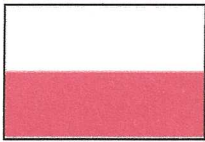


Song Book

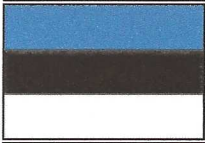
„Let's share our culture“



St.-Willibrordus, The Netherlands – Bakel



Zespół Szkolno - Przedszkolny nr 2, Poland – Katowice



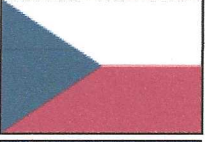
Kalmetu Põhikool, Estonia – Viljandi mk



Istituto Comprensivo "D.Rubino", Italy – Fulgatore (Trapani)



CEIP Santa María del Mar-Alisios, Spain - Santa Cruz de Tenerife






















Základní škola a Mateřská škola Leoše Janáčka Hukvaldy,
příspěvková organizace, Czech Republic – Hukvaldy



11ο ΔΗΜΟΤΙΚΟ ΣΧΟΛΕΙΟ ΧΙΟΥ ΕΛΛΑΣ, Greece – Chios

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Beskyde, Beskyde

Mírně hybně

Lidová z Moravy

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is 'Mírně hybně' and the origin is 'Lidová z Moravy'. The melody is accompanied by chords D and A7. The lyrics are: Bes-ky-de, Bes-ky-de, kdo po to-
The second staff continues the melody with chords D and G. The lyrics are: bě i-de? Čer-no-o-ký ba-ča
The third staff features a first ending (1.) with chords D, A7, and D, and a second ending (2.) with chords A7 and D. The lyrics are: o-več-ky za-tá-ča, za-tá-ča.

2. Aj bačo, bačo náš, černú košulku máš,
/: kdo ti ju vypere, dyž maměnky nemáš?:/
3. Já nemám maměnku, ale mám galánku,
/: a ta mi vypere černú košulku.:/
4. Všeci sa starajú o moju chudobu,
/: a já sa nestarám, chvála Pánu Bohu.:/
5. Všeci sa ženíja, vojny sa bojíja,
/: a já sa nežením, vojny sa nebojím.:/

Beskyde

(Beskydy mountains)

The folk song is about mountains where a chief shepherd looks after sheep while they are grazing. He is an orphan and alone. Fortunately he falls in love and his love takes care of him.

All songs come from the Lach region where our village Hukvaldy is situated. It is on the east of the Czech Republic near to Beskydy mountains.

PILKY

Andante - pomalu (♩ = 92)

Allegretto - mírně rychle (♩ = 112)

Už ty pil - ky do - ře - za - ly, už ty mlyn - ky do - mle - ly,
už se - dla - ci vy - mla - ti - li, už su praz - ne sto - do - ly.

Ež zas nove obilíčko na polu nam uzraje,
naplnimy stodolenky, kolně, sypky i staje.

Potem mlynky zas mleť budu po cele dni vesele,
dobře muky na kolače mlynař fšeckym namele.

Pilky

(A little saws)

It is a folk song about a harvest time. People harvest crop to be prepared for the wintertime and after that they look forward to next harvest.

All songs come from the Lach region where our village Hukvaldy is situated. It is on the east of the Czech Republic near to Beskydy mountains.

Pod horů studénečka

15

Krokem

Ze Štítné

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of three staves each (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The first system has a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature. The second system has a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature. The third system has a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Pod ho - rú stu - dé - neč - ka,
pod ho - rú stu - dé - neč - ka pěk - ná čis - tá,
byst - rá, aj, pěk - ná, byst - rá čis - tá.

2. /: Ja, napij sa jí milá, /:
budeš pěkná bílá,
aj, budeš pěkná bílá.

3. /: Ja, napij sa jí ešče, /:
budeš hezké děvče,
aj, budeš pěkné děvče.

© Collegium pro arte antiqua 2006

Pod horů studénečka (A little spring under the hill)

There is a little spring under the hill. Its water is delicious and magic. If you drink the water you will be pretty.

All songs come from the Lach region where our village Hukvaldy is situated. It is on the east of the Czech Republic near to Beskydy mountains.

HEA TUJU LAUL

3

Anu Röömel

D G D E A

1. Tä - na mi - nu tu - ju kee - gi rik - ku - da ei saa, tä - na mi - nu tu - ju ruu - lib täi - e - ga.
 2. Tä - na mi - nu tu - ju kee - gi rik - ku - da ei saa, tä - na o - len õn - ne - sär - gi sel - ga saa - nud ma.

D G D

Lä - hen, ai - na lä - hen ja to - re on mu tee, kõi - ki - de - le nae - ra - tan ja
 Lä - hen, ai - na lä - hen ja kas - või vas - tu tuult, nae - ra - tust ei pü - hi tä - na

A D G D

sul - le sil - ma teen. 1. 2. Oo jaa! o - len lõ - bus ja hea, o - len lõ - bus ja hea, oo
 kee - gi mi - nu suult.

