John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

Bog 2

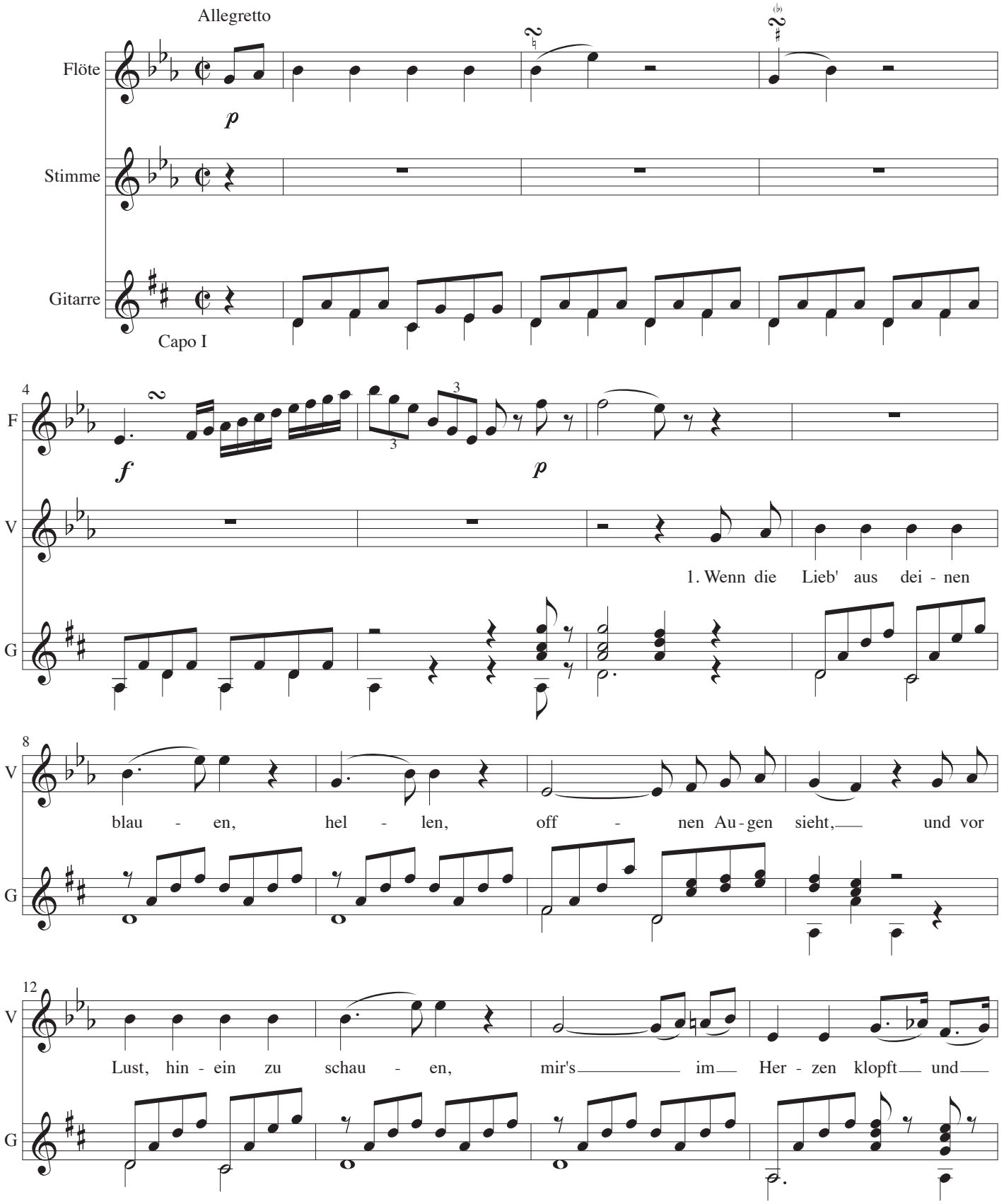
Sang, Guitar, Instrument

Bog 0: Register
Bog 1: Sang, Guitar
Bog 2: Sang, Guitar, Instrument
Bog 3: Sang, Becifring
Bog 4: Sang, Klaver
Bog 5: Kor
Bog 6: Guitar, Instrument
Bog 7: Ensemble, forskellige besætninger
Bog 8: Solo klaver, klaver med ensemble
Bog 9: Solo guitar
Bog 10: 2 guitarer
Bog 11: 3 guitarer
Bog 12: 4 guitarer

An Chloe

KV 524 - 1787

Musik: W.A. Mozart
Text: Johann Georg Jacobi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



16

V: glüht; 2. und ich hal - te dich und küs - se dei - ne Ro - sen - wan - gen

G

20

F

V: warm. lie - bes Mäd - chen, und ich schlie - ße zit - ternd

G

25

F

V: dich in mei - nen Arm, in mei - nen Arm, in mei - nen Arm! 3. Mäd - chen,

G

29

V: Mäd - chen, und ich drü - cke dich an mei - nen Bu - sen

G

33

V: fest, der im letz - ten Au - gen - bli - cke ster - bend,

G

37

V: ster - bend nur dich von sich läßt; 4. den be -

G

41

V: rausch - ten Blick um - schat - tet ei - ne dü - stre Wol - ke mir, ei - ne

G

45

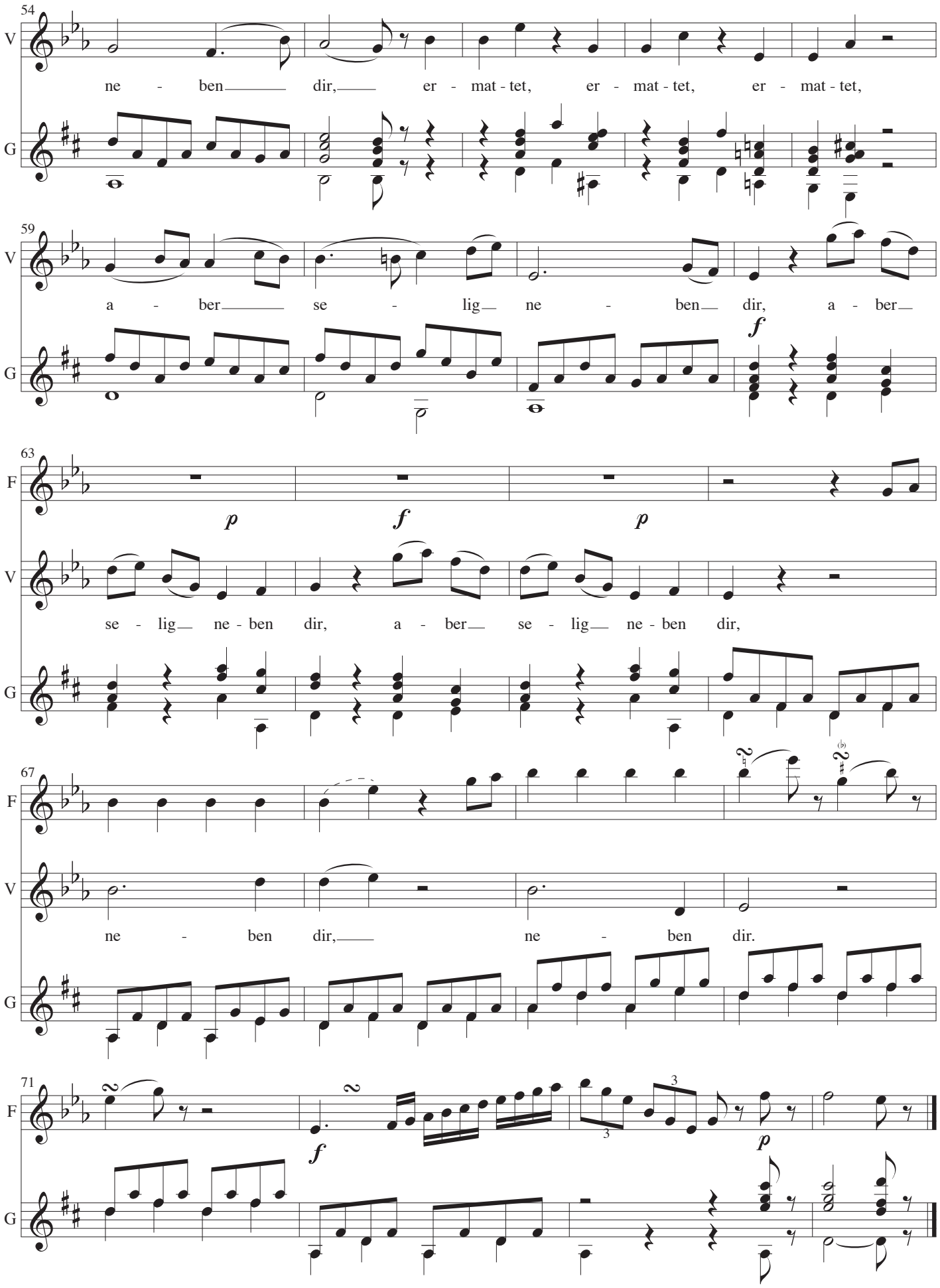
V: dü - stre Wol - ke mir und ich sit - ze dann er -

G

49

V: mat - tet, er - mat - tet, er - mat - tet, a - ber se - lig

G

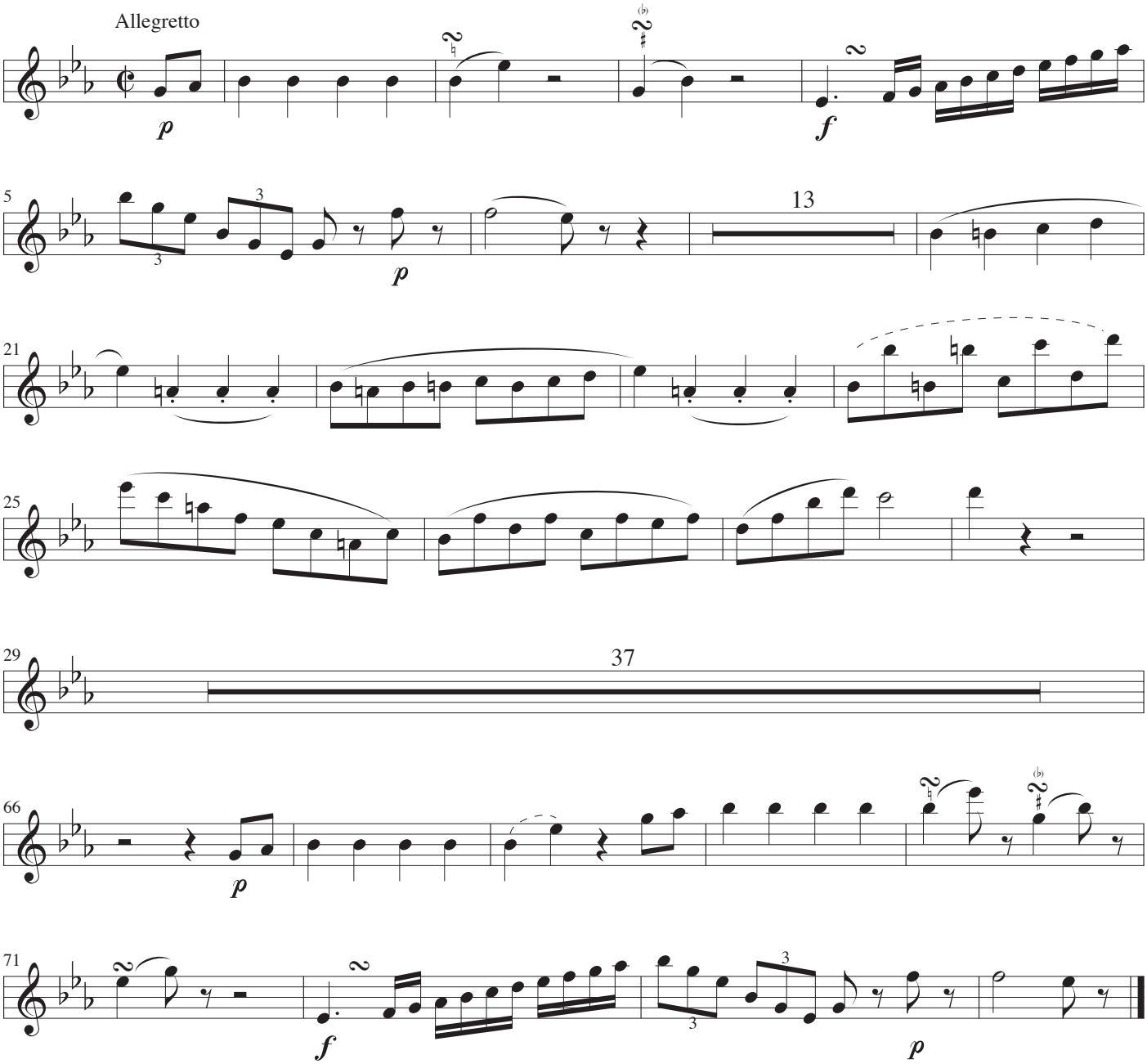

54
V
ne - ben dir, er - mat - tet, er - mat - tet, er - mat - tet,
G
59
V
a - ber se - lig ne - ben dir, a - ber
f
G
63
F
p f p
V
se - lig ne - ben dir, a - ber se - lig ne - ben dir,
G
67
F
V
ne - ben dir, ne - ben dir.
G
71
F
f p
G

Flöte

An Chloe

KV 524 - 1787

Musik: W.A. Mozart
Text: Johann Georg Jacobi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

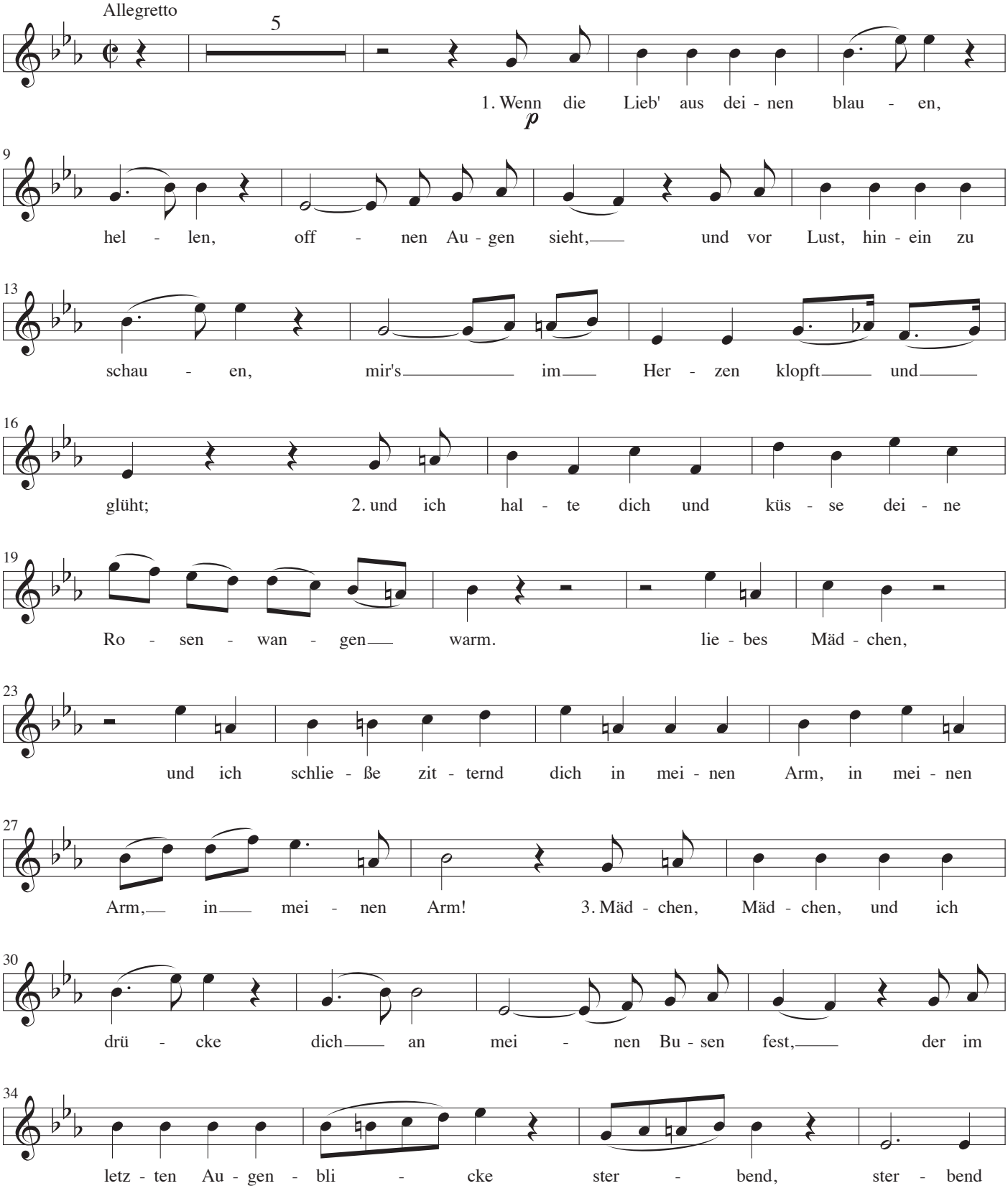


Stimme

An Chloe

KV 524 - 1787

Musik: W.A. Mozart
Text: Johann Georg Jacobi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



38

nur dich von sich läßt; 4. den be -

41

rausch - ten Blick um - schat - tet ei - ne dü - stre Wol - ke

44

mir, ei - ne dü - stre Wol - ke mir und ich

48

sit - ze dann er - mat - tet, er - mat - tet, er - mat - tet,

52

a - ber se - lig ne - ben dir, er - mat - tet, er -

57

mat - tet, er - mat - tet, a - ber se - lig ne - ben

62

dir, a - ber se - lig ne - ben dir, a - ber se - lig ne - ben

f *p* *f* *p*

66

4

dir, ne - ben dir, ne - ben dir.

5.
Liebe, Liebe! welche Stunde!
Welch' ein Jubel, o Natur!
O, dann schwör' ich unserm Bunde
Meinen feierlichen Schwur;

6.
Wie man schwur in jenen Jahren,
Als der Jüngling, unerfahren,
Sich in Einfalt noch geliebt.

7.
Wie man schwur, sich nie zu lassen,
Nicht im Glück und nicht in Not;
Sich getreulich zu umfassen
Und zu gehen in den Tod;

8.
Ohn' einander nichts zu haben;
Alles, alles mein und dein!
Und die guten Seelen gaben
Sich ein gold'nes Ringelein;

9.
"Willst du mir getreu verbleiben,
Bis das Herz im Grabe ruht?
Liebchen, kommt'! wir unterschreiben
Es mit unserm eignen Blut."

10.
Und sie schreiben: Flammenzüge,
Nicht zu tilgen von der Zeit!
Furchten sich geheimer Lüge,
Lasen schaudernd ihren Eid.

11.
Blasser ward der Jüngling, schwächer
Wurde seiner Stimme Ton;
Denn es warnten ihn, als Rächer,
Winkende Gespenster schon.

12.
Über seines Mädchens Lippe
Fuhr des Todes kalte Hand,
Dessen nackendes Gerippe
Neben ihr, als Zeuge, stand.

13.
Keine Ruh' an keiner Stelle,
Wenn das gold'ne Ringlein brach;
Elend und die ganze Hölle
Folgte dem Verräter nach.

Gitarre

An Chloe

KV 524 - 1787

Musik: W.A. Mozart
Text: Johann Georg Jacobi
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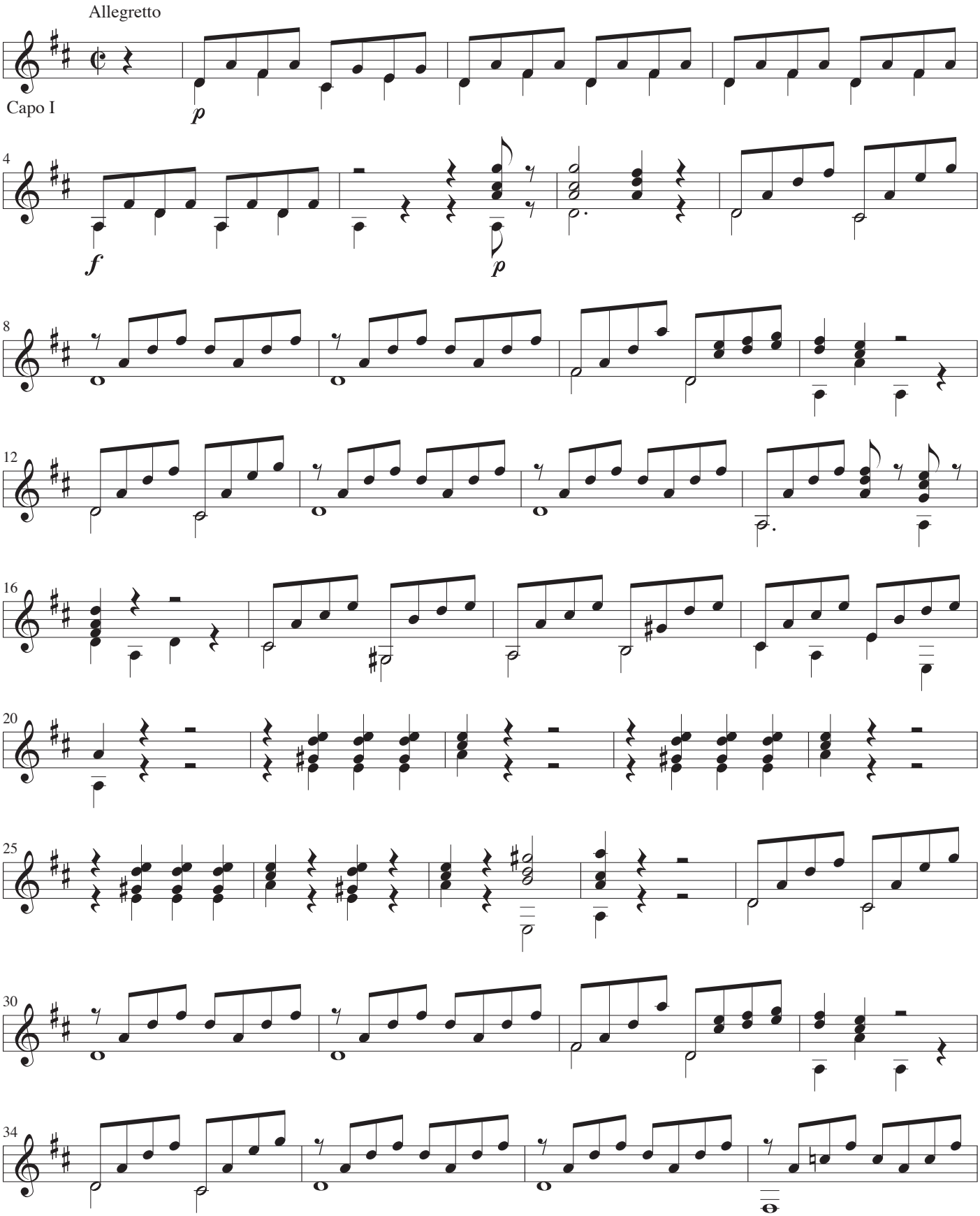
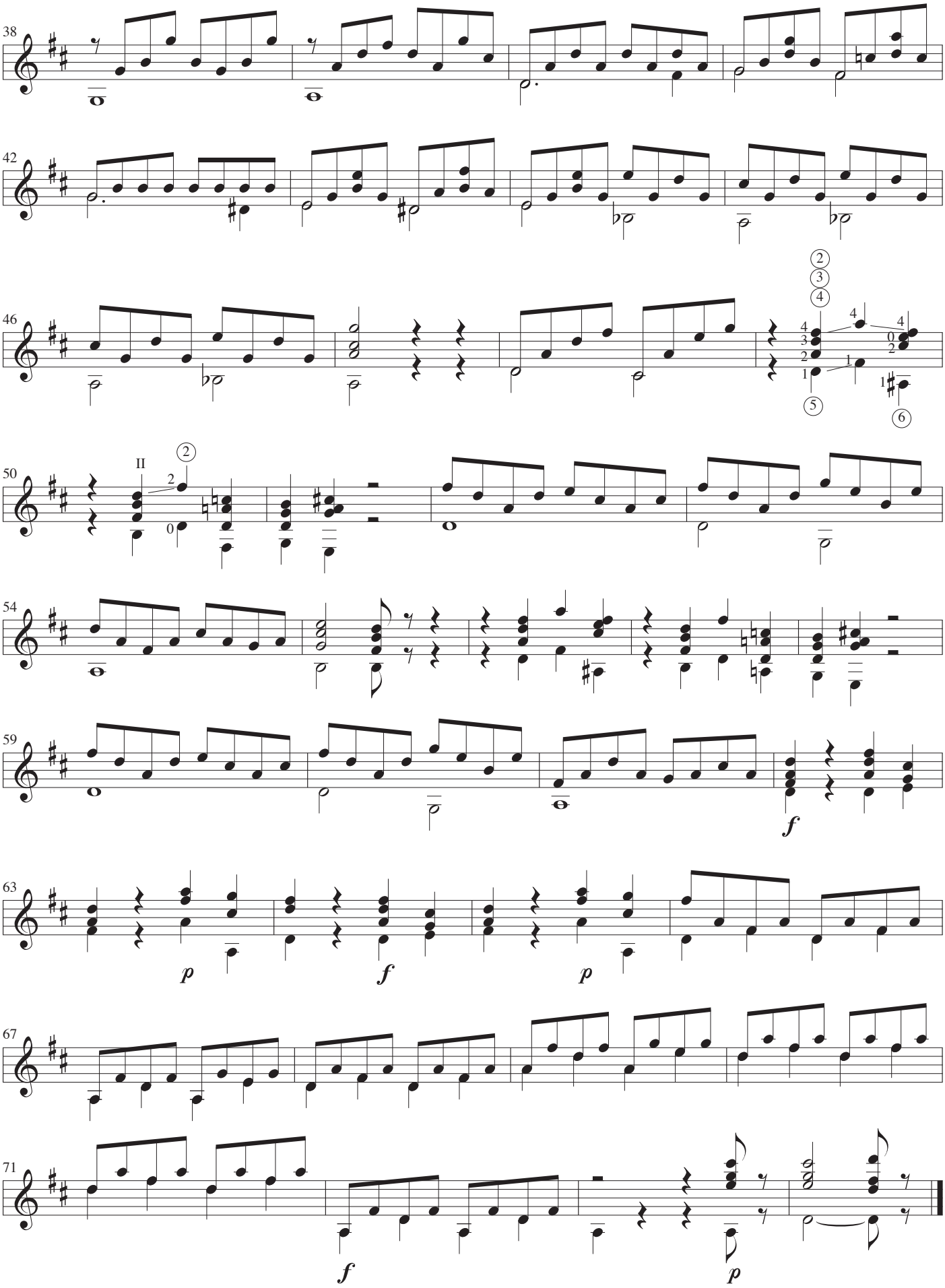
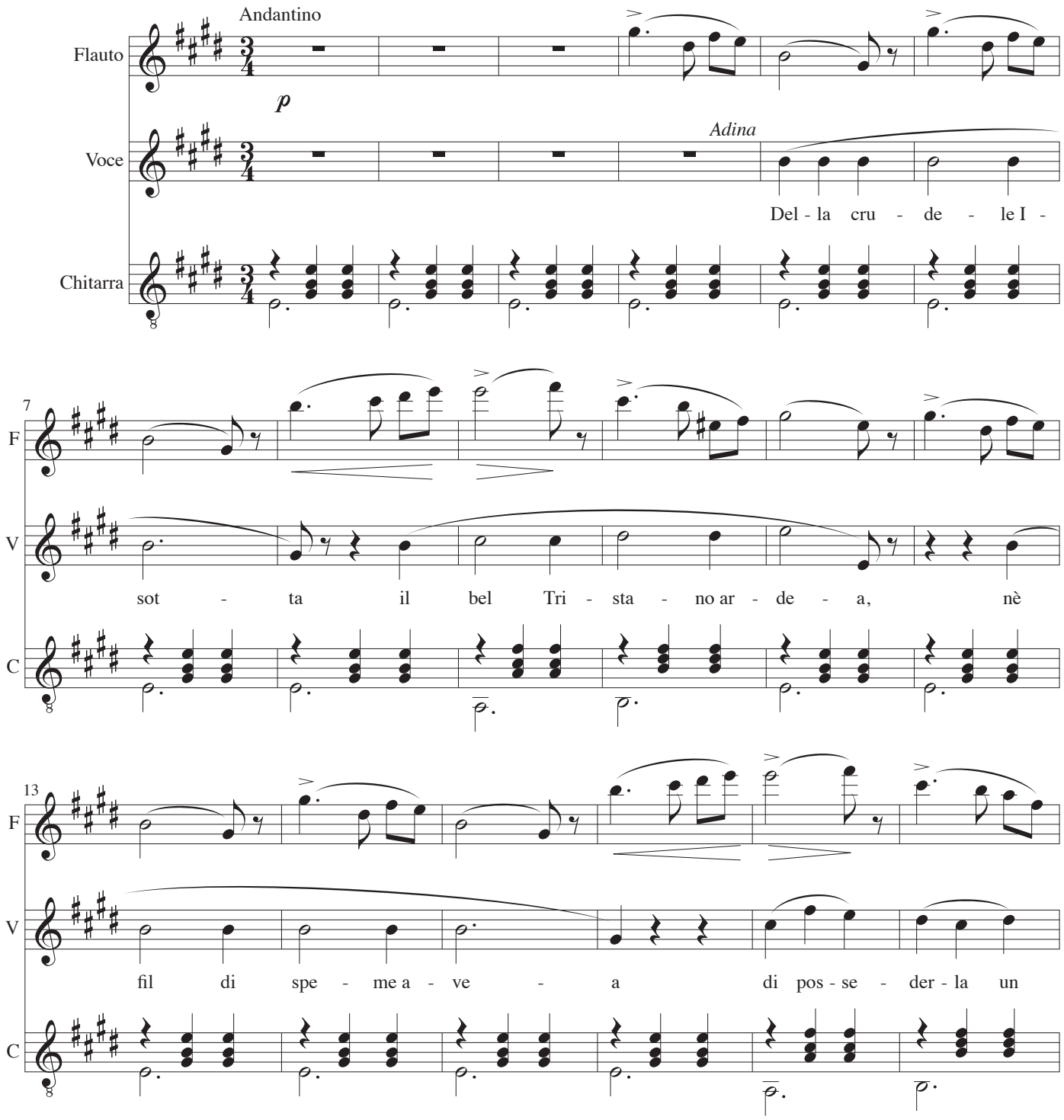



38
42
46
50
54
59
63
67
71
II
f
p

Della crudele Isotta

L'Elisir d'Amore - atto I

Musica: Gaetano Donizetti
Poesia: Felice Romani
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen



19

F

p *p* cresc.

V

di. Quan-do si tras - se al pie - de di

C

25

F

p

V

sag - gio in - can - ta - to - re, che in un va - se! gli

C

31

F

p

V

die - de cer-to e - li - sir d'a - mor, per

C

37

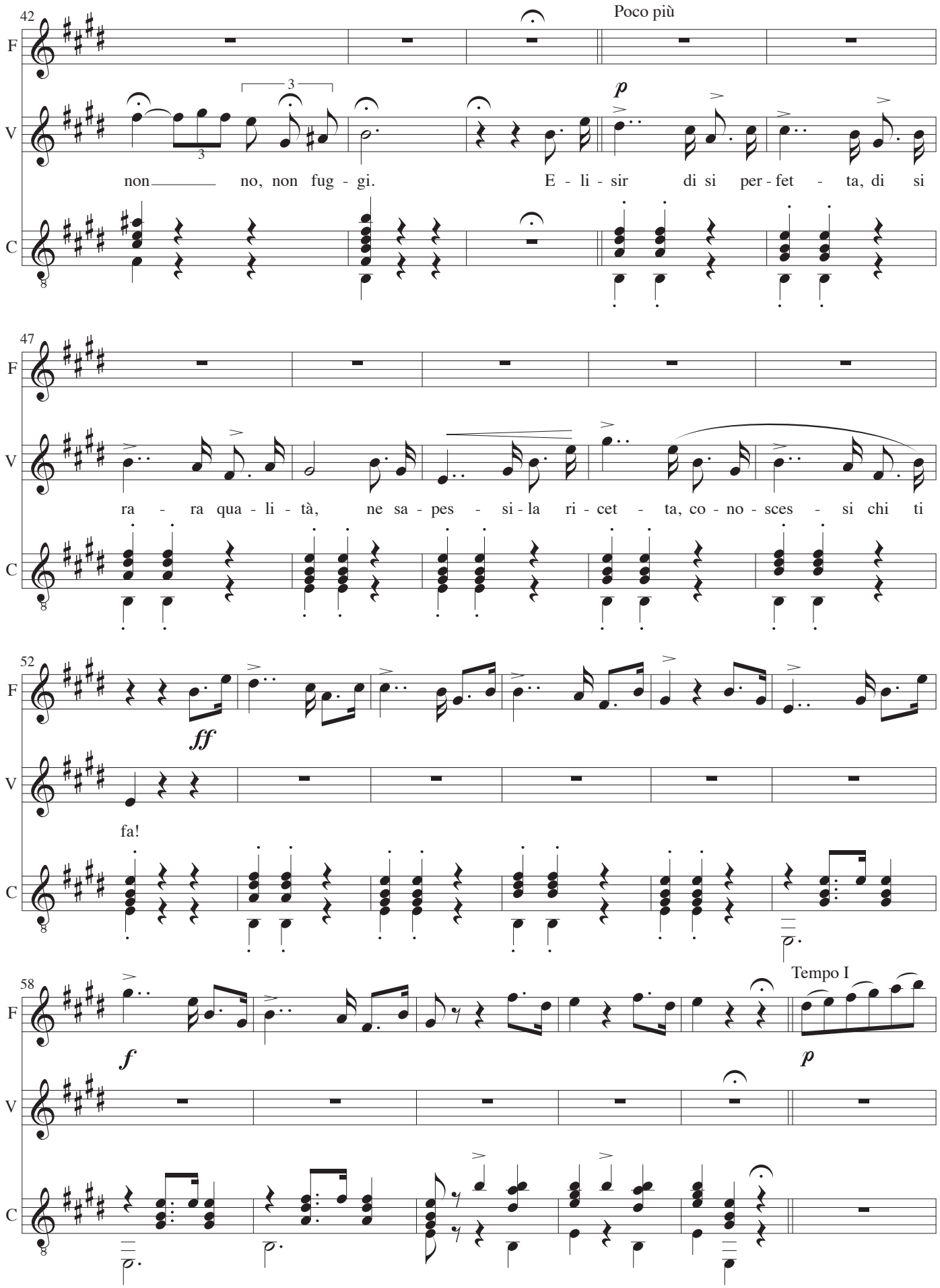
F

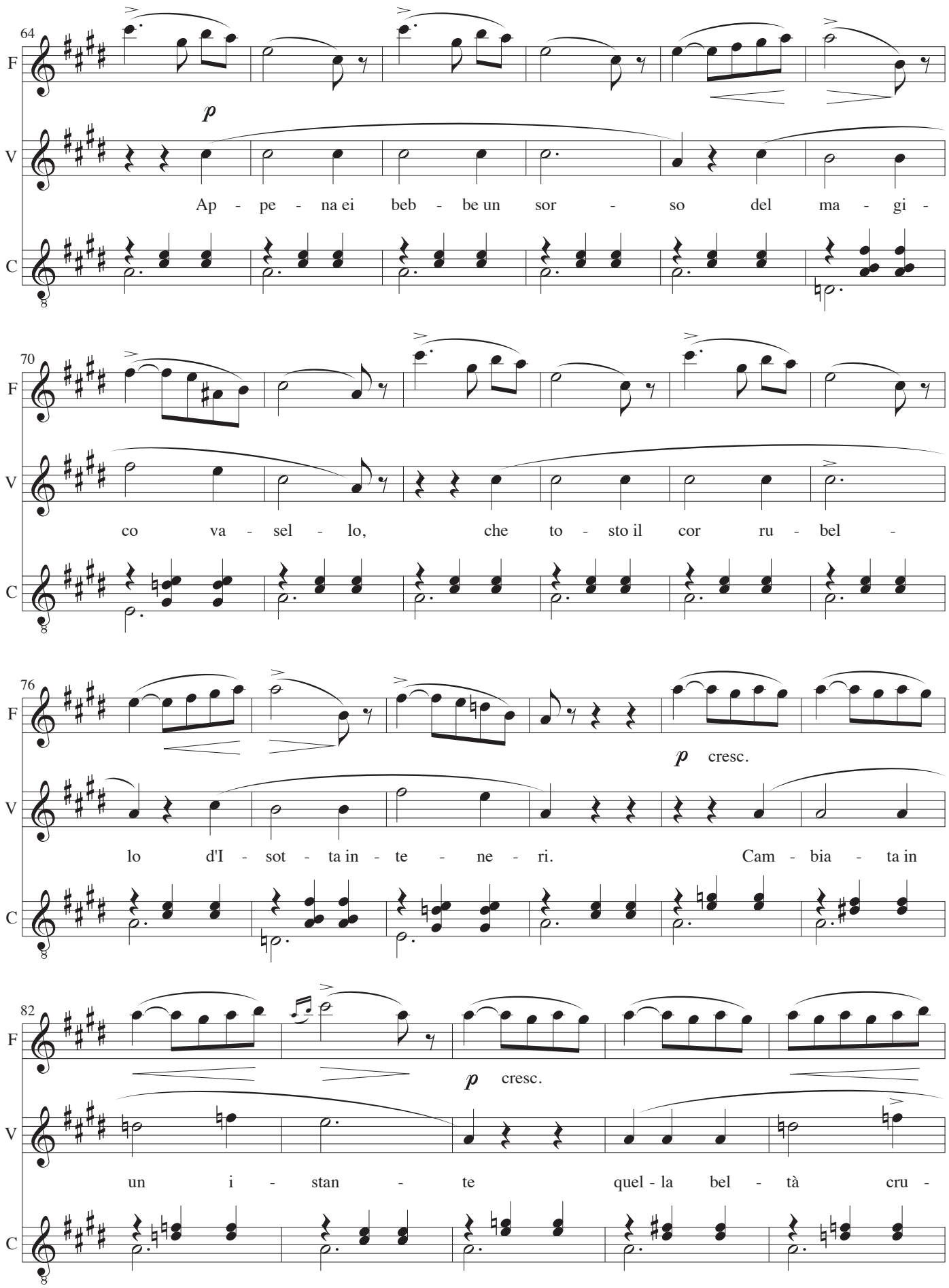
V

3

cui la bel - la I - sot - ta da lui più

C


42
Poco più
F
V
C
p
non no, non fug - gi.
E - li - sir di si per - fet - ta, di si
47
ra - ra qua - li - tà, ne sa - pes - si - la ri - cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti
52
ff
fa!
58
f
Tempo I
p


64
F
V
C
p
Ap - pe - na ei beb - be un sor - so del ma - gi -
70
co va - sel - lo, che to - sto il cor ru - bel -
76
lo d'I - sot - ta in - te - ne - ri. Cam - bia - ta in
p cresc.
82
un i - stan - te quel - la bel - tà cru -
p cresc.

87

F

V

de - le fu di Tri - sta - no a - man - te,

C

92

F

p cresc.

a tempo

V

vis - se a Tri - stan fe - de - le; e quel pri -

p

C

98

F

V

mie - ro sor - so per sem - pre per sem - pre be - ne -

3

C

104

F

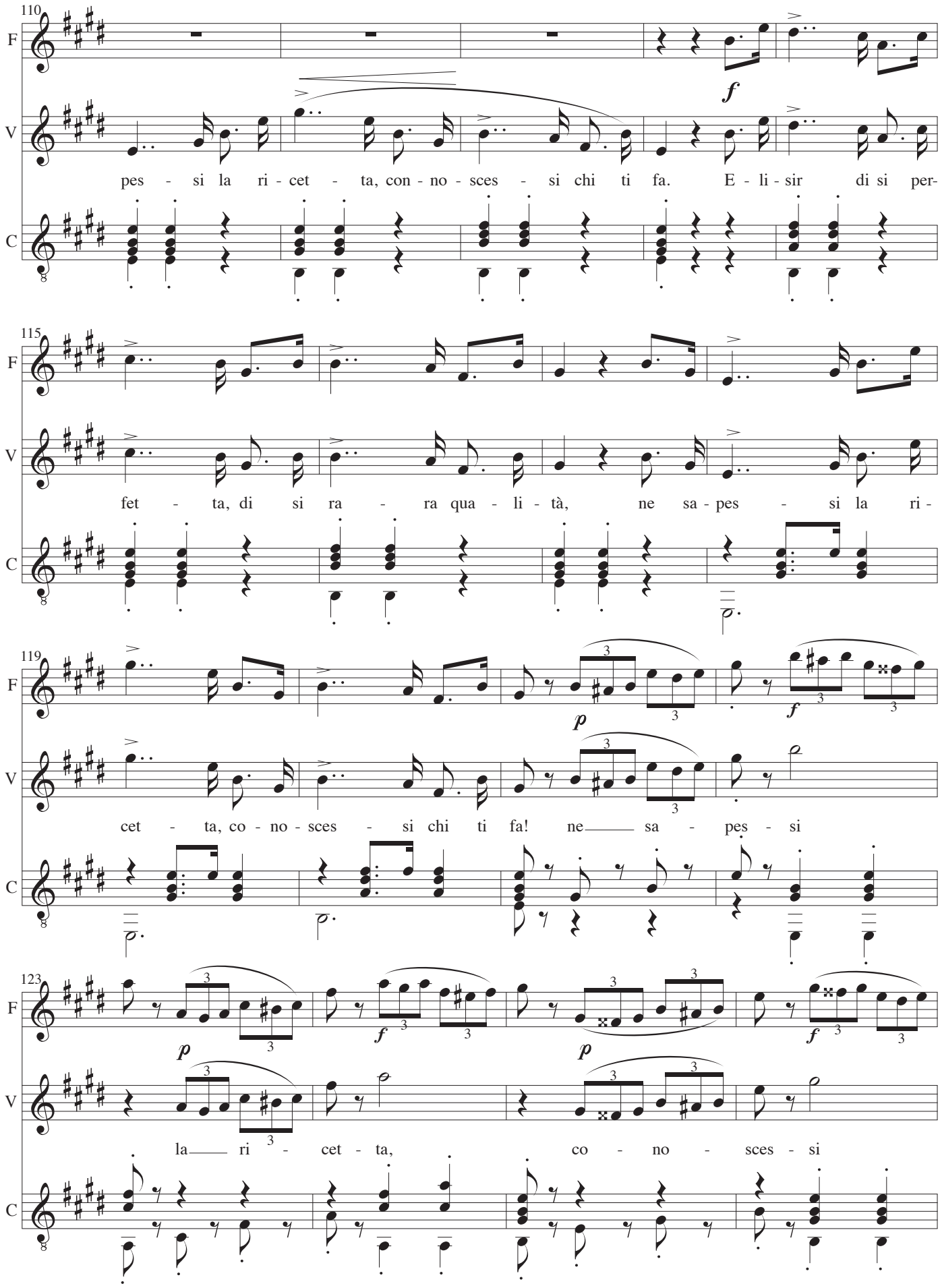
Poco più

V

p

di. E - li - sir di si per - fet - ta, di si ra - ra qua - li - tà, ne sa -

C


110
F
V
C
f
pes - si la ri - cet - ta, con - no - sces - si chi ti fa. E - li - sir di si per-
115
fet - ta, di si ra - ra qua - li - tà, ne sa - pes - si la ri -
119
p
f
cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si
123
la ri - cet - ta, co - no - sces - si

127

F

V

chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si

C

131

F

V

la ri - cet - ta, co - no - sces - si

C

135

F

V

chi ti fa! ah!

C

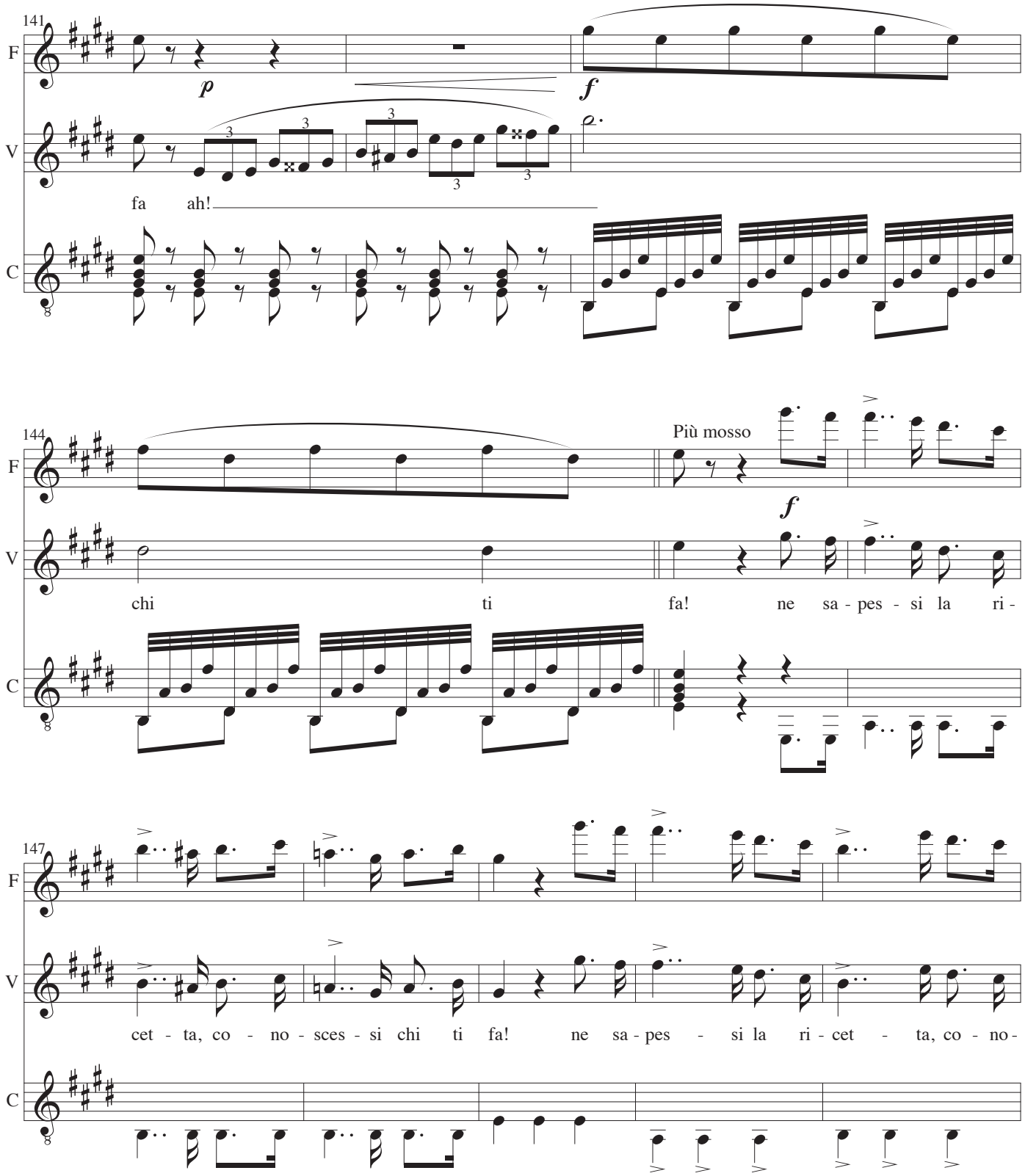
139

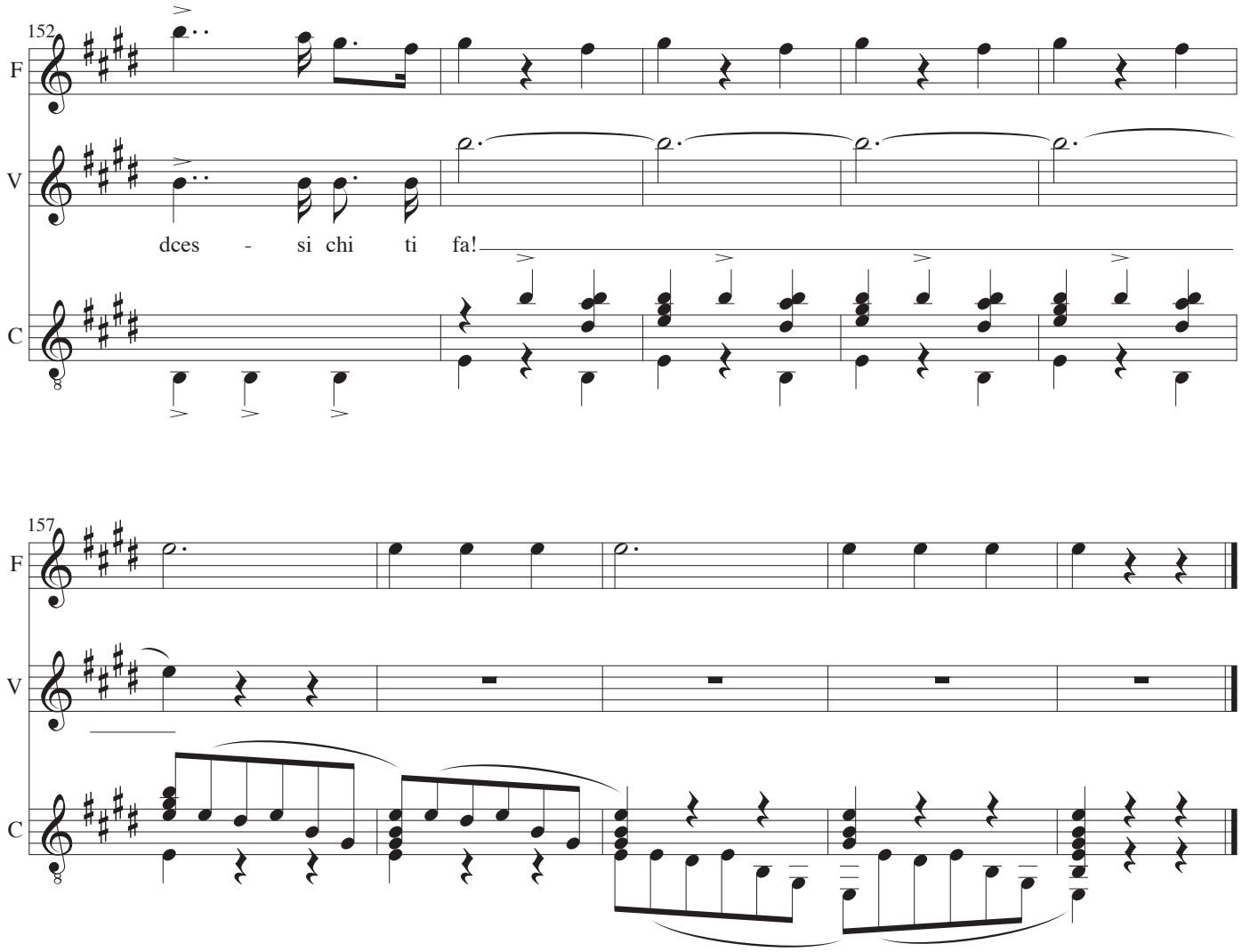
F

V

chi ti

C


141
F
V
C
p
f
fa ah!
144
Più mosso
f
chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si la ri -
147
cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si la ri - cet - ta, co - no -

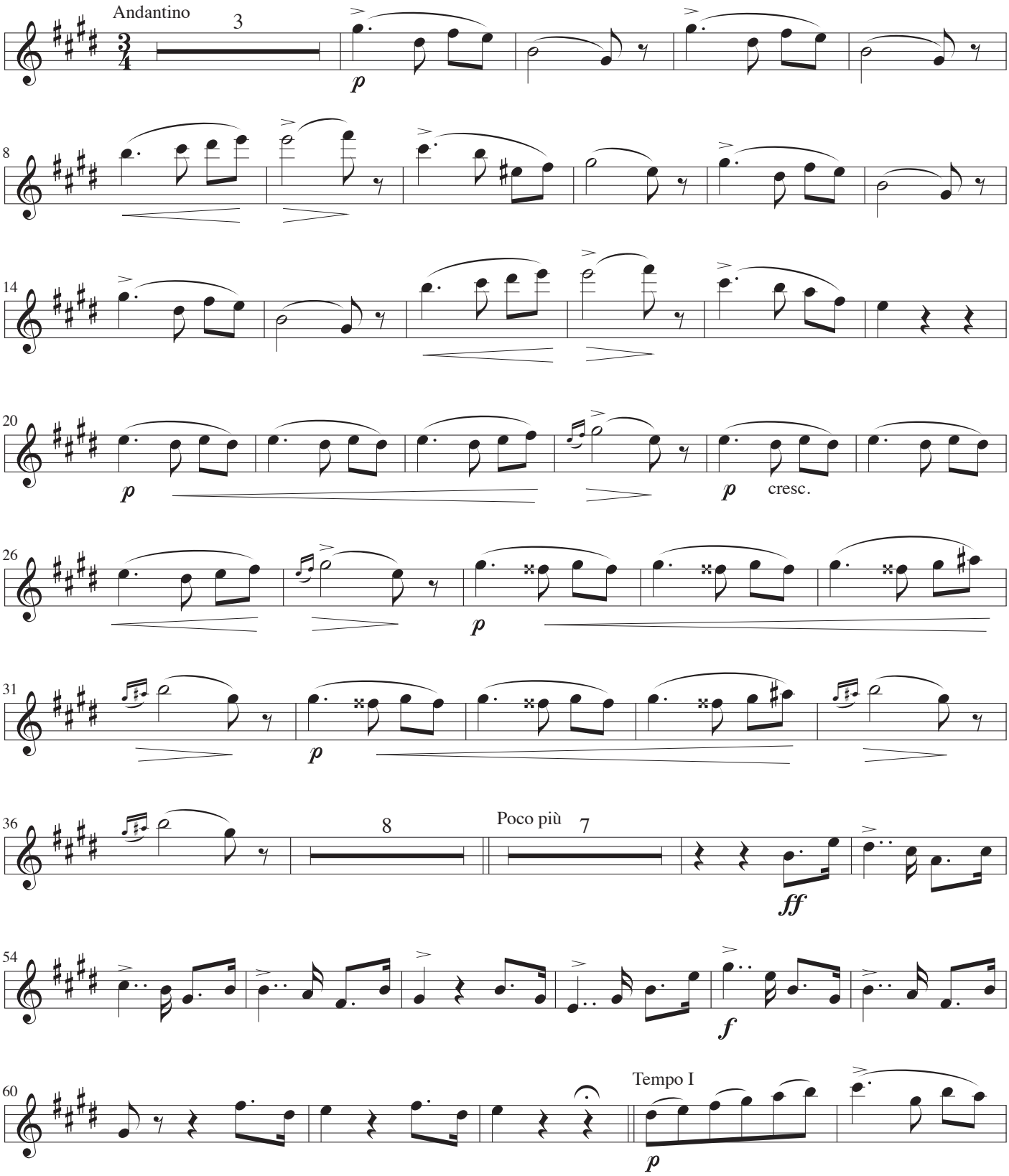

152
F
V
C
dces - si chi ti fa!
157
F
V
C

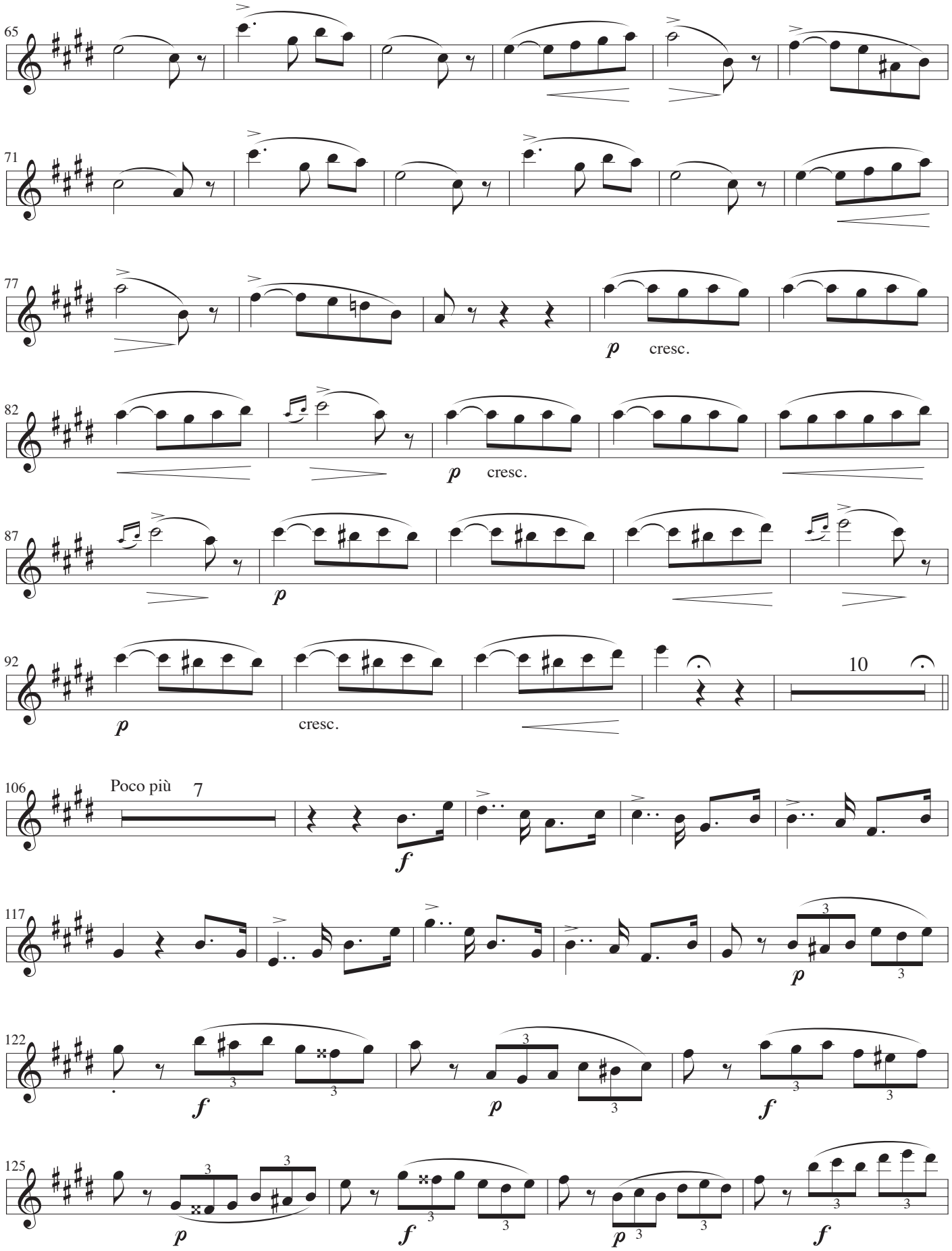
Flauto

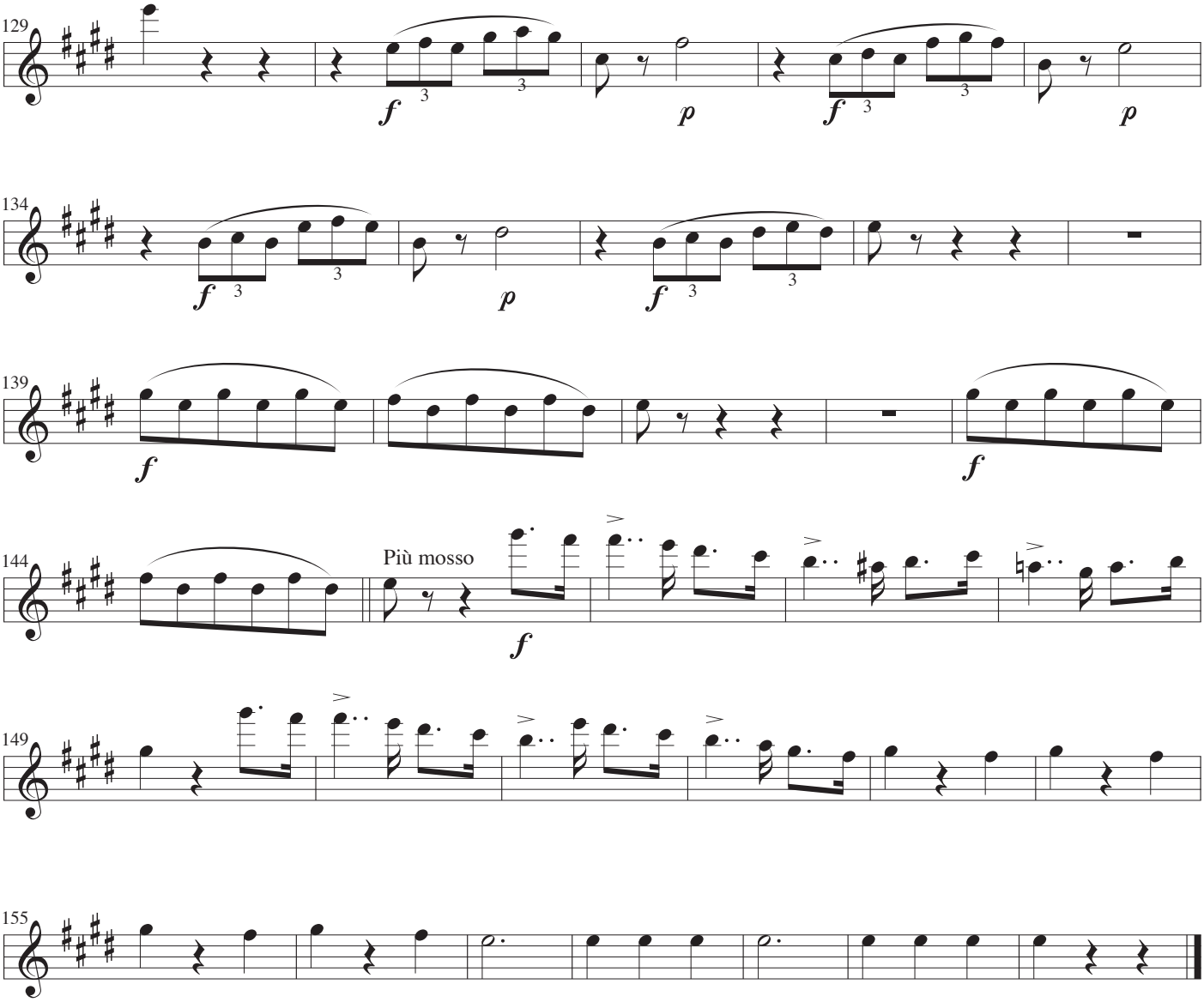
Della crudele Isotta

L'Elisir d'Amore - atto I

Musica: Gaetano Donizetti
Poesia: Felice Romani
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen




65
71
77
p
cresc.
82
p
cresc.
87
p
92
p
cresc.
10
106
Poco più
7
f
117
p
122
f
p
f
125
p
f
p
f

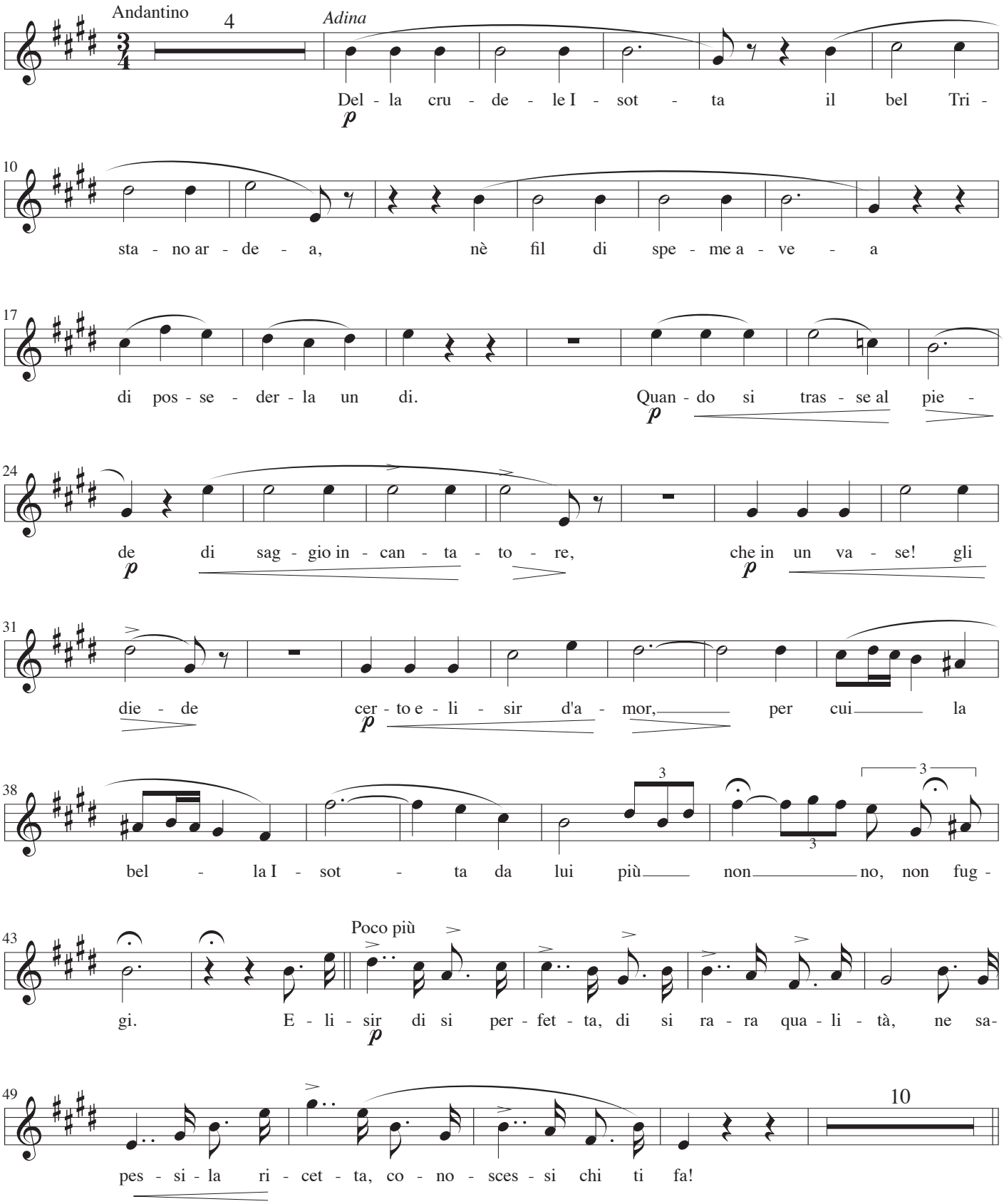

129
134
139
144
Più mosso
149
155

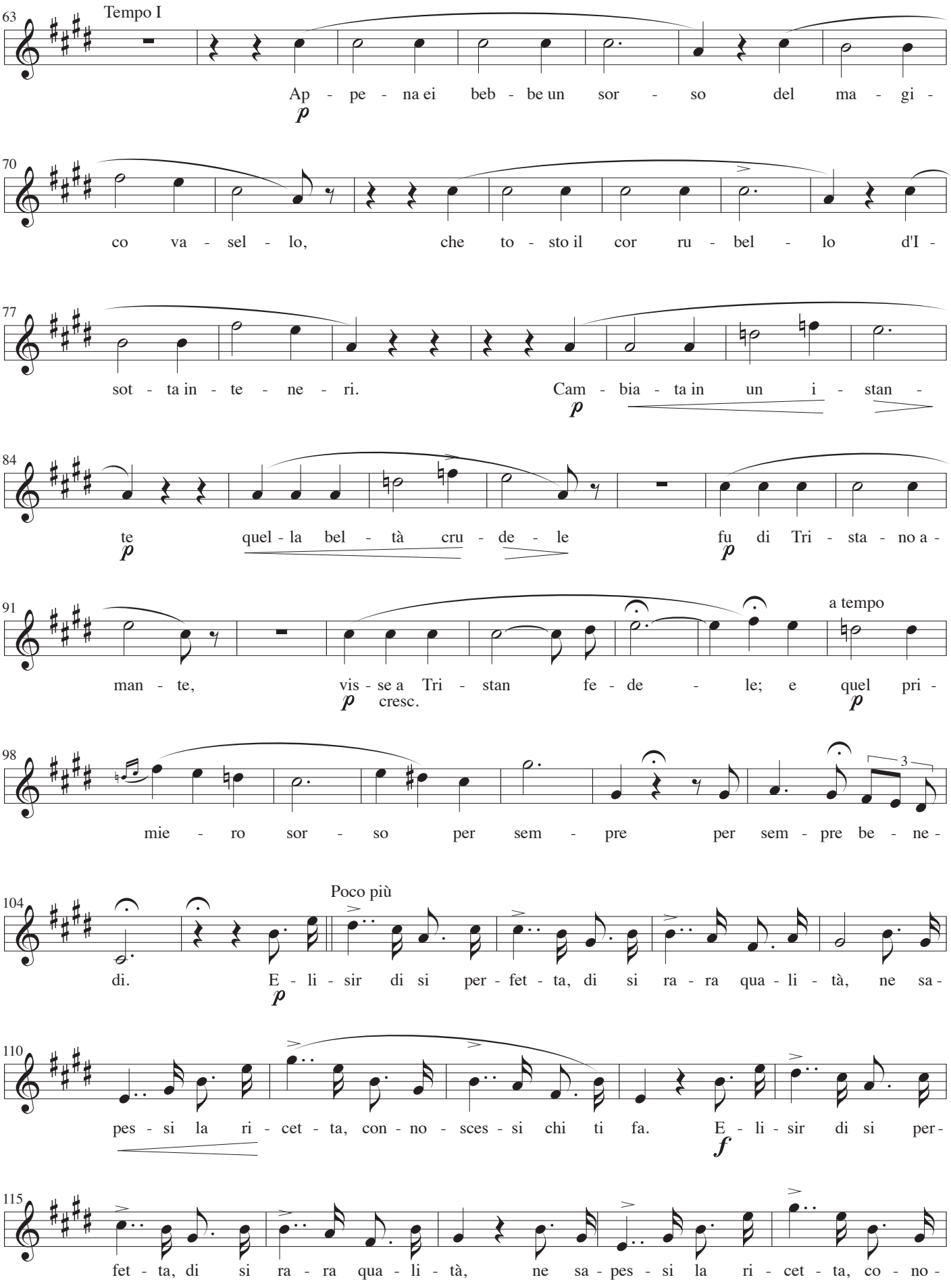
Voce

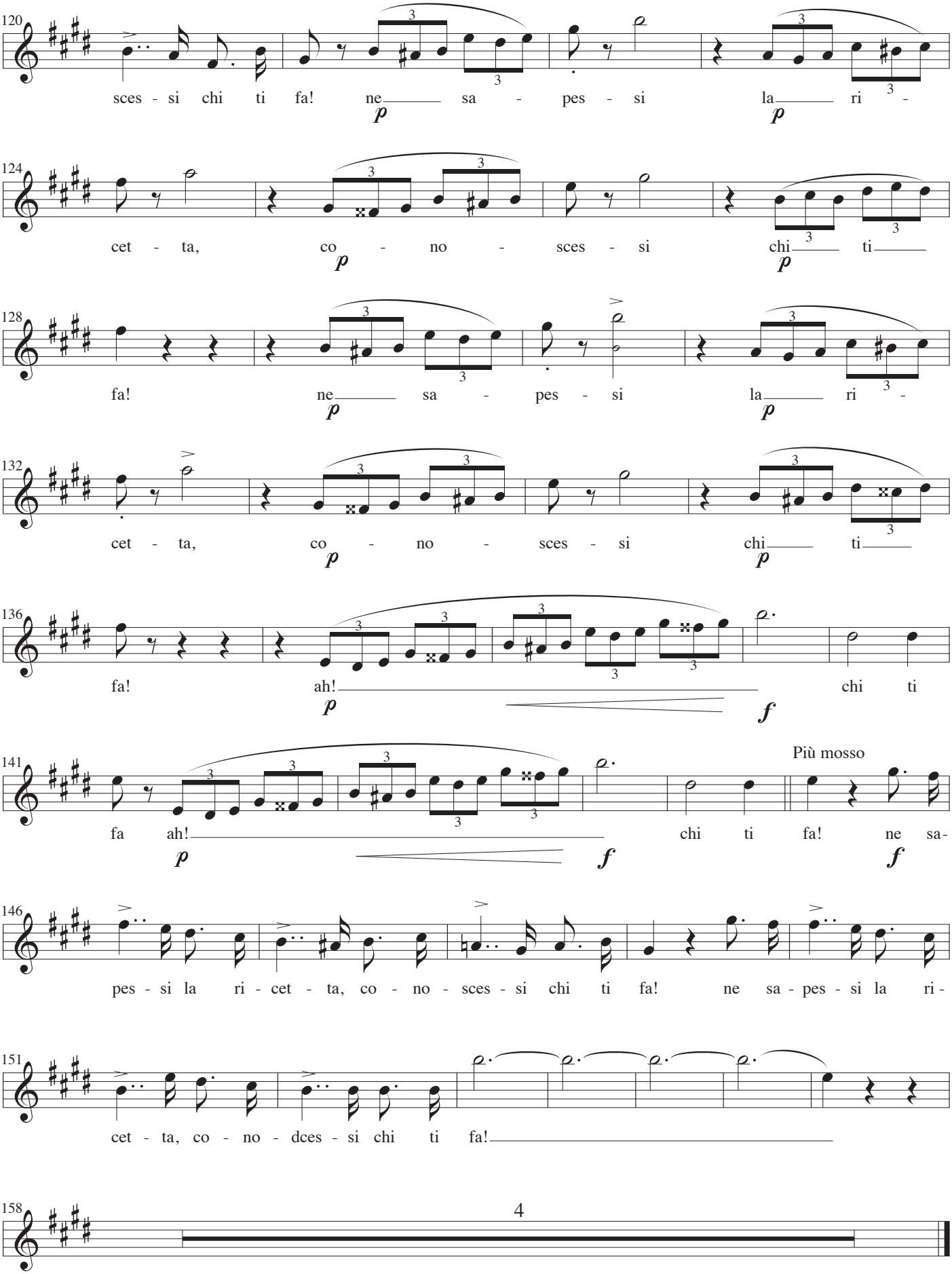
Della crudele Isotta

L'Elisir d'Amore - atto I

Musica: Gaetano Donizetti
Poesia: Felice Romani
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen




63
Tempo I
Ap - pe - na ei beb - be un sor - so del ma - gi -
p
70
co va - sel - lo, che to - sto il cor ru - bel - lo d'I -
77
sot - ta in - te - ne - ri. Cam - bia - ta in un i - stan -
p
84
te quel - la bel - tà cru - de - le fu di Tri - sta - no a -
p p
91
a tempo
man - te, vis - se a Tri - stan fe - de - le; e quel pri -
p cresc. p
98
3
mie - ro sor - so per sem - pre per sem - pre be - ne -
104
Poco più
di. E - li - sir di si per - fet - ta, di si ra - ra qua - li - tà, ne sa -
p
110
pes - si la ri - cet - ta, con - no - sces - si chi ti fa. E - li - sir di si per -
f
115
fet - ta, di si ra - ra qua - li - tà, ne sa - pes - si la ri - cet - ta, co - no -

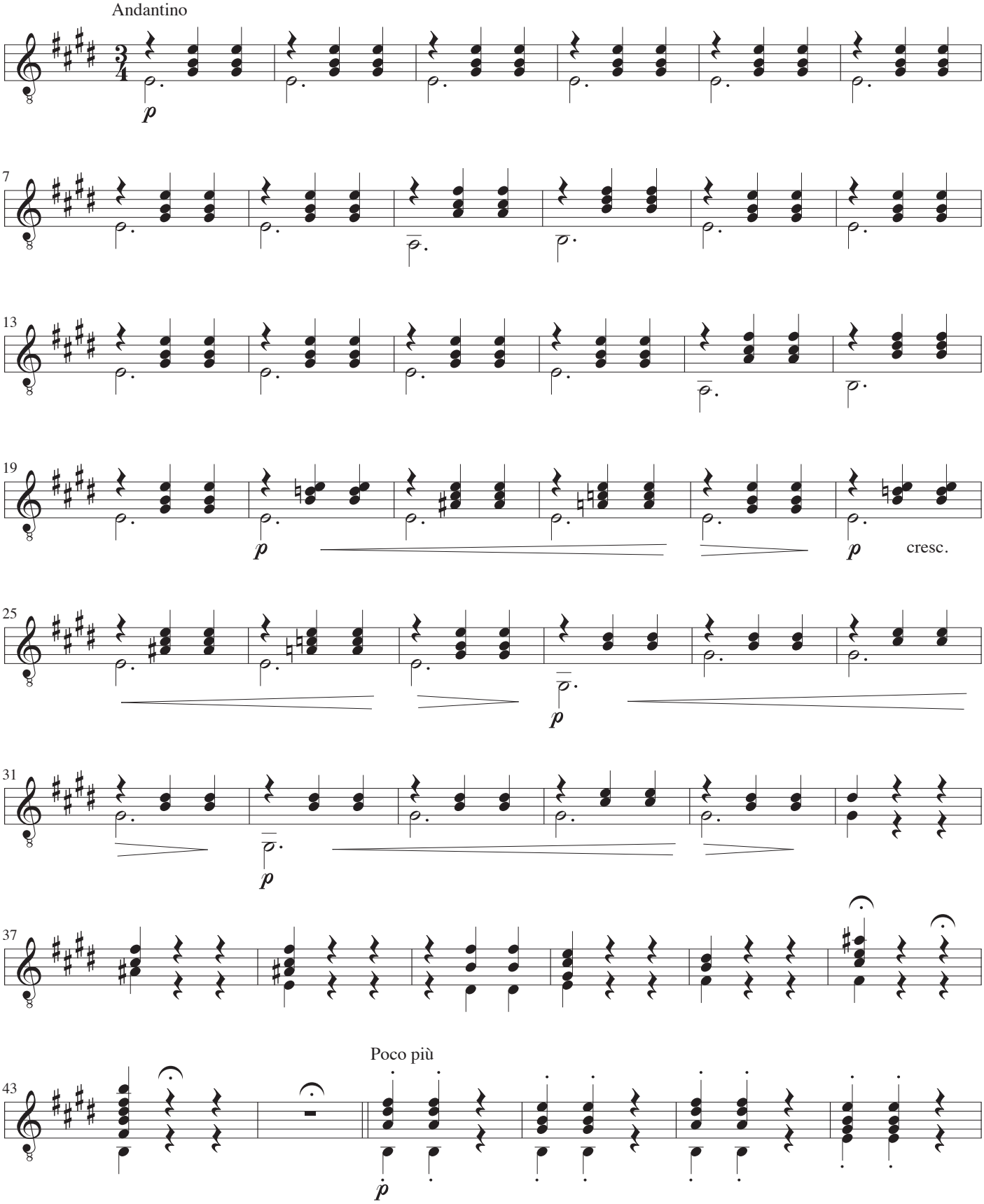

120
sces - si chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si la ri -
p
p
124
cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti
p
p
128
fa! ne sa - pes - si la ri -
p
p
132
cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti
p
p
136
fa! ah! chi ti
p
f
141
fa ah! chi ti fa! ne sa-
p
f
f
Più mosso
146
pes - si la ri - cet - ta, co - no - sces - si chi ti fa! ne sa - pes - si la ri -
151
cet - ta, co - no - dces - si chi ti fa!
158

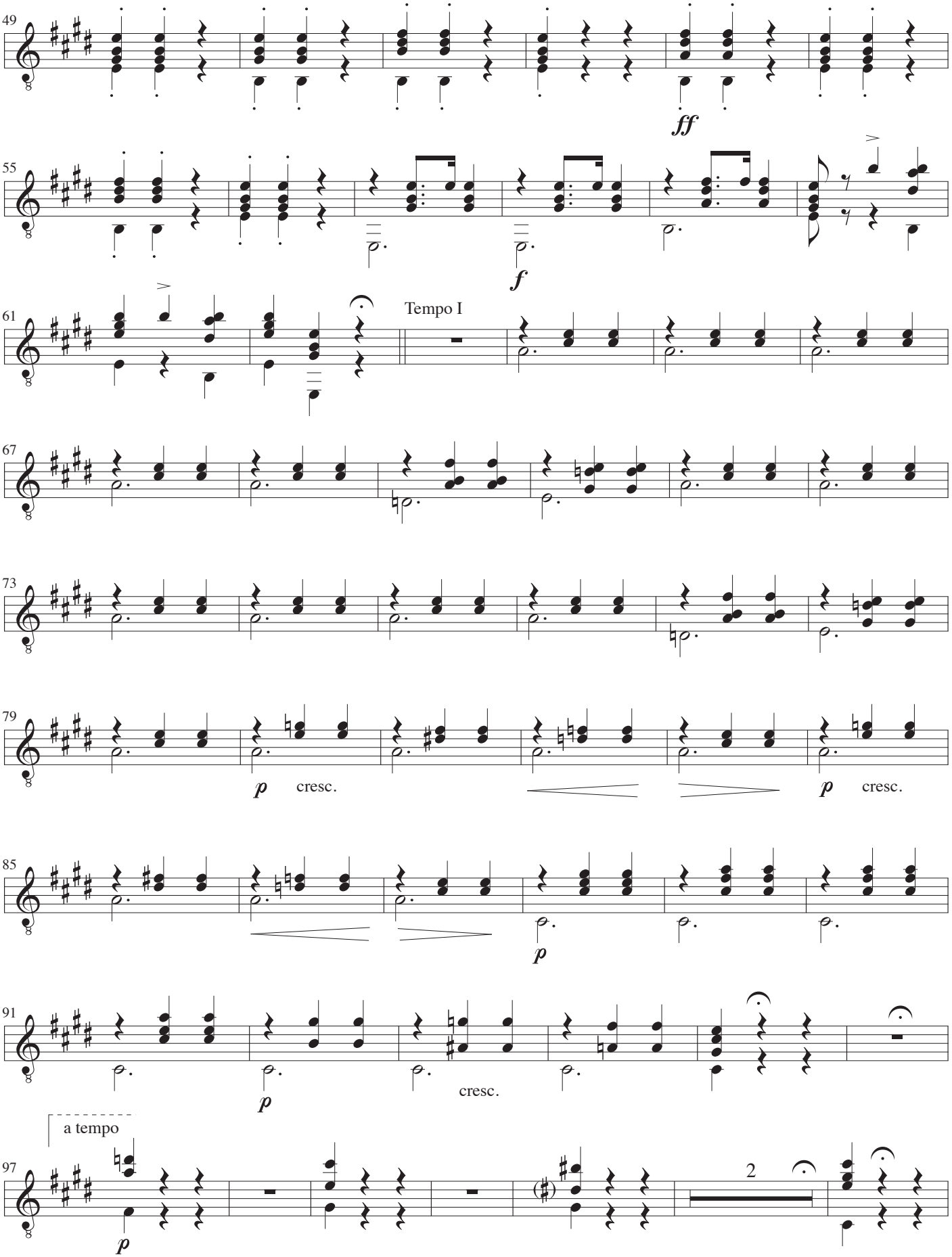
Chitarra

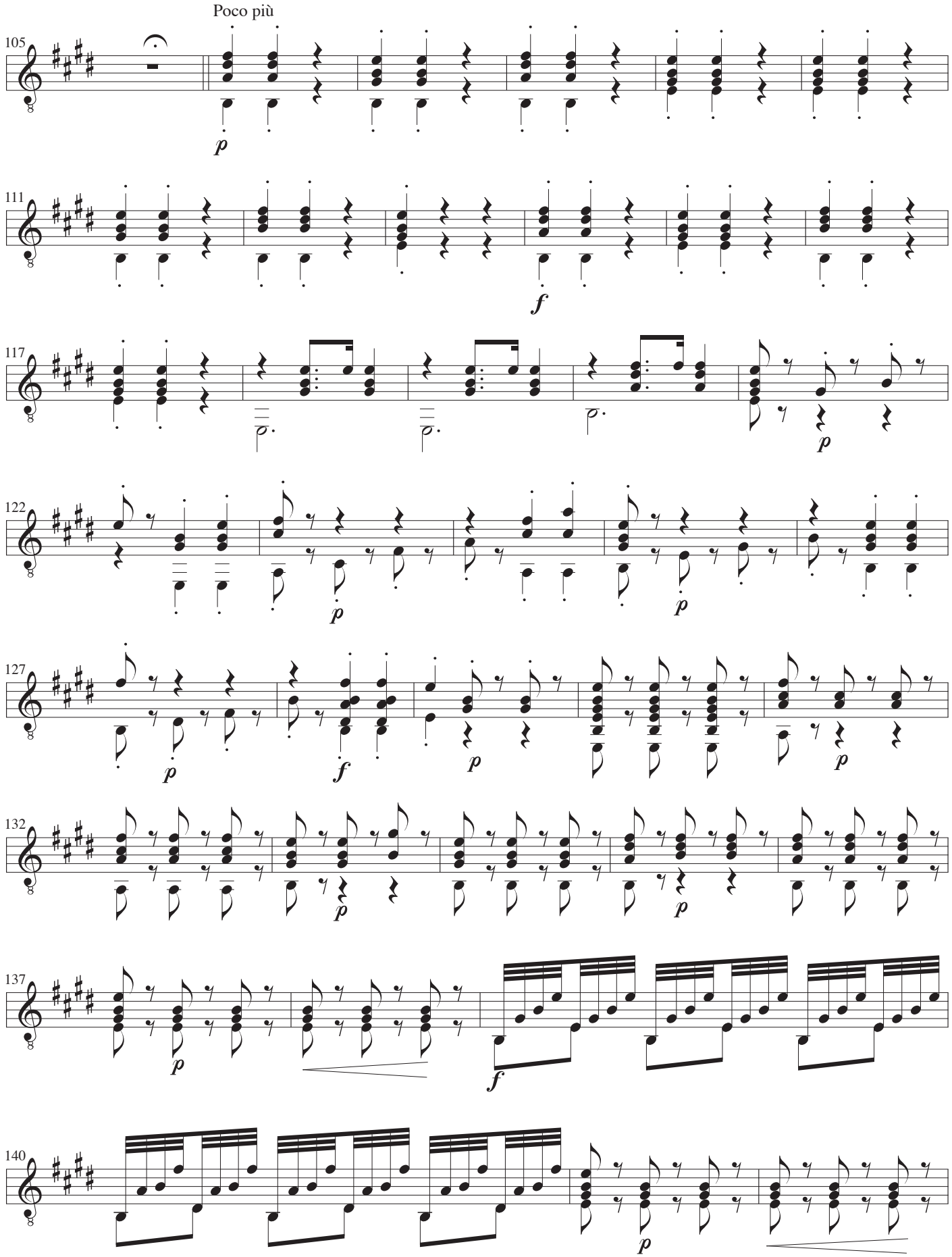
Della crudele Isotta

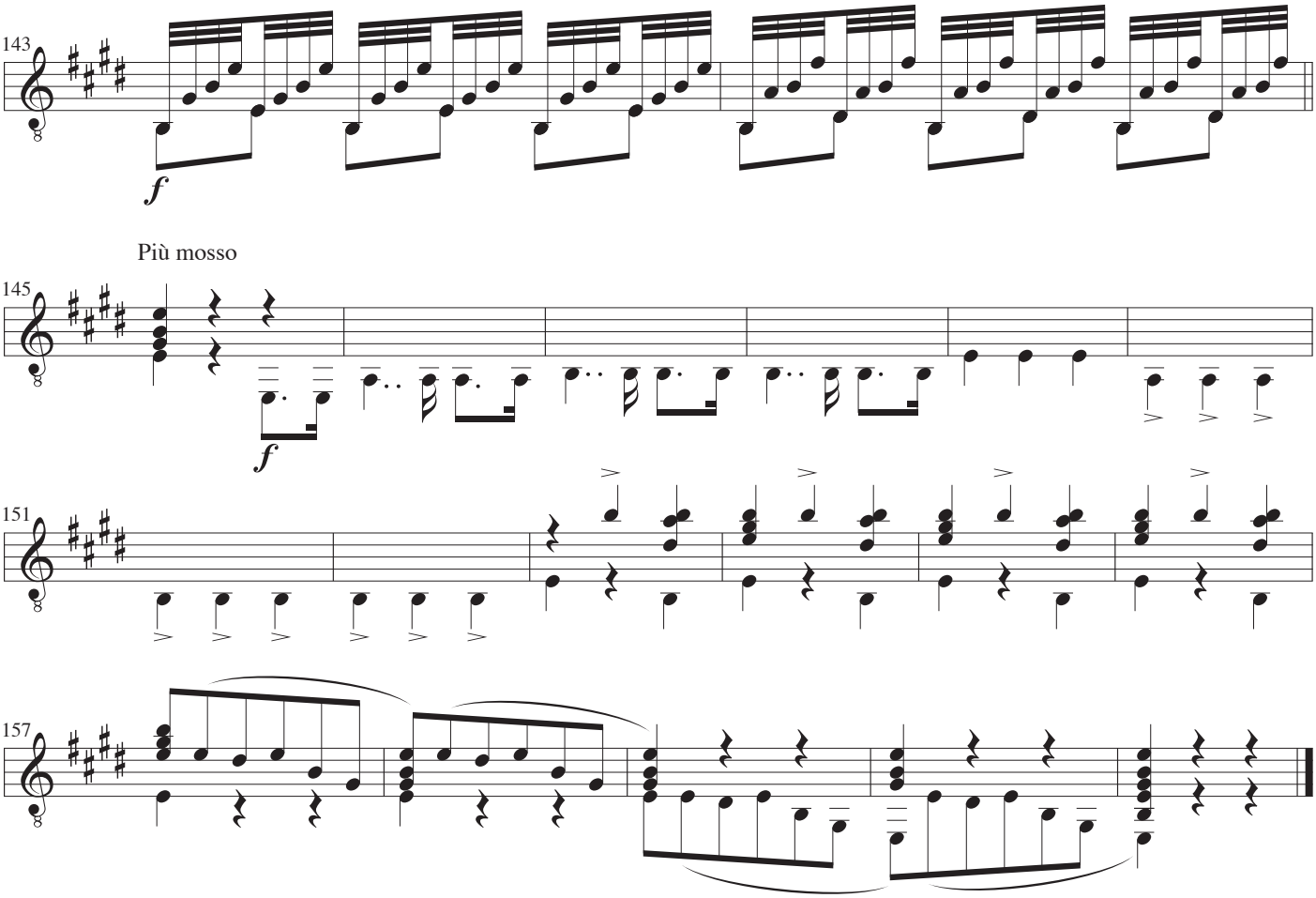
L'Elisir d'Amore - atto I

Musica: Gaetano Donizetti
Poesia: Felice Romani
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen




49
ff
55
f
61
Tempo I
67
73
79
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
85
p
91
p
cresc.
a tempo
97
p
2


Poco più
105
p
111
f
117
p
122
p
p
127
p
f
p
p
132
p
p
137
p
f
140
p


143
f
Più mosso
145
f
151
157

Habanera

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Arrangement: John Jacobsen, 1986

♩=72

flûte

Voix

Guitare

6 = D

Carmen

p

L'a-mour est un oi-seau re-bel-le que nul ne

sim.

