

The Big Rock Candy Mountain

Lyrics: country folk song

Music: country folk song *)

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

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$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 120$

S
A
T
B

Piano

mf

One
 mf
One

5

1. 2.

eve - ning as the sun went down and the jun - gle fire was burn-ing down the
track came a ho-bo and he said, "Boy, I'm not turn-ing, I'm

eve - ning as the sun went down and the jun - gle fire was burn-ing down the
track came a ho-bo and he said, "Boy, I'm not turn-ing, I'm

1. 2.

*) The song was first recorded by Harry McClintock. / Der Song wurde erstmals aufgenommen von Harry McClintock.



head-ing for a land that's far a - way be-side those crys-tal foun-tains So come with me, we'll

head-ing for a land that's far a - way be - side those crys-tal foun-tains So come with me, we'll

8

go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountain. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a you—

2. Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a you—

go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountain. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a you—

2. Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a you—

8

In the Big Candy Mountain there's a you—

2. Big Candy Mountain there's a you—

In the Big Candy Mountain there's a you—

2. Big Candy Mountain there's a you—

Verses

land that's fair and bright, where the hand-outs grow on bushes and sleep out ev' - ry
nev - er change your socks, and the lit - tle streams of al - c'hol come trick - ling down the

land that's fair and bright, where the hand-outs grow on bushes and sleep out ev' - ry
nev - er change your socks, and the lit - tle streams of al - c'hol come trick - ling down the

land that's fair and bright, where the hand-outs grow on bushes. You sleep out ev' - ry
nev - er change your socks, and the lit - tle streams of al - c'hol come trick - ling down the

land that's fair and bright, where the hand-outs grow on bushes. You sleep out ev' - ry
nev - er change your socks, and the lit - tle streams of al - c'hol come trick - ling down the

night, where the sun is all em - ty and the sun shines ev' - ry day on the
rocks. The farm - ers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay. Oh I'm

night, where the sun is all em - ty and the sun shines ev' - ry day on the
rocks. The farm - ers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay. Oh I'm

night, where the sun is all em - ty. The sun shines ev' - ry day on the
rocks. The farm - ers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay. Oh I'm

night, where the sun is all em - ty. The sun shines ev' - ry day on the
rocks. The farm - ers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay. Oh I'm



Aura Lee

Lyrics: William W. Fosdick (1825–1862)

Mus. George R. Poulton (1828–1867)

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

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Tenderly (♩ = c. 96)

S
A
T
B

As the black - bird
the black - bird
mf
the
mf
As the

Piano
mp
con ped.

6

in the spring 'neath the wil - low tree, sat and piped, I heard him sing,
in the spring 'neath the wil - low tree, sat and piped, I heard him sing,
black - bird the wil - low tree, sat and piped,
black - bird 'neath the wil - low tree, sat and piped,



11 *poco cresc.*

prais-ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en

prais-ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en

prais - ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en

prais-ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en

16

hair, sun - shine came a - long with thee and swal-lows in the air.

hair, sun - shine came a - long with thee and swal-lows in the air.

hair, sun - shine came a - long with thee and swal-lows in the air.

hair, sun - shine came a - long with thee, and swal-lows in the air.



mp
In thy blush the rose was born, mu - sic when you

mp
In thy blush the rose was born, mu - sic when you

mp
In thy blush the rose was born, mu - sic when you

mf
In thy blush the rose was born, mu - sic when you

spake. In the az - ure eye, the moon, spar-ling seemed to break.

spake. In the az - ure eye, the moon, spar-ling seemed to break.

spake. In the az - ure eye, the moon, spar-ling seemed to break.

spake. In the az - ure eye, the moon, spar-ling seemed to break.



