind...
Männer nahmen sie geschwind...

Sag mir, wo die Männer sind...
Zogen fort, der Krieg beginnt...

Sag, wo die Soldaten sind...
Über Gräbern weht der Wind...

Sag mir, wo die Gräber sind...
Blumen weh'n im Sommerwind...

LAY DOWN SALLY – (Eric Clapton, *1945)

There's nothing that is wrong
in wanting you to stay here with me.
I know you've got somewhere to go,
but won't you make yourself at home
and stay with me? And don't you ever leave.

R. Lay down Sally, and rest you in my arms.
Don't you think you want someone to talk to?
Lay down Sally, no need to leave so soon.
I've been trying all night long just to talk to you.

The sun ain't nearly on the rise
and we still got the moon and stars above.
Underneath the velvet skies
love is all that matters.
Won't you stay with me? And don't you ever leave.

I long to see the morning light
coloring your face so dreamily.
So don't you go and say good-bye
but you can lay your worries down.
And stay with me. And don't you ever leave.

HOME ON THE RANGE – (Dr. Brewster Higley)

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
where the deer and the antelope play;
where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
where the deer and the antelope play;
where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

SAILING – (Interpret: Rod Stewart)

I am sailing, I am sailing, home again, across the sea.
I am sailing, stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying, like a bird, across the sky.
I am flying, passing high clouds, to be near you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me, through the dark night, far away?
I am dying, forever crying, to be with you, who can say?

We are sailing, we are sailing, home again, across the sea.
We are sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.

Oh, my Lord to be near you, to be free!

ICH KOMME SCHON DURCH MANCHES LAND – (Beethoven / Goethe)

Ich komme schon durch manches Land avec que la marmotte
und immer was zu essen fand, avec que la marmotte.

R. Avec que si, avec que la, avec que la marmotte. :||

Ich hab gesehn gar manchen Herrn, avec que la marmotte,
der hat die Jungfrau gar zu gern, avec que la marmotte.

Hab auch gesehn die Jungfer schön, avec que la marmotte,
die täte nach mir Kleinem sehn, avec que la marmotte.

Nun lasst mich nicht so gehn, ihr Herrn, avec que la marmotte,
die Burschen essen und trinken gern, avec que la marmotte.

DONNA, DONNA – (Jiddisch, Interpret: Joan Baez)

On a wagon bound for market,
there's a calf with a mournful eye,
high above him there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky.

How the winds are laughing,
they laugh with all their might,
laugh and laugh the whole day through,
and half the summer's night.
Donna, donna, donna, donna.
Donna, donna, donna, don (2×).

Stop complaining, said the farmer,
who told you a calf to be,
why don't you have wings to fly with,
like the swallow so proud and free?
How the winds...

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered,
never knowing the reason why,
but whoever treasures freedom,
like the swallow has learned to fly.
How the winds...

OJFN WOGN LIGT A KELBL

Ojfn wogn ligt a kelbl,
ligt gebundn mit a schtrik.
Ojfn himl flit a fejgl,
flit un drejt sich hin un zurik.

Lacht der wint in korn,
lacht un lacht un lacht,
lacht er op a tog, a ganzn
mit a halbe nacht.
Hej, dana dana dana dana,
Dana dana dana da. (2×)

Wejnt dos kelbl, sogt der pojer,
wersche hejst dich sajn a kalb?
Wolstu besser sajn a fejgl,
wolstu besser sajn a schwalb?
Lacht der wint...

Bine kelblech derf men bindn
un men schlept sej un men schlecht.
Ober wers hot fligl, flit arojf zu
Un is kejnems nischt kejn knecht.
Lacht der wint...
(Jiddische Originalversion)

Das Lied wurde unter dem Eindruck der Verschleppungen ins Vernichtungslager Auschwitz geschrieben.

WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

When I get older losing my hair many years from now
will you still be sending me a valentine,
birthday greetings, bottle of wine?
If I'd been out till quarter to three
would you lock the door?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
when I'm sixty-four.

(instrumental)

You'll be older too. Ah, and if you say the word,
I could stay with you.

I could be handy mending a fuse when your lights have gone,
you can knit a sweater by the fire side,
Sunday mornings go for a ride.

Doing the garden digging the weeds
who could ask for more?

Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
when I'm sixty-four.

Every summer we can rent a cottage on the Isle of Wight,
if its not too dear.

We shall scrimp and save. Ah, grandchildren on your knee,
Vera, Chuck and Dave.

Send me a postcard, drop me a line stating point of view.
Indicate precisely what you mean to say,
yours sincerely, wasting away.

Give me your answer, fill in a form,
mine forever more.

Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
when I'm sixty-four?

A HARD DAYS NIGHT – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

1. It's been a hard days night,
and I've been working like a dog.

It's been a hard days night,
I should be sleeping like a log.

But when I get home to you, I find the thing that you do
will make me feel alright.

2. You know I work all day
to get you money to buy you things.
And it's worth it just to hear you say:
You're gonna give me everything.

So why I love to come home, 'cause when I get you alone
you know I'll be okay.

R. When I'm home everything seems to be alright.
When I'm home feeling you holding me tight, tight. Yeah!

3. = 1.

You know I feel alright. You know I feel alright.

SLOOP JOHN B. – (Shanty)

We come on the sloop "John B."
My grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night, got into a fight.
Well, I feel so broke up – I want to go home.

R. So hoist up the "John B." sails,
see how the man sail sets.
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home,
oh let me go home, I want to go home.
Well I feel so broke up – I want to go home.

The first mate, oh, he got drunk.
He broke up the people's drunk.
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone
I feel so broke up – I want to go home.

BOAT ON THE RIVER – (Tommy Shaw, Styx)

Take me back to my boat on the river
I need to go down, I need to come down.
Take me back to my boat on the river
and I won't cry out anymore.

R. Oh the river is wise the river it touches
my life like the waves on the sand.
And all roads lead to tranquility base
where the frown on my face disappears.
Take me down to my boat on the river
and I won't cry out anymore.

Time stands still as I gaze in the water
she eases me down, touching me gently
with the waters that flow past my boat on the river
so I don't cry out anymore.

Take me back to my boat on the river
I need to go down, won't you let me go down?
Take me back to my boat on the river
and ||: I won't cry out anymore. :||

AMI, DANS CETTE VIE – (France 1730)

Ami, dans cette vie, livrons nous au changement.
Car le goût qui nous lie n'est pas vif s'il est constant.
Prenons de l'amour et du vin, changeons en du soir au matin.
C'est le plus doux destin.

On ne me voit paraître avec l'air triste ou chagrin,
je suis ou voudrais être partout où l'on boit du vin.
En buvant de ce jus divin du bonheur, nous sommes certains
en noyant le chagrin.

