



# HYMNAL

1.4

# 1. Beer Choir Theme Song

Michael Engelhardt  
Founding Choir Meister

March with "Spirit" ♩ = 140

S/A

T/B

D7 G D7

1. The Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The Beer Choir is the  
2. (Humming ...and drinking)

1. The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer  
2. (Humming ...and drinking)

7

G G7

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 beer beer beer

13

C A7 D D7

beer. So BOT-TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink-ing beer! Hm...

beer, So BOT-TOMS UP! CHEERS! Let's sing while drink-ing beer! Hm...

18

G E7 A Beer Choir!

hm. The 1. Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drink-ing beer. The

hm. The beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer



# 2. Ein Prosit Der Gemütlichkeit

## A Toast To Finest Health

Traditional German  
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Sehr Herzlich und Oktoberfesty ♩ = 110

S/A

T/B

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

S

B

keit!  
life!

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

(Yo ho ho ho ho)

S

B

Oans, Zwoa, Drei, G'suf - fa!

S

B

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



# 8. Bier Her

## Beer Here

Traditional German  
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Anspruchsvoll und Durstig! ♩ = 120

Melody

T/B

Bass

F C7 F

Bier her, Bier her, od - er ich fall um. juch - he!  
Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down, yo ho!

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

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

7 C7 F C7 F

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

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

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her,  
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here,

13 C7 F C7 F

Und ich hier die Ohn - macht krie - gen? Bier her, Bier her, od - er ich fall um. ja!  
When I'm such a thir - sty fel - ler? Beer here, beer here, or I will fall down, ja!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, ja!  
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, ja!

Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, Bier her, ja!  
Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, Beer here, ja!

# 9. The Wild Rover

Traditional Irish  
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

Oom-pa-pa, Mug-swinging tempo ♩ = 140

1. I've been a wild ro - ver for ma - ny a  
2. I went to an ale-house I used to fre -  
3. I'll go home to my par - ents, con - fess what I've

year. I spent all me mon - ey on whis - key and beer. But now I'm re -  
quent I told the land - la - dy me mon - ey was spent. I asked her for  
done, and ask them to par - don their pro - di - gal son. And when they've ca -

turn - ing with gold in great store. I nev - er will play the wild  
cre - dit, she an - swered me. "Nay!" Such cus - toms as yours I could  
ressed me as oft times be - fore, I nev - er will play the wild

rov - er no more. And it's no, nay, nev - er! No, nay, nev - er, no  
have an - y - day!"  
rov - er no more!

more! Will I play the wild ro - ver, no nev - er, no more!

# 10. Drunken Sailor

Dm C

1. What shall we do with a drunk - en sail - or? What shall we do with a  
 2. Put him in the scrup-pers with a horse - pipe on him. Put him in the scrup-pers with a  
 3. Put him in the long boat un - til he's so - ber. Put him in the long boat un -  
 4. Tie him by the legs in a run - nin' bow - line. Tie him by the legs in a  
 5. Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flip - per. Soak him in oil till he

4 Dm C Dm

drunk - en sail - or? What shall we do with a drunk - en sail - or ear - ly in the mor - ning?  
 horse - pipe on him. Put him in the scrup-pers with a horse - pipe on him ear - ly in the mor - ning.  
 til he's so - ber. Put him in the long boat un - til he's sob - er ear - ly in the mor - ning.  
 run - nin' bow - line. Tie him by the legs in a run - in' bow - line ear - ly in the mor - ning.  
 sprouts a flip - per. Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flip - per ear - ly in the mor - ning.

9 C Dm

Hoo - ray and up she ris - es. Hoo - ray and up she ris - es. Hoo - ray and

14 C Dm

up she ris - es ear - ly in the mor - ning!



# 11. Schnitzelbank

Traditional German  
Arr. Michael Engelhardt

## Intro

*Leader* *Choir*

Ist das nicht ein Schnit - zel - bank? Ja, das ist ein Schnit - zel - bank!

## Refrain

Oh, die schö - ne Schnit - zel - bank! Oh, die schö - ne Schnit - zel - bank!

## Verses

*Leader* *Choir*

Ist das nicht ein [KURZ UND LANG?] Ja, das ist ein [KURZ UND LANG!]