E E7 A A7

ja - a sel - lest laul - ma - gi pean. sel - lest laul - ma - gi pean.

D G D E

Tä - na mi - nu tu - ju kee - gi rik - ku - da ei saa. Tä - na mi - nu tu - ju ruu - lib täi - e - ga.

D G D A

Lä - hen, ai - na lä - hen ja to - re on mu tee, kõi - ki - de - le nae - ra - tan ja sul - le... sul - le...

E A E F# B

Tä - na mi - nu tu - ju kee - gi rik - ku - da ei saa, tä - na mi - nu tu - ju, ruu - lib täi - e - ga.

E A E

Lä - hen, ai - na lä - hen ja to - re on mu tee, kõi - ki - de - le nae - ra - tan ja

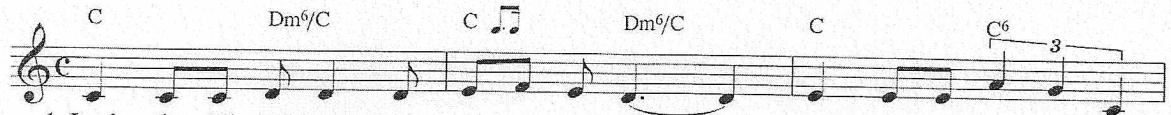
B E B E A E

sul - le sil - ma teen. Kõi - ki - de - le nae - ra - tan ja sul - le sil - mateen.

Laulurõõm

Ly Kuningas

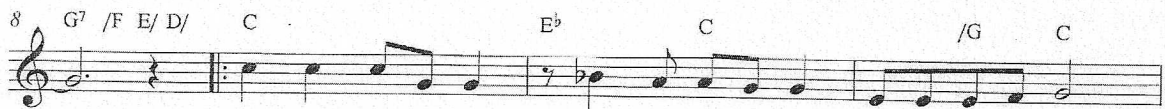
Toomas Voll



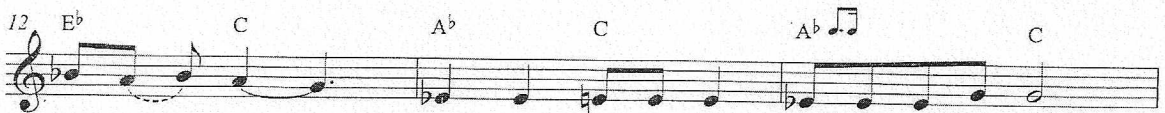
1. Laul - da võib sel - lest, mis näi - nud on silm, või mil - lest pa - kit - seb
 2. Laul - da võib hal - vast ja laul - da võib heast, laul - da võib kõi - gest, mis



hing. I - lu - said vii - se on tul - vil maa - ilm, laul - ma nüüd kut - sun ma sind.
 näed. Kui noo - ti tun - ned ja vii - si - gi pead, laul - da võid kõi - gest, mis hea!



Rõõ - mu muu - si - kast ja - gan tei - e - ga, he - li - se - ma lööb
 Ol - la laul - ma - ta küll ei suu - da ma, mi - nu el - lu see



ko - gu me maa. Ta - han hõi - sa - ta öö - bi - ku - na ma,
 sä - ra toob. Jää - gu pü - si - ma hin - ge muu - si - ka,



kaa - sa laul - ge mi - nu - ga. Kõi - gil koos.
 hea on laul - da kõi - gil koos.

Mu isamaa, mu õnn ja rõõm

Johann Voldemar Jannsen

Fredrik Pacius
(1809-1891)

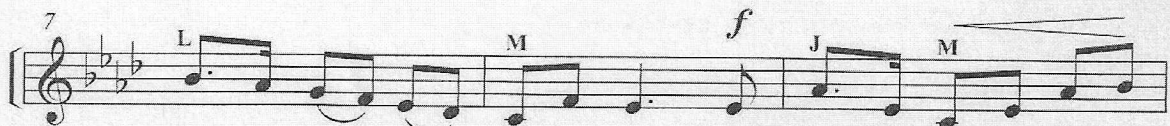
Hoogsalt



1. Mu i - sa - maa, mu õnn ja rõõm, kui kau - nis o - led
2. Sa o - led mind ju sün - ni - tand ja ü - les kas - va -
3. Su ü - le Ju - mal val - va - ku, mu ar - mas i - sa -



sa! Ei lei - a mi - na ii - al teal see
tand; sind tä - nan mi - na a - la - ti ja
maa! Ta ol - gu si - nu kait - se - ja ja



suu - re lai - a il - ma peal, mis mull' nii ar - mas o - leks
jään sull' tru - iks sur - ma - ni, mull' kõi - ge arm - sam o - led
võt - ku roh - kest õn - nis - ta, mis ii - al et - te võ - tad



ka kui sa, mu i - sa - maa! (1848)
sa, mu kal - lis i - sa - maa!
sa, mu kal - lis i - sa - maa!