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI – (Schweiz um 1800)

Die Gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten?
Sie fliehen vorbei, wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen, kein Jäger erschiessen,
es bleibt dabei: Die Gedanken sind frei!

Ich denke, was ich will und was mich beglückt,
doch alles in der Still' und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wunsch und Begehren kann niemand verwehren.
Es bleibt dabei: Die Gedanken sind frei!

Und sperrt man mich ein im finsternen Kerker,
das alles sind rein vergebliche Werke,
denn meine Gedanken, sie reißen die Schranken
und Mauern entzwei: Die Gedanken sind frei!

UNSER LEBEN GLEICHT DER REISE – (Beresina Lied)

Unser Leben gleicht der Reise eines Wandrers in der Nacht.
Jeder hat in seinem Gleise etwas, das ihm Kummer macht.

Aber unerwartet schwindet vor uns Nacht und Dunkelheit,
und der Schwerbedrückte findet Linderung in seinem Leid.

Darum lässt uns weitergehen, weicht nicht verzagt zurück!
Dort in jenen fernen Höhen wartet unser noch ein Glück.

Mutig, mutig, liebe Brüder, gebt die bangen Sorgen auf:
Morgen geht die Sonne wieder freundlich an dem Himmel auf.

BELLA CIAO – (Italia)

Una mattina mi sono alzato (mi son svegliato),
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao!
Una mattina mi sono alzato, e ho trovato l'invasor'.

O partigiano, porta mi via, o bella ciao... , che mi sento di morir'.

E se io muoio de partigiano, o bella ciao.... , tu mi devi seppellir'.

Seppellire sulla montagna, o bella ciao.... , sotto l'ombra d'un bel fior.

E le genti, che passeranno, o bella ciao.... , diranno: "O che bel fior".

È queste il fiore del partigiano, o bella ciao.... , morto per la libertà!

WHAT SHALL WE DO – (Shanty aus England)

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor (3x)
Early in the morning.

R. Hooray and up she rises (3x), early in the morning.

2. Pull out the plug and wet him all over.

3. That's what to do with a drunken sailor.

AUX CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES – (Joe Dassin, 1938 – 1980)

Je m' baladais sur l'avenue
le cœur ouvert à l'inconnu.
J'avais envie de dire bonjour
à n'importe qui.
N'importe qui et ce fut toi.
Je t'ai dit n'importe quoi.
Il suffisait de te parler
pour t'apprivoiser.

R. Aux Champs Élysées, aux Champs Élysées!
Au soleil sous la pluie à midi et à minuit
il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux Champs Élysées.

Tu m'as dit j'ai rendez-vous
dans un sous-sol avec des fous
qui vivent la guitare à la main
du soir au matin.
Alors, je t'ai accompagnée
on a chanté on a dansé
et l'on n'a même pas pensé
à s'embrasser.

Hier soir, deux inconnus
et ce matin sur l'avenue,
deux amoureux, tout étourdis
par la longue nuit.
Et de l'Étoile à la Concorde
un orchestre à mille cordes
tous les oiseaux du point du jour
chantent l'amour.

ALL MY LOVING – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
tomorrow I'll miss you.
Remember I'll always be true.
And then while I'm away,
I'll write home every day,
and I'll send all my loving to you.

I'll pretend that I'm kissing
the lips I'm missing,
and hope that my dreams will come true.
And then while I'm away,
I'll write home every day,
And I'll send all my loving to you.
All my loving I will send to you...

All my loving I will send to you.
All my loving, darling I'll be true.

THE BOXER – (Paul Simon, *1941)

I am just a poor boy. Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
for a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.
All lies and jest,
still a man hears what he wants to hear.
And disregards the rest. Mmh –

When I left my home and my family,
I was no more than a boy in the company of strangers
in the quiet of a railway station running scared.
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
where the ragged people go.
Looking for the places only they would know.
Lie – la – lie –

Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job, but I get no offers.
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
I do declare, there were times
when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there.
Ooo la la lala lala. Lie – la – lie –

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
and wishing I was gone, going home.
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,
Leading me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer,
and a fighter by his trade.
And he carries the reminders
of every glove that laid him down.
Or cut him till he cried out
in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving!
But the fighter still remains. Mmh – Lie – la – lie –

ROW YOUR BOAT – (Traditional, Kanon)

Row, row, row your boat
gently down the stream,
merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
life is but a dream.

EGO SUM PAUPER – (Kanon)

Ego sum pauper,
nihil habeo,
et nihil dabo!

VIVA LA MUSICA – (Kanon, Michael Praetorius, 1571–1621)

Viva, viva la musica!
Viva, viva la musica!
Viva la musica!

WILD WORLD – (Cat Stevens, *1948)

Now that I've lost everything to you
You say you wanna start something new
And it's breaking my heart – you're leaving.
Baby, I'm grieving!
But if you want to leave take good care,
Hope you have a lot of nice things to wear
But then a lot of nice things turn bad out there.

Oh, baby, baby it's a wild world.
It's hard to get by just upon a smile.
Oh, baby, baby it's a wild world.
I'll always remember you like a child, girl.

You know I've seen a lot of what the world can do
And it's breaking my heart in two
Because I never want to see you sad, girl.
Don't be a bad girl!
But if you want to leave take good care,
Hope you make a lot of nice friends out there
But just remember there's a lot of bad and beware.

DIE FREIHEIT – (Georg Danzer, 1946 – 2007)

Vor ein paar Tagen ging ich in den Zoo,
die Sonne schien, mir war ums Herz so froh.
Vor einem Käfig sah ich Leute steh'n,
da ging ich hin, um mir das näher anzuseh'n.

„Nicht füttern“ stand auf einem grossen Schild,
„und bitte auch nicht reizen, da sehr wild“.
Erwachsene und Kinder standen drum,
und nur ein Wärter schaute grimmig und sehr stumm.

Ich fragte ihn: „Wie heisst denn dieses Tier?“
„Das ist die Freiheit,“ sagte er zu mir.
„Die gibt es jetzt so selten auf der Welt,
drum wird sie hier für wenig Geld zur Schau gestellt.“

Ich schaute und ich sagte: „Lieber Herr,
ich seh' ja nichts, der Käfig steht ja leer.“
„Das ist ja eben,“ sagt' er mir „der Gag,
man sperrt sie ein und augenblicklich ist sie weg.“

Die Freiheit ist ein wundersames Tier,
und manche Leute haben Angst vor ihr.
Doch hinter Gitterstäben geht sie ein,
denn nur in Freiheit kann die Freiheit Freiheit sein.

