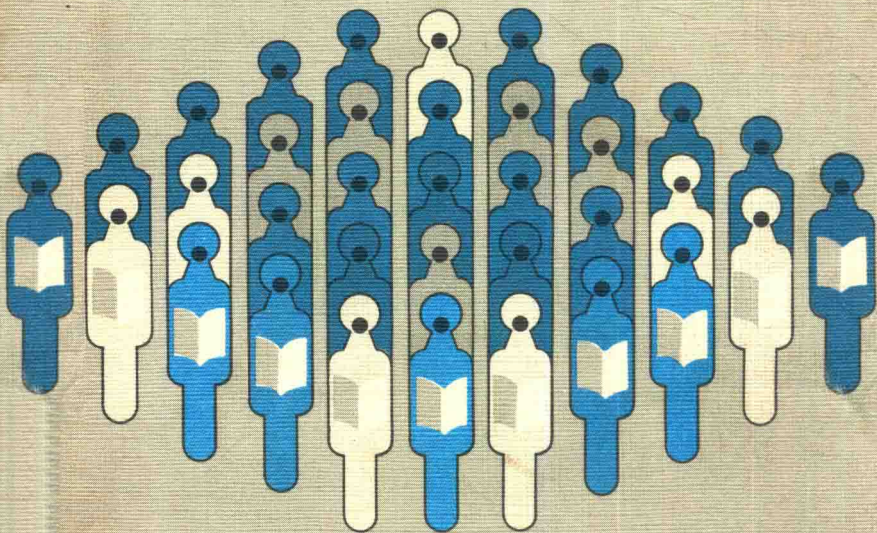


35 Songs from 35 Countries

COMPILED BY
GEOFFREY BRACE

MELODY EDITION



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from
35 Countries

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Note

The topmost notes in heavy type are always the melody. The notes in small type can be sung by a small section of the class or group, or played on suitable instruments. Another small section of voices or instruments can sing or play the lower notes in heavy type. The time values of the first verse must be changed at the discretion of the singer to fit the words of the other verses.

I Chez le boulanger

(FRANCE)

The French have a remarkably fine repertoire of student songs like this one. Though not necessarily very old, they are true folksongs inasmuch as they have been completely absorbed into the national consciousness. Naturally, such songs are often irreverent and rather vulgar, but the laughter is bold, not sniggering. The lines of the verses are best sung by a leader with the chorus echoing the words immediately, as indicated. The chorus can take all the impromptu harmonising you can manage.

Lively

Chez le bou lan - ger fais - moi cré - dit.
Si tu n'veux pas m'don - ner du pain,
J'ai plus d'ar - gent, pai'rai sam' -
J't' fous la tête dans ton pé -
di.
- trin. Que cherch - es - tu i - ci? Je
Broadly cherch' la for - tu - ne au - tour du Chat Noir.* Au
clair de la lu - ne, à Mont - mar - tre, le soir.

2

3

Chez le pharmacien, fais-moi crédit.	Chez l'garçon d'café, fais-moi crédit.
J'ai plus d'argent, pai'rai sam'di.	J'ai plus d'argent, pai'rai sam'di.
Si tu n'veux pas m'donner des potions,	Si tu n'veux pas m'donner-t-à-boire,
J't'fous la tête dans tes flacons.	J't'fous la tête dans ton comptoir.

4

Chez m'sieu' l'curé, fais-moi crédit.
J'ai plus d'argent, pai'rai sam'di.
Si tu n'veux pas me confesser,
J't'fous la tête dans le bénitier.

*The name of a bar.

2 A la ruru niño

(SPAIN)

A beautiful little lullaby. The phrase 'a la ruru' is a traditional Spanish lullaby noise. 'Sopas para San Juan' - 'soup for St John' - is also commonly found in Spanish lullabies, though nobody seems to know exactly why. The small notes in the verse can be played, hummed or sung to 'ah'.

Quiet and gentle A E7

A la ru-rru ni-ño. A la ru-rru ya—
Sleep my lit-tle ba-by. Sleep un-til the morn-ing.

Duér-ma-se mi ni-ño y duér-ma-se ya.—
Sleep un-til the sun-rise at the new day's dawning.

Que ru-rru, que ru-rru, que tan tin tan. Qué
Lu-lul-la, lu-lul-la, lu-lul-la-by. O

so - pas, qué so - pas pa - ra San Juan!
hush now and sleep now and don't you cry.