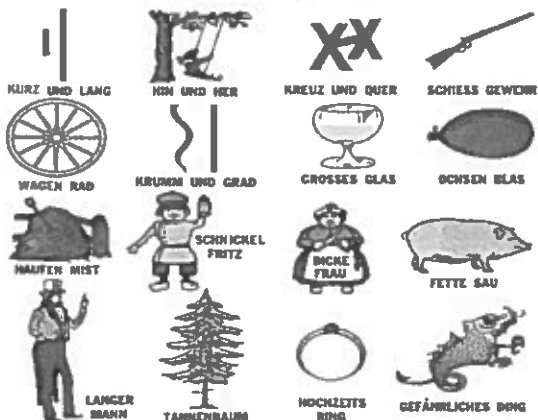
*Leader* *Choir* **To Refrain**

Ist das nicht ein [HIN UND HER?] Ja, das ist ein [HIN UND HER!] [HIN UND HER! KURZ UND LANG!]

IST DAS NICHT EINE SCHNITZEL BANK?



("JA DAS IST EINE SCHNITZEL BANK")



...Kurz und Lang ...Hin und Her

...Kreutz und Quer ...Schliess Gewehr

...Wagen Rad ...Krumm und Grad

...Grosses Glas ...Ochsen Blas

...Haufen Mist ...Schnickel Fritz

...Dicke Frau ...Fette Sau

...Langer Mann ...Tannenbaum

...Hochzeits Ring ...Gefährliches Ding

# 12. Let Us Be Drinking, Drinking, Drinking

*Bímís ag Ól, ag Ól, ag Ól*

Owen Roe O'Sullivan 1780  
poetic adaptation by Laurie Betts Hughes

Traditional Irish  
arr. Laurie Betts Hughes

Jig ♩ = 72

My name is O'-Sul-li-van, Most Hon-ored Teach-er. My qual-if-i-cat-ions will ne'er be ex-tinct;  
I'd write a good let-ter, on pap-er or parch-ment; I'd con-strue an auth-or, and give the right sense;  
I'm count-ed the val-ient in all con-reg-at-ions; I beat the cour-ag-eous, and hum-ble the bold;  
I am pro-fic-ient in bright el-o-qu-tion; By Pros-o-dy's rules I gov-ern my tongue;

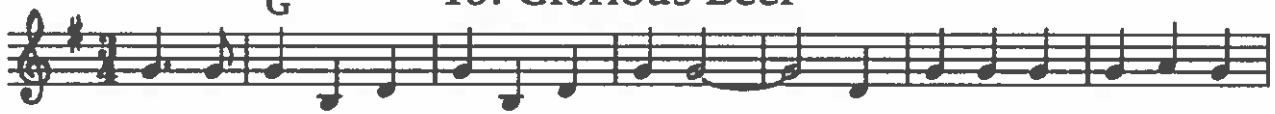
I'd write as good Lat-in as an-y in Ire-land; No doubt I'm fam-il-iar with "a"-rith-mat-ic.  
I court the fair maid-ens, un-known to their par-ents, And gaze on their charms with-out ev-id-ence.  
No doubt I desc-end-ed of nob-le Mil-es-ians; By her-o-ic fame my name is en-rolled.  
I jour-nal-ize book-keep-ing with-oot con-fus-ion; I'm song to the Muse-es from Parn-ass-us sprung.

Chorus:

And let us be drink-in', drink-in', drink-in', Let us be drink-in' and kiss-in' the wom-en

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

### 13. Glorious Beer



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



dear, I re- fer to that great lu- bri- ca- tor, That won- der- ful



to- nic called beer, Boom boom boom boom boom. Beer Beer glo- ri- ous beer,



Fill your- self right up to here, Don't be a- fraid of it, drink till you're



made of it, Drink of our old la- ger beer, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. Drink a good



deal of it, make a whole meal of it Come boys a rou- sing good cheer, Hur- rah.