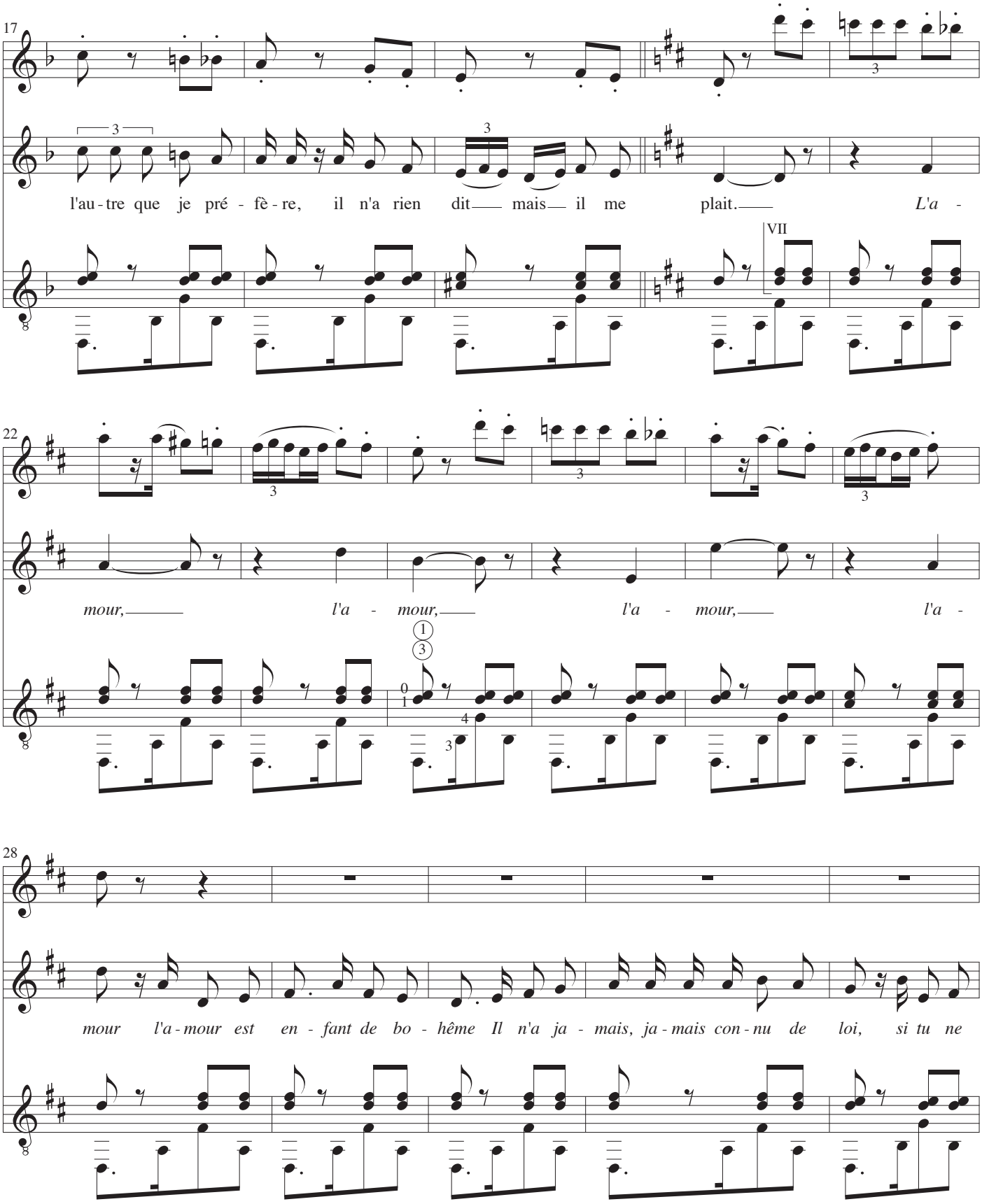
7

peut ap-pri-voi-ser, et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'ap-pel-le, s'il lui con-vient de re-fu-

12

p

ser. Rien n'y fait me-nace ou pri-è-re, l'un par-le bien, l'au-tre se tait; et c'est


17
l'au - tre que je pré - fè - re, il n'a rien dit mais il me plait. L'a -
VII
22
mour, l'a - mour, l'a - mour, l'a -
28
mour l'a - mour est en - fant de bo - hême Il n'a ja - mais, ja - mais con - nu de loi, si tu ne

33

p

m'ai - mes pas, je t'ai - me; Si je t'ai - me prend gar - de à toi! Si tu ne

f *p*

harm. 8
XII

VII

38

f

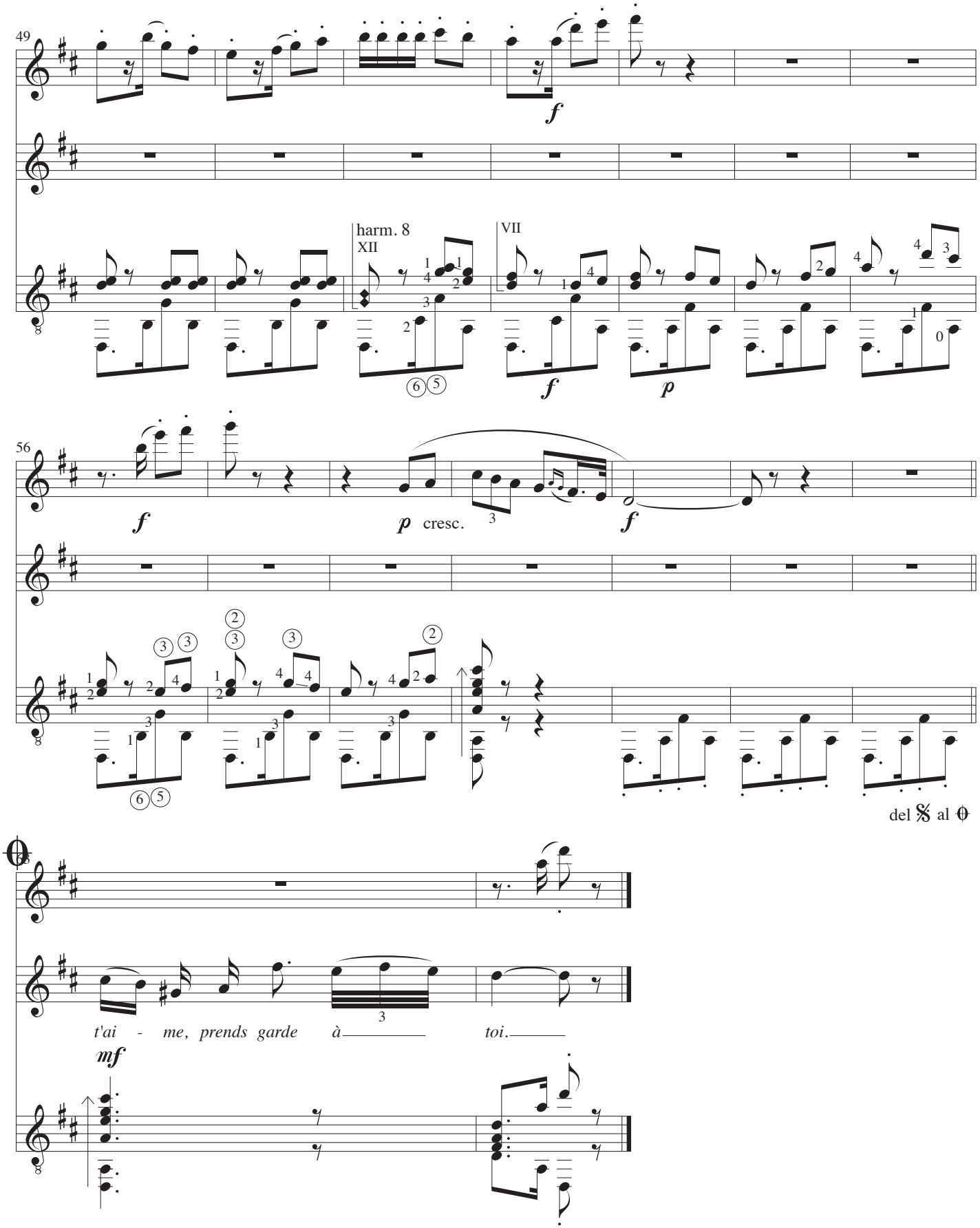
m'ai - mes pas, si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, je t'ai - me! Mais si je t'ai - me, si je

p cresc.

43

p

t'ai - me, prends gar - de à toi.


49
f
harm. 8
XII
VII
f
p
56
f
p cresc.
f
del 𝄋 al 𝄌
t'ai - me, prends garde à toi.
mf

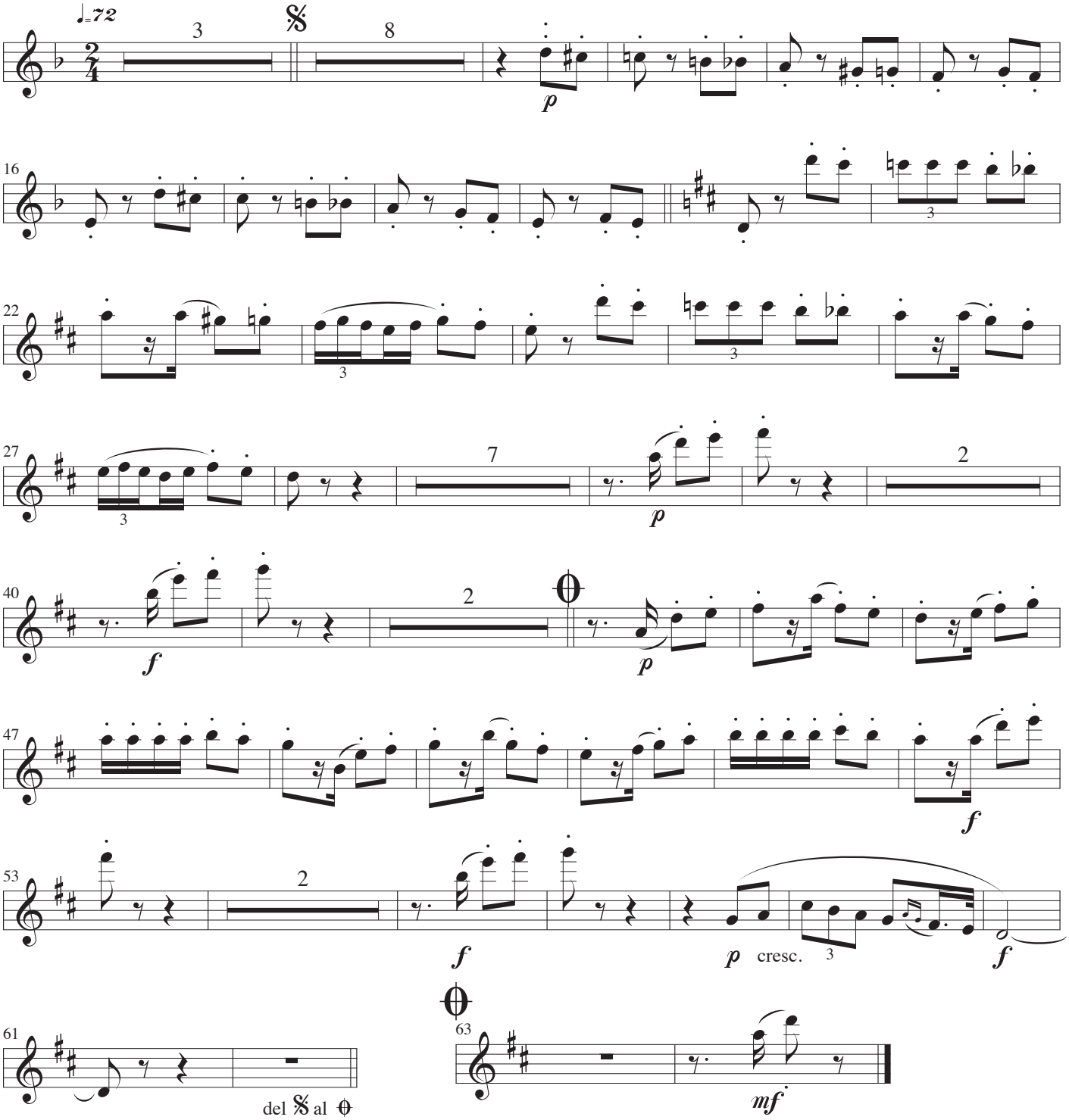
Flûte

Habanera

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Arrangement: John Jacobsen, 1986



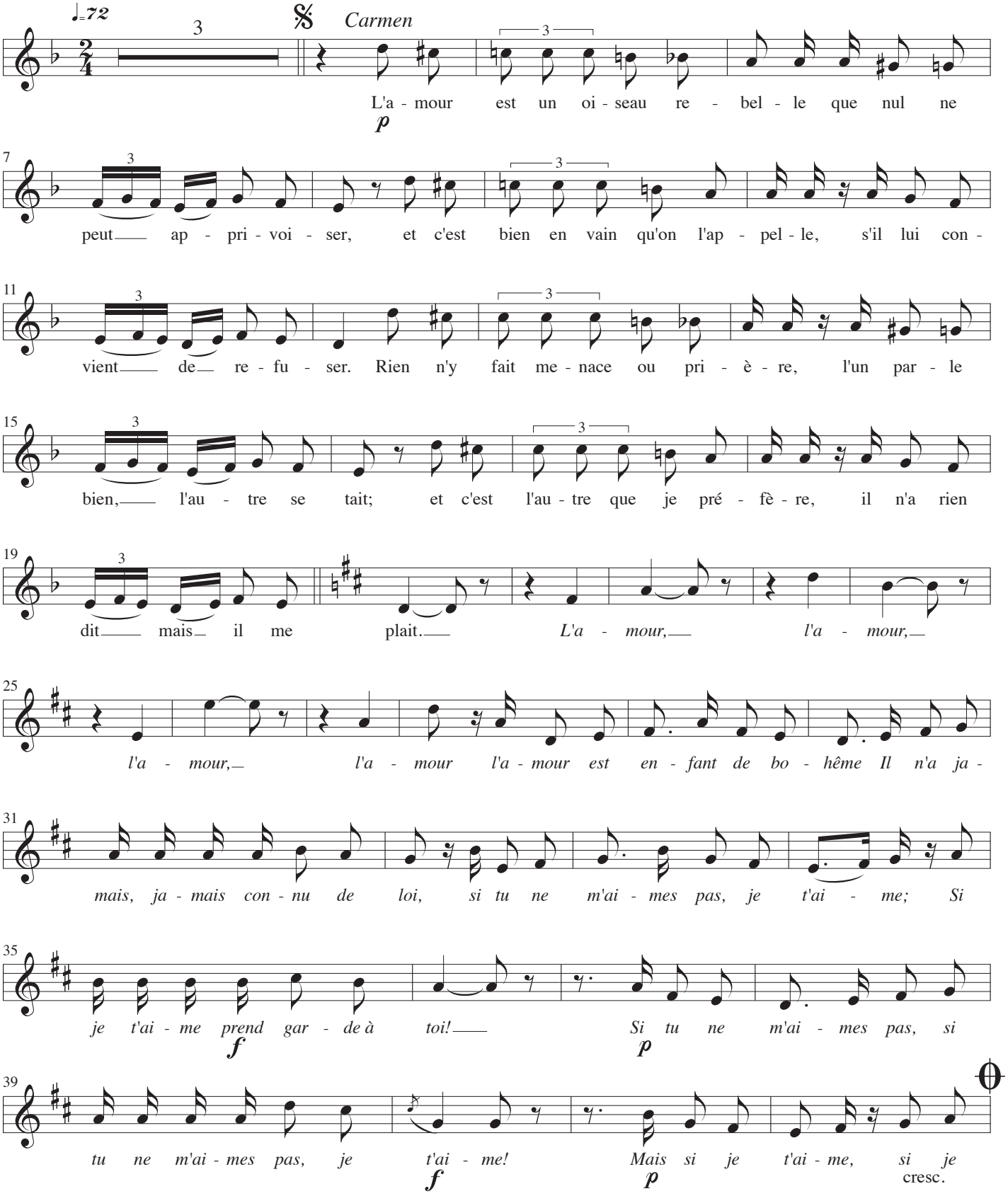
Voix

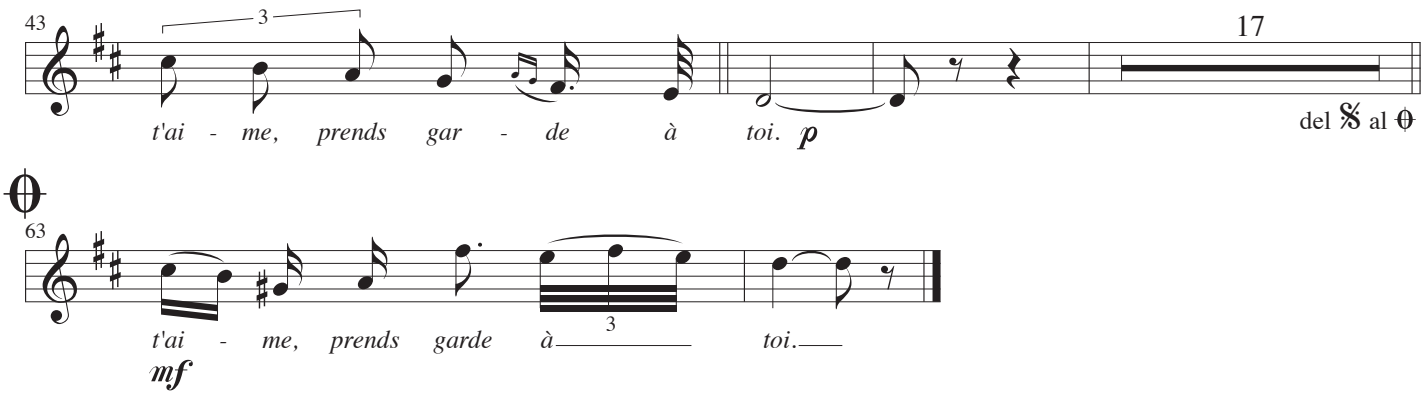
Habanera

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Arrangement: John Jacobsen, 1986





1
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait menace ou prière,
l'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
il n'a rien dit mais il me plait.
L'amour, l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
l'amour est enfant de bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime,
prends garde à toi.

2
L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola;
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est la!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va puis il revient;
Tu crois le tenir, il t'evite!
Tu crois l'eviter, il te tient!
L'amour, l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
l'amour est enfant de bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime,
prends garde à toi.

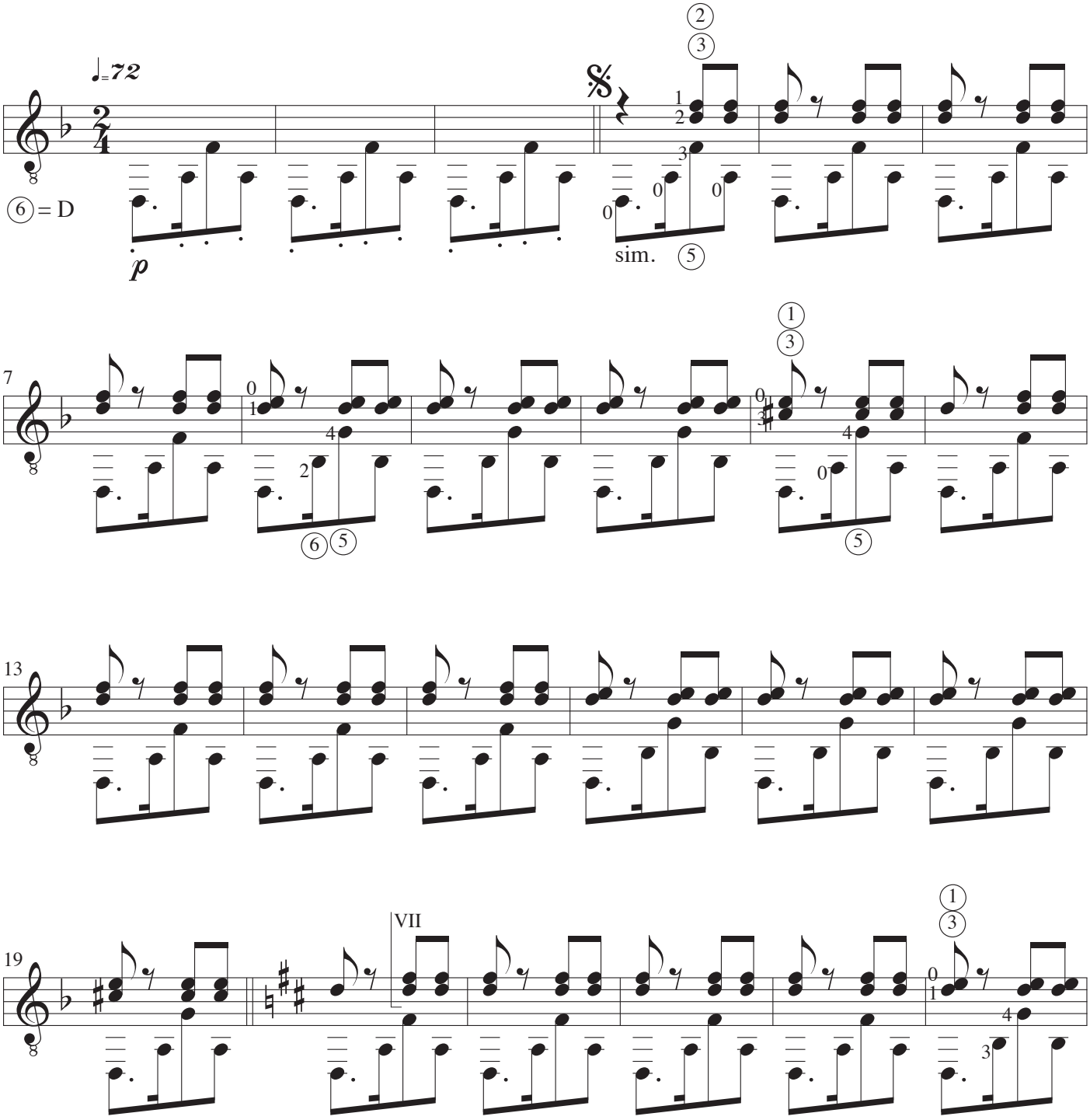
Guitare

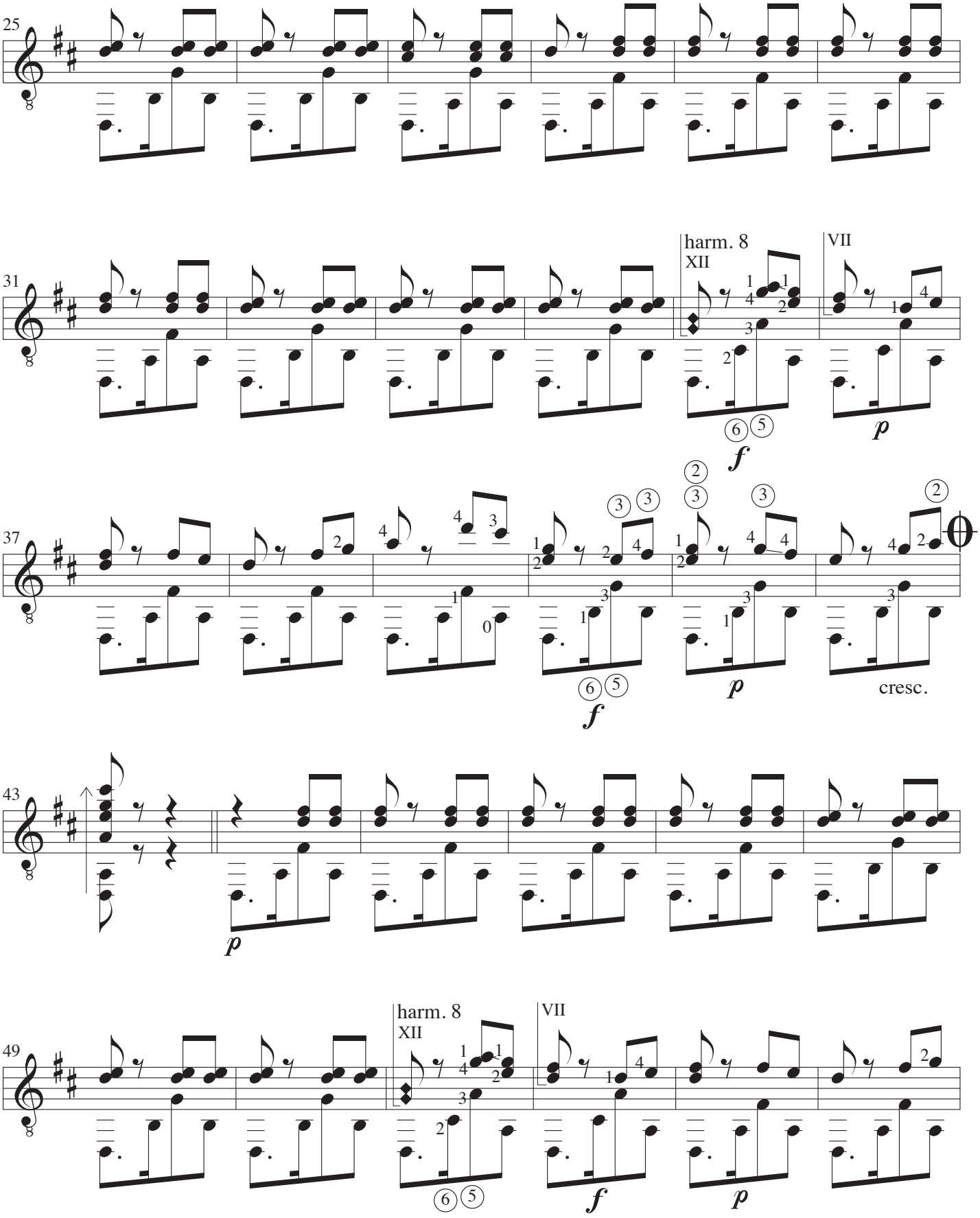
Habanera

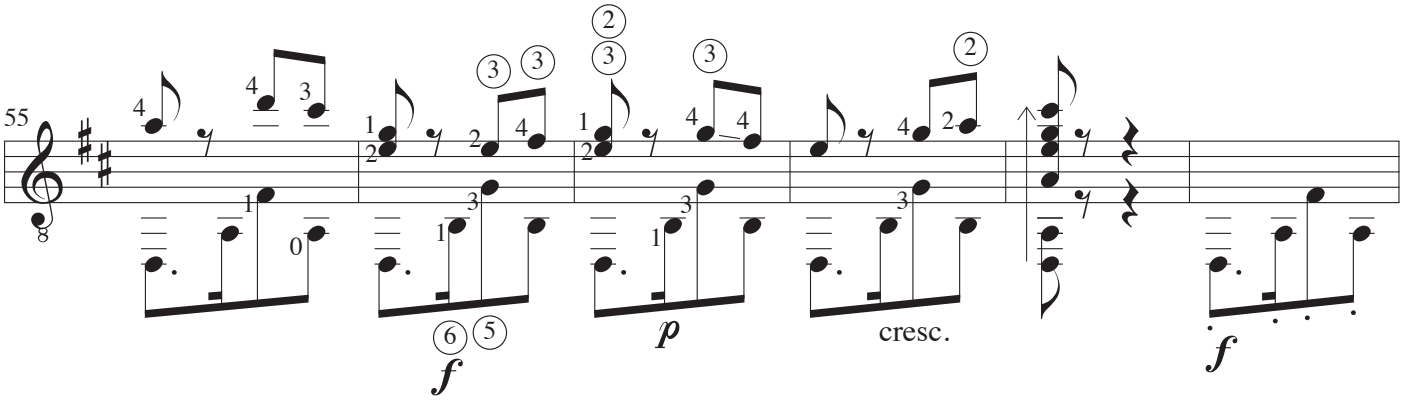
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

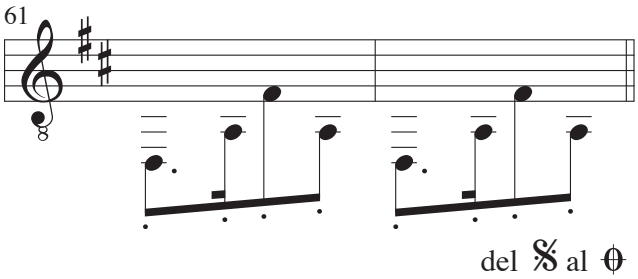
Carmen

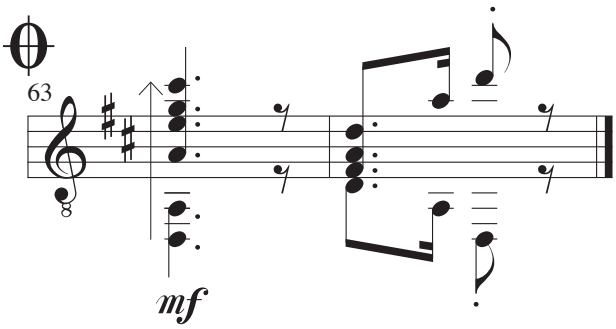
Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Arrangement: John Jacobsen, 1986




25
31
harm. 8
XII
VII
f
p
37
f
p
cresc.
43
p
49
harm. 8
XII
VII
f
p

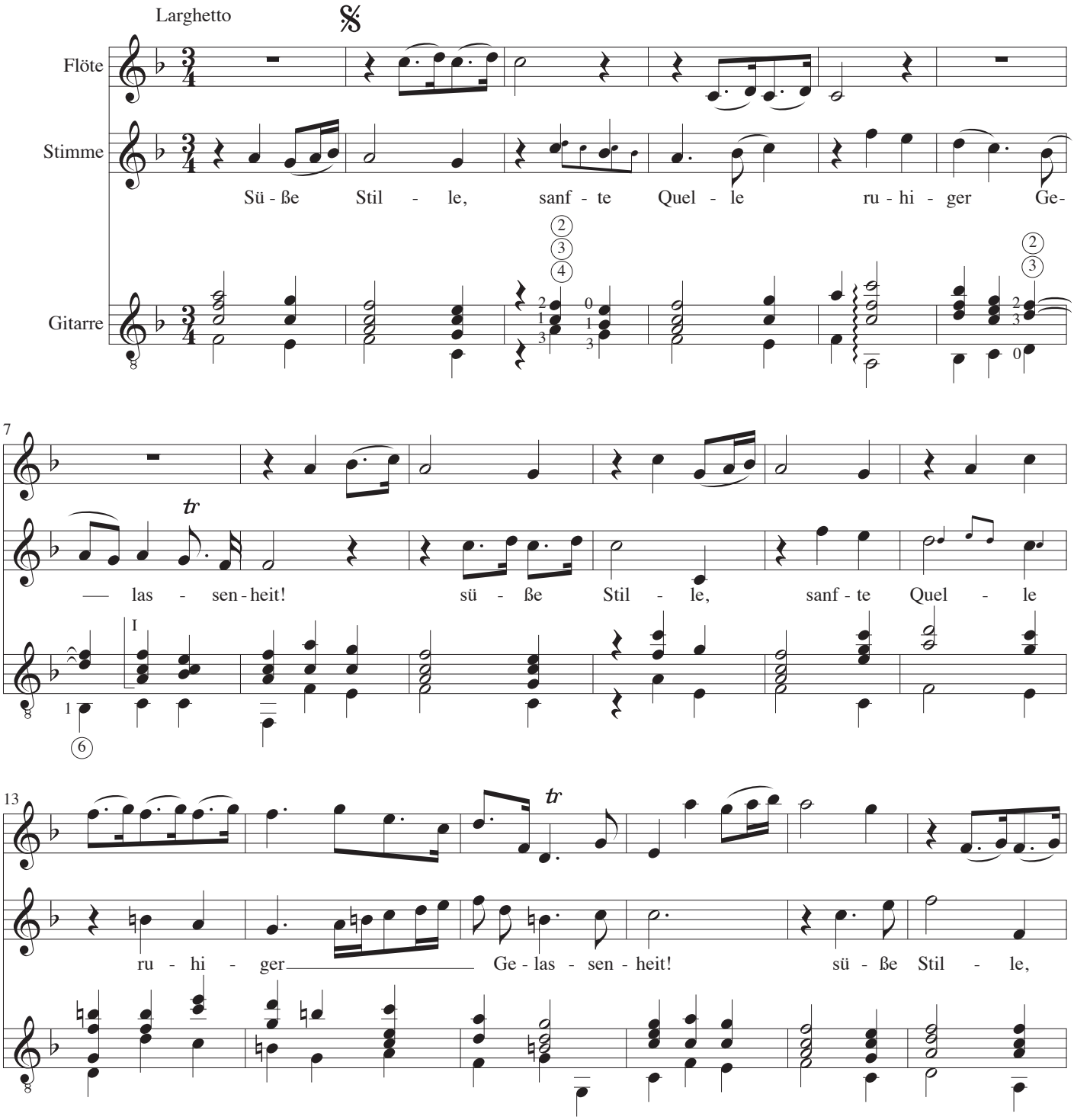

55
f
p
cresc.
f


61
del 𝄋 al ⊕


⊕
63
mf

Süße Stille

Musik: G. F. Händel
Text: Barthold Heinrich Brockes
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



19

sanf - te Quel - le ru - hi - ger Ge-las - sen - heit,

25

ru - hi-ger Ge - las - sen - heit!

III

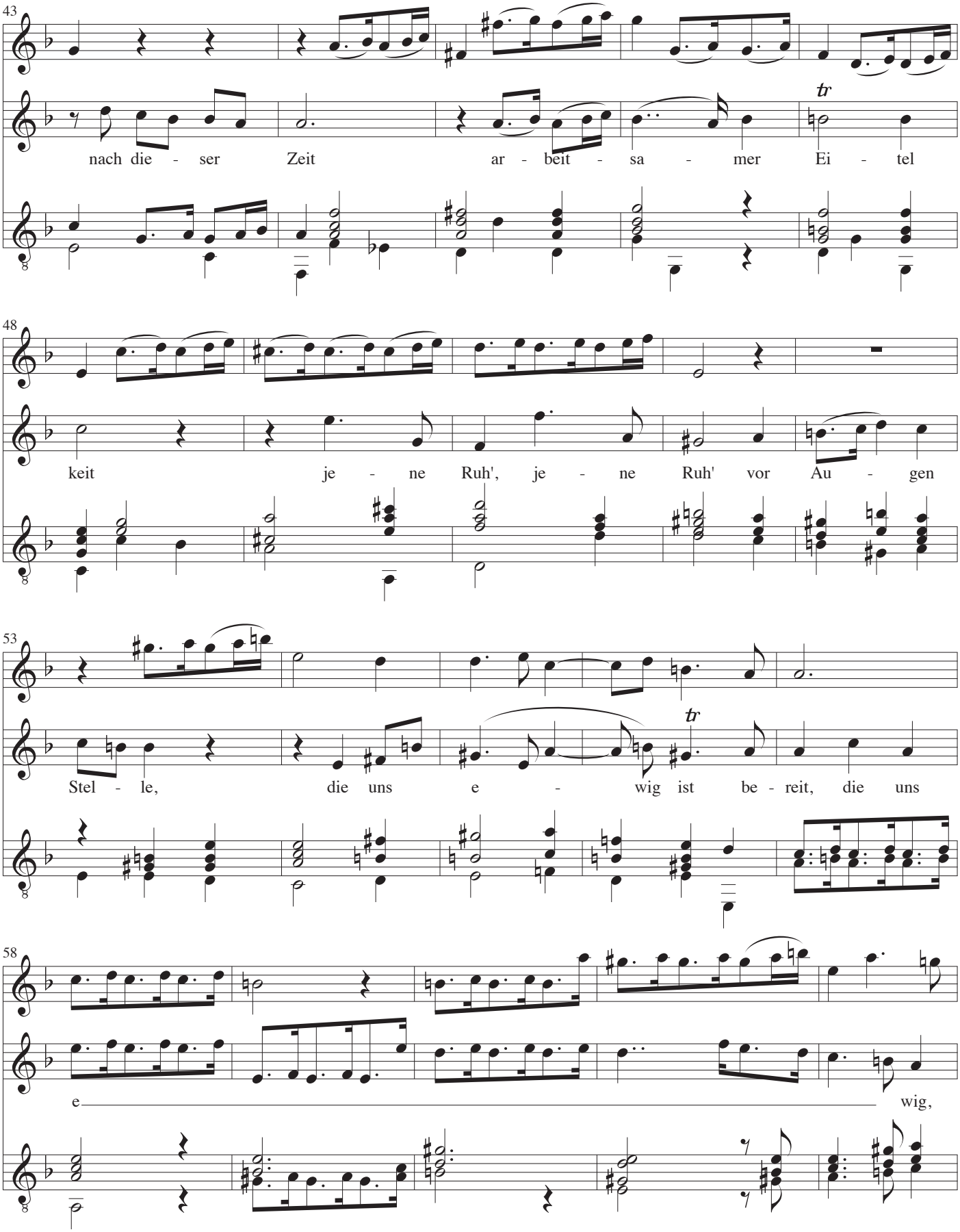
VIII

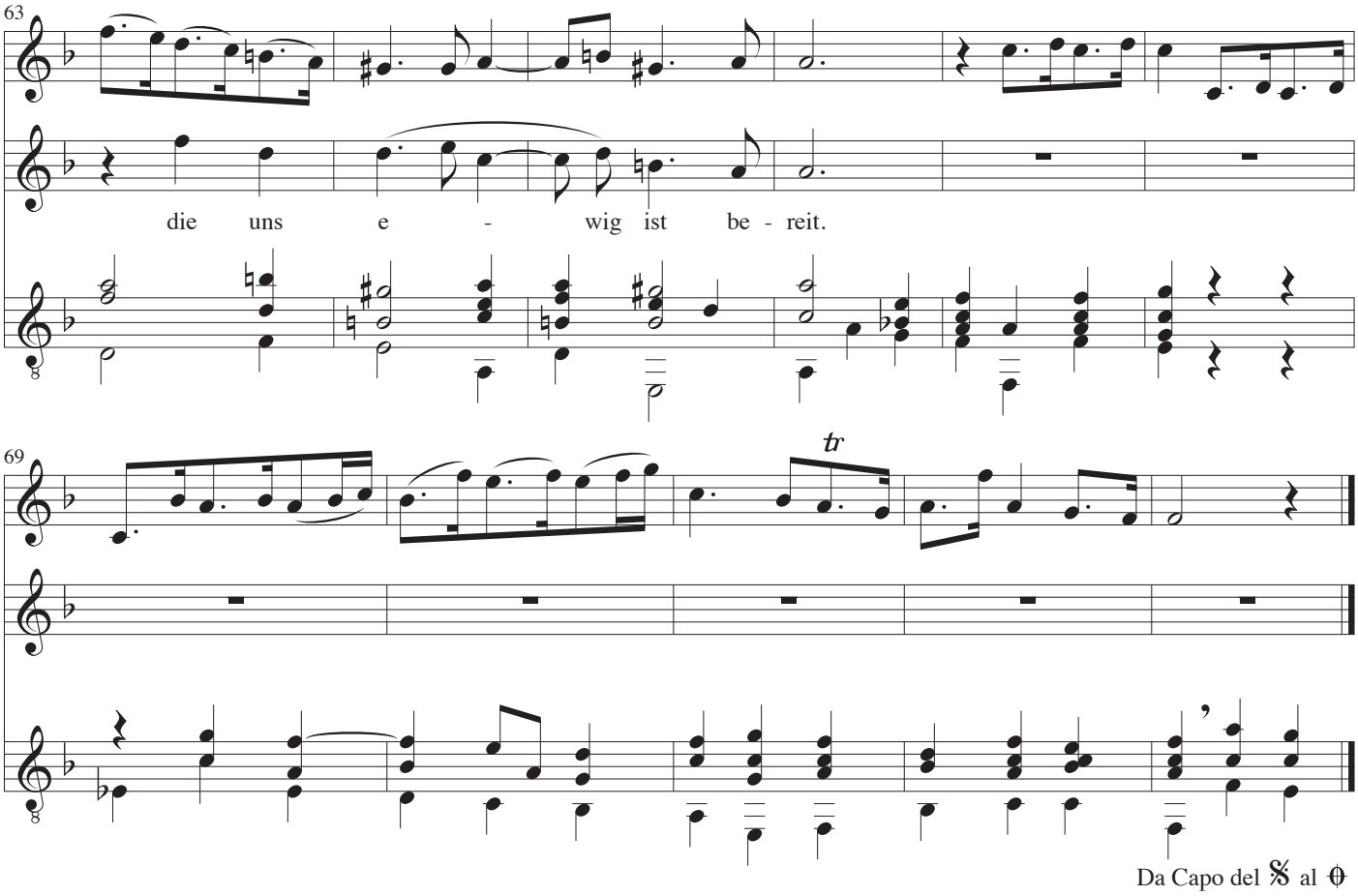
32

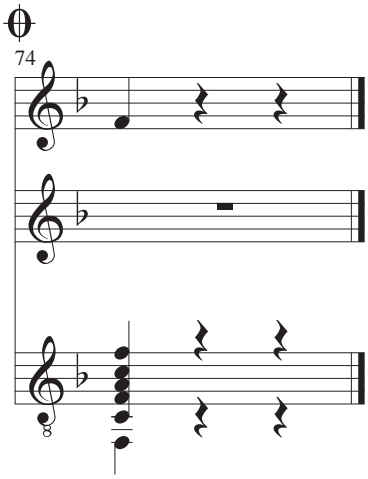
Selbst die See - le,

38

selbst die See - le wird er - freut, wenn ich mir

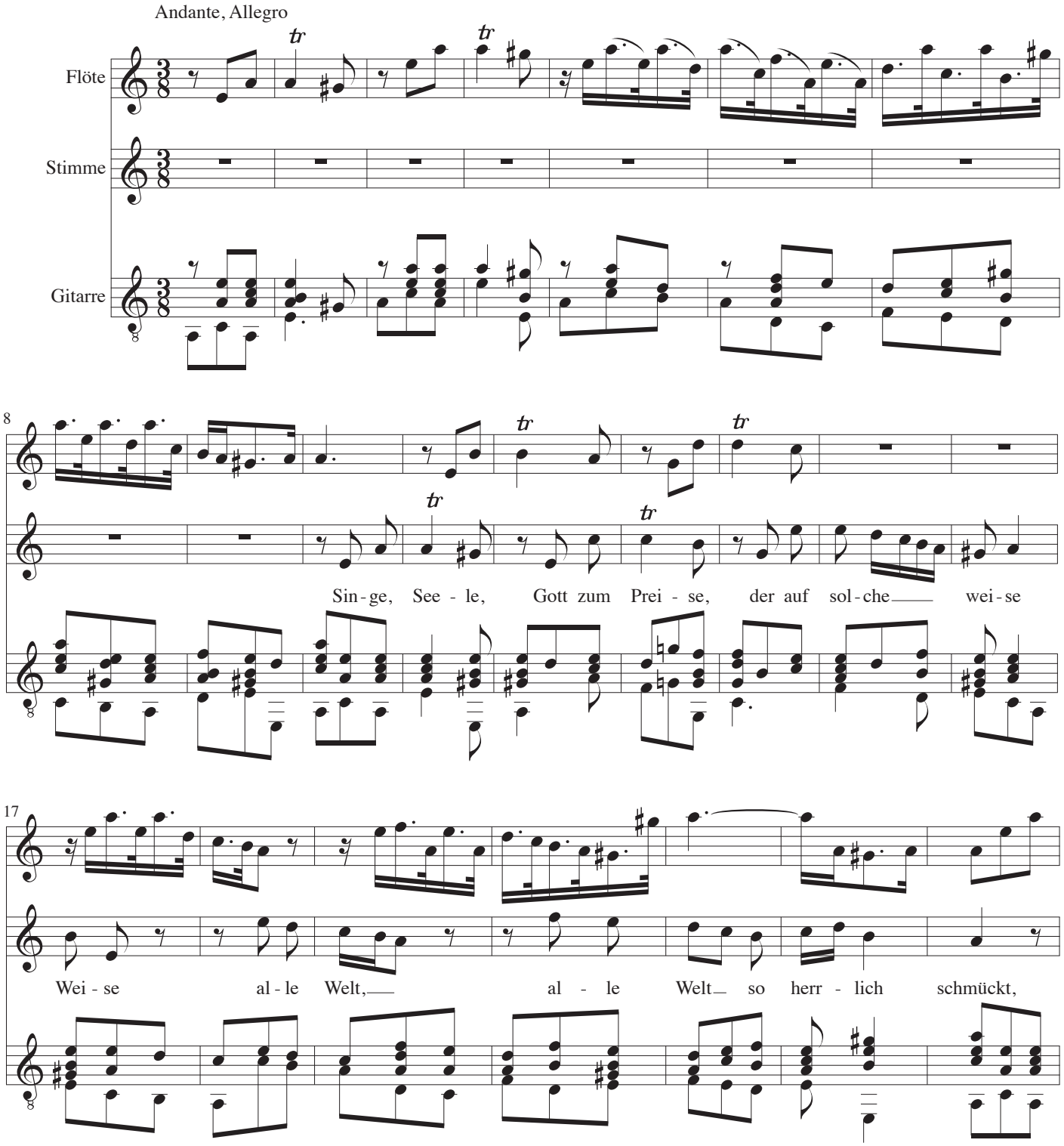

43
nach die - ser Zeit ar - beit - sa - mer Ei - tel
48
keit je - ne Ruh', je - ne Ruh' vor Au - gen
53
Stel - le, die uns e - wig ist be - reit, die uns
58
e wig,


63
die uns e - wig ist be - reit.
69
tr
Da Capo del 𝄋 al ⊕


⊕
74

Singe, Seele

Musik: G. F. Händel
Text: Barthold Heinrich Brockes
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



24

sin - ge, See - le, Gott zum Prei - se, der auf sol - che wei - se Weisse

32

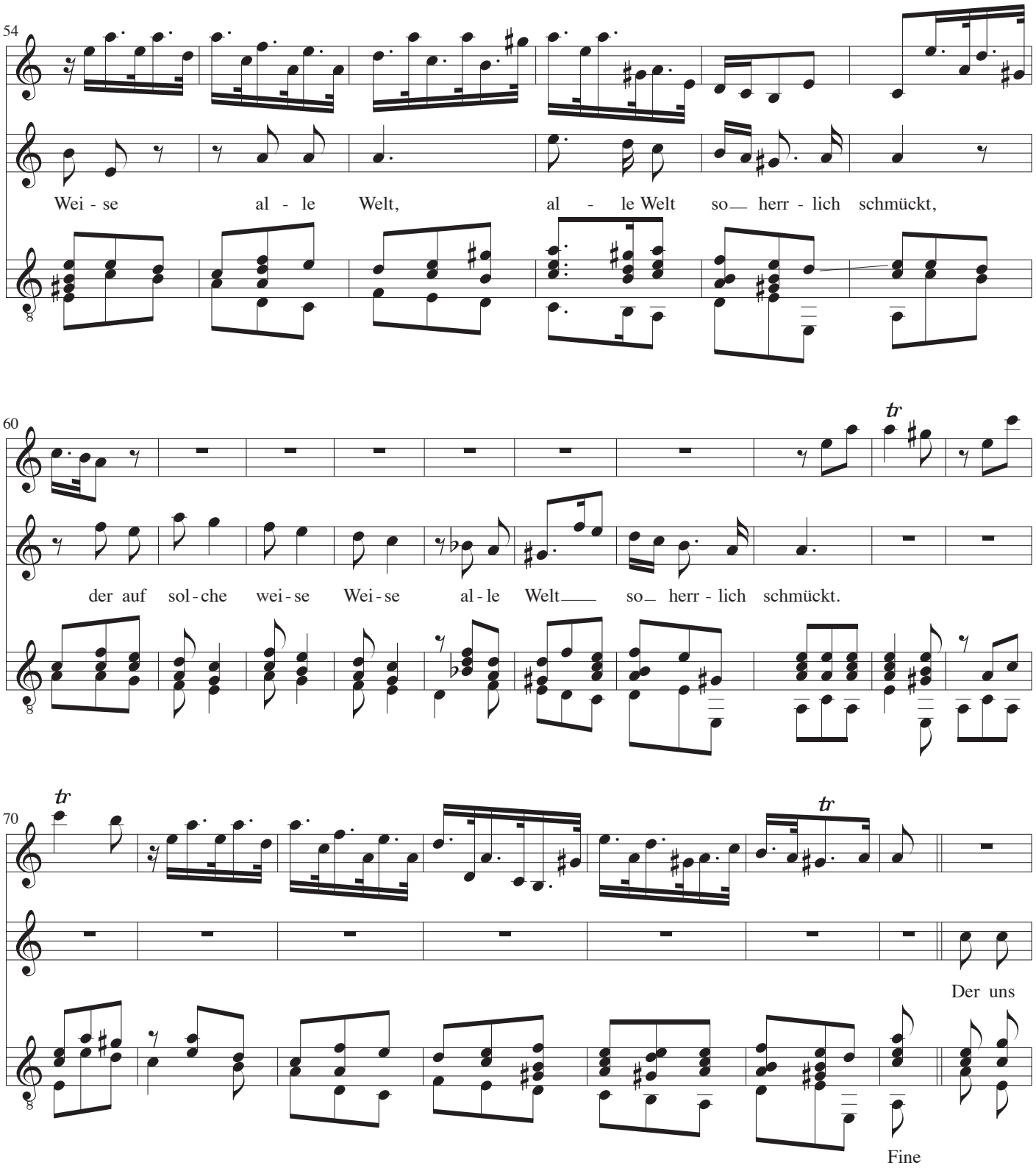
al - le Welt, al - le Welt so herr - lich schmückt!

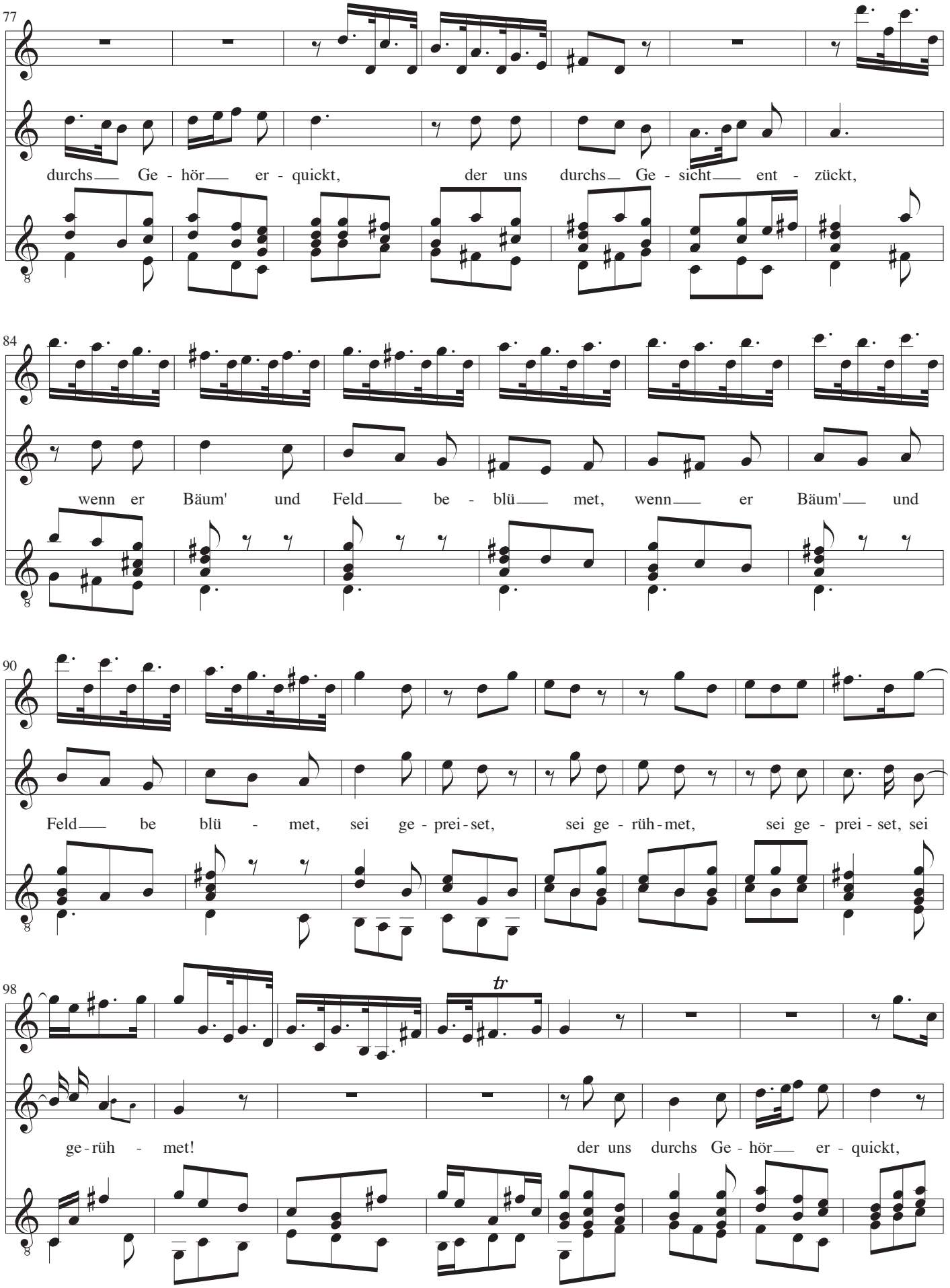
39

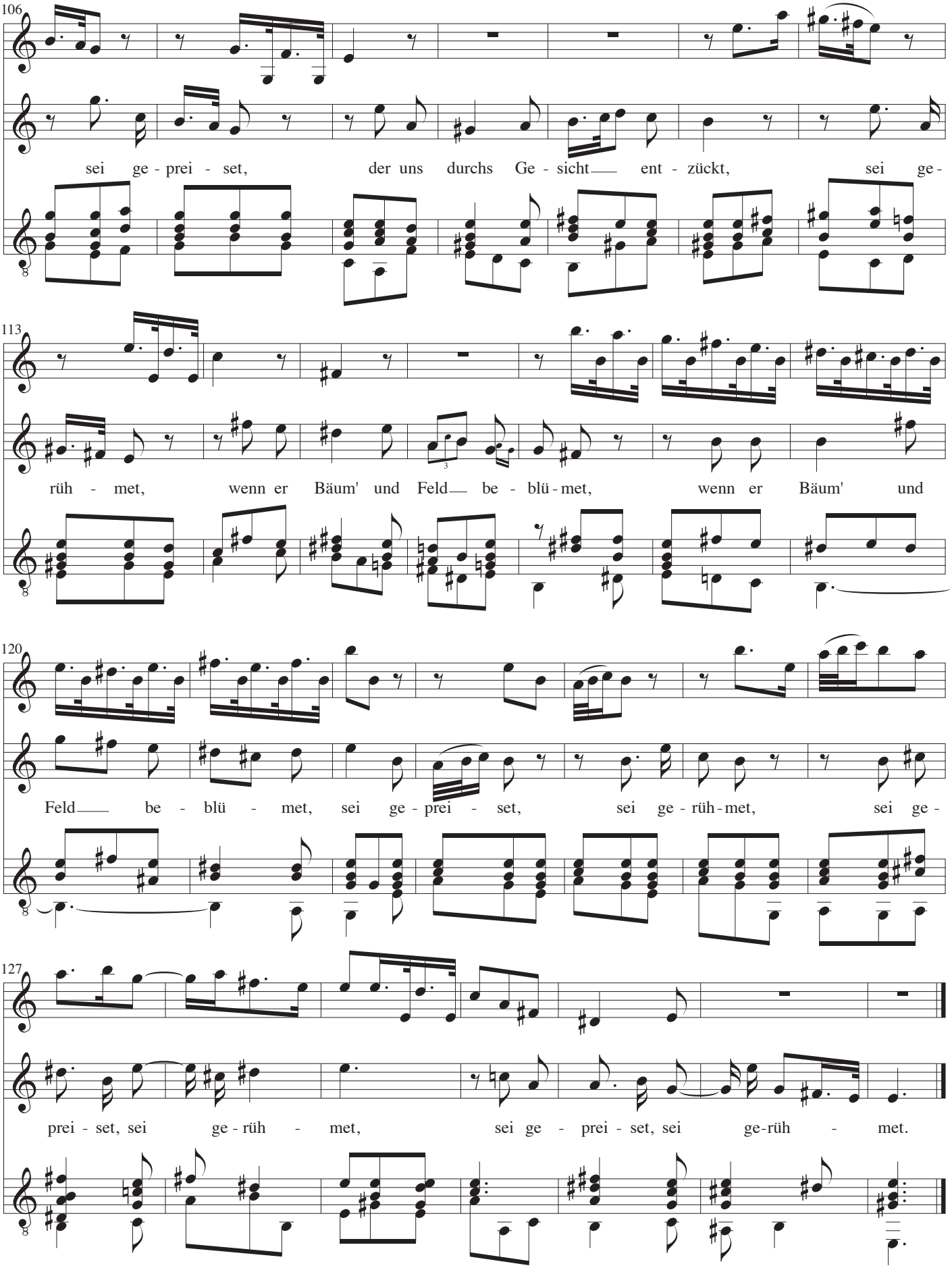
Sin - ge, See - le Gott zum Prei - se, der auf sol - che wei - se Wei - se

47

al - le Welt so her - lich schmückt, der auf sol - che wei - se


54
Wei - se al - le Welt, al - le Welt so herr - lich schmückt,
60
tr
der auf sol - che wei - se Wei - se al - le Welt so herr - lich schmückt.
70
tr
tr
Der uns
Fine

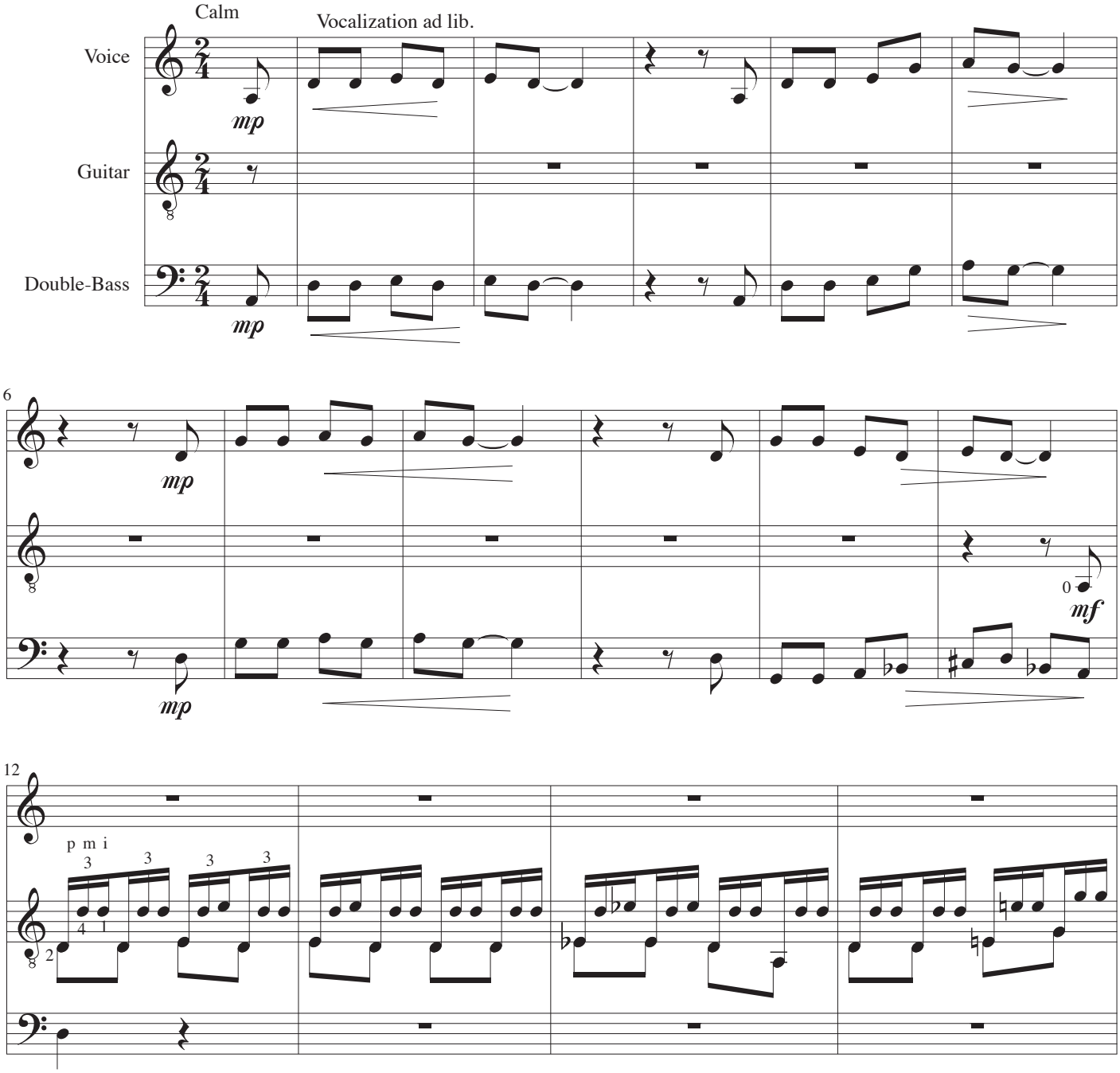

77
durchs Ge - hör er - quickt, der uns durchs Ge - sicht ent - zückt,
84
wenn er Bäum' und Feld be - blü met, wenn er Bäum' und
90
Feld be blü - met, sei ge - prei - set, sei ge - rüh - met, sei ge - prei - set, sei
98
tr
ge - rüh - met! der uns durchs Ge - hör er - quickt,

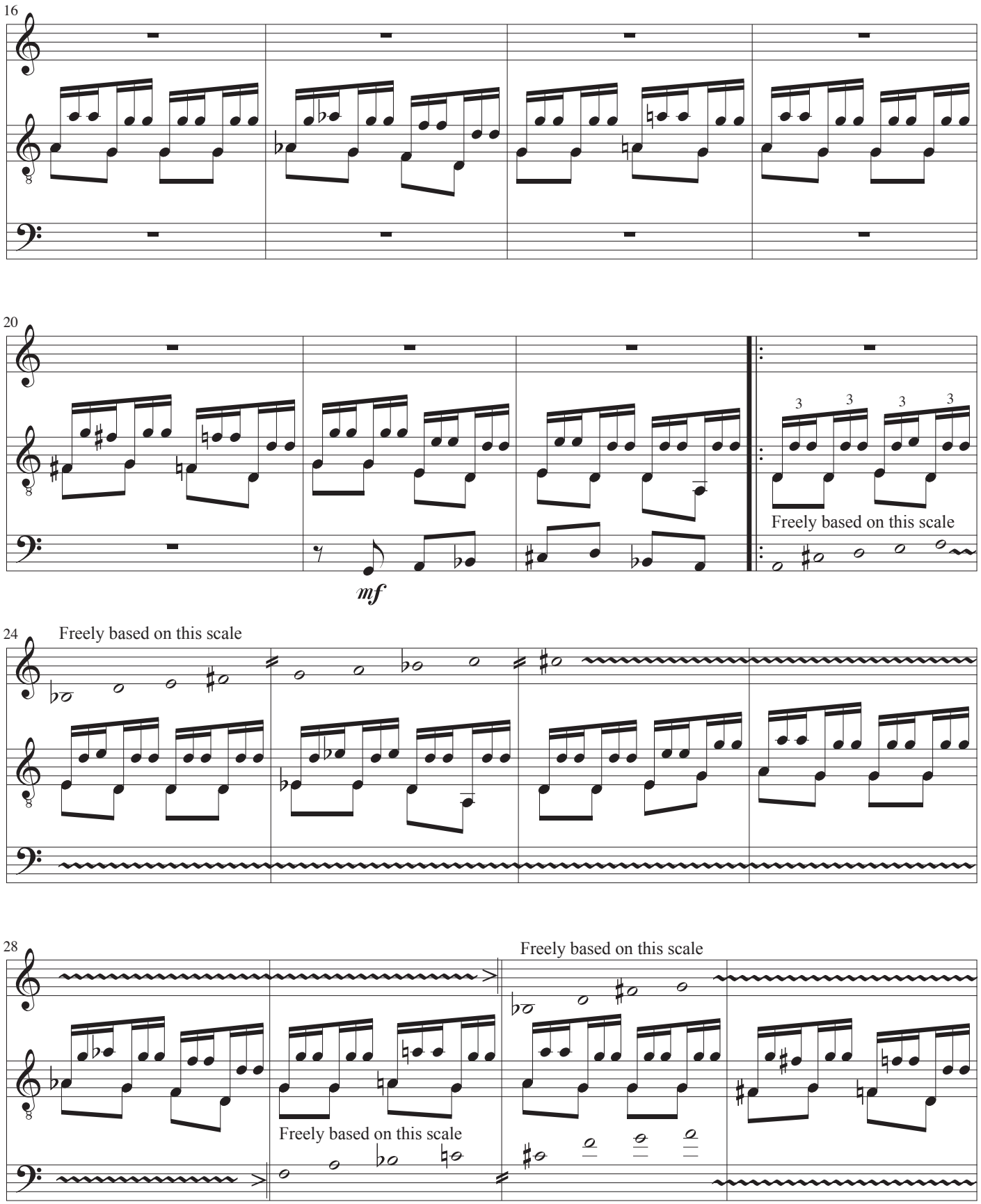

106
sei ge - prei - set, der uns durchs Ge - sicht ent - zückt, sei ge-
113
rüh - met, wenn er Bäum' und Feld be - blü - met, wenn er Bäum' und
120
Feld be - blü - met, sei ge - prei - set, sei ge - rüh - met, sei ge -
127
prei - set, sei ge - rüh - met, sei ge - prei - set, sei ge-rüh - met.
Da Capo al Fine

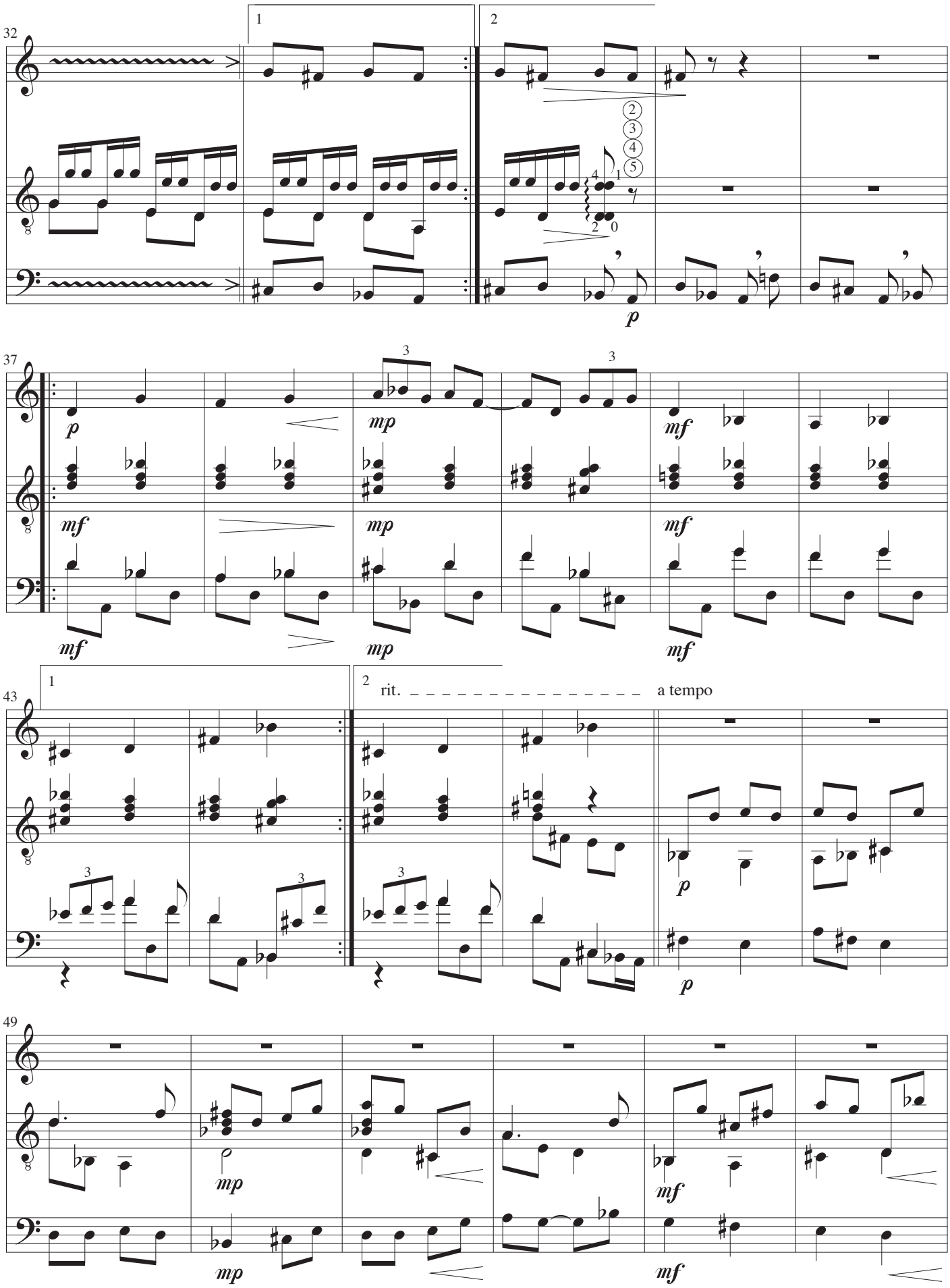
Imvation

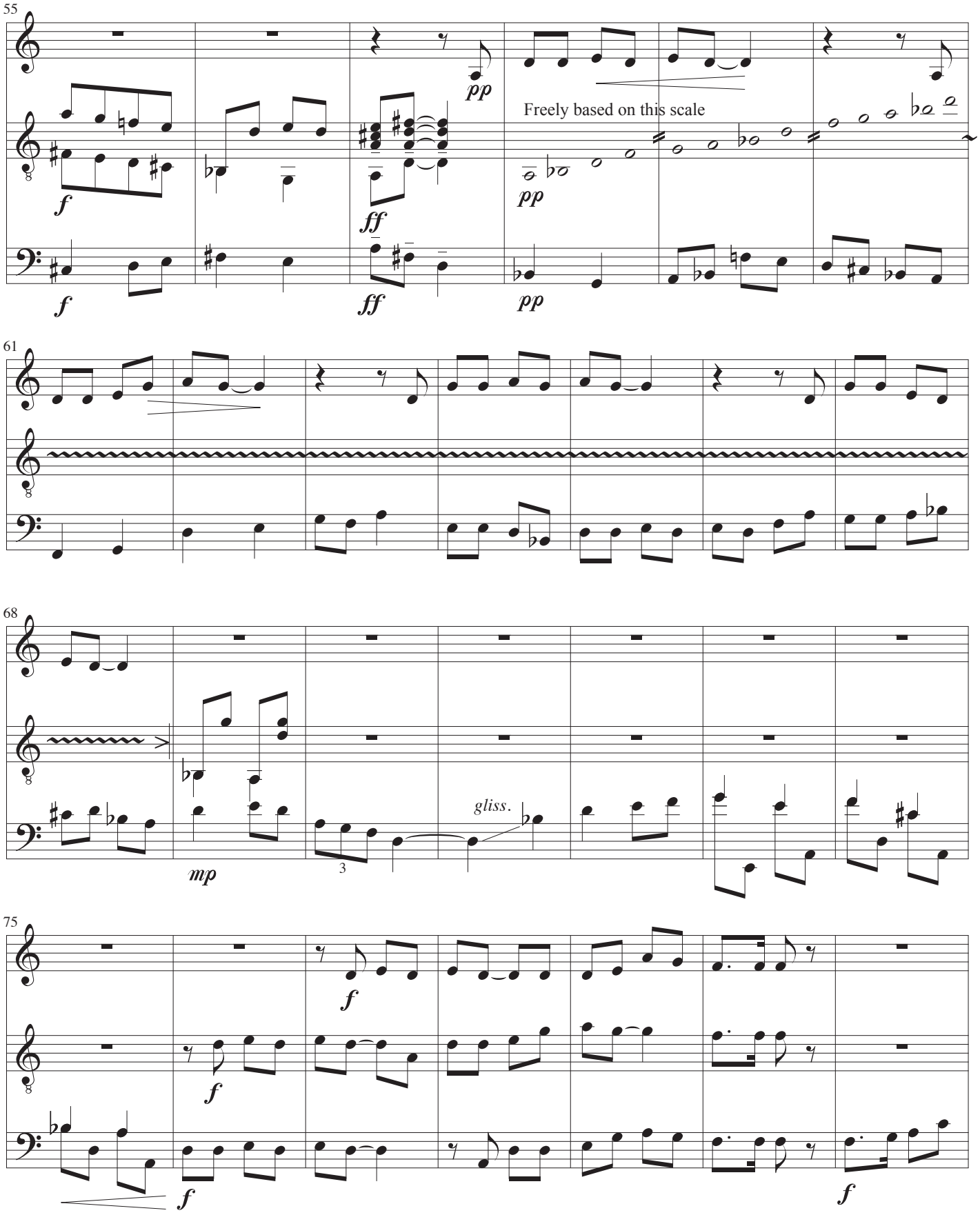
Exercise on a set improvisation

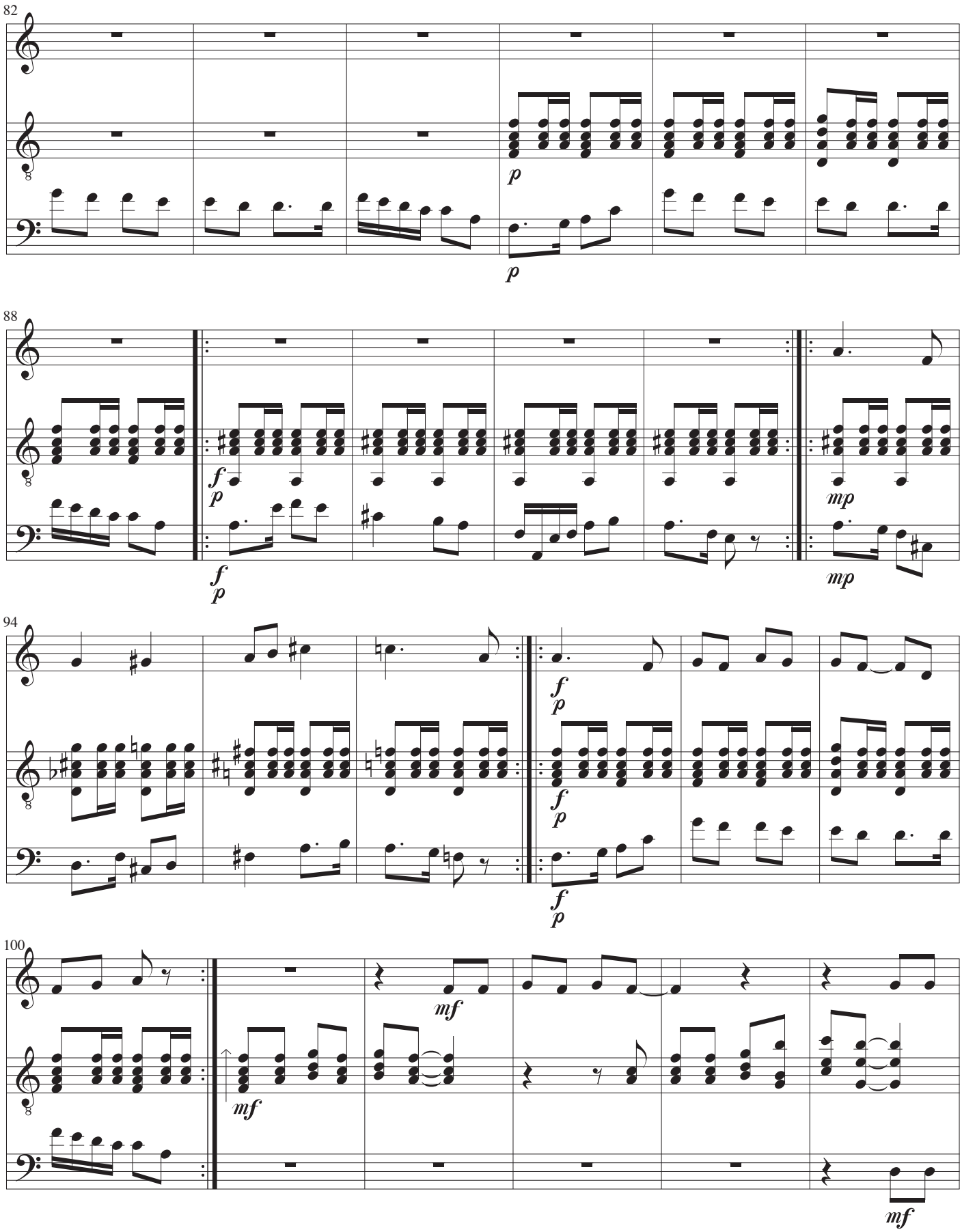
John Jacobsen

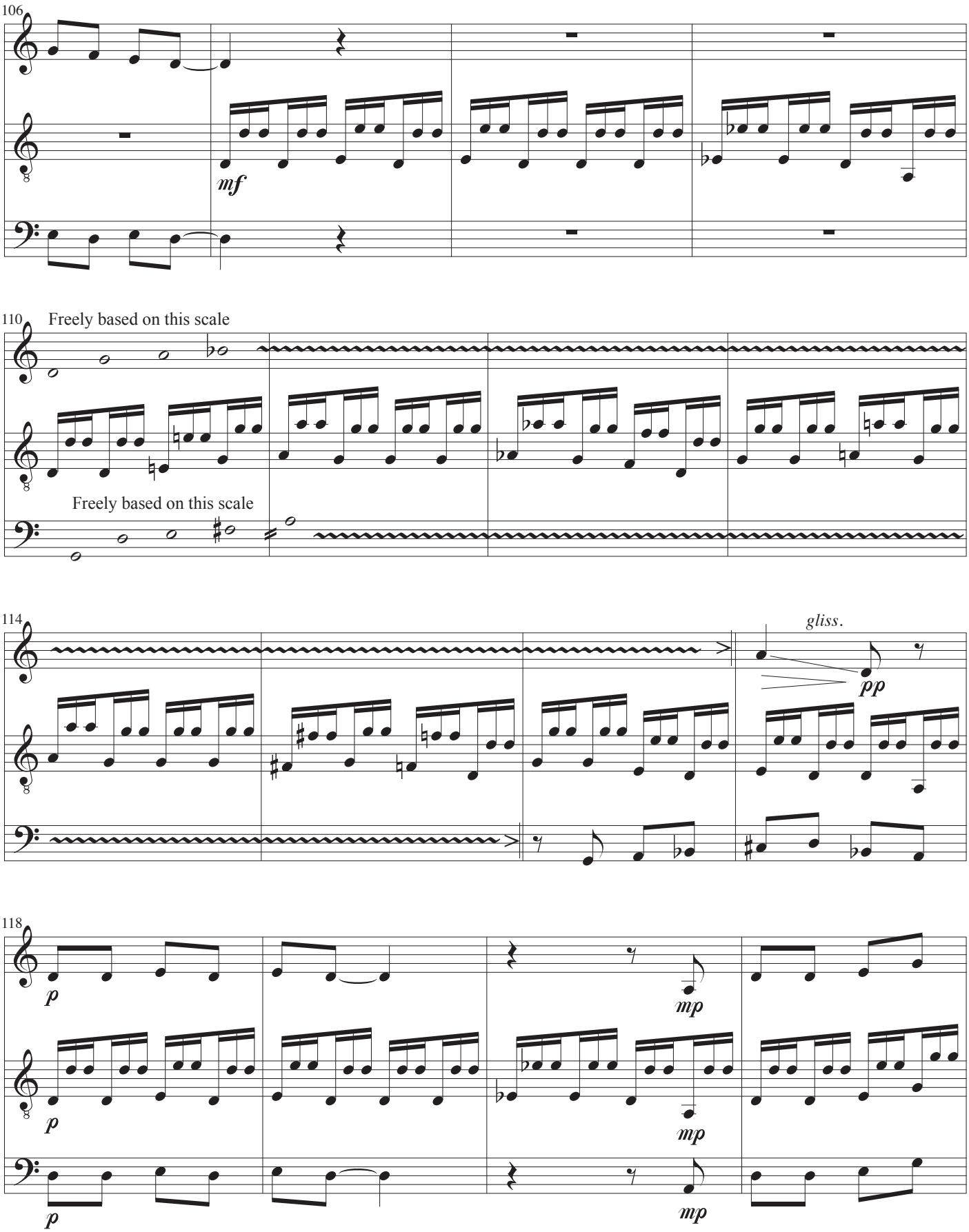


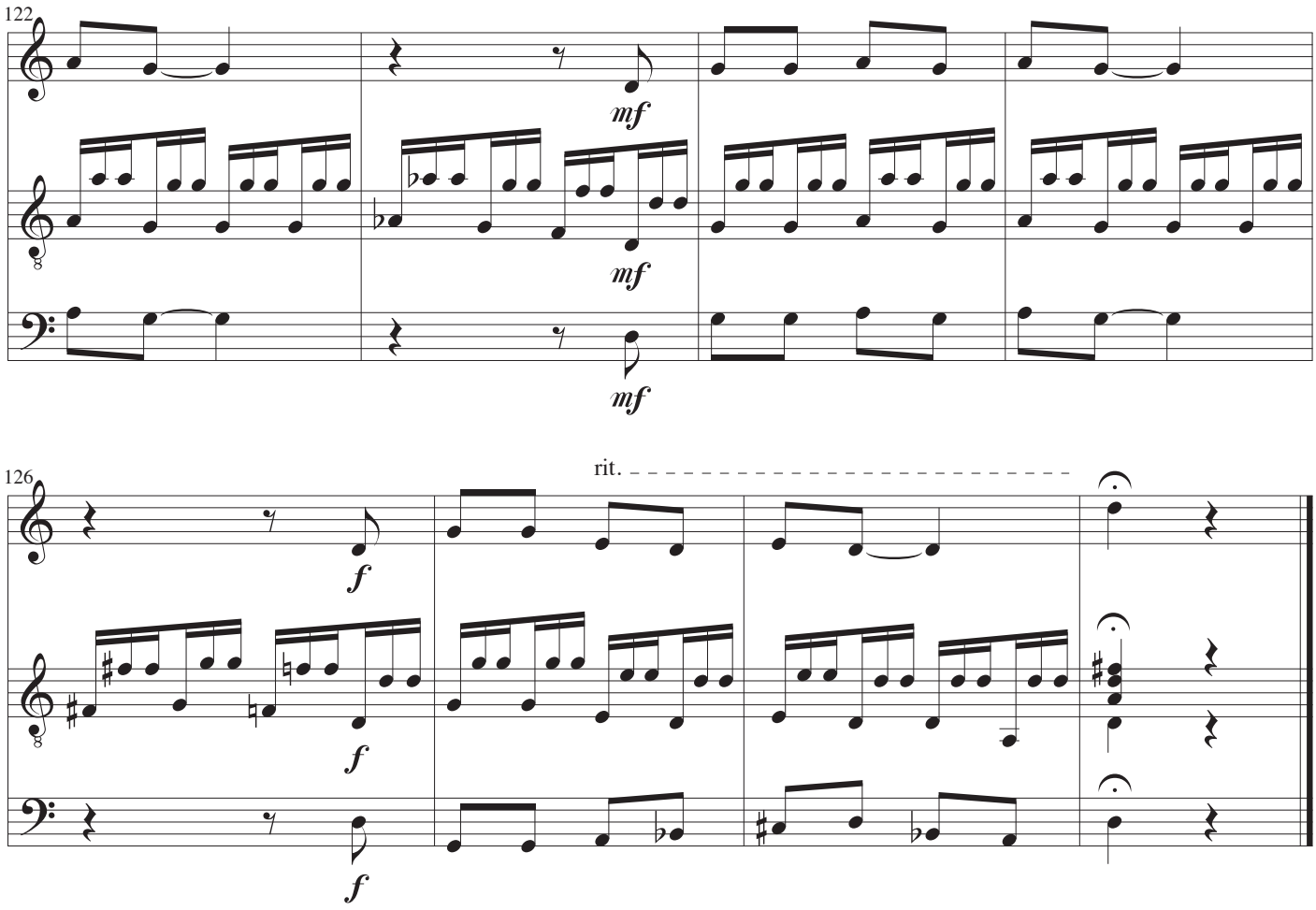

16
20
mf
Freely based on this scale
24
Freely based on this scale
28
Freely based on this scale
Freely based on this scale


32
1
2
p
37
p
mf
mp
mf
mp
mf
mf
mp
mf
43
1
2
rit.
a tempo
p
p
49
mp
mf
mp
mf


55
f
ff
pp
Freely based on this scale
61
68
mp
gliss.
3
75


82
p
p
88
f
p
f
p
mp
mp
94
f
p
f
p
f
p
100
mf
mf
mf


106
mf
110
Freely based on this scale
Freely based on this scale
114
gliss.
pp
118
p
mp
p
mp
p
mp