"Mu isamaa, mu õnn ja rõõm" kõlas ka päris esimesel laulupeol aastal 1869. Aga mitte kui hümn, vaid kui ilusa viisi ja südamlike sõnadega lugu, mille populaarsus aina kasvas ja kasvas. Kasvas nii palju, et "Mu isamaa, mu õnn ja rõõm" kinnitati pärast Vabadussõja lõppu 1920. aastal meie riigihümniks.

"Soome muusika isa", saksa soost helilooja ja dirigent Fredrik Pacius (1809-1891) asus Soome elama juba noore mehana, mil ta hakkas tööle muusikaõpetajana Helsingi Ülikoolis. Tal on au olla Soome esimese ooperi autor (1852), samuti on ta kirjutanud sümfooniat, viiulikontserdi jpm. ning 1848 aastal rootslase Johan Ludvig Runebergi tekstile suure tulevikuga üliõpilaslaulu.

Muuseas, ka liivlased laulavad oma rahvushümni "Min izâmõ, min sindimõ" samal viisil.

Comenius-projekt „Jagame oma kultuuri“ 2010-2012

MY NATIVE LAND, MY JOY, DELIGHT

Mu isamaa, mu õnn ja rõõm

Eesti rahvushümn / Estonian National Anthem

Sõnad: Johann Voldemar Jannsen

Muusika: Fredrik Pacius

1. Mu isamaa, mu õnn ja rõõm,
kui kaunis oled sa!
Ei leia mina iial teal
see suure, laia ilma peal,
mis mul nii armas oleks ka,
kui sa, mu isamaa!

2. Sa oled mind ju sünnitand
ja üles kasvatand;
sind tänan mina alati
ja jään sull` truuiks surmani,
mul kõige armsam oled sa,
mu kallis isamaa!

3. Su üle Jumal valvaku,
mu armas isamaa!
Ta olgu sinu kaitseja
ja võtku rohkest õnnista,
mis iial ette võtad sa, mu kallis isamaa!

Plaadil:

1. Sümfooniaorkester / The Symphony orchestra, lühike variant / 1 verse (0.37)

2. Segakoor ja sümfooniaorkester / The mixed choir and the symphony orchestra (1.48)

Bm
Άλλος φτάνει στο Dubai
D A
άλλος ως την Αμοργό
Em
ο καθένας κάπου πάει
F#
μα όλοι θα 'ρθουν πάλι εδώ

Bm
Πάντα μες στην ίδια πόλη
D A
πάντα μες στο ίδιο γκρι
Em
μα απ' το γκρίζο μέσα σκάει
F#
για υπόγεια γιορτή

G F#
Κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε το μπαλκόνι σου νησί
G F# Bm F#
ό,τι θέλει ο άνθρωπος καρδιά μου το μπορεί
G F#
κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε τη Δευτέρα Κυριακή
G F# Bm F#
όλα τ' αδιέξοδα σε βγάζουν (στη ζωή x4)

Bm
Ο ένας πάει πρώτη θέση
D A
ο άλλος στην τουριστική
Em
όμως και οι δυο γυρνάνε
F#
μες στην ίδια φυλακή

Bm
Έτσι είναι αυτός ο κόσμος
D A
μα αν εσύ τον δεις αλλιώς
Em
ανατρέπεται και πέφτει
F#
σπάει ο κόσμος ο παλιός
Bm F# Bm F#
ο παλιός, ο παλιός

G F#
Κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε το μπαλκόνι σου νησί
G F# Bm F#
ό,τι θέλει ο άνθρωπος καρδιά μου το μπορεί
G F#
κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε τη Δευτέρα Κυριακή
G F# Bm F#
όλα τ' αδιέξοδα σε βγάζουν στη ζωή

G F#
Κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε το μπαλκόνι σου νησί
G F# Bm F#
ό,τι θέλει ο άνθρωπος καρδιά μου το μπορεί
G F#
κάνε το χειμώνα καλοκαίρι
Bm F#
κάνε τη Δευτέρα Κυριακή
G F# Bm F#
όλα τ' αδιέξοδα σε βγάζουν (στη ζωή x4)

KANE TO HIMONA KALOKERI

CONVERT WINTER INTO SUMMER

Somebody arrives in Dubai, another one in Amorgos*
Everybody goes somewhere, but all will come back here again
Always in the same city, always in the same grey
But from the grey an underground feast begins.

Convert winter into summer
Convert your balcony into an island
Man can do everything, my heart**
Convert winter into summer
Convert Monday into Sunday
All the deadlocks lead you to life

Someone travels in the first class, another one in the economy class
But however they both go back to the same prison
This world is like that but if you see it differently
It turns over and falls down, the old world breaks down.