LADY IN BLACK – (Ken Hensley, Uriah Heep, deutscher Text: T. Bigler)

Sie kam zu mir am Morgen,
an einem Sonntagmorgen,
ihr langes Haar flog im kalten Winterwind.
Ich weiss nicht, wie sie zu mir fand,
im Dunkeln irrte ich umher,
Zerstörung überall um mich vom Kampf, den ich verlor.
Ah—, ah—

Oh Mädchen, gib mir deine Hand,
schrie ich, und bleibe bei mir.
Sie sagte, hab Vertrau'n zu mir und gab mir neuen Mut.
Wenn Du mal keinen Ausweg siehst,
und fühlst dich wieder ganz allein,
so ruf mich an, ich komm' zu dir und nimm dir deine Angst.
Ah—, ah—

LADY IN BLACK – (Ken Hensley, Uriah Heep)

She came to me one morning, one lonely Sunday morning,
her long hair flowing in the mid winter wind.
I know not how she found me, for in darkness I was walking.
And destruction lay around me from a fight I could not win.
Ah, ah, ah...

She asked me name my foe then! I said the need within some men
to fight and kill their brothers without thought of love or God.
And I begged her give me horses to trample down my enemy
so eager was my passion to beyour this way of life..
Ah, ah, ah...

But she would not think of battle that reduces men to animals
so easy to begin and yet impossible to end.
For she the mother of all men did counsel me so wisely
then I feared to walk alone again and asked if she would stay.
Ah, ah, ah...

Oh lady lend your hand I cried or let me rest here at your side
have faith and trust in me she said and filled my heart with life.
There is no strength in numbers have no such misconception
but when you need me be assured I won't be far away.
Ah, ah, ah...

Thus having spoke she turned away and though I found no words to say
I stood and watched until I saw her black cloak disappear.
My labour is no easier but now I know I'm not alone
I find new heart each time I think upon that windy day.

And if one day she comes to you drink deeply from her words so wise
take courage from her as your prize and say hello for me.
Ah, ah, ah...

J'AI PERDU LE DO – (France)

J'ai perdu le do de ma clarinette.
J'ai perdu le do de ma clarinette.
Ah, si papa savait ça tralala,
il me taperait sur les doigts, tralala.

Au pas, camarade! Au pas camarade!
Au pas, au pas, au pas!
Au pas, au pas, au pas!

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND – (Woody Guthrie, 1912 – 1967)

As I went 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.

R. This land is your land, this land is my land
from California to the New York Island,
from the redwood forest to the gulf stream waters
this land was made for you and me.

Nobody living can ever stop me
as I go walking my freedom highway.
Nobody living can make me turn back,
this land was made for you and me.

HEY JUDE – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Hey Jude don't make it bad, take a sad song
and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart, then you can start
to make it better.

Hey Jude don't be afraid, you were made to
go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin, then you begin
to make it better.

And any time you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,
don't carry the world upon your shoulders.
For now you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
by making his world a little colder,
dadada da da dadada da da.

Hey Jude don't let me down, you have found her,
now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart,
then you can start to make it better.

Da dada dadada da, dadada da, hey Jude...

NENA – (Enrique Guzmán, México)

Nena, dame un besito de tu boca
esa boquita que provoca,
dame un besito sabrosón.

Nena, bonito sol de primavera,
mi corazón se desespera
si tú le niegas tu calor.

Nena, eres bonita y eres buena,
por eso tú eres la primera,
te entregaré mi corazón.

La última noche que pasé con Nena...

Nena, si tú me quieres yo te juro
mi corazón es todo tuyo,
te entregaré mi corazón.

BAD MOON RISING – (John Fogerty, *1945)

I see a bad moon rising. I see trouble on the way.
I see earthquakes and lightning, I see bad times today.

R. Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
there's a bad moon on the rise!

I hear hurricanes a–blowing, I know the end is coming soon.
I fear rivers overflowing, I hear the voice of rage and ruin.

Hope you got your things together,
hope you are quite prepared to die.
Sounds like we're in for nasty weather.
One eye is taken for an eye.

BE–BOP–A–LULA – (Gene Vincent, alias Eugene Vincent Craddock 1935 – 1971)

Be–bop–a–lula, she's my baby,
Be–bop–a–lula, I don't mean maybe.
Be–bop–a–lula, she's my baby doll,
my baby doll, my baby doll.

She's the girl in the red blue jeans.
She's the queen of all the teens.
She's the one that I know.
She's the one that loves me so.
Be–bop–a–lula...

She's the one that's got that beat.
She's the one with the flying feet.
She's the one that walks around the store.
She's the one that gets more and more.
Be–bop–a–lula...

MICHELLE – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Michelle, ma belle, these are words
that go together well, my Michelle.

Michelle, ma belle, sont les mots
qui vont très bien ensemble, très bien ensemble.

I love you, I love you, I love you.
That's all I want to say
until I find a way
I will say the only words
I know that you'll understand.
Michelle, ma belle...

I need to, I need to, I need to,
I need to make you see
Oh, what you mean to me.
Until I do I'm hoping you
will know what I mean.
Michelle, ma belle...

I want you, I want you, I want you,
I think you by now
I'll get to you somehow.
Until I do, I'm telling you
so you'll understand, my Michelle.
I will say the only words I know
that you'll understand, my Michelle.

LADY MADONNA – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Lady Madonna, children at your feet,
wonder how you manage to make ends meet?
Who finds the money, when you pay the rent
did you think that money was heaven sent?

Friday night arrives without a suitcase,
Sunday morning creeping like a nun.
Monday's child has learned to tie his shoelace.
See how they run!

Lady Madonna, baby at your breast,
wonder how you manage to feed the rest.
Lady Madonna, lying on the bed,
listen to the music playing in your head.

Tuesday afternoon is never ending,
Wednesday morning papers didn't come.
Thursday night your stockings needed mending.
See how they run!

ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC – (Chuck Berry, *1926)

Just let me hear some of that rock and roll music
any old way you choose it
it's got a back beat, you can't loose it,
any old time you use it.
It's gotta be rock and roll music,
if you wanna dance with me
if you wanna dance with me.

I've got no kick against modern jazz,
unless they try to play it to darn fast.
And change the beauty of the melody
until they sound just like a symphony.
That's why I go for that rock and roll music...

I took my loved one over 'cross the tracks,
so she can hear a man a–wail a sax.
I must admit they have a rockin' band.
Man, they were goin' like a hurricane!
That's why I go for that rock and roll music...

Way down south they grave a jubilee,
the jokey folks they had a jamboree.
They're drinkin' home brew from a water cup,
the folks dancin' they got all a–hook up.
And started playin' that rock and roll music...