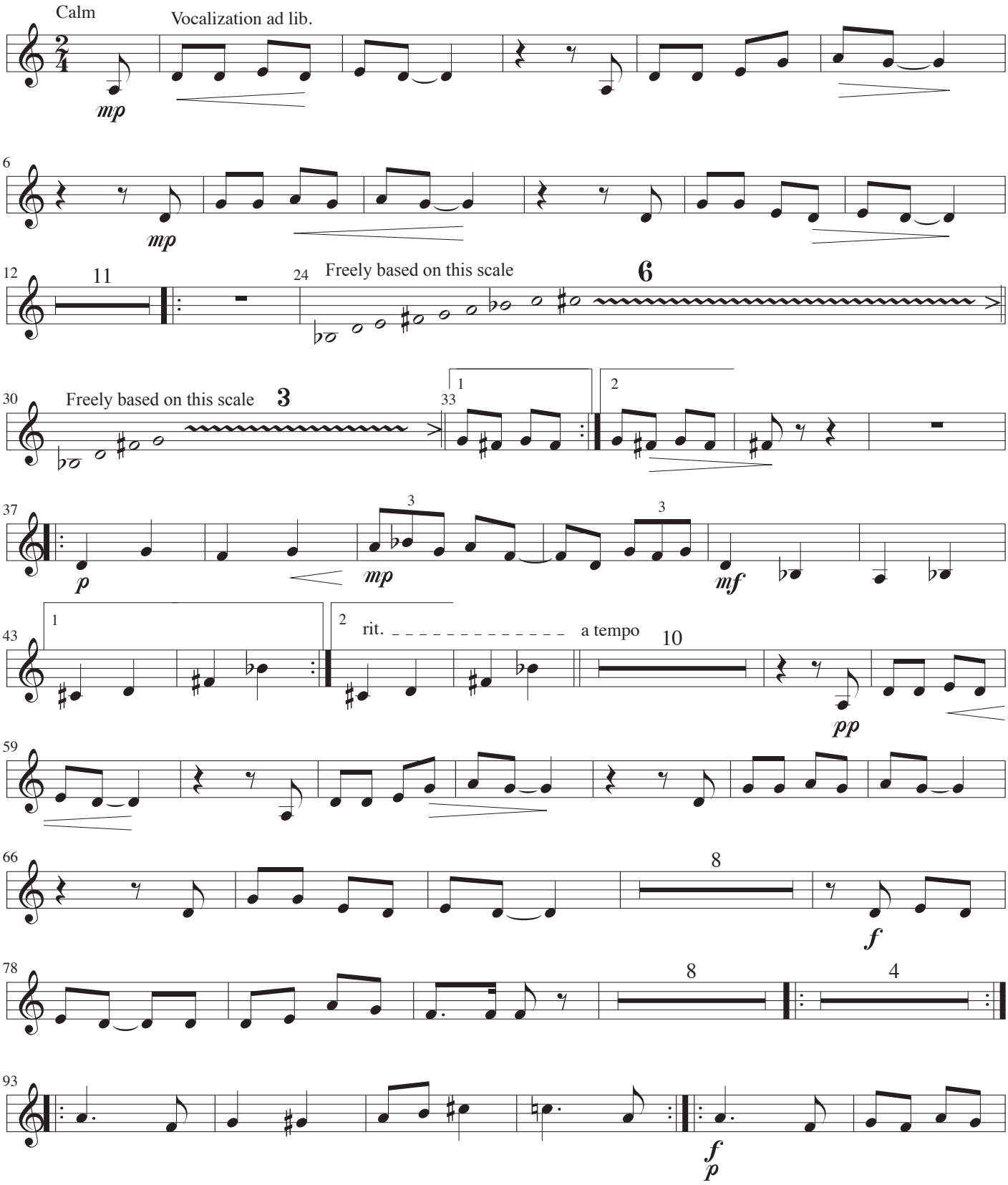

122
mf
mf
mf
126
rit.
f
f
f

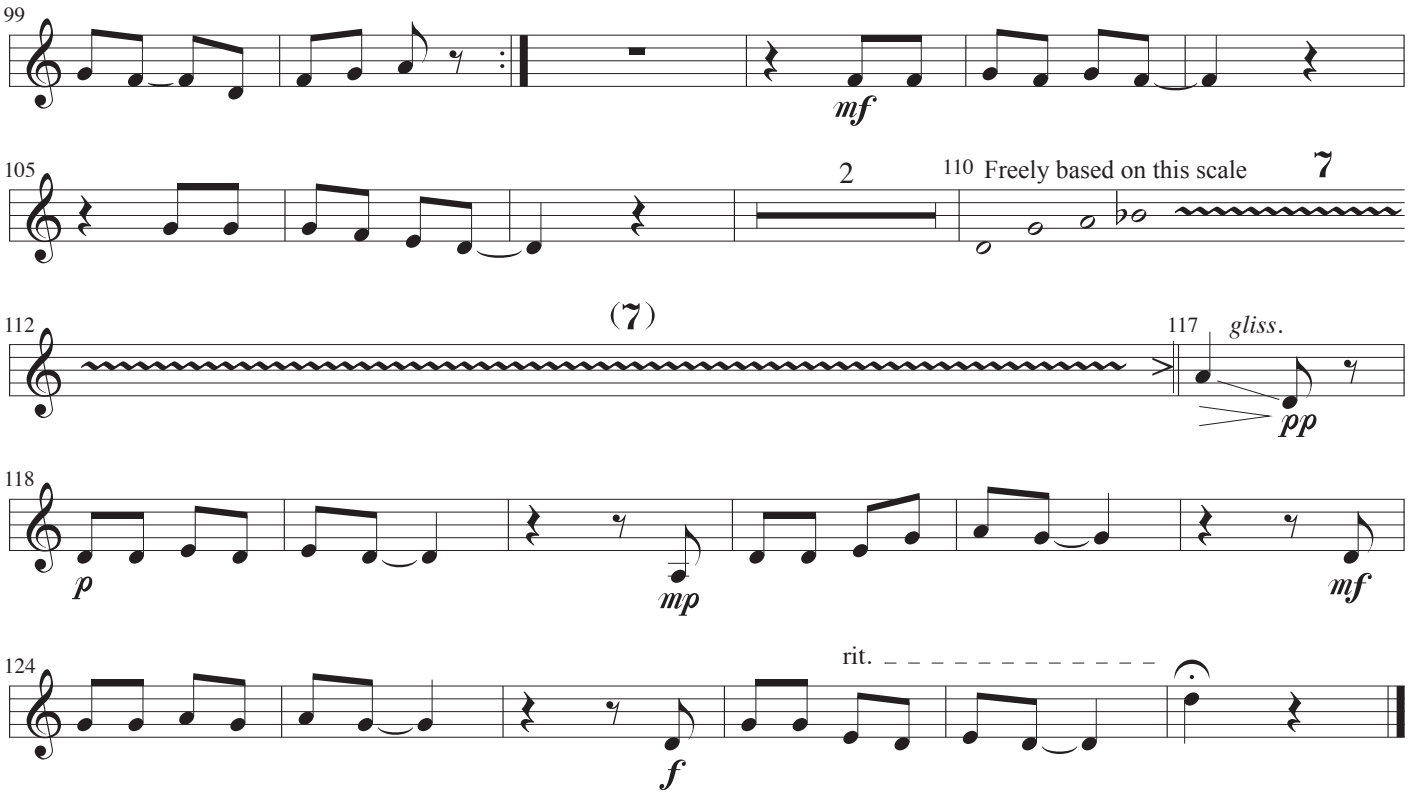
Voice

Imvation

Exercise on a set improvisation

John Jacobsen



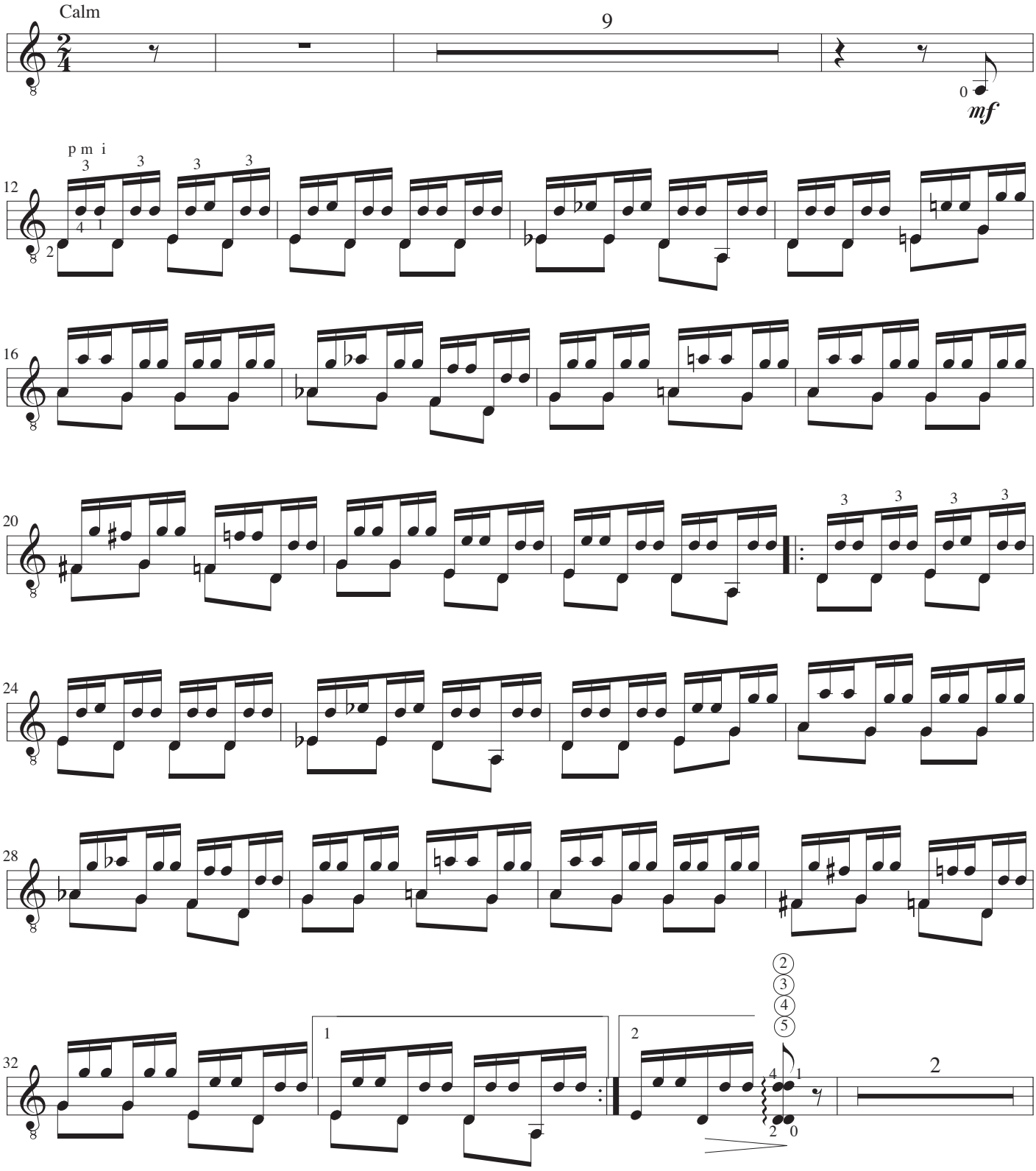

99
mf
105
2
110
Freely based on this scale
7
112
(7)
117
gliss.
pp
118
p
mp
mf
124
rit.
f

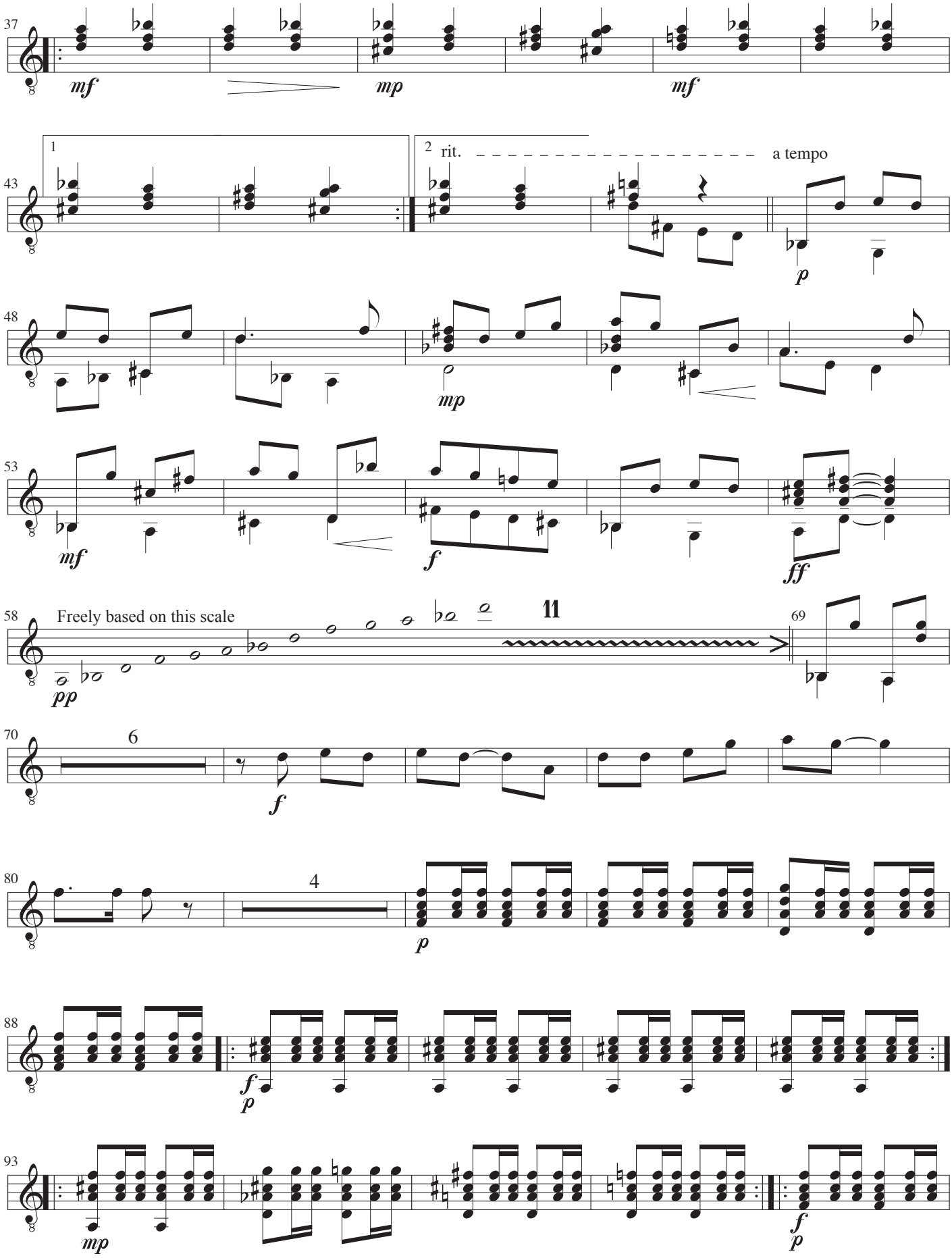
Guitar

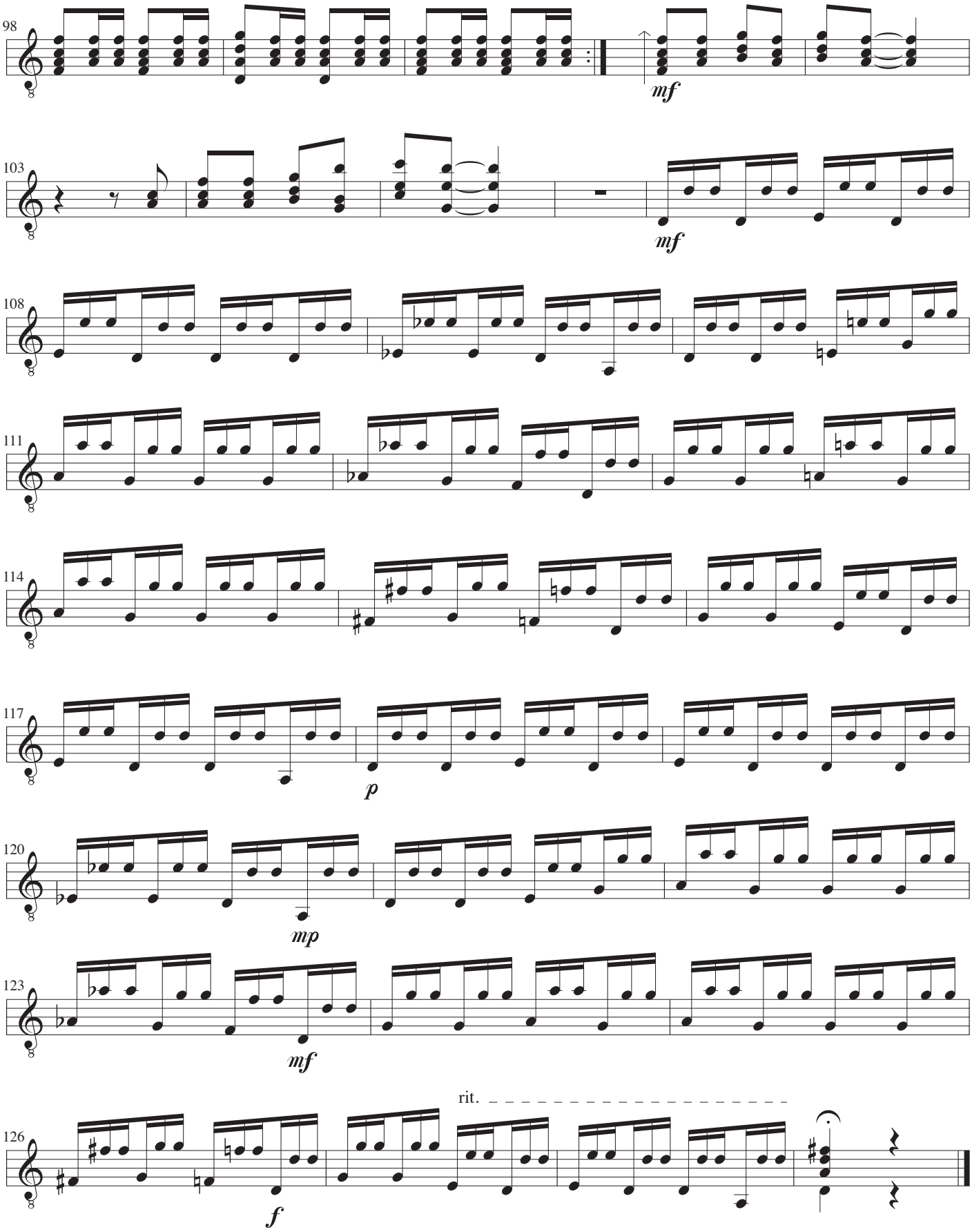
Imvation

Exercise on a set improvisation

John Jacobsen, 1990




37
mf
mp
mf
43
1
2
rit.
a tempo
p
48
mp
53
mf
f
ff
58
Freely based on this scale
pp
11
69
70
6
f
80
4
p
88
f
p
93
mp
f
p

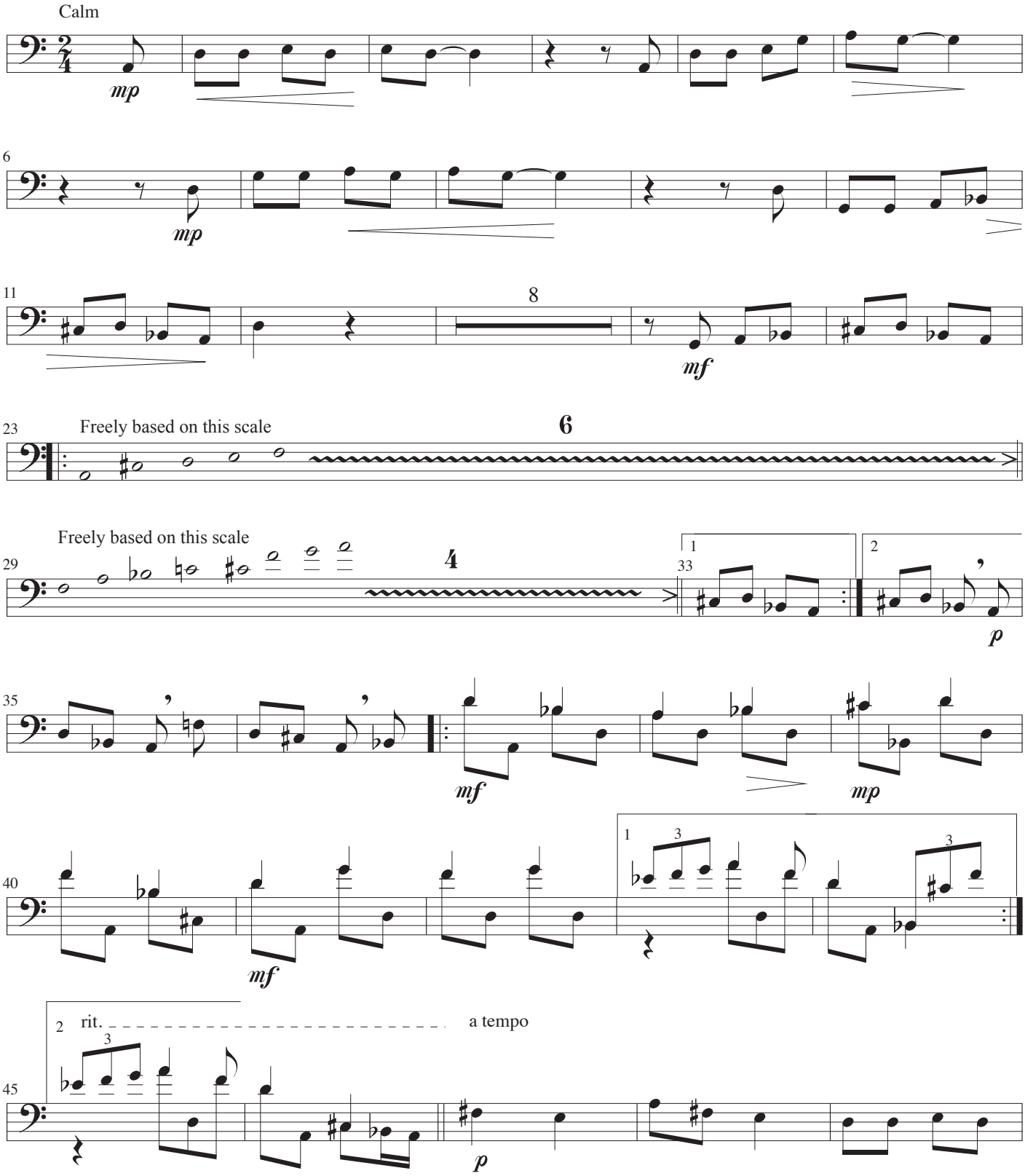

98
mf
103
mf
108
111
114
117
p
120
mp
123
mf
rit.
126
f

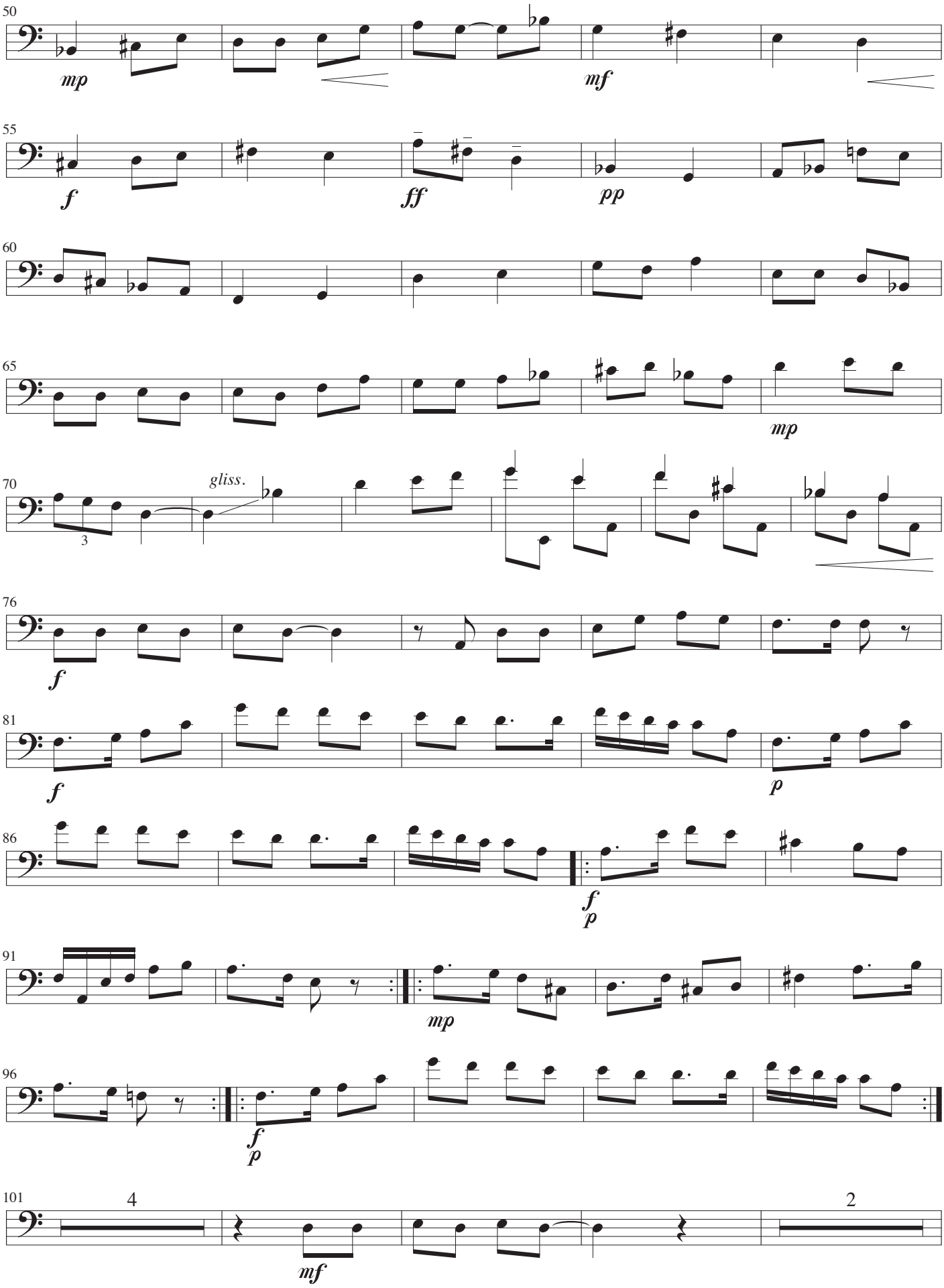
Double-Bass

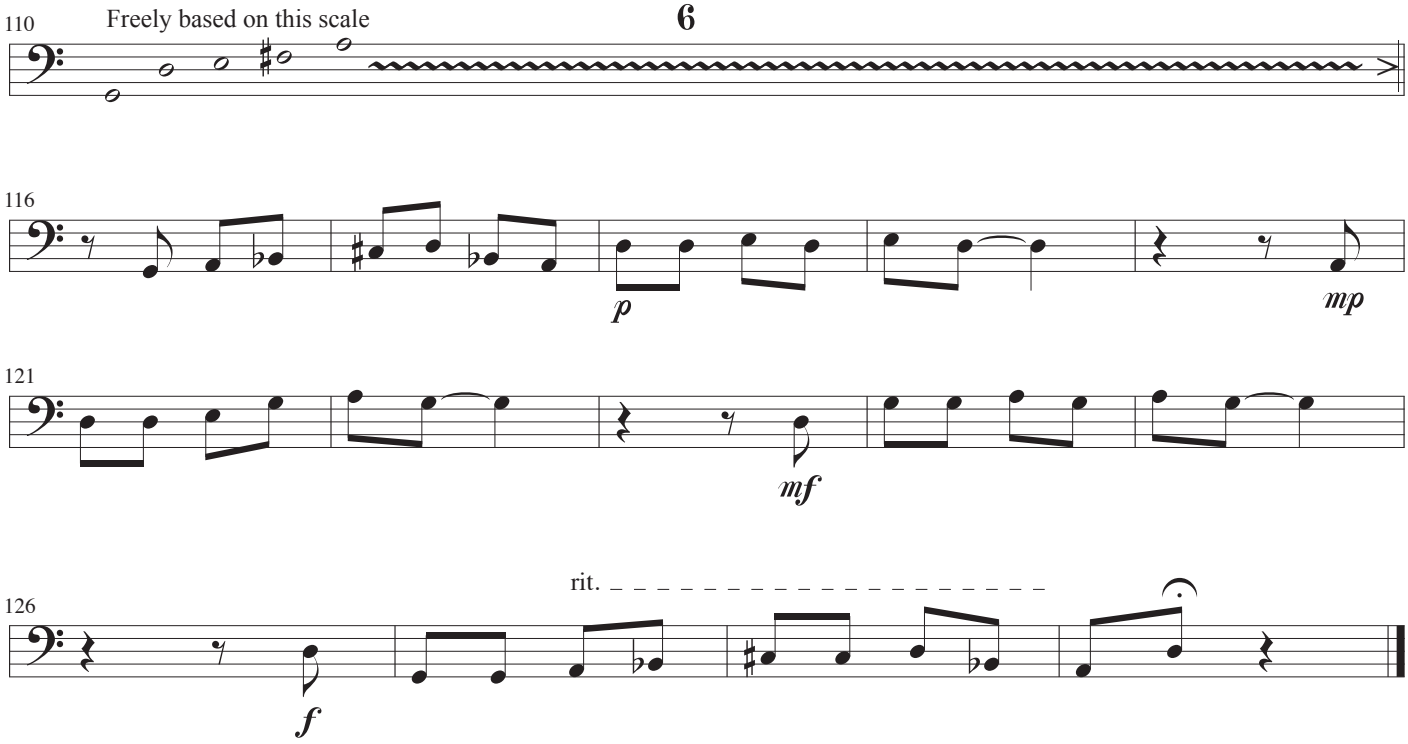
Imvation

Exercise on a set improvisation

John Jacobsen, 1990




50
mp
mf
55
f
ff
pp
60
65
mp
70
gliss.
3
76
f
81
f
p
86
f
p
91
mp
96
f
p
101
4
mf
2

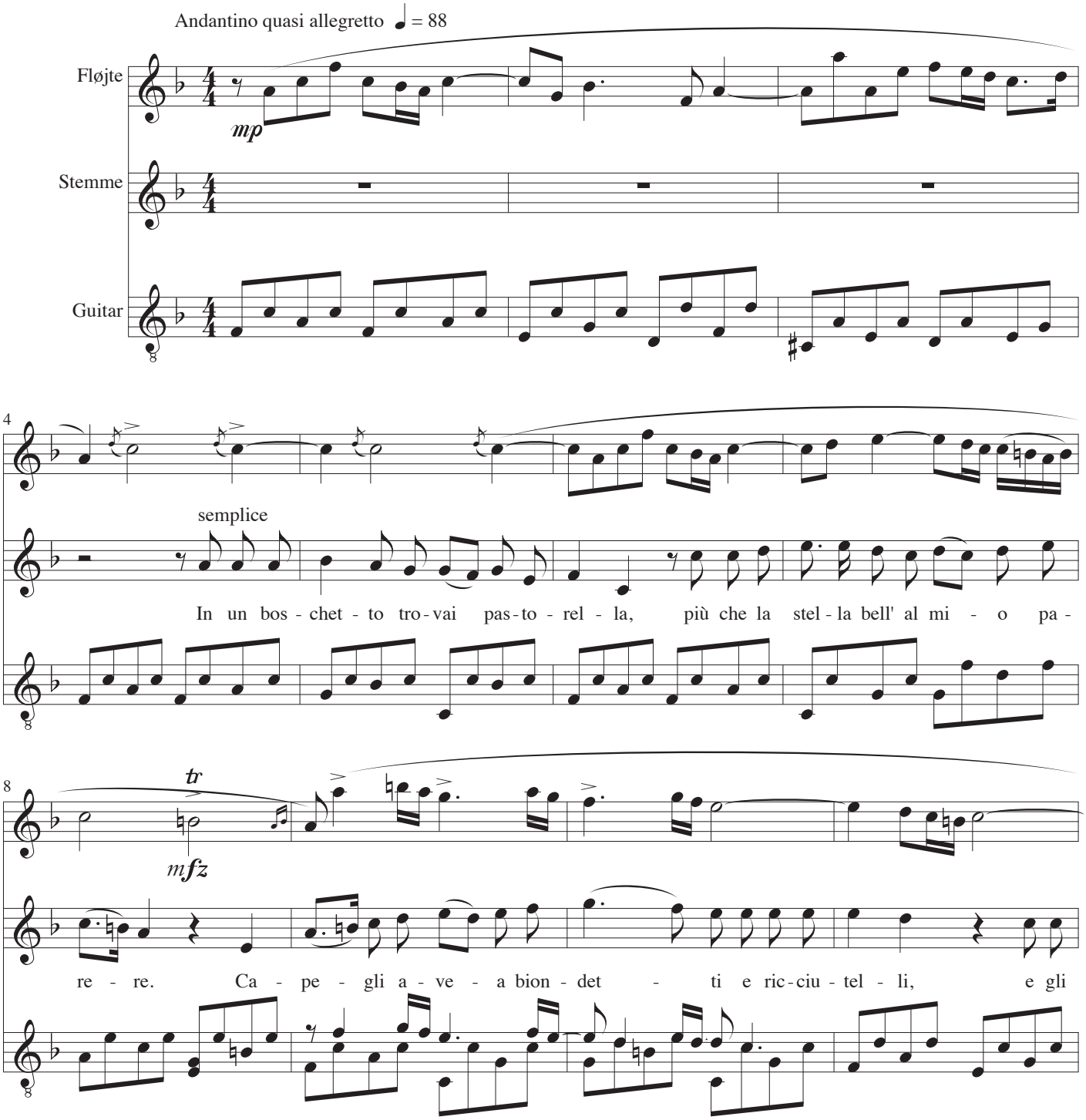

110
Freely based on this scale
116
p
mp
121
mf
126
rit.
f

Italiensk hyrdearie

Op. 54

Original: stemme og klaver

Musik: Carl Nielsen,
Tekst: Guido Cavalcanti
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



12

oc - chi pien d'a - mor, ce - ra ro - sa - ta;

16

pp

rall.

e gli oc - chi pien d'a - mor, ce - ra ro -

19

sa ta;

staccato

grazioso

con su - a ver - glet - ta pa -

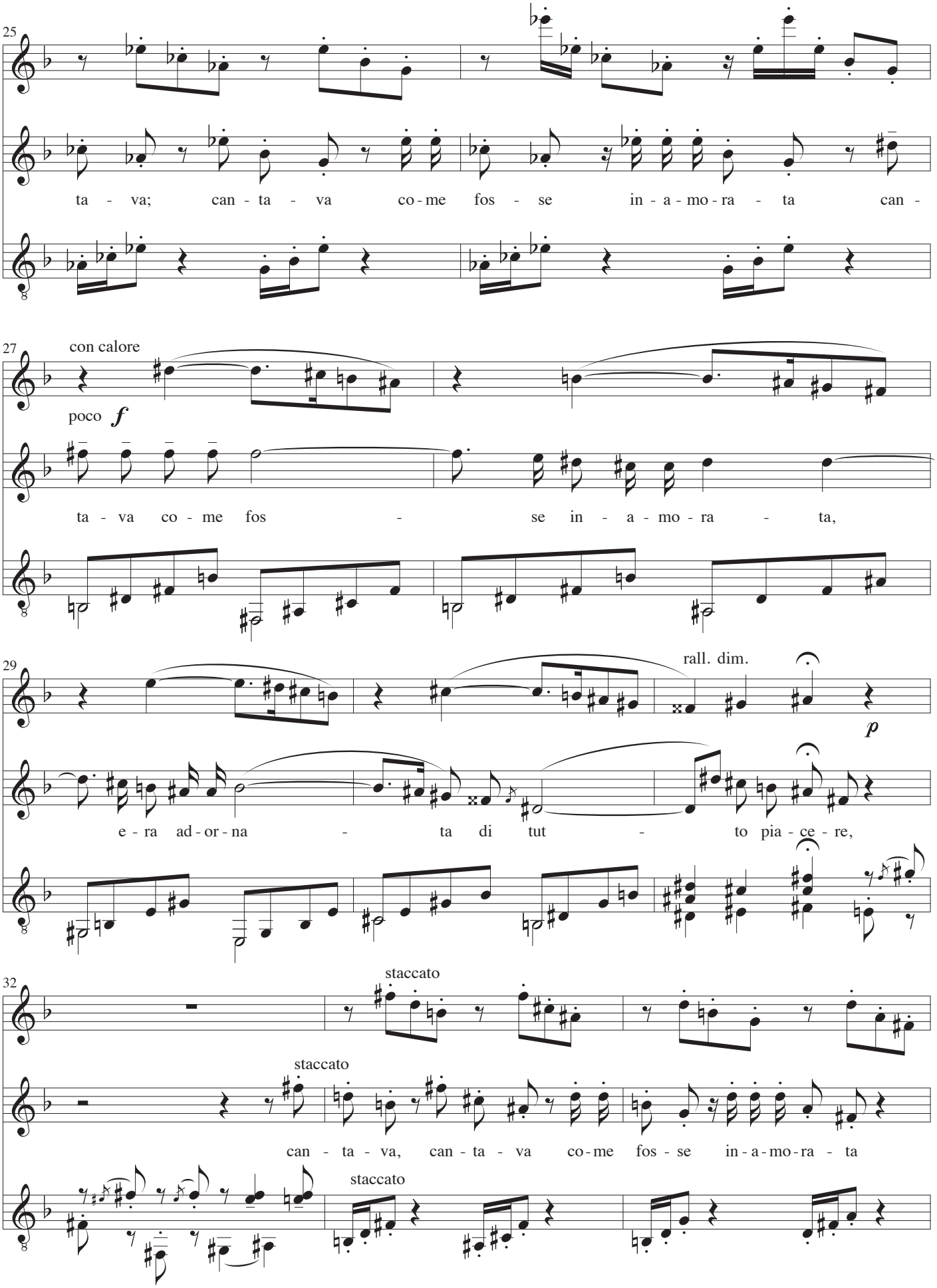
grazioso

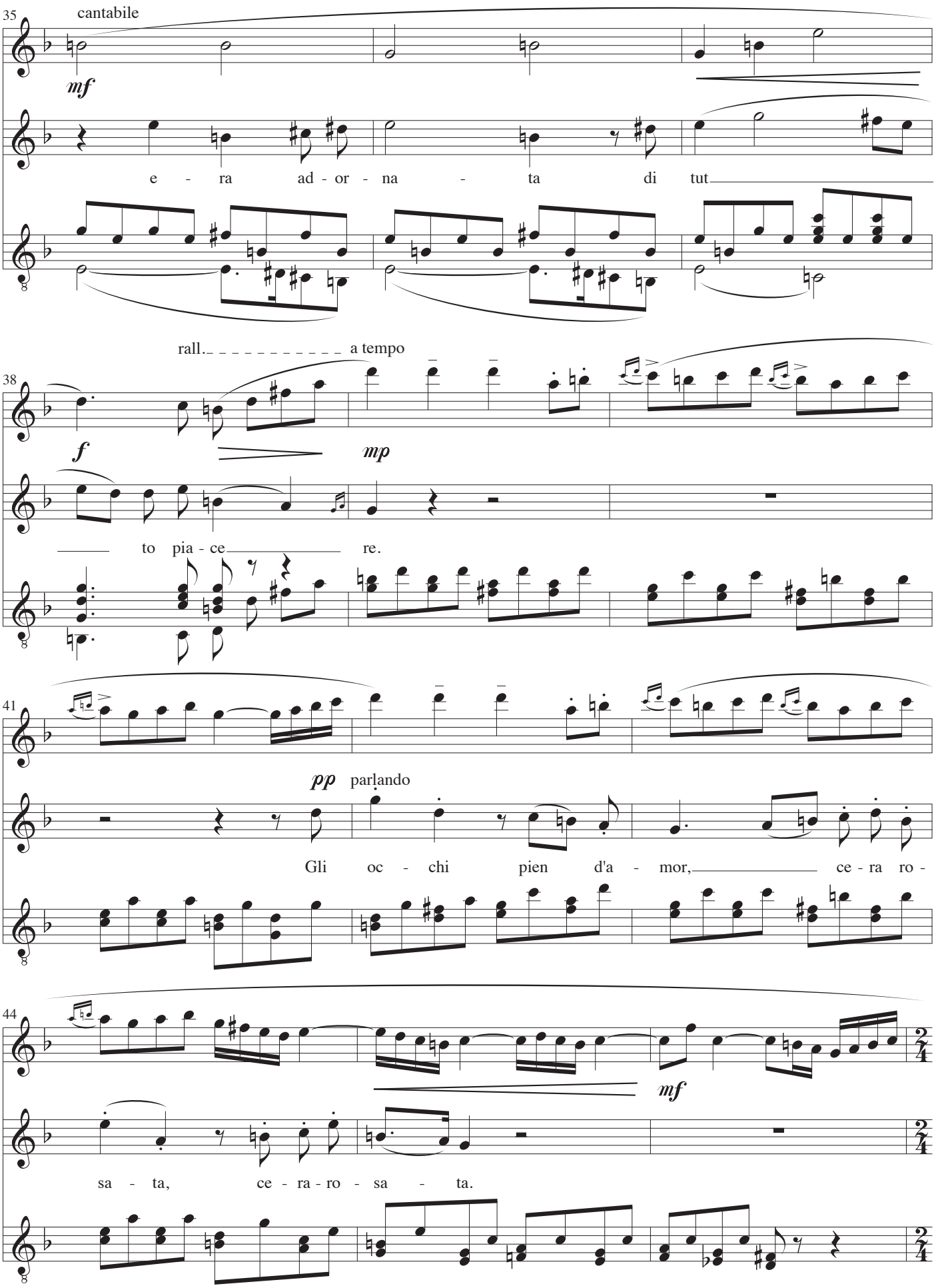
staccato

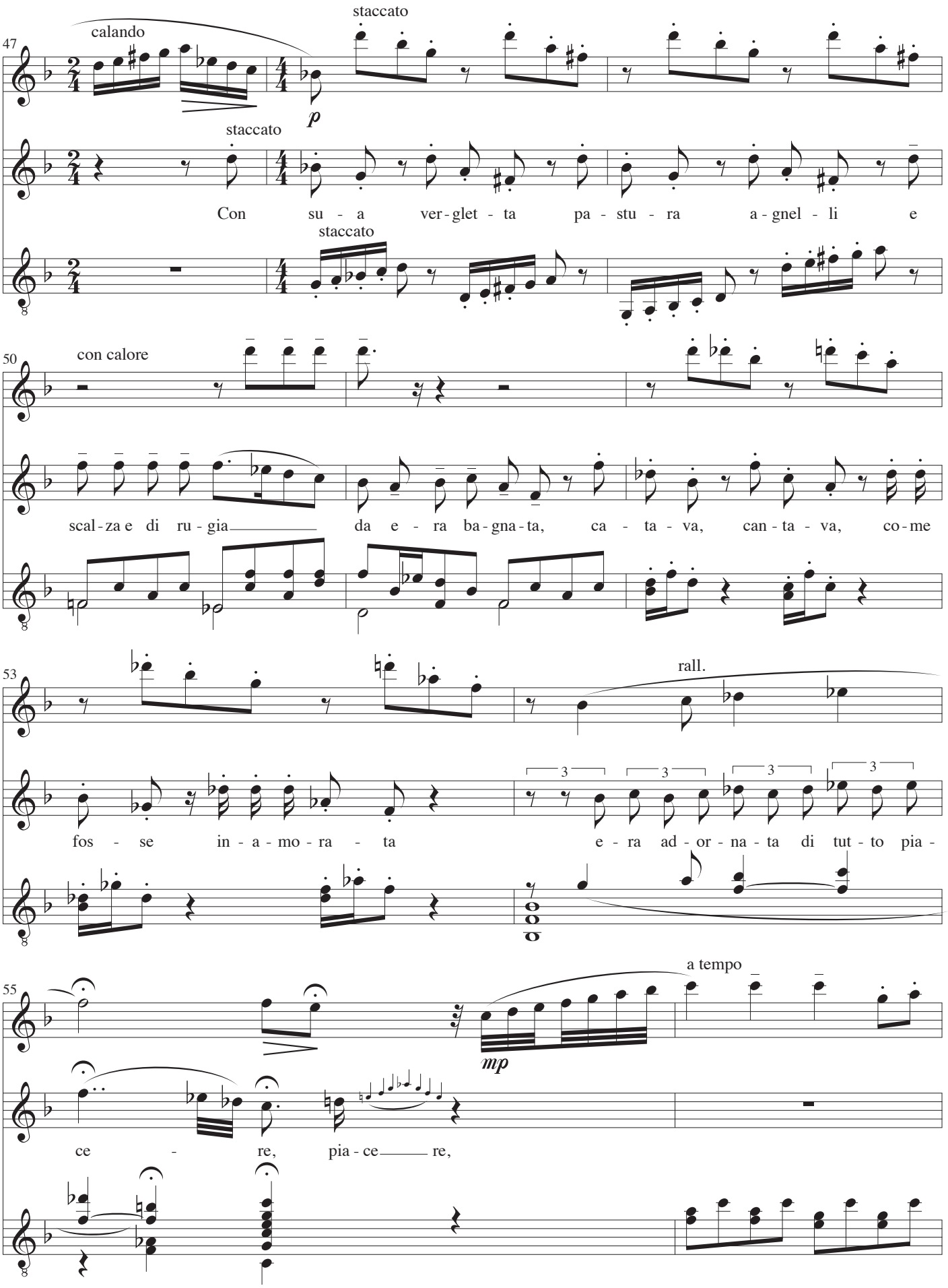
22

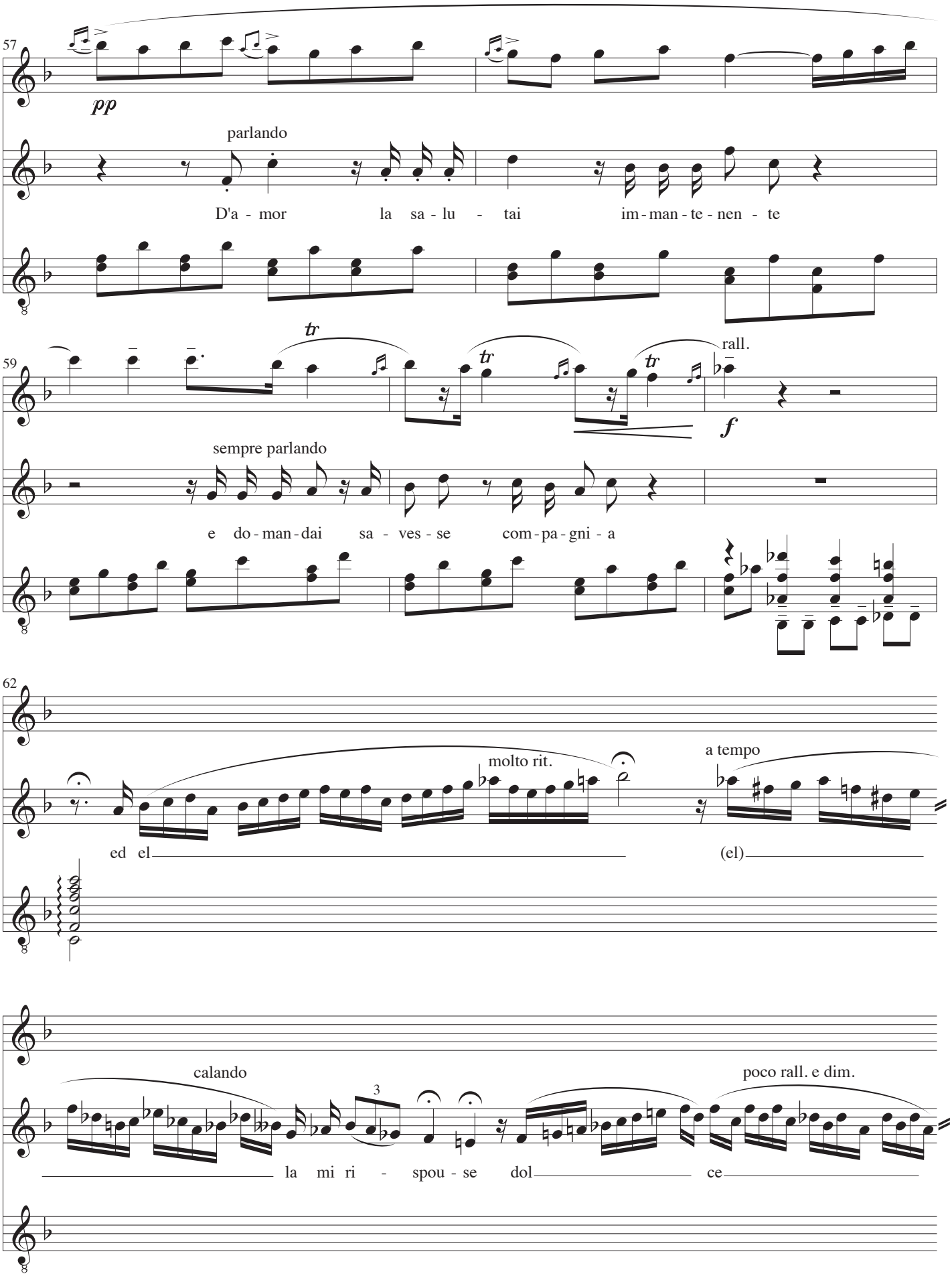
con calore

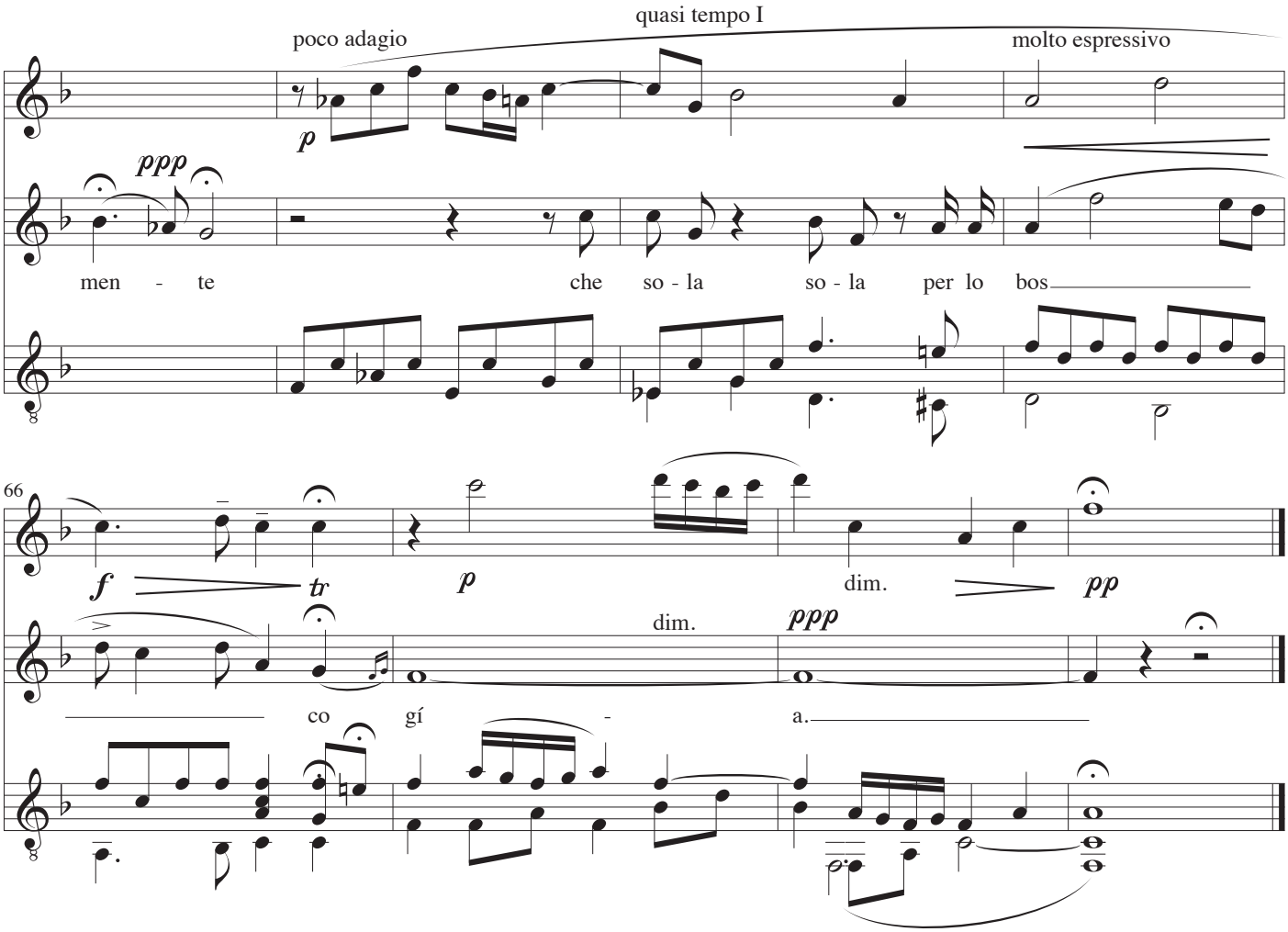
stu - ra a - gnel - li e scal - za e di ru - gia da e - ra ba - gna - ta can -


25
ta - va; can - ta - va co - me fos - se in - a - mo - ra - ta can -
27
con calore
poco f
ta - va co - me fos - se in - a - mo - ra - ta,
29
rall. dim.
p
e - ra ad - or - na - ta di tut - to pia - ce - re,
32
staccato
staccato
can - ta - va, can - ta - va co - me fos - se in - a - mo - ra - ta
staccato


35
cantabile
mf
e - ra ad - or - na - ta di tut
38
rall.
a tempo
f
mp
to pia - ce re.
41
pp
parlando
Gli oc - chi pien d'a - mor, ce - ra ro -
44
mf
sa - ta, ce - ra - ro - sa - ta.


47
calando
staccato
p
staccato
Con su - a ver - glet - ta pa - stu - ra a - gnel - li e
staccato
50
con calore
scal - za e di ru - gia da e - ra ba - gna - ta, ca - ta - va, can - ta - va, co - me
53
rall.
fos - se in - a - mo - ra - ta e - ra ad - or - na - ta di tut - to pia -
3
3
3
3
55
mp
a tempo
ce - re, pia - ce re,


57
pp
parlando
D'a - mor la sa - lu - tai im - man - te - nen - te
59
tr
tr
tr
rall.
f
sempre parlando
e do - man - dai sa - ves - se com - pa - gni - a
62
molto rit.
a tempo
ed el
(el)
calando
3
poco rall. e dim.
la mi ri - spou - se dol ce



Aria

In un boschetto trovai pastorella,
piú che la stella bella al mio parere.
Capegli avea biondetti e ricciutelli,
e gli occhi pien d'amor, cera rosata;
con sua vergletta pastura agnelli
e scalza e de rugiada era bagnata;
cantava come fosse inamorata
era adornata de tutto piacere.
D'amor la salutai immantenente
e domandai savesse compagnia:
ed ella mi rispuòse dolcemente
che sola sola per lo bosco gía.

Guido Cavalcanti (1255 - † 1300)*

I Skovens Dyb jeg mødte en Hyrdinde,
skøn som en Stjerne gled hun mellem Løvet,
med blonde Lokker blomstrende om Kinde,
med klare Øjne, som af Elskov skinne;
med Staven sine hvide Lam hun røgted,
mens Duggen fra de nøgne Fødder flygted;
hun sødt forelsket gav sig til at nynne
og straaled af sin Lykkes hele Ynde.
Af Elskov greben spurgte jeg da hende,
om ej til andet Selskab hun var bunden:
og hun mig svarte, kærlig mild i Sinde,
at ene, ene vandred hun i Lunden.

På dansk ved Sophus Michaëlis

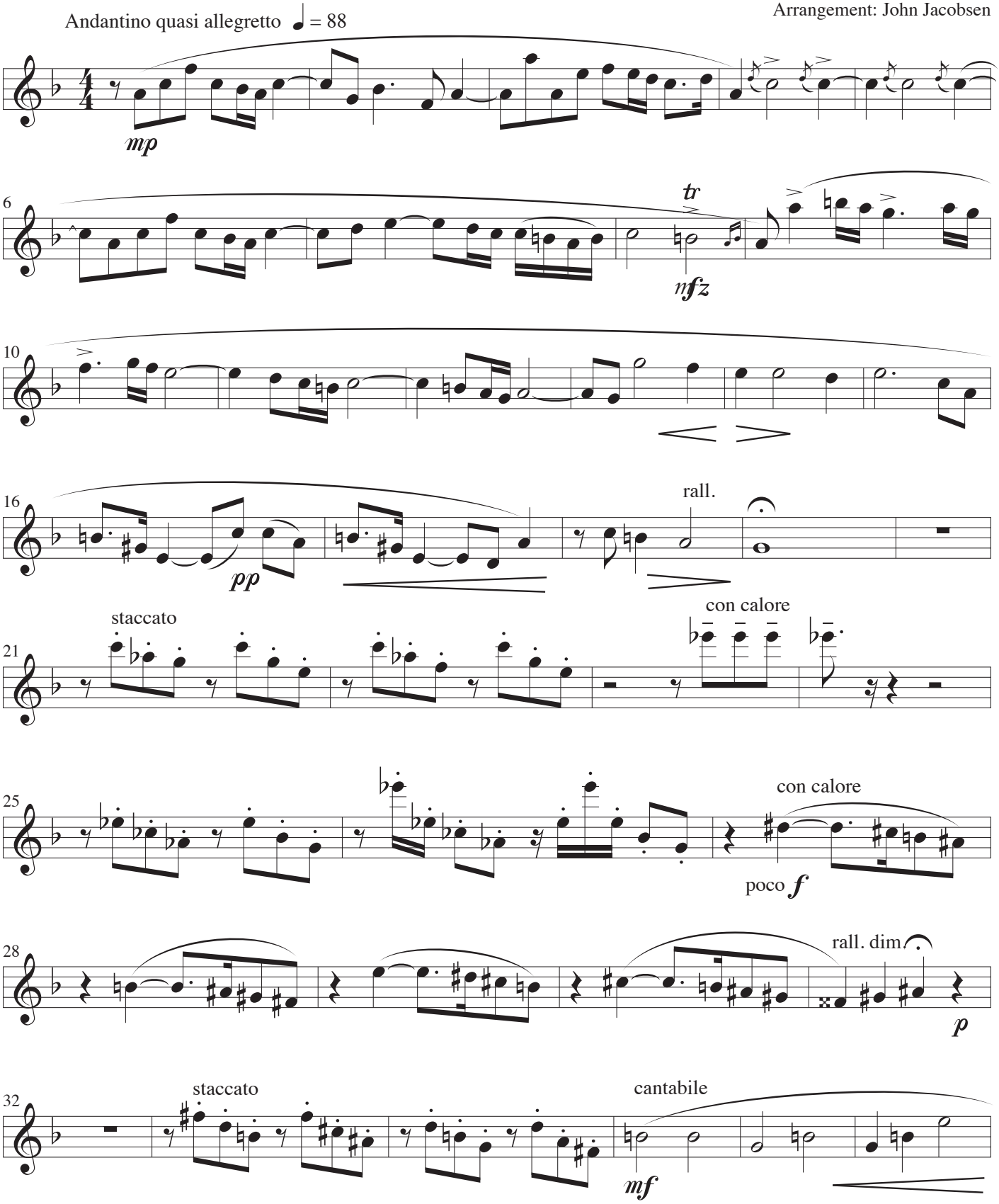
Fløjte

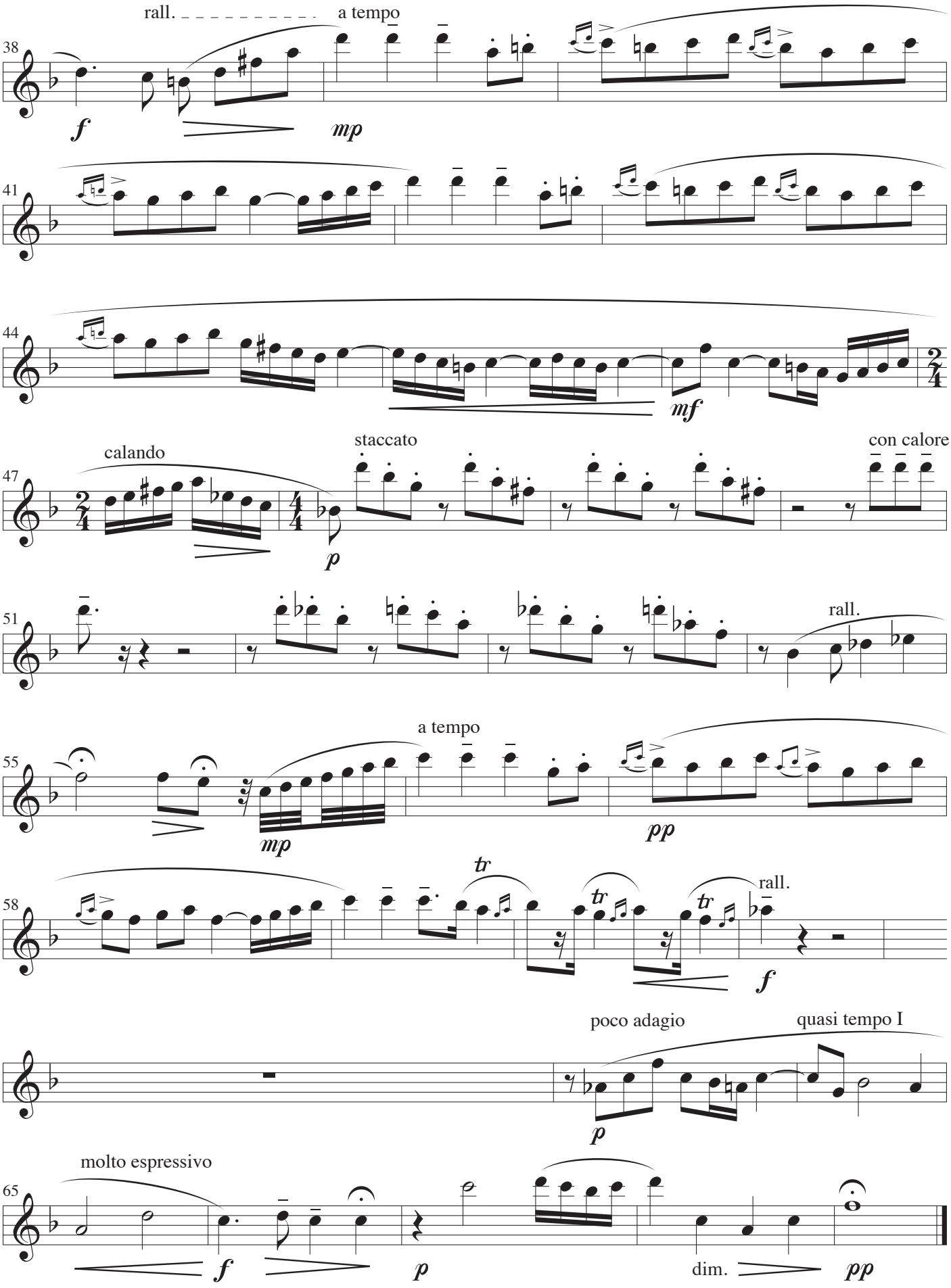
Italiensk hyrdearie

Op. 54

Original: stemme og klaver

Musik: Carl Nielsen,
Tekst: Guido Cavalcanti
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




38
rall.
a tempo
f
mp
41
44
mf
47
calando
staccato
con calore
p
51
rall.
55
a tempo
mp
pp
58
tr
rall.
f
poco adagio
quasi tempo I
p
65
molto espressivo
f
p
dim.
pp

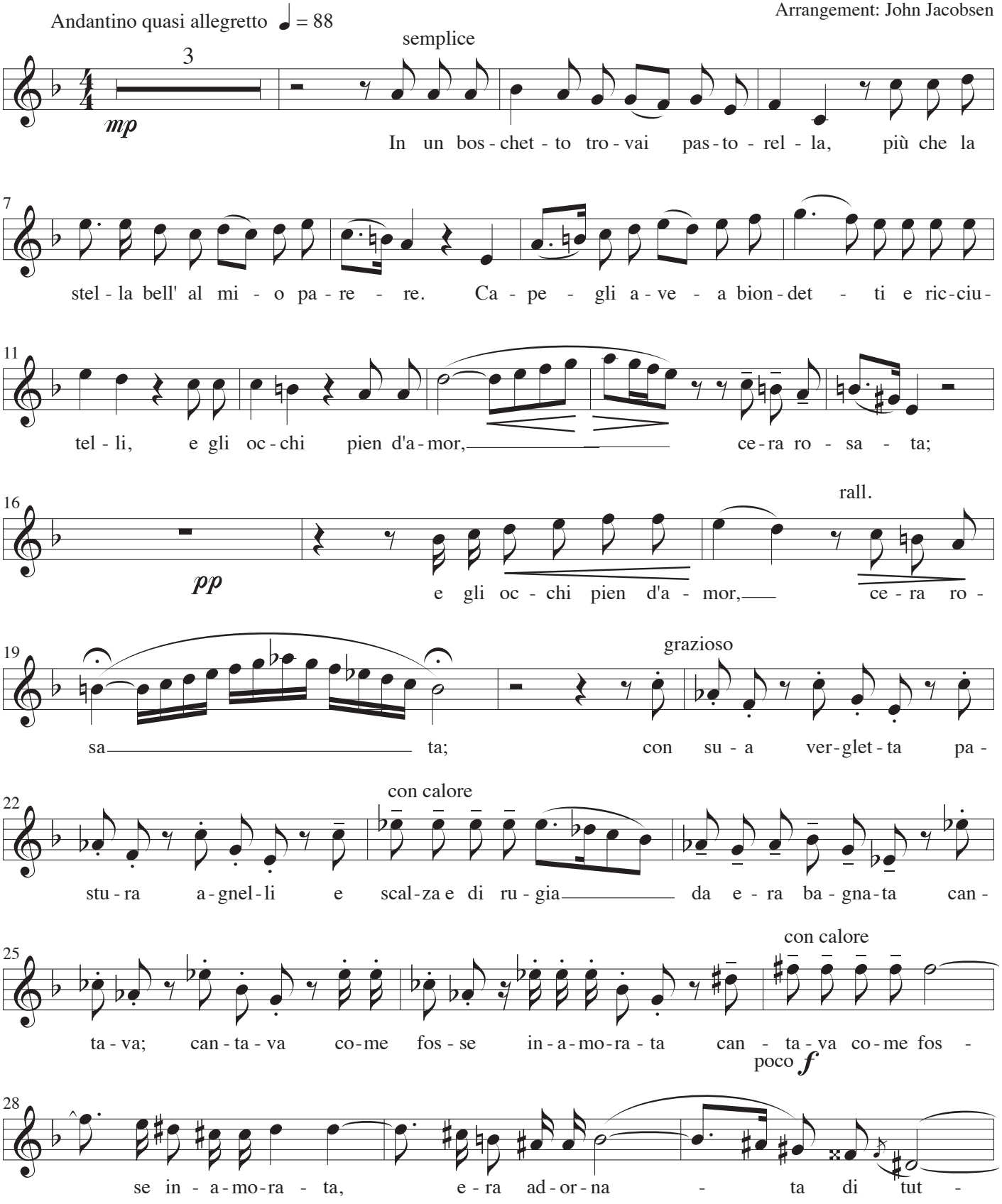
Stemme

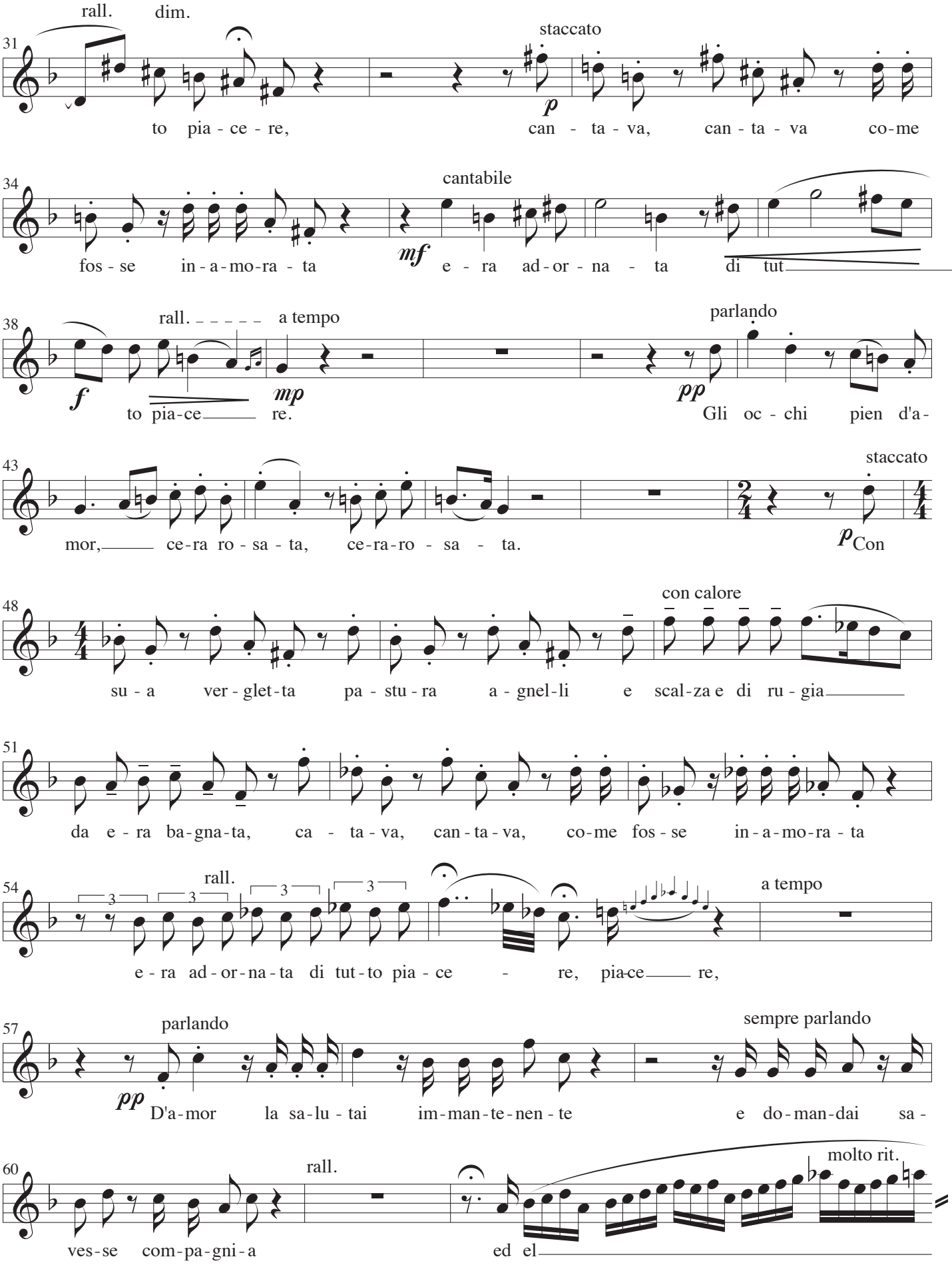
Italiensk hyrdearie

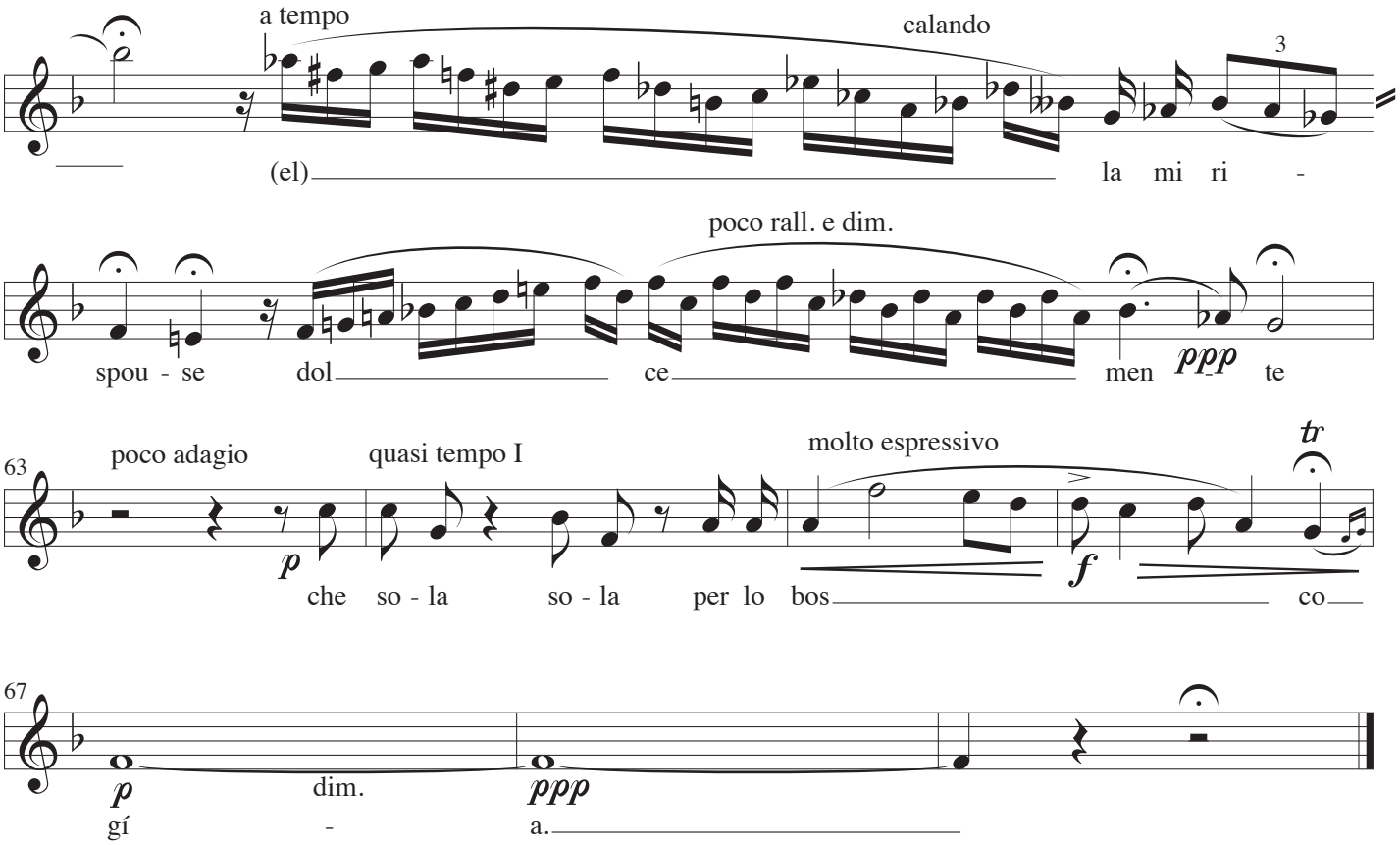
Op. 54

Original: stemme og klaver

Musik: Carl Nielsen,
Tekst: Guido Cavalcanti
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




rall.
dim.
staccato
to pia - ce - re,
can - ta - va, can - ta - va co-me
cantabile
fos - se in - a - mo-ra - ta
e - ra ad - or - na - ta di tut
rall.
a tempo
parlando
to pia-ce re.
Gli oc - chi pien d'a-
staccato
mor, ce-ra ro - sa - ta, ce-ra-ro - sa - ta.
Con
con calore
su - a ver - glet - ta pa - stu - ra a - gnel - li e scal - za e di ru - gia
da e - ra ba - gna - ta, ca - ta - va, can - ta - va, co-me fos - se in - a - mo-ra - ta
rall.
a tempo
e - ra ad - or - na - ta di tut - to pia - ce - re, pia-ce re,
parlando
sempre parlando
D'a-mor la sa - lu - tai im - man - te - nen - te e do - man - dai sa -
rall.
molto rit.
ves - se com - pa - gni - a
ed el


a tempo
calando
3
(el) la mi ri -
poco rall. e dim.
spou - se dol ce men te
ppp
63
poco adagio
quasi tempo I
molto espressivo
tr
p
f
che so - la so - la per lo bos co
67
p
dim.
ppp
gí - a.

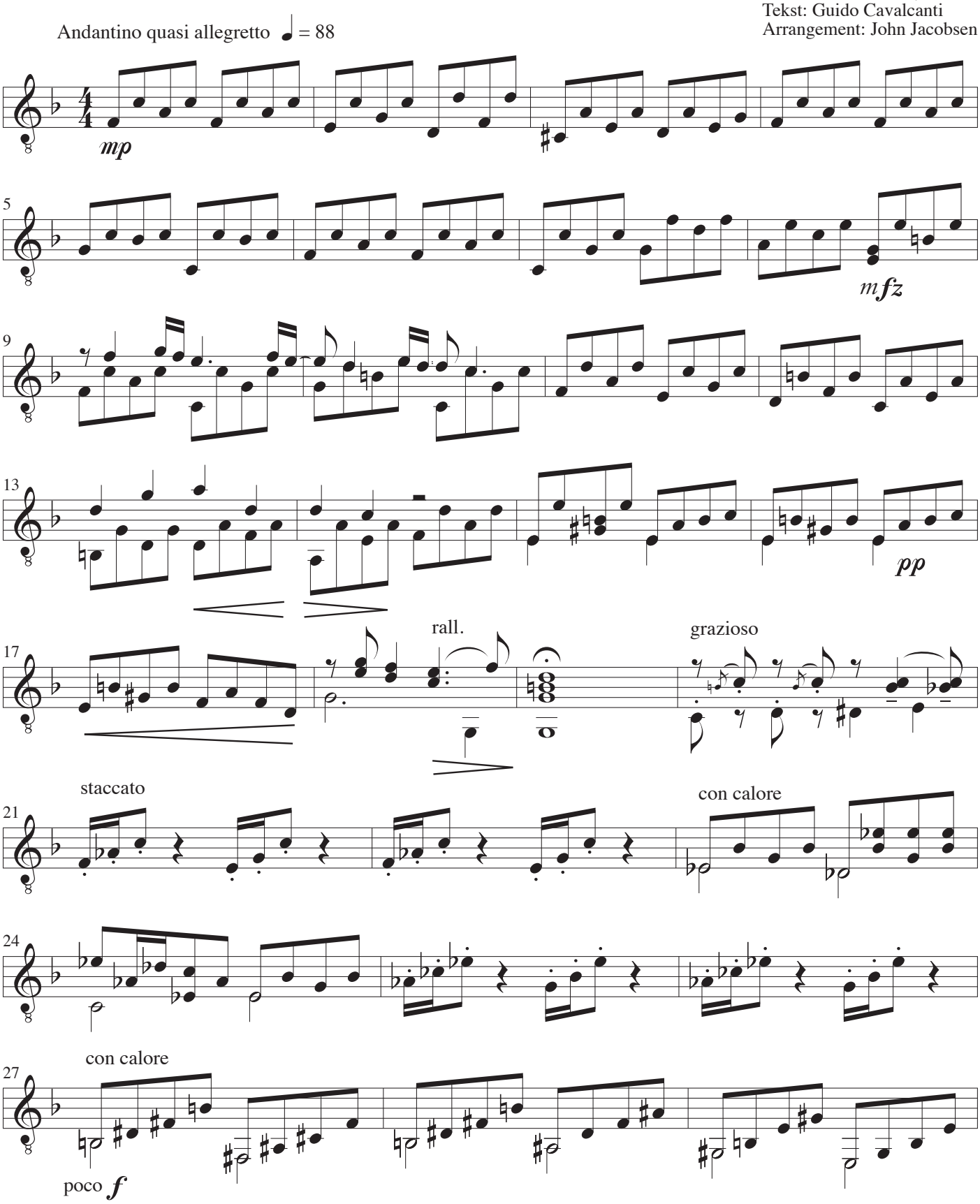
Guitar

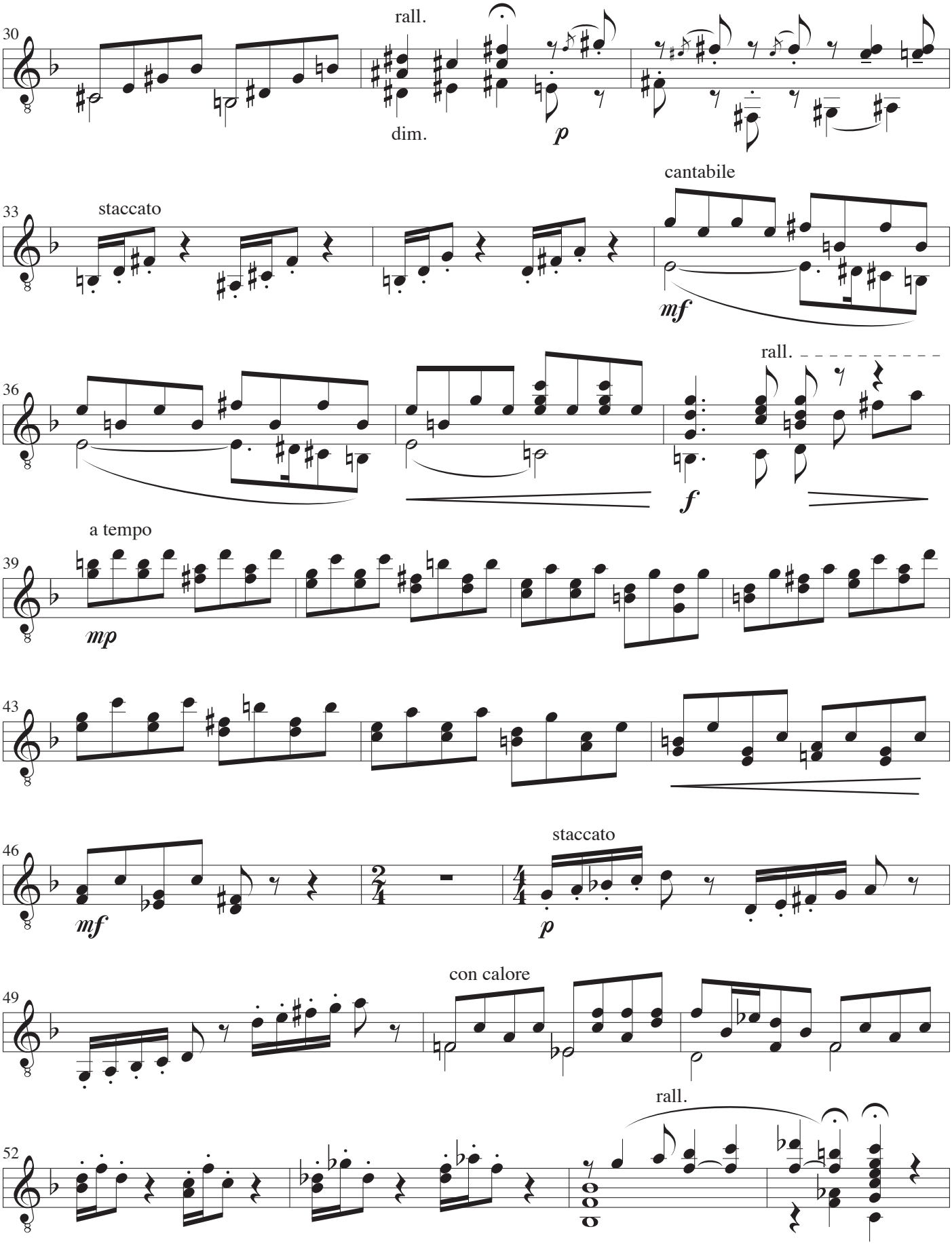
Italiensk hyrdearie

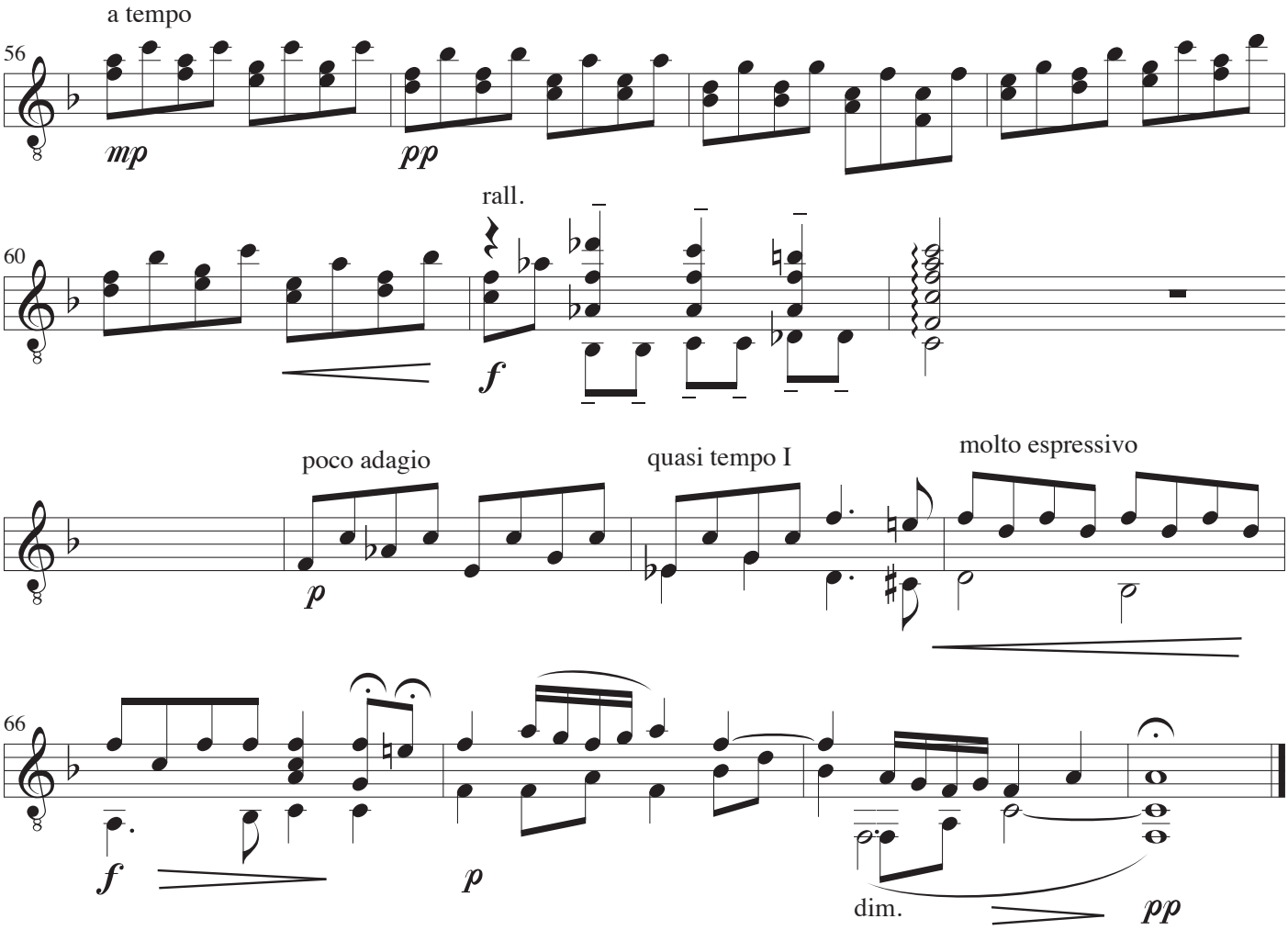
Op. 54

Original: stemme og klaver

Musik: Carl Nielsen,
Tekst: Guido Cavalcanti
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

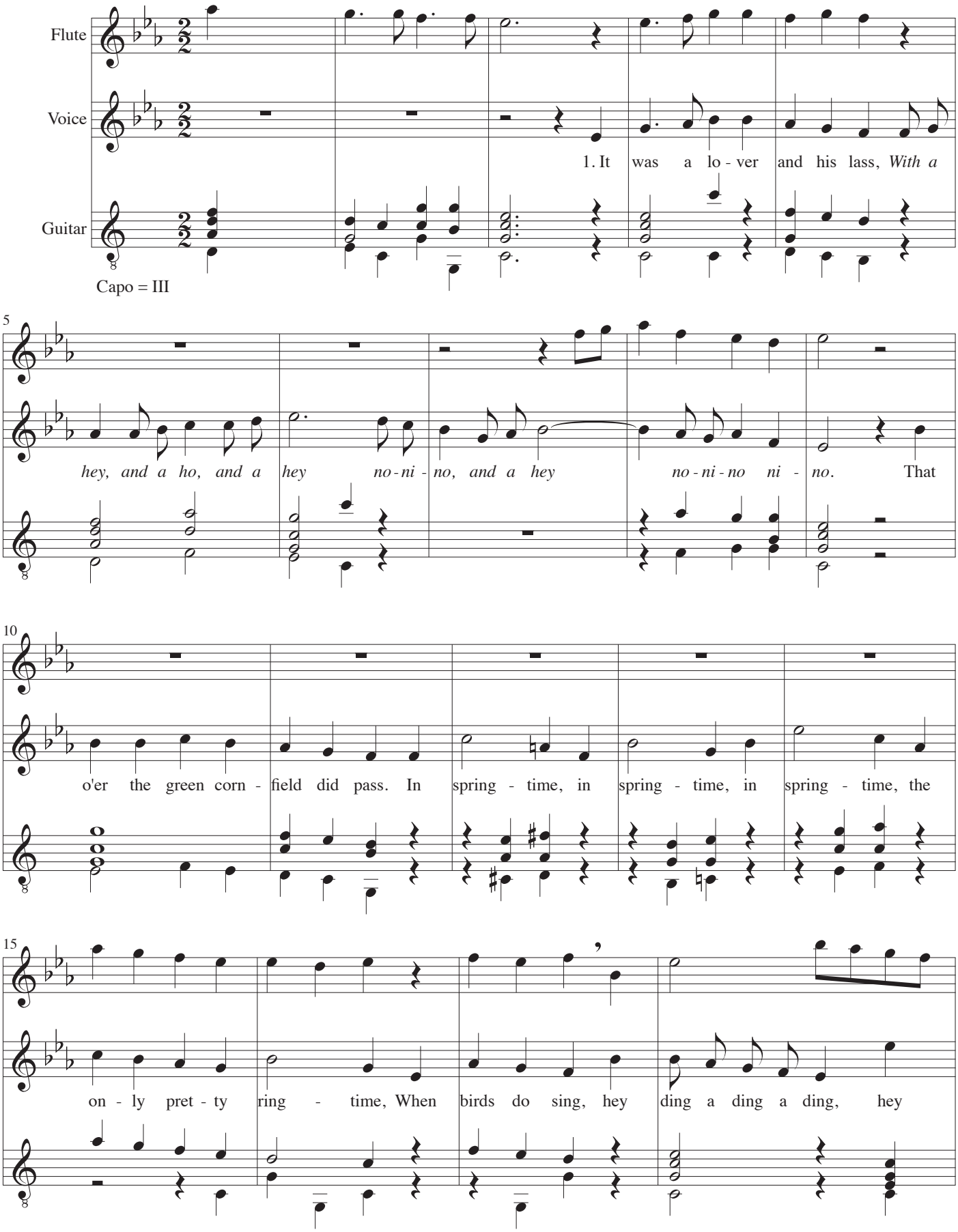



30
rall.
dim.
p
33
staccato
cantabile
mf
36
rall.
f
39
a tempo
mp
43
46
mf
staccato
p
49
con calore
52
rall.


a tempo
56
mp
pp
rall.
60
f
poco adagio
p
quasi tempo I
molto espressivo
66
f
p
dim.
pp

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Music: Thomas Morley
Lyrics: William Shakespeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



19

ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet lo - vers love the spring. 2. Be -

23

ossia

tween the a - cres of the rye, *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no - ni -*

ca - rol they beg - an that hour,

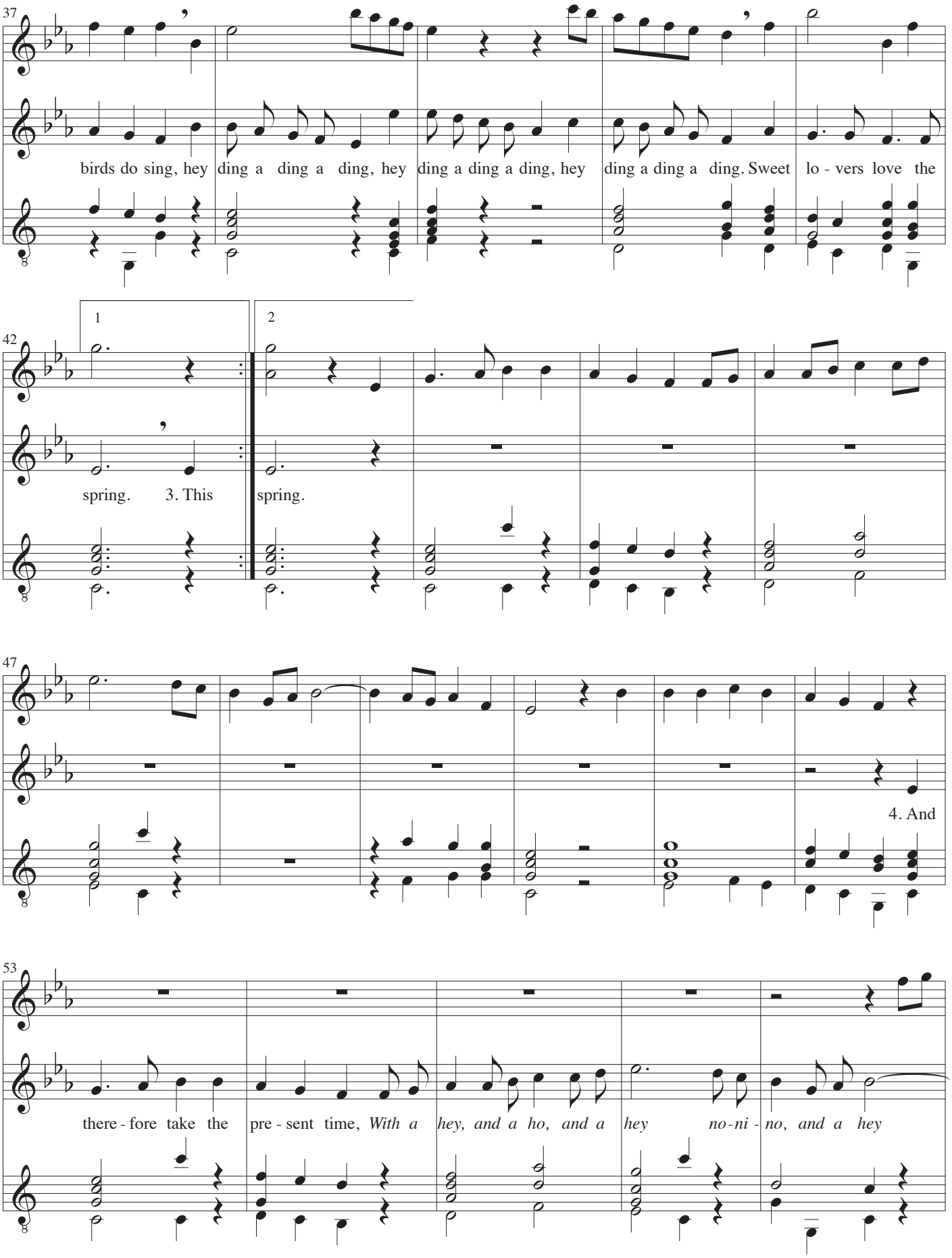
27

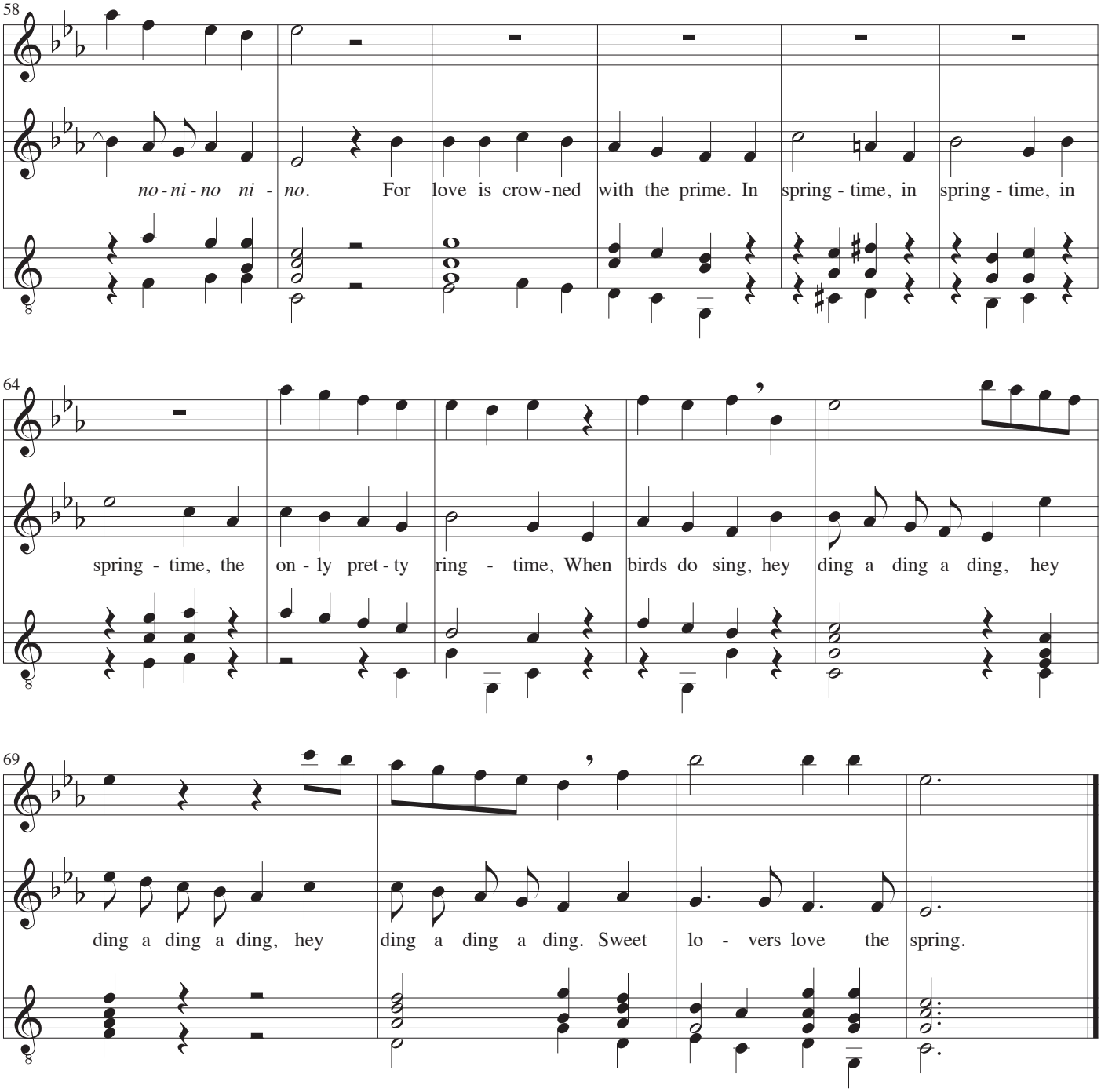
no, and a hey no - ni - no ni - no. These pret - ty coun - try folks would lie. In

How that life was but a flower.