Convert winter into summer
Convert your balcony into an island
Man can do everything, my heart**
Convert winter into summer
Convert Monday into Sunday
All the deadlocks lead you to life

* Amorgos is a Greek island.

** Greek expression something like 'my darling'.

CHIOS , BEAUTIFUL ISLAND

(traditional song)

This song was written after the massacre of the inhabitants of Chios by the turks in 1822. The same fact inspired many Greek and European artists. One of these works of art is the famous painting "The massacre (slaughter) of Chios" by the French romantic artist Delacroix , which is kept at the Louvre museum in Paris.

Beautiful island, I can smell your roses and your citrus trees' flowers by just saying your name;my hands get full with your jasmin flowers , I close my eyes and see your mastic and I can hear an old song about the women of Chios who wash their clothes by the seaside and unpurposely let their ankles be seen , which makes the sailors who are sailing by to lose their minds.

Beautiful island! You should have worn the laurel wreath of glory but instead of that you wore the thorn wreath of torture. The jasmin floewrs got red at the time of your massacre absorbing blood instead of water from your ruined land. The swallows flew over your land without stopping this time because they couldn't find an unruined place to make their nests. Now the sailors pass by your shore without finding any beautiful women washing at the seaside.

National Anthem

Ύμνος εις την Ελευθερίαν

Διονύσιος Σολωμός

ΝΙΚΟΛΑΟΣ ΜΑΝΤΖΑΡΟΣ

$\text{♩} = 76$

Σε γνω- ρι- ζω α- πό την κο- ψη Του σπα- θιου την τρο- με- ρη, Σε γνω- ρι- ζω α- πό την

ο- ψη Που με βία με- τράει τη γη. Απ' τα κό- κα- λα βγαλ- μέ- νη Των Ελ- λήν- ων τα ιε- ρά, Και σαν

πρώ- τα αν- δρει- ω- με- νη, Ξαι- ρε, ω ξαι- ρε, Ε- λευ- θε- ρια! Και σαν πρώ- τα αν- δρει- ω- με- νη, Ξαι- ρε, ω

ξαι- ρε, Ε- λευ- θε- ρια! Και σαν πρώ- τα αν- δρει- ω- με- νη, Ξαι- ρε, ω ξαι- ρε, Ε- λευ- θε- ρια!

THE GREEK ANTHEM (HYMN TO LIBERTY)

The **Hymn to Liberty** (Greek: "Ύμνος εἰς τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν, *Ýmnos is tin Eleftherían*) is a poem written by Dionýsios Solomós in 1823 that consists of 158 stanzas, set to music by Nikolaos Mantzáros. In 1865, the first three stanzas and later the first two officially became the national anthem of Greece and later also that of the Republic of Cyprus.

The Constitution of Cyprus of 1960 does not mention anything about an anthem. After an agreement made between the two communities, in official circumstances, a piece of classical music should be played as the anthem. However, after rejecting the amendments of the Constitution proposed by Makarios, in 1963, the Turkish representation broke away from the Government. This resulted to the decision by the Council of Ministers to adopt as the official anthem of Cyprus, the Hymn to Liberty, on 16 November, 1966.^[1] Hymn to Liberty was also the Greek Royal Anthem(since 1864).

The hymn was set to music in 1865 by the Corfiot operatic composer Nikolaos Mantzaros, who composed two choral versions, a long one for the whole poem and a short one for the first two stanzas; the latter is the one adopted as the National Anthem of Greece.

This anthem has been performed at every closing ceremony of an Olympics, to pay tribute to Greece as the birthplace of the ancient Olympic Games.

I recognize you by the blade,
the awesome, of the sword,
I recognize you from the gleam
which with haste surveys the earth.
From the bones arisen,
of the Hellenes, the sacred
and, like first again you stand brave
hail, o hail, Liberty!

Blue painted in the blue (Flying)

I think such a dream will never come back

I painted my hands and my face blue

Then suddenly I was ravished by the wind

And I started flying in the infinite sky

Flying, oh oh...

Singing, ohohoho...

Blue painted in the blue

Happy to be up there

And I was flying, flying happily

Higher than the sun and even higher

While the world was slowly disappearing, far beneath

A soft music was playing just for me

Flying, oh oh..

Singing, ohohoho...

Blue painted in the blue

Happy to be up there

But all the dreams fade away at dawn, because

While setting, the moon takes them away

But I keep dreaming in your beautiful eyes

Which are as blue as a sky quilted with stars

Flying, oh oh...

Singing, ohohoho....

In the blue of your blue eyes

Happy to be down here

And I keep flying happily

Higher than the sun and even higher

While the world is slowly disappearing in your blue eyes

Your voice is a soft music playing for me

Flying, oh oh...

Singing, ohohoho...

In the blue of your blue eyes

Happy to be down here

In the blue of your blue eyes

Happy to be down here with you

CIURI CIURI

It's a famous Sicilian song. It's a story regarding women told by a man.