2 Este niño lindo
que nació de día
quiere que lo lleven
a la dulcería.

3 Este niño lindo
que nació de noche,
quiere que lo lleven
a pasear en coche.

4 A la ruru niño
arruru mi sol.
Arruru pedazo
de mi corazón.

★ ★ ★

2 Little child of summer,
Born in sunny weather,
May the golden sunshine
Fade upon you never.

3 Little child of winter
Born in sunny weather,
Like a tiny snowdrop
Small and white and tender.

3 *Tarantella* (ITALY)

The tarantella is the best known of Italian dances. It was supposed to resemble the contortions brought on by the bite of the tarantula spider. The typically light-hearted words were probably written much later than the tune. Apart from traditional tambourine and mandoline, a clarinet and trumpet would be very suitable.

Lively D7(b9) g



O I'm poor and all a - lone with-out a

D7(b9) g D7(b9)



place to call my own. O I'm poor and all a -

g D7(b9) g



- lone with-out a place to call my own. I'd be

c g



hap - py if you'd on - ly give me a

D7 g c



hand-ful of ma - ca - ro - ni. I'd be hap - py if you'd

g D7 G



on - ly give me a hand-ful of ma - ca - ro - ni.

- 2 When the soldiers go to war
We know what they are fighting for,
From brave Caesar down to Boney
They were defending their macaroni.
- 3 O my grandpa he was sprightly
And he lived till he was ninety.
In his will he left no money
Just a great barrel of macaroni.
- 4 Now I've come to my conclusion
And I'd welcome a contribution.
Now no longer I'll be lonely
If I can buy me some macaroni.

* * * * *

- 1 Io mi son un poveretto
Senza casa_e senza letto.
Venderei i miei calzoni
Per un sol piatto di maccheroni.
- 2 S'esser vuol un buon soldato
Va_ alla guerra si sempre_ armato
Pur che tirino i cannoni
Almeno_ un piatto di maccheroni.
- 3 Ho veduto_ un buon tenente
Che cambiava col sergente
Le spalline pei galloni
Per un sol piatto di maccheroni.
- 4 Tarantella si_e cantata
Due carlini si_e pagata
Sono_ allegro, a campagnoni,
Ne comprenderemo di maccheroni.

Two vowels sounds linked thus_ are run together to form one syllable.

4 *Adam and Eve* (NETHERLANDS)

This delightful, rather impudent tale was collected in the far North of Holland by the Dutch musicologist Jaap Kunst. The way in which Adam and Eve are treated as very real human beings suggests a medieval origin for the song. The verses may be sung by a soloist or small group, with the rest joining in the repeat of the last line.

Easily flowing

When God had all the world cre - a - ted and

all his won - drous works com - ple - ted, The

birds and beasts that he__ had__ made All lived con -

- ten - ted and un - a - fraid,__ They lived con -

- ten - ted and un - a - fraid.

- 2 A greater beast than these he made
Of whom the rest would be afraid.
So God at last fulfilled his plan
And in Adam he created man.
- 3 But though all beasts would do his bidding
Poor Adam found no joy in living.
So, while he slept, with a rib from Adam's side,
God made a woman to be his bride.
- 4 When Adam woke, she called his name,
Saying 'Adam, Adam, here I am.
Just come with me and you will see
How full of joy your life can be.'
- 5 He soon found out how true her saying
And that is why he soon was praying,
'Take all my ribs, dear God, tonight
To make me women for my delight.'

5 Ade, zur guten Nacht

(GERMANY)

The folksongs of Central Europe are not always of very great antiquity. This song first appeared in 1850 but it is nevertheless a folksong because it belongs to everyone. England never had this particular brand of nineteenth-century folksong – the nearest thing to it were the Anglican and Nonconformist hymns. This song sounds well unaccompanied with broken or unbroken voices or both together in two parts doubled at the octave.

Fairly slow



A - de, zur gu - ten Nacht, Jetzt wird der
Fare-well and good-night my dear, The mo - ment is



Schluss ge - macht, dass ich muss schei - den.
nigh I fear when I must take my way.



Im Som - mer wächst der Klee, im Win - ter
In Sum - mer when flow-ers are bright, in Win - ter when



schneit's den Schnee da komm ich wie - der.
snow gleams white per - haps I will come a - gain.

- 2 Es trauern Berg und Tal
wo ich, vieltausendmal
bin drüber gängen.
Das hat deine Schönheit gemacht
hat mich zum Lieben gebracht
mit gross Verlangen.
- 3 Die Mädchen in der Welt
sind falscher als das Geld
mit Ihrem Lieben.
Ade, zur guten Nacht,
jetzt ist der Schluss gemacht,
dass ich muss scheiden.