32

spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When

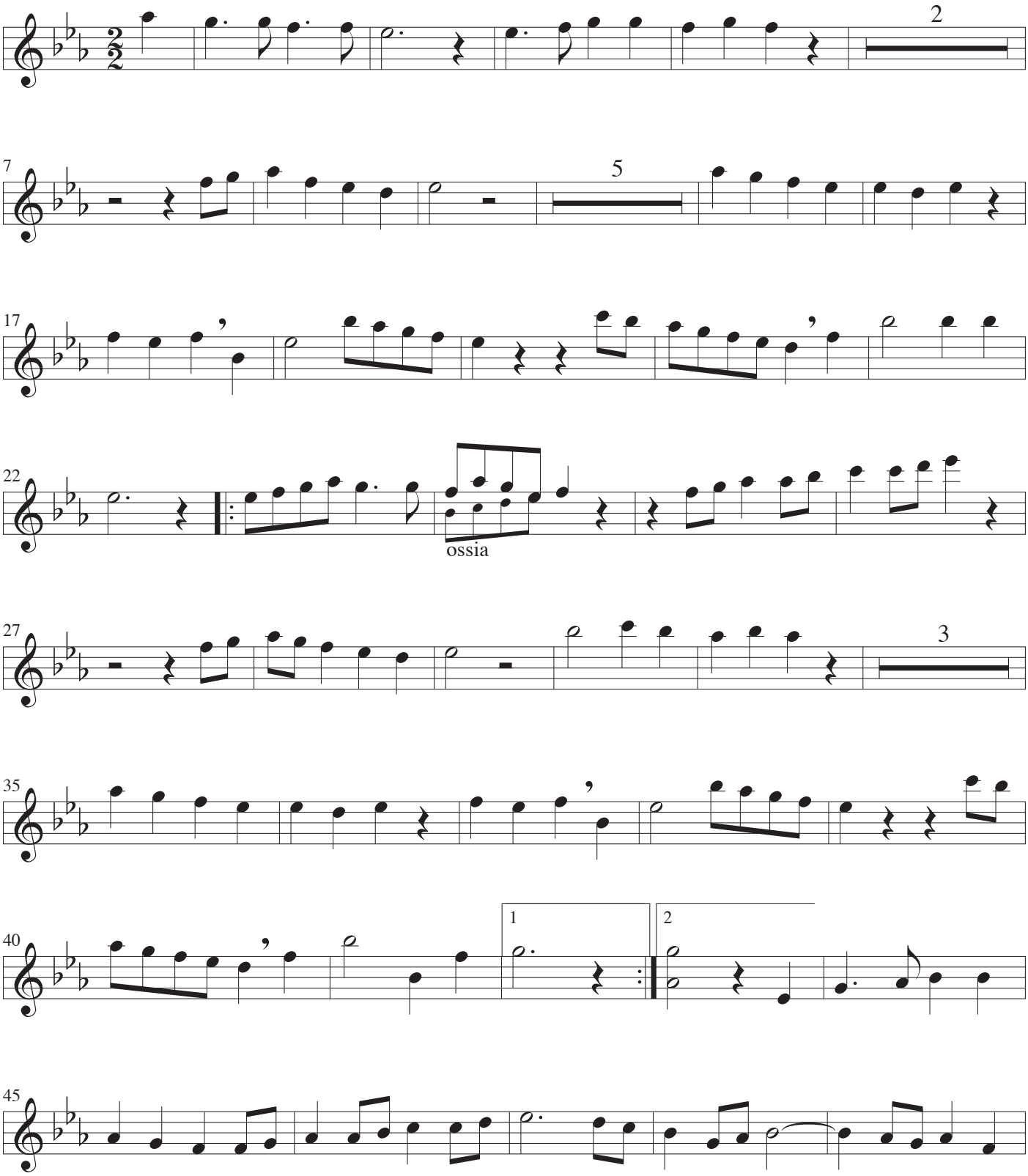

37
birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet lo - vers love the
42
1
2
spring. 3. This spring.
47
4. And
53
there - fore take the pre - sent time, *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni - no, and a hey*

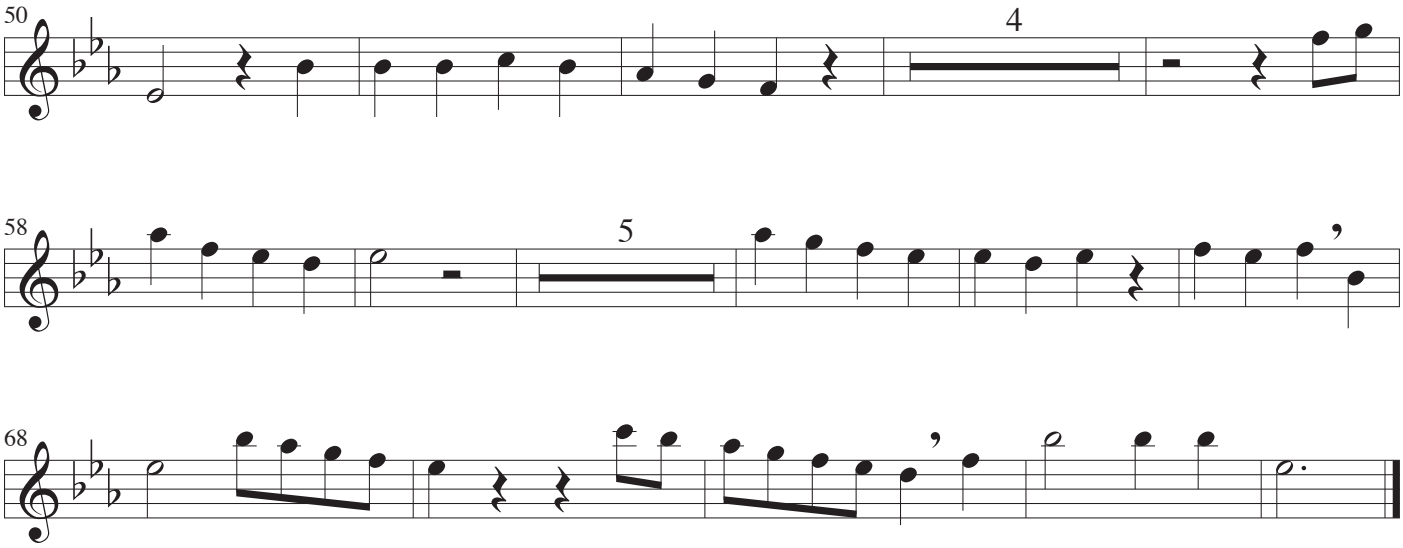

58
no - ni - no ni - no. For love is crow - ned with the prime. In spring - time, in spring - time, in
64
spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey
69
ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet lo - vers love the spring.

Flute

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Music: Thomas Morley
Lyrics: William Shakespeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

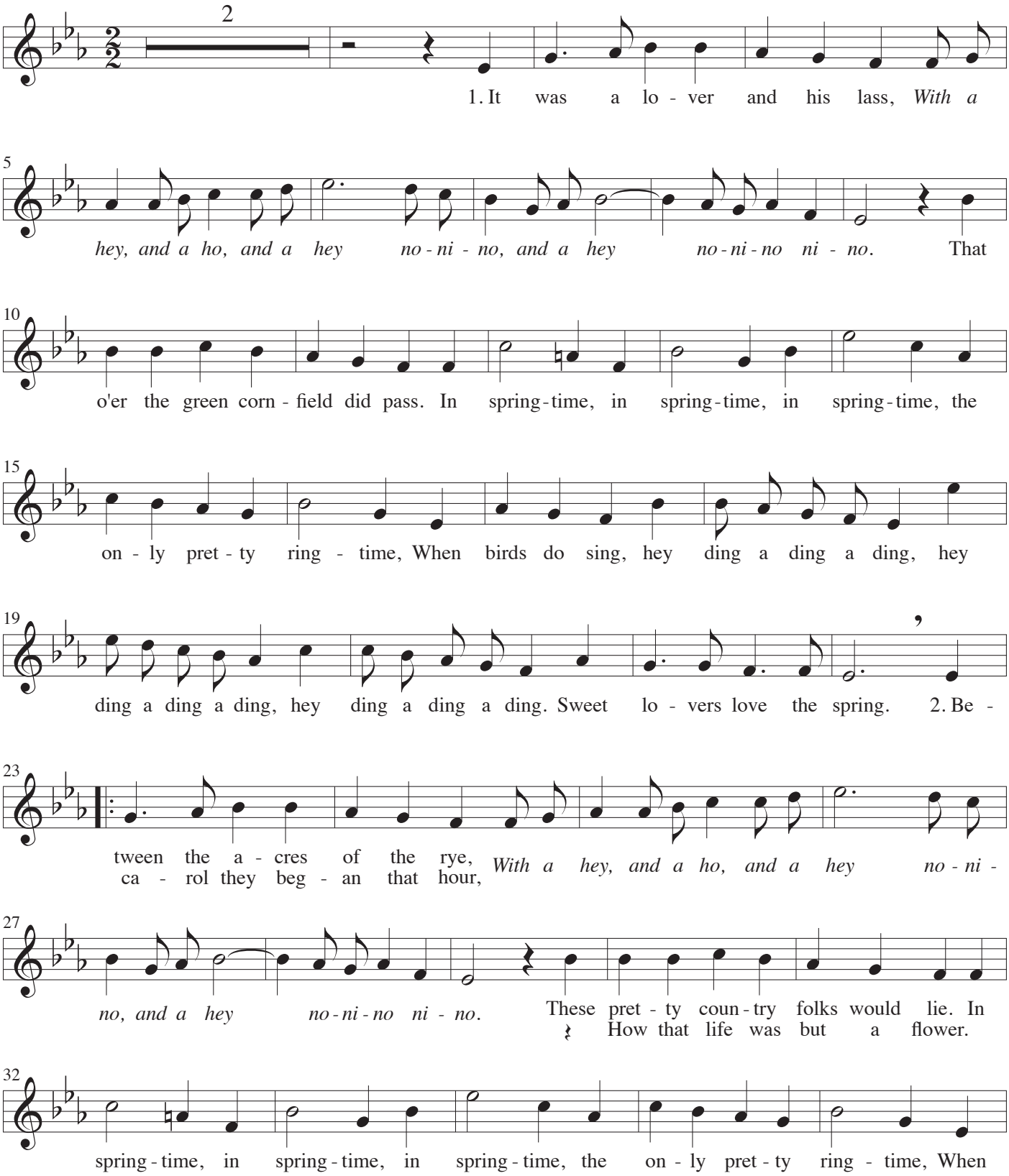


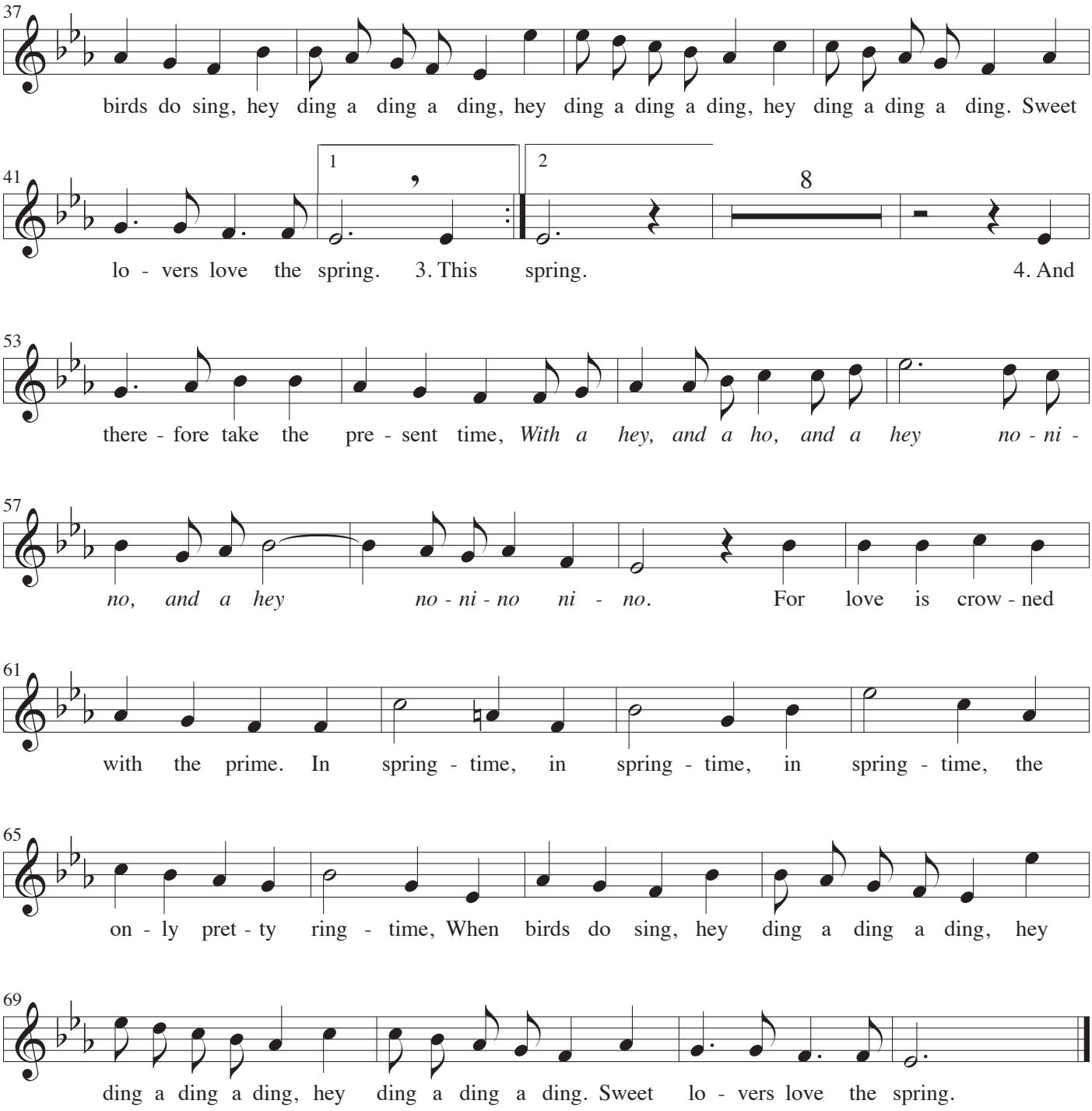

50
4
58
5
68

Voice

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Music: Thomas Morley
Lyrics: William Shakespeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

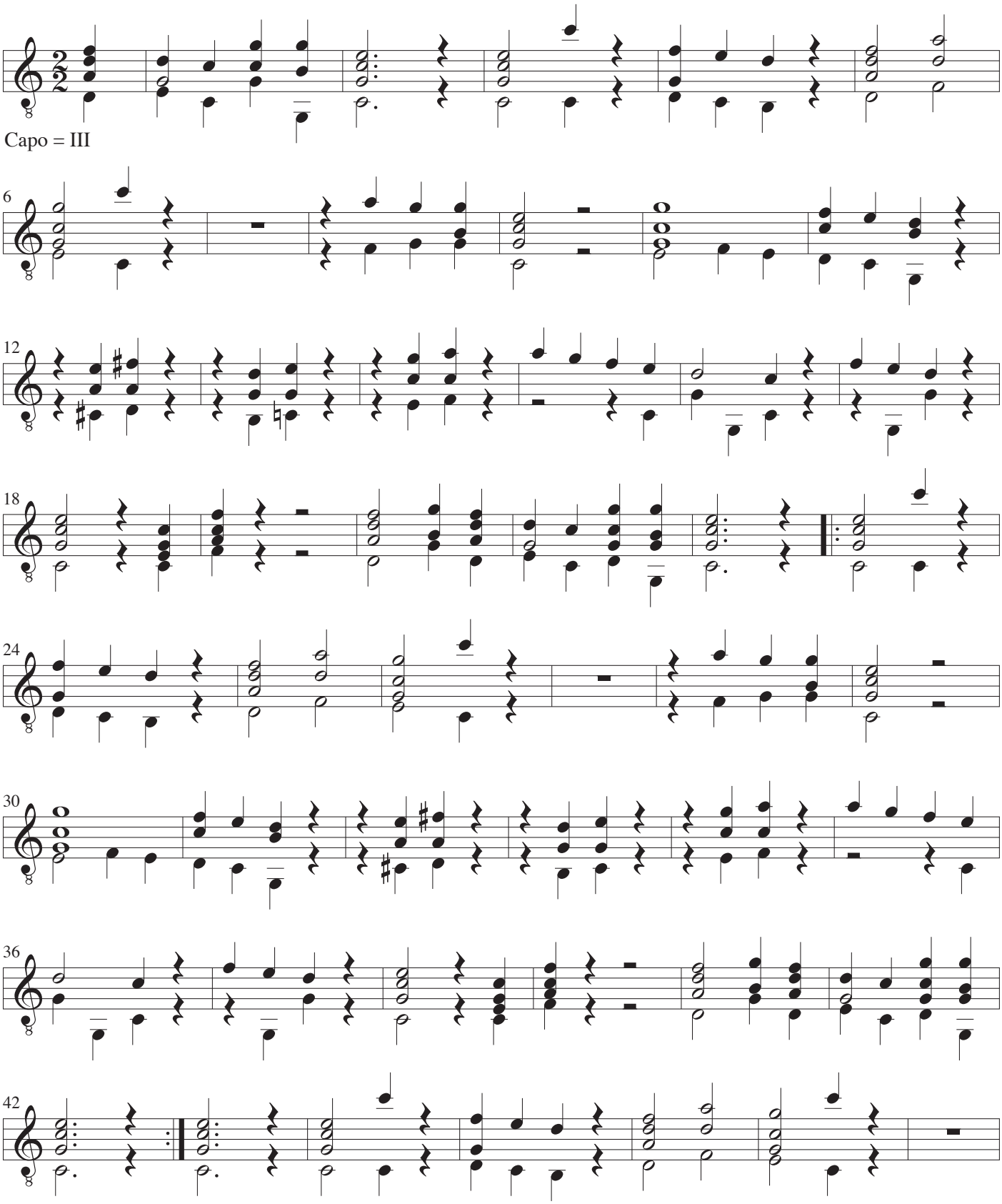


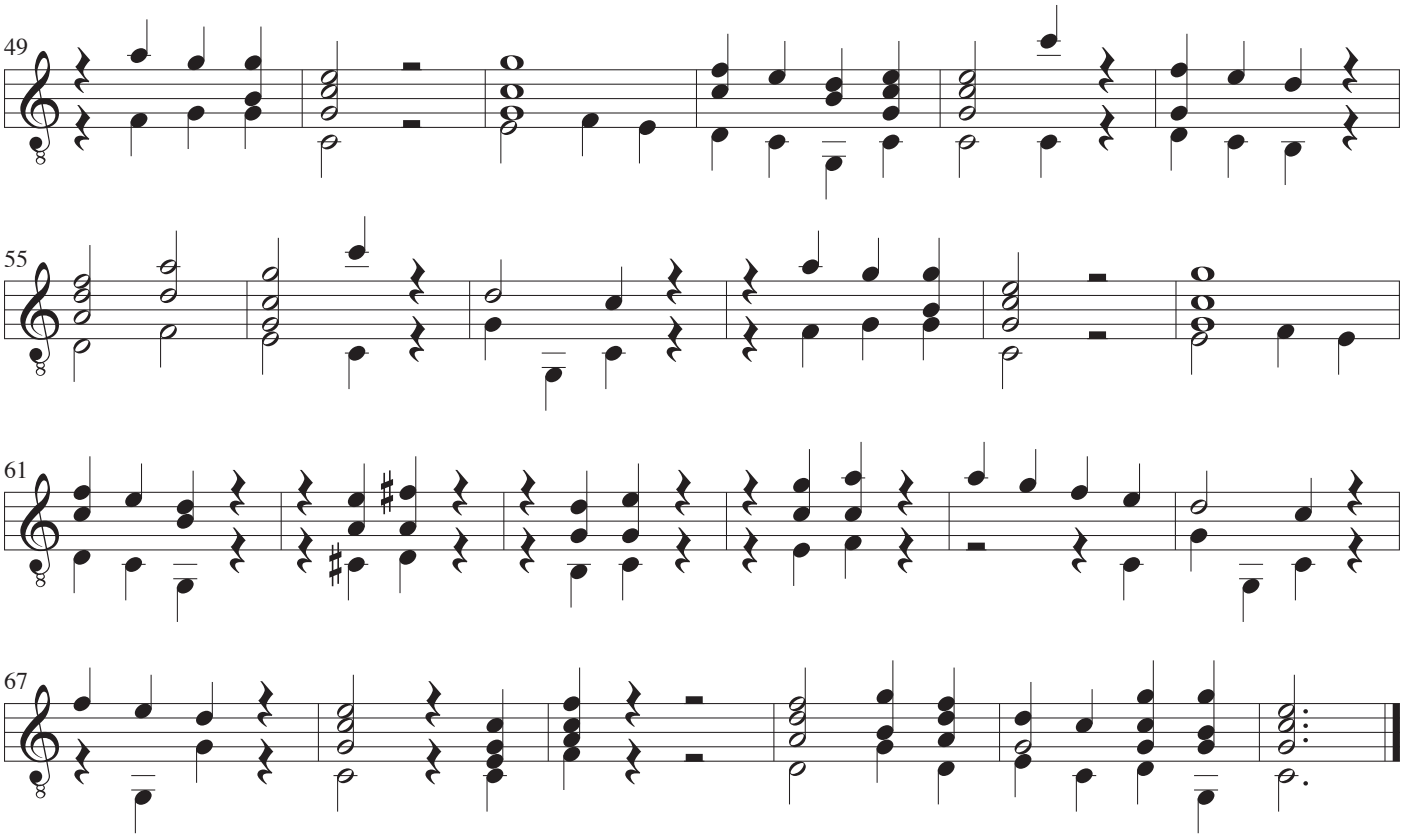

37
birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet
41
1
2
8
lo - vers love the spring. 3. This spring. 4. And
53
there - fore take the pre - sent time, *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no - ni -*
57
no, and a hey no - ni - no ni - no. For love is crow - ned
61
with the prime. In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the
65
on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey
69
ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet lo - vers love the spring.

Guitar

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Music: Thomas Morley
Lyrics: William Shakespeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




49
55
61
67

Zasmuconej

Chylisz główkę na pierś białą

The distressed girl - Don't be sad, good times will be back

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Kazimierz Gliński
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen

Allegretto grazioso

Obój

Głos

Gitara

f

mf

Chy - lisz głów kę na pierś bia - ła, łza w o - czę - tach
I przy - le - ci znów mo - ty - li róz - no - barw - ny

drży. Co się to - bie, dziew - czę, sta - ło? Skad te du - że łzy?
kum, brzo - za dłu - gi war - kocz schy - li, w szmer u - de - rzy, w szum.

17

cresc. *f*

Mo - że w chwi - lach u - przy - tom - nień znik - łych ser - ca mar czu - jesz roz - kosz
Ze snu zie - mia się 0 - cu - ci, cie - pły spad - nie deszcz, w won - nych ga - jach

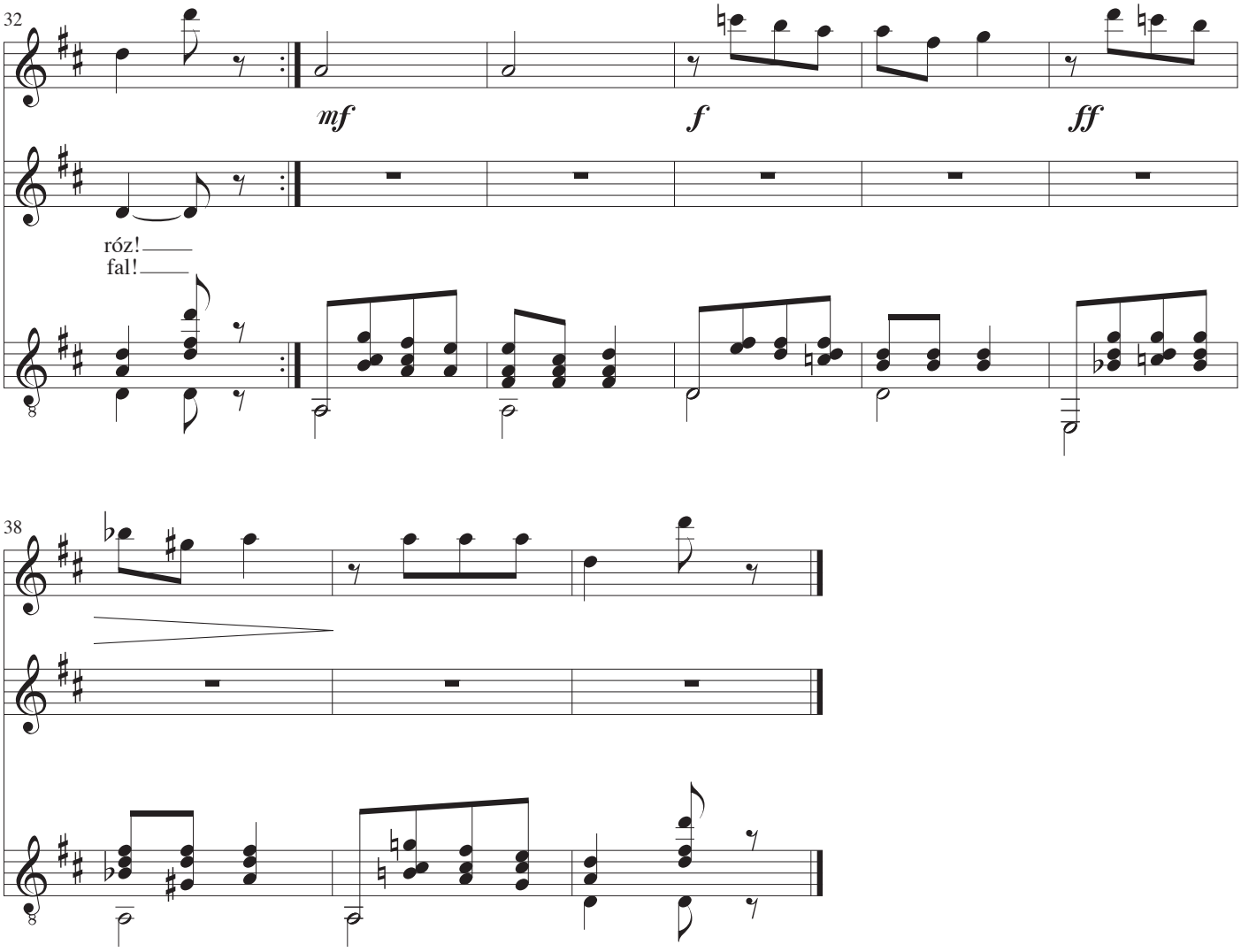
22

mf

daw - nych wsom - nień, daw - nych ma - rzeń czar? Mo - że cie - bie ró - że smu - cą,
pieśń za - nu - ci slo - wik, bard i wieszcz. Wszyst - ko be - dzie dro - gie, no - we,

27

że u - wię - dły już? ... Wró - ci wio - sna, kwia - ty wró - cą, wró - ci chwi - la
w ra - dość przej - dzie żal; wró - cą no - ce ksie - ży - co - we, za - brzmi kon - cert


32
mf
f
ff
róz!
fal!
38

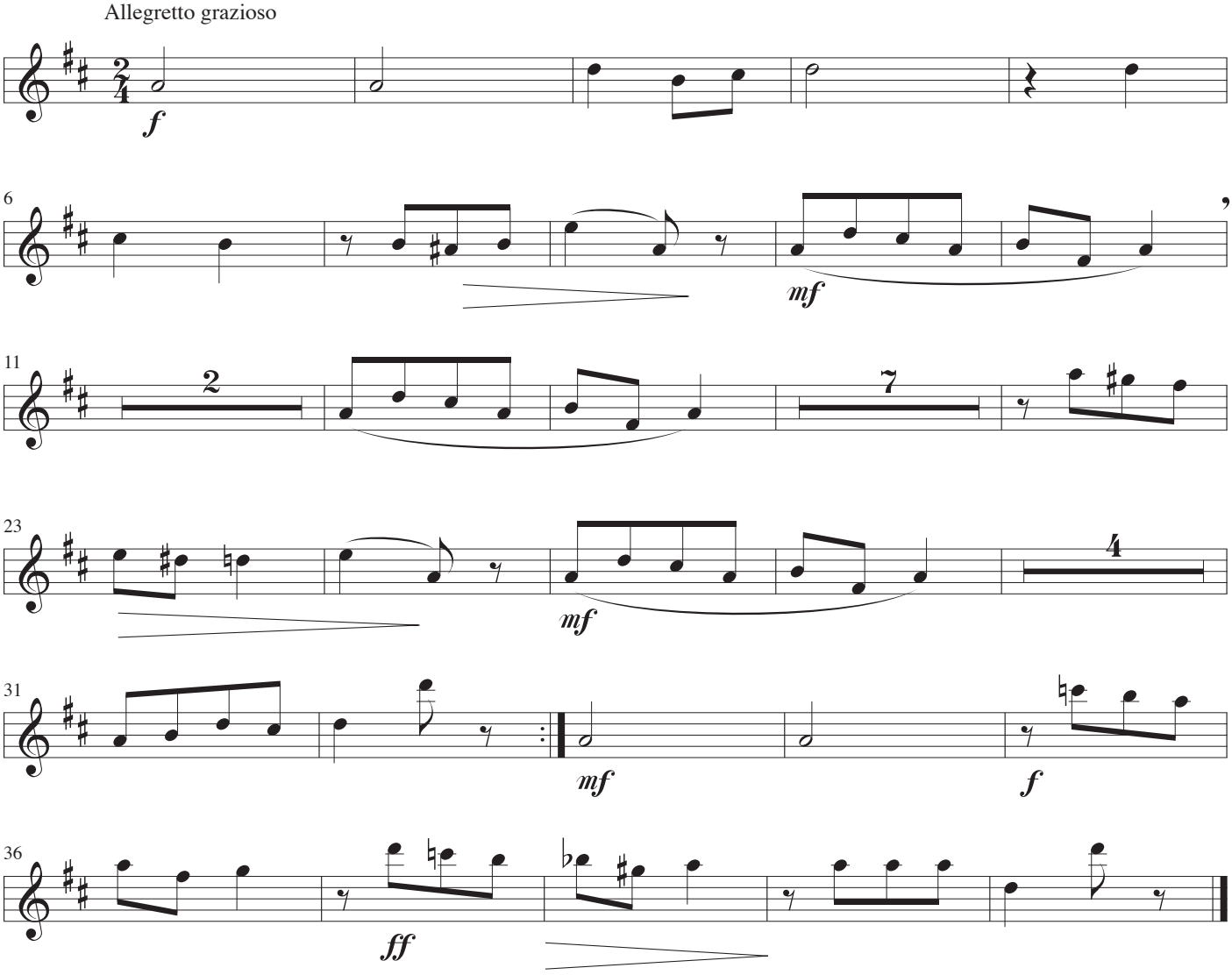
Obój

Zasmuconej

Chylisz główkę na pierś białą

The distressed girl - Don't be sad, good times will be back

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Kazimierz Gliński
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen



Głos

Zasmuconej

Chylisz główkę na pierś białą

The distressed girl - Don't be sad, good times will be back

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Kazimierz Gliński
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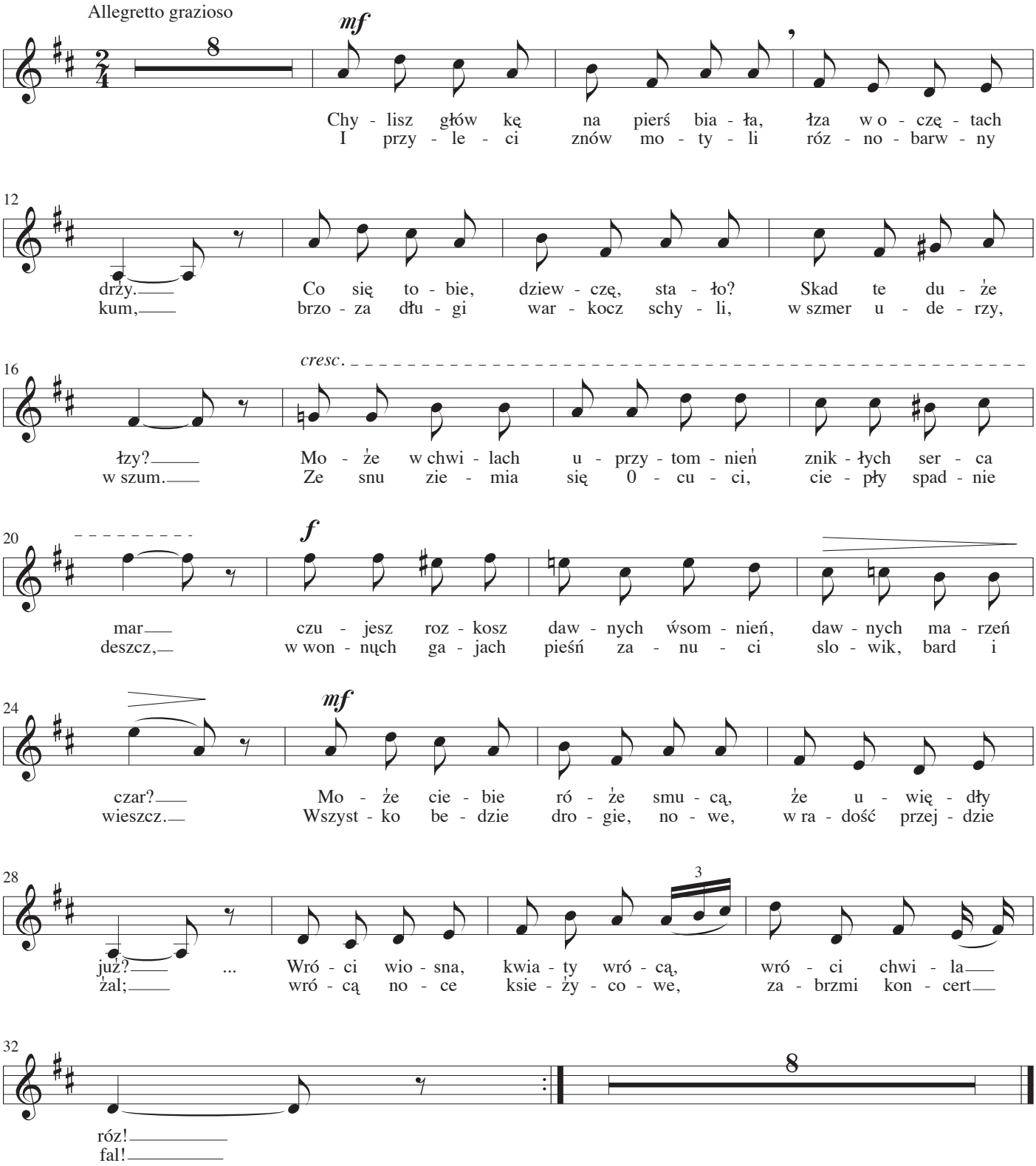


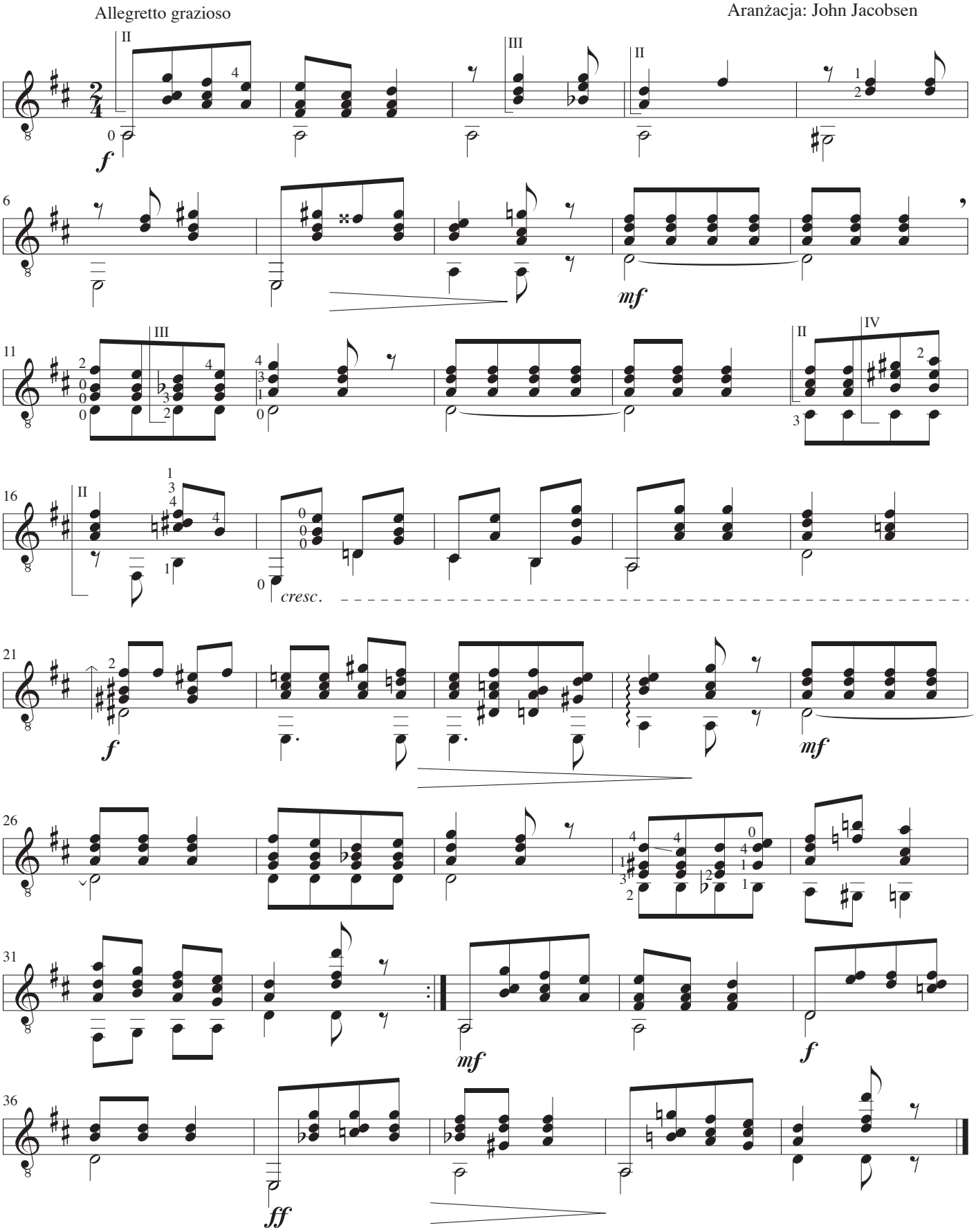
Gitara

Zasmuconej

Chylisz główkę na pierś białą

The distressed girl - Don't be sad, good times will be back

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Kazimierz Gliński
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen

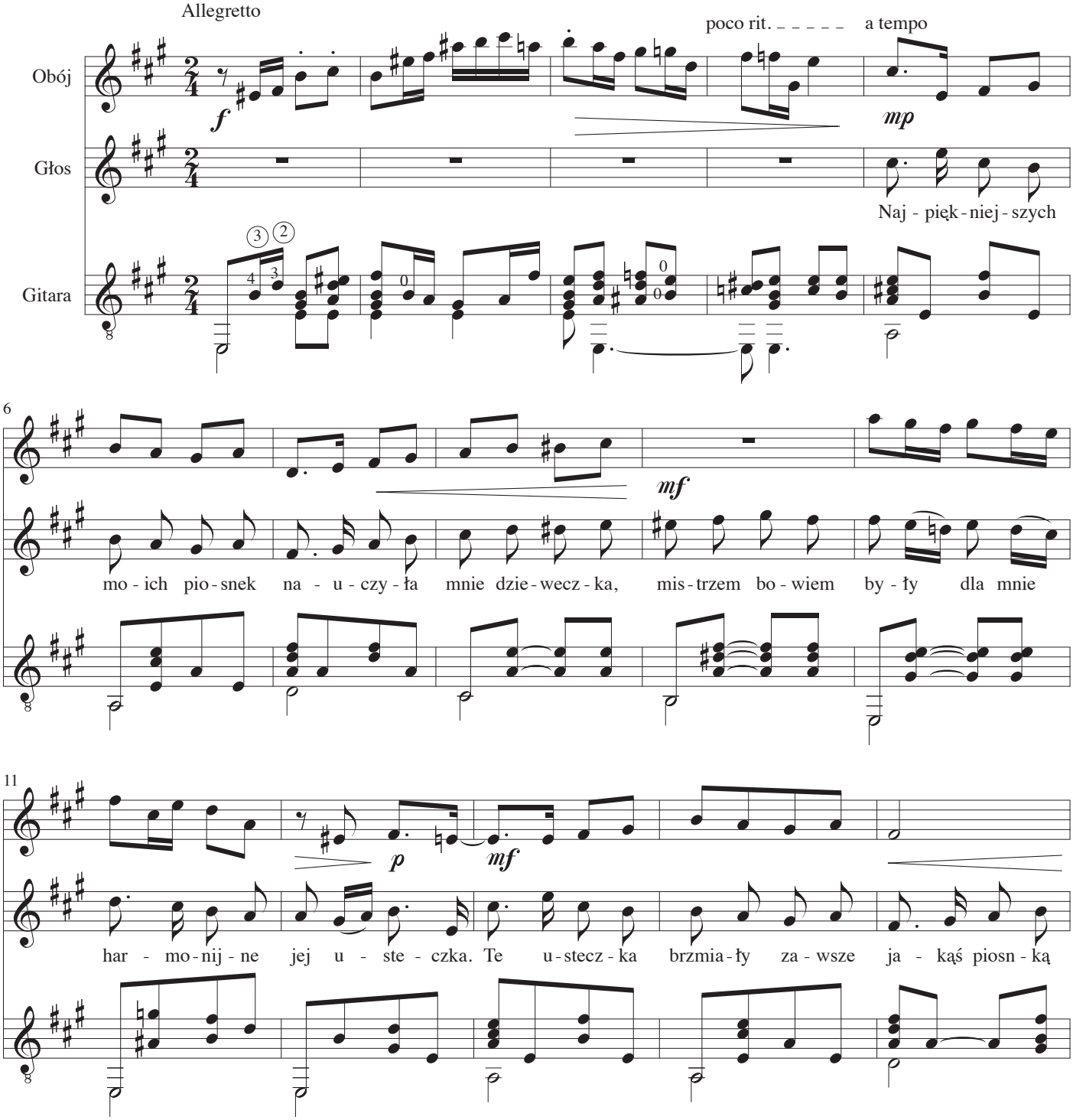


Najpiękniejsze piosnki

Najpiękniejszych moich piosnek

The most delightful song

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Adam Asnyk
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen



16

p

świe - żą, no - wą; ka - żdy u - śmiech był me - lo - dią, śpie - wem by - ło ka - żde sło - wo,

21

mf *p*

ka - żdy u - śmiech był me - lo - dią, śpie - wem ka - żde sło - wo.

26

cresc. *f* dim.

31

Meno mosso

mf

Wszy - stko, o czym ser - ce śni - ło,

36

wszy stko, o czym na - wet nie śni, od - bi -

41

cresc.

ja - ło się w jej o - czach i pły - nę - ło

46

cresc.

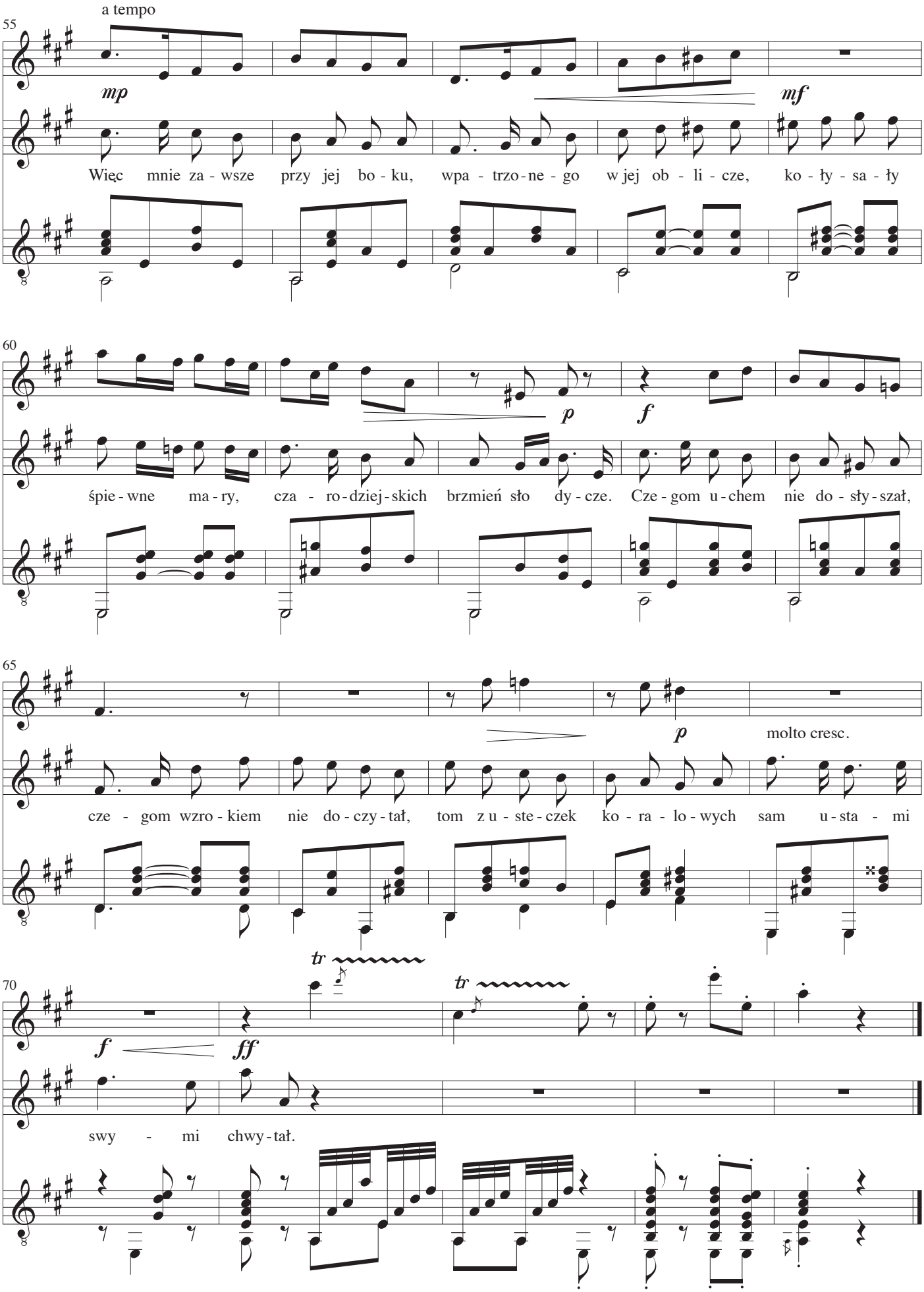
w słod - kiej, słod - kiej pie - śni, pły - nę - ło

50

Tempo I

poco rit.

w sło - dkiej pie - śni.


55
a tempo
mp
mf
Więc mnie za - wsze przy jej bo - ku, wpa - trzo - ne - go w jej ob - li - cze, ko - ły - sa - ły
60
p
f
śpie - wne ma - ry, cza - ro - dziej - skich brzmień sło dy - cze. Cze - gom u - chem nie do - sły - szał,
65
p
molto cresc.
cze - gom wzro - kiem nie do - czy - tał, tom z u - ste - czek ko - ra - lo - wych sam u - sta - mi
70
tr
tr
f
ff
swy - mi chwy - tał.

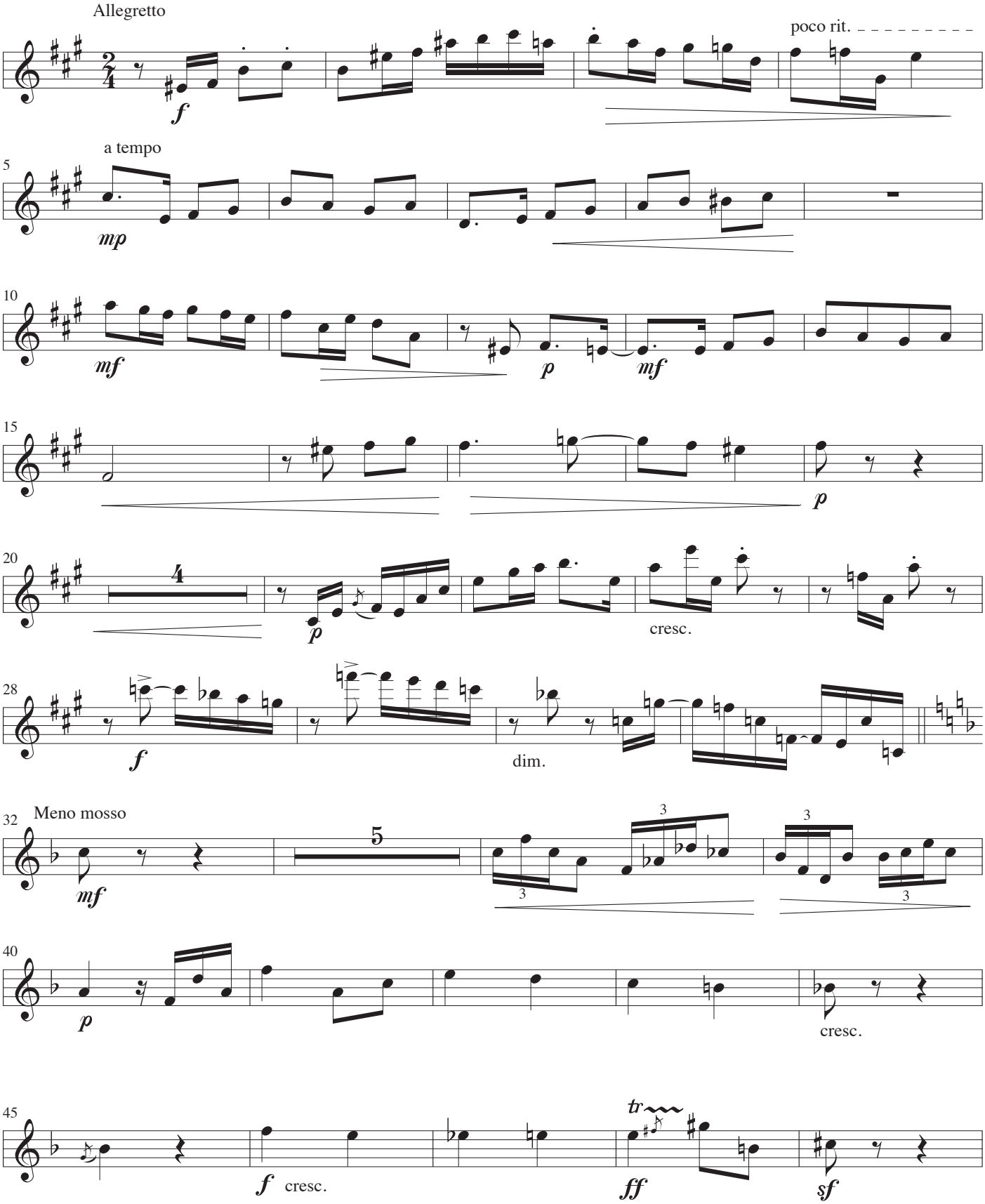
Obój

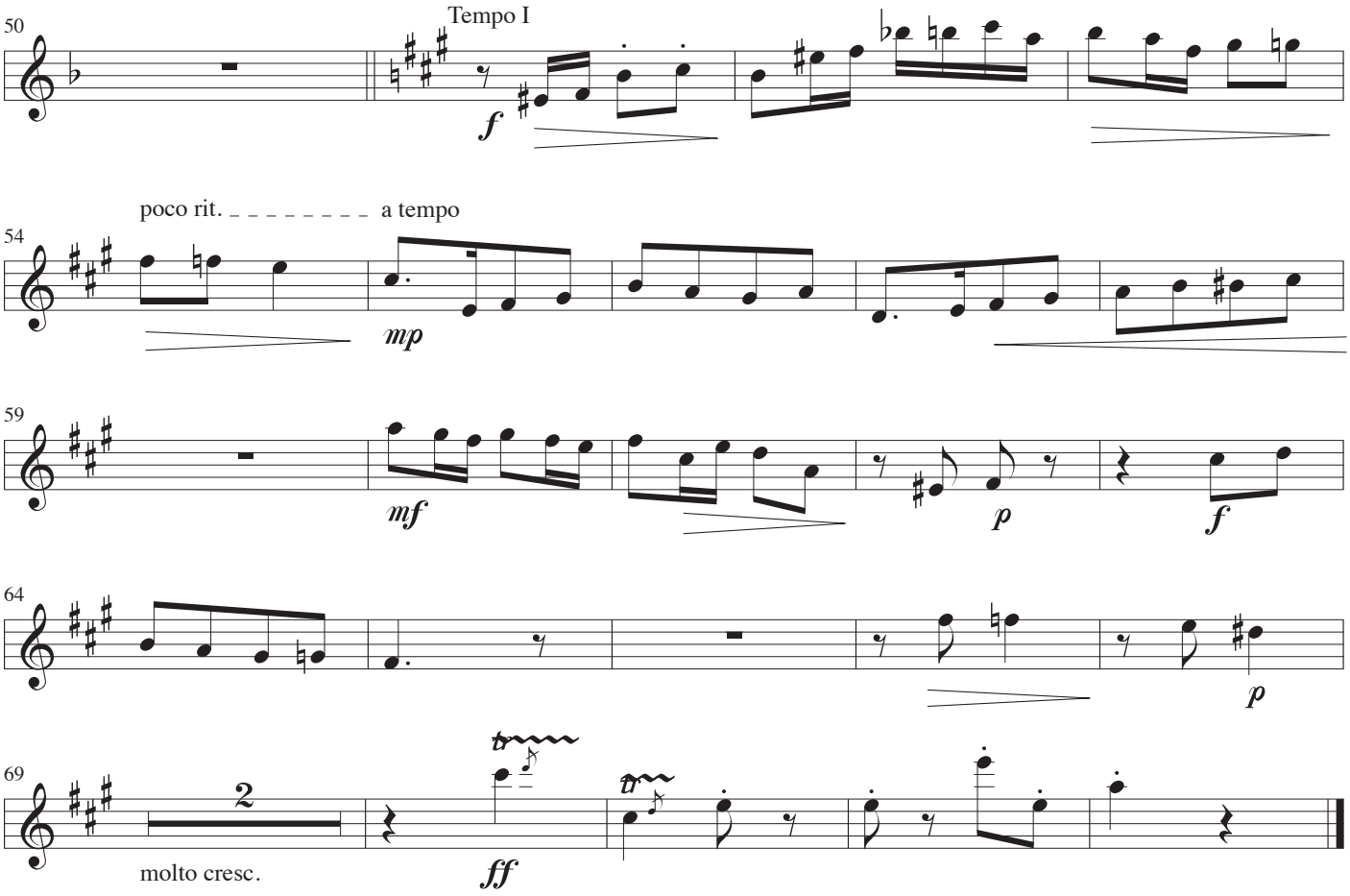
Najpiękniejsze piosnki

Najpiękniejszych moich piosnek

The most delightful song

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Adam Asnyk
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen




50
Tempo I
f
54
poco rit.
a tempo
mp
59
mf
p
f
64
p
69
2
molto cresc.
ff

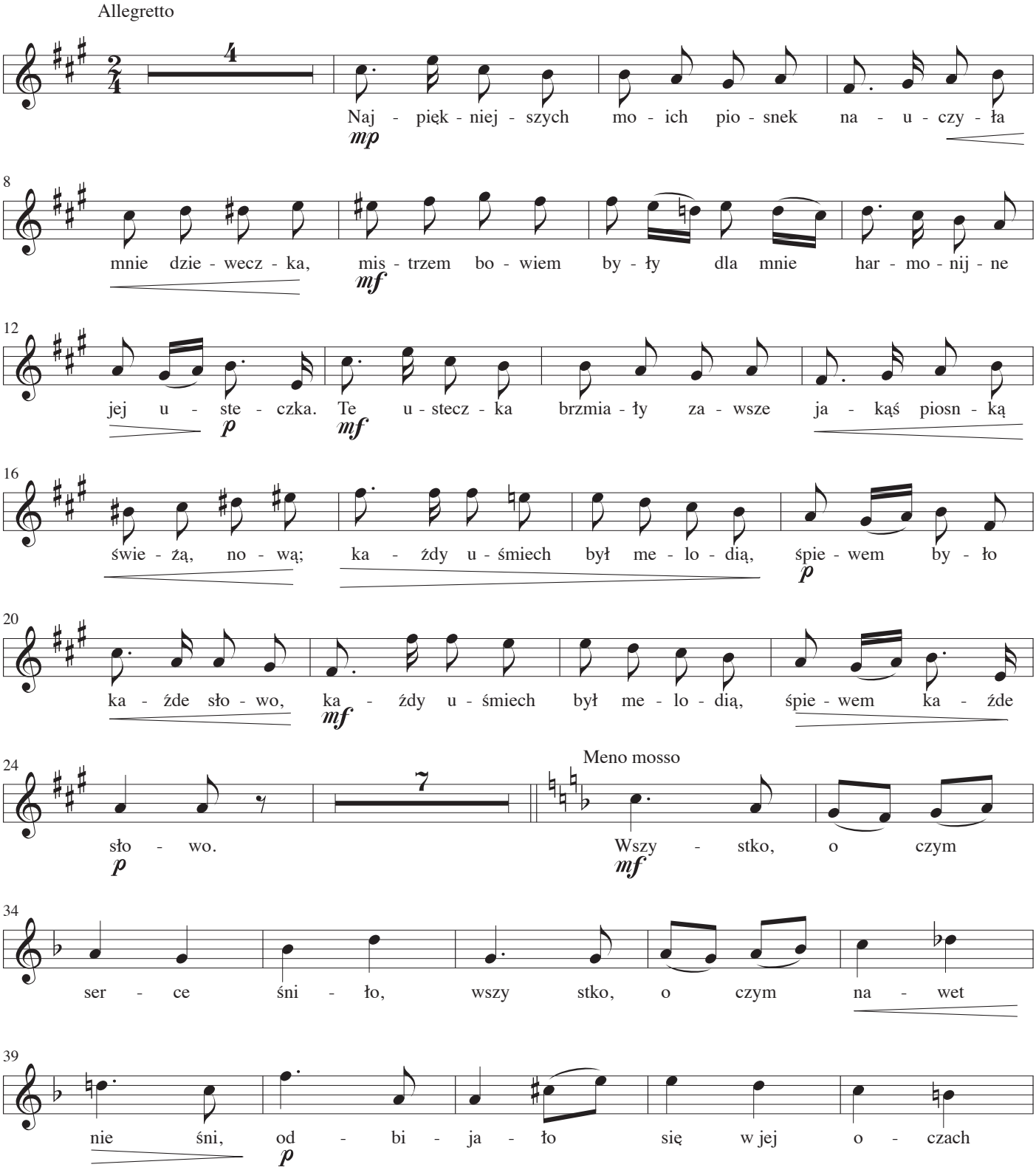
Głos

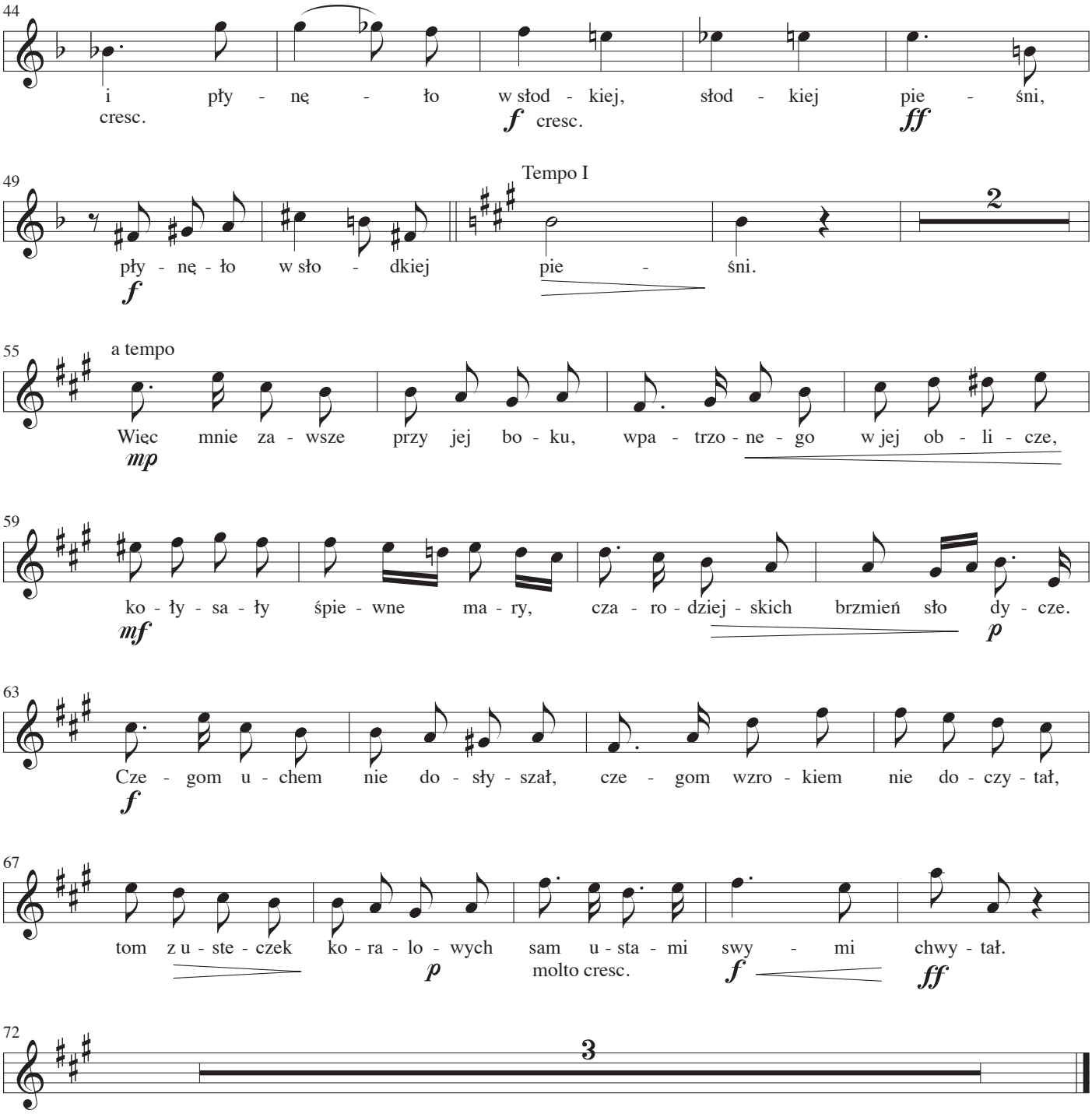
Najpiękniejsze piosnki

Najpiękniejszych moich piosnek

The most delightful song

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Adam Asnyk
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen




44
i pły - nę - ło w słod - kiej, słod - kiej pie - śni,
cresc.
f cresc.
ff
49
Tempo I
pły - nę - ło w sło - dkiej pie - śni.
f
2
55
a tempo
Więc mnie za - wsze przy jej bo - ku, wpa - trzo - ne - go w jej ob - li - cze,
mp
59
ko - ły - sa - ły śpie - wne ma - ry, cza - ro - dziej - skich brzmień sło dy - cze.
mf
p
63
Cze - gom u - chem nie do - sły - szał, cze - gom wzro - kiem nie do - czy - tał,
f
67
tom z u - ste - czek ko - ra - lo - wych sam u - sta - mi swy - mi chwy - tał.
p
molto cresc.
f
ff
72
3

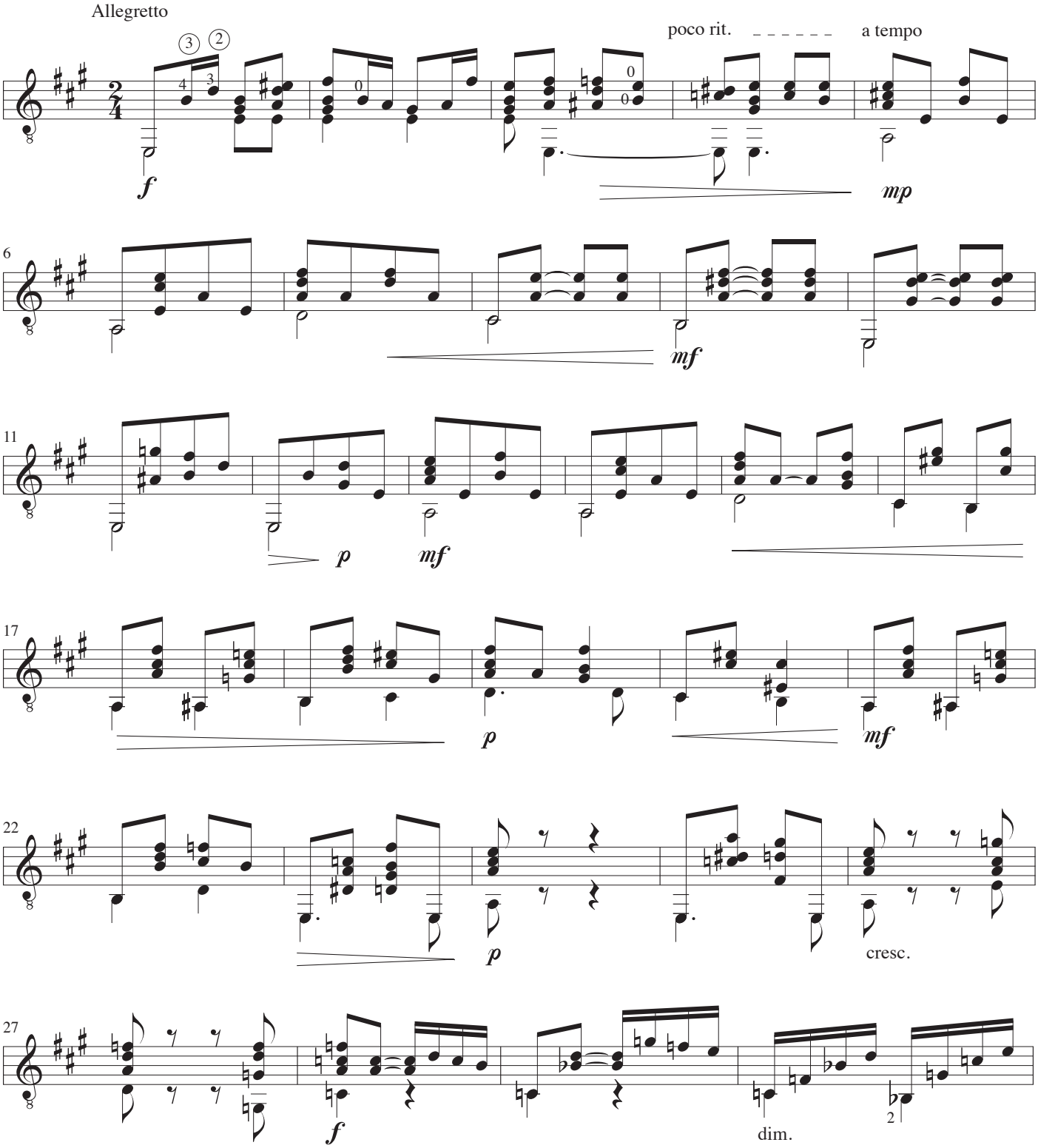
Gitara

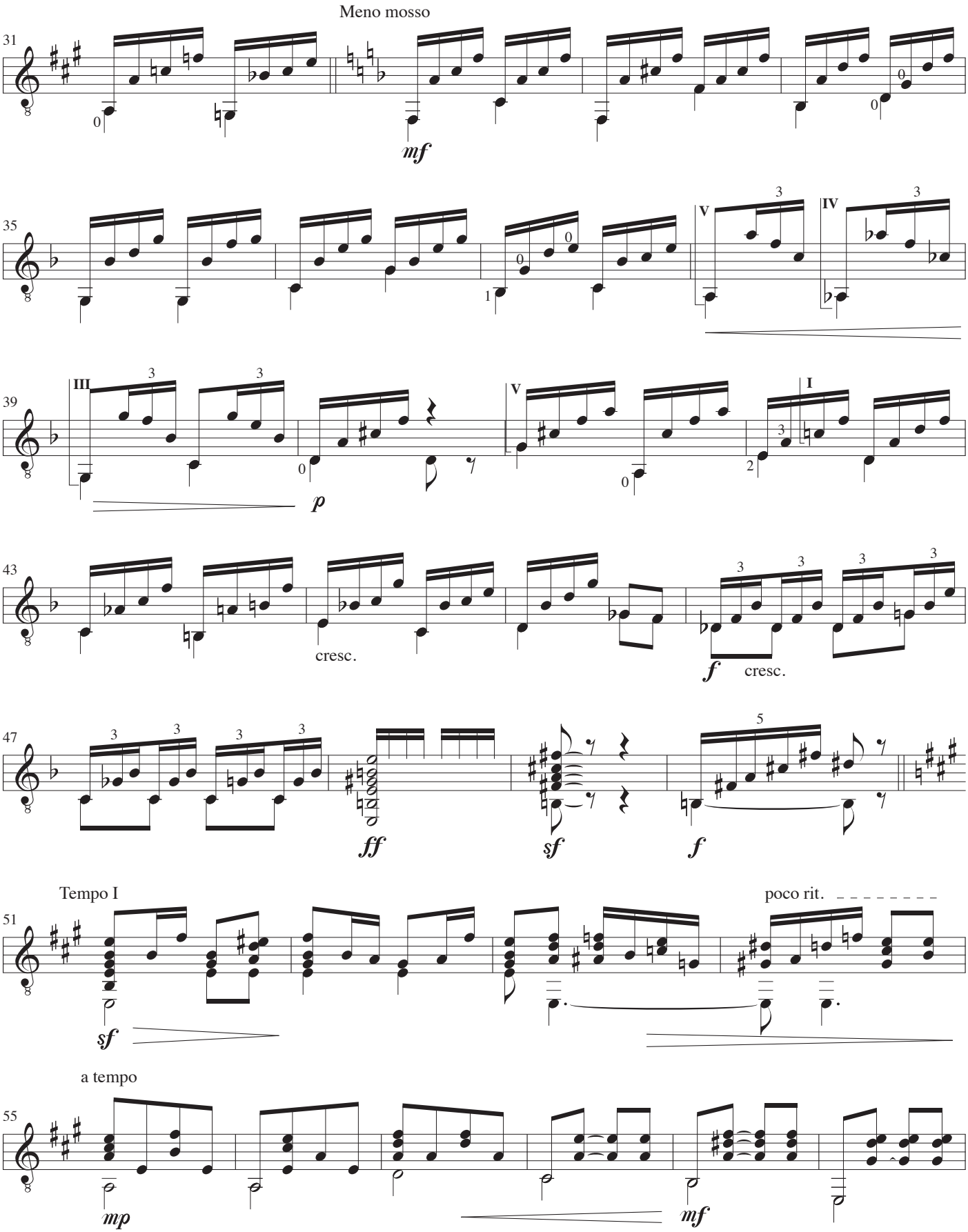
Najpiękniejsze piosnki

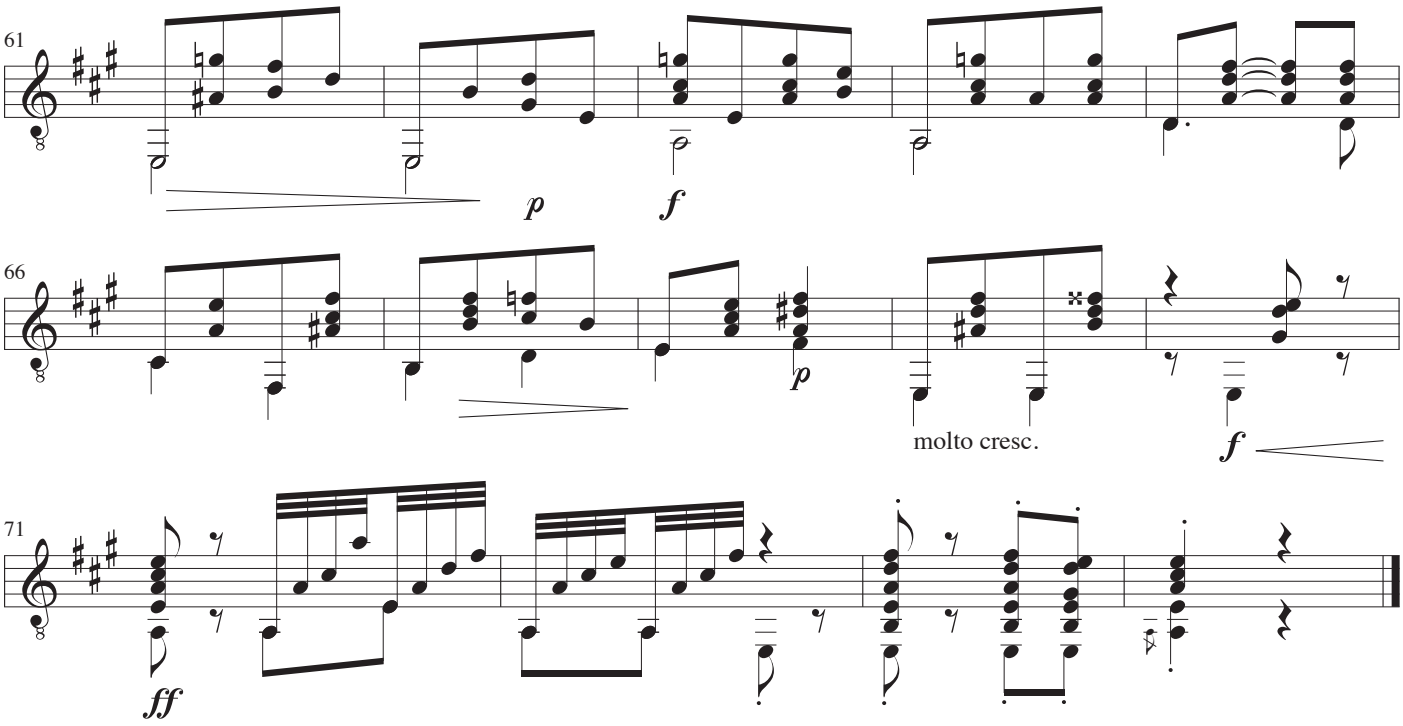
Najpiękniejszych moich piosnek

The most delightful song

Muzyka: Mieczysław Karłowicz
Słowa: Adam Asnyk
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen




Meno mosso
31
mf
35
V
IV
39
III
p
V
I
43
cresc.
f
cresc.
47
ff
sf
f
Tempo I
51
sf
poco rit.
a tempo
55
mp
mf


61
p
f
66
p
molto cresc.
f
71
ff

Man Is for the Woman Made

A Roundelay

From "The Mock Marriage"

Music: Henry Purcell
Lyrics: Peter Motteux
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Flute

Voice

Guitar

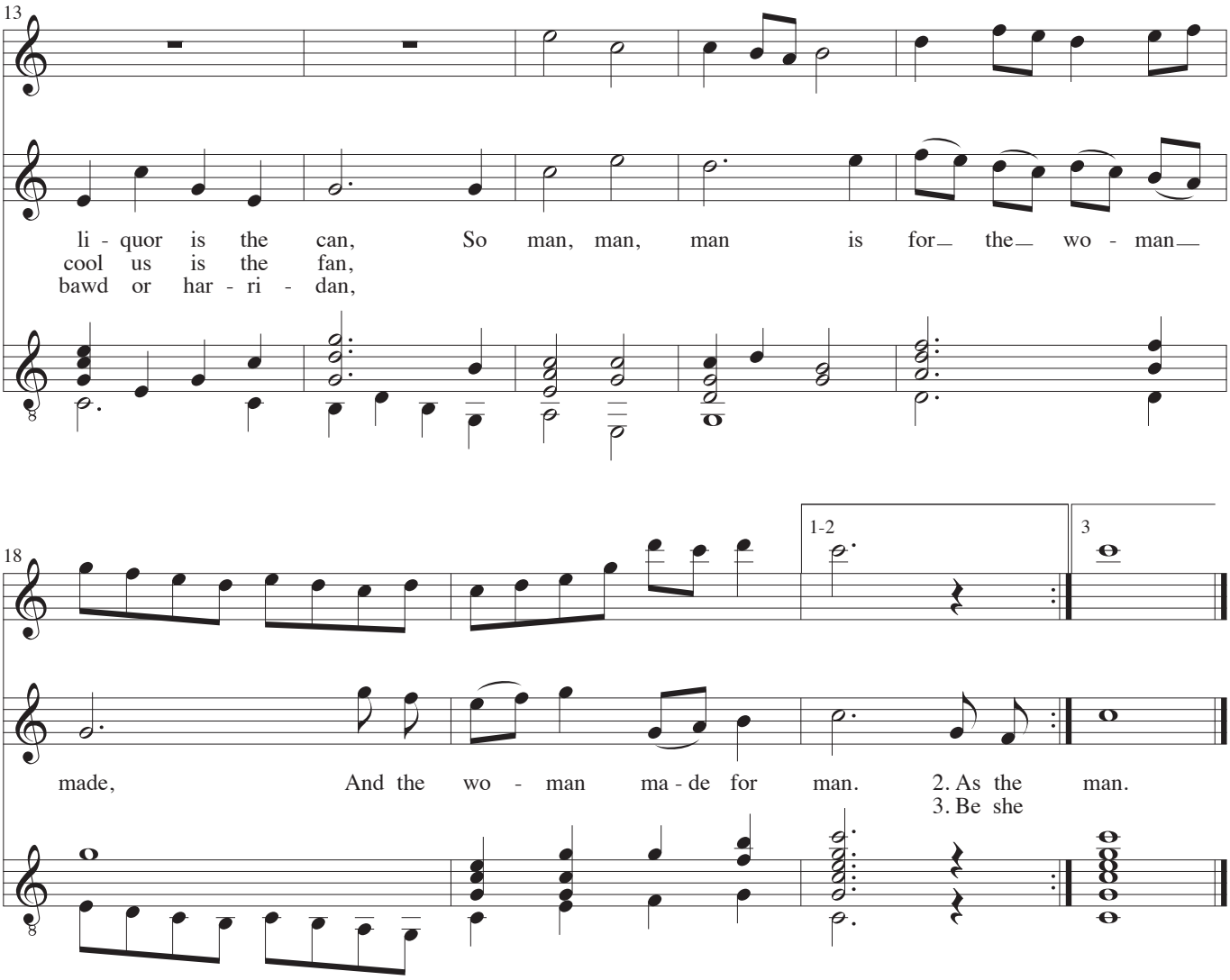
1. Man, man, man is for— the— wo - man— made, And the

5

wo - man ma - de for man; As the spur is for the jade, As the
scep - tre to be sway'd, As to
wid - ow, wife or maid, Be she

9

scab - bard for the blade, As for dig - ging is the spade, As for
night the se - re - nade, As for pud - ding is the pan, And to
wan - ton, be she staid, Be she well or ill ar - ray'd, Who - re,



Man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man;

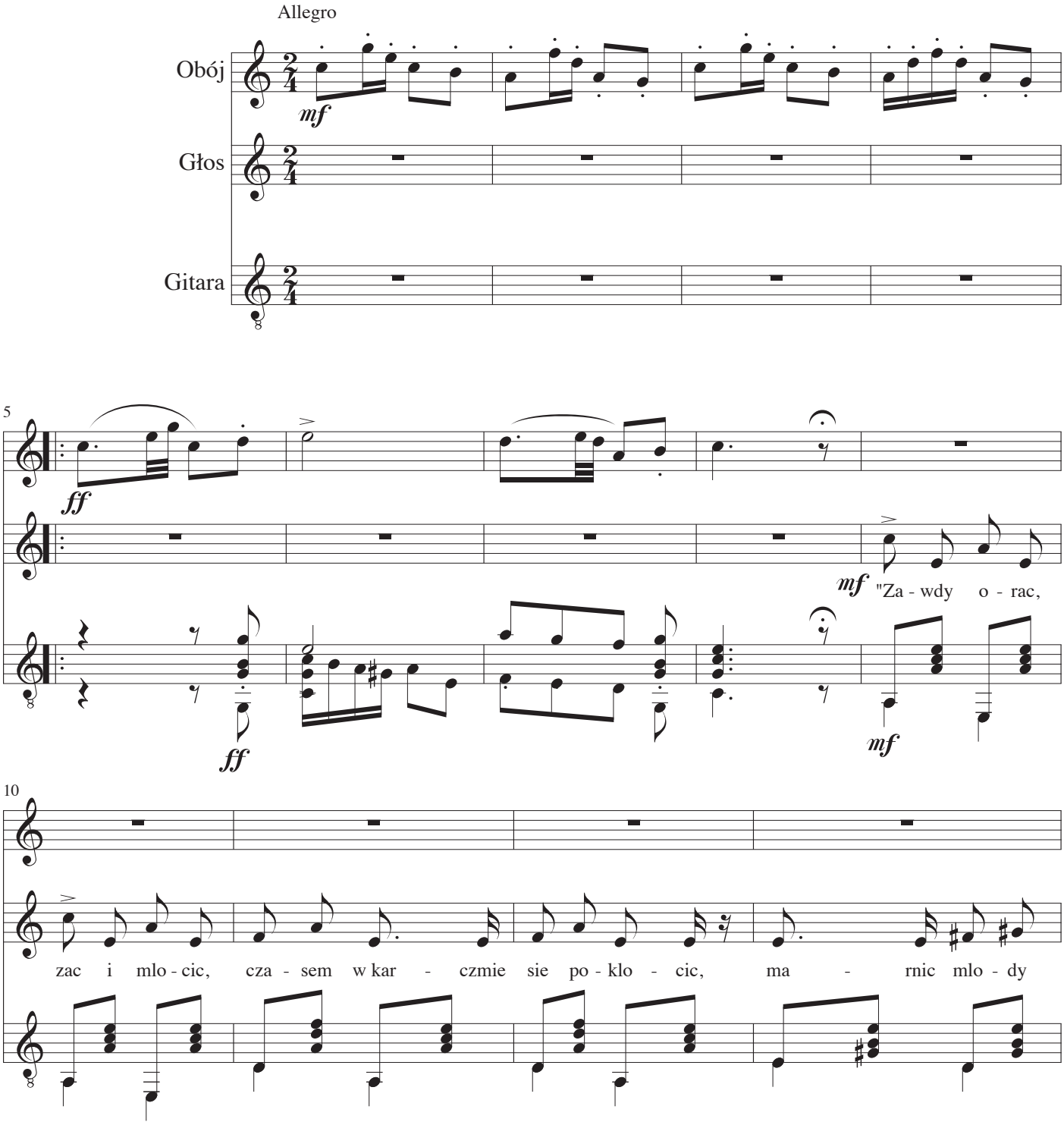
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for digging is the spade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As to night the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
And to cool us is the fan,
So man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,
Whore, bawd or harridan,
So man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

Soltys
Zawdy orac, zac i mlócic

Muzyka: Stanislaw Moniuszko
Słowa: Wlodzimierz Wolski
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen



14

wiek! ma - rnicmlo - dy wiek! Le - piej tak jak wy, so - lty - sie,

19

rall.

wo - jo - wa - li, wlo - czy - li sie, to tez was i czlek! to tez z was i

f

24

piú lento

mf

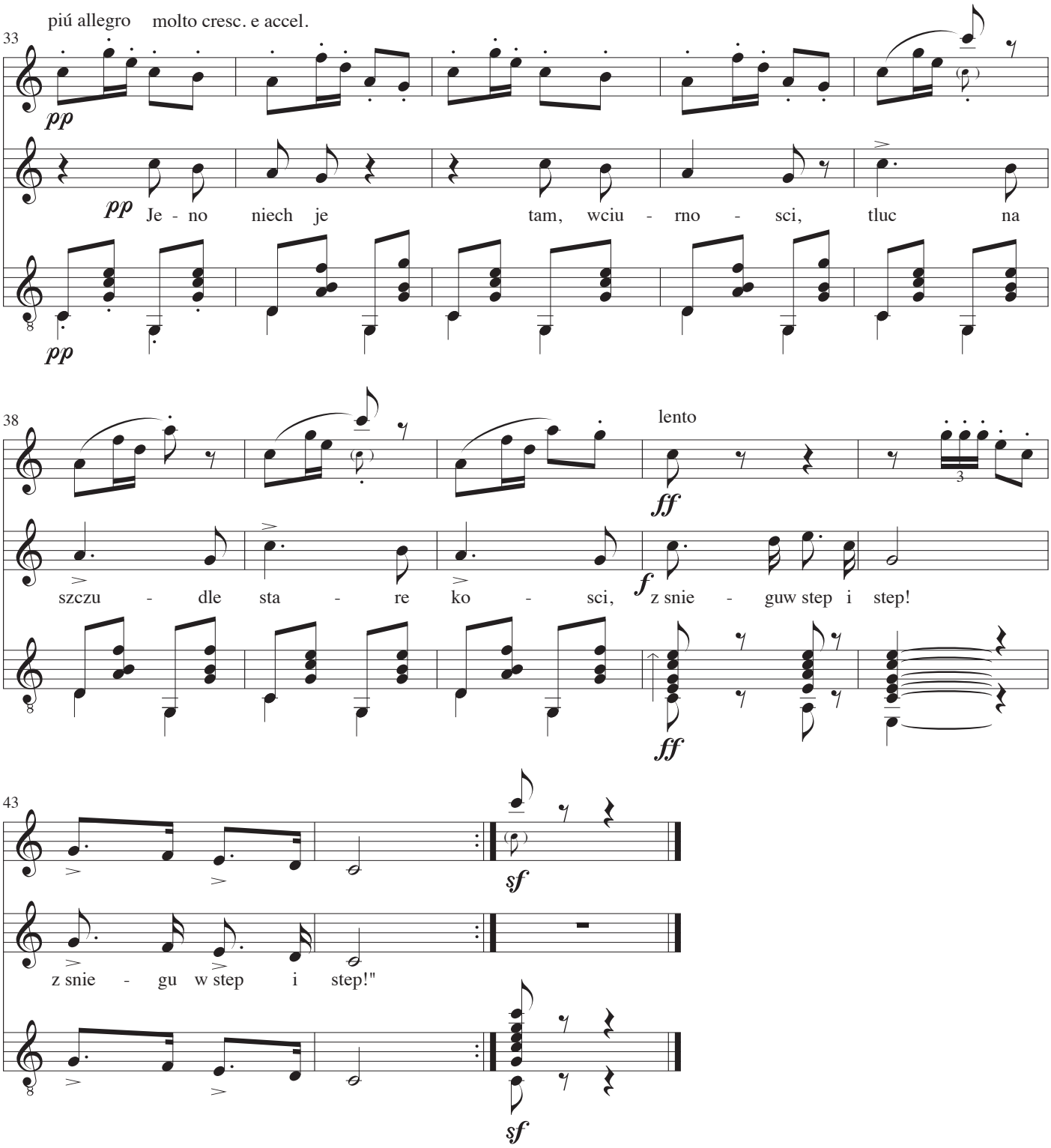
czlek!" *mf* "A - no, juz - ci, czlek bez no - gi. Choc to fra - chy,

mf

28

sf

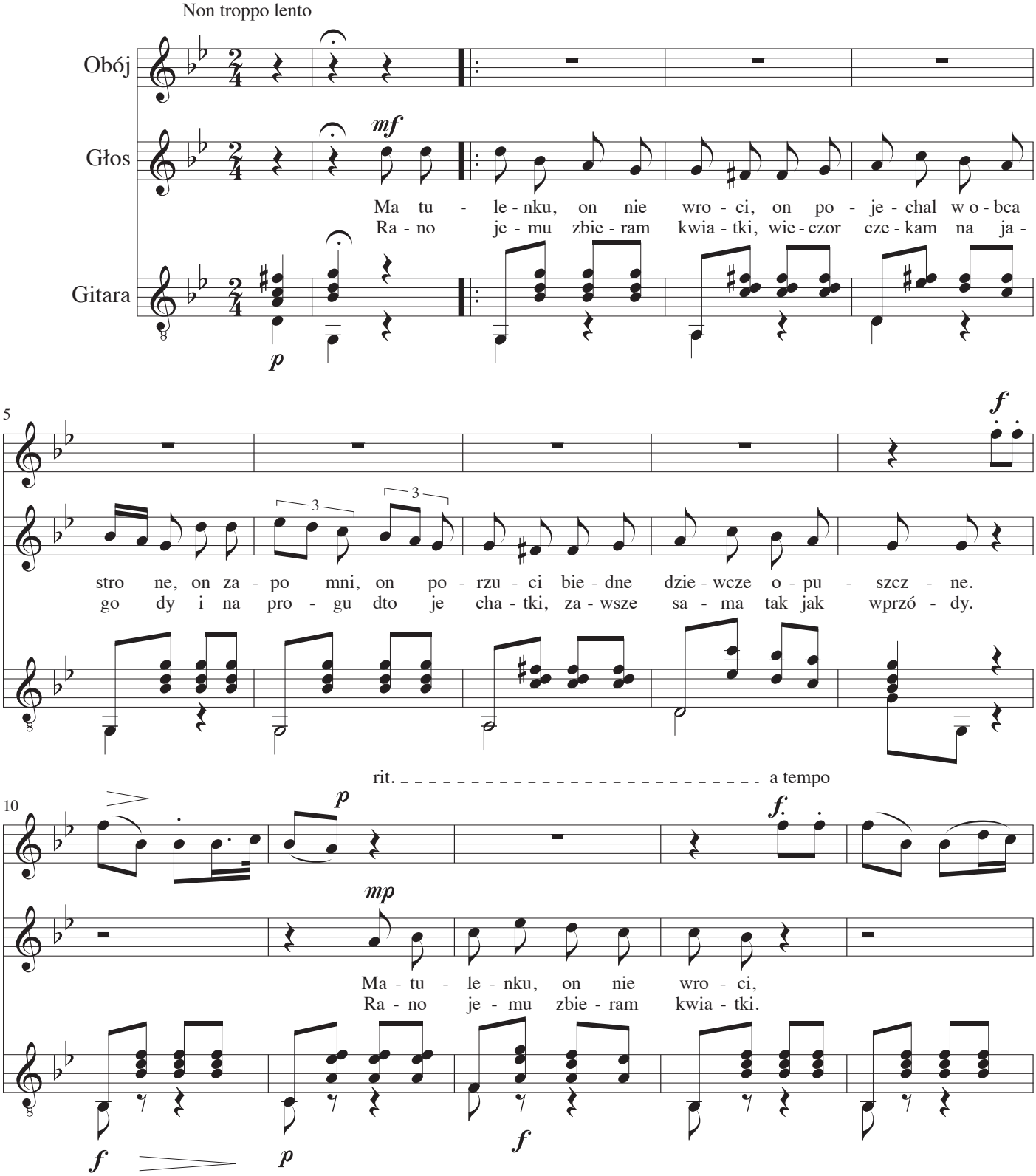
chlo - pie dro - gi, fra - chy ku - la w leb! *p* fra - chy ku - la w leb!