He sings:

- *It's happy the man who has got a nice wife but it's unhappy the man who has an ugly wife and he gets ill when he think to stay with her ;*
- *A man lost his donkey to follow a woman and now he doesn't know what to do;*
- *A man can't bear his mother in law because his wife is quite short instead the other women are tall but the shortest ones are as honey and sugar.*
- *A man has got a girlfriend , she is nice but without brain and she didn't give him a kiss because he ate onions.*

Chords

Lasciatemi cantare
con la chitarra in mano
lasciatemi cantare
sono un italiano.

LAm

LAm
Buongiorno Italia, gli spaghetti al dente
e un partigiano come Presidente
con l'autoradio sempre nella mano destra
MI7 MI7 MIm9
e un canarino sopra la finestra.

MI7
Buongiorno Italia con i tuoi artisti
con troppa America sui manifesti
con le canzoni, con amore, con il cuore,
LAm6 LAm LAm6
con piu' donne, sempre meno suore.

LAm DO
Buongiorno Italia, buongiorno Maria
LAm
con gli occhi pieni di malinconia
MI7
buongiorno Dio

lo sai che ci sono anch'io.

LAm

REm
Lasciatemi cantare
LAm
con la chitarra in mano
MI7 LAm
lasciatemi cantare una canzone piano piano
REm
lasciatemi cantare
LAm
perche' ne sono fiero
MI7

sono un italiano

un italiano vero.

LAm6 LAm LAm6 LAm

Buongiorno Italia che non si spaventa
e con la crema da barba alla menta
con un vestito gessato sul blu
e la moviola la domenica in TV.
Buongiorno Italia col caffè ristretto
le calze nuove nel primo cassetto
con la bandiera in tintoria
e una 600 giù in carrozzeria.
Buongiorno Italia, buongiorno Maria
con gli occhi pieni di malinconia
buongiorno Dio
Io sai che ci sono anch'io.

Lasciatemi cantare
con la chitarra in mano
lasciatemi cantare una canzone piano piano
lasciatemi cantare
perché ne sono fiero
sono un italiano
un italiano vero.

[Toto Cutugno]

The Italian

Let me sing
with a guitar in my hand
Let me sing
I am Italian.

Good Morning Italy with your spaghetti
and your partisan for President
with my hand on the radio
and a canary on the window

Good Morning Italy with your artists
with your many American posters
with your songs of love
with kind hearts
with more women still less nuns (more women not becoming nuns?)

Good Morning Italy
Good Morning Mother Mary
with eyes full of sadness
Good Morning God
I know you know I am here.

Let me sing
with a guitar in hand
Let me sing
a song, slowly, slowly
Let me sing
because I am proud
I am an Italian
A genuine/real Italian.

Good Morning Italy who doesn't scare
with peppermint flavored toothpaste
with a pinstripe blue suit
with slow moving Sundays on TV
Good Morning Italy with extra-strong espresso coffee
the new sock from the drawer
with the clean flag (flag that switched sides/flag that was clean)
a 600 (type of car I can't think of)

Good Morning Italy
Good Morning Mother Mary
with eyes full of sadness
Good Morning God
I know you know I'm here.

Let me sing
with a guitar in my hand
Let me sing
a song, slowly, slowly
Let me sing
because I am proud
I am Italian
A genuine/real Italian.

Płonie ognisko w lesie

Płonie ognisko w lesie
Wiatr smętną piosenkę niesie
Przy ognisku zaś drużyna
Gawędę rozpoczyna

Czuj, czuj czuwaj,
Czuj, czuj czuwaj rozlega się dokoła
Czuj, czuj czuwaj
Czuj, czuj czuwaj wiatr smętną piosenkę woła

“Campfire in the woods”

This is the most popular scout song in Poland. In the evening, scouts sit around the bonfire and try to recollect the joys of the passing day. But in the end, they get very tired and fall asleep, so only the scouts on watch remain awake.

**Mazurek Dąbrowskiego –
The National Anthem of Poland**

Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła
Kiedy my żyjemy
Co nam obca przemoc wzięła
Szablą odbierzemy

Marsz, marsz, Dąbrowski
Z ziemi włoskiej do Polski
Za twoim przewodem
Złączym się z narodem

Przejdziem Wisłę
Przejdziem Wartę
Będziem Polakami
Dał nam przykład Bonaparte
Jak zwyciężać mamy

The national anthem of Poland – „Mazurek Dąbrowskiego”

The song is a lively mazurka with lyrics penned by Jozef Wybicki in Reggio nell'Emilia, Cisalpine Republic (now in Italy), around 16 July 1797, two years after the Third Partition of Poland erased the once vast country from the map. It was originally meant to boost the morale of Polish soldiers serving under General Jan Henryk Dąbrowski in the Polish Legions, which were part of the French Revolutionary Army led by General Napoléon Bonaparte in its conquest of Italy. The mazurka, expressing the idea that the nation of Poland, despite lack of political independence, had not disappeared as long as the Polish people were still alive and fighting in its name, soon became one of the most popular patriotic songs in Poland. It begins with the uplifting statement “*Poland is not yet lost!*” When Poland re-emerged as an independent state in 1918, Mazurek Dąbrowskiego became its de facto anthem. It was officially adopted as the national anthem of the Republic of Poland in 1926.