Don't care to hear 'em play a tango,
I'm in the mood to hear a mambo.
It's way to early for a congo,
so keep a–rockin' that piano.
So I can hear some of that rock and roll music...

LOVE ME TENDER – (Elvis Presley, 1935 – 1977)

Love me tender, love me sweet; never let me go.
You have made my life complete, and I love you so.

R. Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill.
For my darlin' I love you, and I always will.

Love me tender, love me long; take me to your heart.
For it's there that I belong, and we'll never part.

Love me tender, love me dear; tell me you are mine.
I'll be yours through all the years, till the end of time.

When at last my dreams come true, darling this I know:
Happiness will follow you everywhere you go.

THE SOUND OF SILENCE – (Paul Simon, *1941)

Hello darkness my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,
because a vision softly creeping,
left its seeds while I was sleeping.
And the vision that was planted in my brain
still remain within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone
narrow streets of cobble stone.
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp.
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
that split the night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw
ten thousand people, maybe more.
People talking without speaking,
people hearing without listening.
People writing songs that voices never share
and no one dare disturb the sound of silence.

Fools, said I, you do not know
silence like a cancer grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you.
Take my arms that I might reach you.
But my words like silent raindrops fell,
and echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming,
And the sign said: The words of the prophets
are written on the subway walls – and tenement halls.
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

KODAKCHROME – (Paul Simon, *1941)

When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school,
It's a wonder I can think at all.
And though my lack of education hasn't hurt me none,
I can read the writing on the wall:

Kodachrome! They give us those nice bright colors,
they give us the greens of summers,
makes you think all the world's a sunny day, oh yeah!
I got a Nikon camera, I love to take a photograph.
So mama don't take my Kodachrome away!

If you took all the girls I knew, when I was single
And brought'em all together for one night.
I know they'd never match my sweet imagination,
And everything looks worse in black and white.

IMAGINE – (John Lennon, 1940 – 1980)

Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you try
No hell below us, above us only sky
Imagine all the people living for today, aha.

Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for, and no religion too
Imagine all the people living life in peace, yuhuh.

You may say I'm a dreamer but I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us and the world will be one. / will live as one.

Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can
No need for greed and hunger, a brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people sharing all the world, yuhuh.

HELP! – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Help! I need somebody, Help! Not just anybody, Help!
You know I need someone. Help!

When I was younger, so much younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these days are gone, I'm not so self assured.
Now I find I've changed my mind, I've opened up the doors.

R. Help me if you can I'm feeling down,
and I do appreciate you being 'round.
Help me get my feet back on the ground.
Won't you please, please help me?

And now my life has changed in oh, so many ways,
my independence seems to vanish in the haze.
But every now and then I feel so insecure.
I know that I just need you like I've never done before.

HEART OF GOLD – (Neil Young, *1945)

I wanna live I wanna give
I've been a miner for a heart of gold.
It's these expressions I never give you.
Keep me searching for a heart of gold and I'm getting old
keep me searching for a heart of gold and I'm getting old.

R. Keep me searching for a heart of gold
you keep me searching and I'm getting old
keep me searching for a heart of gold
I've been a miner for a heart of gold, haa hmm.

I've been to Hollywood I've been to Redwoods
I've crossed the ocean for a heart of gold
I've been in my mind it's such a fine line
that keeps me searching for a heart of gold.

When will I see you again?

SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR – (Bill Haley & The Comets)

Well, I saw my baby walking,
with another man today. (2x)
When I ask her, what's the matter,
this is what I heard her say:

R. See you later, Alligator
after a while, crocodile. (2x)
Can't you see you're in my way now,
Don't you know you cramp my style?

R2. See you later, Alligator
after a while, crocodile.
See you later, Alligator
So long, that's all, good bye!

When I thought of what she told me
nearly made me lose my head. (2x)
But the next time that I saw her
reminded her of what she said.

She said I'm sorry pretty daddy,
You know my love is just for you. (2x)
Won't you say that you'll forgive me,
and say your love for me is true?

I said wait a minute 'gator,
I know you meant it just for play (2x)
Don't you know you really hurt me?
And this is what I have to say:

KNOCKING ON HEAVENS DOORS – (Bob Dylan, *1949)

Mama take this badge off from me
I can't use it anymore
It's getting dark, too dark to see
feels like I'm knocking on heavens door.

Knock, knock knocking on heavens door! (4 x)

Mama wipe the dirt from my face
I'm sick and tired of the war
Got along that feeling it's out of place
Here look, I'm knocking on heavens door!

Knock, knock knocking on heavens door! (4 x)

Mama put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is coming down
feels like I'm knocking on heavens door.

MAYIM MAYIM – (Emmanuel Amiran)

Uschaftem mayim besasson mimaine hajeschuah :||

Mayim, mayim, mayim, mayim, hej, mayim besasson :||
Hej, hej, hej, hej!

Mayim, mayim, mayim, mayim, mayim, mayim, besasson. :||

JAILHOUSE ROCK – (Leiber/Stoller, Elvis Presley, 1935 – 1977)

The warden threw a party in the county jail.
The prison band was there they began to wail.
The band was jumping and the joint began to swing.
You should've heard those knocked out jailbirds sing.

Let's rock, let's rock!
Everybody in the whole cell block was a dancing to the jailhouse rock!

Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone.
Little Joe was blowing on the slide trombone.
The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang!
The whole rhythm section was a purple gang...

Number Forty seven said to number three:
You're the cutest jailbird I ever did see.
I sure would be delighted with your company.
Come on and do the jailhouse rock with me...

The sad sack was a-sitting on a block of stone.
Way over in the corner weeping all alone.
The warden said, hey buddy don't you be no square.
If you can't find a partner, use a wooden chair!

Shifty Henry said to Bugs, for heaven's sake.
No one's looking, now's our chance to make a break.
Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said, nix nix!
I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks!

HELLO – (Lionel Richie, *1949)

I've been alone with you inside my mind
and in my dreams I've kissed your lips a thousand times.
I sometimes see you pass outside my door
Hello, is it me you're looking for?

I can see it in your eyes, I can see it in your smile
You're all I've ever wanted, and my arms are open wide
'Cause you know just, what to say
and you know just what to do
and I want to tell you so much, I love you!

I long to see the sunlight in your hair
and tell you time and time again how much I care.
Sometimes I feel my heart will overflow.
Hello, I've just got to let you know!

'Cause I wonder where you are and I wonder what you do
are you sometimes feeling lonely or is someone loving you?
Tell me how to win your heart
for I haven't got a clue
But let me start by saying, I love you!

BUTTERFLY – (Daniel Gérard, *1939)

Tu me dis: «loin des yeux, loin du cœur»
Tu me dis qu'on oublie le meilleur.
Malgré les horizons je sais qu'elle m'aime encore,
cette fille que j'avais surnommé...