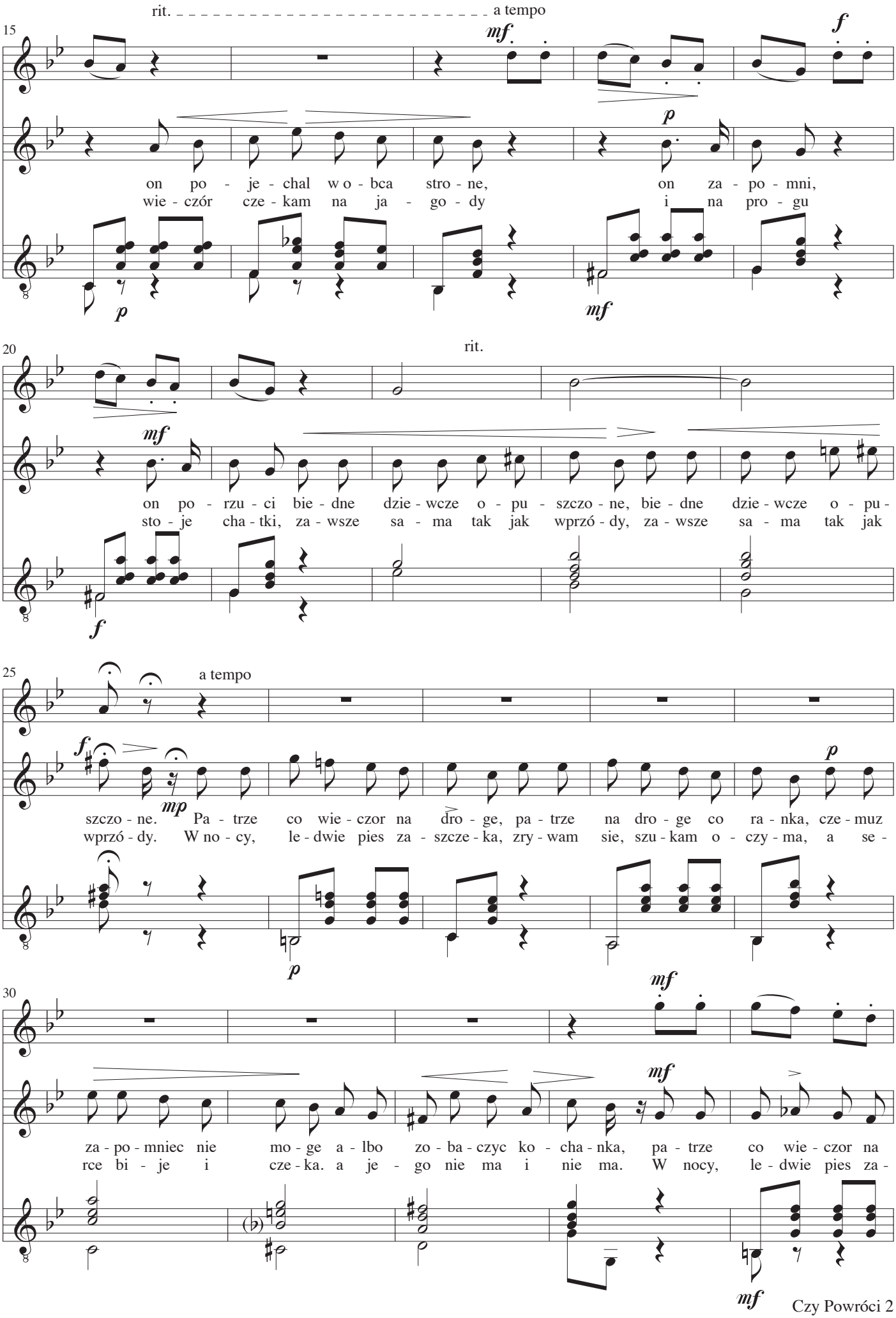

piú allegro
molto cresc. e accel.
33
pp
pp
Je - no niech je tam, wciu - rno - sci, tluc na
pp
38
lento
ff
szczu - dle sta - re ko - sci, z snie - guw step i step!
f
ff
43
sf
z snie - gu w step i step!"
sf

Czy Powróci

Matulenku, on nie wróci

Muzyka: Stanislaw Moniuszko
Słowa: Josef Ignacy Kraszewski
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen




rit.
a tempo
15
mf
f
p
on po - je - chal w o - bca stro - ne, on za - po - mni,
wie - czór cze - kam na ja - go - dy i na pro - gu
mf
20
rit.
mf
on po - rzu - ci bie - dne dzie - wcze o - pu - szczo - ne, bie - dne dzie - wcze o - pu -
sto - je cha - tki, za - wsze sa - ma tak jak wprzó - dy, za - wsze sa - ma tak jak
f
25
a tempo
f
mp
p
szczo - ne. Pa - trze co wie - czor na dro - ge, pa - trze na dro - ge co ra - nka, cze - muz
wprzó - dy. W no - cy, le - dwie pies za - szcze - ka, zry - wam sie, szu - kam o - czy - ma, a se -
p
30
mf
mf
za - po - mniec nie mo - ge a - lbo zo - ba - czyc ko - cha - nka, pa - trze co wie - czor na
rce bi - je i cze - ka. a je - go nie ma i nie ma. W nocy, le - dwie pies za -
mf

35

dim.

mf

dro - ge, pa - trze na dro - ge co ra - nka, cze - muz za - po - mniec nie mo - ge a - lbo
szcze - ka, zry - wam sie, szu - kam o - czy - ma, a se - rce bi - je i cze - ka, a je -

dim.

40

pp

zo - ba - czyc ko - cha - nka.
go nie ma i nie ma.

sf *p*

45

rit.

1

mf

Ra - no

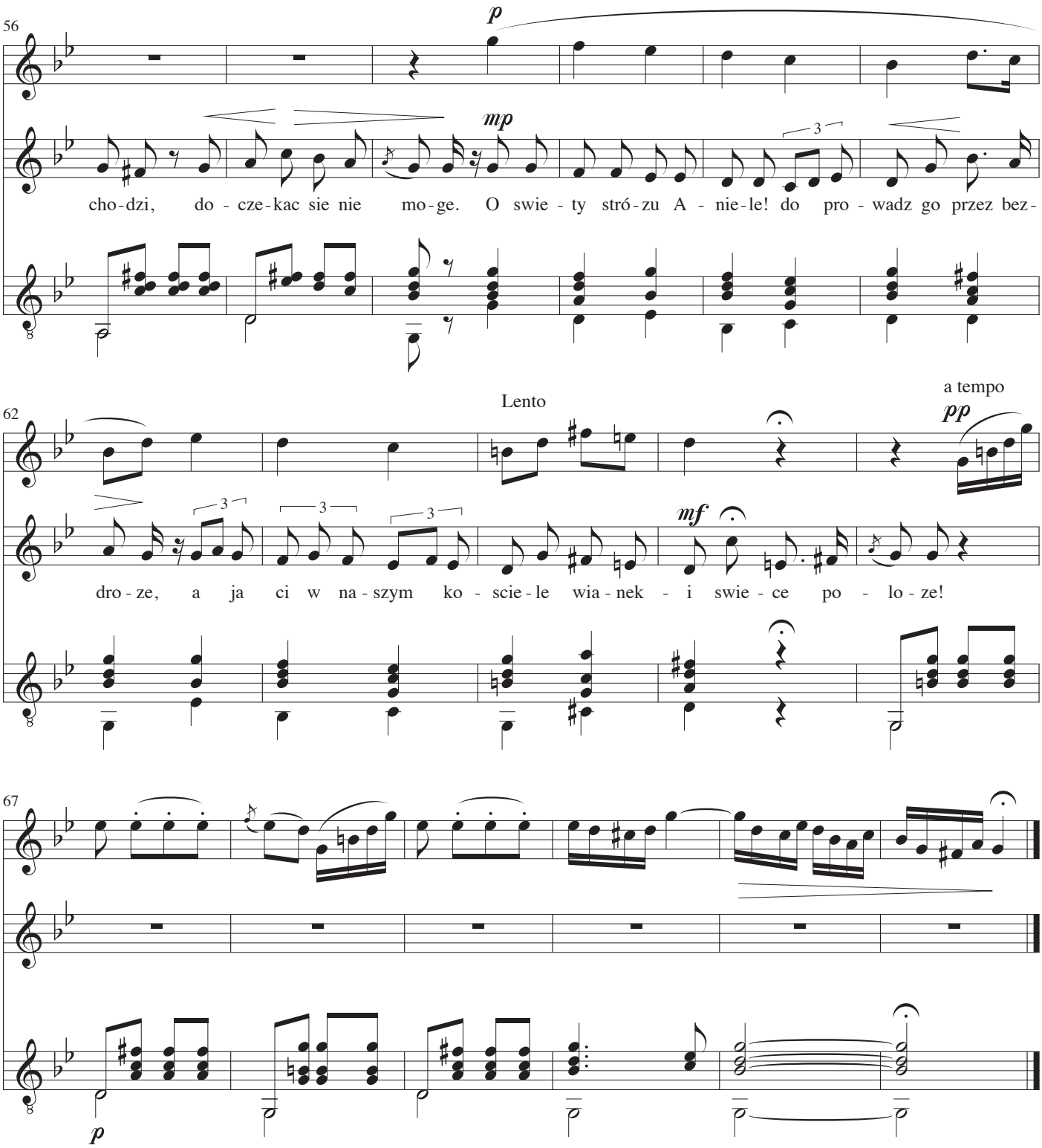
50

2 a tempo

f *p* *mf*

Mo - ze ju - tro! ju - tro wscho - dzi, ja zno - wu bie - gne na dro - ge. I ju - tro ca - le prze -

f *p*


56
p
mp
3
cho-dzi, do - cze-kac sie nie mo-ge. O swie - ty stró-zu A - nie-le! do pro - wadz go przez bez-
62
Lento
a tempo
pp
3
mf
dro - ze, a ja ci w na - szym ko - scie - le wia - nek - i swie - ce po - lo - ze!
67
p

Krakowiak

Niech sie panie stroja w pasy

Muzyka: Stanislaw Moniuszko
Słowa: Julian Korsak
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen

Allegro

Róg angielski

Głos

Gitara

mf

Niech sie pa - nie stro - ja u'pa - sy. u'a - da ma - szki

mp

i a - tla - sy. u'lo - sy wia - za wzwoj; u go - rse - ta kra - sne u'sta - zki. u ko - szu - li

12

piú lento

f

ja - sne sprza-zki. to nasz ca - ly stroj, to nasz ca - ly stroj.

p

Tempo I

mf

18

f rit.

Scherzando

p

a tempo

25

mp

mf

Gdy tan - cu - je zwin - na, zy - wa, Z'wia - trem ko - sa mo - ja ply - wa,

mp

30

Za mna chl - pców rój; W'tan-cu dlon mi lek-ko scis-snie, Czu-lym o - kiem na mnie bly-snie

mp

piú lento

36

f

Tempo I

mf

f

p

Nar - ze - czo - ny mój! Nar - ze - czo - ny mój!

f

p

mf

42

rit.

Scherzando

f

p

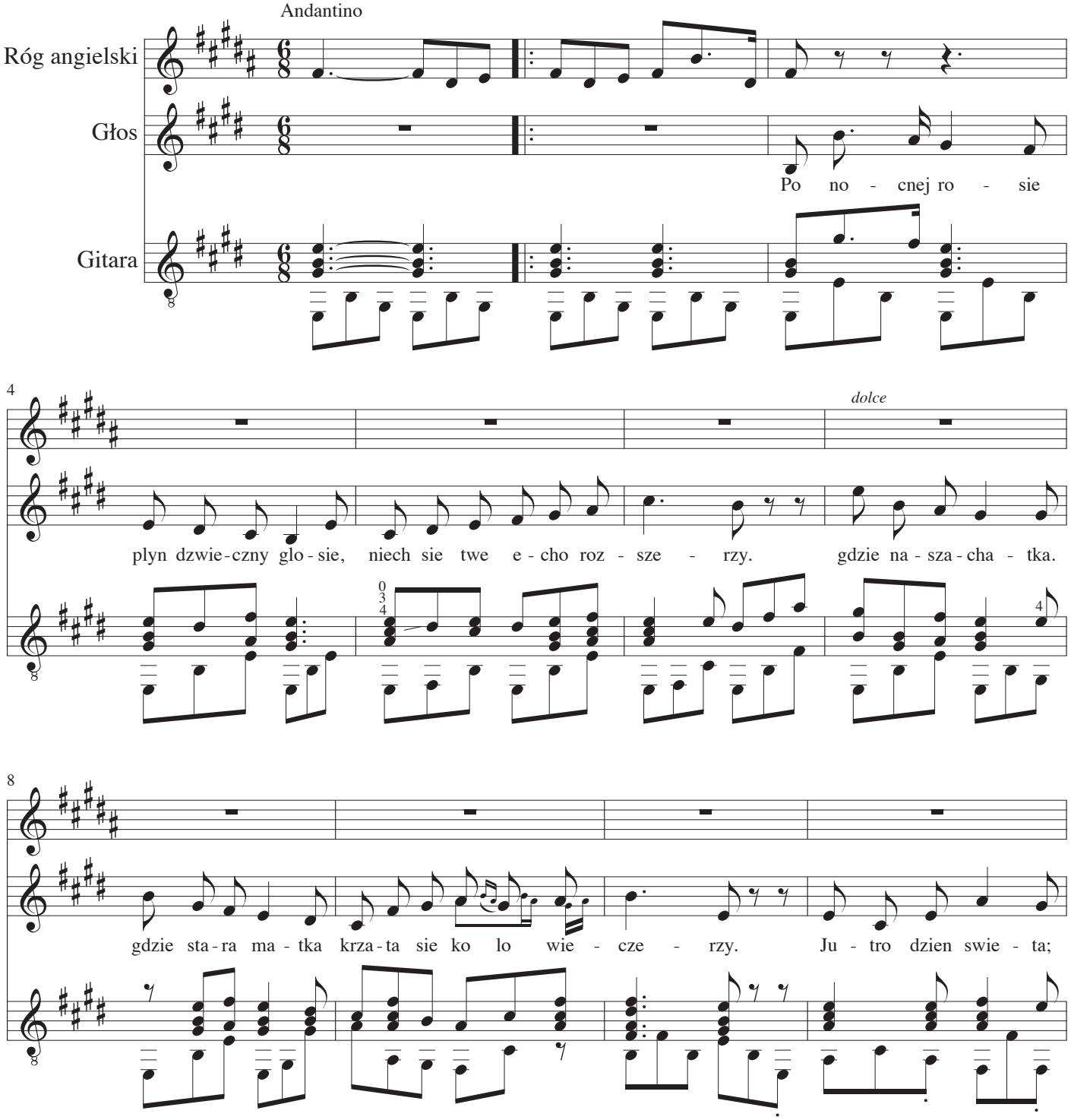
f

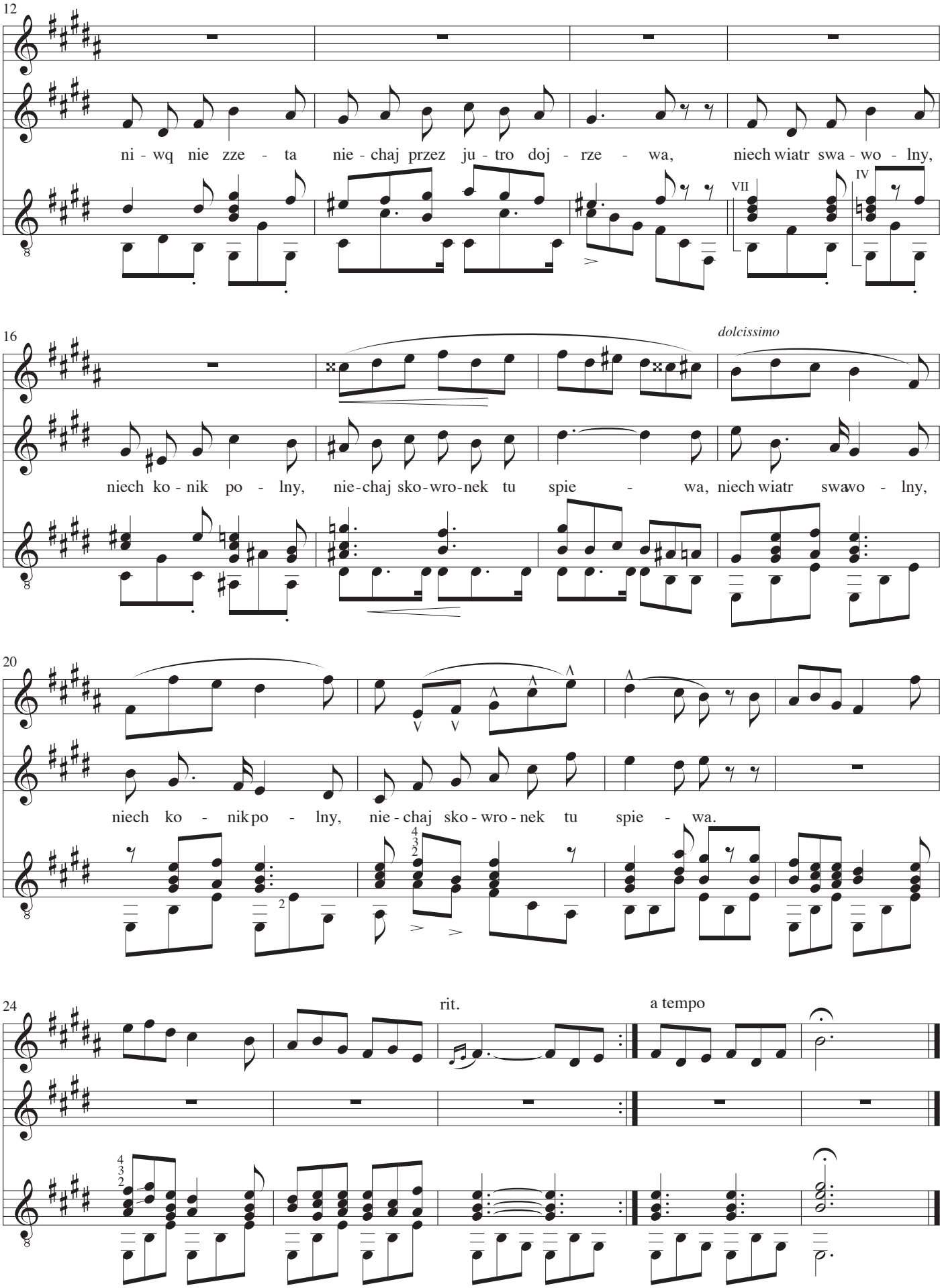
p

Piesn Wieczorna

Po nocnej rosie

Muzyka: Stanislaw Moniuszko
Słowa: Wladyslaw Syrokomla
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen

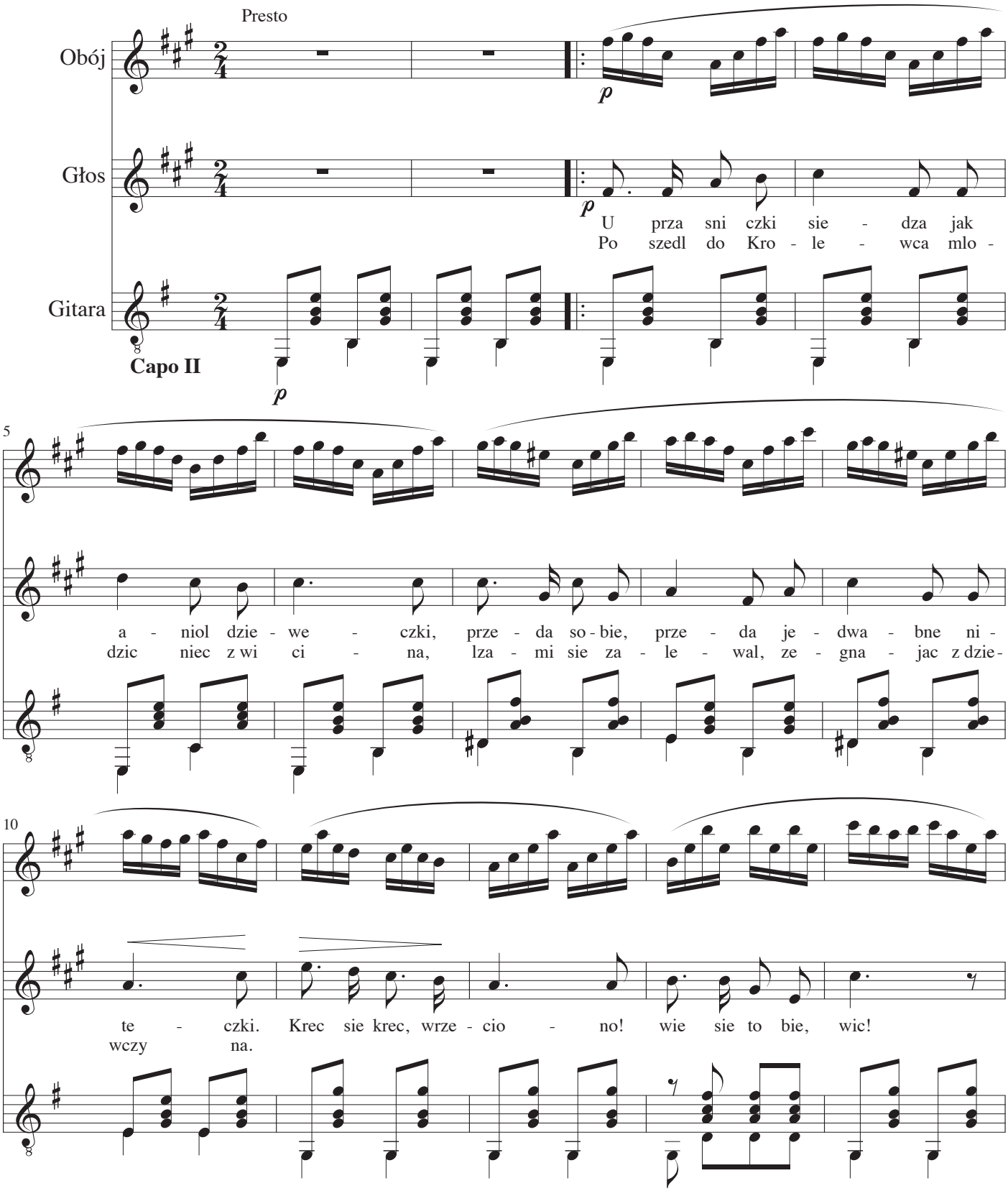


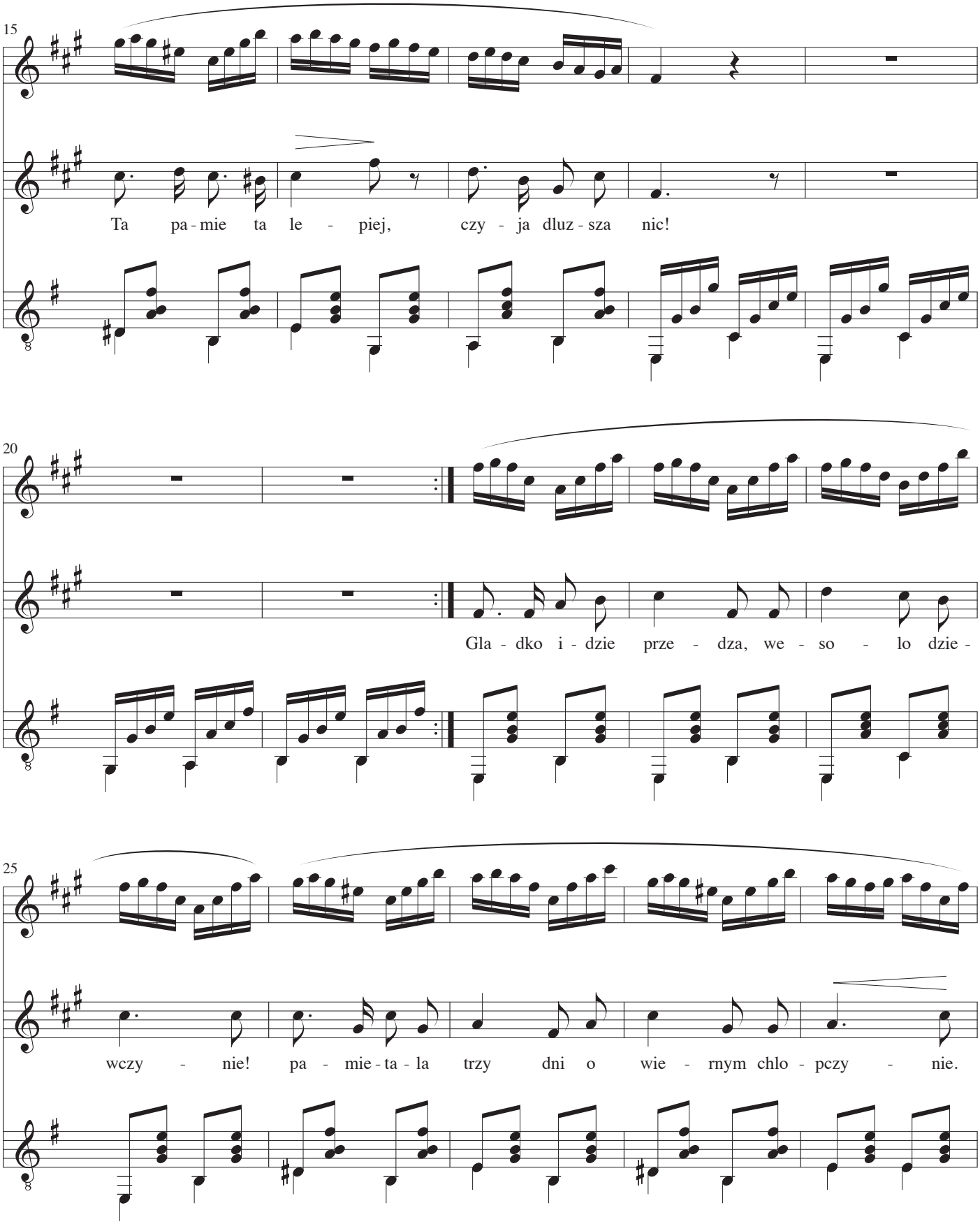

12
ni - wq nie zze - ta nie - chaj przez ju - tro doj - rze - wa, niech wiatr swa - wo - lny,
VII
IV
16
dolcissimo
niech ko - nik po - lny, nie-chaj sko-wro-nek tu spie - wa, niech wiatr swawo - lny,
20
niech ko - nik po - lny, nie - chaj sko - wro - nek tu spie - wa.
24
rit.
a tempo

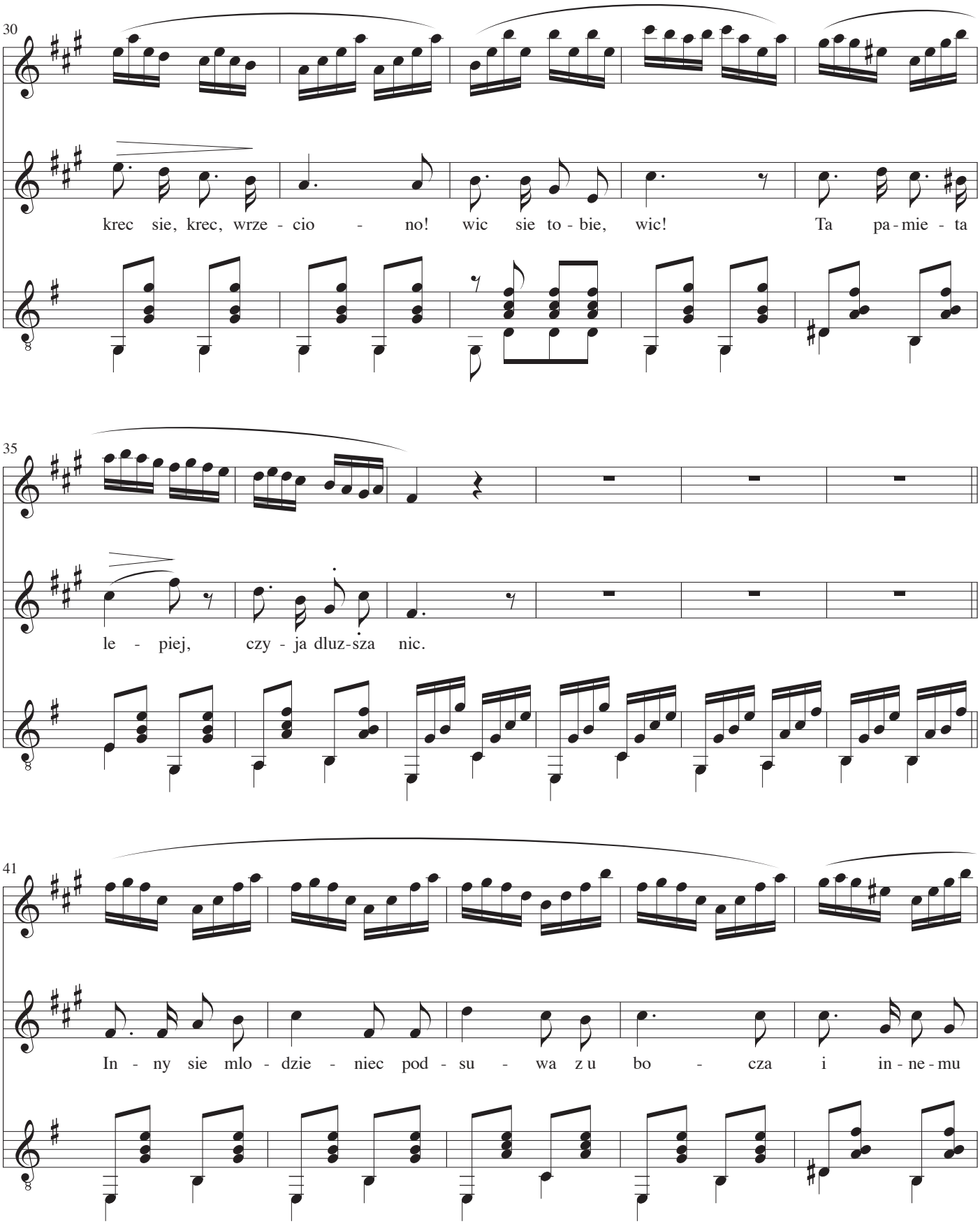
Przasniczka

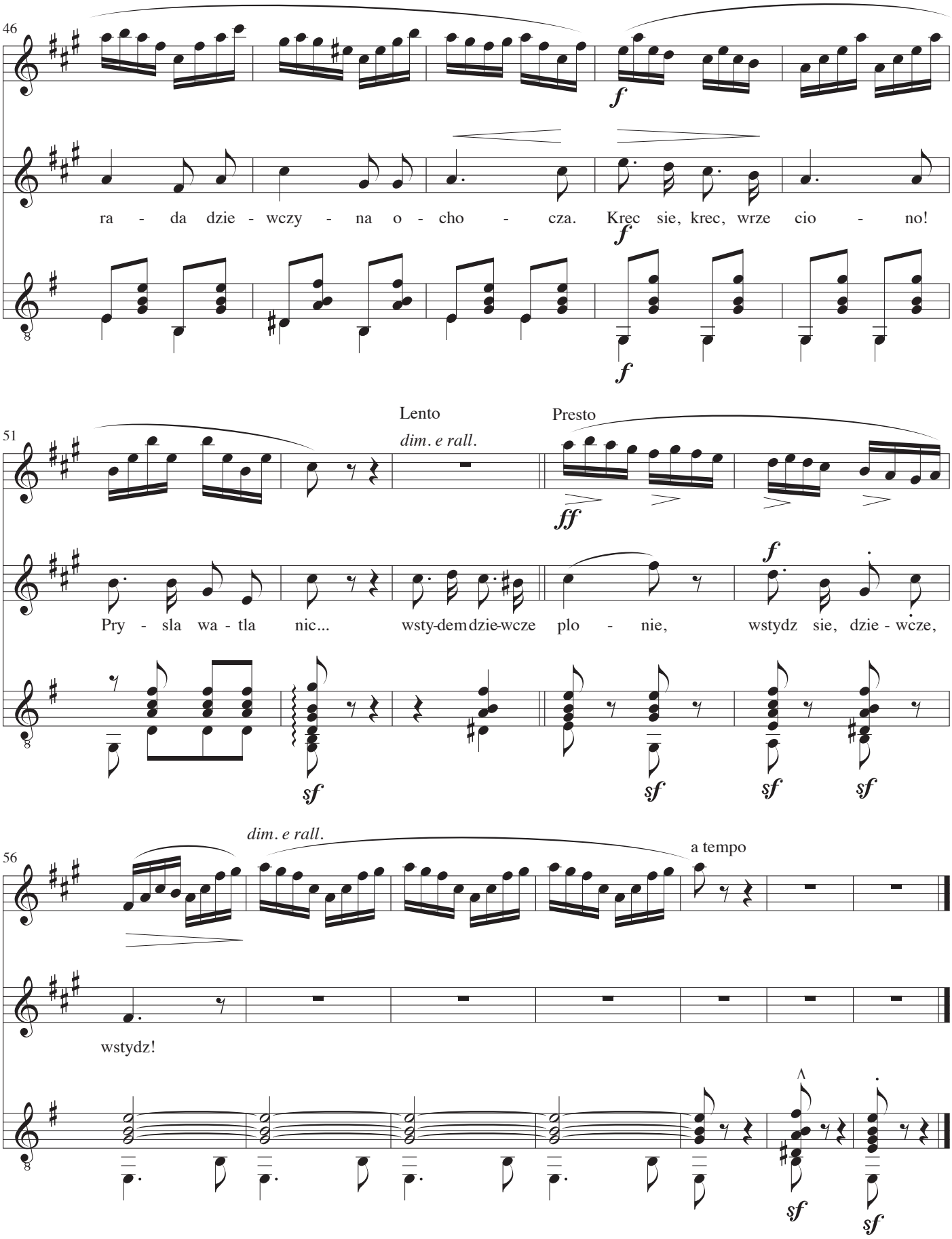
U przasniczki siedza

Muzyka: Stanislaw Moniuszko
Słowa: Jan Czeczot
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen




15
Ta pa - mie ta le - piej, czy - ja dluz - sza nic!
20
Gla - dko i - dzie prze - dza, we - so - lo dzie -
25
wczy - nie! pa - mie - ta - la trzy dni o wie - rnym chlo - pczy - nie.

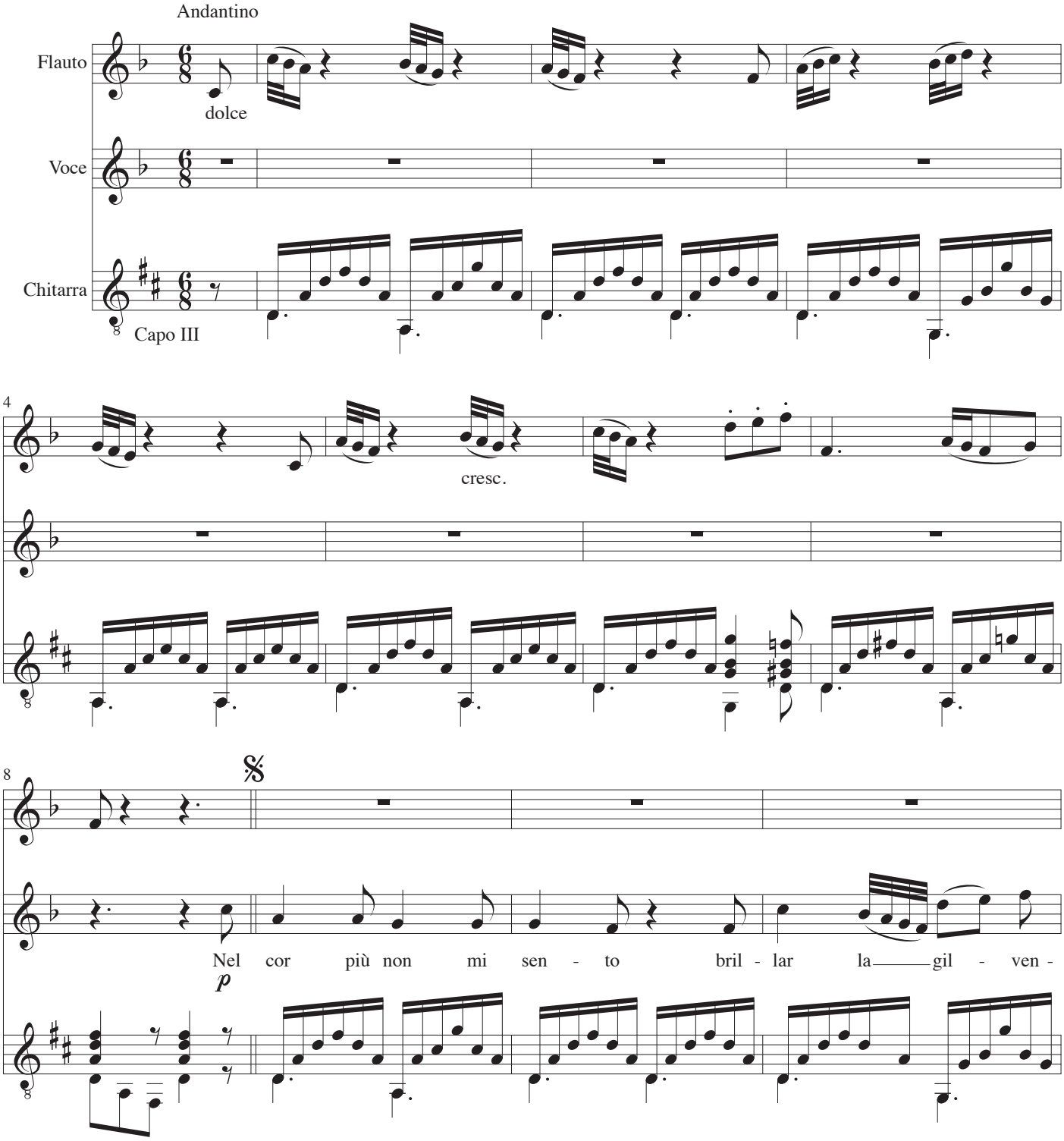

30
krec sie, krec, wrze - cio - no! wic sie to - bie, wic! Ta pa - mie - ta
35
le - piej, czy - ja dluz - sza nic.
41
In - ny sie mlo - dzie - niec pod - su - wa z u bo - cza i in - ne - mu


46
f
ra - da dzie - wczy - na o - cho - cza. Krec sie, krec, wrze cio - no!
f
f
51
Lento
dim. e rall.
Presto
ff
Pry - sla wa - tla nic... wsty-dem dzie-wcze plo - nie, wstydz sie, dzie - wcze,
f
sf
sf
sf
sf
56
dim. e rall.
a tempo
wstydz!
sf
sf

Nel cor più non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen



12

tù; ca - gion del mio tor - men - to, a - mor, sei col - pa

16

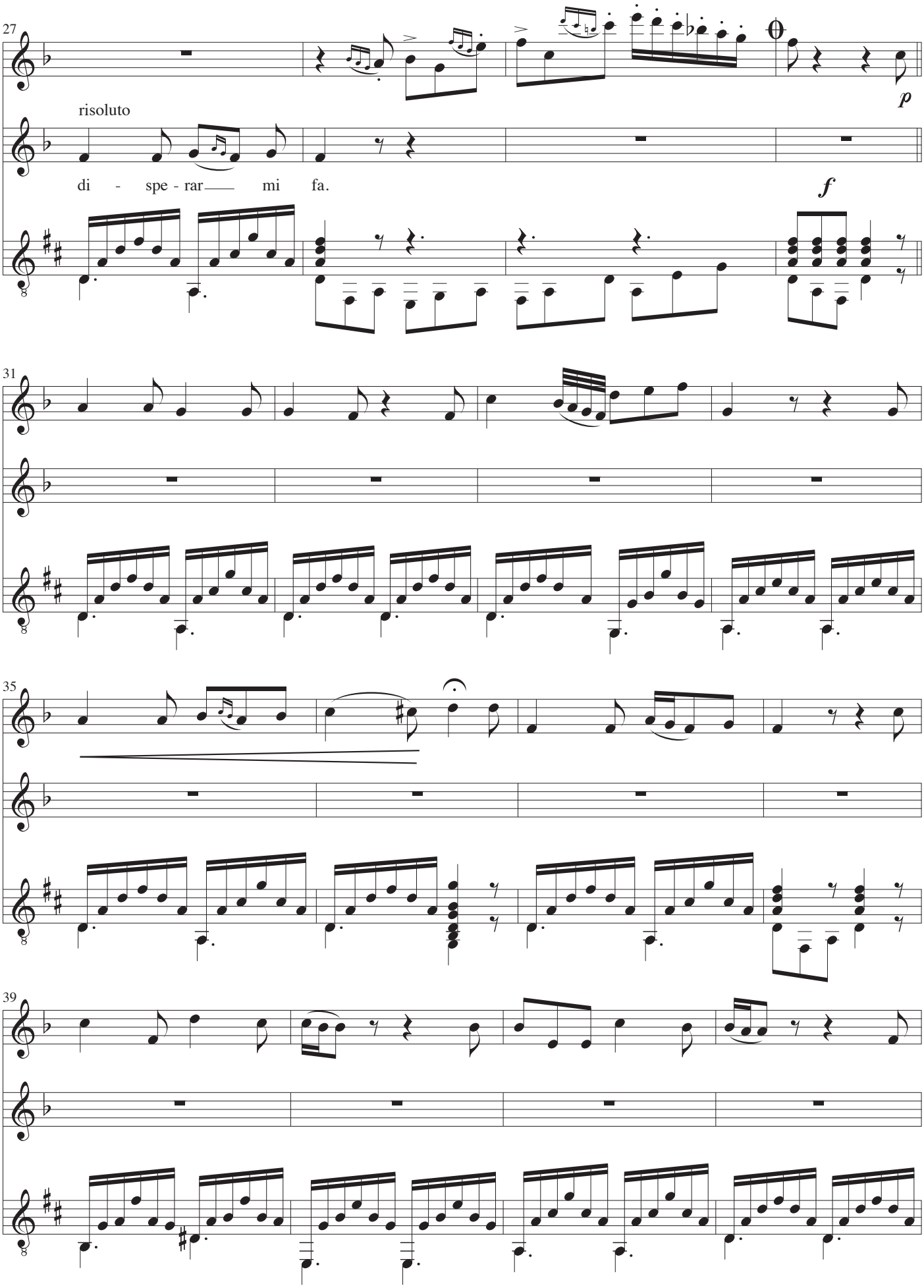
tu. Mi piz - zi - chi, mi stuz - zi - chi, mi pun - gi - chi, mi

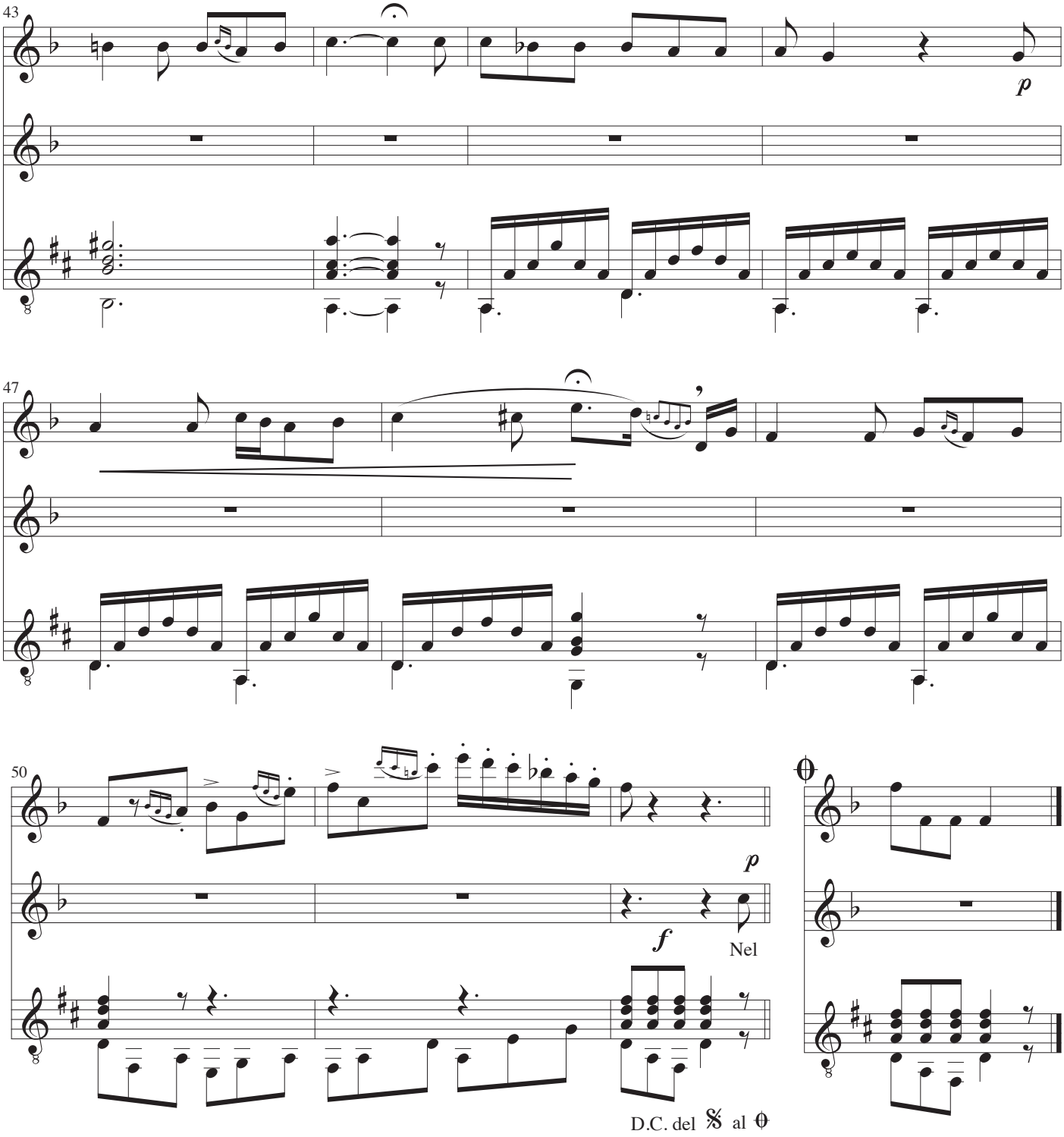
20

mas - ti - chi; che co - sa è que - sto ahi - mè? pie - tà, pie - ta, pie -

24

tà! a - mo - re è un cer - to che, che


27
risoluto
di - spe - rar mi fa.
p
f
31
35
39

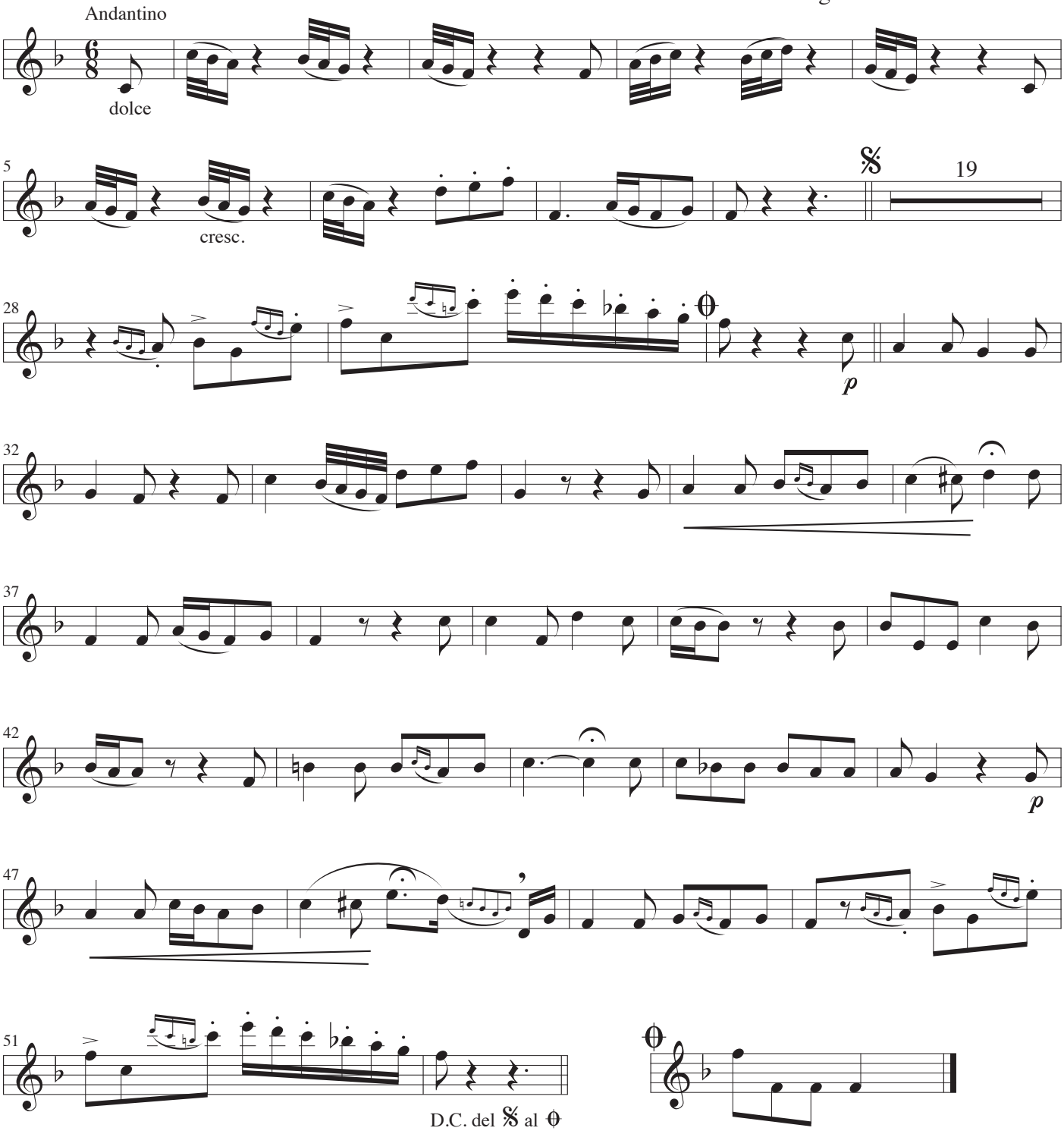

43
p
47
50
p
f
Nel
D.C. del 𝄋 al ⊕

Flauto

Nel cor più non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

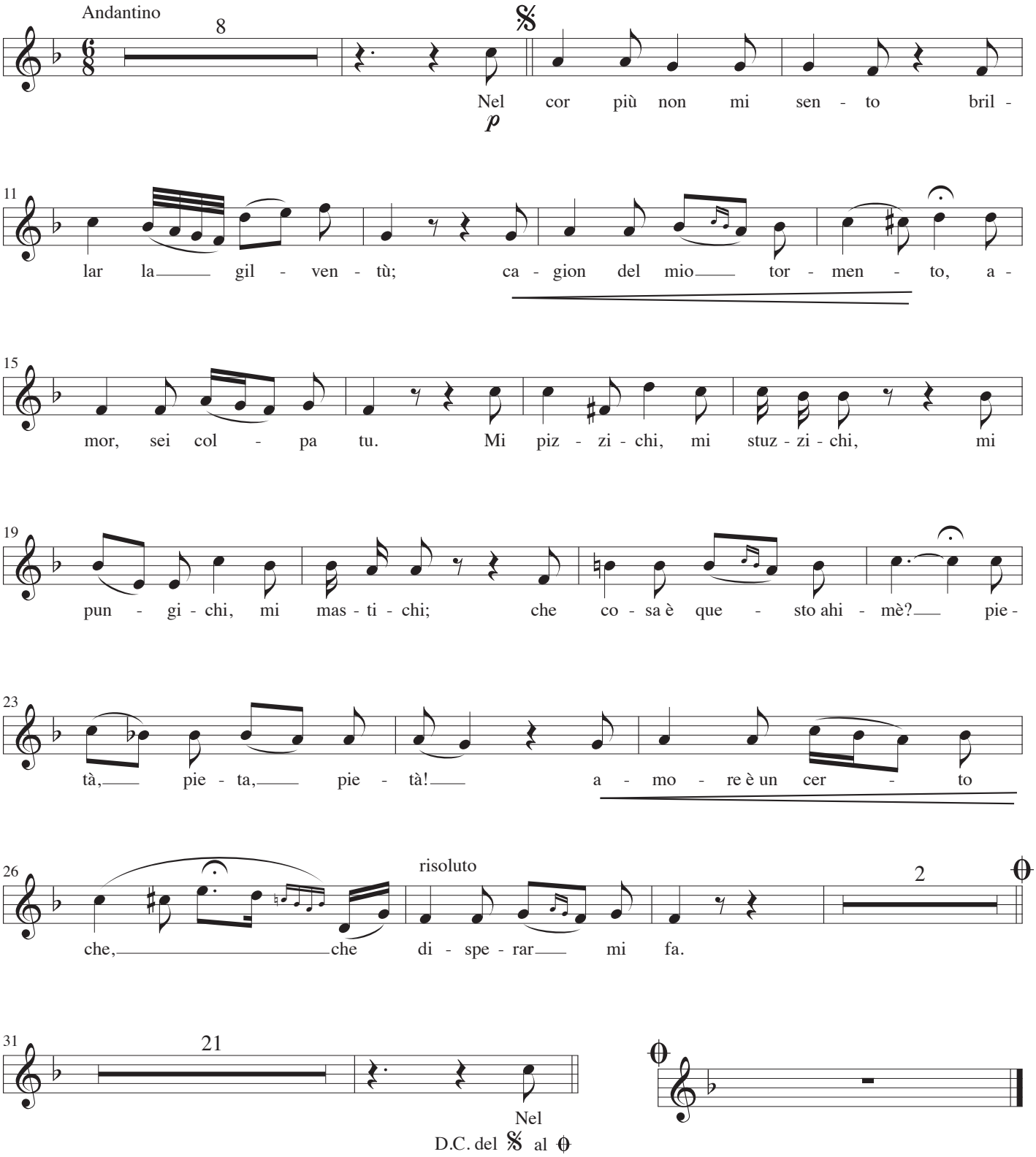


Voce

Nel cor più non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

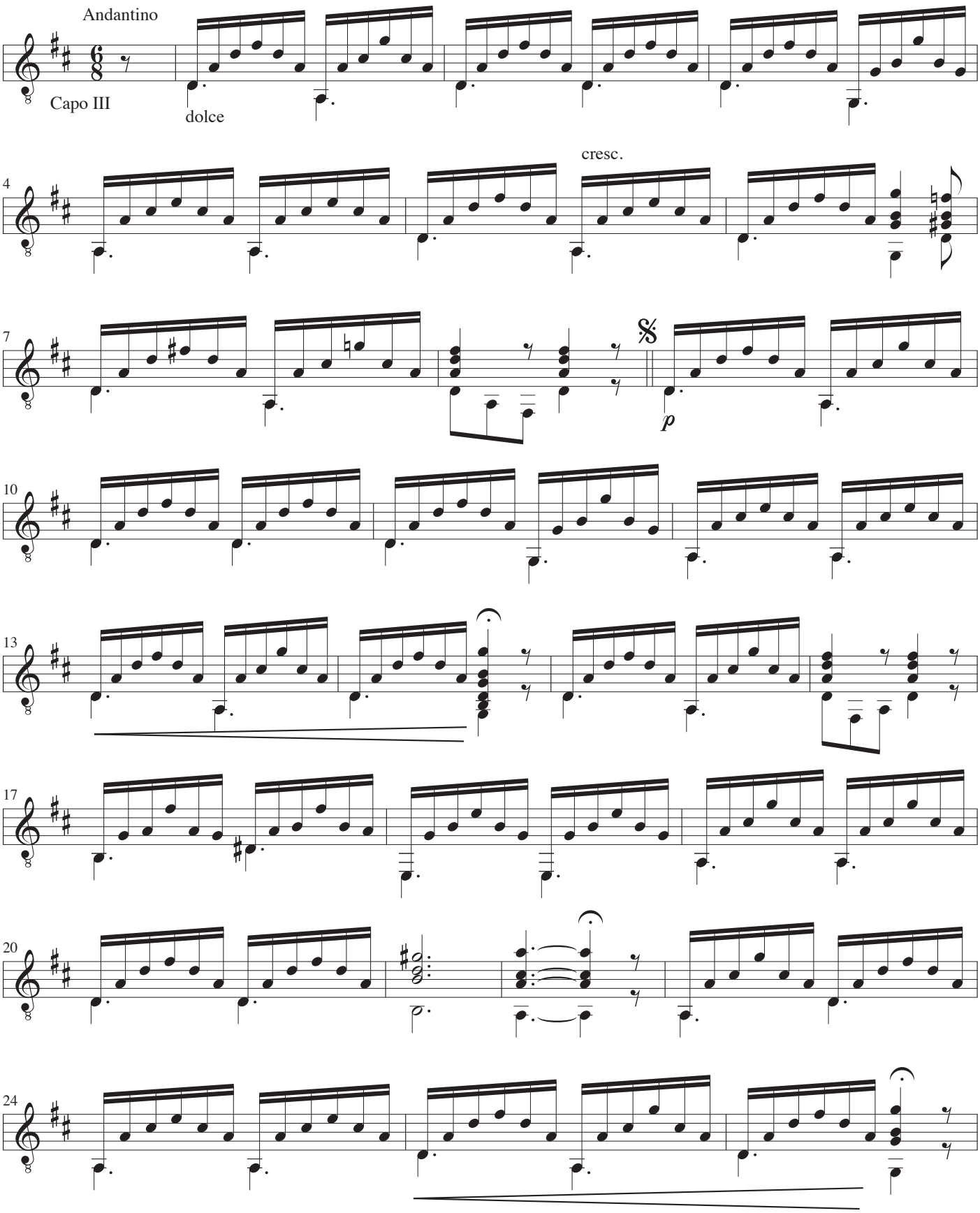


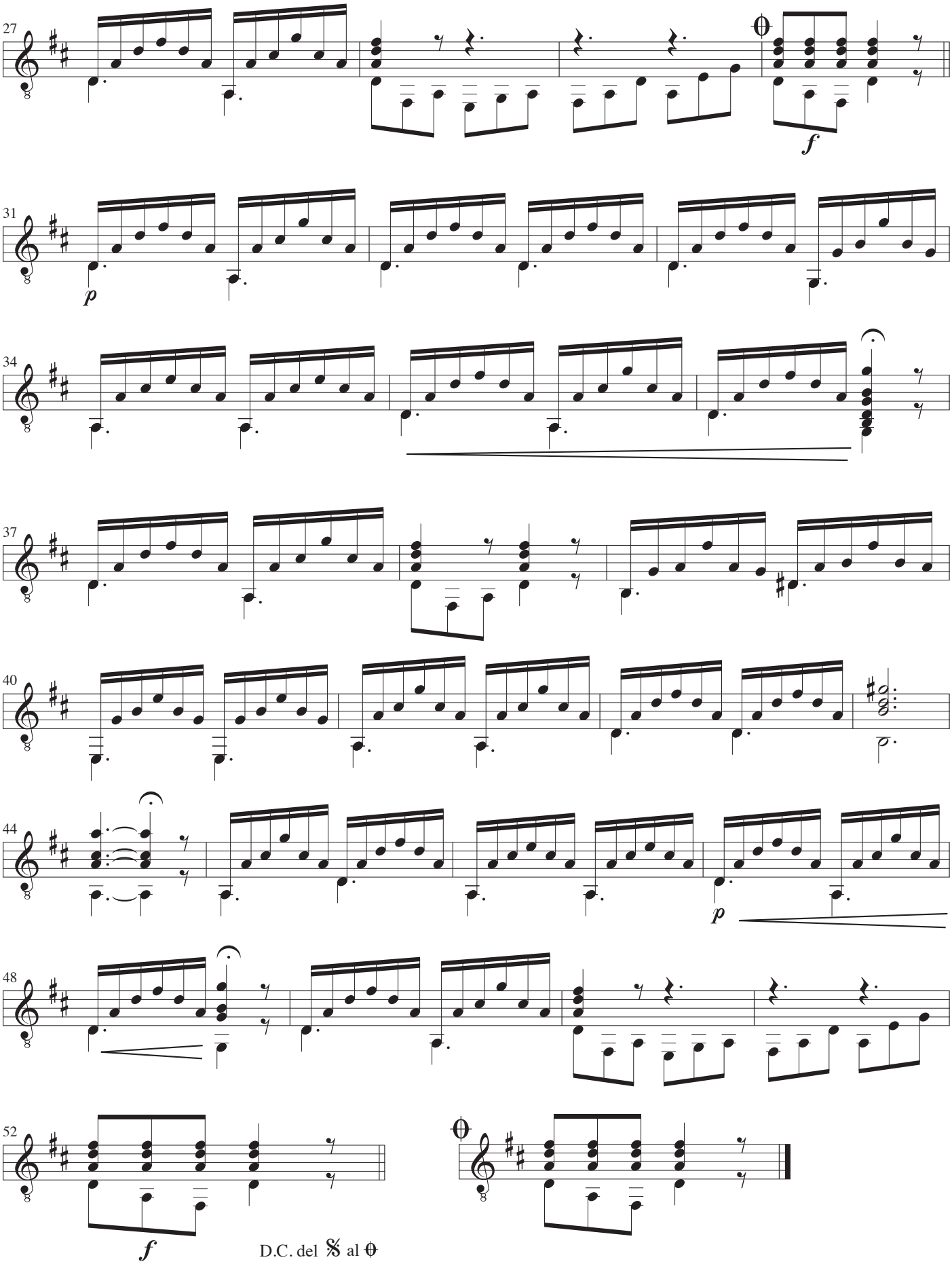
Chitarra

Nel cor più non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

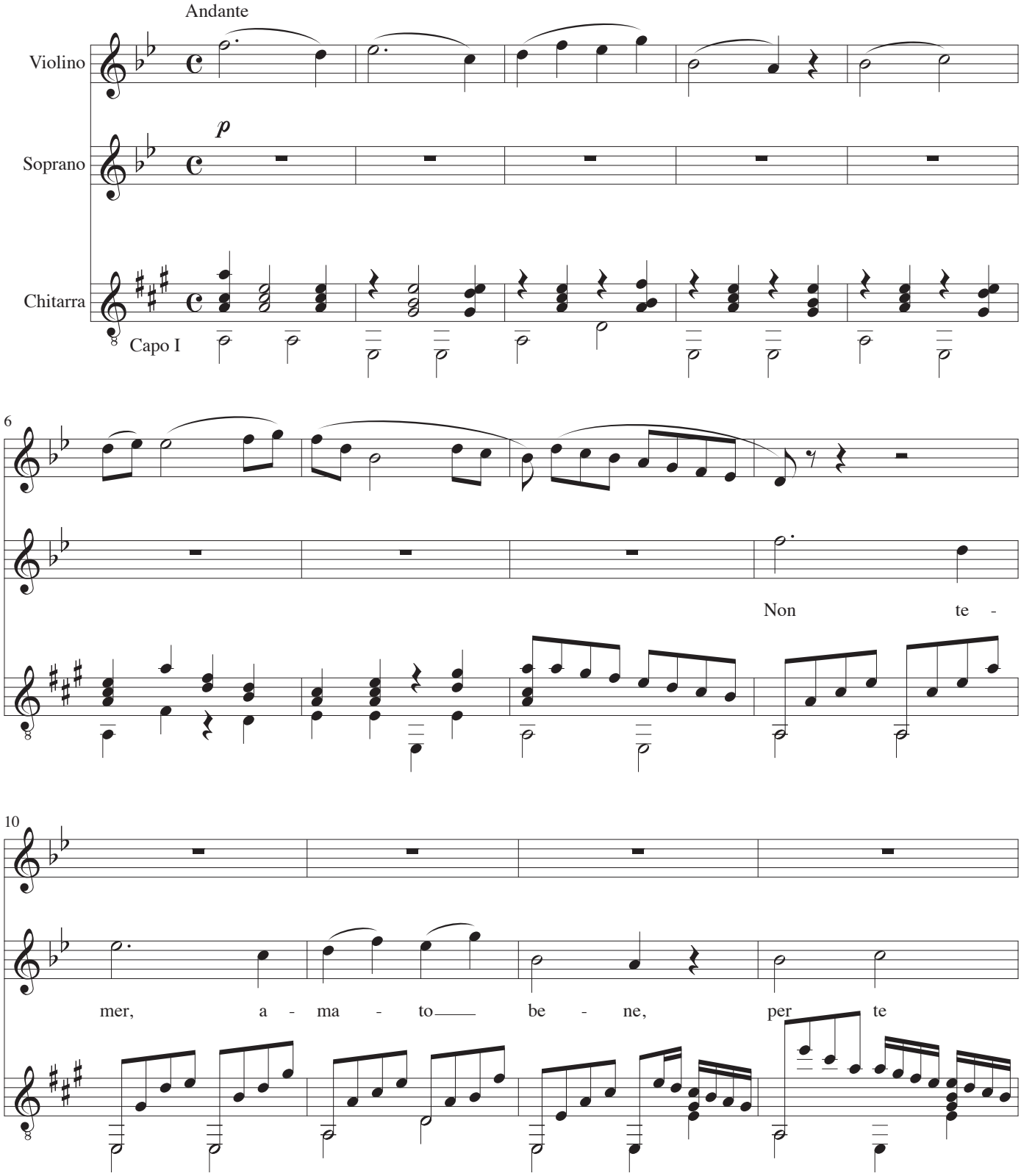



27
f
31
p
34
37
40
44
p
48
52
f
D.C. del 𝄋 al 𝄎

Non temer, amato bene!

KV 490

Musica: W.A. Mozart
Poesia: Gianbattista Varesco
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen



14

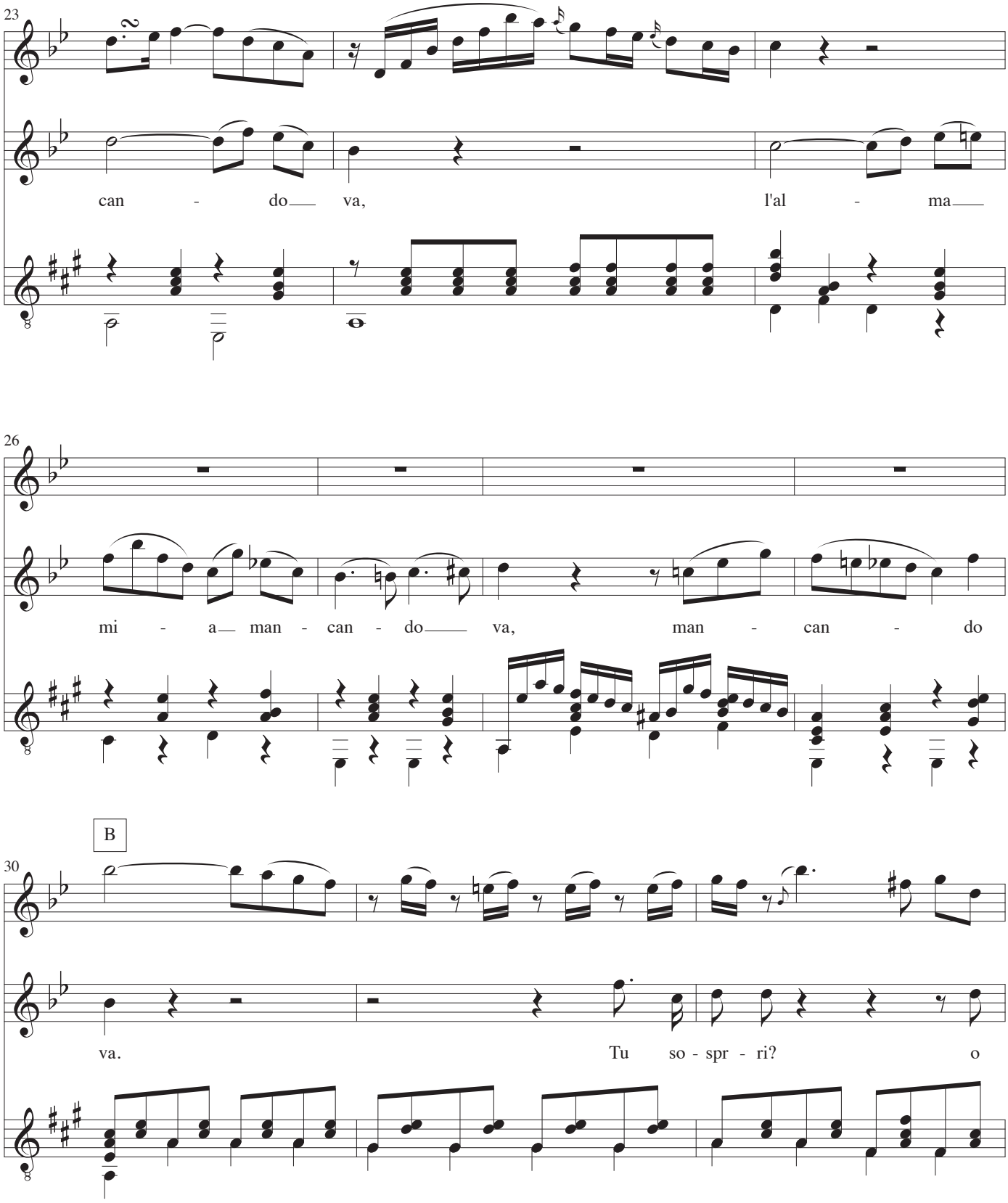
sem - pre il cor sa - rà.

17

Più non reg - go a tan te

20

pe - ne, l'al - ma mi - a man -


23
can - do va, l'al - ma
26
mi - a man - can - do va, man - can - do
B
30
va. Tu so - spr - ri? o

33

duol fu - ne - sto! pensa al - men,

36

tr

cresc.

f

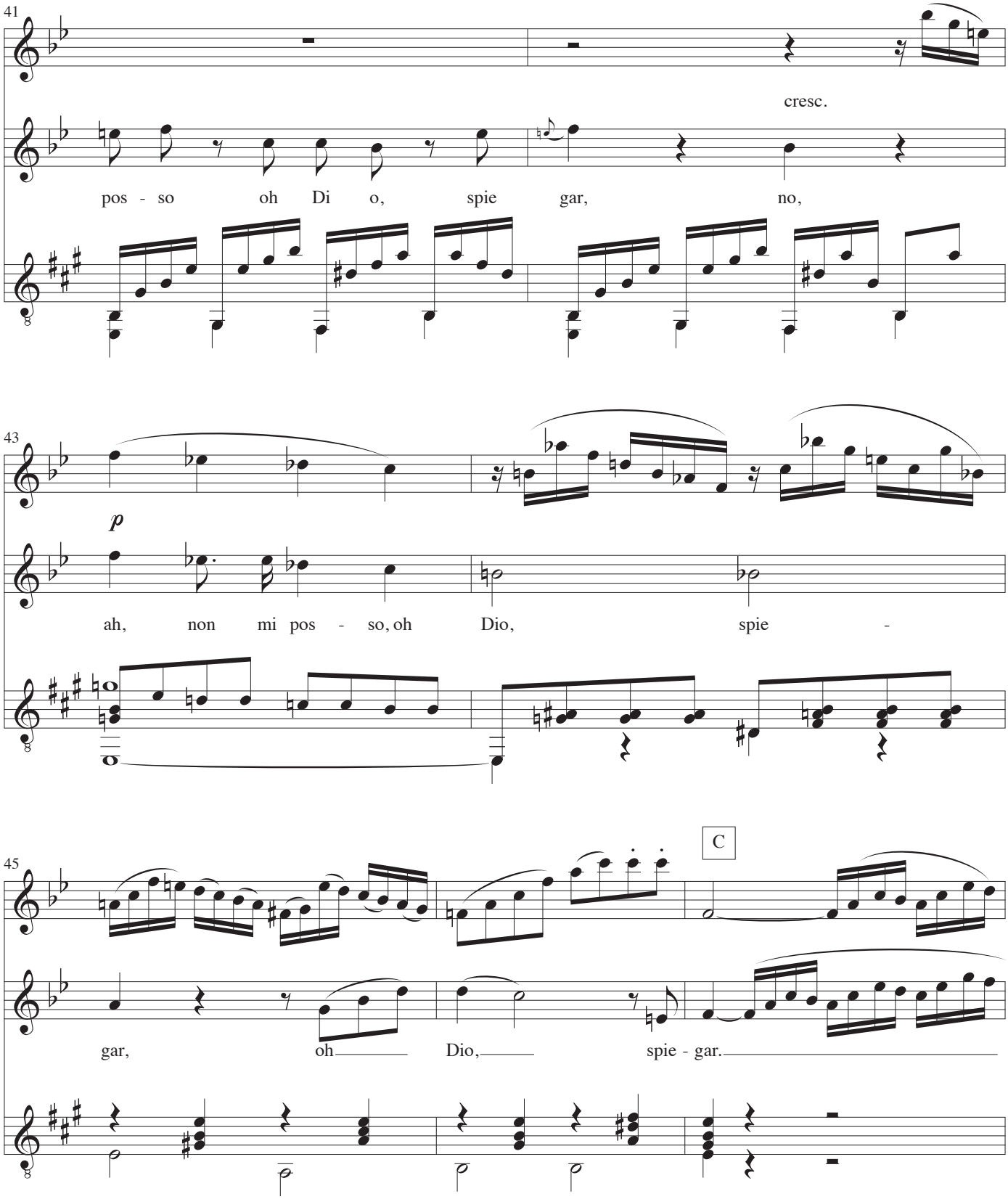
pen - sa che i - stan - te é que - sto!