★ ★ ★

- 2 The valleys and mountains high
Where once we would walk you and I
Will ne'er see our love again.
And shades where we often lay
Stand silent and still all the day
And wait, but wait in vain.
- 3 Young maidens the whole world o'er
Are false as the sand on the shore,
Who trusts a word they say?
So farewell, goodbye my dear,
The moment for parting is here
And I must make my way.

6 Christmas song

(AUSTRIA)

Like many Austrian songs, this is in waltz rhythm with a hint of a yodel in the chorus and a very simple chord pattern for instrumental accompaniment. The traditional instruments are the zither and dulcimer. Instruments of this type are now sometimes made in school and are often to be found in the classroom.

Waltz tempo

Tu - et el - ends er - wa - chen ihr
Was sind das für Sa - chen, es



Make haste and a - wa - ken O
Come down from your hill - sides and

Hir - ten vom Schlaf.
wie - den die Schaf.



shep - herds from sleep. Es neigt sich ein
leave all your sheep. Look yon - der and



Ste - ren her - ab auf die
won - der at the star shin - ing



Erd. Kein Mensch kann es wis - sen, was
bright. What man knows the mean - ing of



aus dem Ding werd. Lost's ein En - gel singt, wie's in
this ho - ly night? But the an - gels sing and the



- 2 Gott selbst ist ankommen
 von himmlischen Thron.
 Das hab ich vernommen
 der göttliche Sohn.
 Als Mensch ist er geboren
 er liegt auf dem Heu.
 Ihr Hirten nur eilet
 und kommet herbei.
 Nehmt den Hirtenstab,
 liegt sein Opfer ab
 und bringt eure Gab.

* * *

- 2 Our God is descending
 From his heavenly throne
 And now he is sending us
 His only Son.
 A man is he born now
 And lies in the straw.
 So shepherds begone now
 And come to his stall.
 Take your staff in hand.
 Leave your flocks behind,
 And answer his call.

7 Greeting song (DENMARK)

This song probably started as a dance. It has the characteristic Scandinavian changes of rhythm and speed – from a slow processional ‘promenade’ to a leaping triple-time figure. Compare this dance-song with the popular community dance called ‘Swedish Maskarade’. The piano part could be adapted for two violins with an accordion to complete the appropriate sound.



Good evening, good people; good evening and well met.



All fa-thers and mo-thers and si-sters and bro-thers, Aunts,



Un - cles and cou-sins, all join in the fun. Now



strike up a tune for the eve-ning has be - gun.



Tra la la la la la la la la. Tra la la la la la la la la.



Tra la la la la la la la la. Tra la la la.

8 Ballad

(SWEDEN)

A long mystic ballad, reminiscent in words and music of Scottish ballads – some of which originated in nearby Scandinavia.

Quite slow

A dove there sat on a lily white. One
mid-summer morning She sang of our Sa-viour, Lord
Je-sus Christ. In heav'n will be great re-joice-ing.

- 2 She sang her song to a maiden fair.
'For Paradise in a year prepare.'
- 3 How should I for Paradise prepare?
I am not sick, no wounds I bear.
- 4 The maid went down to her father's farm.
A venomous serpent stung her arm.
- 5 O mother, dear mother, O make my bed.
Within a year I'll be cold and dead.
- 6 O daughter, O daughter, this cannot be.
Within a year, a queen you'll be.
- 7 Rather a bride in heav'n I'll be
Than a queen in earthly company.
- 8 O brother, dear brother, O make my bier.
O sister, O sister adorn my hair.
- 9 They laid her body on the bier
And to the church they did repair.
- 10 They laid her body in the grave so deep
And all the angels sang her to sleep.

9 *Sailor's song* (FINLAND)

A fine sea song with a good nautical swing and plenty of opportunity for harmonising in the choruses. Whether it is a true shanty or not, it seems to have an excellent melody for working to.

Waltz time, with a swing

It's o'er the storm - y sea, my love.
That we must sail a - way, my love. O -

- ho - o - ho. Fare - well,

fare - well my char - ming dear,

And think of me now and then.

- 2 But all the months that I'm away
I swear my eyes will never stray.
- 3 She took me gently by the arm
O promise you'll not come to harm.
- 4 So tenderly she called my name.
'Come quickly to my side again'.