R. Butterfly, ma Butterfly, dans un mois je reviendrai.
Butterfly, ma Butterfly, près de toi je resterai.

L'océan, c'est petit, tout petit,
pour deux cœurs où l'amour a grandi.
Malgré ce que tu dis, tu vois qu'elle m'aime encore,
cette fille que j'avais enlacée:

Notre amour est si grand, oui si grand,
que le ciel y tiendrait tout dedans.
Malgré ce que tu dis, je sais qu'elle m'aime encore,
cette fille que j'avais embrassée.

GUANTANAMERA – (José Martí, Cuba, 1853 – 1895)

R. Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera.
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera.

Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma.
Y antes de morirme quiero echar mis versos del alma.

Con los pobres de la tierra quiero mi suerte echar.
El arroyo de la sierra me complace más que el mar.

HEUTE HIER, MORGEN DORT – (Hannes Wader / Gary Bolstadt)

1. Heute hier, morgen dort, bin kaum da, muss ich fort,
hab mich niemals deswegen beklagt,
hab es selbst so gewählt, nie die Jahre gezählt,
nie nach gestern und morgen gefragt.

2. Dass man mich kaum vermisst, schon nach Tagen vergisst,
wenn ich längst wieder anderswo bin,
stört und kümmert mich nicht, vielleicht bleibt mein Gesicht
doch dem ein' oder andern im Sinn.

3. Fragt mich einer, warum ich so bin, bleib' ich stumm,
denn die Antwort darauf fällt mir schwer.
Denn was neu ist, wird alt, und was gestern noch galt,
stimmt schon heut oder morgen nicht mehr.

R. Manchmal träume ich schwer, und dann denk' ich, es wär'
Zeit zu bleiben und nun was ganz andres zu tun.
So vergeht Jahr um Jahr und es ist mir längst klar,
dass nichts bleibt, dass nichts bleibt wie es war.

LOUENESEE – (Georges Müller, Span)

I weiss no guet won i ar sunne bi gsässe,
wyt ewäg vom lärm vo dr stadt,
i weis no guet, win i ha chönne vergässe,
dört hinde bim Louenesee.

S' het mi packt, i ha gspürt, dass i ga muess,
eifach furt i d'rue vor natur,
ganz allei, mit em chopf voll gedanke,
dört hinde bim Louenesee

Immer wenn i wieder dra dänke
a das gfüel denn am ufer vom see,
de merk i, wie guet dass' mer ta het,
i gloube, i gange no meh a Louenesee.

TEARS IN HEAVEN – (Eric Clapton, *1945)

1. Would you know my name if I saw you in heaven?
Would it be the same if I saw you in heaven?
I must be strong and carry on
'cause I know I don't belong
here in heaven.

2. Would you hold my hand if I saw you in heaven?
Would you help me stand if I saw you in heaven?
I'll find my way through night and day
'cause I know I just can't stay
here in heaven.

B. Time can bring you down, time can bend your knees
time can break your heart, have you beggin' please, beggin' please.
Beyond the door, there's peace, for sure
and I know there'll be no more
Tears in Heaven. (3. = 1.)

UN POQUITO CANTAS – (Argentina)

Un poquito cantas, un poquito bailas,
un poquito lelola como un canario. Lelola, lelola...

Un poquito vino, un poquito aire...

Un poquito juegas, un poquito amas...

Un poquito vientos, un poquito sombras...

Un poquito machos, un poquito chicas...

HAVA NAGILA – (Traditional, Israel)

Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila venismecha. :
Hava neranena, hava neranena, hava neranena, neranena. :
Uru, uru achim,
Uruna achim, belev ssa meyach, uruna achim, belev ssa meyach. :
Uruna achim. Uruna achim, belev ssa meyach.

NORWEGIAN WOOD – (Lennon / McCartney)

I once had a girl, or should I say she once had me;
She showed me her room, isn't it good Norwegian wood.

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere,
so I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.
I sat on a rug biding my time, drinking her wine,
We talked until two and then she said 'It's time for bed. '

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh,
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath.
And when I awoke I was alone, this bird had flown,
so I lit a fire, isn't it good Norwegian wood.

TRAVAILLER C'EST TROP DUR – (Volkslied aus Louisiana)

R. Travailler c'est trop dur
et voler c'est pas bon
demander la charité
c'est quelque chose je ne peux pas faire.
Chaque jour que moi je vis
on me demande de quoi je vis
Je dis: je vis sur l'amour
et j'espère devenir vieux.

1. Moi, je fais la musique
je plonge tous les soirs
après traîner tout par tout
après chanter dans les whisky-bars.
Et des fois, tu le sais
j'aimerais m'en aller
mais je reste, et je crois
que c'est juste pour l'amour de chanter.

2. Moi, je prends l'accordéon
toi, tu prends la mandoline
pour jouer notre vieille valse
pour faire le monde danser.
Vous connaissez, mes chers amis,
la vie est bien, bien trop courte
pour se faire des chagrins
allons danser ce soir!

ZINNE ZINNE – (Kanon)

Zinne zinne zinne zinne
bou roturena raja lim bamutscha wa. :||

Allna, allna allna titziai lena
mitnerai nitsche wa-a-a-a,
allna, allna allna titziai lena
mitnerai nitsche wa.

WHEN THE SAINTS – (Traditional, USA)

Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh, when the saints go marching in
I want to be among that number
Oh, when the saints go marching in

2. And when the revelation comes...

3. Oh, when the new world is revealed...

4. Oh, when they gather 'round the throne...

5. And when they crown him King of Kings...

6. And when the sun no more will shine...

7. And when the moon has turned to blood...

8. And on the hallelujah day...

9. And when the earth has turned to fire...

I'VE JUST SEEN A FACE – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

I've just seen a face, I can't
forget the time or place where we just met,
she's just the girl for me and I want all the world
to see we've met. Mm, mm, mm, mm mm, mm.

Had it been another day
I might have looked the other way and
I'd have never been aware but as it is
I'll dream of her tonight. Da, da. da, dada, da.

R. Falling, yes I am falling, and she keeps calling me back again.

I have never known the like
of this, I've been alone and I have
missed things and kept out of sight
for other girls were never quite like this. Mm, mm.

WADE IN THE WATER – (Negro Spiritual)

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.

See that band all dressed in white, God's gonna trouble...
The leader looks like the Israelite, God's gonna trouble...

See that band all dressed in red, God's gonna trouble...
It looks like the band that Moses led. God's gonna trouble...