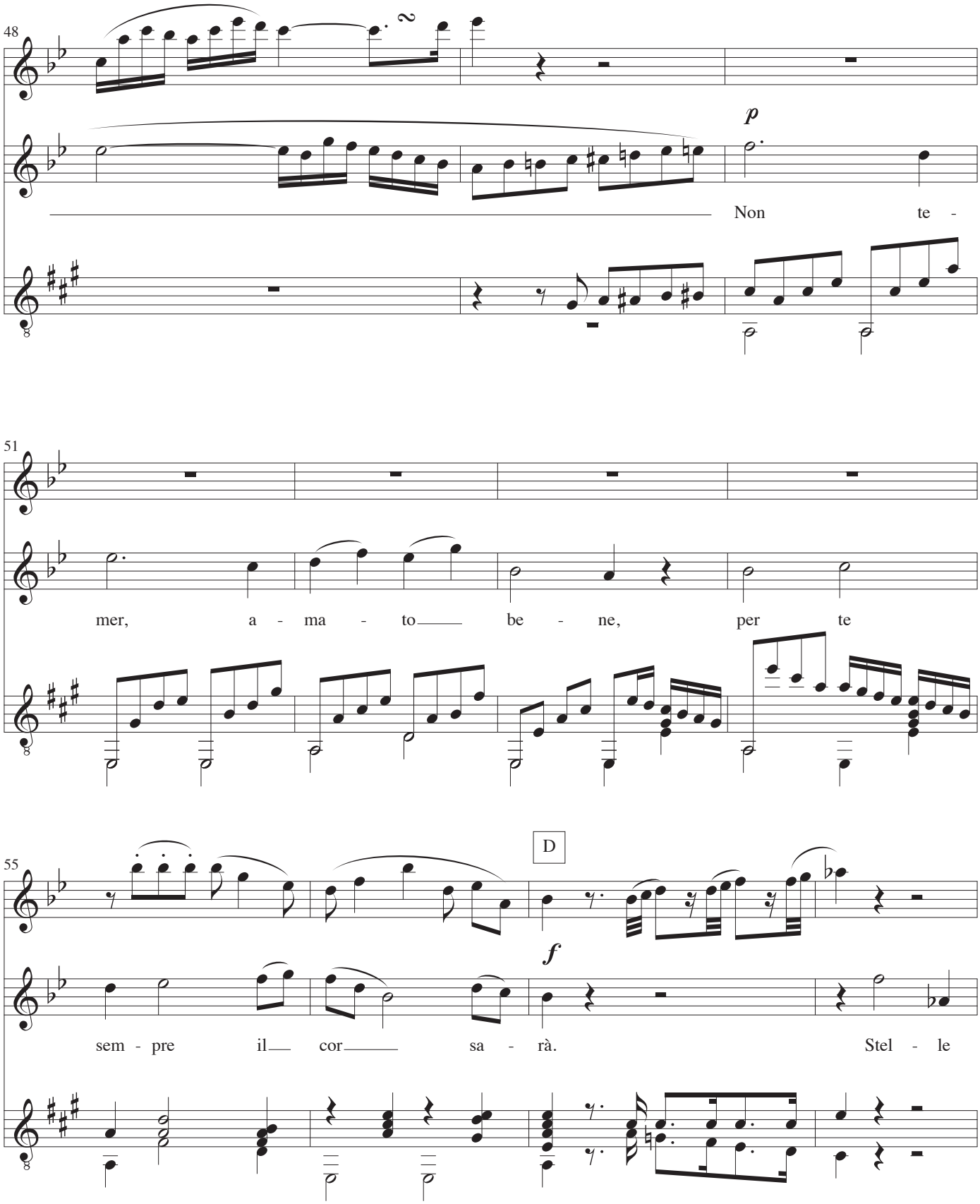
39

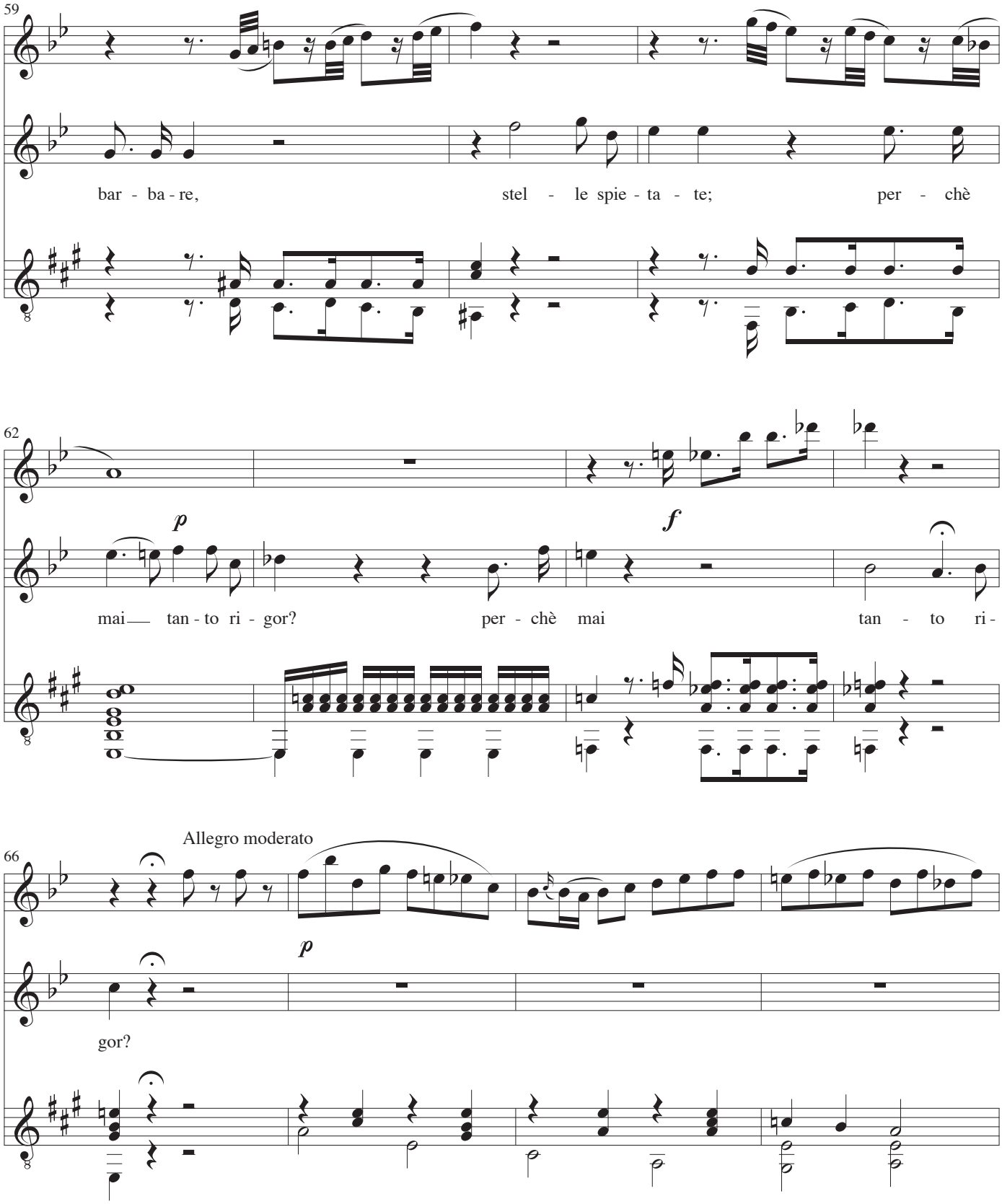
p

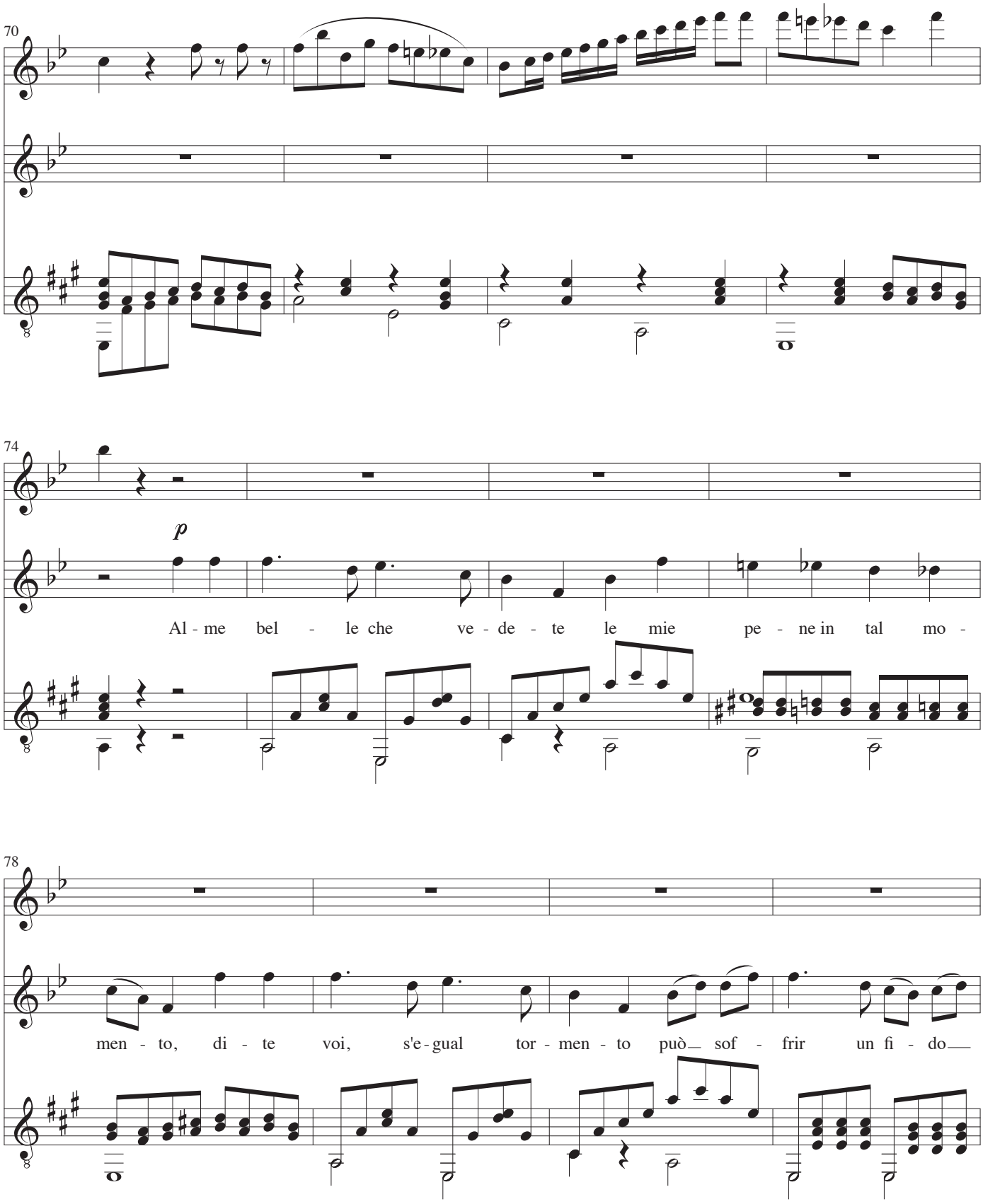
p

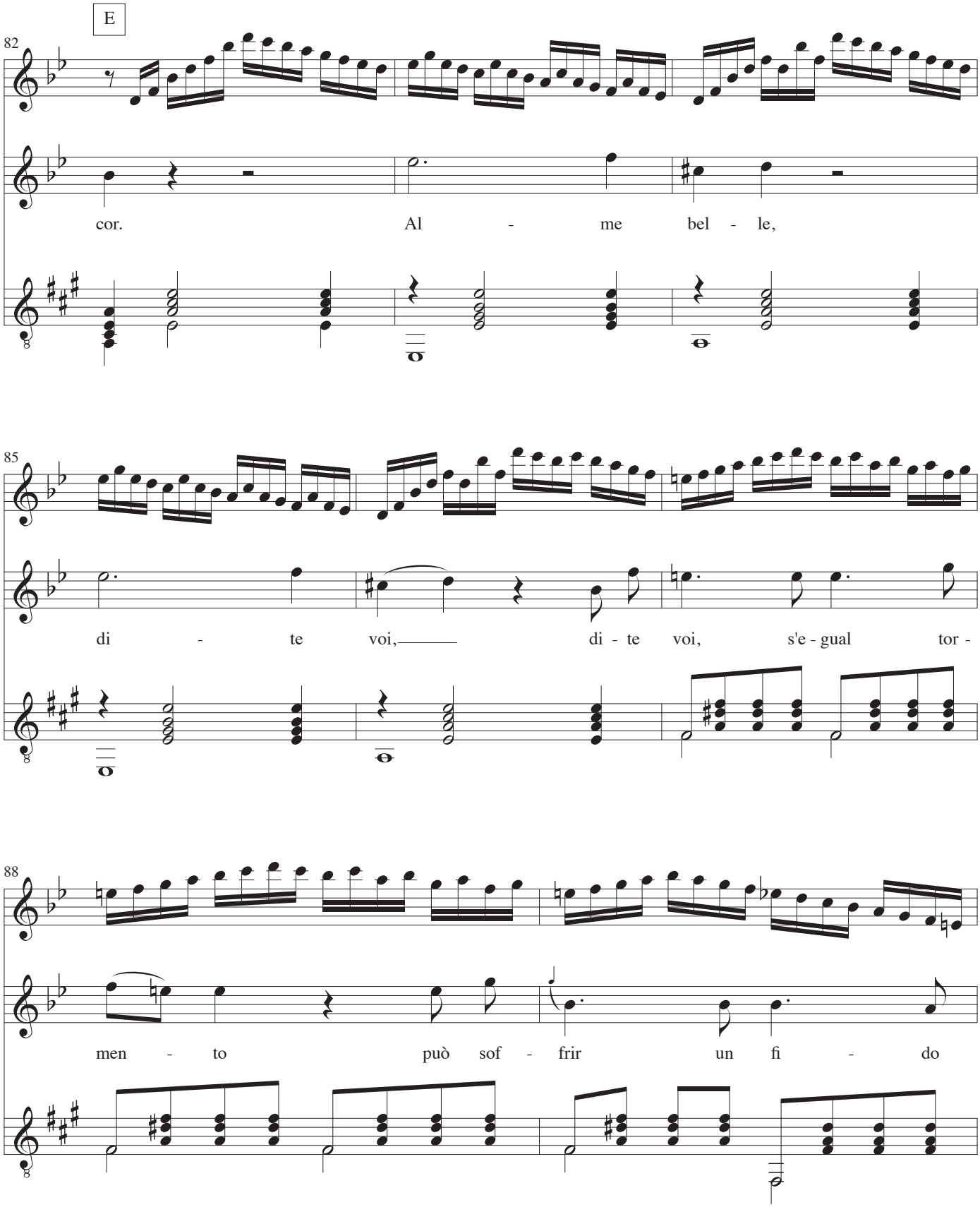
Non mi

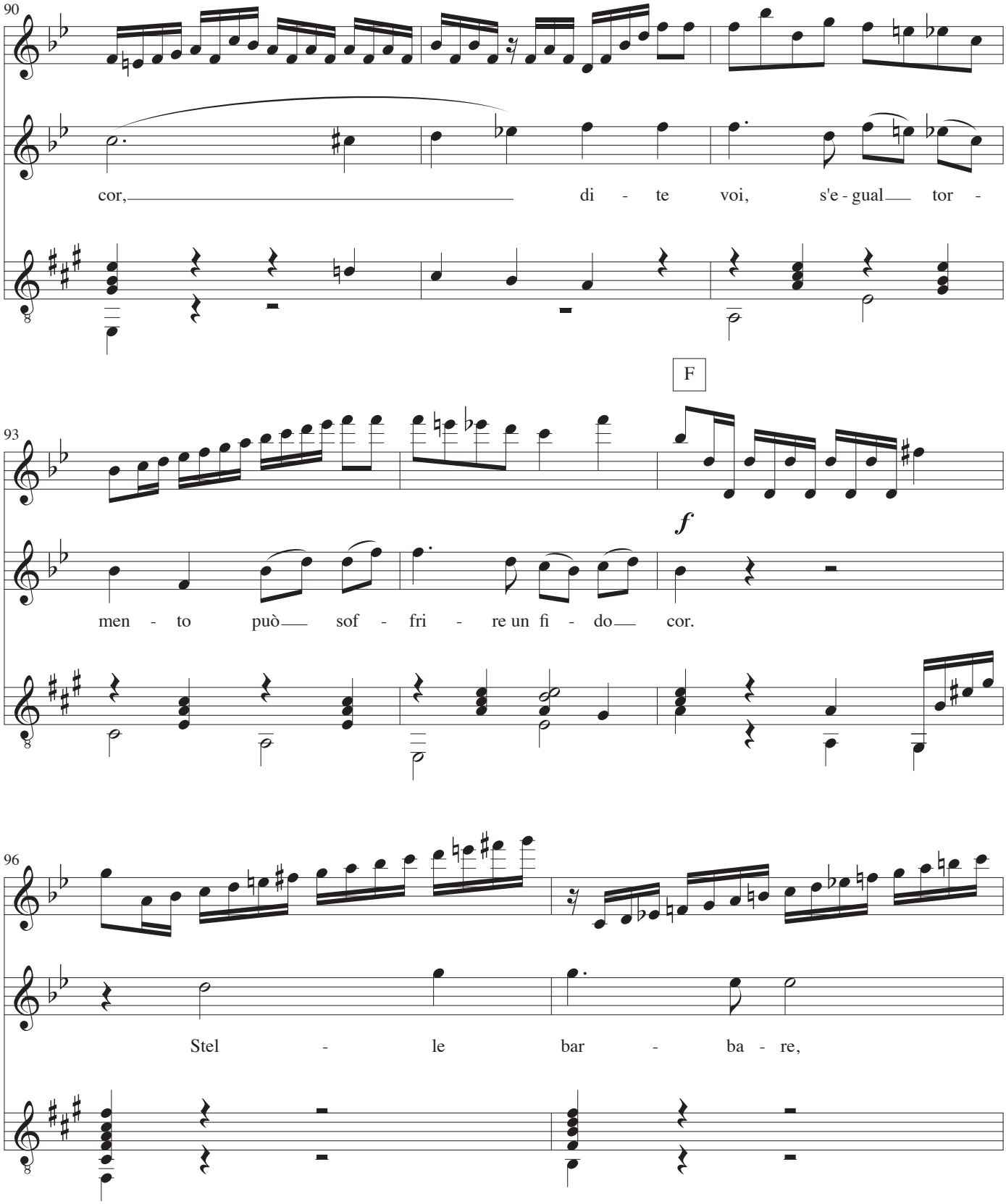

41
cresc.
pos - so oh Di o, spie gar, no,
43
p
ah, non mi pos - so, oh Dio, spie -
45
C
gar, oh Dio, spie - gar.

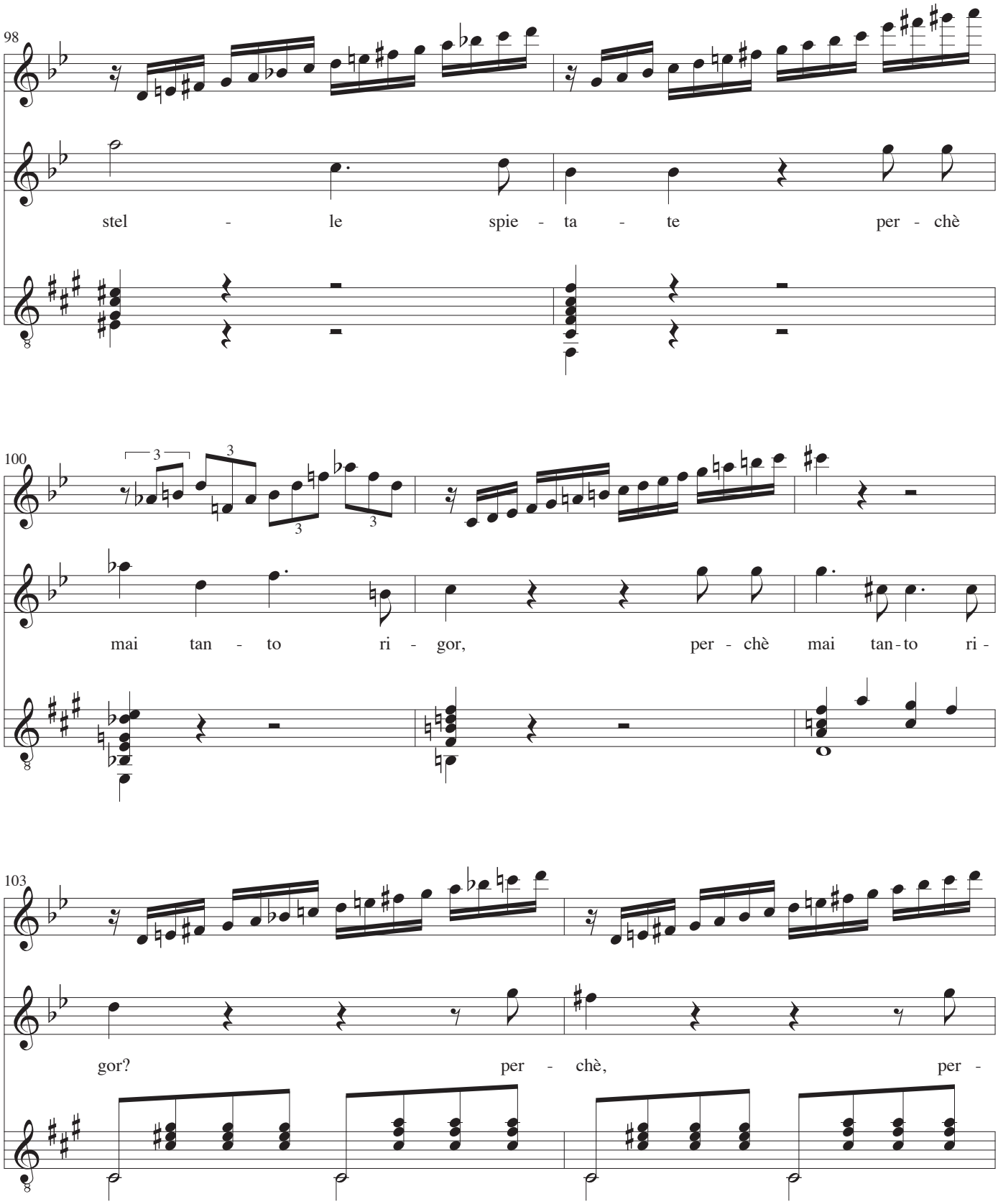

48
p
Non te -
51
mer, a - ma - to be - ne, per te
55
D
f
sem - pre il cor sa - rà. Stel - le

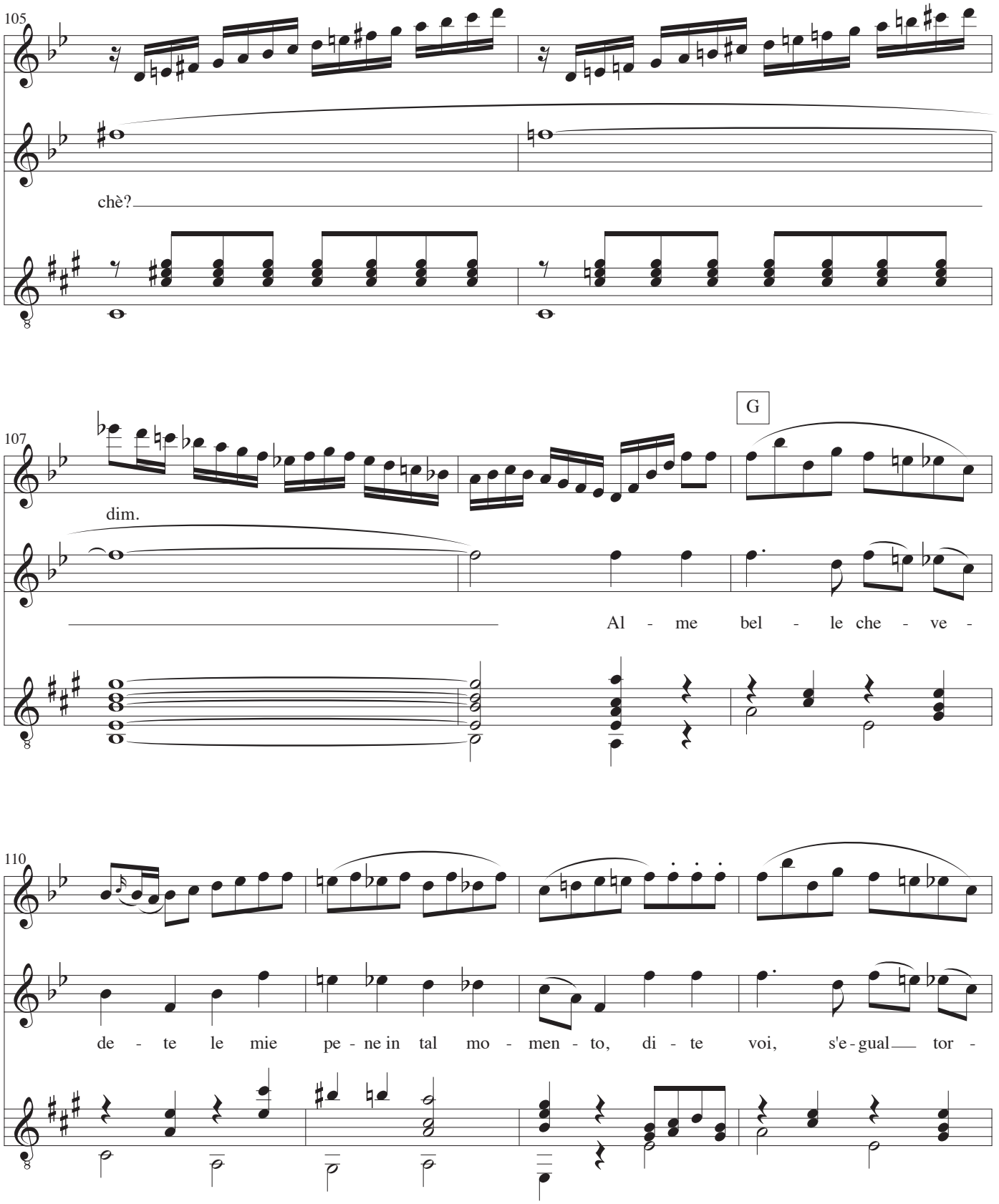

59
bar - ba - re,
stel - le spie - ta - te;
per - chè
62
p
f
mai tan - to ri - gor?
per - chè mai
tan - to ri -
Allegro moderato
66
p
gor?

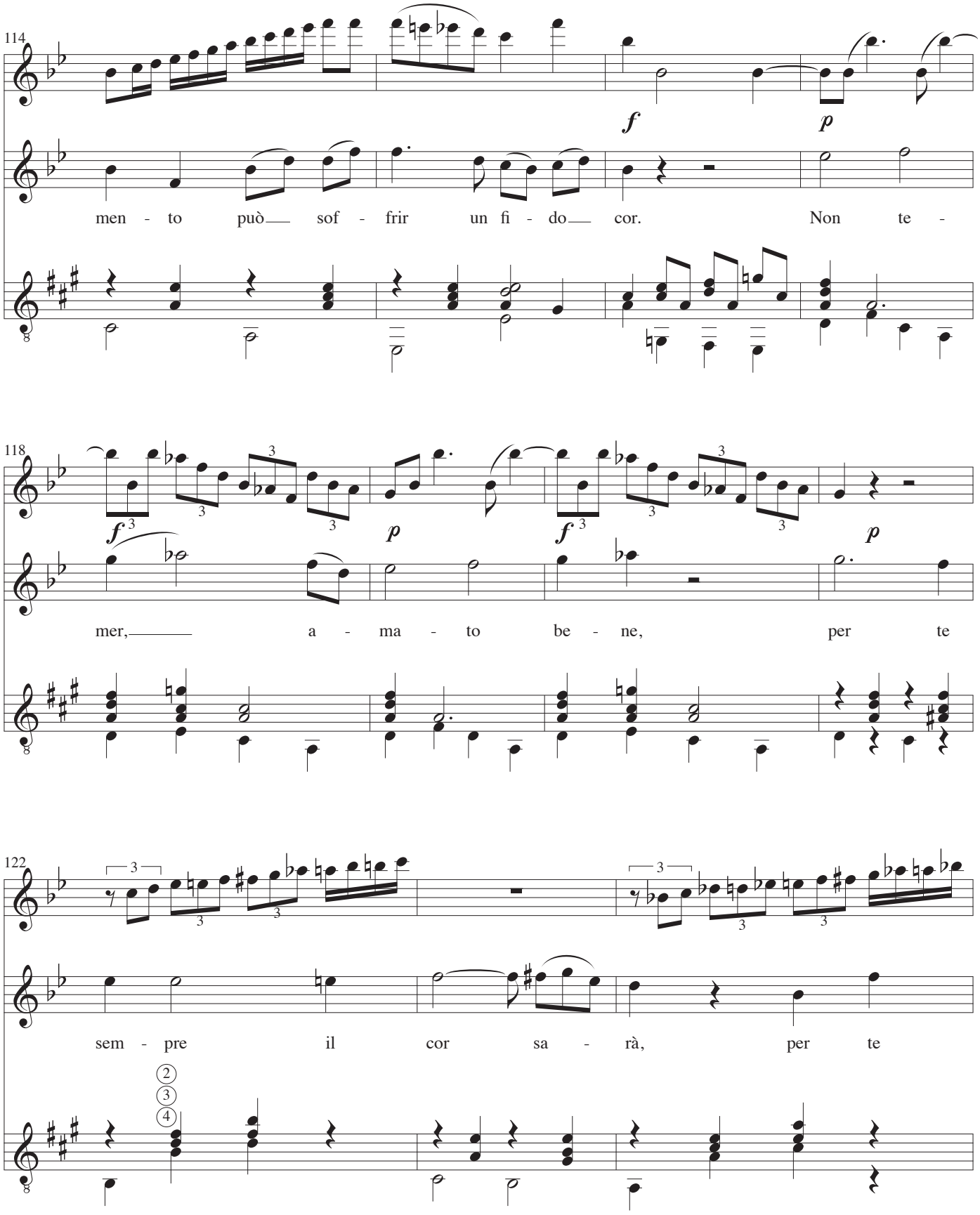

70
74
p
Al - me bel - le che ve - de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo -
78
men - to, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do

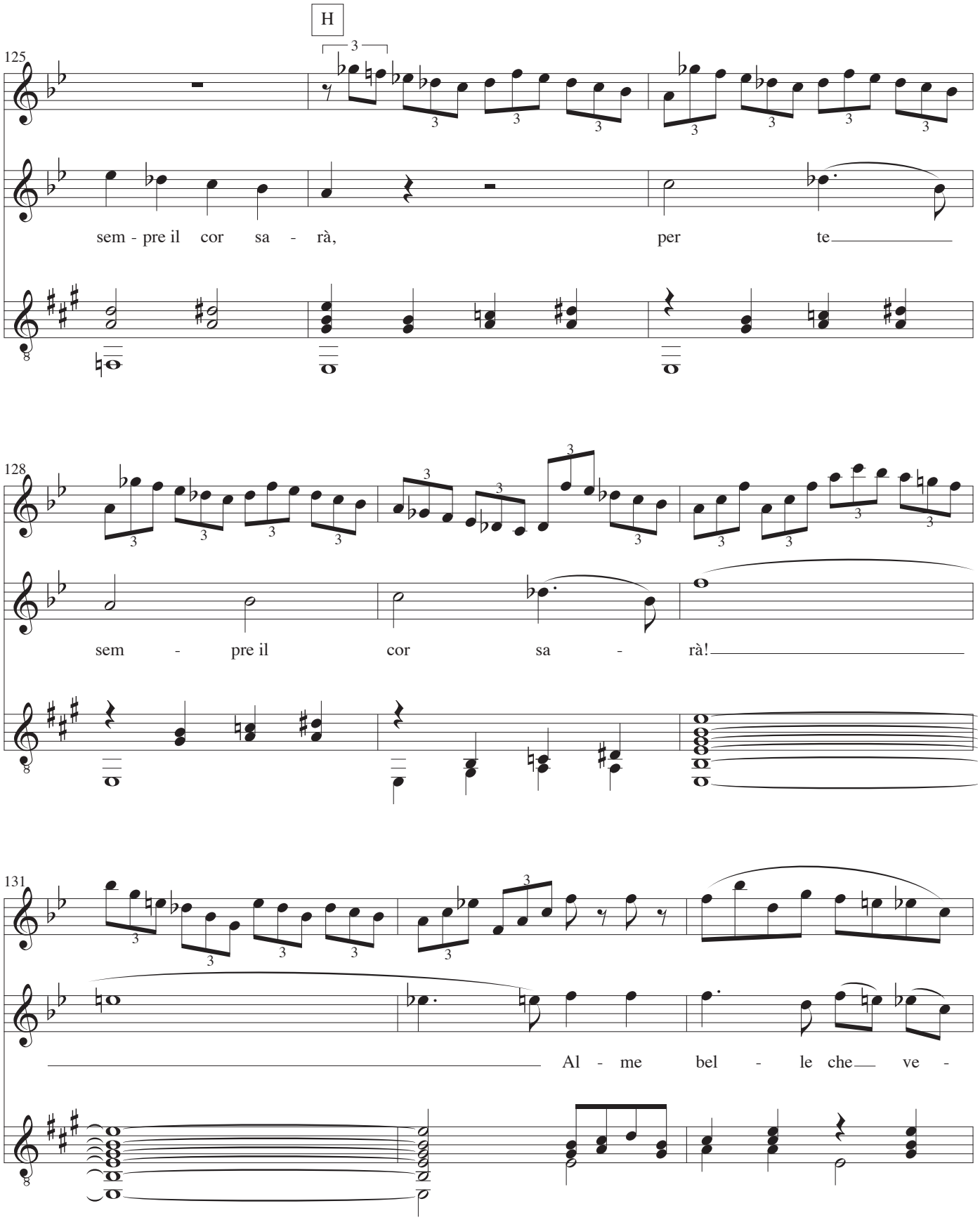

E
82
cor. Al - me bel - le,
85
di - te voi, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -
88
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do


90
cor, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -
F
93
f
men - to può sof - fri - re un fi - do cor.
96
Stel - le bar - ba - re,


98
stel - le spie - ta - te per - chè
100
mai tan - to ri - gor, per - chè mai tan-to ri -
103
gor? per - chè, per -


105
chè?
107
G
dim.
Al - me bel - le che - ve -
110
de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo - men - to, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -


114
f
p
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do cor. Non te -
118
f
p
f
p
mer, a - ma - to be - ne, per te
122
sem - pre il cor sa - rà, per te


H
125
sem - pre il cor sa - rà, per te
128
sem - pre il cor sa - rà!
131
Al - me bel - le che ve -

134

de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo - men - to, di - te

137

voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do

I

140

cor. Al - me bel - le,

143

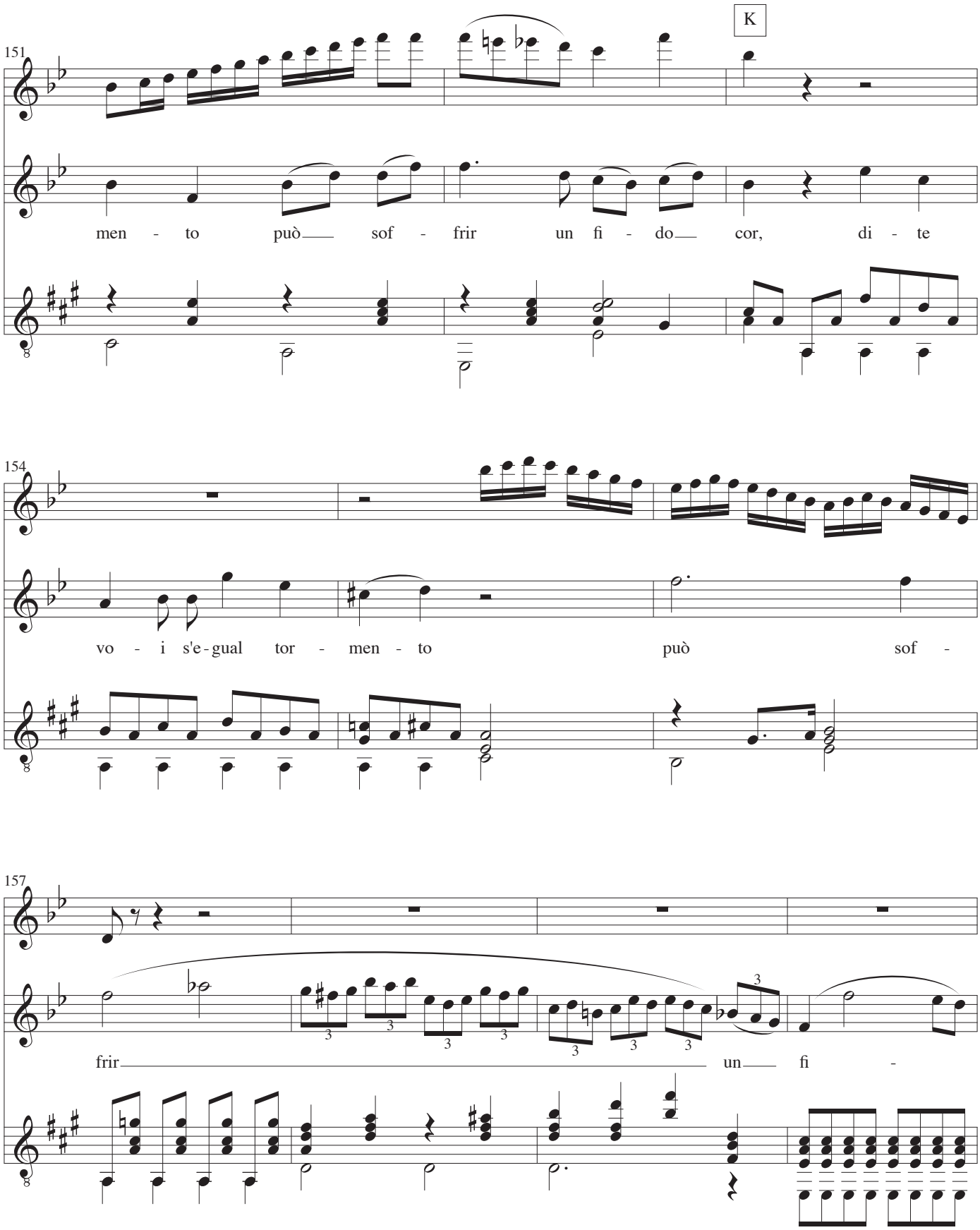
di - te voi, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -

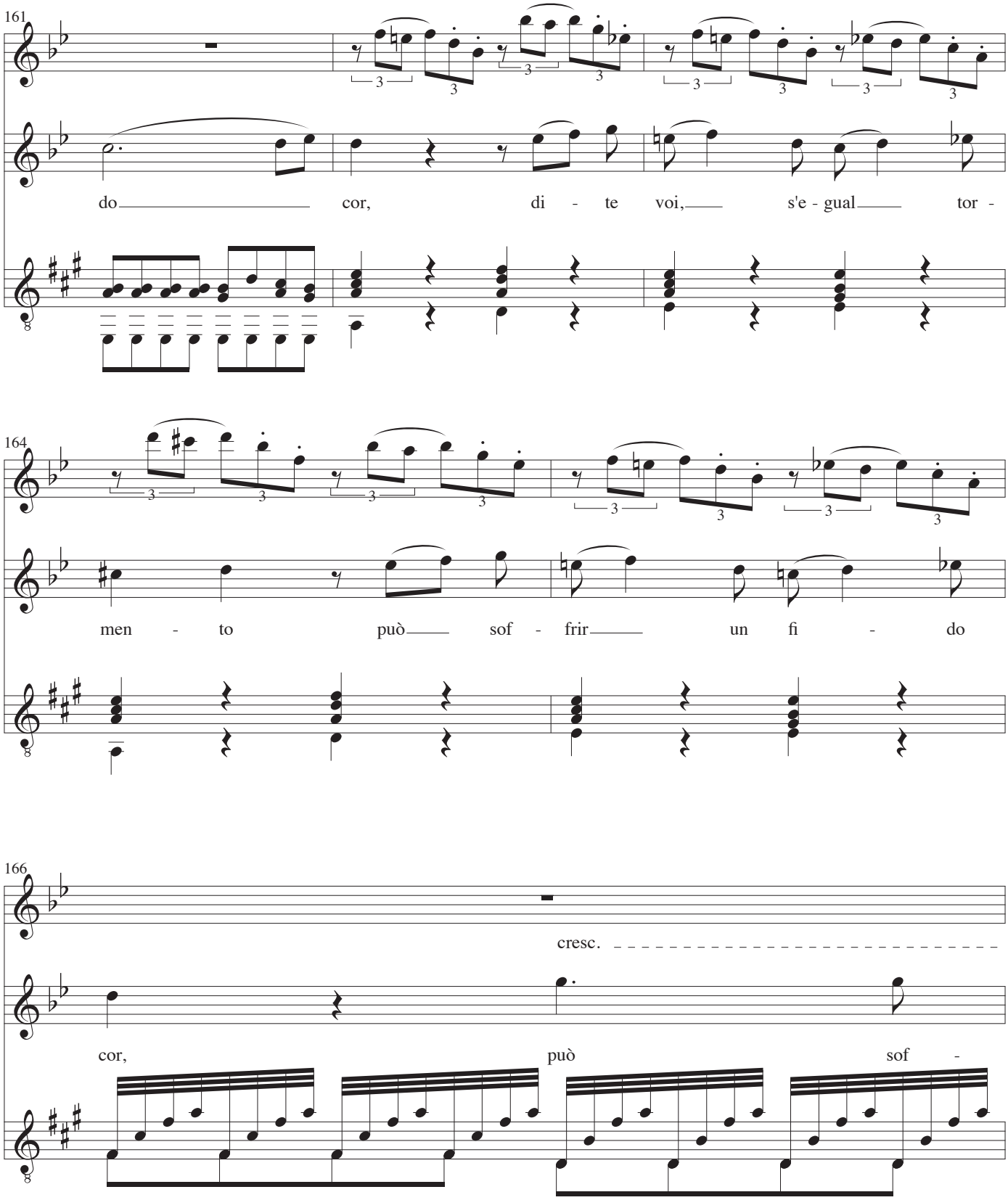
146

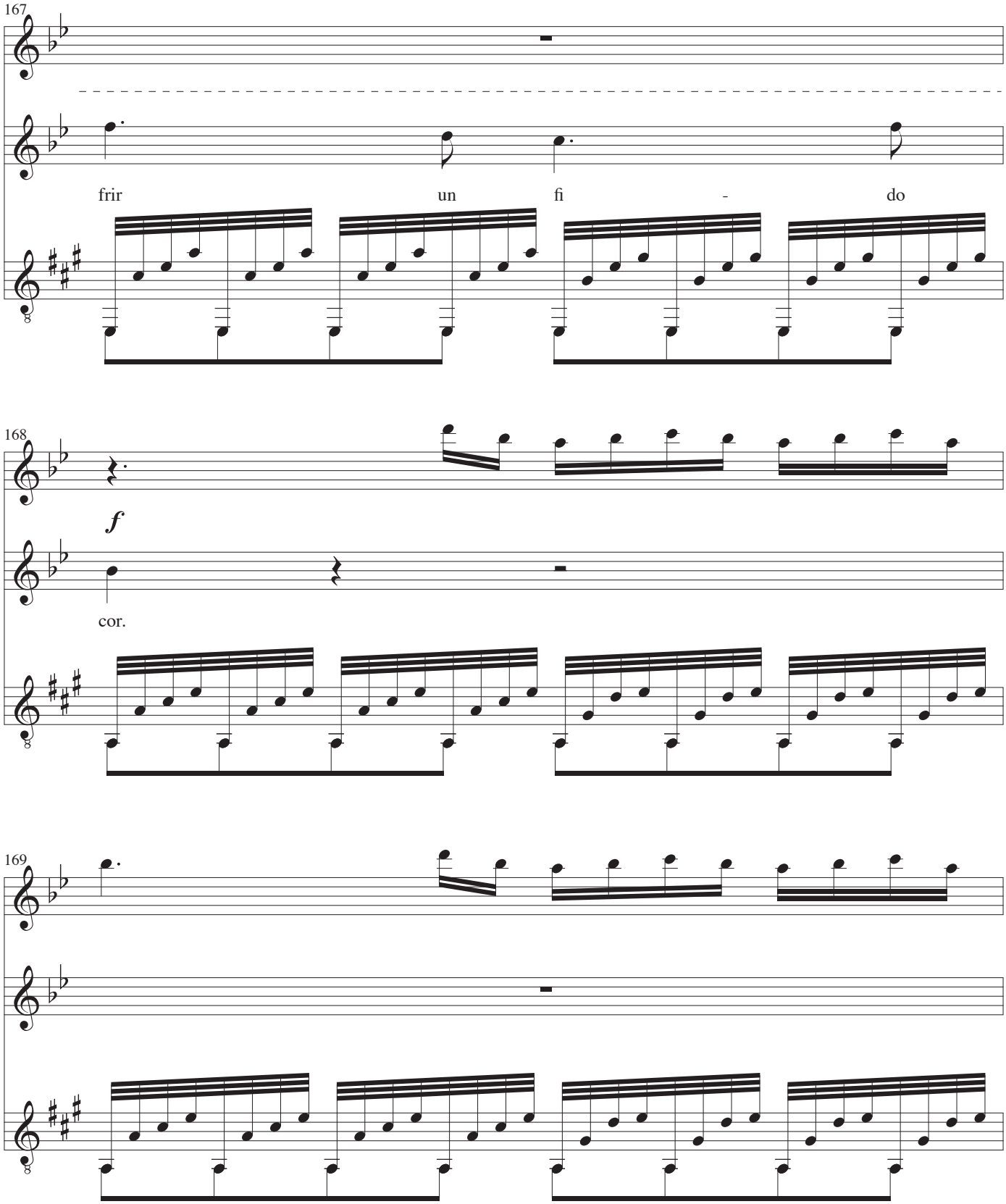
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do

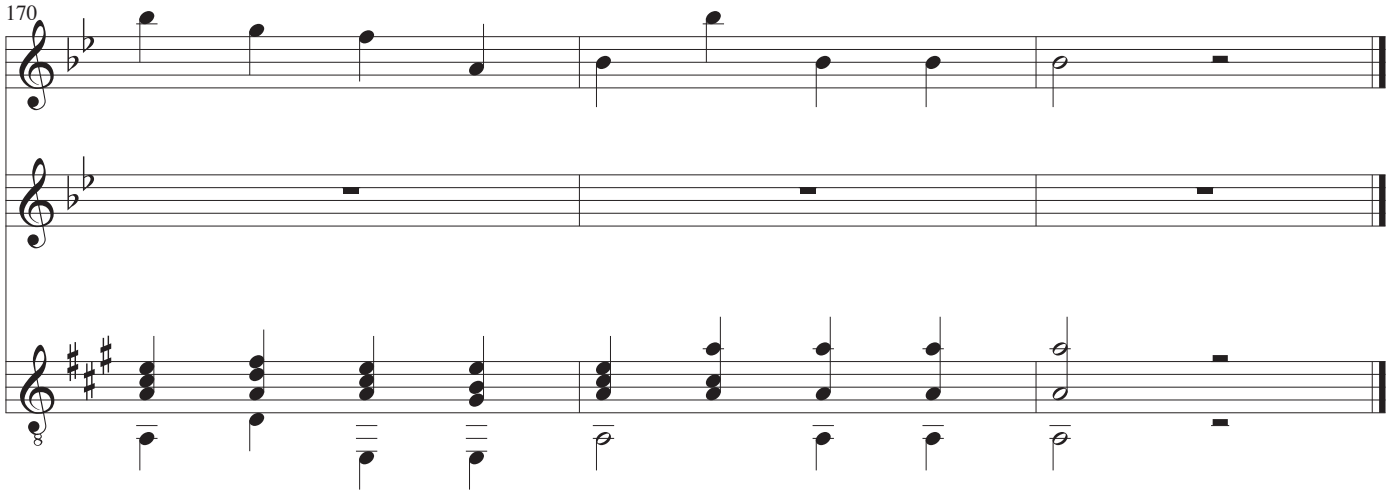
148

cor, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -


K
151
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do cor, di - te
154
vo - i s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof -
157
frir un fi -


161
do cor, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -
164
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do
166
cresc.
cor, può sof -


167
frir un fi - do
168
f
cor.
169

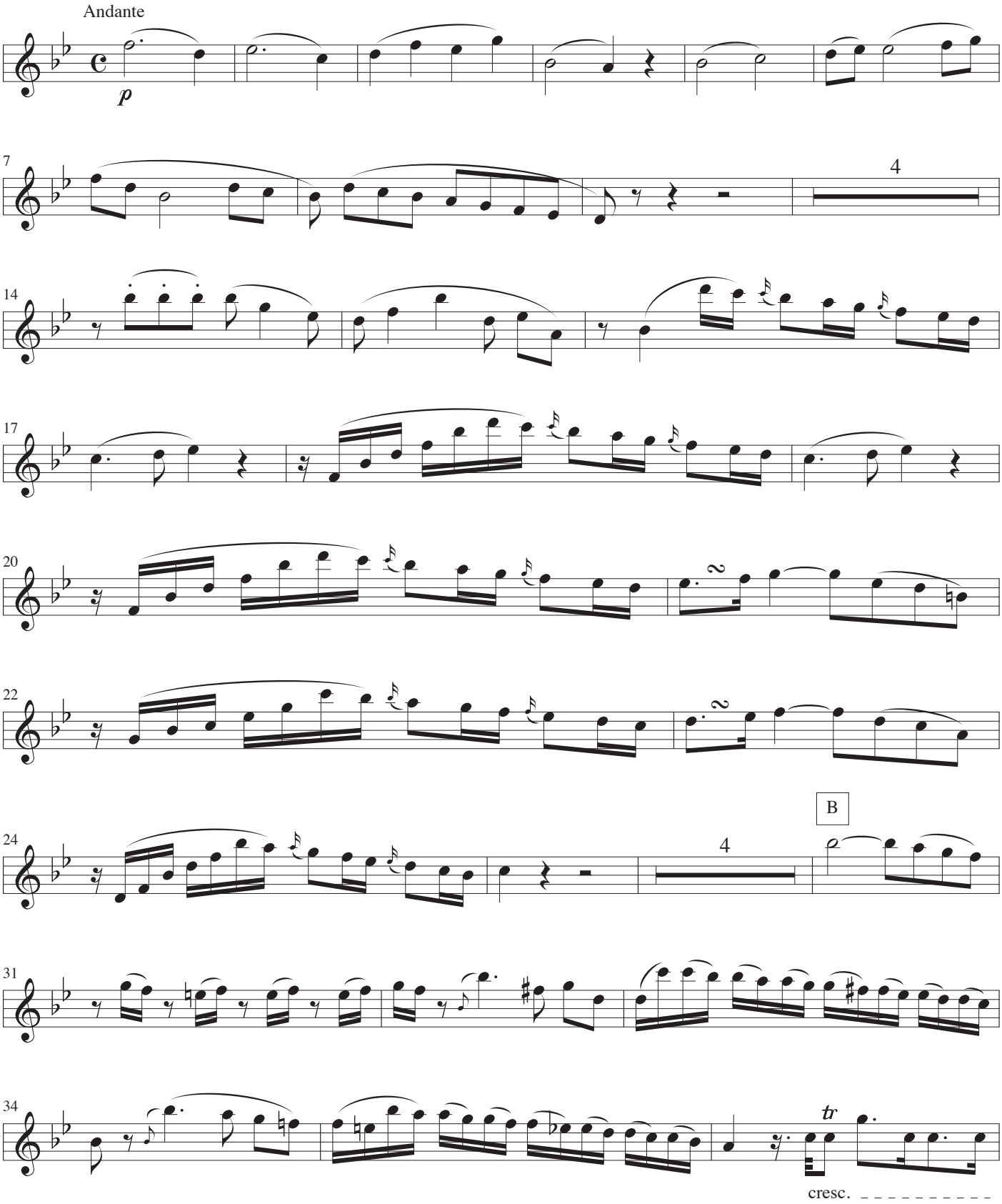

170

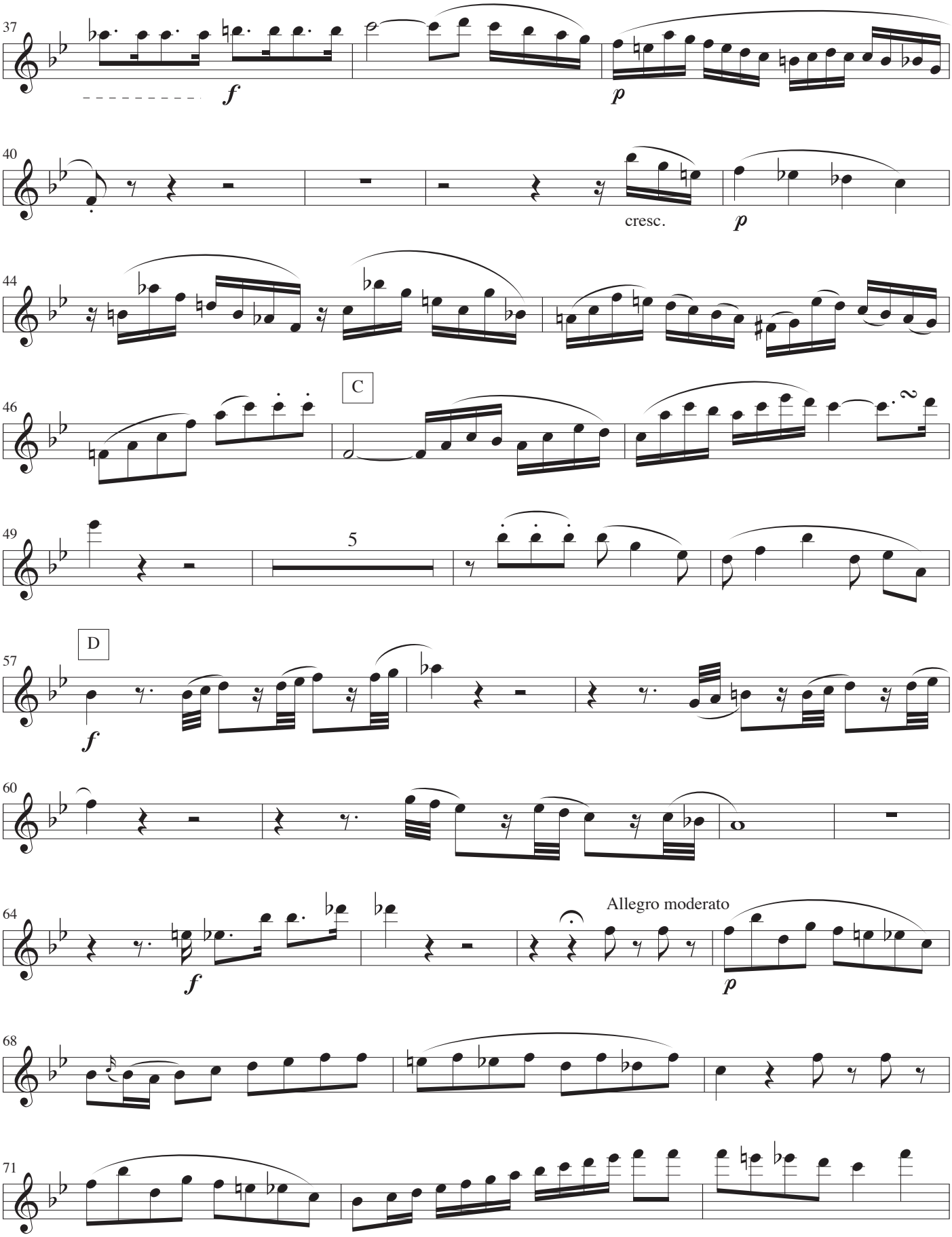
Violino

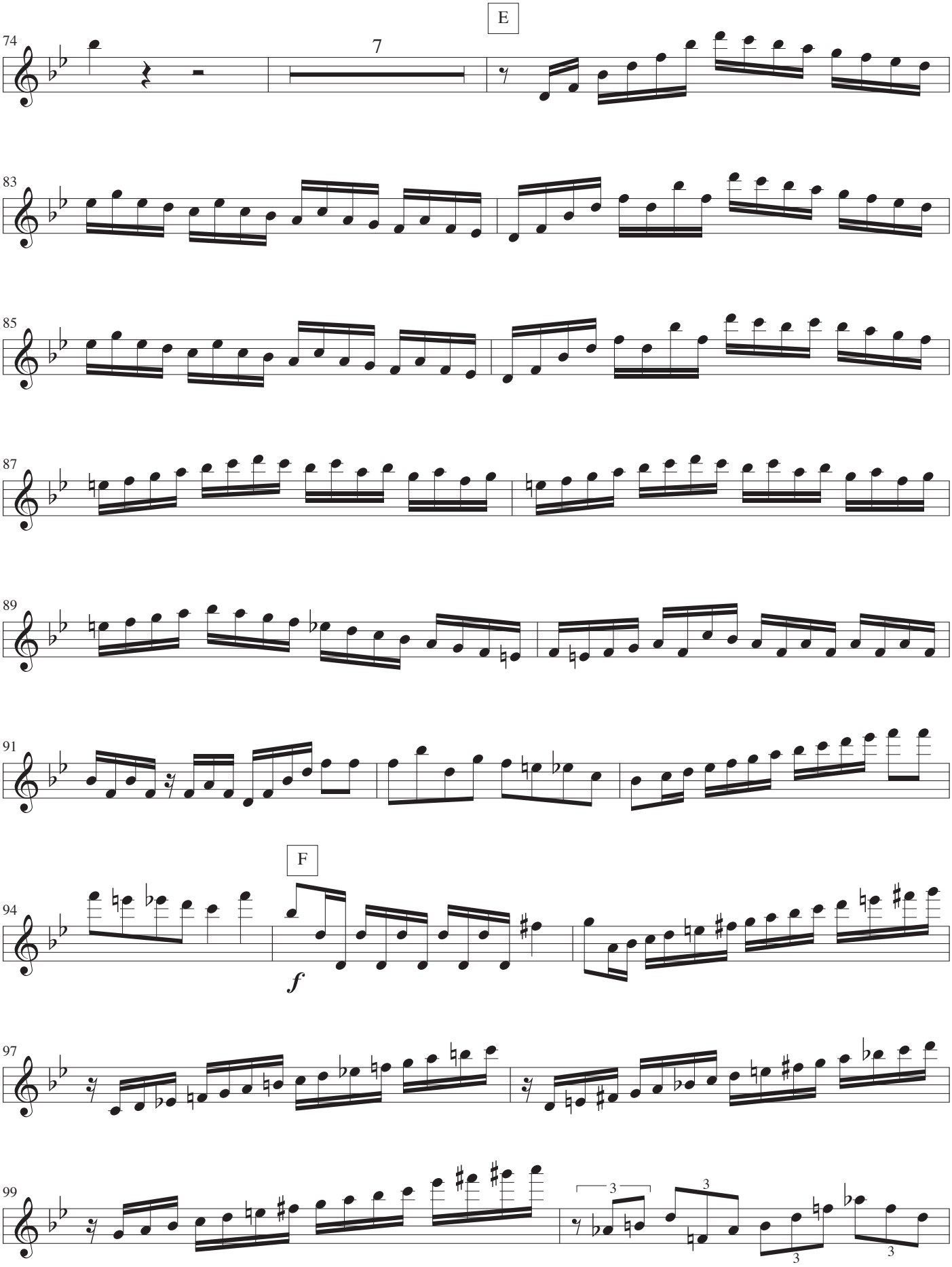
Non temer, amato bene!

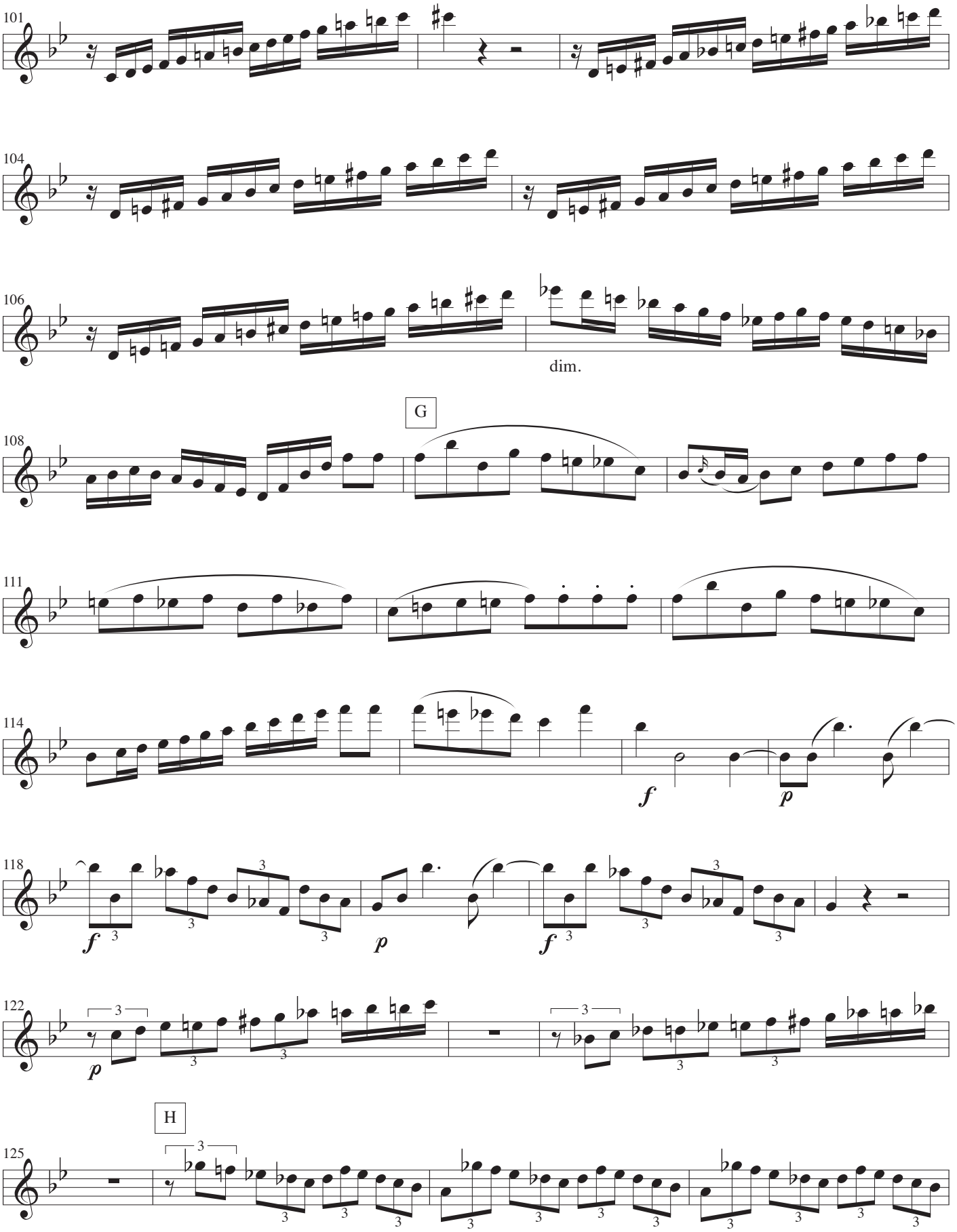
KV 490

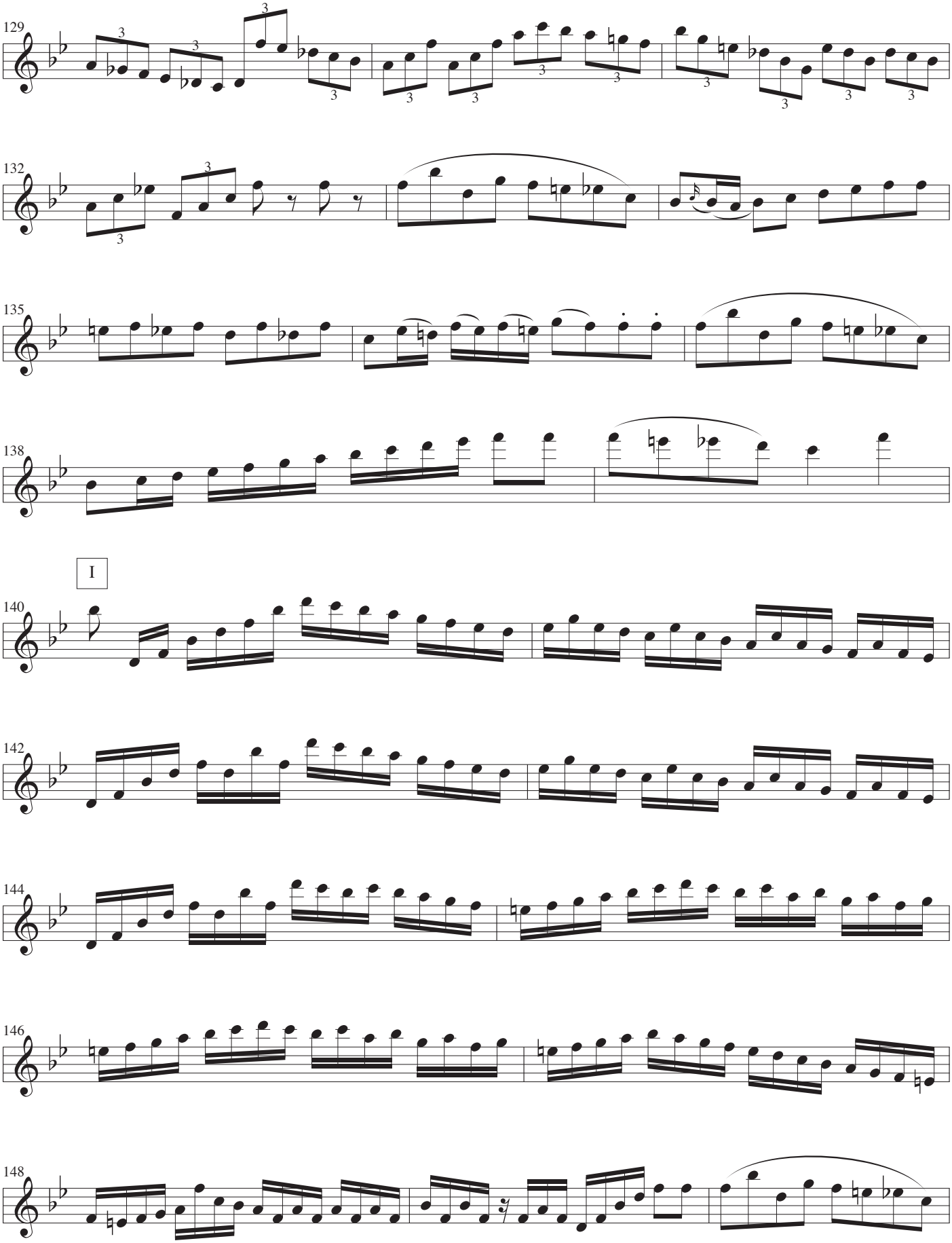
Musica: W.A. Mozart
Poesia: Gianbattista Varesco
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

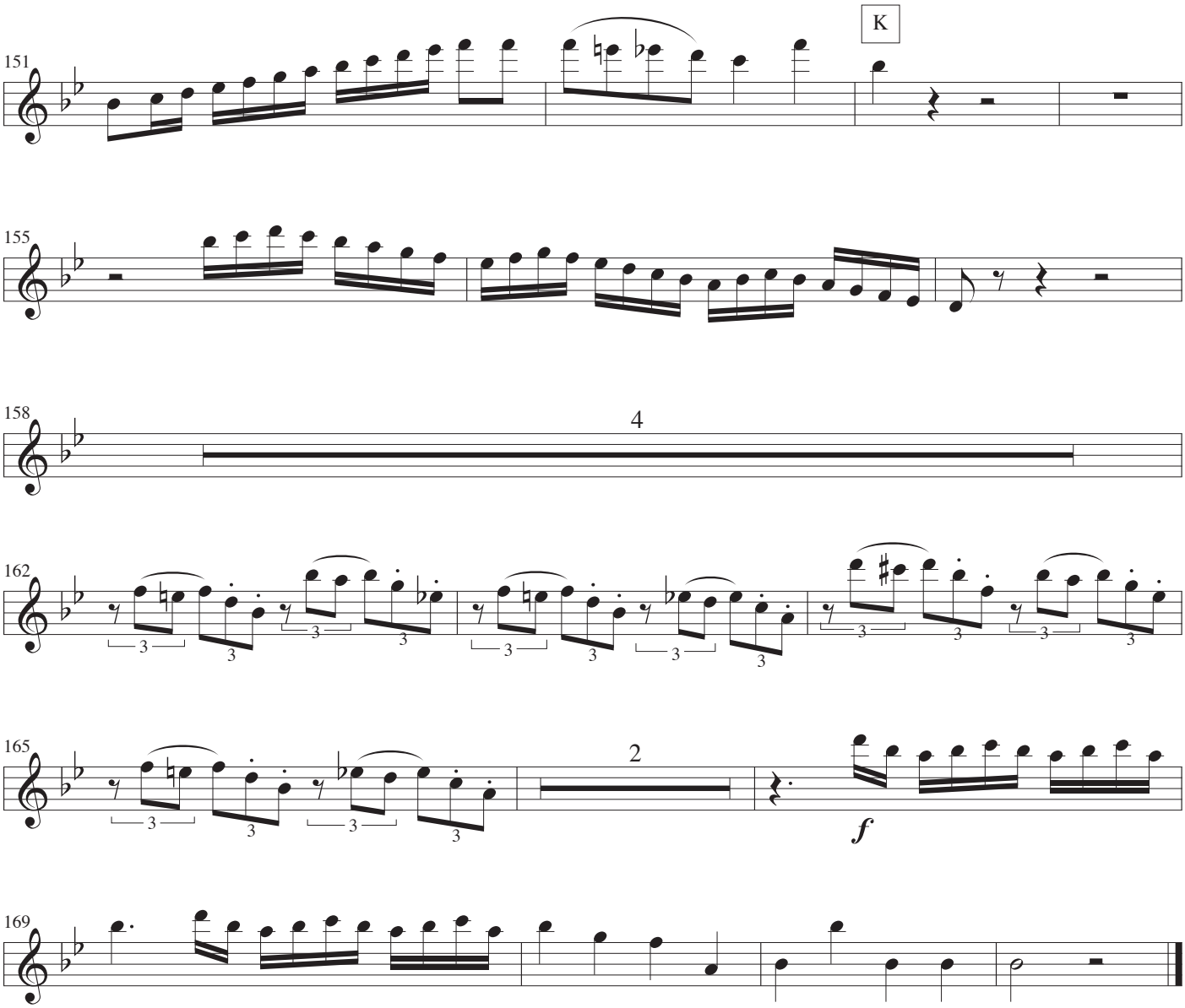



37
f
p
40
cresc.
p
44
46
C
49
5
57
D
f
60
64
f
Allegro moderato
p
68
71


E
74
7
83
85
87
89
91
F
94
f
97
99
3
3
3
3


101
104
106
dim.
G
108
111
114
f
p
118
f
p
f
122
p
H
125


129
132
135
138
I
140
142
144
146
148

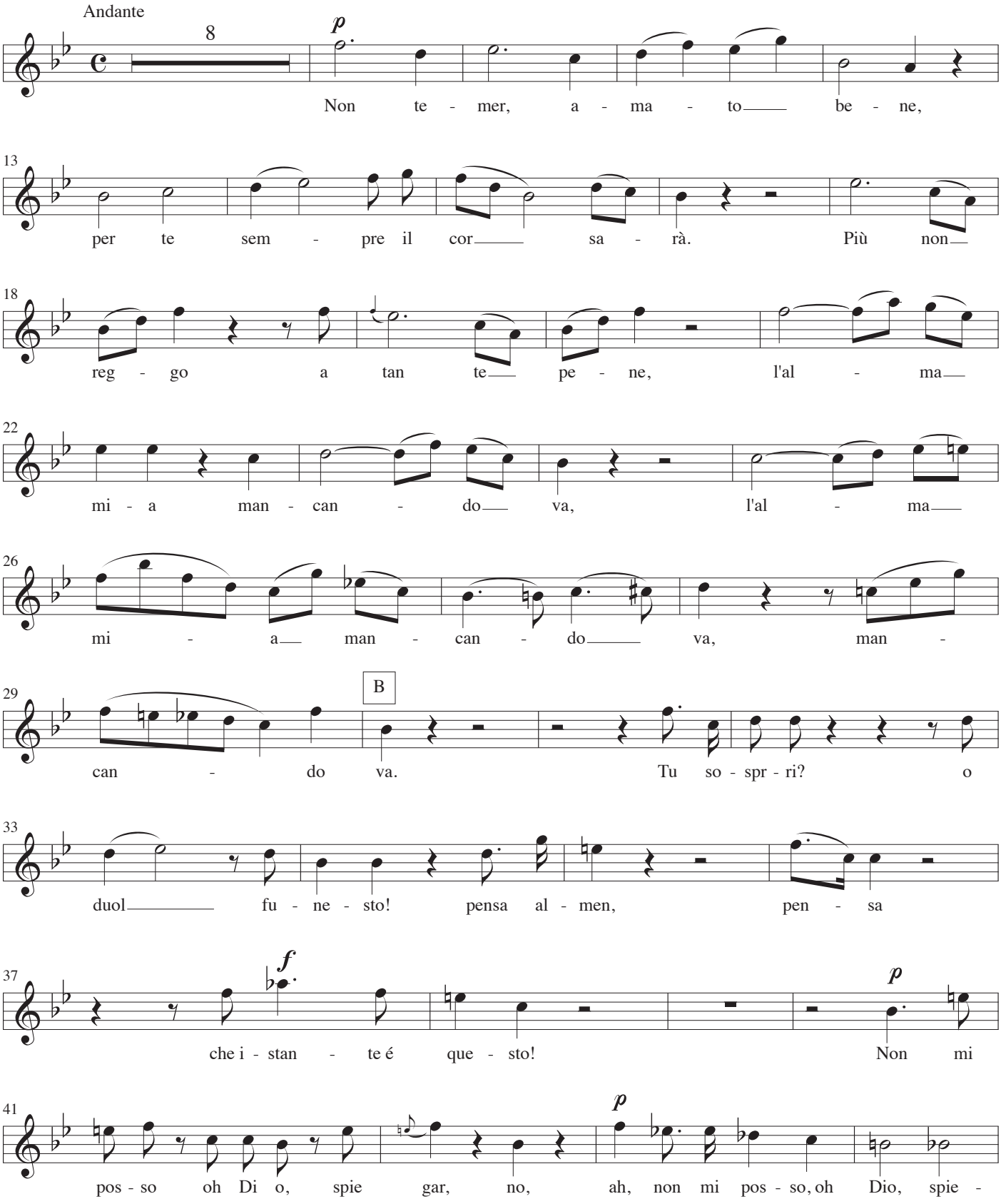

151
K
155
158
4
162
165
2
f
169

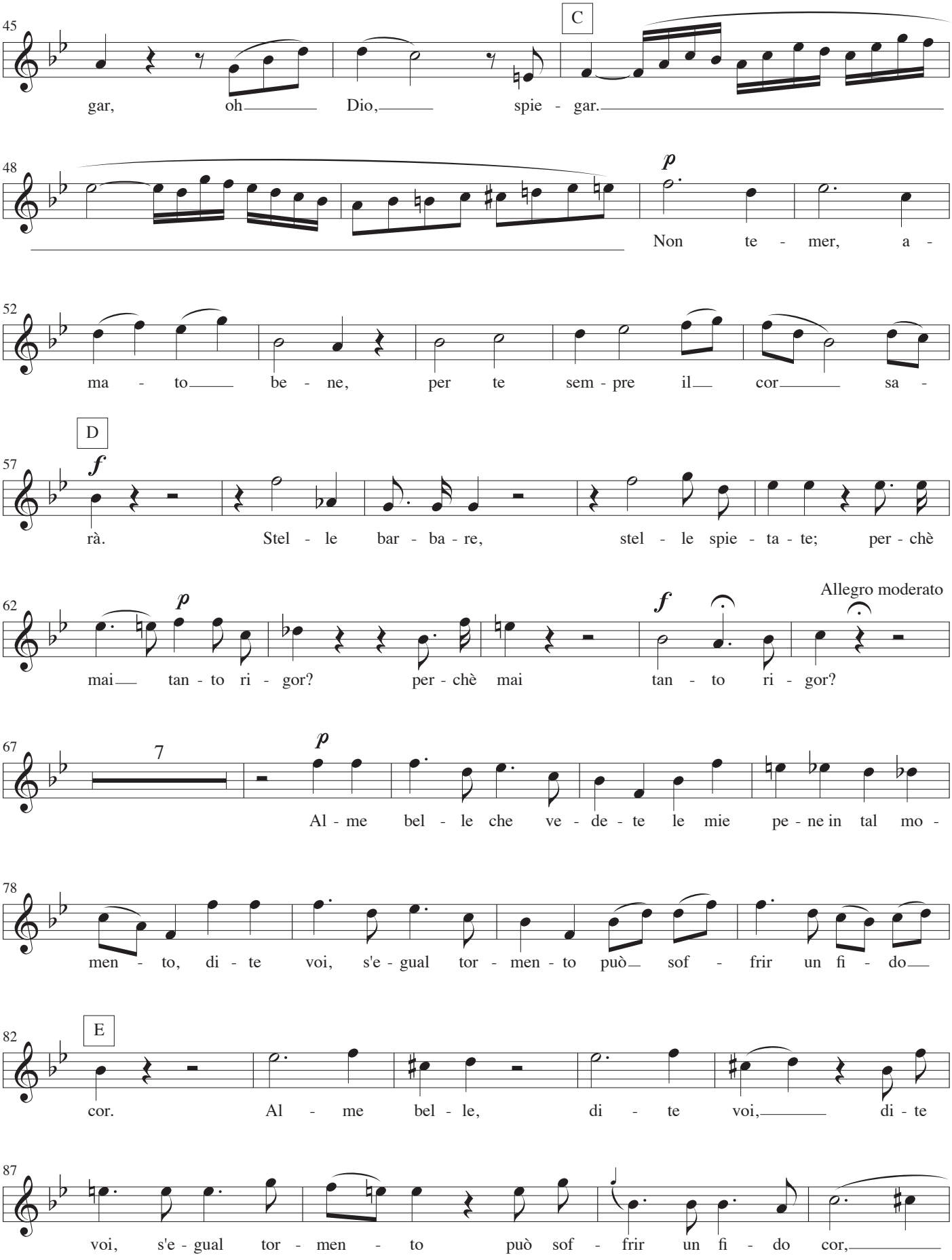
Soprano

Non temer, amato bene!

KV 490

Musica: W.A. Mozart
Poesia: Gianbattista Varesco
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen




45
C
gar, oh Dio, spie - gar.
48
p
Non te - mer, a -
52
ma - to be - ne, per te sem - pre il cor sa -
D
57
f
rà. Stel - le bar - ba - re, stel - le spie - ta - te; per - chè
62
p
f
Allegro moderato
mai tan - to ri - gor? per - chè mai tan - to ri - gor?
67
7
p
Al - me bel - le che ve - de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo -
78
men - to, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do
82
E
cor. Al - me bel - le, di - te voi, di - te
87
voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do cor,

91

di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof -

F

94

f

fri - re un fi - do cor. Stel - le bar - ba - re, stel - le spie-

99

ta - te per - chè mai tan - to ri - gor, per - chè mai tan - to ri -

103

dim.

gor? per - chè, per - chè? Al - me

G

109

bel - le che - ve - de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo - men - to, di - te

113

f

voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do cor.

117

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

Non te - mer, a - ma - to be - ne, per te

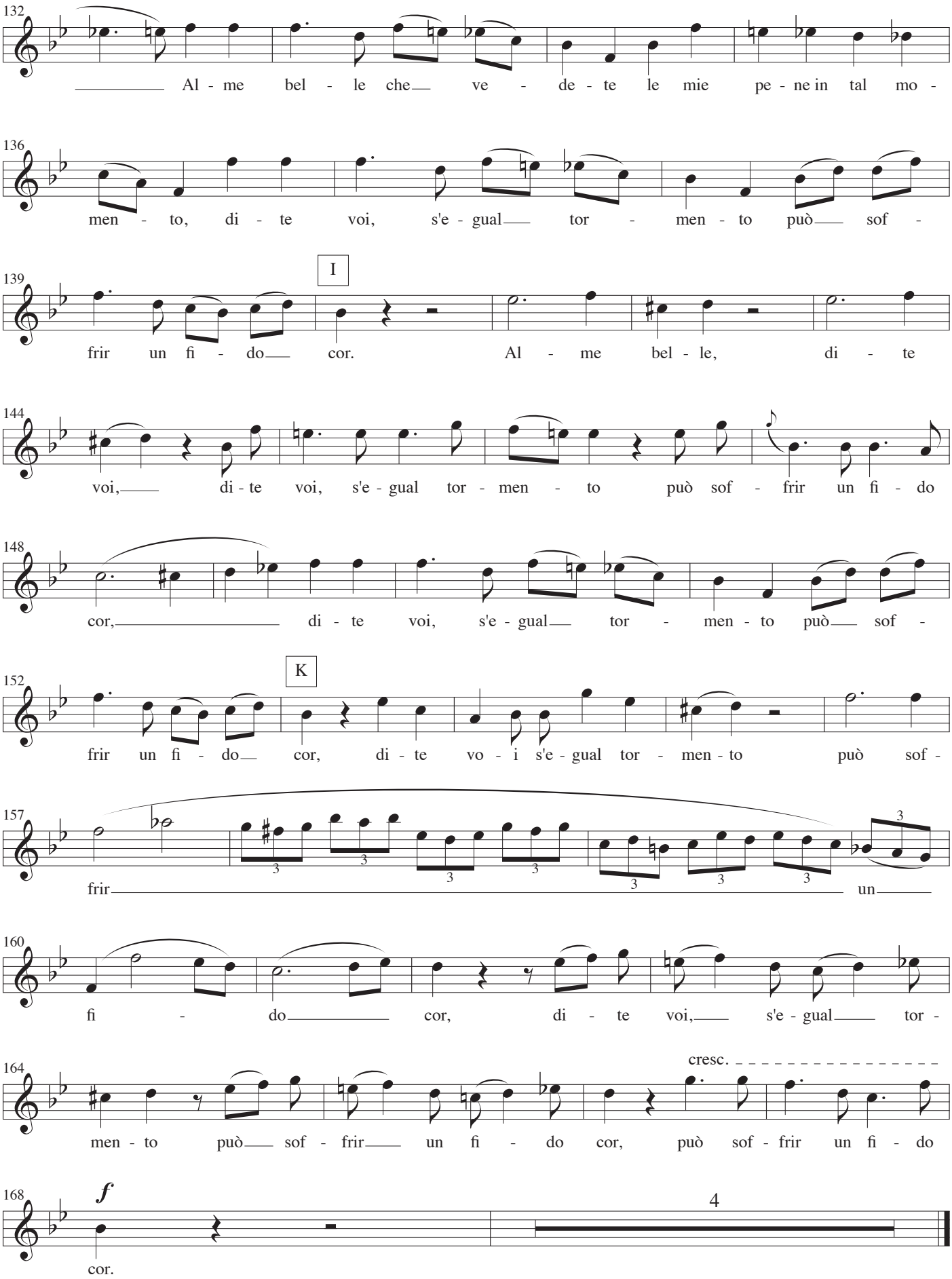
122

sem - pre il cor sa - rà, per te sem - pre il cor sa -

H

126

rà, per te sem - pre il cor sa - rà!

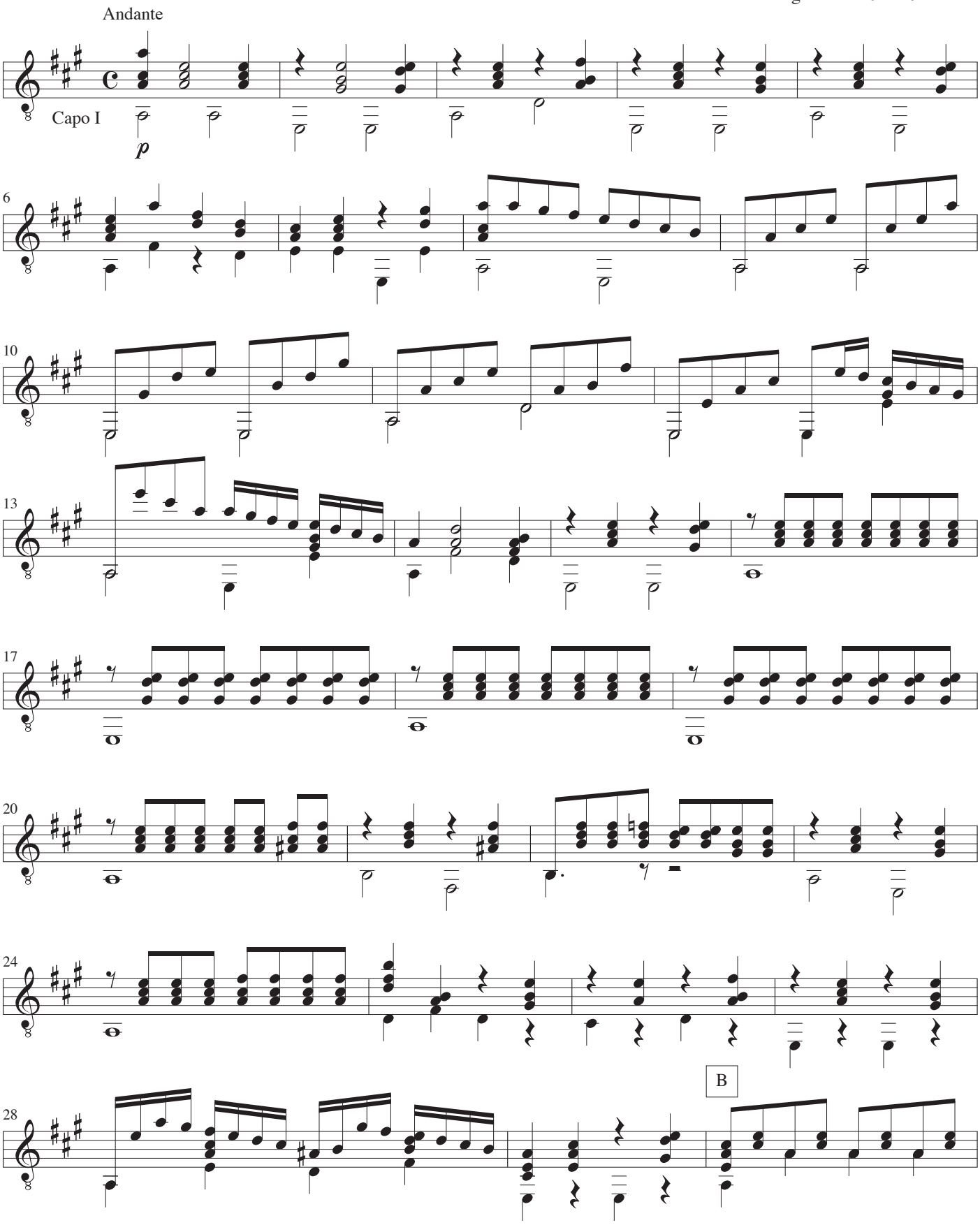

132
Al - me bel - le che ve - de - te le mie pe - ne in tal mo -
136
men - to, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof -
139
I
frir un fi - do cor. Al - me bel - le, di - te
144
voi, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof - frir un fi - do
148
cor, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof -
152
K
frir un fi - do cor, di - te vo - i s'e - gual tor - men - to può sof -
157
frir un
160
fi - do cor, di - te voi, s'e - gual tor -
164
cresc.
men - to può sof - frir un fi - do cor, può sof - frir un fi - do
168
f
cor.
4

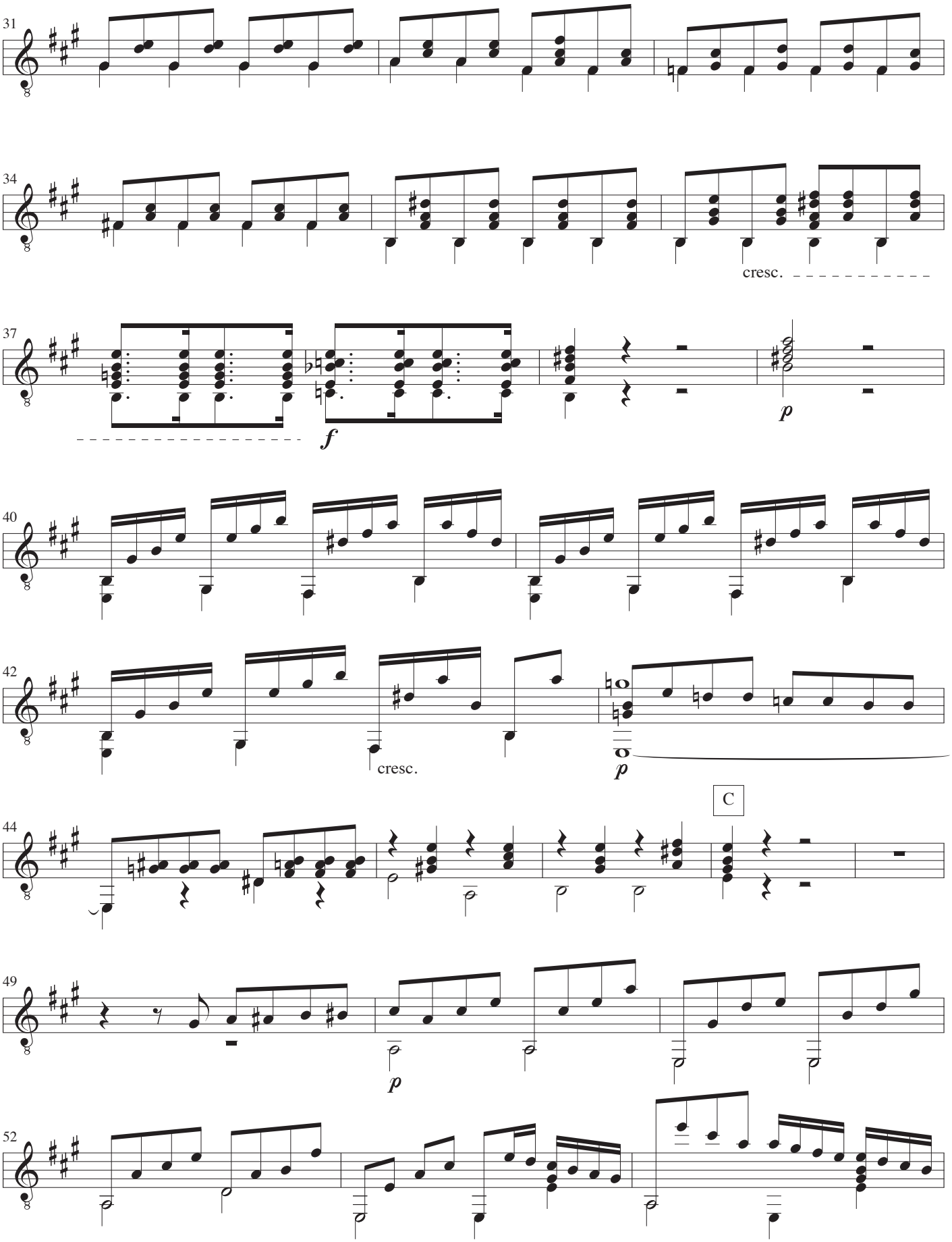
Chitarra

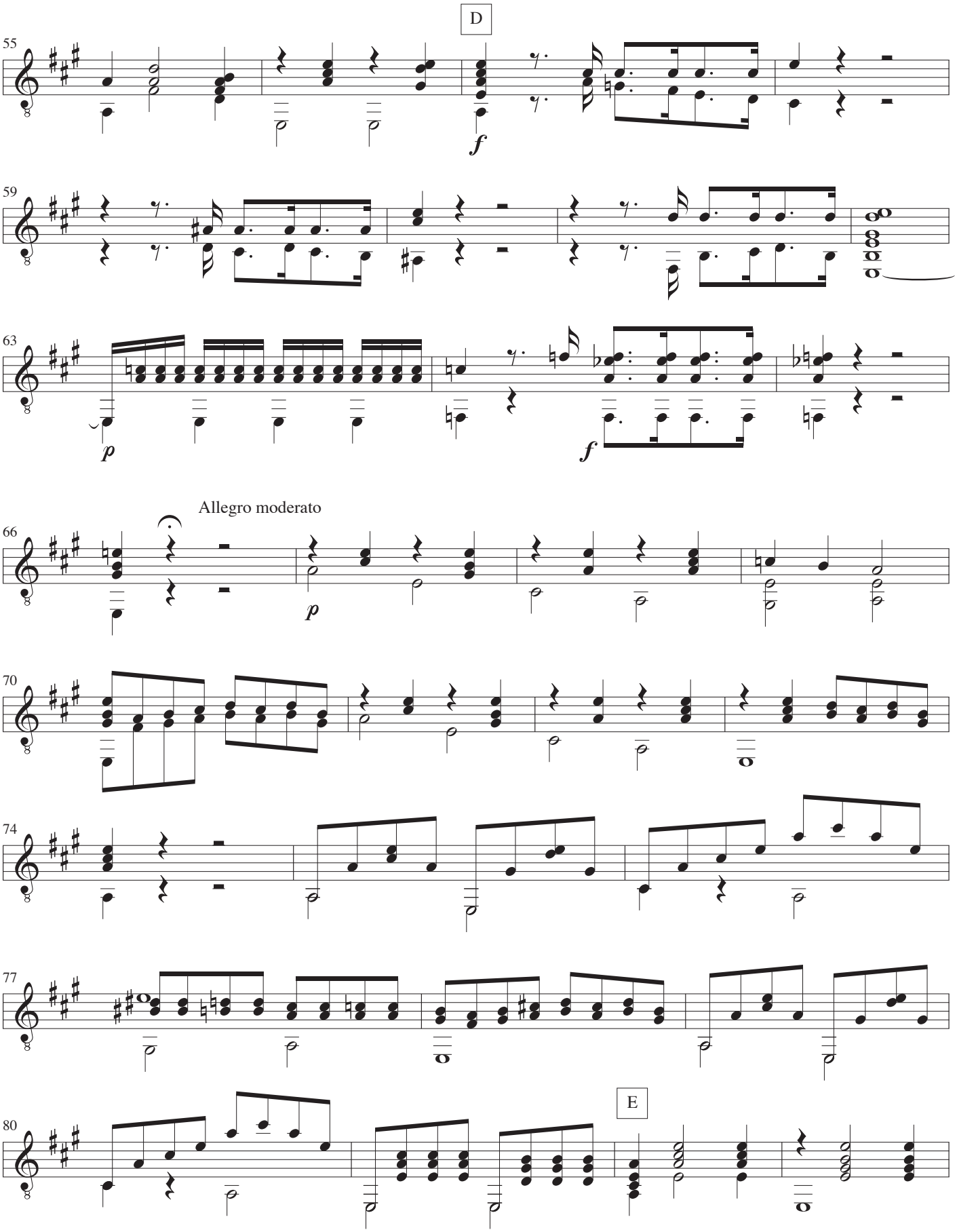
Non temer, amato bene!