Every Night when the Sun Goes Down

Lyrics: trad. folk song

Music: trad. folk song

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

© Helbling

Slowly, with feeling

S

A

T

B

Piano

mp

Slowly, with feeling

5

mp

Oh, ev' - ry when the sun goes down,

mp

Oh, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, the sun goes

mp

Oh, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, sun goes

Oh, ev' - ry night, oh ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, the sun goes



9

oh, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down

down, oh, ev' - ry night, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, sun goes

down, ev' - ry night, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, sun goes

down, ev' - ry night, ev' - ry night when the sun goes down, sun goes

[illegible]

I hang down my head _____ and mourn-ful cry
 I hang down my head _____ and mourn-ful cry, cry.
 I hang down my head _____ and mourn-ful cry, cry, cry true love, don't
 I hang down my head, my head mourn-ful cry. True love, don't

f

True love, don't true love, don't weep, don't mourn. True love, don't
 True love, don't weep, don't mourn, don't mourn. True love, don't
 weep, _____ love, don't mourn, don't mourn. True love, don't weep, _____
 weep, _____ true love, don't mourn. True love, don't weep, _____

On Top Of Old Smokey

Lyrics: American folk song

Music: American folk song

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

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Quick waltz (♩ = c. 126)

S

A

T

B

mf

mf

On top of Old Smo -

On top of Old Smo -

Piano

mf

Quick waltz (♩ = c. 126)

8

key, all cov - ered with snow, I lost my true lov -

key, all cov - ered with snow, I lost my true lov -



Oh, court-in's a size

Court-in's a plea *mp*

er by court-in' too slow. _____ Court-in's a

er by court-in' too slow. _____ Court-in's a

mp

and part-ing is, but a false heart-ed lov - er is

sure and part-ing is, but a false heart-ed lov - er is

plea - sure, part-ing is grief, but a false heart-ed lov - er is

plea - sure, part-ing is grief, but a false lov - er is

worse than a thief. A thief will rob of all that you

worse than a thief. A thief will just you of all that you

worse than a thief.

worse than a thief.

f

f

save, but a se - heart-ed lov-er will lead you to your grave.

save, false - heart-ed lov - er will lead you to your grave.

43

mp

The grave will de - cay you _____ I turn you to dust, not

mp

The grave will de - cay you _____ I turn you to dust, not

mp

51

mf

They'll

mf

They'll

one mi - poor girl can trust.

one a - a poor girl can trust.

mf

The Erie Canal

Lyrics: American folk song

Music: American folk song

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

© Helbling

Quickly (♩ = c. 56) *mf*

S We were for - ty miles from Al - ba - ny, for -

A We were for - ty miles from Al - ba - ny, for -

T We were for - ty miles from Al - ba - ny, for -

B We were for - ty miles from Al - ba - ny, for -

Quickly (♩ = c. 56) *mf*

Piano

6

get it I nev - er shall. What a ter - ri - ble storm we had one night on the E - ri - e ca -

get it I nev - er shall. What a ter - ri - ble storm we had one night on the E - ri - e ca -

get it I nev - er shall. What a ter - ri - ble storm we had one night on the E - ri - e ca -

get it I nev - er shall. What a ter - ri - ble storm we had one night on the E - ri - e ca -



nal. Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the gin was a - get - tin' low, and I

nal. Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the was low, and I

nal. Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, the gin was a - get - tin' low, and I

nal. Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the was a - get - tin' low, and I

scarce-ly think we'll a till we get to Buf - fa - lo - o - o, till we get to Buf - fa -

scarce-ly think we get drink till we get to Buf - fa - lo - o - o, till we get to Buf - fa -

scarce-ly think get drink till we get to Buf - fa - lo - o - o, till we get to Buf - fa -

scarce-ly think a drink till we get to Buf - fa - lo - o - o, till we get to Buf - fa -

lo. We were load - ed with bar - ley, we were

lo.

lo.

lo.

chock up full of rye

the cap - an he looked down on me with a gol - dern wick - ed eye.

Two days out from Sy - ra-cuse the ves-sel struck a shoal.

We like to all be found-ered on a

f Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the gin was a-get - tin'

f the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the gin was a-get - tin'

f Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the gin was a-get - tin'

chun - Lack - shoal. Oh, the E - ri - e was a - ris - ing, and the gin was a-get - tin'