NOWHERE MAN – (John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

He's a real nowhere man
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody

Doesn't have a point of view
knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me?
Nowhere man please listen
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere man, The world is at your command

He's as blind as he can be
Just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere man, can you see me at all
Nowhere man don't worry
Take your time, don't hurry
Leave it all till somebody else
Lends you a hand
Ah, la, la, la, la

Doesn't have a point of view
knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me?
Nowhere man please listen
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere man, The world is at your command
Ah, la, la, la, la

He's a real nowhere man
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody

LA BAMBA – (México)

Para bailar la bamba
Para bailar la bamba se necesita una poca de gracia
Una poca de gracia pa' mi patilla arriba y arriba
Y arriba y arriba por tí seré por tí seré por tí seré.

Yo no soy marinero
Yo no soy marinero, soy capitán, soy capitán, soy capitán.
Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba.

*Ein schnelles Instrumentalstück für Marimba und Schlagzeug aus Veracruz.
Wurde 1961 durch Ricardo Valenzuelo zum Welthit.*

BÉSAME MUCHO – (Consuelo Velázquez, 1916 – 2005)

Bésame, bésame mucho,
como si fuera esta noche la última vez.
Bésame, bésame mucho,
que tengo miedo perderte, perderte después.
Bésame, bésame mucho,
como si fuera esta noche la última vez.
Bésame, bésame mucho,
que tengo miedo perderte, perderte otra vez.

Quiero tenerte muy cerca,
mirarme en tus ojos, verte junto a mí.
Piensa que tal vez mañana
yo ya estaré lejos, muy lejos de ti.
Bésame, bésame mucho, como si fuera esta noche la última vez.
Bésame, bésame mucho, que tengo miedo perderte, perderte después.

BLUE SUEDE SHOES – (Carl Perkins, 1932 – 1998)

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show,
three to get ready, now go, cat, go.
But don't you step on my Blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue suede shoes.

Well, you can knock me down, step in my face,
slander my name all over the place.
Do anything that you want to do,
but uh–uh, honey, lay off of my shoes
And don't you step on my Blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue suede shoes. (guitar solo)

You can burn my house, steal my car,
drink my liquor from an old fruit jar,
Do anything that you want to do,
but uh–uh, honey, lay off of my shoes
Don't you step on my Blue suede shoes.
Well you can do anything but lay
off of my Blue suede shoes. (solo 2)

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show,
three to get ready, now go, go, go.
But don't you step on my Blue suede shoes.
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue suede shoes.

SWING LOW – (Spiritual)

R. Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

1. I looked over Jordan and what did I see, coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me, coming for to carry me home.

2. If you get there before I do, coming ...
Tell all my friends I'm coming too, coming ...

MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN – (Volkslied aus Schottland)

1. My bonnie is over the ocean,
my bonnie is over the sea,
my bonnie is over the ocean,
oh bring back my bonnie to me!

R. ||: Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me! :||

2. Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,
oh blow ye winds over the sea,
oh blow ye winds over the ocean,
and bring back my bonnie to me!

3. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
last night as I lay on my bed,
last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my bonnie was dead.

4. The winds have gone over the ocean,
the winds have gone over the sea,
the winds have gone over the ocean,
and brought back my bonnie to me!

R. ||: Brought back, brought back,
oh brought back my bonnie to me, to me! :||

CIELITO LINDO – (México: Quirino Mendoza y Cortes)

1. Por la Sierra Morena cielito lindo viene bajando,
un par de ojitos negros cielito lindo de contrabando.

R. ||: Ay, ay, ay, ay! Canta y no llores!
Porque cantando se alegran cielito lindo los corazones. :||

2. Ese lunar que tienes cielito lindo junto a la boca,
no se lo des a nadie cielito lindo que a mi me toca.

3. Pájaro que abandona su primer nido, su primer nido
regresa y ya no encuentra, cielito lindo, el bien perdido.

LA COLEGIALA – (Rodolfo y su Típica, Colombia)

Hoy te he visto con tus libros caminando
y tu carita de coqueta, colegiala de mi amor.
Tú sonríes, sin pensar que al mirarte
sólo porque estoy sufriendo, colegiala de mi amor. (¡Esto es para ti, mamita!)

||: Colegiala, colegiala, colegiala, linda colegiala.
Colegiala, no seas tan coqueta, colegiala al decirme que si :||

*Eine typische Cumbia (Tanz/Musikform aus Kolumbien, ursprünglich Cumbé aus Guinea).
Wurde in der Schweiz durch einen Néstlé-Werbespot bekannt!*

MÉXICO LINDO – (Chucho Monge, 1919 – 1964)

Voz de la guitarra mía, al despertar la mañana,
quiero cantar la alegría de mi tierra mexicana.
Yo le canto a sus volcanes, a sus praderas y flores,
que son como talismanes del amor de mis amores.

México lindo y querido, si muero lejos de ti,
que digan que estoy dormido y que me traigan aquí.
Que digan que estoy dormido y que me traigan aquí,
México lindo y querido, si muero lejos de ti.

Que me entierren en la sierra al pie de los magueyales,
y que me cubra esta tierra que es cuna de hombres cabales.
Voz de la guitarra mía, al despertar la mañana,
quiero cantar la alegría de mi tierra mexicana.

México lindo y querido, si muero lejos de ti,
que digan que estoy dormido y que me traigan aquí.
Que digan que estoy dormido y que me traigan aquí,
México lindo y querido, si muero lejos de ti.

KATJUSCHA – (M. I. Blanter, M. W. Issakowski)

Ringsum blühen Birn- und Apfelbäume,
überm Flusse noch der Nebel hängt.
Da eilt Katja hurtig an das Ufer,
wo das Land sich steil zum Fluss hin senkt.

Von dem blauen Steppenadler singt sie,
singt im Gehn ihr Liedchen hell und zart
von dem Liebsten, der in weiter Ferne,
dessen Briefe sie als Schatz bewahrt.

Ach du Liedchen des verliebten Mädchens,
fliege mit der Sonne um die Welt.
Fliege hin zum Soldat an ferner Grenze,
von Katjuscha grüsse ihren Held.

KOL DODI – (Israel)

Kol dodi, kol dodi, kol dodi hine se ba.
Meda legal heharim, mekapez al hagwaot.

HEWENU SHALOM – (Israel)

Hewenu shalom alechem, hewenu shalom alechem,
Hewenu shalom alechem, hewenu shalom, shalom, shalom alechem.

SHALOM CHAVERIM – (Israel)

Shalom, chaverim. Shalom, chaverim. Shalom! Shalom!
L'hit-ra-ot, l'hit-ra-ot. Shalom! Shalom!

КАТЮША

Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой;
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег, на крутой.