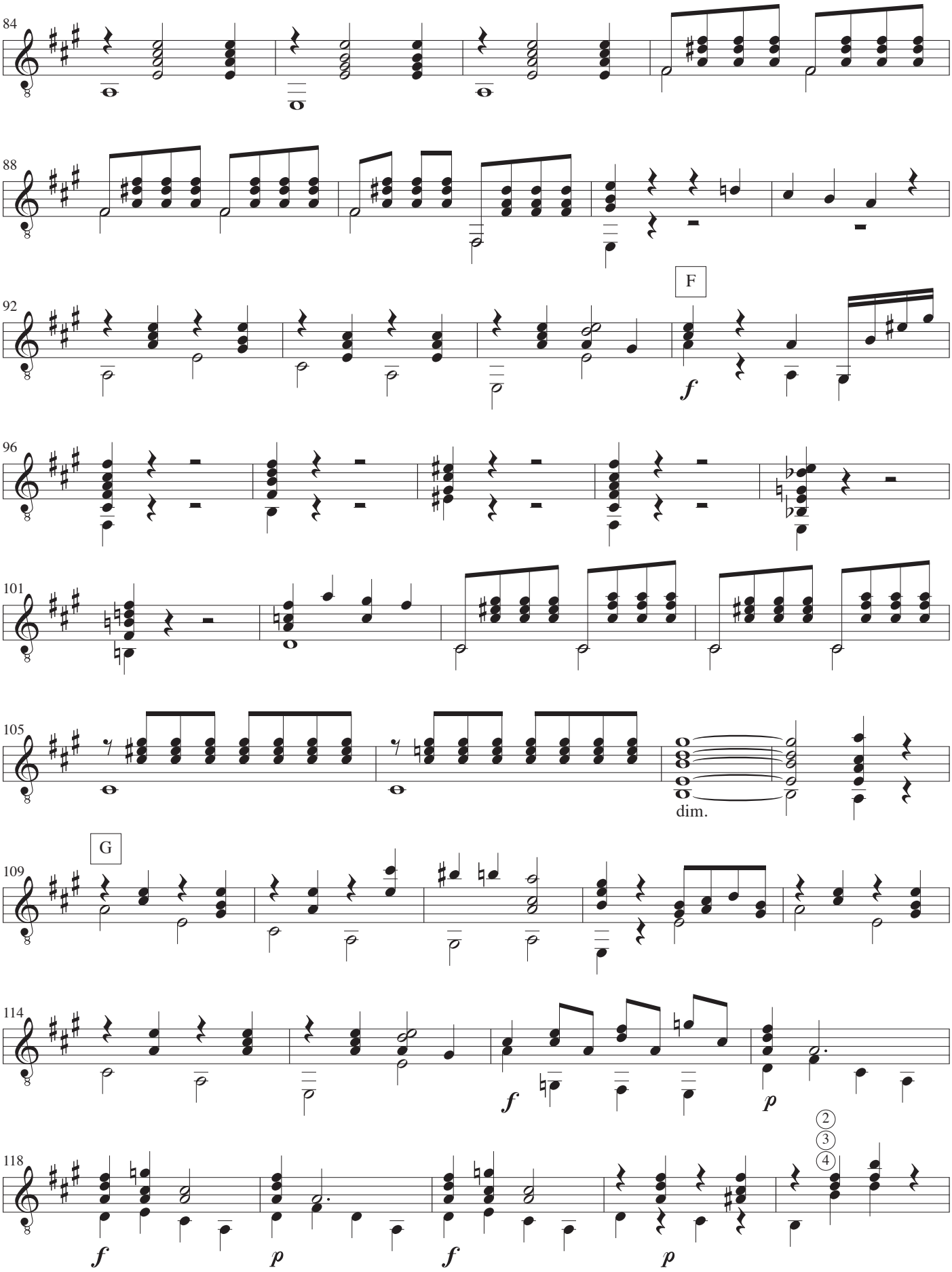
KV 490

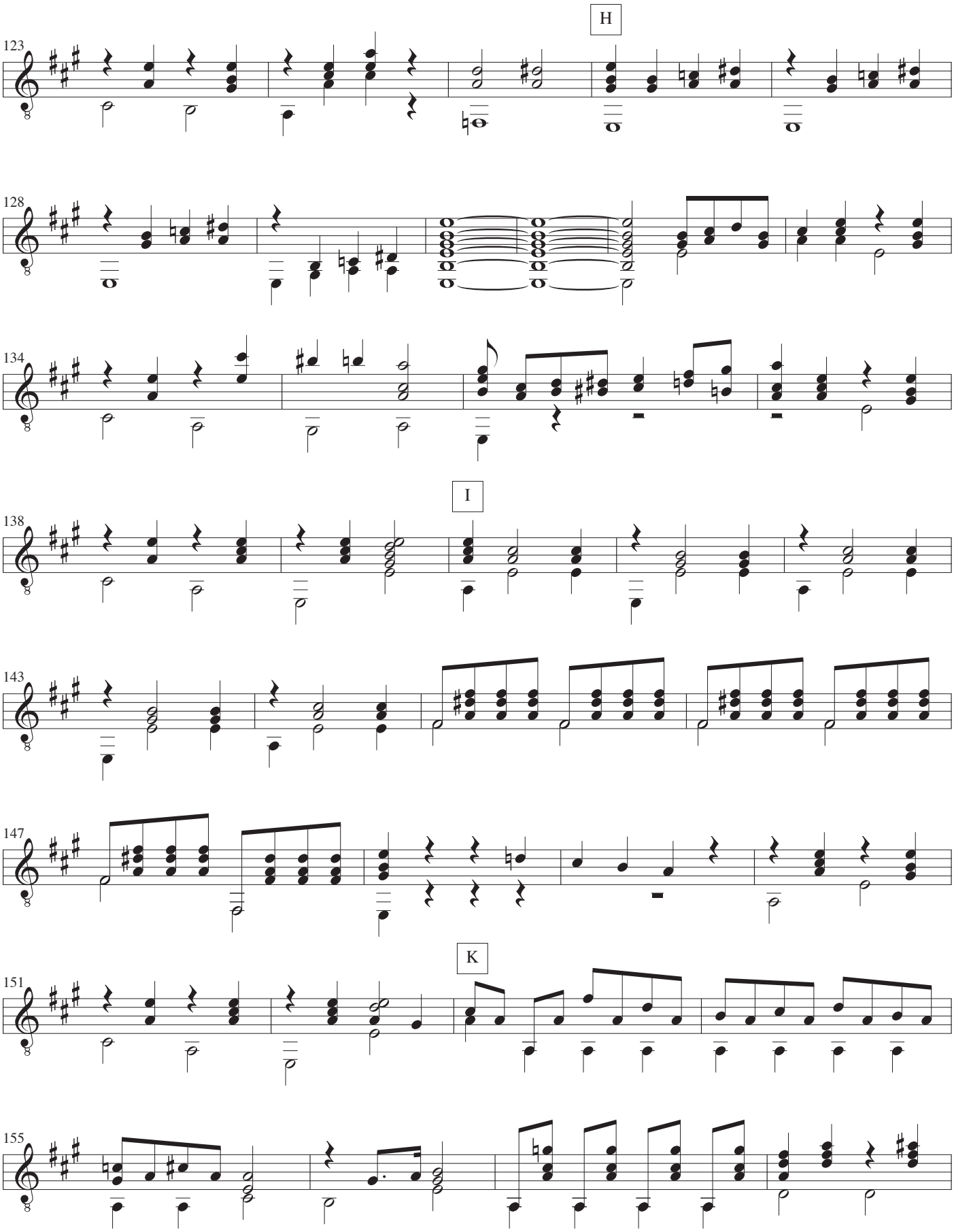
Musica: W.A. Mozart
Poesia: Gianbattista Varesco
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

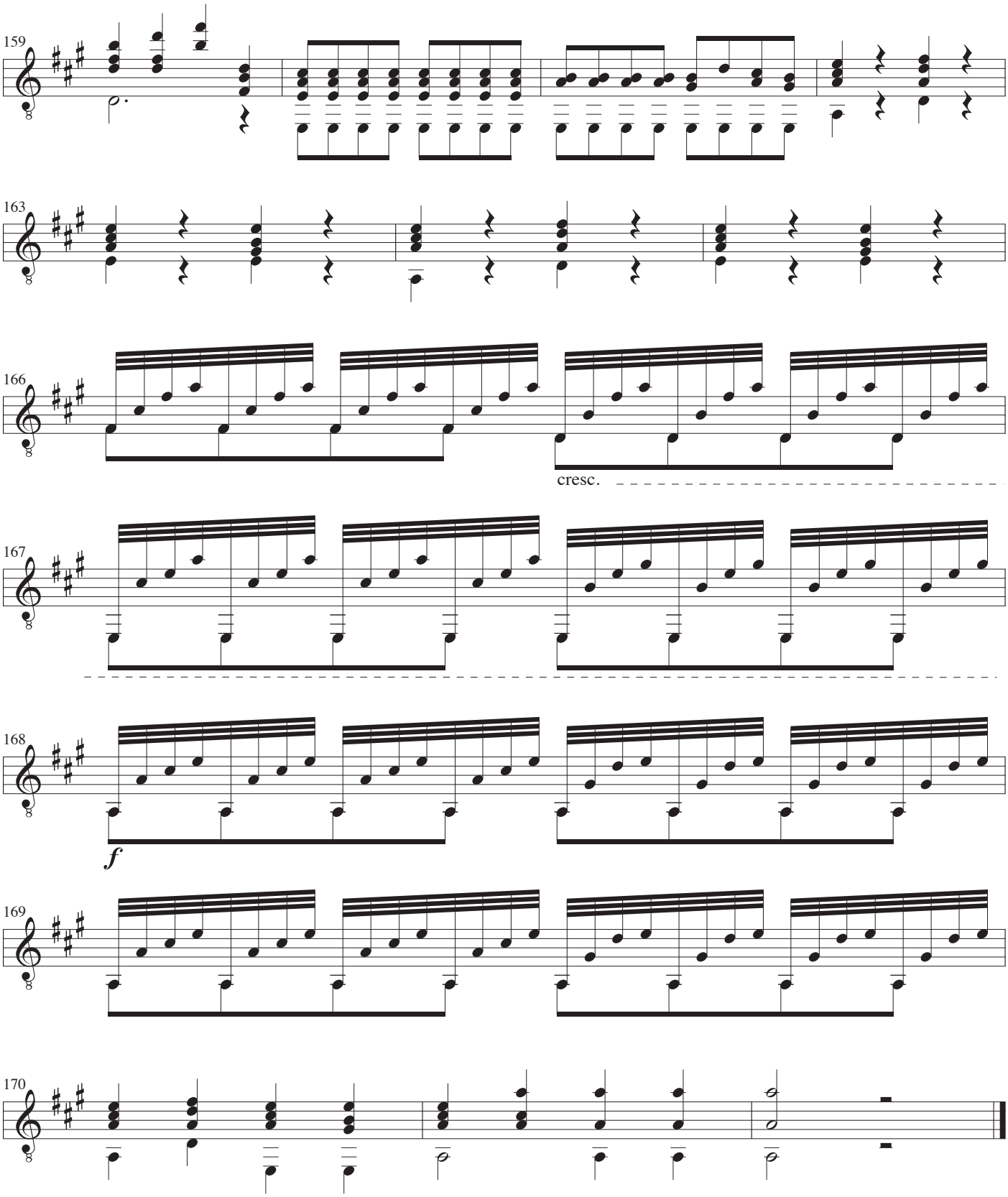



31
34
cresc.
37
f
p
40
42
cresc.
p
C
44
49
p
52


D
55
f
59
63
p
f
Allegro moderato
66
p
70
74
77
80
E


84
88
92
F
f
96
101
105
dim.
G
109
114
f
p
118
f
p
f
p
2
3
4

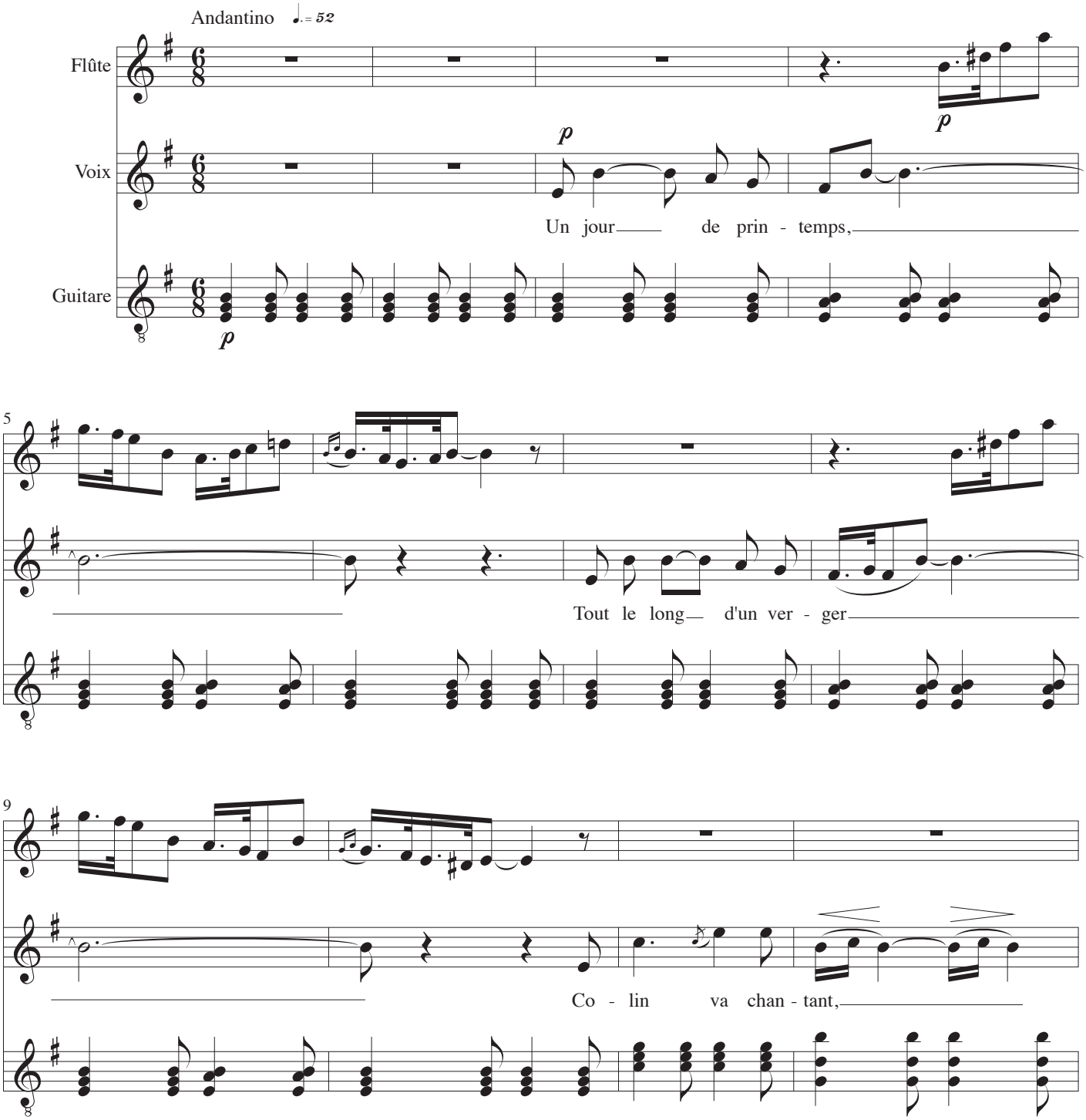

H
123
128
134
I
138
143
147
K
151
155


159
163
166
cresc.
167
168
f
169
170

á Madame Ernest Bertrand

Pastorale

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Jean-François Regnard
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



13

Pour ses maux sou - la - ger: "Ma ber - gère, ma ber - gère,

pp

16

tra la la la la la la la la Ma ber - gère, ma ber - gère,

18

espress. Poco rit.

tra la la la la la la la la Lais - se - moi, lais - se - moi prendre un ten - dre bai - ser

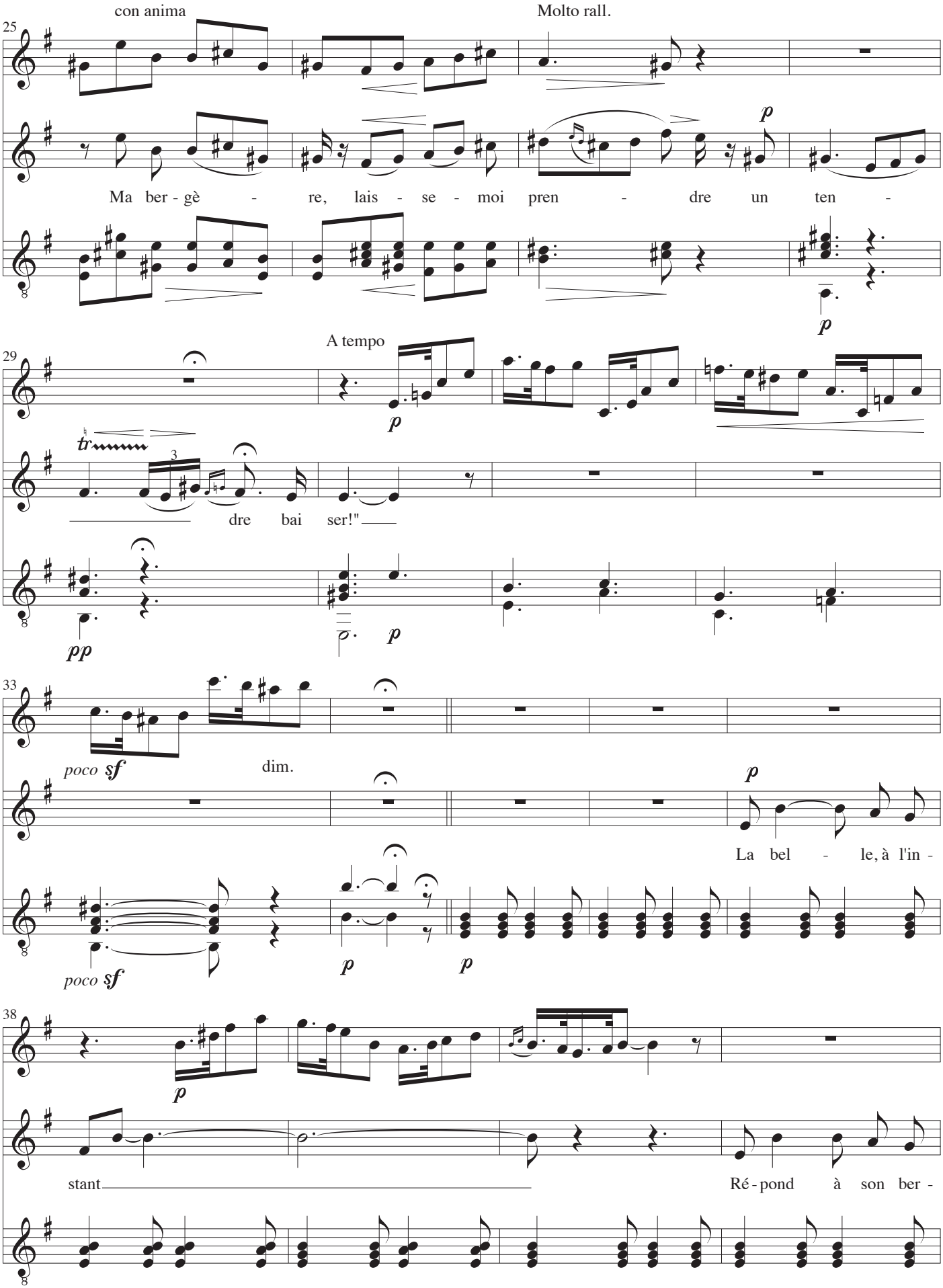
poco sf *p*

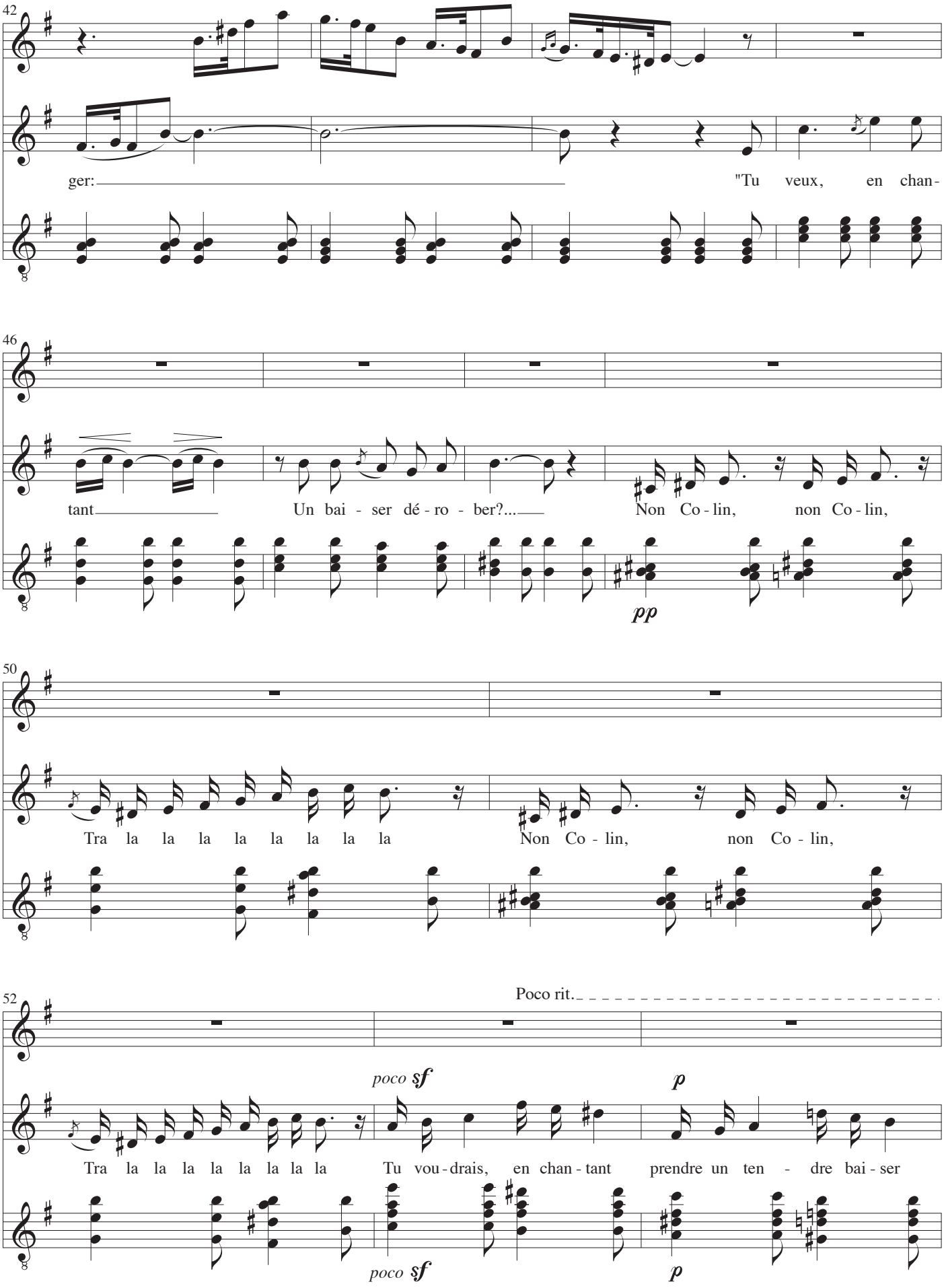
21

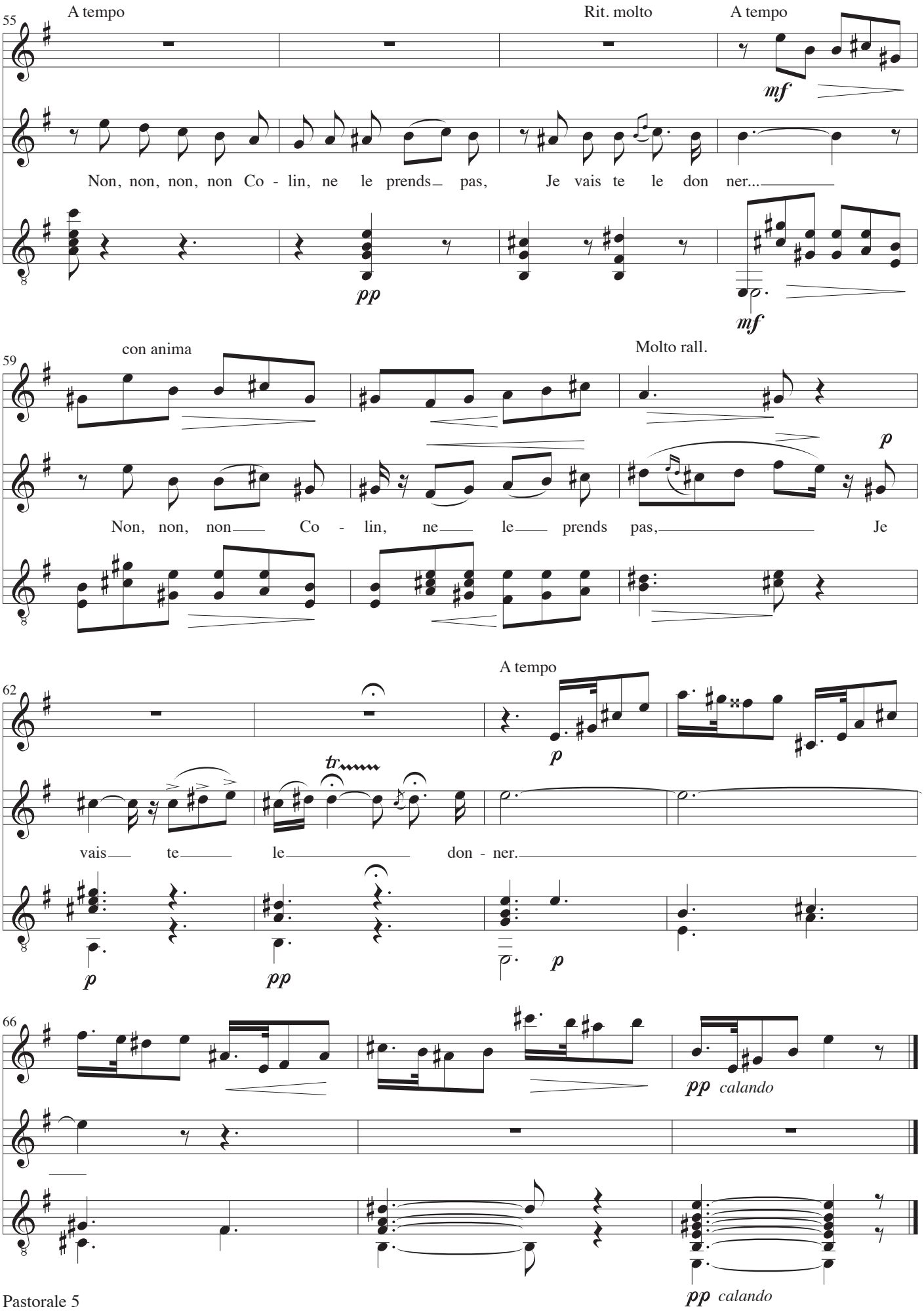
A tempo Rit. molto A tempo

Oh! lais - se - moi, ma ber - gè - re, prendre un ten - dre bai - ser.

pp *mf*


25
con anima
Molto rall.
Ma ber - gè - re, lais - se - moi pren - dre un ten -
29
A tempo
dre bai ser!"
33
poco sf
dim.
La bel - le, à l'in -
38
stant
Ré - pond à son ber -


42
ger:
"Tu veux, en chan-
46
tant
Un bai - ser dé - ro - ber?...
Non Co - lin, non Co - lin,
pp
50
Tra la la la la la la la la
Non Co - lin, non Co - lin,
52
Poco rit.
poco sf
p
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tu vou - drais, en chan - tant prendre un ten - dre bai - ser
poco sf
p

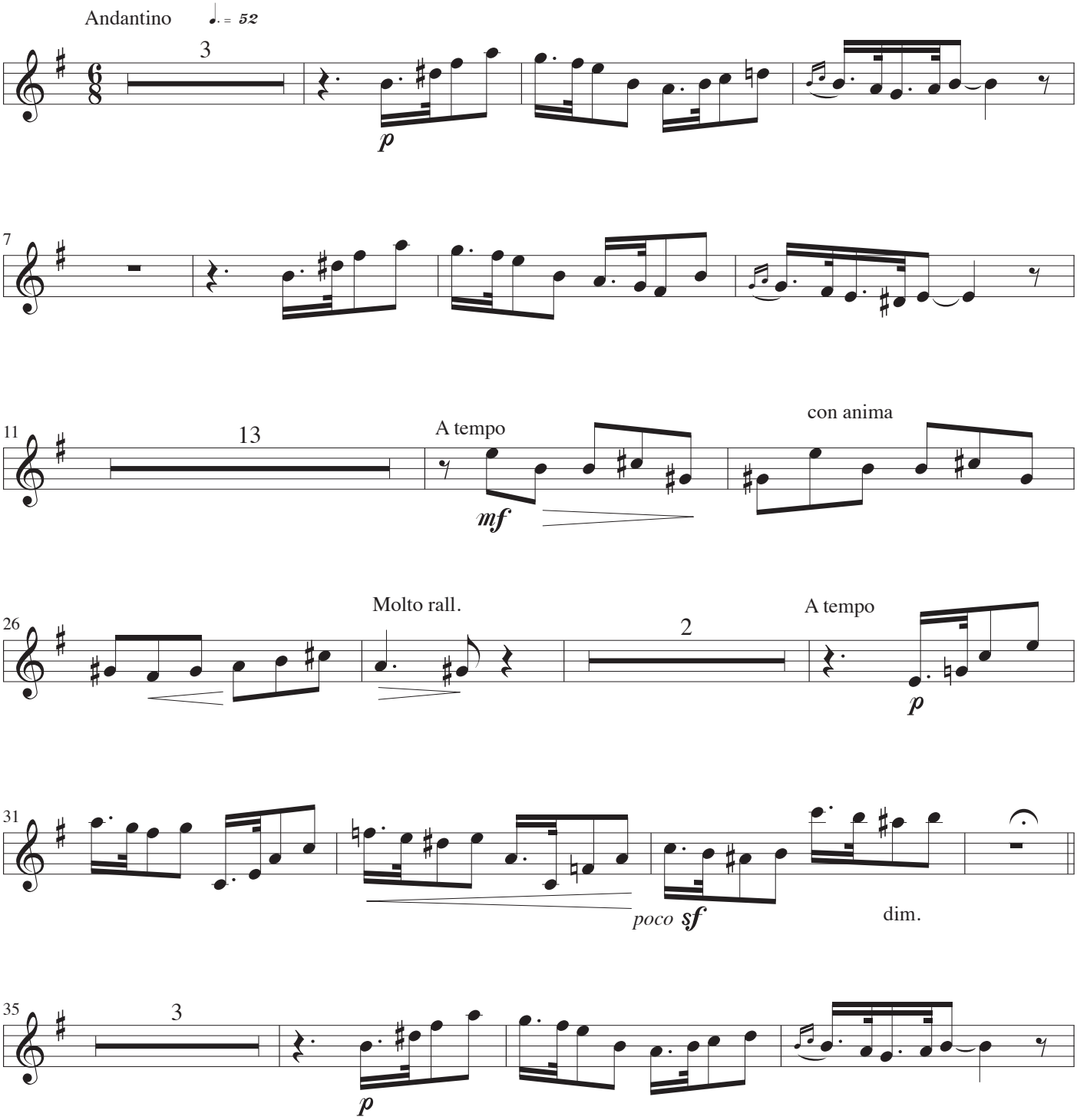

55
A tempo
Rit. molto
A tempo
mf
Non, non, non, non Co - lin, ne le prends pas, Je vais te le don ner...
pp
mf
59
con anima
Molto rall.
p
Non, non, non Co - lin, ne le prends pas, Je
62
A tempo
p
tr
vais te le don - ner.
p
pp
p
66
pp calando
pp calando

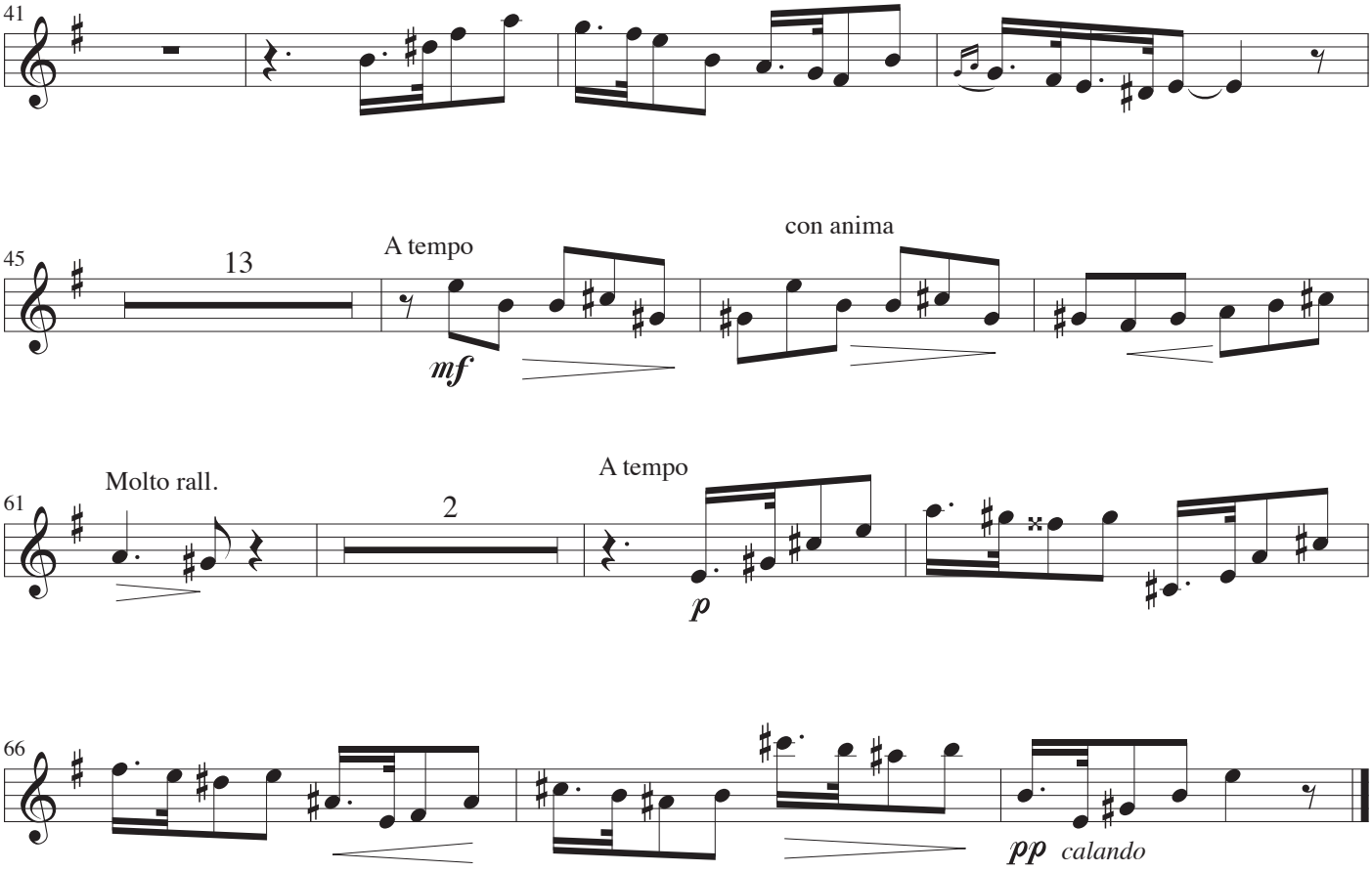
Flûte

á Madame Ernest Bertrand

Pastorale

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Jean-François Regnard
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



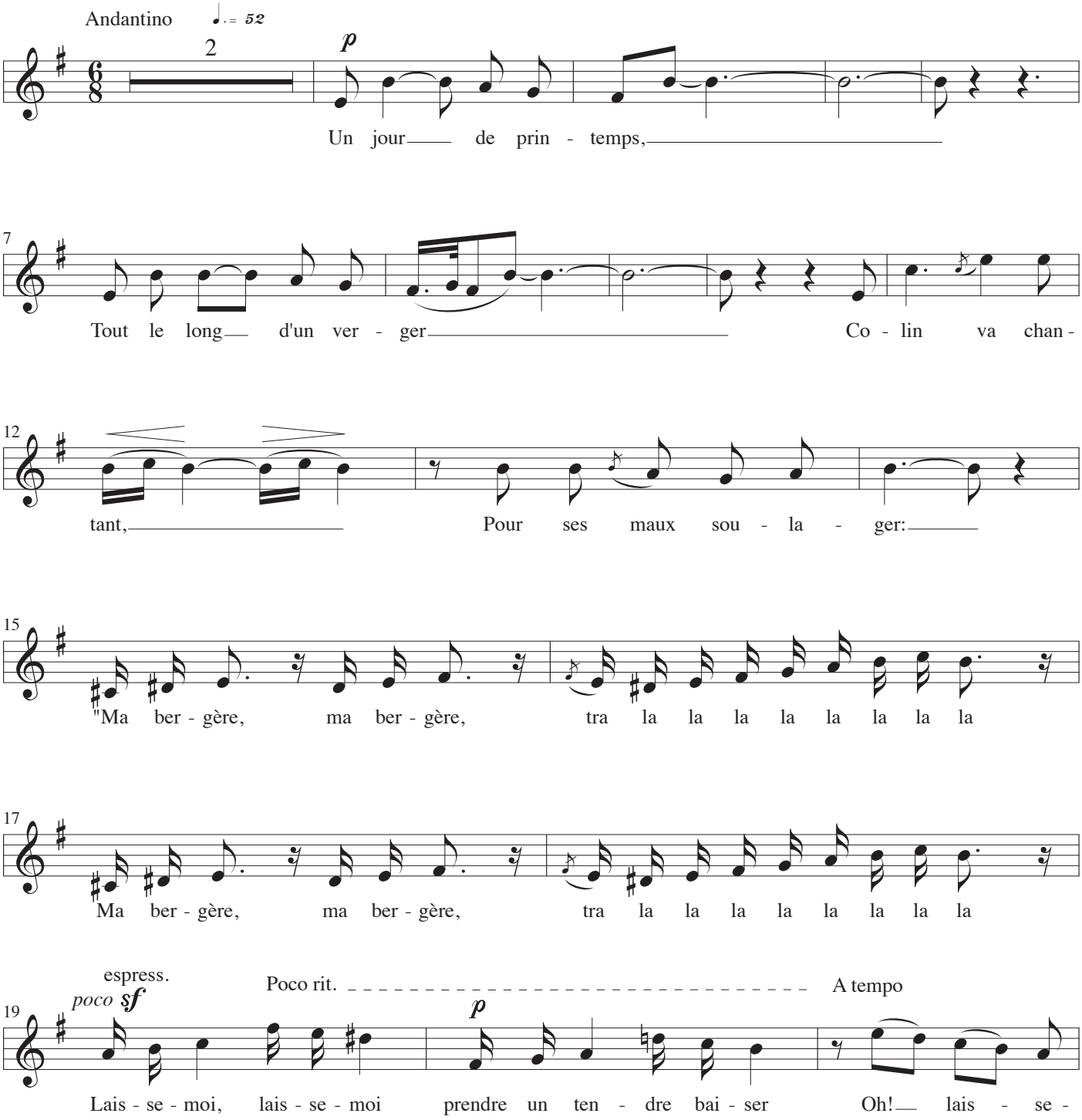

41
45
13
A tempo
mf
con anima
61
Molto rall.
2
A tempo
p
66
pp
calando

Voix

á Madame Ernest Bertrand

Pastorale

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Jean-François Regnard
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



22

Rit. molto

A tempo

moi, ma ber - gè - re, prendre un ten - dre bai - ser.

25

con anima

Molto rall.

p

Ma ber - gè - re, lais - se - moi pren - dre un

28

tr

3

A tempo

4

ten - dre bai ser!"

35

2

p

La bel - le, à l'in - stant

41

Ré - pond à son ber - ger: "Tu veux, en chan -

46

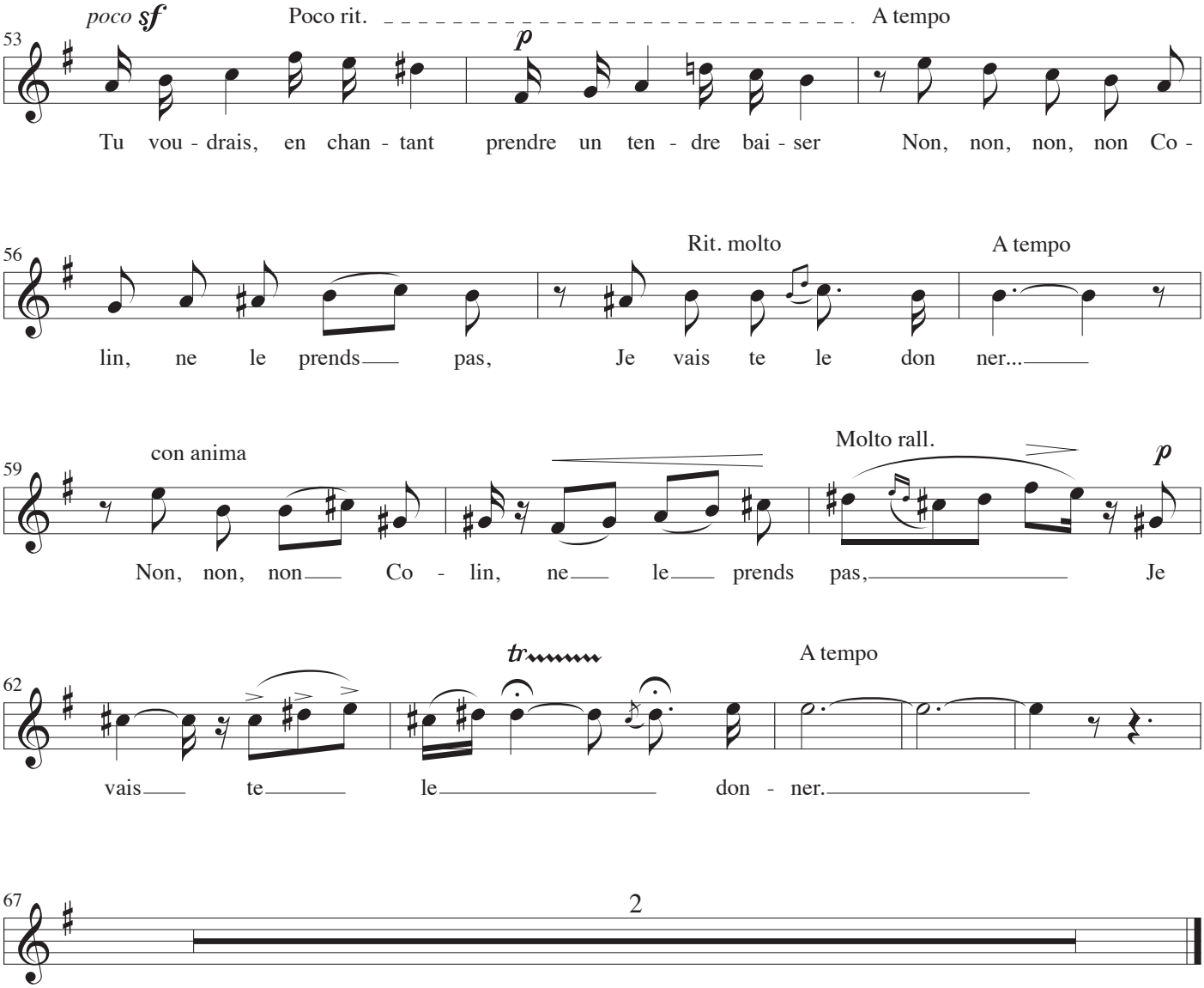
tant Un bai - ser dé - ro - ber?...

49

Non Co - lin, non Co - lin, Tra la la la la la la la la

51

Non Co - lin, non Co - lin, Tra la la la la la la la la

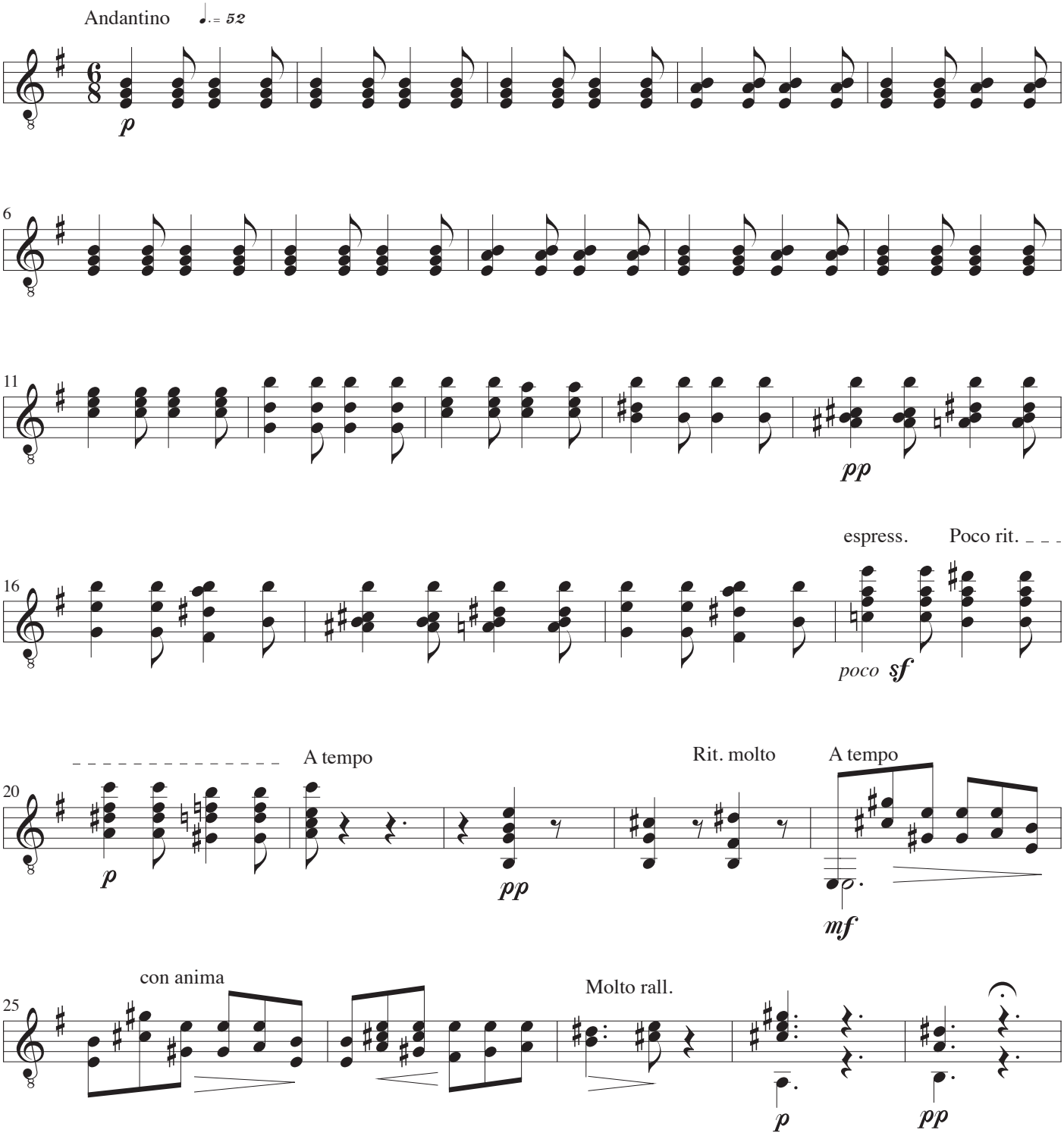

53
poco sf
Poco rit.
p
A tempo
Tu vou - drais, en chan - tant prendre un ten - dre bai - ser Non, non, non, non Co -
56
Rit. molto
A tempo
lin, ne le prends pas, Je vais te le don ner...
59
con anima
Molto rall.
p
Non, non, non Co - lin, ne le prends pas, Je
62
tr
A tempo
vais te le don - ner.
67
2

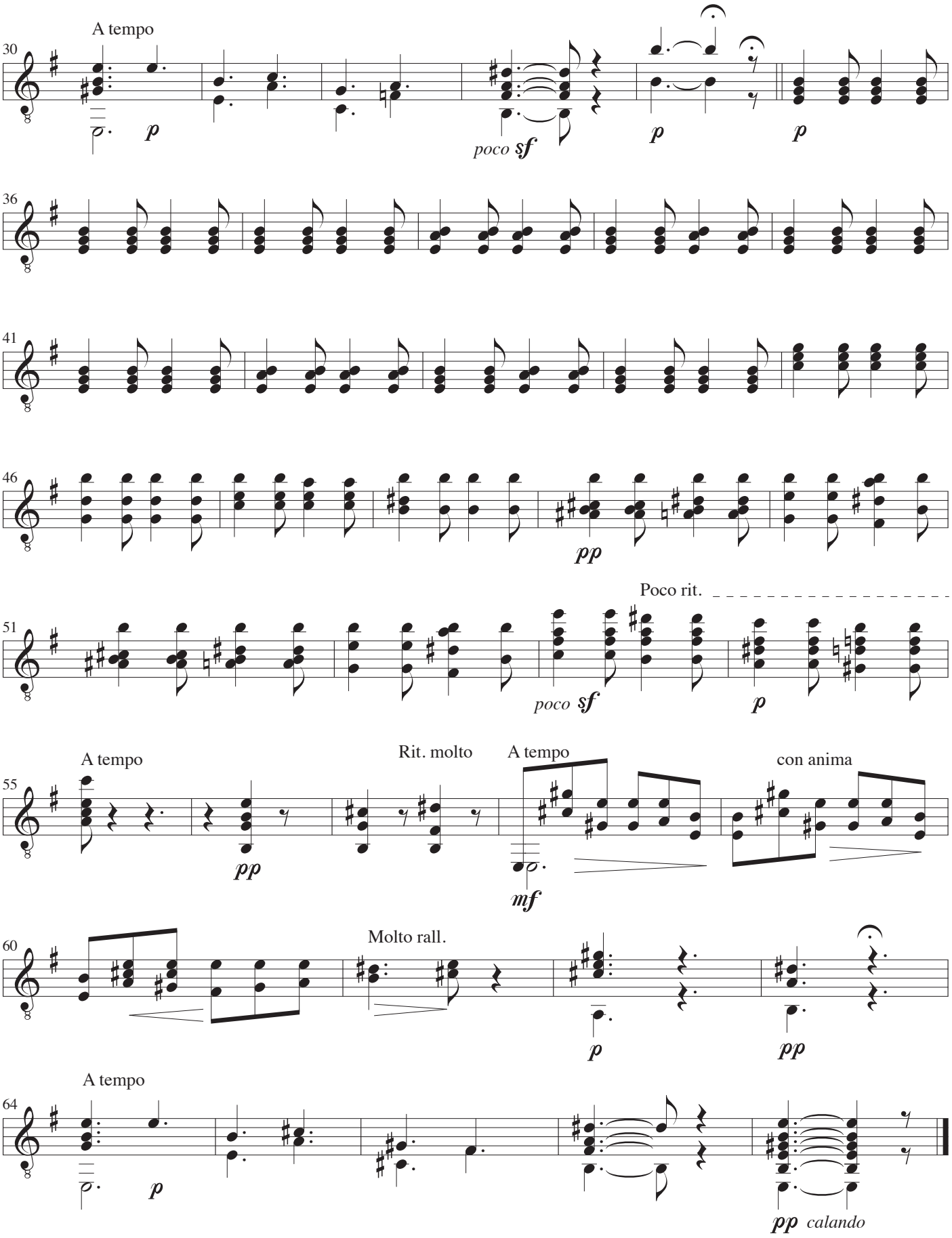
Guitare

á Madame Ernest Bertrand

Pastorale

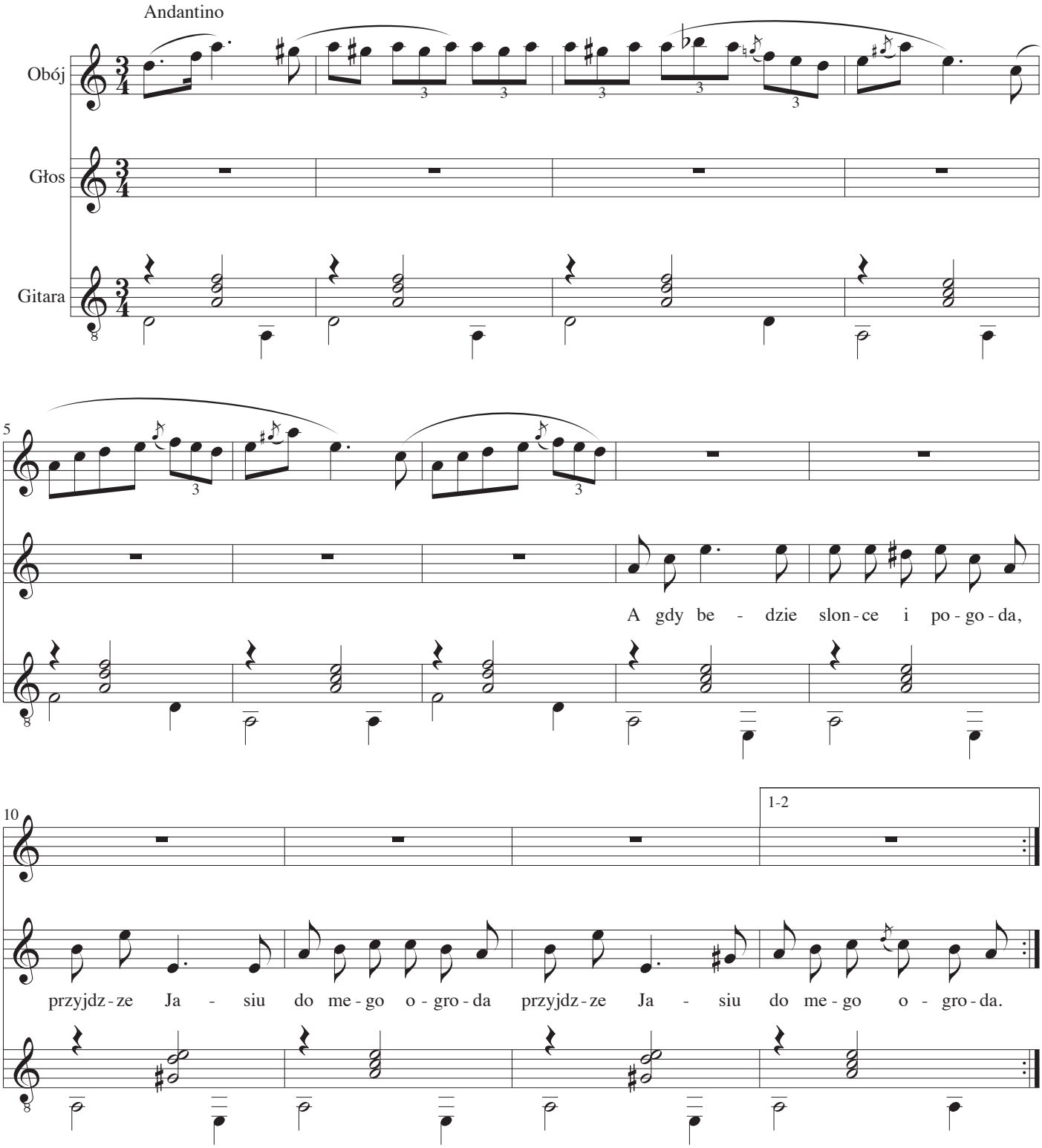
Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Jean-François Regnard
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

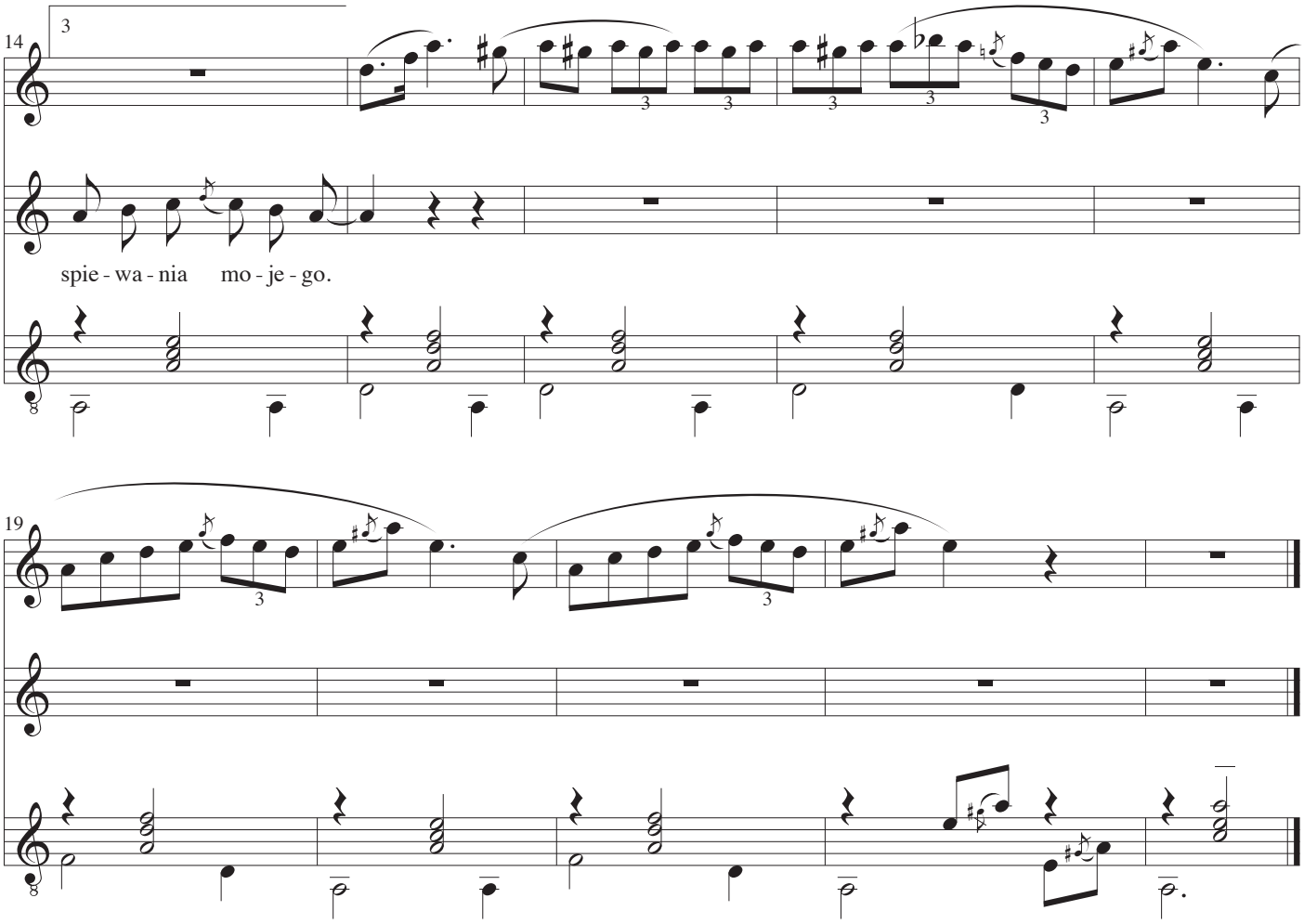



30
A tempo
p
poco sf
p
p
36
41
46
pp
51
Poco rit.
poco sf
p
55
A tempo
pp
Rit. molto
A tempo
mf
con anima
60
Molto rall.
p
pp
64
A tempo
p
pp calando

A gdy bedzie slonce i pogoda

Muzyka: Anonimowy
Słowa: Anonimowy
Aranżacja: John Jacobsen





1
A gdy bedzie slonce i pogoda,
przyjdzze Jasiu do mego ogroda,
przyjdzze Jasiu do mego ogroda.

2
Bedziemy se fijoleczki smykac,
Bedziemy sie ku sobie pomykac,
Bedziemy sie ku sobie pomykac

3
Nawachasz sie ziela kwitnacego
Nasluchasz sie spiewania mojego
Nasluchasz sie spiewania mojego

1
Bei dem heitren Frühlingssonnenscheine,
will mit Hänschen wandeln ich im Haine,
will mit Hänschen wandeln ich im Haine.

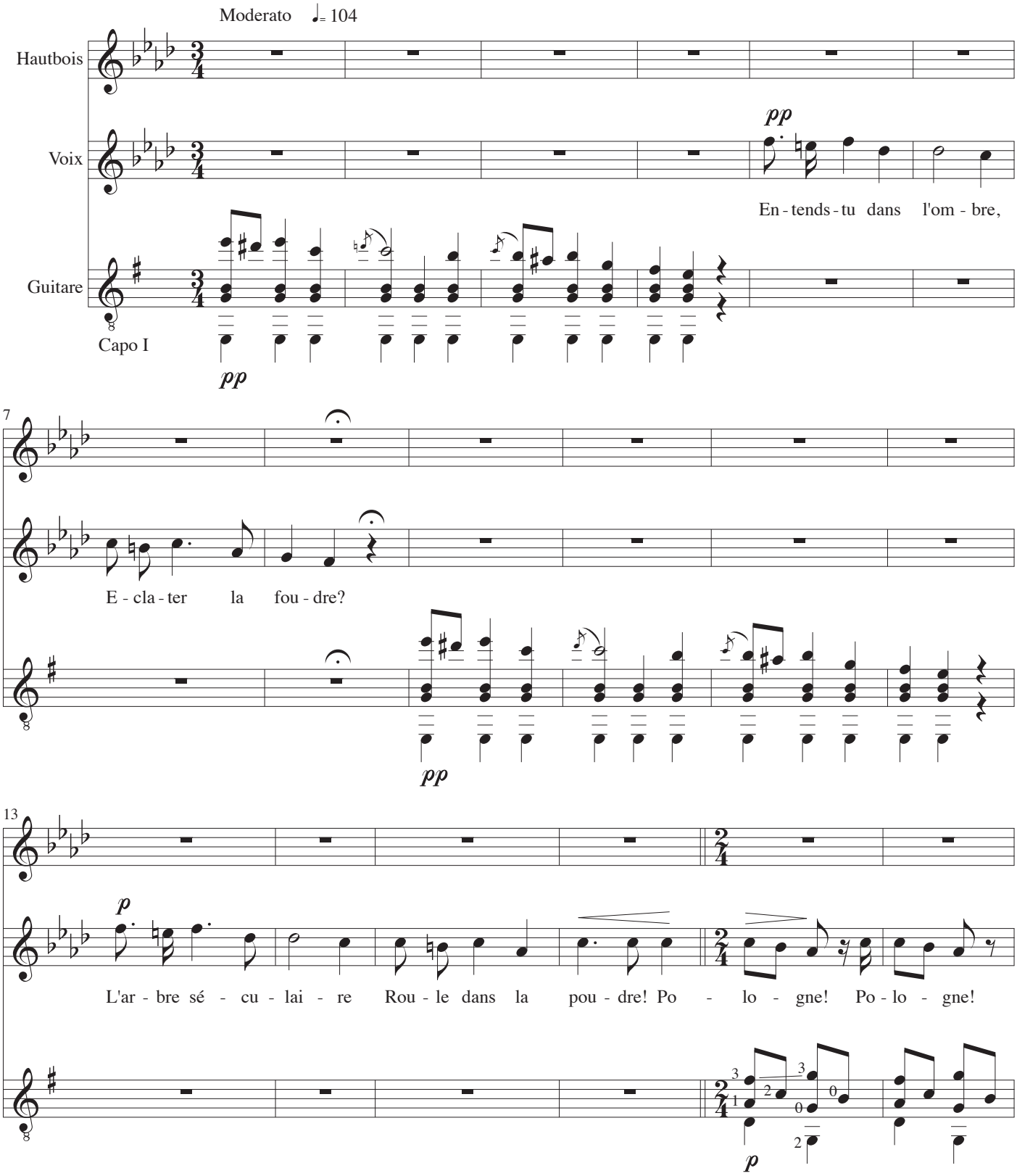
2
Wollen Veilchen dort im Grase pflücken,
Wollen fleißig uns nach Blumen bücken,
Wollen fleißig uns nach Blumen bücken.

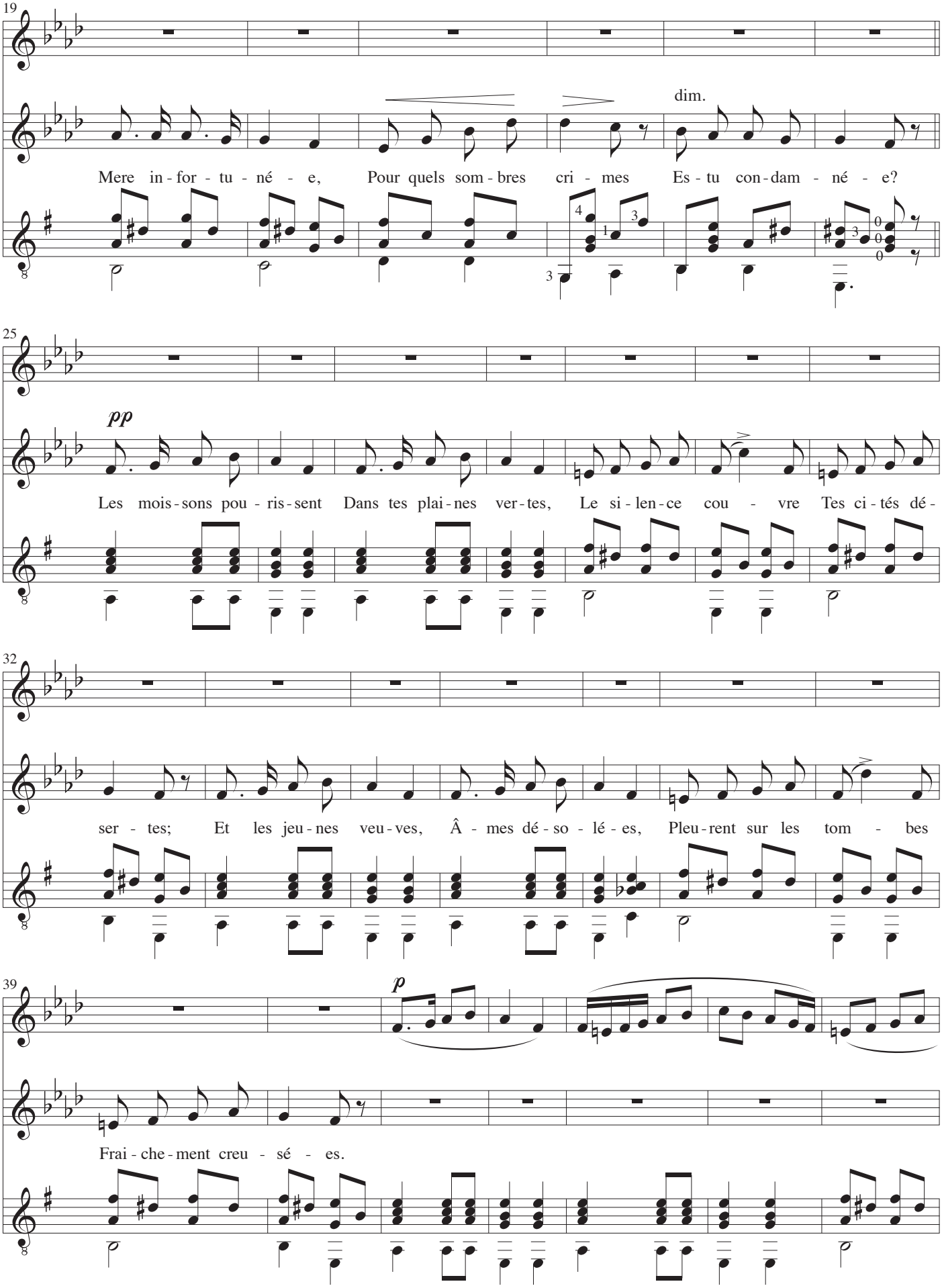
3
Auf dem Rasen tanzen wir und springen,
Lustige Liedchen wollen wir dann singen,
Lustige Liedchen wollen wir dann singen.

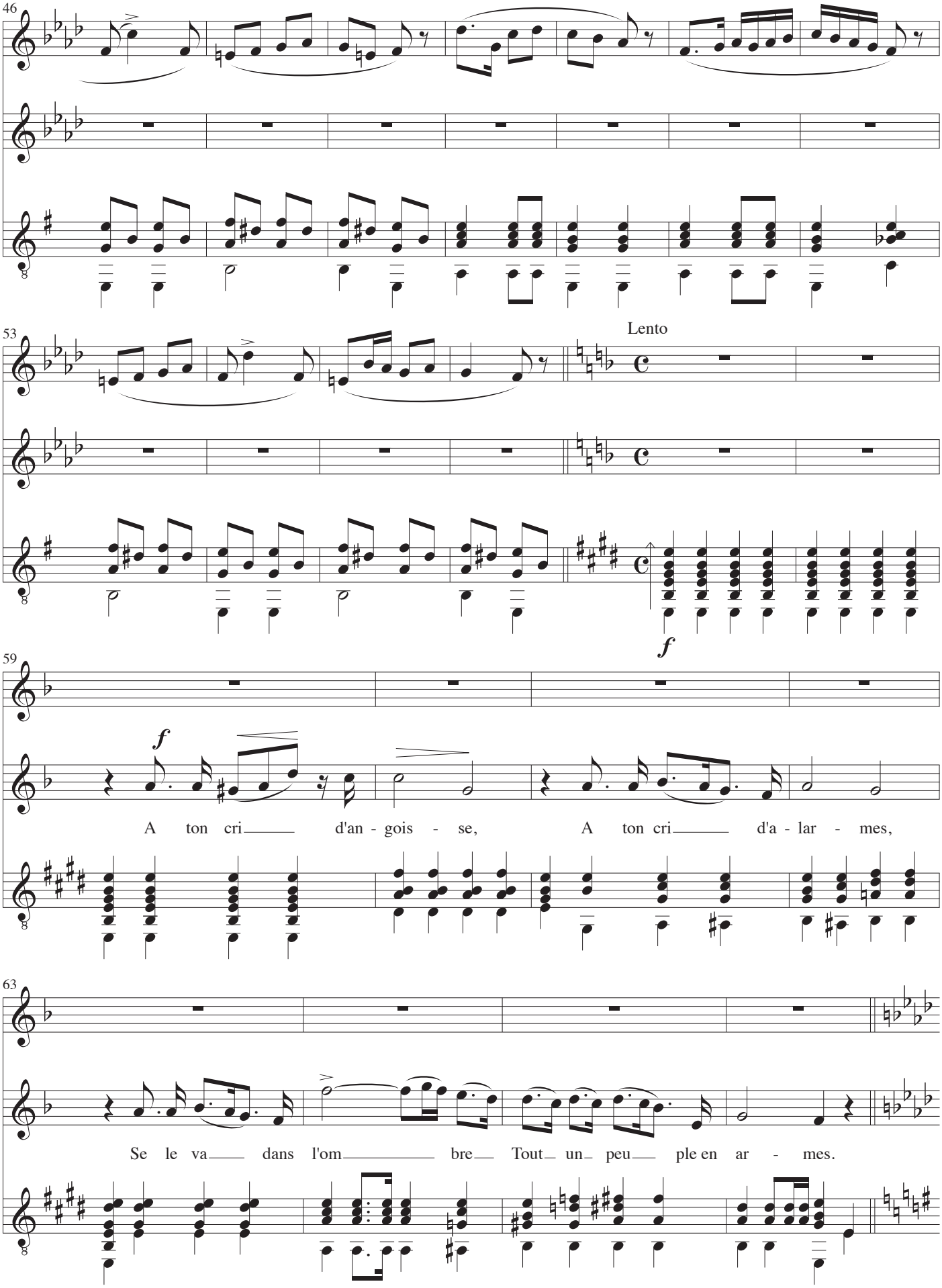
Chant funéraire

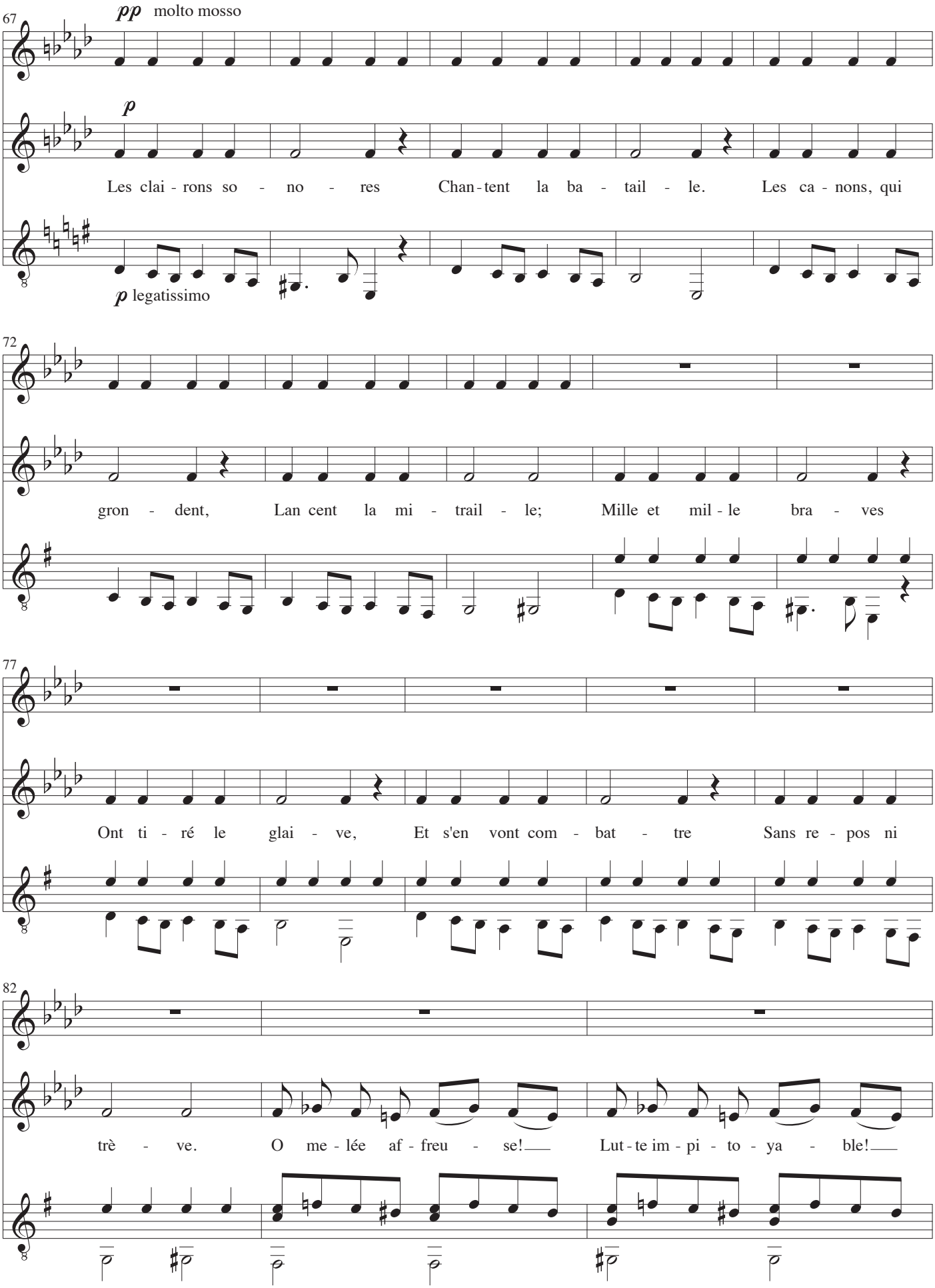
Op. 74, N° 17 - 1836

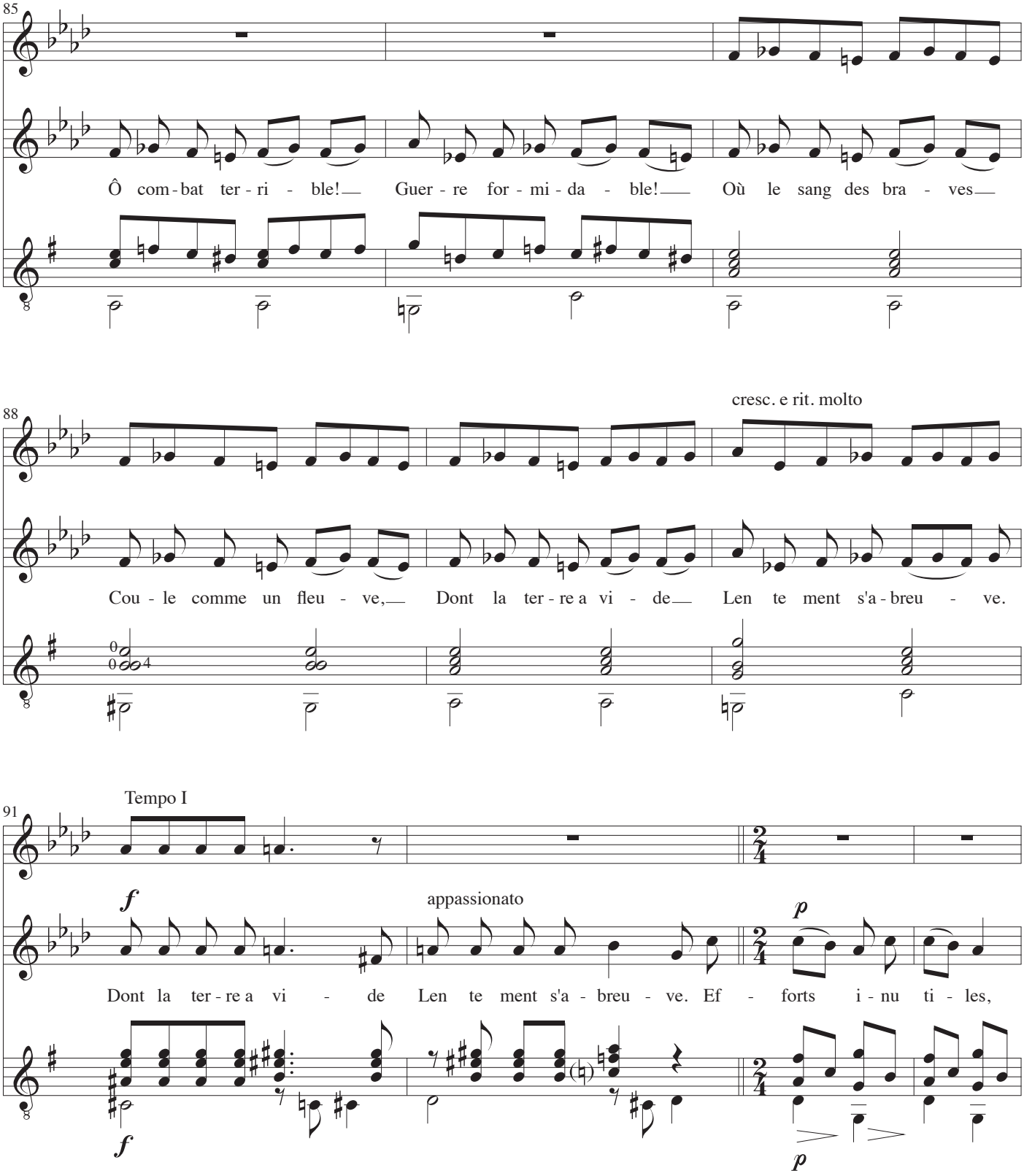
Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Wincenty Pol
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




19
dim.
Mere in - for - tu - né - e, Pour quels som - bres cri - mes Es - tu con - dam - né - e?
25
pp
Les mois - sons pou - ris - sent Dans tes plai - nes ver - tes, Le si - len - ce cou - vre Tes ci - tés dé -
32
ser - tes; Et les jeu - nes veu - ves, Â - mes dé - so - lé - es, Pleu - rent sur les tom - bes
39
p
Frai - che - ment creu - sé - es.


46
53
Lento
59
f
f
A ton cri d'an - gois - se, A ton cri d'a - lar - mes,
63
Se le va dans l'om bre Tout un peu ple en ar - mes.


67
pp molto mosso
p
Les clai - rons so - no - res Chan - tent la ba - tail - le. Les ca - nons, qui
p legatissimo
72
gron - dent, Lan cent la mi - trail - le; Mille et mil - le bra - ves
77
Ont ti - ré le glai - ve, Et s'en vont com - bat - tre Sans re - pos ni
82
trè - ve. O me - lée af - freu - se! Lut - te im - pi - to - ya - ble!


85
Ô com - bat ter - ri - ble! Guer - re for - mi - da - ble! Où le sang des bra - ves
88
cresc. e rit. molto
Cou - le comme un fleu - ve, Dont la ter - re a vi - de Len te ment s'a - breu - ve.
91
Tempo I
f
appassionato
p
Dont la ter - re a vi - de Len te ment s'a - breu - ve. Ef - forts i - nu ti - les,
f
p

95

Es - pé - ran - ce vai - ne; Rien n'a pu la rom - pre, No - tre lour - de chai - ne! O des - tin fu -

102

rall.

nes - te! Jour né - faste et som - bre! Nos guer - riers suc - com - bent Sous le poids du

108

a tempo

p

nom - bre! Ô vain - cus il - lus - tres! Ô vain cus su bli - mes! Â - mes gé - né - reu - ses!

115

Â - mes ma - gna - ni - mes! Ô vain - cus il - lus - tres! Ô vain - cus su - bli - mes! Â - mes gé - né -

122

p

reu - ses! Â - mes mag - na - ni - mes!

130

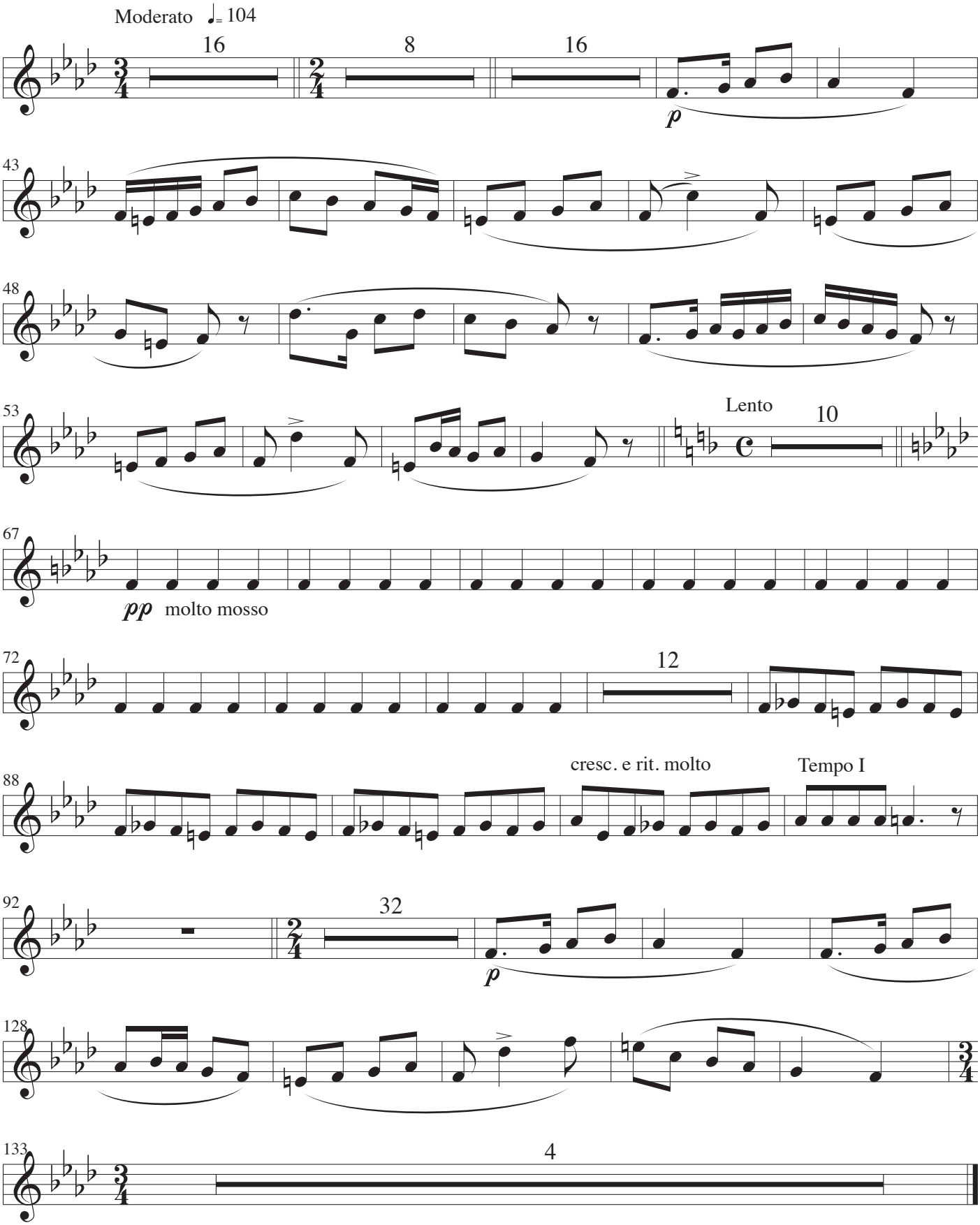
dim. e rit.

