

[Richard Dyer-Bennet] An old song from the town of Hamburg in Germany, the ballad of Jan Hinnerk [Richard Dyer-Bennet singing Jan Hinnerk] and in Earth lives in Hamburg town in Hamburg, he is a man of great renown of very great renown of very great renown and Earth is above the highest of him finest can be co. One day the foin little ray all my soul Polin Sp Fil in sit and avi violin and he is white this white this white One thee made a little Dutch man, a little Dutch man who could see all by himself. Hoped or Hoxbed or he sit that Dutchman Oxford Oe Oxford Oy sit that Dutchman and the by Ohio the high Ohio and he need his wife He by country. He needs by country. One made a Elish English man who could all by himself. Bend your eyes, bend your eyes, said the Englishman. Bend your eyes, bend your eyes, said the Englishman and the vio violin. Avio violin and he names and his wife He He name is my can. He is my can One day he made a little German a little German would speak all by himself. Hoher Kaiser, Hoher Kaiser that German Hoher Kaiser, Hoher Kaiser that German and a I oh my a oh my own man and name and his wife my c One day he made a little Frenchman a little Frenchman who could speak all by himself vimos, vim and the French Pm Pla is the French. And the vile Bioan the vile Boiona meeting Happ ally, Hopsy that Dutchman Femi Februari sit thatch. Ho, de Kaiser, ho de Kaiser sit that German Neva Fa sit this Von Sit that little King Fye sit that while Wyoming my. He is my can Young Enark still lives up that quiet spur that very quiet sp he can be quiet he will. So keep very, very still, keep very, very still K [Richard Dyer-Bennet] An 18th century folk song from Austria. The scene is at a country dance. The young people are out on the dance floor dancing and enjoying themselves. Some of the older people are sitting around the edge of the dance floor watching them. One very old fellow sitting there seems to be annoyed to see the young people having such a good time doing something that he no longer can enjoy. He's especially annoyed by the sight of a very beautiful young woman dancing with a man whom he knows is not her husband. And he speaks to her as follows. [Richard Dyer-Bennet singing Woman! Go Home!] Hold on. Go home. You man. He is killed. He healed. Give him a pill. Oh, my dear friend just one for us. Then I'll go home to my poor own man. Then I'll go home to my poor. Woman. Get home. Be your man. He is worse. Her all my ever Just one more time. Then I'll go home my poor old man. Then I'll go home my poor woman go home mana. Then the mom all my just one. Then I'll go home to my poor old man. Then I'll go home to my poor Woman, go home. His will is to be ready. Well now the Lord rest. No, my dear friend. This is more time to us. I must go home to my own man. I go to weep for my fall [Richard Dyer-Bennet] An 18th century song from the Rhineland part of Germany, the ballad of the free tailors and the magic needle [Richard Dyer-Bennet singing The Three Tailors] We journey the tailors roll up to a din that hath called for the landlord to be them on the rhine on the rhine Their pockets were empty. The f would rhine and he told the tailors bis cry for wine for wine. Sir landlord, Sir landlord, we've been round the world and the things that we've seen make your hair come uncurled on the vine on the rhine Now, each one of us has a magic tree. We'll show you our magic and bring you good luck for wine for wine. Come in the landlord and open his doors. If your magic is good, my cellar is yours on the vine on the vine. But if you do lie as I think thee so, I'll plant your head downwards to see how you grow instead of wine instead of wine. The first then el seal with a sunbeam He doesn't kneel on the right on the line. He picked up a glass that was drank and sewed it together as he does could be for a way for while. The first one sat down and the second rose, sees the mosquito that flew past his nose on the right the vi. The poor little beast had a cold mistress. Be it could sneeze, he had made the best for wine wine The thirteena said, you've seen nothing off and he buried the needle point deep in the wall on the vine on the vine. He flew back and forth through the needle's eye. If I hadn't seen it, I'd say was a for wine for wide Sir Hare, Sir Here,

your magic is great. I promised you wine, and I'll not make you we. On the rh on the
rhine he drew a thimble of wine from the there. All right, you magicians. Drunk on
there. There's your wine. There's your wine. The s were angry, the pants in war. They
nailed the innkeeper's ears to the door on the right, on the right. They mounted their
horses and roll away. And the innkeeper's ears hang there for disdy O abo on the
Rhine.