Rastsvetali yablони i grushi,
Poplyli tumany nad rekoy
Vychodila na bereg Katjuscha
Na vysokiy bereg, na krutoy

(↑ *russisch und transliteriert*)

HIT THE ROAD, JACK – (Percy Mayfield, Interpret: Ray Charles)

R. Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more. (What you say?) :||

Woah Woman, oh woman, don't treat me so mean,
You're the meanest old woman that I've ever seen.
I guess if you said so, I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)

Now baby, listen baby, don't ya treat me this—a way
Cause I'll be back on my feet some day.
Don't care if you do, 'cause it's understood
you ain't got no money, you just ain't no good
I guess if you said so, I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)

LUCKY MAN – (Greg Lake, *1947)

He had white horses and ladies by the score
All dressed in satin and waiting by the door. ||: Ooh what a lucky man he was. :||

White lace and feathers they made up his bed
A gold covered mattress on which he was laid. ||: Ooh what a lucky man he was. :||

He went to fight wars for his country and his king
Of his honor and his glory the people would sing. ||: Ooh what a lucky man he was. :||

A bullet had found him, his blood ran as he cried
No money could save him so he lay down and he died. ||: Ooh what a lucky man he was. :||

REVOLUTION – (Lennon / McCartney)

You say you want a revolution, well you know,
we all want to change the world.
You tell me that it's evolution, well you know,
we all want to change the world.
But when you talk about destruction,
don't you know that you can't count me out.
Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

You say you got a real solution, well you know,
we'd all love to see your plan.
You ask me for a contribution, well you know,
we're doing what we can.
But when you want money for people with minds that hate,
all I can tell you is brother you have to wait.
Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

You say you'll change the constitution, well you know,
we all want to change your head.
You tell me it's the institution, well you know,
you better free your mind instead.
But if go carrying pictures of chairman Mao,
you ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow.
Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

AÏCHA – (Hadj Brahim Khaled, *1960)

Comme si je n'existais pas
Elle est passée à côté de moi
Sans un regard, reine de Saba
J'ai dit : Aïcha, prends, tout est pour toi

Voici les perles, les bijoux
Aussi l'or autour de ton cou
Les fruits bien mûrs au goût de miel
Ma vie, Aïcha, si tu m'aimes

J'irai où ton souffle nous mène
Dans les pays d'ivoire et d'ébène
J'effacerai tes larmes, tes peines
Rien n'est trop beau pour une si belle

Aïcha, Aïcha, écoute–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, t'en vas pas
Aïcha, Aïcha, regarde–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, réponds–moi

Je dirai les mots, les poèmes
Je jouerai les musiques du ciel
Je prendrai les rayons du soleil
Pour éclairer tes yeux de reine

Aïcha, Aïcha, écoute–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, t'en vas pas
Aïcha, Aïcha, regarde–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, réponds–moi

Elle a dit : Garde tous tes trésors
Moi, je vau mieux que tout ça
Des barreaux sont des barreaux, même en or
Je veux les même droits que toi
Du respect pour chaque jour
Moi, je ne veux que de l'amour

Comme si je n'existais pas
Elle est passée à côté de moi
Sans un regard, reine de Saba
J'ai dit : Aïcha, prends, tout est pour toi

Aïcha, Aïcha, écoute–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, t'en vas pas
Aïcha, Aïcha, regarde–moi
Aïcha, Aïcha, réponds–moi

Der Raï ist eine algerische Volks- und Populärmusik, entstanden in der Hafenstadt Oran. Raï wird sowohl vom arabischen Wort „ra'y“ (dt. Meinung) abgeleitet wie auch von dem Ausruf „Ya ray!“, ähnlich dem „Yeah!“ in der angloamerikanischen Pop- und Rockmusik.

Khaled (29. Februar 1960 in Oran, Algerien als Hadj Brahim Khaled) ist der international berühmteste Vertreter des Raï.*

WISH YOU WERE HERE – (Roger Waters, *1943)

So, so you think you can tell
Heaven from hell, blue skies from pain
Can you tell a green field
From a cold steel rail, a smile from a veil
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade
Your heroes for ghosts, hot ashes for trees,
Hot air for a cool breeze, cold comfort for change
And did you exchange
A walk on part in the war
For a lead role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl
Year after year
Running over the same old ground
What have we found?
The same old fears
Wish you were here

COZ I LUV YOU – (Holder/Lea, Slade)

I won't laugh at you, when you boo hoo hoo, coz I luv you
I can turn my back on the things you lack, coz I luv you

I just like the things you do, ooohhh
Don't you change the things you do, ooohhh

You get me in a spot, then smile the smile you got, and I luv you
You make me out a clown, and you put me down, I still luv you

I just like the things you do, ooohhh
Don't you change the things you do, ooohhh

When you bite your lip you're gonna flip your flip, but I luv you
When we're miles apart you still reach my heart, how I luv you

I just like the things you do, ooohhh
Don't you change the things you do, ooohhh

Only time can tell if we get on well, coz I luv you
All that's passed us by you can only sigh hi hi, coz I luv you

I just like the things you do, ooohhh
Don't you change the things you do, no, no, no

NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN – (Justin Hayward, Moody Blues)

Nights in white satin never reaching the end.
Letters I've written never meaning to send.
Beauty I'd always missed with these eyes before.
Just what the truth is I can't say anymore

'Cause I love you, yes I love you, oh, how I love you.

Gazing at people some hand in hand
just what I'm going though they can't understand.
Some try to tell me thoughts they cannot defend
just what you want to be you'll be in the end.

And I love you, yes I love you, oh, how I love you.

Nights in white satin never reaching the end.
Letters I've written never meaning to send.
Beauty I'd always missed with these eyes before.
Just what the truth is I can't say anymore.

VENUS – (Robbie Van Leeuwen, Shocking Blue)

A goddess on a mountain top,
was burning like a silver flame.
The summit of beauty she was,
and Venus was her name.

She's got it, yeah baby she's got it.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.

Her weapon were her crystal eyes,
making every man a man.
Black as a dark night she was,
got what no one else had.

LES PORTES DU PÉNITENCIER – (Trad. / J. Hallyday)

Les portes du pénitencier
Bientôt vont se refermer
Et c'est là que je finirai ma vie
Comme d'autres gars l'ont finie

Pour moi ma mère m'a donné
Sa robe de mariée
Peut tu jamais me pardonner,
Je t'ai trop fait pleurer

Le soleil n'est pas fait pour nous
C'est la nuit qu'on peut tricher
Toi qui ce soir a tout perdu
Demain tu peux gagner

Oh mères, écoutez moi
Ne laissez jamais vos garçons
Seuls la nuit traîner dans les rues
Ils iront tout droit en prison.