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

# The Erie Canal

Dm Gm A<sup>7</sup> Dm B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm

I got a mule, her name is Sal, Fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca nal! She's a  
 We'd better look a-round for a job, old gal, You can  
 Wherewould I be if I lost my pal, I'd

Dm Gm A<sup>7</sup> Dm B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm

good old work-er and a good old pal, Fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca nal! We've  
 bet your life I'll ne-ver part with Sal, Git  
 like to see a mule as good as my Sal, A

Am F C F A<sup>7</sup>/E Dm A<sup>7</sup>

hauled some bar-ges in our day, Filled with lum-ber, coal, and hay, And  
 up mule, here comes a lock, We'll make Rome 'bout six o'-clock,  
 friend of mine once got her sore, Now he's got a bust-ed jaw 'Cause

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

we know ev-'ry inch of the way from Al-ba-ny to Buf-fa-lo.  
 One more trip and back we'll go, right back home to Buf-fa-lo.  
 she let fly with an i-ron toe, and kicked him back to Buf-fa-lo.

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

Low bridge, ev-'ry-bo-dy down, Low bridge, 'cause we're com-ing to a town, and you'll

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

al-ways know your neigh-bor; you'll al-ways know your pal, if you

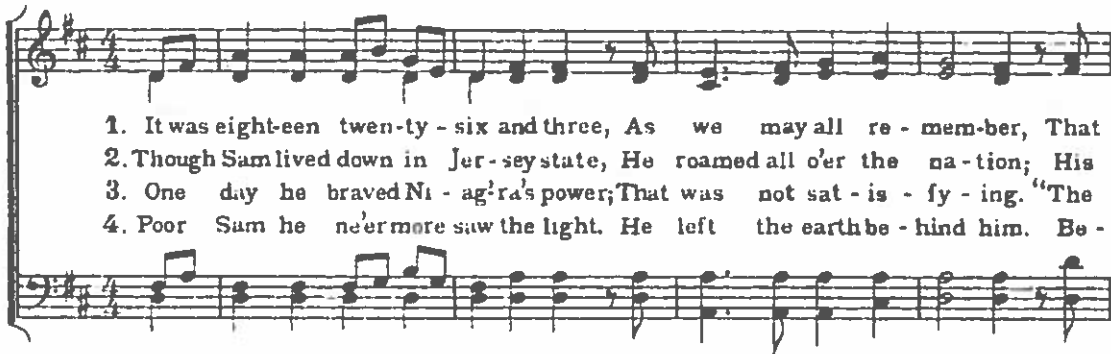
F B<sup>b</sup> F/C C<sup>7</sup> F

ev-er nav-i-gat-ed on the E-rie Ca-nal.