Wieczne Ogniobranie

1. Kiedy cisza świat zaległa
Bóg rozpostarł tren ciemności
i gdy gwiazdy w noc wybiegły
szukać ciepła swej światłości

Śpiewam do was i do nieba
że przyjaźni mi potrzeba
płomiennego ogniobrania rąk przyjaciół
i kochania i kochania

2. Kiedy wieczór nas połączył
z rąk do serca mkną iskiereki
i gdy oczy są wpatrzone
w płomień szczęścia i podzięk

Śpiewam do was

3. Kiedy przyjaźń w nas rozkwita
czas zatrzymał się zbawiony
i gdy rozstać się nie chcemy
świat jest w duszach uwięziony

Śpiewam dla was i do nieba ..

„Wieczne ogniobranie” - “Evening bonfire”

It is a song of Polish scouts who sing it while sitting around the evening campfire. It is about the importance of friendship – the most beautiful feeling. In the chorus children sing “all you need is friendship”.

Canarias una sola:

Estribillo

Re La7
Vamos, cantemos:
Sim Fa#m Sol Re
somos siete sobre el mismo mar.
Re La7 Sim Fa#m
Siente el latir de un solo pulso,
Sol La7 Re
llegó Navidad

Re
Fuerteventura: dunas y arena,
Sol Re
aulaga y soledad.
Sol Fa#m
Sobre Tindaya trae el viento
Sol La7
arcanos desde el mar:
Re La7 Sim Fa#m
con un conjuro de libertad,
Sol La7 Re
amor, futuro y paz.

Por la Gomera silba una estrella
al cedro y al brezal.
Órganos de basalto cantan
nuestra unidad.
Coge el guarapo y ven a brindar
en esta Navidad.

(estribillo)

Bajo las lavas de Lanzarote
duerme un corazón.
En su latir cantan mi voz
los novios del Mojón.
Iza el Janubio en mares de sal
sus velas rumbo al sol.

Apunta el Nublo por Gran Canaria
el paso de mi andar
por los barrancos donde habita
el alma del Faycán.
Cuevas pintadas con mazapán
pregonan Navidad.

(estribillo)

Canta la Palma por sirinoque
al son de mi niñez.
Por Taburiente arrullo y paz,
almendras, flor y miel.
Con los enanos se hará verdad
la magia que soñé.

Teide y retamas por Tenerife
aroman mi cantar.
Vuela en Ucanca la esperanza
verde del pinar.
Un Tajaraste ven a bailar
en esta Navidad.

(estribillo)

Con las sabinas vive en el Hierro
el ansia de mi sed.
Dormido en pozos aún está
el árbol Garoé.
Busca mi faro y encontrarás
la senda del ayer.

.....

Traza tu rumbo por siete estrellas
y se forjarán
con el poder de una canción
caminos sobre el mar.
Canarias una sola será
en esta Navidad

(estribillo)

POLKA

La polka mazurca

La baila cualquiera,

La que no lo baile, caramba,

Es una embustera

Subí a la azotea

A lavar la ropa;

Me salió un ratón, caramba,

Bailando la polka.

Anoche fui al baile,

Tuve un accidente,

Y se levantaron, caramba,

Cuatro penitentes.

Señor penitente,

¿qué busca Ud. aquí?.

Yo busco una dama, caramba,

Que me quiera a mí.

"VOY CAMINANDO POR LA VIDA"

Huele a aire de primavera
tengo alergia en el corazón
voy cantando por la carretera
de copiloto llevo el sol.

Y a mi no me hace falta estrella
q me lleve hasta tu portal
como ayer estaba borracho
fui tirando migas de pan

Voy caminando por la vida, sin pausa, pero sin prisas
procurando no hacer ruido, vestio con una sonrisa, sin complejo ni temores,
canto rumbas de colores
y el llorar no me hace daño siempre (y) cuando tu no llores

Y el milindri a mi me llaman
en el mundillo calé
porque al coger mi guitarra
se me van solos los pies.

Y este año le pido al cielo (ay vamonos)
La salud del anterior.
No necesito dinero,
voy sobrao en el amor.