Toi la fille qui m'a aimé,
Je t'ai trop fait pleurer
Les larmes de honte que tu as versées,
Il faut les oublier.

La version française du tube
« The House of The Rising Sun »

MADemoisELLE NINETTE – (The Soulful Dynamics, 1970)

In my last holiday
I took a trip to the USA
well I did fine
I had a very good time

Guess what happened to me
I met a girl and one two three
we fell in love
and got the heaven above

||:Mademoiselle Ninette,
no, no, I've never had
a girl like you:||

We spent every day
it was so nice that even today
I see Ninette
can't get her out of my head

In my next holiday
I'll take a trip to the USA
and it'll be fine
I'll have a good time

OCHO KANDELİKAS – (Sephardisches Volkslied)

Hanukah linda sta aki, ocho kandelas para mi,
Hanukah linda sta aki, ocho kandelas para mi. O...

Una kandelika, dos kandelikas, tres kandelikas,
kuatro kandelikas, sintyu kandelikas,
sej kandelikas, siete kandelikas, ocho kandelas para mi.

Muchas fiestas vo fazer, con alegrias i plazer.
Muchas fiestas vo fazer, con alegrias i plazer. O...

Los pastelikos vo kumer, con almendrikas i la myel
Los pastelikos vo kumer, con almendrikas i la myel. O...

Sephardisch sprachen die Juden, die 1492 aus Spanien vertrieben wurden (Sephara = Spanien). Heute spricht man das Judenspanisch ausserhalb Israels noch vereinzelt in Marokko, in der Türkei, in Griechenland, Bulgarien und den Republiken des ehem. Jugoslawien. Hanukah (Chanukka) ist das jüdische Lichterfest. Ocho Kandelikas ist heute fester Bestandteil des jüdischen Chanukka-Liederrepertoires weltweit.

OCHO CANDELITAS – (spanische Version)

Hanukah linda está aquí, ocho candelas para mi,
Hanukah linda está aquí, ocho candelas para mi. O...

Una candelita, dos candelitas, tres candelitas,
cuatro candelitas, cinco candelitas,
seis candelitas, siete candelitas, ocho candelas para mi.

Muchas fiestas voy hacer, con alegrías y placer.
Muchas fiestas voy hacer, con alegrías y placer. O...

Los pastelitos voy comer, con almendritas y la miel
Los pastelitos voy comer, con almendritas y la miel. O...

QUIZÁS, QUIZÁS, QUIZÁS – (Osvaldo Farrés, 1902 – 1985)

Siempre que te pregunto
Que, cuándo, cómo y dónde
Tú siempre me respondes
Quizás, quizás, quizás

Spanische Originalversion aus Cuba (1947)

Y así pasan los días
Y yo, desesperado
Y tú, tú contestando
Quizás, quizás, quizás

Estás perdiendo el tiempo
Pensando, pensando
Por lo que más tú quieras
¿Hasta cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo?

Immer wen ig di froge
öb wenn, und wie und wo de,
tuesch du di wiederhole:
Viellech, viellech villech.

Dialektversion inspiriert durch die Interpretation
von Nat King Cole in einem Migros-Werbespot...
Thomas Bigler 2007

Und so vergöh die Tage,
und ig bi ganz verzwyflet,
und du, tuesch mir uswyche:
Viellech, viellech villech.

Die Zyt, die isch verlore,
bim Dänke – Usdänke.
Was wotsch du vo mir ghöre
wenn wirsch ändlech ou yränke?

You won't admit you love me and so
How am I ever to know
You only tell me
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps

English Lyrics: Joe Davis, Singer: Nat King Cole

A million times I ask you and then
I ask you over again
You only answer
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps

If you can't make your mind up
We'll never get started
And I don't want to wind up
Being parted, broken hearted

So if you really love me say, "yes"
But if you don't, dear, confess
And please don't tell me
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps

IN THE YEAR OF '39 – (Brian May, Queen)

In the year of '39 assembled here the Volunteers
In the days when lands were few
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn
The sweetest sight ever seen.
And the night followed day
And the story tellers say
That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas
ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew.

In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue.
The Volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and gray, to a new home we'll away
But my love this cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year.
your mother's eyes in your eyes cry, to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
All the letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand
For my life, still ahead, pity me.

ARABISCH – (Mani Matter, 1936 – 1972)

dr sisi abdel assar vo el hama
het mal am morge früe no im pijàma
ir strass vor dr moschee
zwöi schöni ouge gseh
das isch dr afang worde vo sym dräma

s'isch d'tochter gsy vom mohamed mustàfa
dr abdel assar het nümm chönne schlafa
bis är bim mohamed
um d'hand aghalte hed
und gseit: i biete hundertfüzig schaf a

dr mohamed het gantwortet: bi allah
es fröit mi, dass my tochter dir het gfalla
doch wärt isch si, my seel
zwöihundertzwänzg kamel
und drunder chan i dir sen uf ke fall la

da het dr abdel assar gseit: o sisi
uf son e tüüre handel gang i nid y
isch furt, het gly druf scho
e billigeri gno
wo nid so schön isch gsy, drfür e gschydi

doch wenn es nacht wird über der sahàra
luegt är dr mond am himel häll und klar a
und truuret hie und da
de schönen ouge na
und dänkt: hätt i doch früecher afa spara

BYE, BYE, LOVE – (Everly Brothers, Felice & Boudleaux Bryant)

There goes my baby with someone new.
She sure looks happy, I sure am blue.
She was my baby till he stepped in.
Good– bye to romance that might have been.

I'm through with romance, I'm through with love,
I'm through with counting the stars above,
and here's the reason, that I'm so free:
My lovin' baby is through with me.

Oh, oh, oh! Bye, bye, love, bye, bye, hapiness.
Hello loneliness, I think I'm gonna cry.
Bye, bye, love, bye, bye, sweet caress,
Hello emptiness, I feel like I could die,
Bye, bye, my love, bye– bye.

ME AND BOBBY McGEE – (Janis Joplin, Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster)

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train
I's feelin' as faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a Diesel down just before it rained,
that rode us all the way to New Orleans.
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna
and was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues
windshield wipers slappin' time, I's holdin' Bobby's hand in mine,
we sang every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing, I mean nothing honey if it ain't free, no no
Yeah feeling good was easy Lord, when he sang the blues
You know feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

From Kentucky coal mines to the California sun
Yeah, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold world
One day near Salinas Lord, I let him slip away
He's lookin' for that home, and I hope he finds it
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to loose
Nothing, and that's all that Bobby left me, yeah
But feeling good was easy Lord, when he sang the blues
Hey feeling good was good enough for me, hmm–mm
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

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