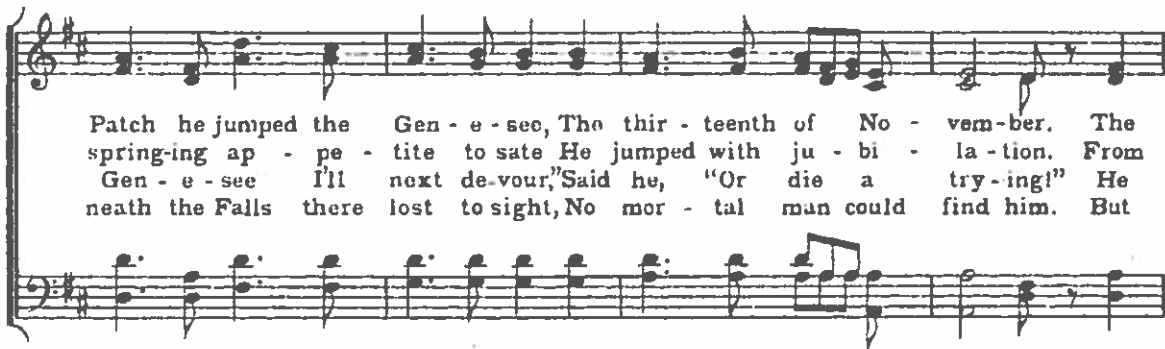
# Sam Patch

Words by  
KENDRICK P. SHEDD

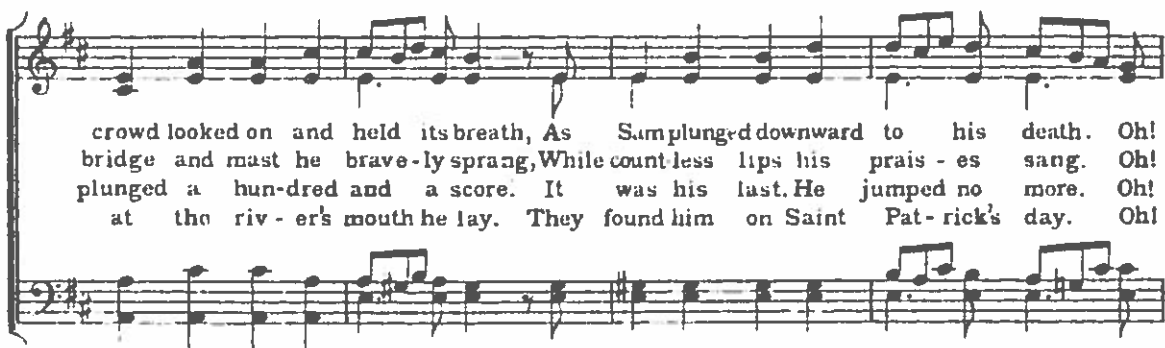
Air: "O Alte Burschenherrlichkeit"  
Arranged by  
LOUISE M. FOREMAN



1. It was eight-teen twenty - six and three, As we may all re - mem-ber, That  
2. Though Sam lived down in Jer - sey state, He roamed all o'er the na - tion; His  
3. One day he braved Ni - ag<sup>2</sup>ra's power; That was not sat - is - fy - ing. "The  
4. Poor Sam he ne'er more saw the light. He left the earth be - hind him. Be -



Patch he jumped the Gen - e - see, The thir - teenth of No - vem-ber. The  
spring-ing ap - pe - tite to sate He jumped with ju - bi - la - tion. From  
Gen - e - see I'll next de - vour," Said he, "Or die a try - ing!" He  
neath the Falls there lost to sight, No mor - tal man could find him. But



crowd looked on and held its breath, As Sam plunged downward to his death. Oh!  
bridge and mast he brave - ly sprang, While count - less lips his prais - es sang. Oh!  
plunged a hun - dred and a score. It was his last. He jumped no more. Oh!  
at the riv - er's mouth he lay. They found him on Saint Pat - rick's day. Oh!



Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!  
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!  
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!  
Sam - my, Sam - my, Sam - my, Oh! what a fate for Sam - my!

# O Du Lieber Rochester

Air: "O du lieber Augustin"

Allegretto.

*mf* *p*

O du lieb-er Roch-es-ter, Roch-es-ter, Roch-es-ter, O du lieb-er

*mf* *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines. Dynamics are marked as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

*p*

Roch-es-ter, du bist so fein! Machst mir kein' Schmerz-en, Du

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system. Dynamics are marked as *p* (piano).

*pp* *mf* *pp*

liegst mir im Herz-en; O du mein lieb-er Roch-es-ter, Du bist ja mein!

*pp* *mf* *pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The notation concludes with a double bar line. Dynamics are marked as *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *pp* (pianissimo).

**Parcel 5 Sung to the tune of "Edelweiss"\***

- extra lyrics by Brenda Tremblay

Edelweiss, Edelweiss  
Every morning you greet me  
Small and white clean and bright  
You look happy to meet me  
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow  
Bloom and grow forever  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss  
Bless my homeland forever.

Parcel 5, Parcel 5  
Every day you stand empty.  
Green and wide, clean and bright  
You look happy to meet me  
Let's plant some trees so they bloom and grow  
Bloom and grow forever...  
Parcel 5, Parcel 5  
Neo-urbanists love you.

Parcel 5, Parcel 5  
Every day you stand empty.  
Broadway shows? Jazz fest crowds?  
Possibilities flourish!  
Let's plant some trees so they bloom and grow  
Bloom and grow forever...  
Parcel 5, Parcel 5  
Bless our downtown forever.

*\* The opinion expressed here does not reflect the official stance of WXXI or its affiliates.*





# In Heaven There Is No Beer

by Ernst Neubach and Ralph Maria Siegel with English lyrics by Art Walunas

In Hea - ven there is no beer, That's why we drink it here. And  
when we're all gone from here, Our friends will be drink - ing all the beer!

In Heaven there is no wine,  
So we drink till we feel fine.  
And when we leave this all behind,  
Our friends will be drinking all the wine.

La, la, la, etc.

In Heaven there is no sex,  
So let's do that next.  
And when our muscles no longer flex,  
Someone else will be having sex.

La, la, la, etc.

In Heaven there is no beer,  
That's why we drink it here.  
And when we're all gone from here,  
Our friends will be drinking all the beer.