Voy camiando por la vida, sin pausa, pero sin prisas
procurando no hacer ruido, vestio con una sonrisa, sin complejo ni temores
canto rumbas de colores
y el llorar no me hace daño siempre (y) cuando tu no llores ayy

Y no quiero amores, no correspondidos
no quiero guerras
no quiero amigos
que no me quieran sin mis galones

No me tires flores
Ni falsas miradas de inexpressión
que no dicen nada
del corazón que me las propone

Porque voy caminando por la vida, sin pausa, pero sin prisas
procurando no hacer ruido, vestio con una sonrisa, sin complejo ni temores
canto rumbas de colores
y el llorar no me hace daño siempre (y) cuando tu no llores ayy

Caminando por la vida:

Dm Do Fa Do
Huele a aire de primavera, tengo alergia en el corazón,
BbM Fa Do Dm
Voy cantando por la carretera, de copiloto llevo al sol
Fa Do Fa Do
Y a mi no me hace falta estrella, que me lleve hasta tu portal,
Bbo Fa Do Dm
Como ayer estaba borrachooooo, fui tirando migas de pan

Estribillo:

Fa Do BbM
Voy, caminando por al vida, sin pausa pero sin prisa,
Do(Cejilla) FA
Procurando no hacer ruido vestio con una sonrisa,
Do BbM
Sin complejos ni temores, canto rumbas de colores
Do Fa Do
Que el llorar no me hace daño siempre y cuando tu no llores... aiai
BbM FaM
Siempre y cuando tu no llores .. ai ai

Dm Do Fa Do
Y el melendri a mi me llama, en el mundillo calé
BbM Fa Do Dm
Porque al coger mi guitarraaaaa, se me van solos los pies
Fa Do Fa Do
y este año el pido al cielo, la salud de lo anterior,
BbM Fa Do Dm
no necesito dinerooooo, voy sobrao en el amor

ESTRIBILLO

Fa Do
Y no quiero amores, no correspondidos
BbM Do
Fa
No quiero guerras no quiero amigos que no me quieran sin mis galone
s,
Do B
bM
No me tires flores, tipo esas miradas de inexpresión que no dicen n
ada
Do Fa
Del corazón que me las propone

ESTRIBILLO

VOY CAMINANDO POR LA VIDA (Melendi)

This song was recently written by the popular Spanish singer song writer, Ramón Melendi Espina, who combines Flamenco music with rumba.

This song is about a care free young man who hasn't got a care in the world. Where he lays his hat is his home. He has no worries; he treats the world with a smile. He lives life without hurrying, but without pause.

POLKA

This song, whose author is unknown, contains musical influences that can be traced back to 17th century central Europe.

It is a popular traditional song in the Canaries, and can be seen played and danced to in country fairs (rumerias).

It is about a series of incidents. The first suggests that a girl that won't get up and dance is a cheat.

The second is where a girl goes on to a roof to hang out washing, only to find that a mouse, which had hidden in the washing, has jumped out and dances the polka.

The third is about a lady who tells a tale of a dance she went to the night before, and had an accident. There, four penitents came to her aid. She asked the chief penitent what he wanted, and he replied, "I'm looking for a lady to love me".

UNA SOBRE EL MISMO MAR.

This beautiful Christmas piece, written in the mid 1990s by Benito Cabrera, is still a very popular festive season song, and will be for years to come.

It tells of Canarian unity, of the seven Islands being united by the same sea. It recounts the attractive geological, cultural and culinary aspects of the seven Islands, and that they are together with a single heart at Christmas time.

Bebop

G C G



Ik zoek een jon - gen met be - bop - haar,

claves/
handtrom

G D



be - bop - haar en een jazz - gi - taar,

G C G



vuur - ro - de sok - ken en een spij - ker - broek.

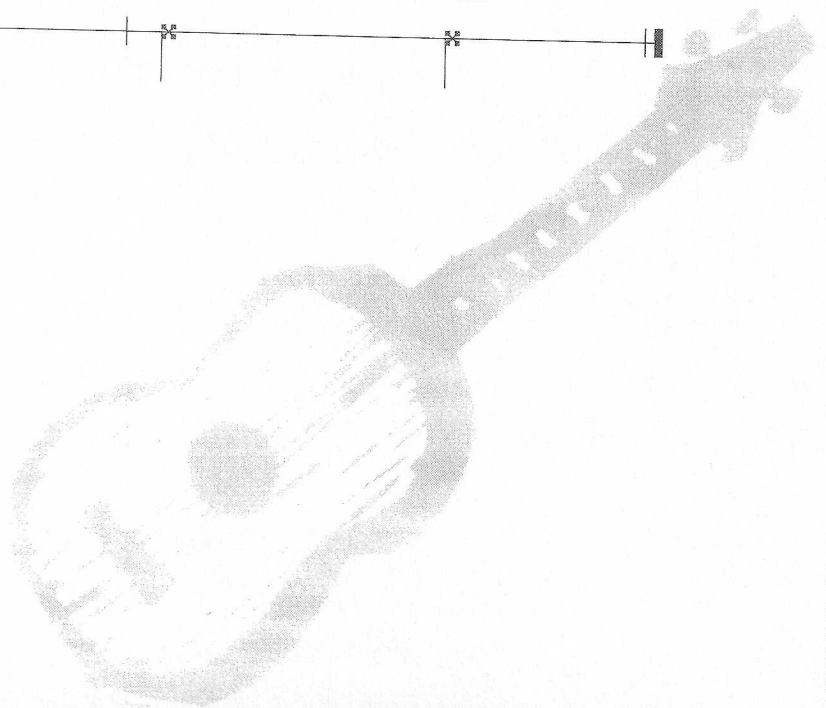
G D7 G



Dat is de jon - gen die ik zoek!

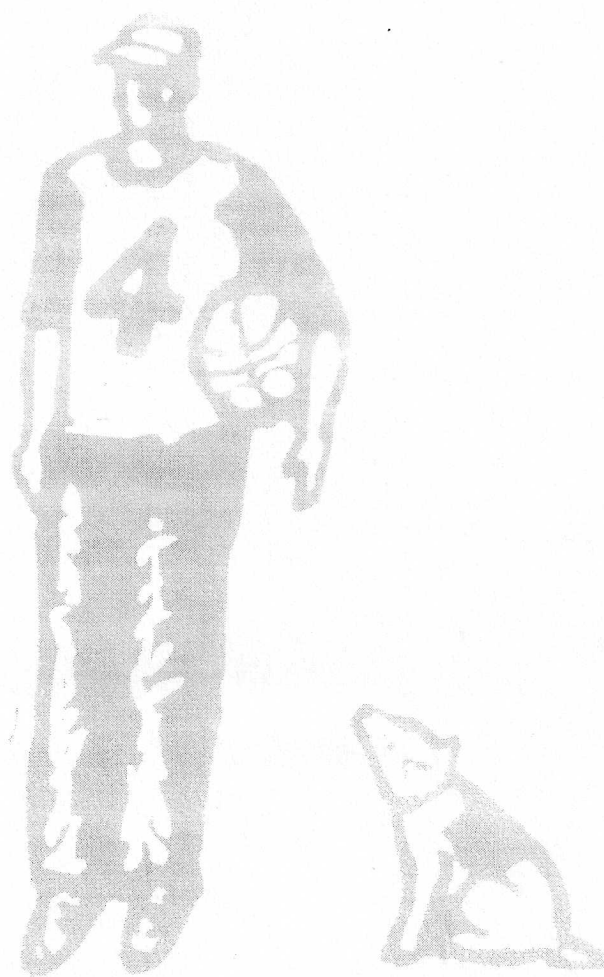
1
ik zoek een jongen met bebophaar
bebophaar en een jazzgitaar
vuurrode sokken en een spijkerbroek
dat is de jongen die ik zoek

2
ik zoek een meisje met lichtblond haar
lichtblond haar en een jazzgitaar
vuurrode sokken en een spijkerbroek
dat is het meisje dat ik zoek



In mijn uppie

in mijn eentje, in mijn uppie
 helemaal alleen
 zit ik voor de televisie, kijk niet om me
 heen
 maar ganzenbord en pim-pam-pet
 monopoly en kwartet
 dat doe je meestal niet alleen!



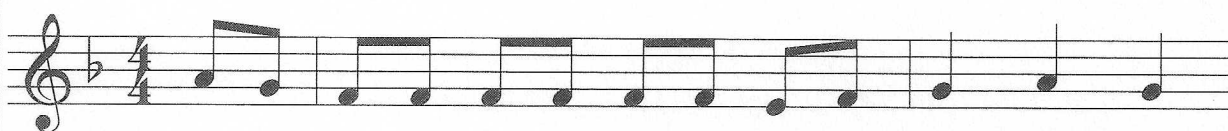
Muzieknoten



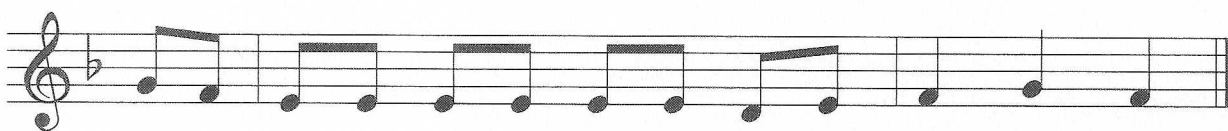
kwart-
noot

achtste
noten

Muzieknoten aanwijzen



In mijn een-tje, in mijn up-pie, he - le - maal al - leen,



zit ik voor de te - le - vi - sie, kijk niet om me heen.

Een ritme om te spelen

• • • • •
 pim pet en kwar- tet

National anthem The Netherlands



WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE

$\text{♩} = 66$ 1626

1 Wil - hel - mus van Nas - sou - we ben ik van Duit - sen bloed.
Den Va - der - land ge - trou - we blijf ik tot in den dood.

Een prin - se van O - ran - je ben ik, vrij on - ver - veerd.

Den ko - nink van Iis - pan - je heb ik al - tijd ge - eerd.