Hautbois

Chant funéraire

Op. 74, N° 17 - 1836

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Wincenty Pol
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

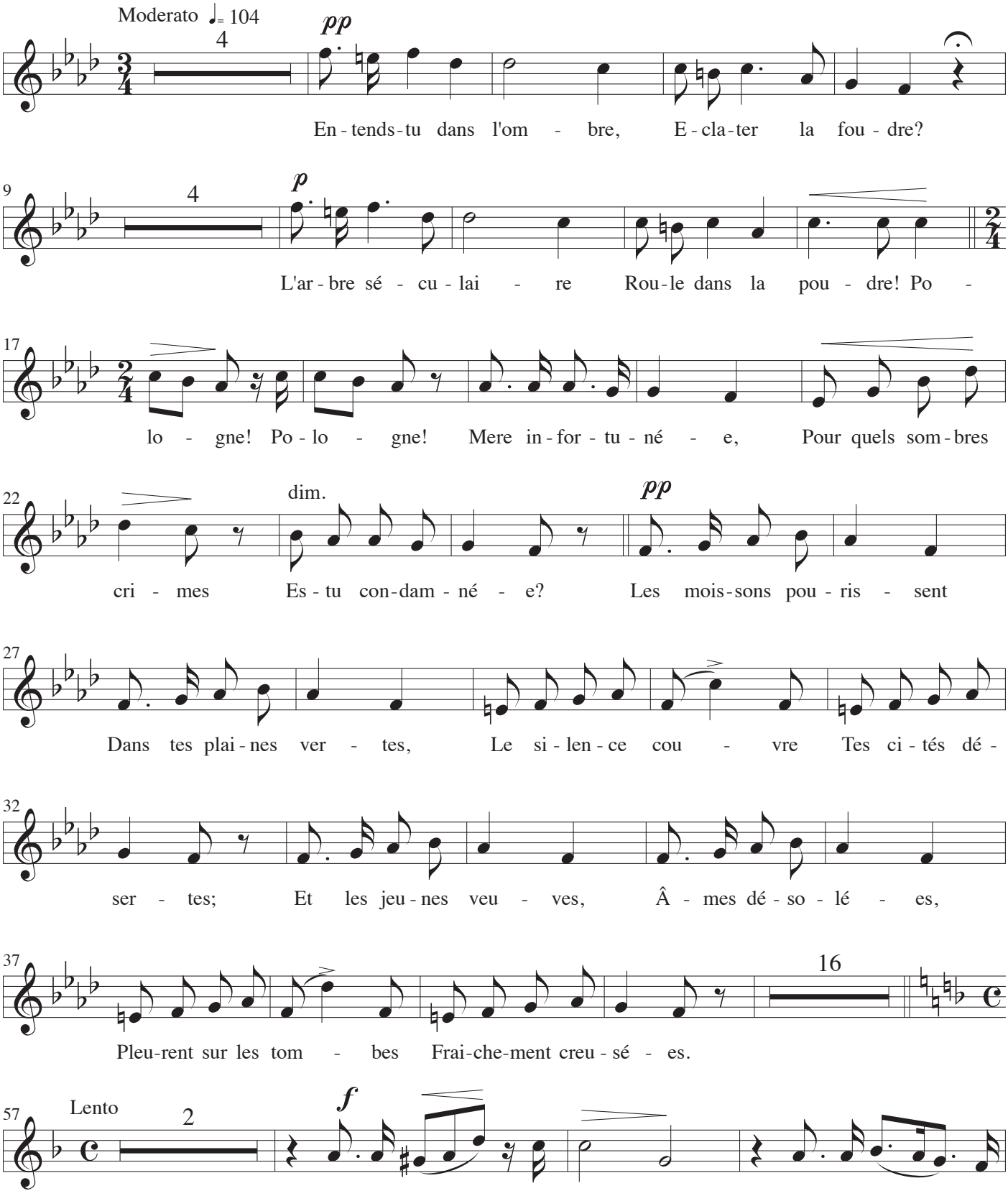


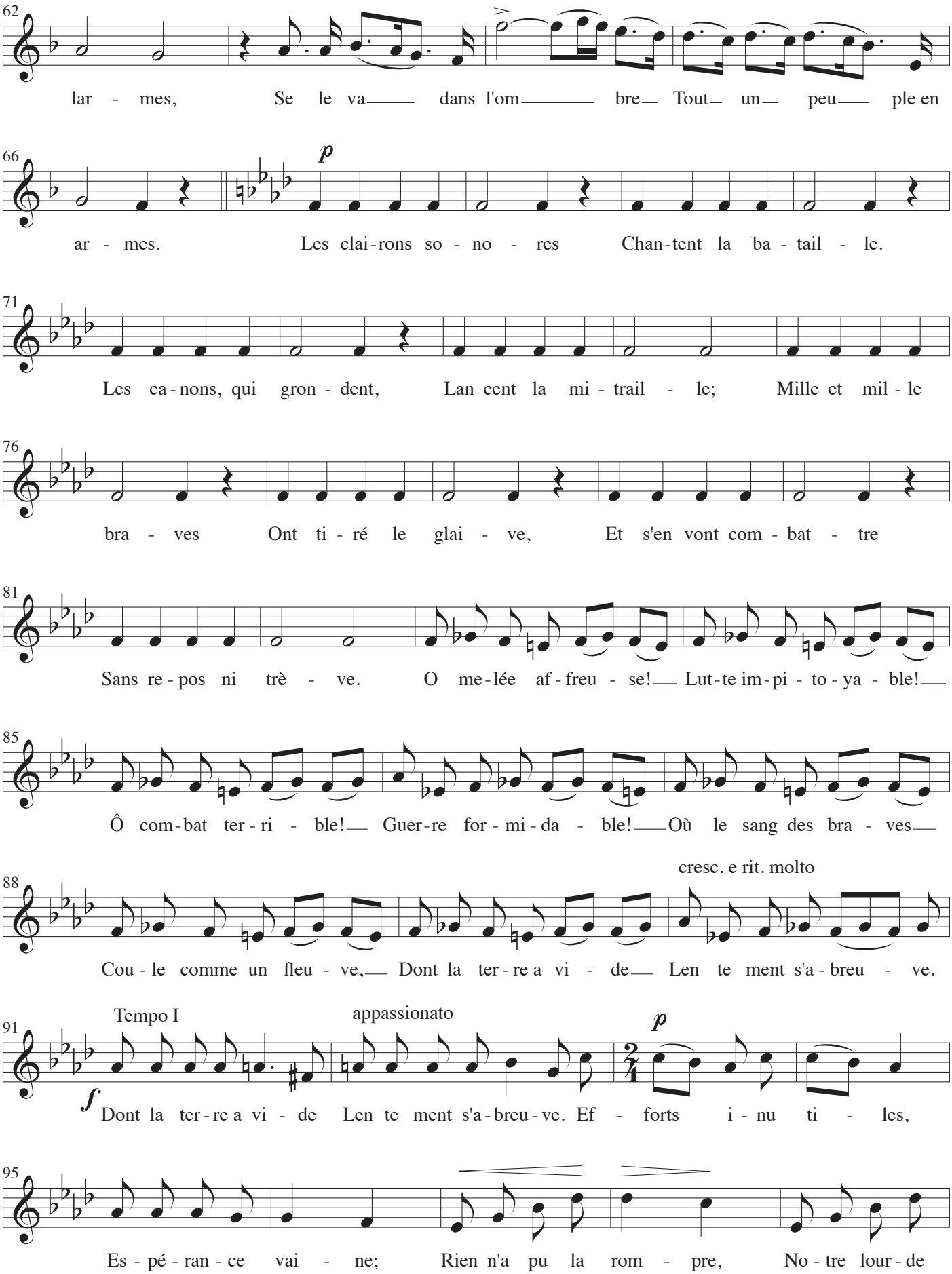
Voix

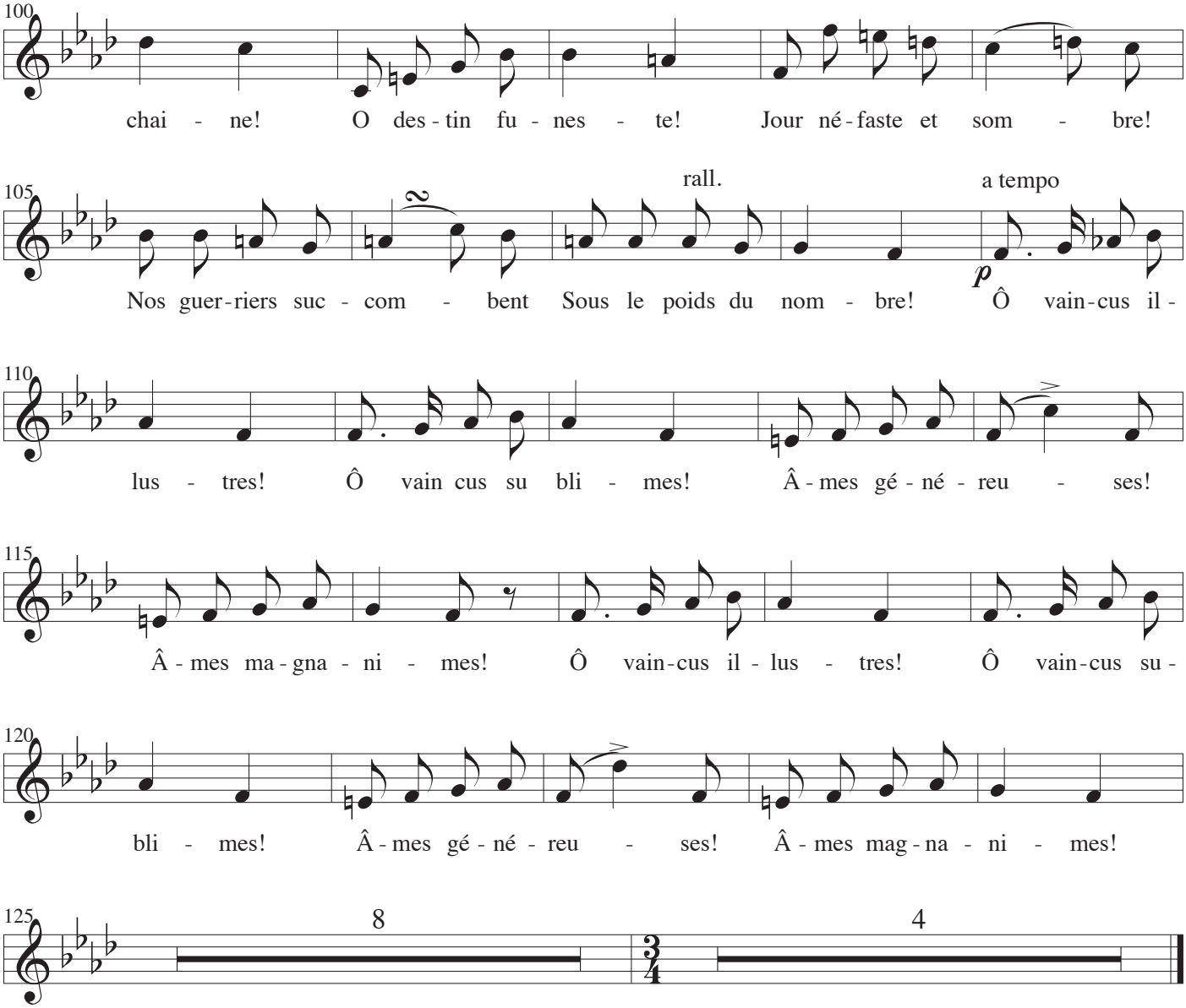
Chant funéraire

Op. 74, N° 17 - 1836

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Wincenty Pol
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




62
lar - mes, Se le va dans l'om bre Tout un peu ple en
66
p
ar - mes. Les clai-rons so - no - res Chan-tent la ba - tail - le.
71
Les ca-nons, qui gron - dent, Lan cent la mi - trail - le; Mille et mil - le
76
bra - ves Ont ti - ré le glai - ve, Et s'en vont com - bat - tre
81
Sans re - pos ni trè - ve. O me-lée af - freu - se! Lut-te im-pi - to - ya - ble!
85
Ô com-bat ter - ri - ble! Guer-re for - mi - da - ble! Où le sang des bra - ves
88
cresc. e rit. molto
Cou - le comme un fleu - ve, Dont la ter - re a vi - de Len te ment s'a - breu - ve.
91
Tempo I
appassionato
p
f
Dont la ter - re a vi - de Len te ment s'a - breu - ve. Ef - forts i - nu ti - les,
95
Es - pé - ran - ce vai - ne; Rien n'a pu la rom - pre, No - tre lour - de

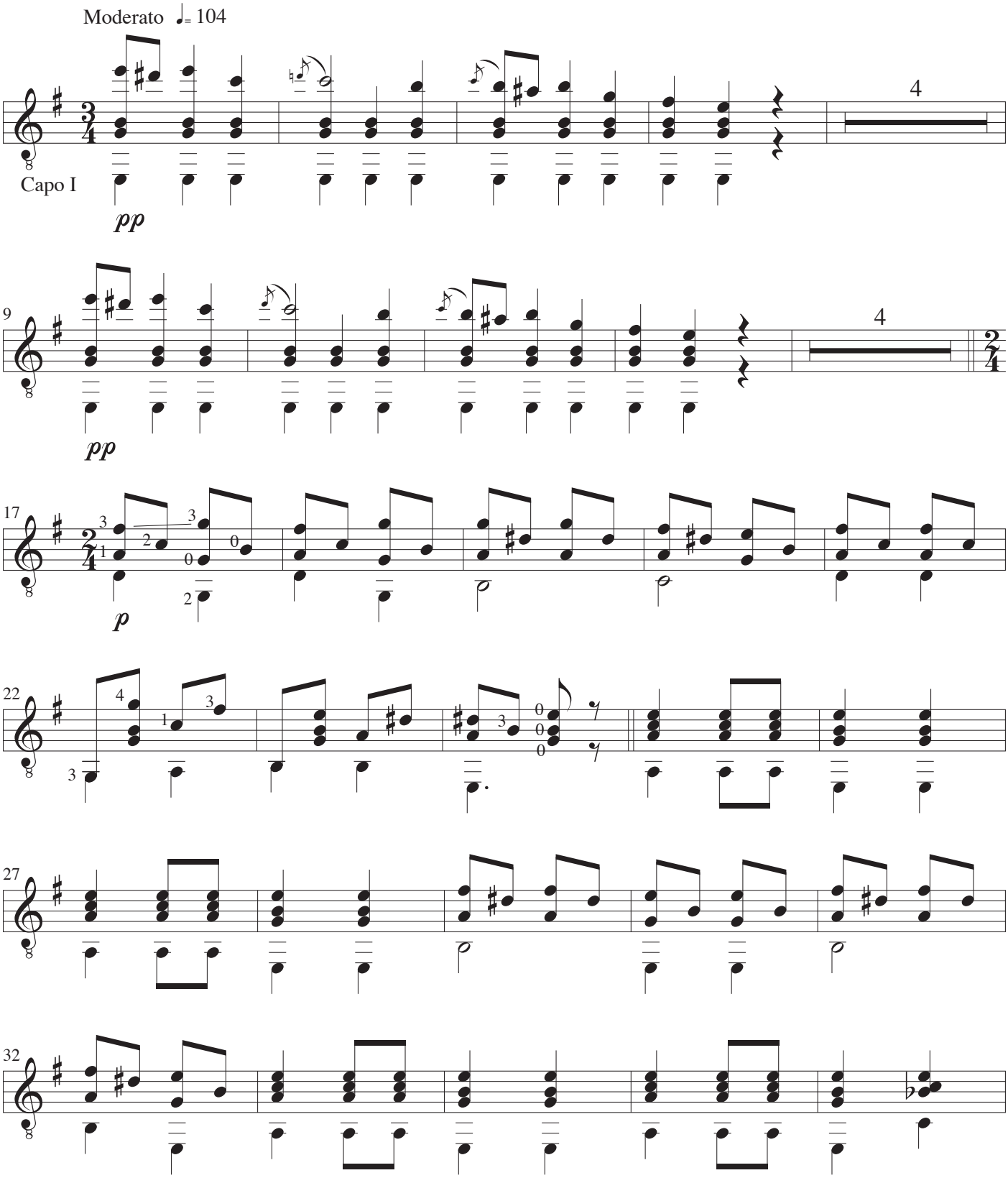

100
chai - ne! O des - tin fu - nes - te! Jour né - faste et som - bre!
105
rall.
a tempo
p
Nos guer - riers suc - com - bent Sous le poids du nom - bre! Ô vain - cus il -
110
lus - tres! Ô vain cus su bli - mes! Â - mes gé - né - reu - ses!
115
Â - mes ma - gna - ni - mes! Ô vain - cus il - lus - tres! Ô vain - cus su -
120
bli - mes! Â - mes gé - né - reu - ses! Â - mes mag - na - ni - mes!
125
8
4

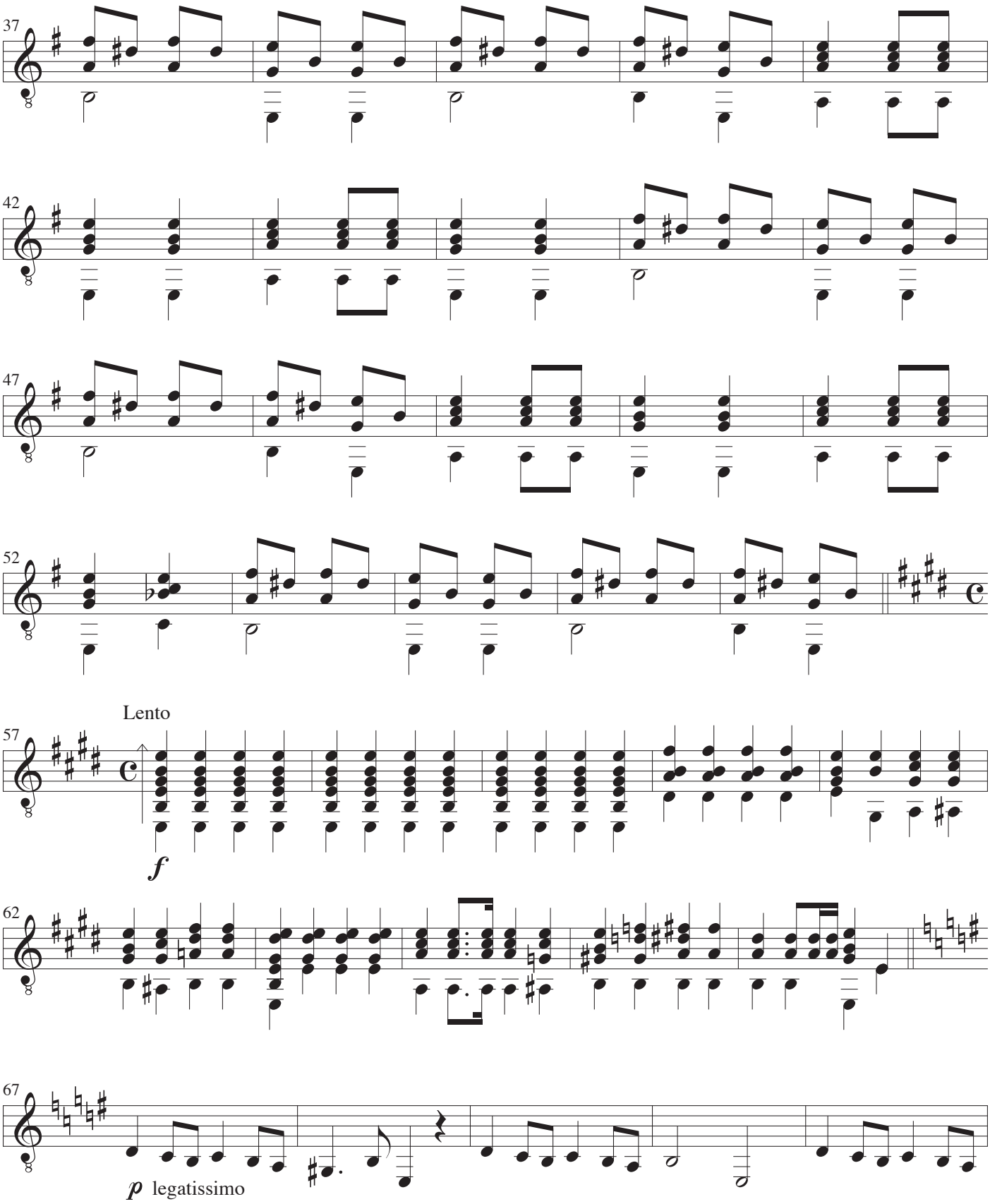
Guitare

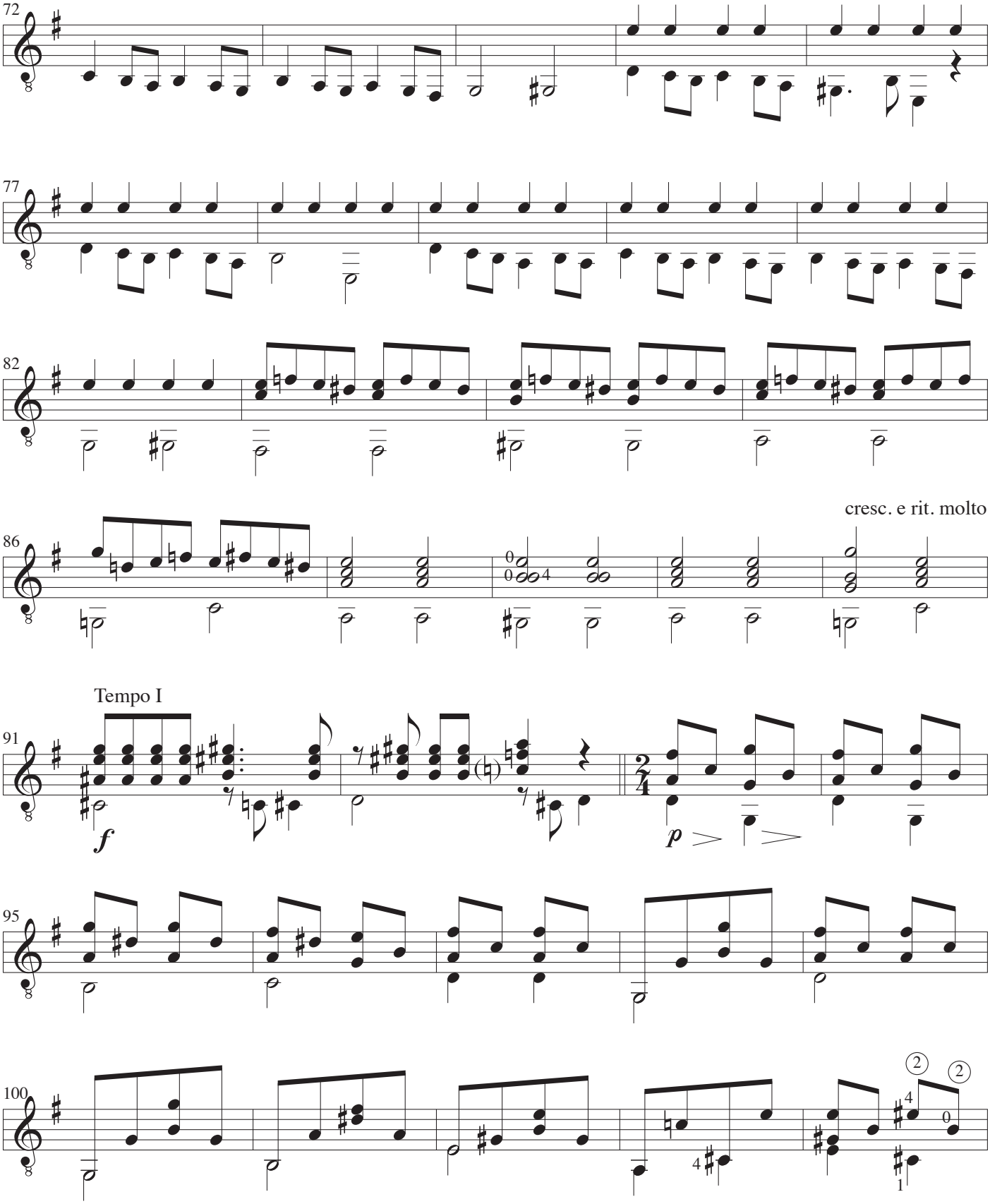
Chant funéraire

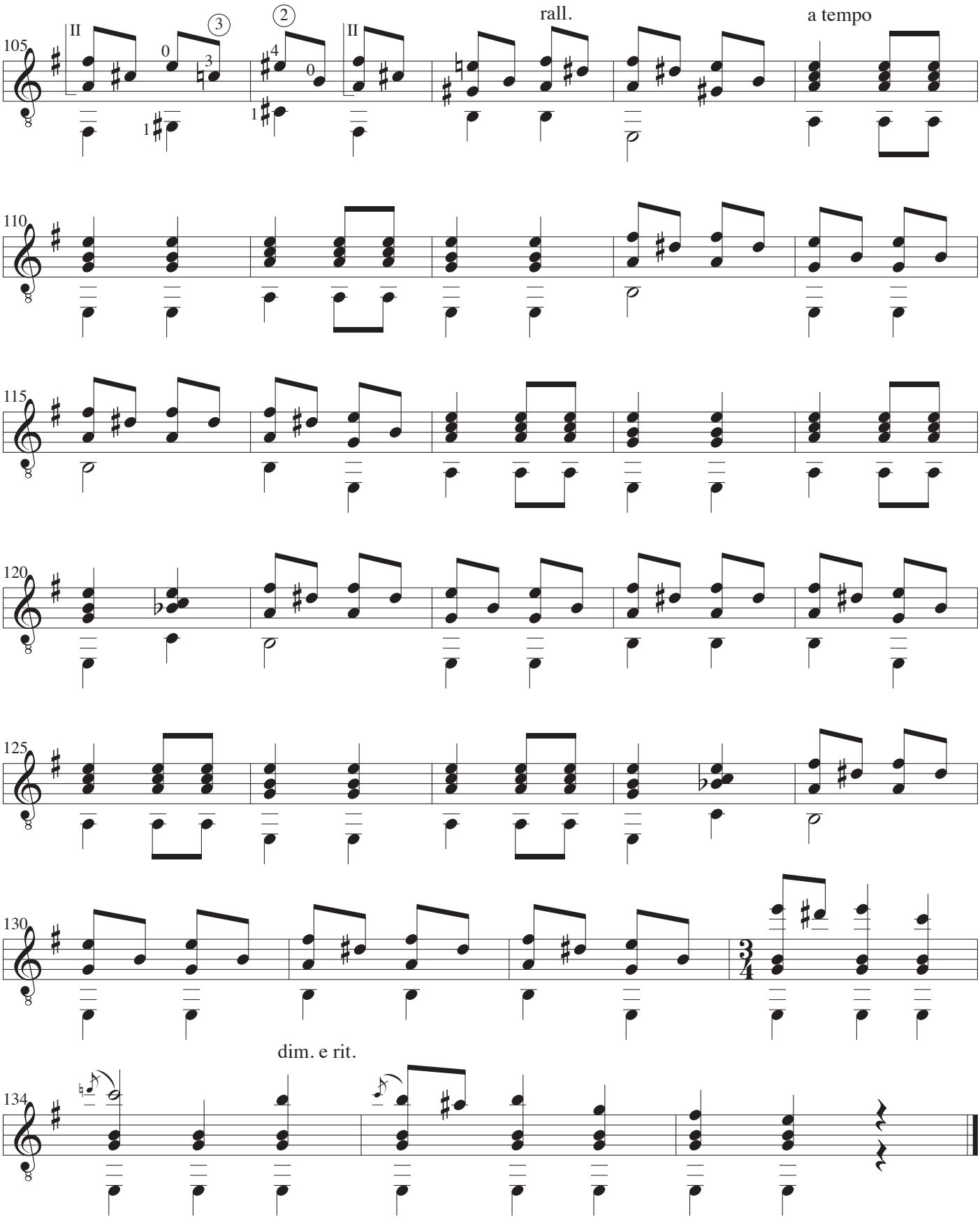
Op. 74, N° 17 - 1836

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Wincenty Pol
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




37
42
47
52
Lento
57
f
62
67
p legatissimo


72
77
82
86
cresc. e rit. molto
Tempo I
91
f
p
95
100


105
rall.
a tempo
110
115
120
125
130
134
dim. e rit.

La jeune fille et le fleuve

Op. 74, N° 3 - 1831

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Allegretto ♩= 96

Hautbois

Voix

Guitare

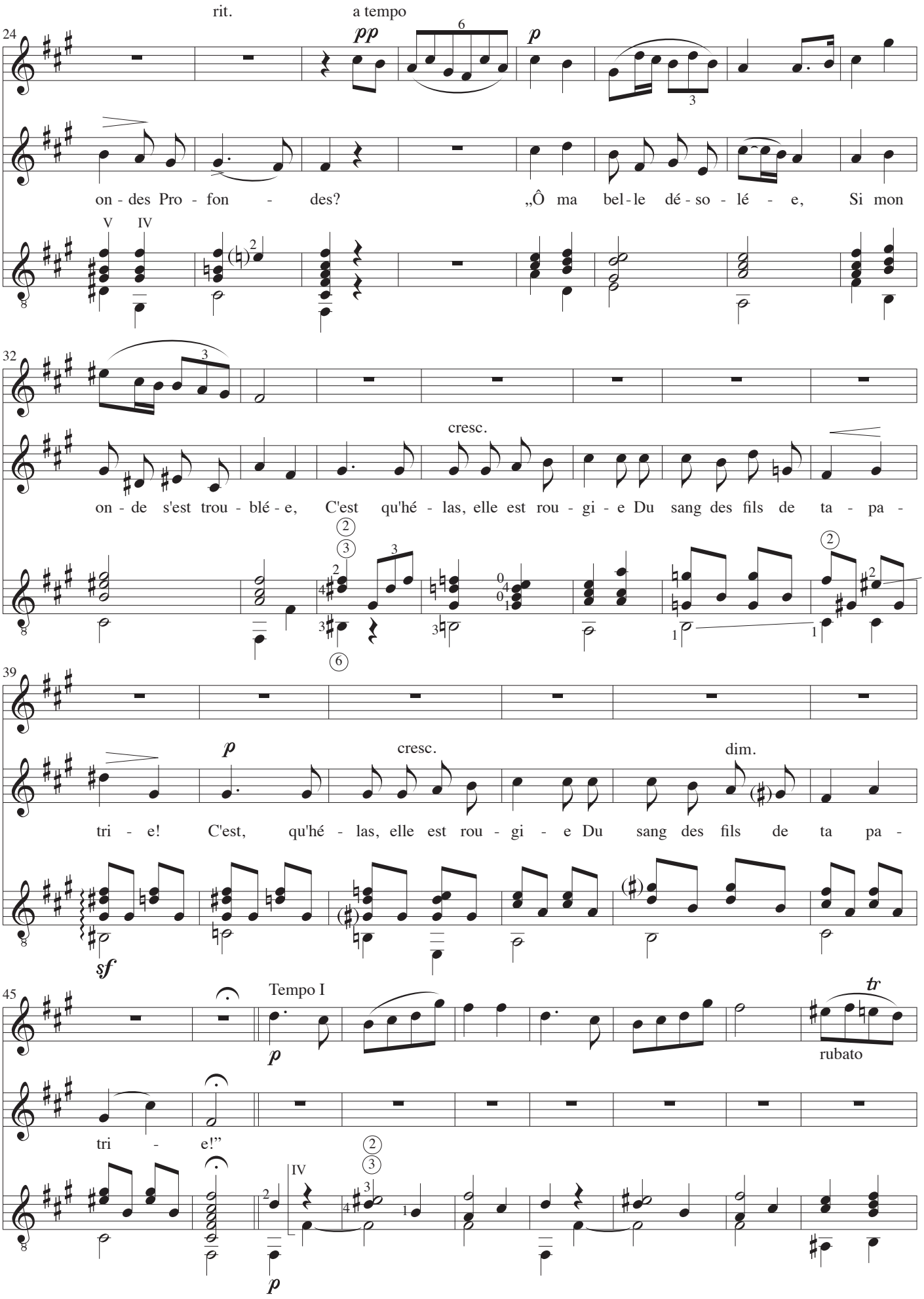
rubato

rit.

Piu lento ♩= 60

Toi qui sors de nos mon - ta - gnes, Toi qui

bai - gnes nos cam - pag - nes, Fleu - ve pur aux eaux fé - con - des, Qui donc a trou - blé tes


rit.
a tempo
on - des Pro - fon - des?
„Ô ma bel - le dé - so - lé - e, Si mon
on - de s'est trou - blé - e, C'est qu'hé - las, elle est rou - gi - e Du sang des fils de ta - pa -
cresc.
tri - e! C'est, qu'hé - las, elle est rou - gi - e Du sang des fils de ta pa -
cresc.
dim.
Tempo I
rubato
tri - e!”

54

rit.

Piu lento ♩= 60

p

Et toi, gol-fe so-li-tai-re, Si pai-

63

si-ble-d'or-di-nai-re, Qui gon-fla tes on-des vi-ves, Qui leur fit fran-chir tes

rit.

a tempo

70

pp

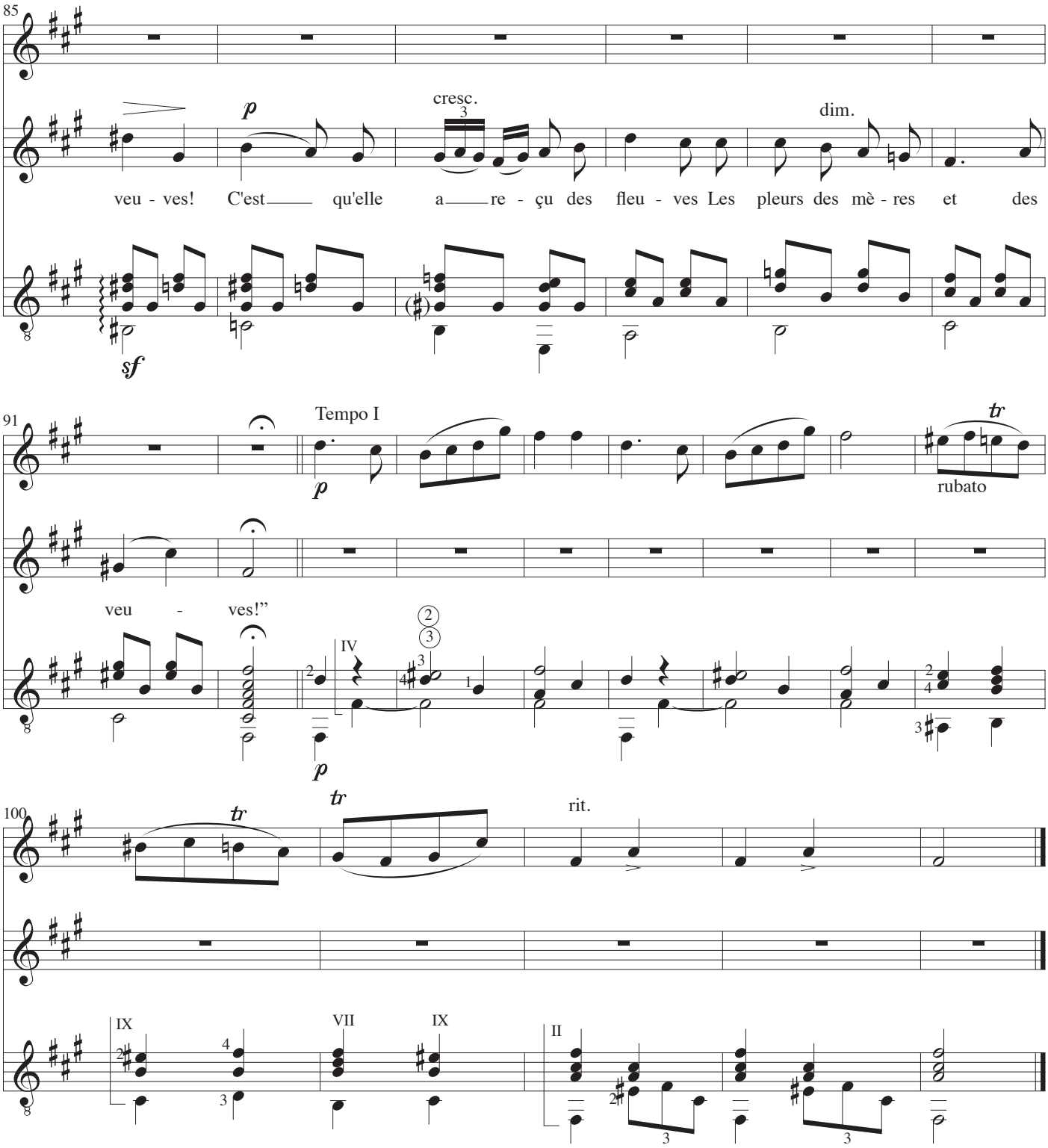
p

ri-ves Plain-ti-ves? „Ô ma pauv-re dé-so-lé-e, Si mon

78

cresc.

on-de s'est gon-flé-e, C'est qu'elle a re-çu des fleu-ves Les pleurs des mé-res et des

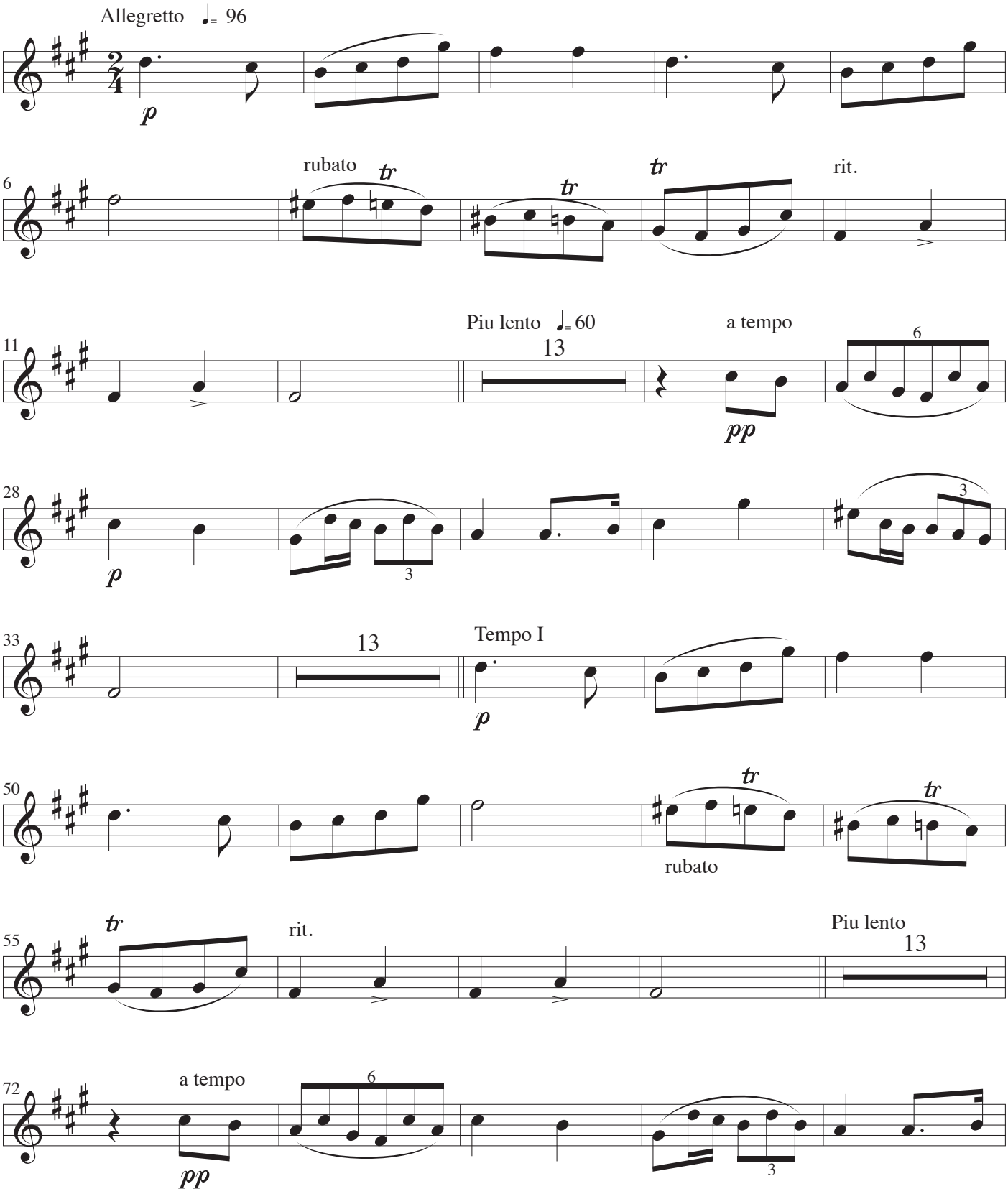

85
p
cresc.
dim.
veu - ves! C'est qu'elle a re - çu des fleu - ves Les pleurs des mè - res et des
sf
91
Tempo I
p
tr
rubato
veu - ves!"
IV
p
100
tr
tr
rit.
IX
VII
IX
II

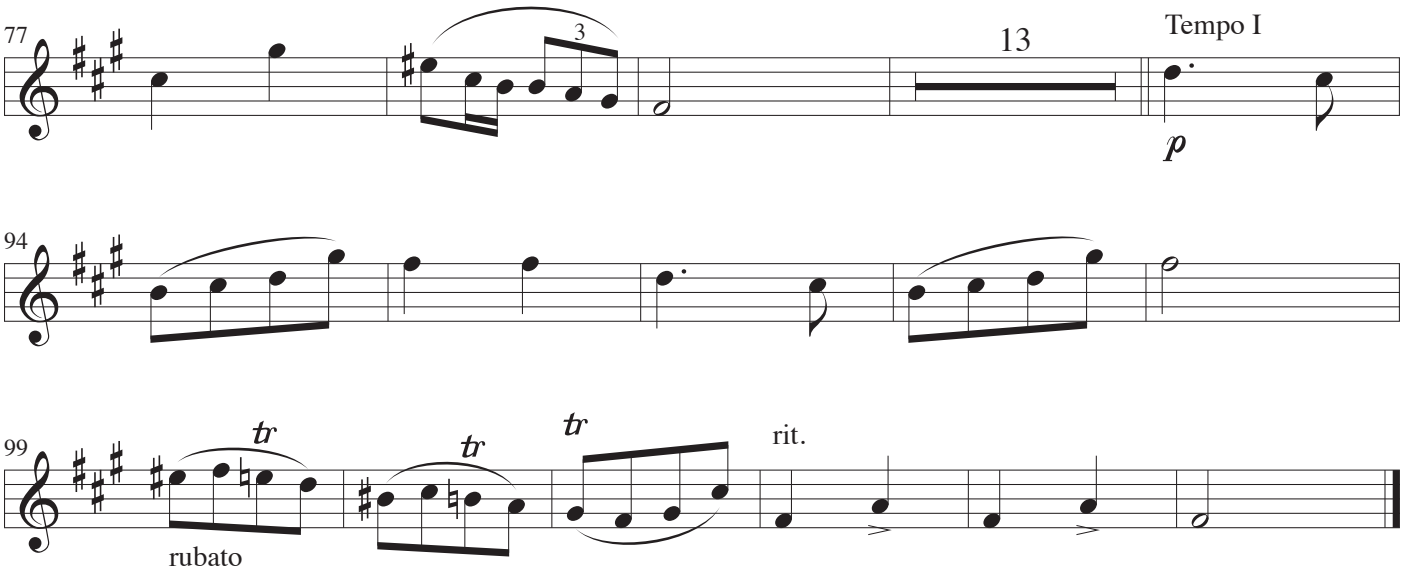
Hautbois

La jeune fille et le fleuve

Op. 74, N° 3 - 1831

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



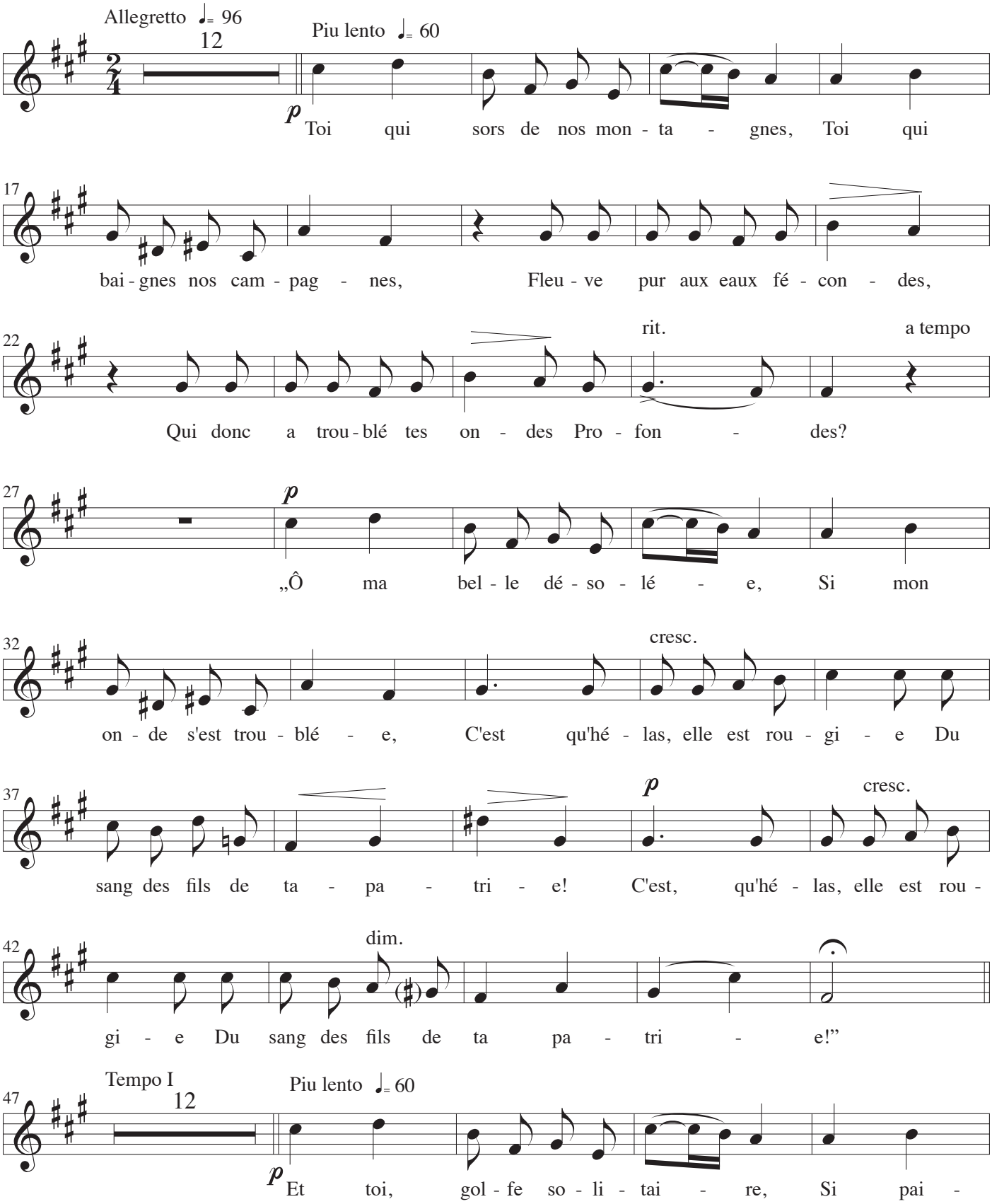

77
3
13
Tempo I
p
94
99
tr
tr
tr
rit.
rubato

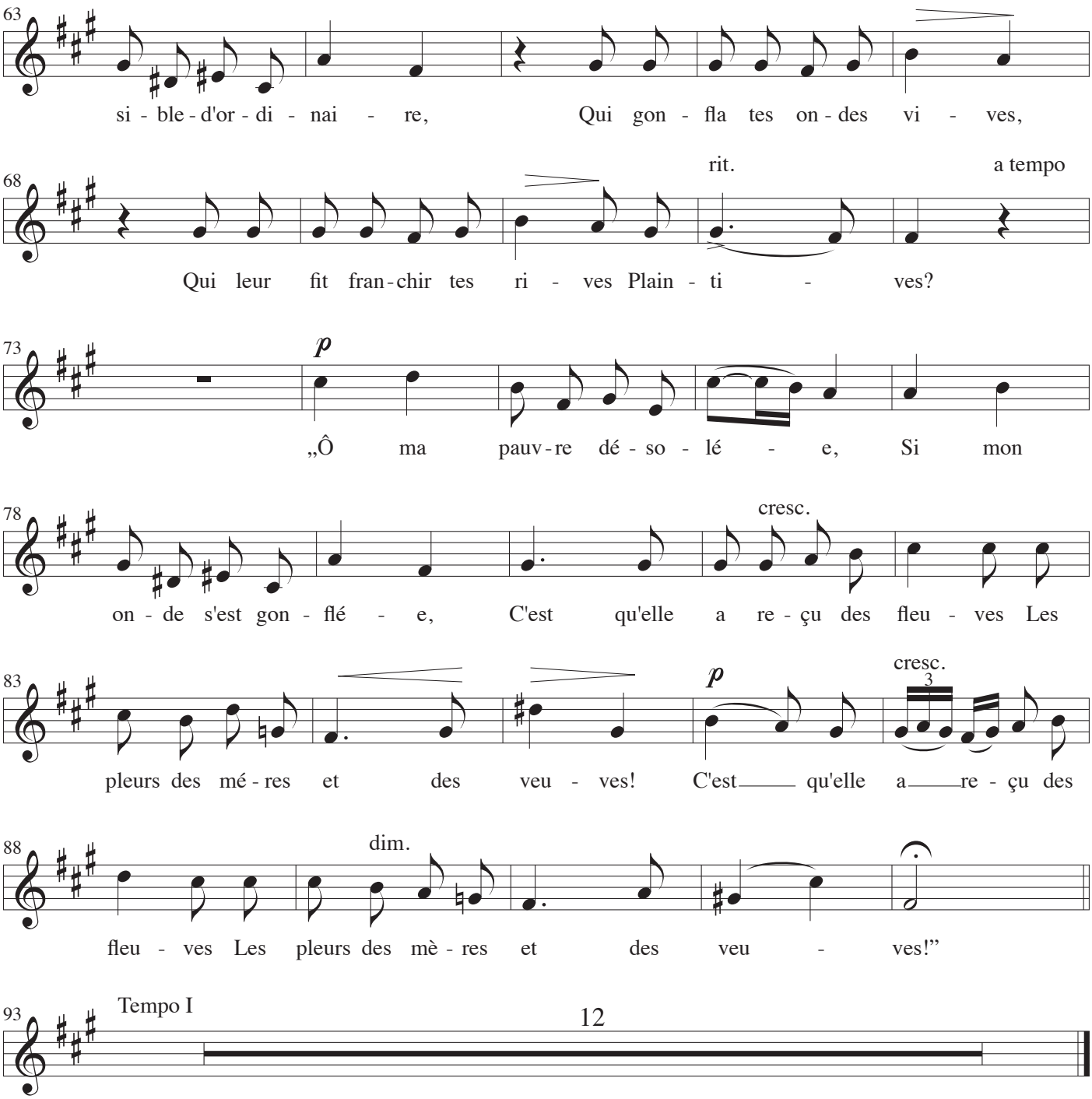
Voix

La jeune fille et le fleuve

Op. 74, N° 3 - 1831

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



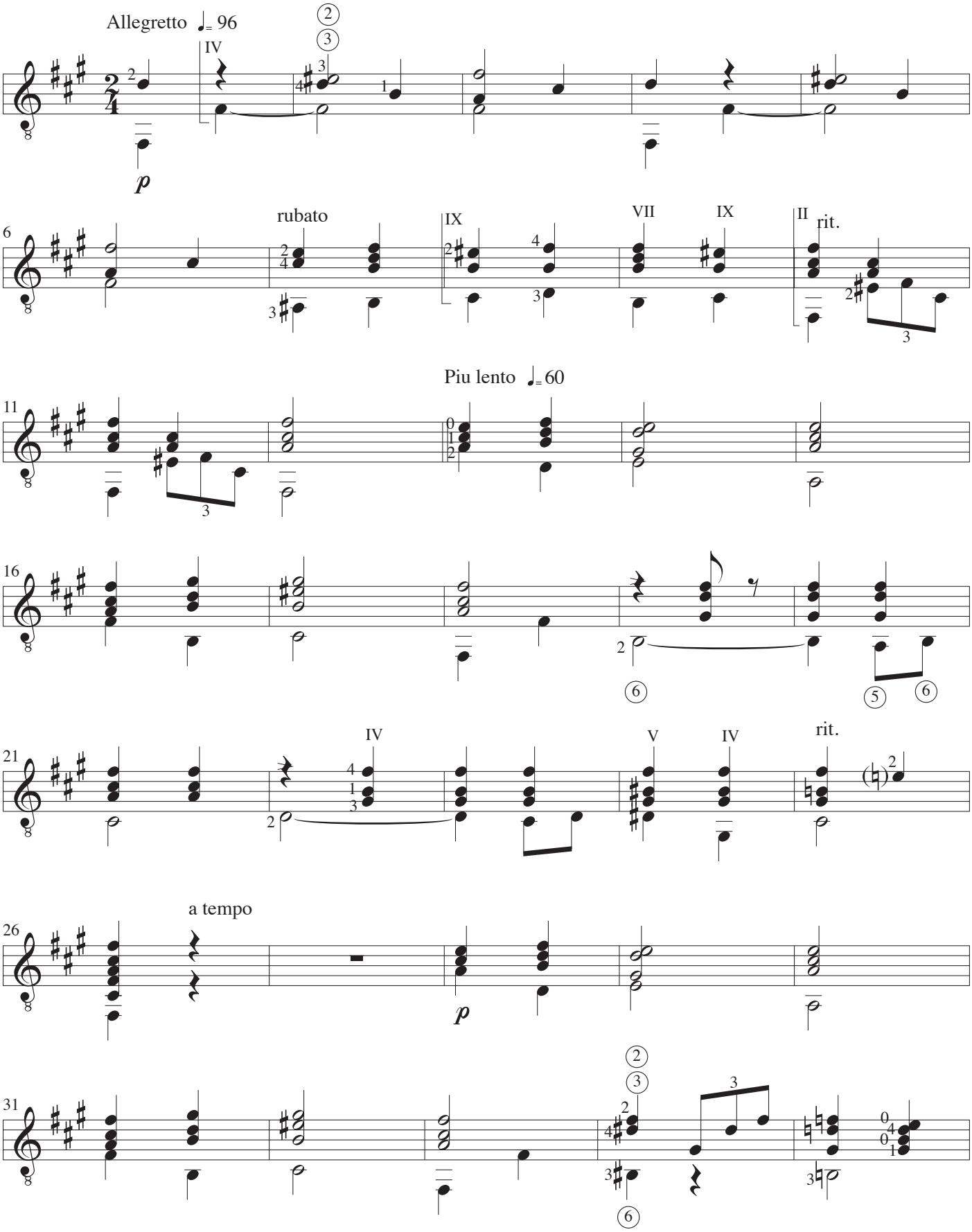

63
si - ble - d'or - di - nai - re, Qui gon - fla tes on - des vi - ves,
68
rit.
a tempo
Qui leur fit fran - chir tes ri - ves Plain - ti - ves?
73
p
„Ô ma pauv - re dé - so - lé - e, Si mon
78
cresc.
on - de s'est gon - flé - e, C'est qu'elle a re - çu des fleu - ves Les
83
p
cresc.
3
pleurs des mé - res et des veu - ves! C'est qu'elle a re - çu des
88
dim.
fleu - ves Les pleurs des mè - res et des veu - ves!"
93
Tempo I
12

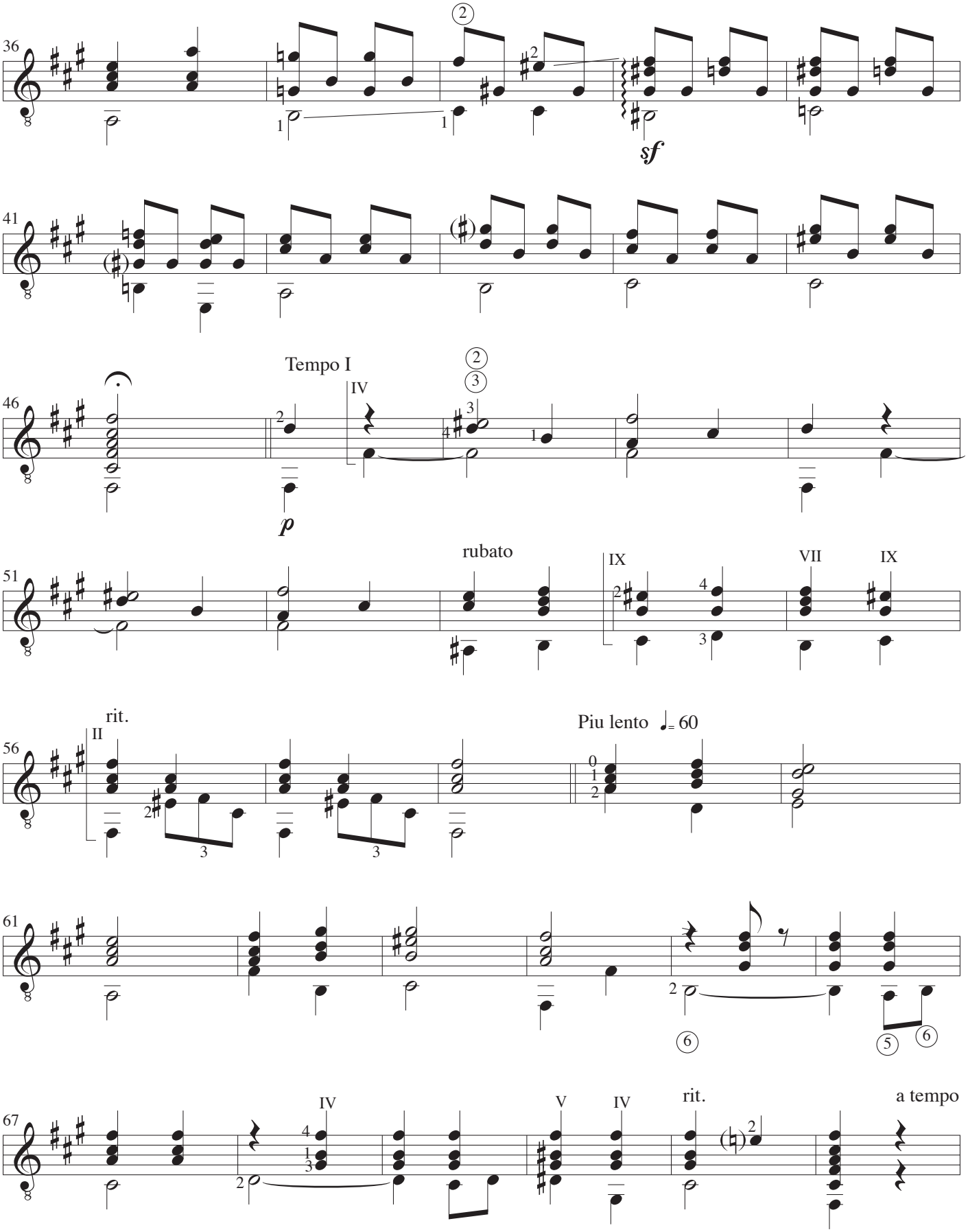
Guitare

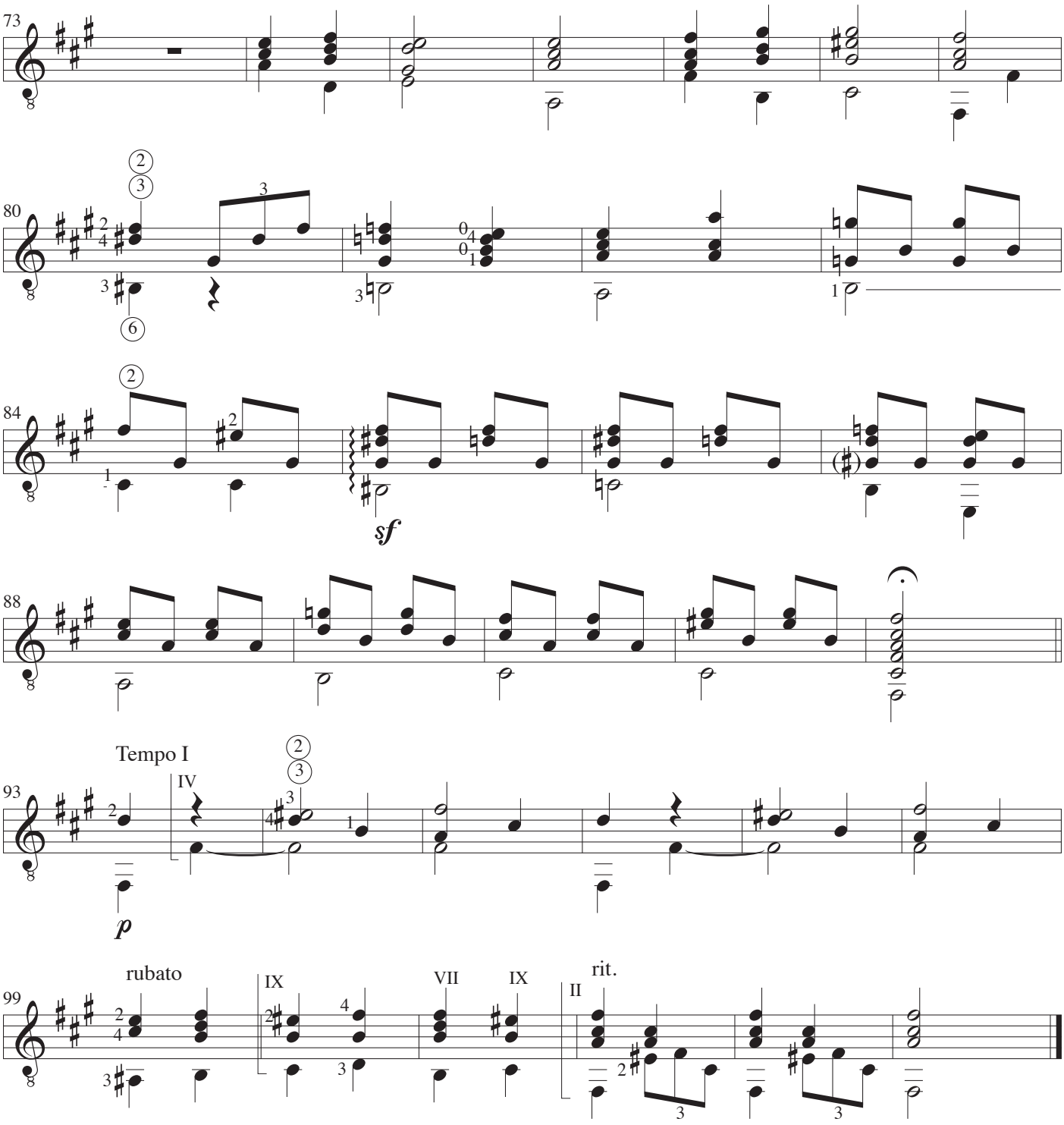
La jeune fille et le fleuve

Op. 74, N° 3 - 1831

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



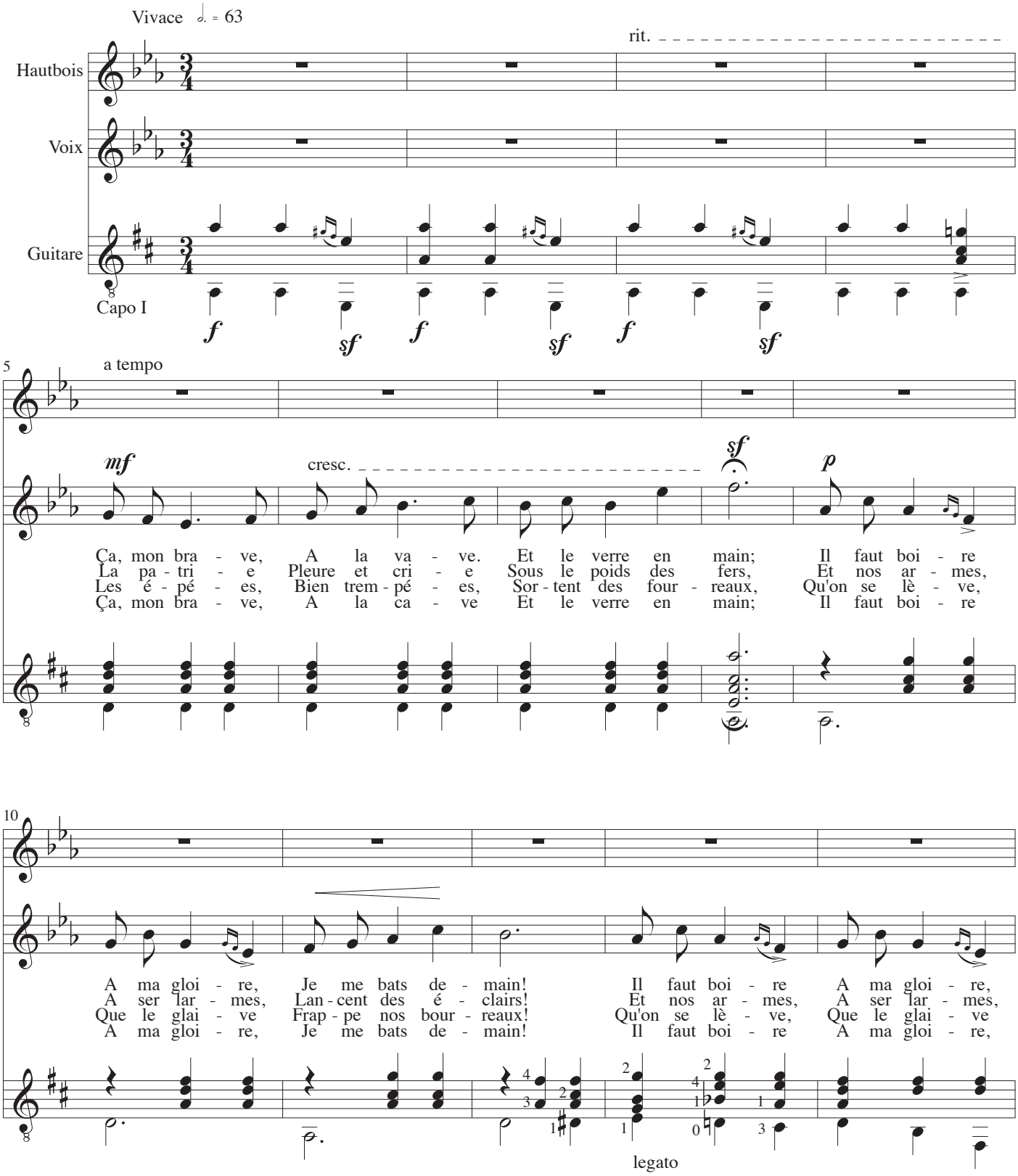

36
41
46
Tempo I
IV
p
51
rubato
IX
VII
IX
56
rit.
II
Piu lento ♩= 60
61
67
IV
V
IV
rit.
a tempo

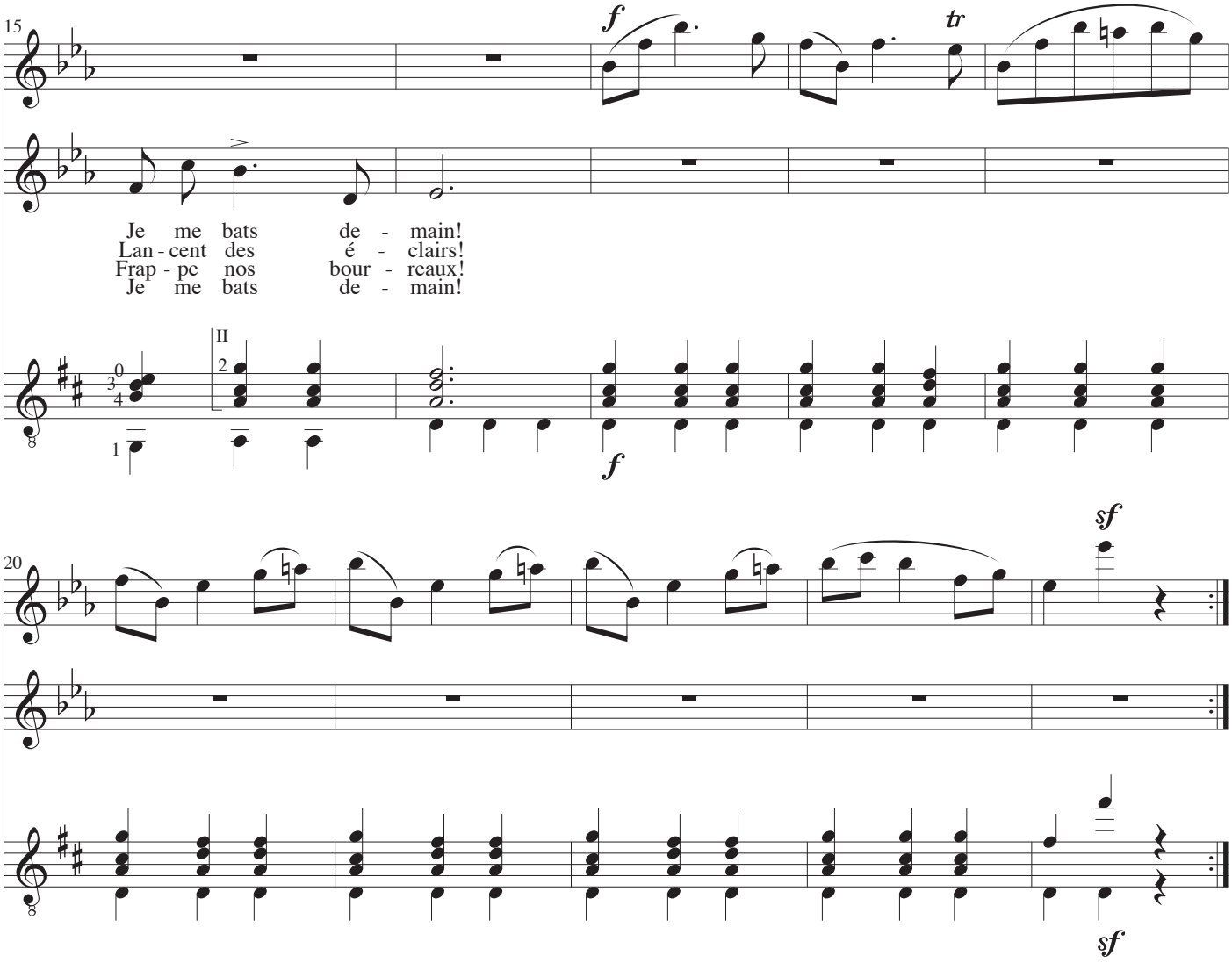

73
80
84
sf
88
Tempo I
IV
93
p
rubato
IX
VII
IX
II
rit.
99

Le coup de l'étrier

Op. 74, N° 4 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



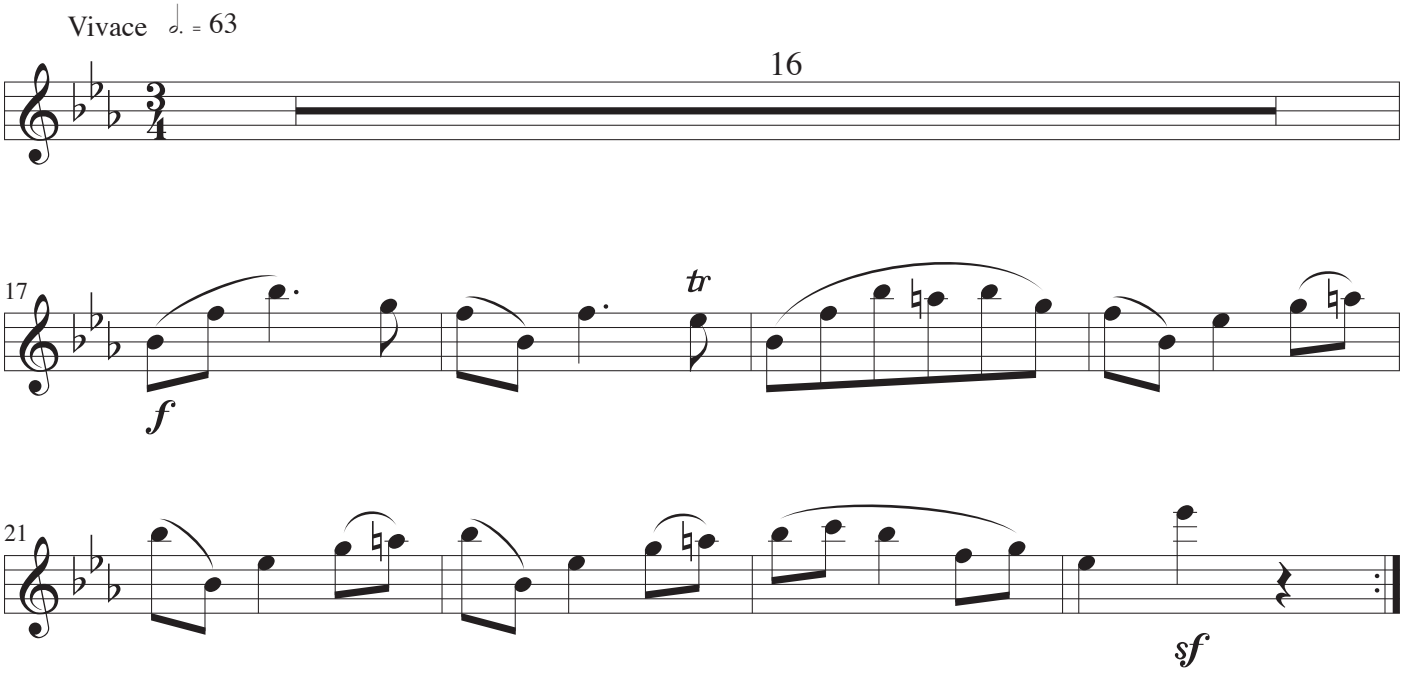

15
f
tr
Je me bats de - main!
Lan - cent des é - clairs!
Frap - pe nos bour - reaux!
Je me bats de - main!
II
f
20
sf
sf

Hautbois

Le coup de l'étrier

Op. 74, N° 4 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

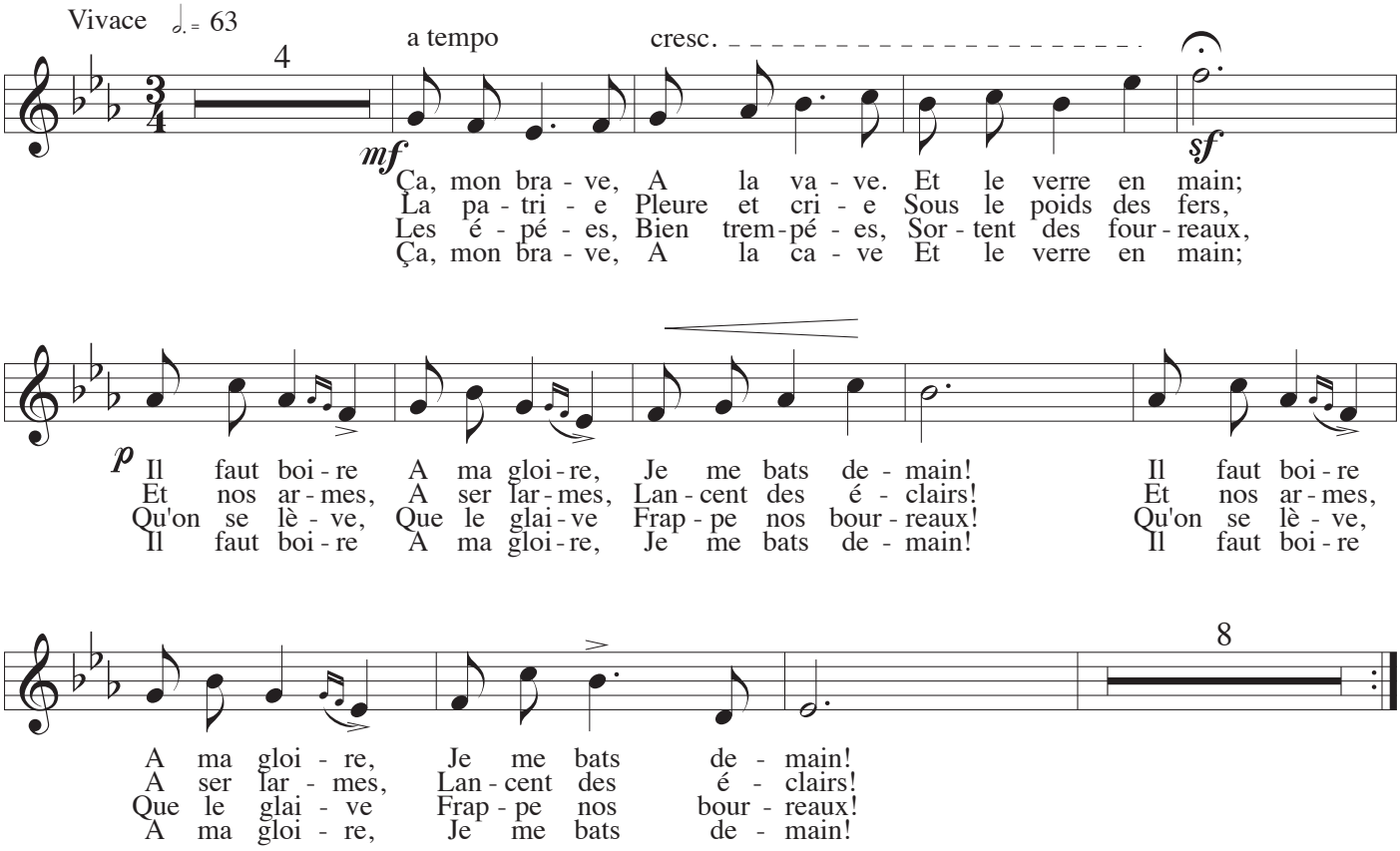


Voix

Le coup de l'étrier

Op. 74, N° 4 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

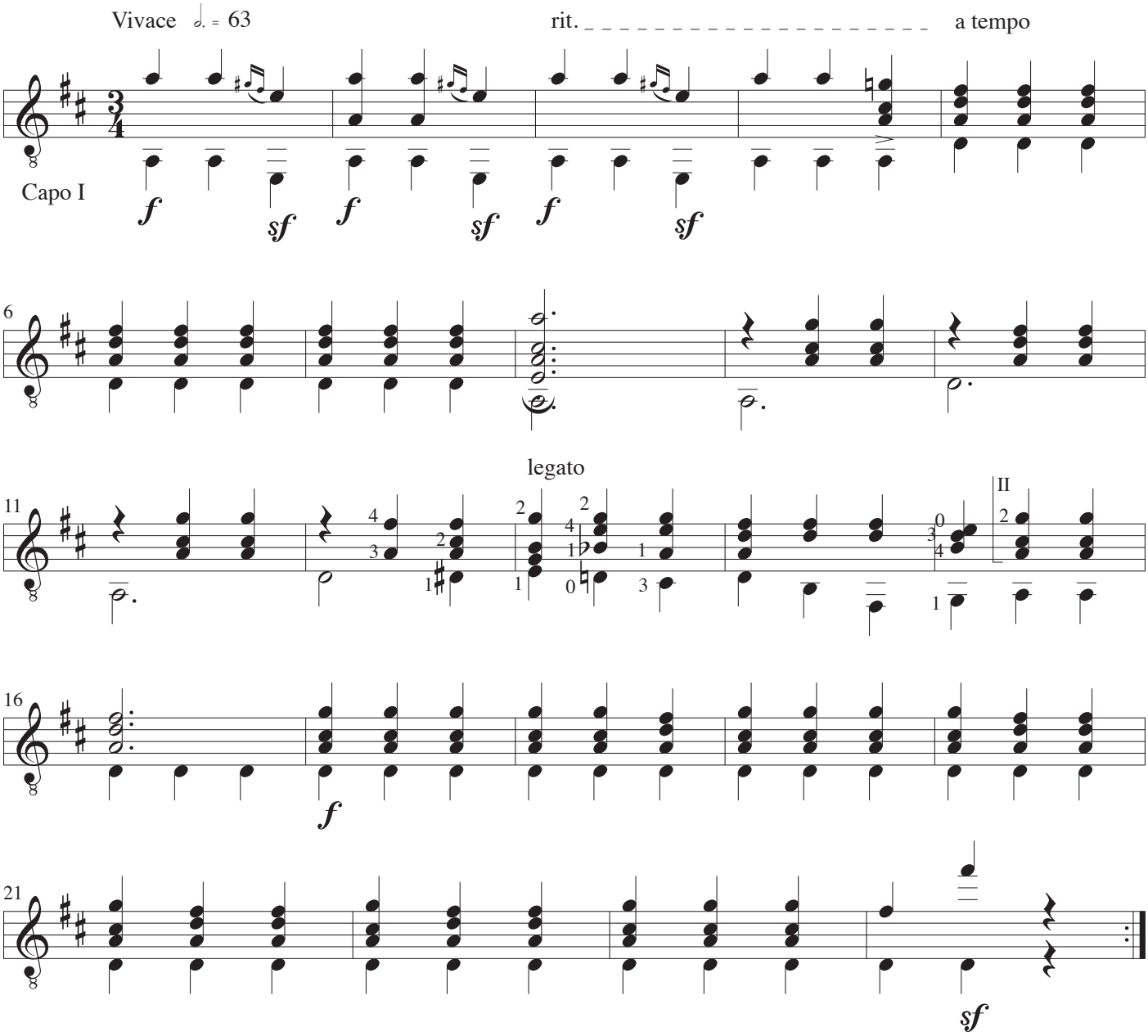


Guitare

Le coup de l'étrier

Op. 74, N° 4 - 1830

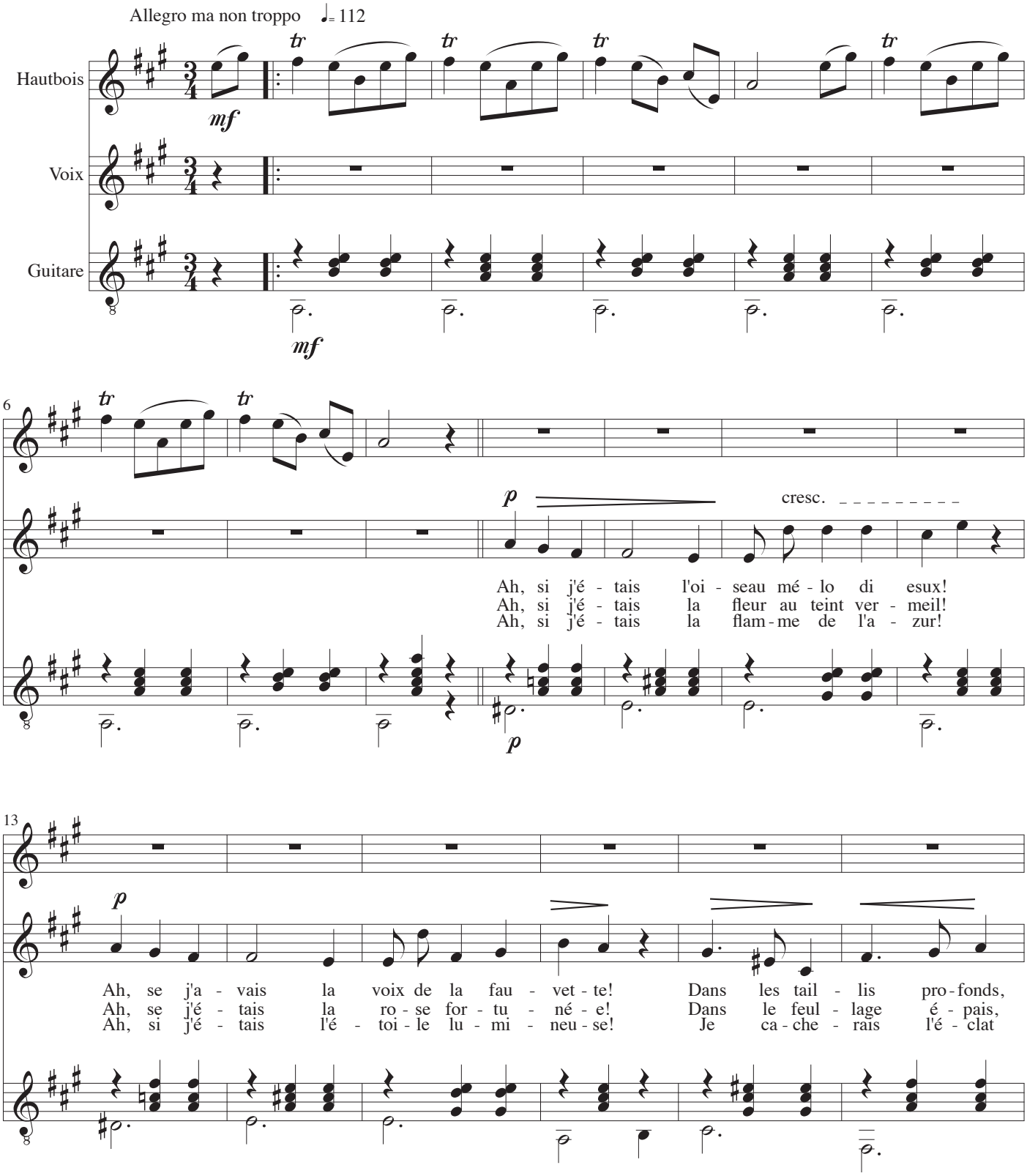
Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Pour toi seul!

Op. 74, N° 1 - 1829

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



19

sf

dans les hal - liers om - breux, Je res - te - rais mu - et - te;
loin de l'ar - dent so - leil, Je es - te - rais fer - mé - e;
de mon flam - beau si pur, Dans l'om - bre va - po - reu - se,

22

cresc.

p

Et pour toi seul, en m'é - lan - çant aux cieux, Je chan - te - rais ma
Et pour toi seul, sor - tant de monn som - meil, J'ex - ha - le - rais mon
Et pour toi seul, per - çant le ciel ob - scur, J'ap - pa - raî - trais bril -

28

1-3 4

mf

dou - ce chan - son - net - te!
á - me par - fu - mé - e!
lante et ra - di - eu - se!

mf

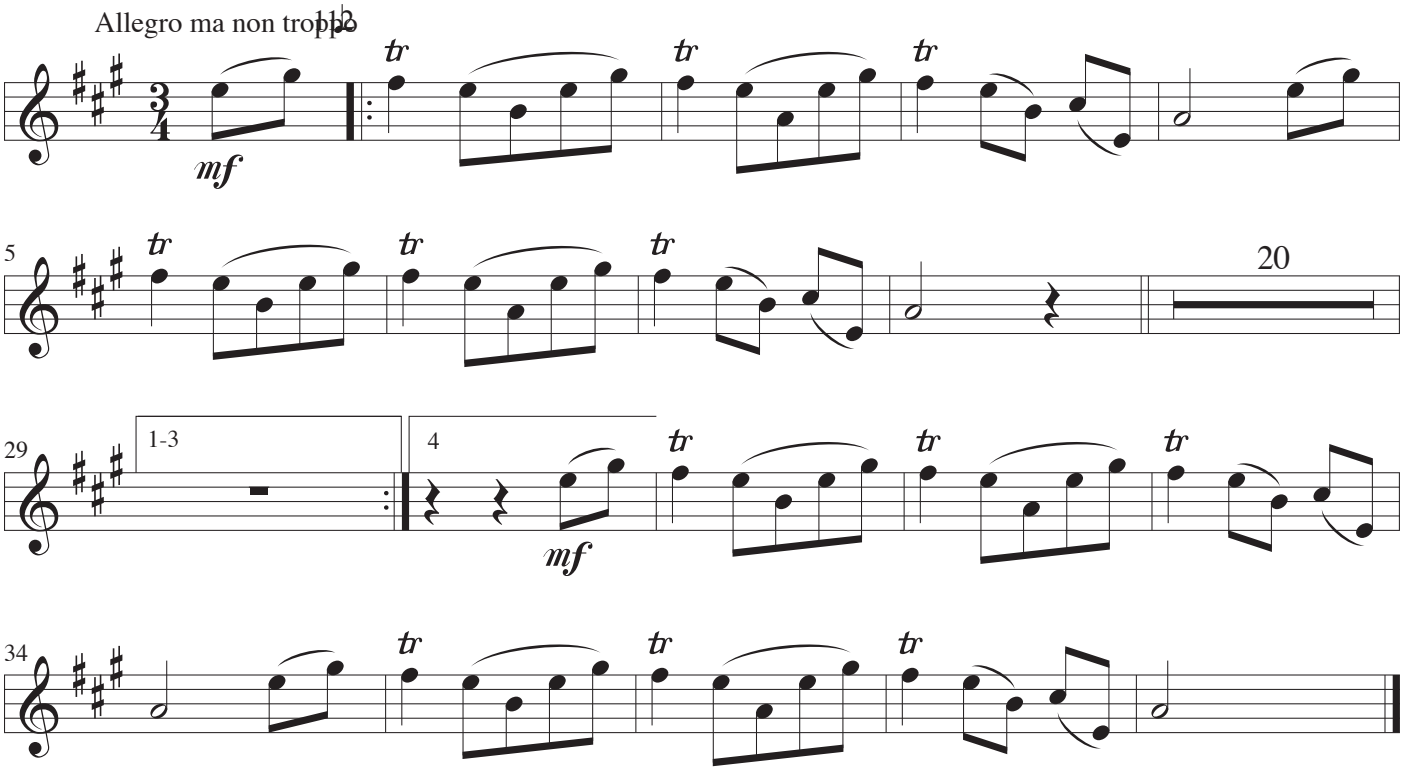
34

Hautbois

Pour toi seul!

Op. 74, N° 1 - 1829

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

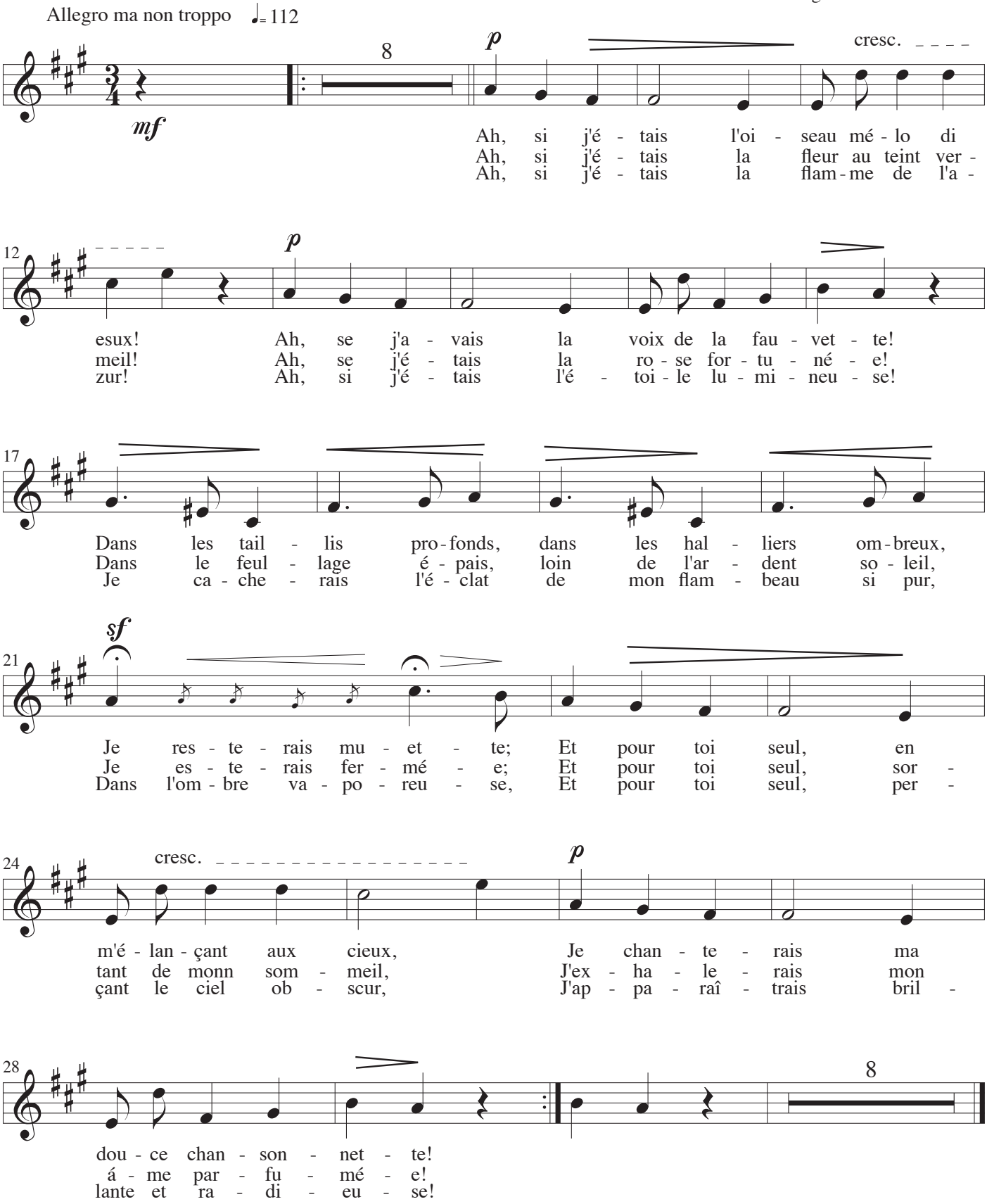


Voix

Pour toi seul!

Op. 74, N° 1 - 1829

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

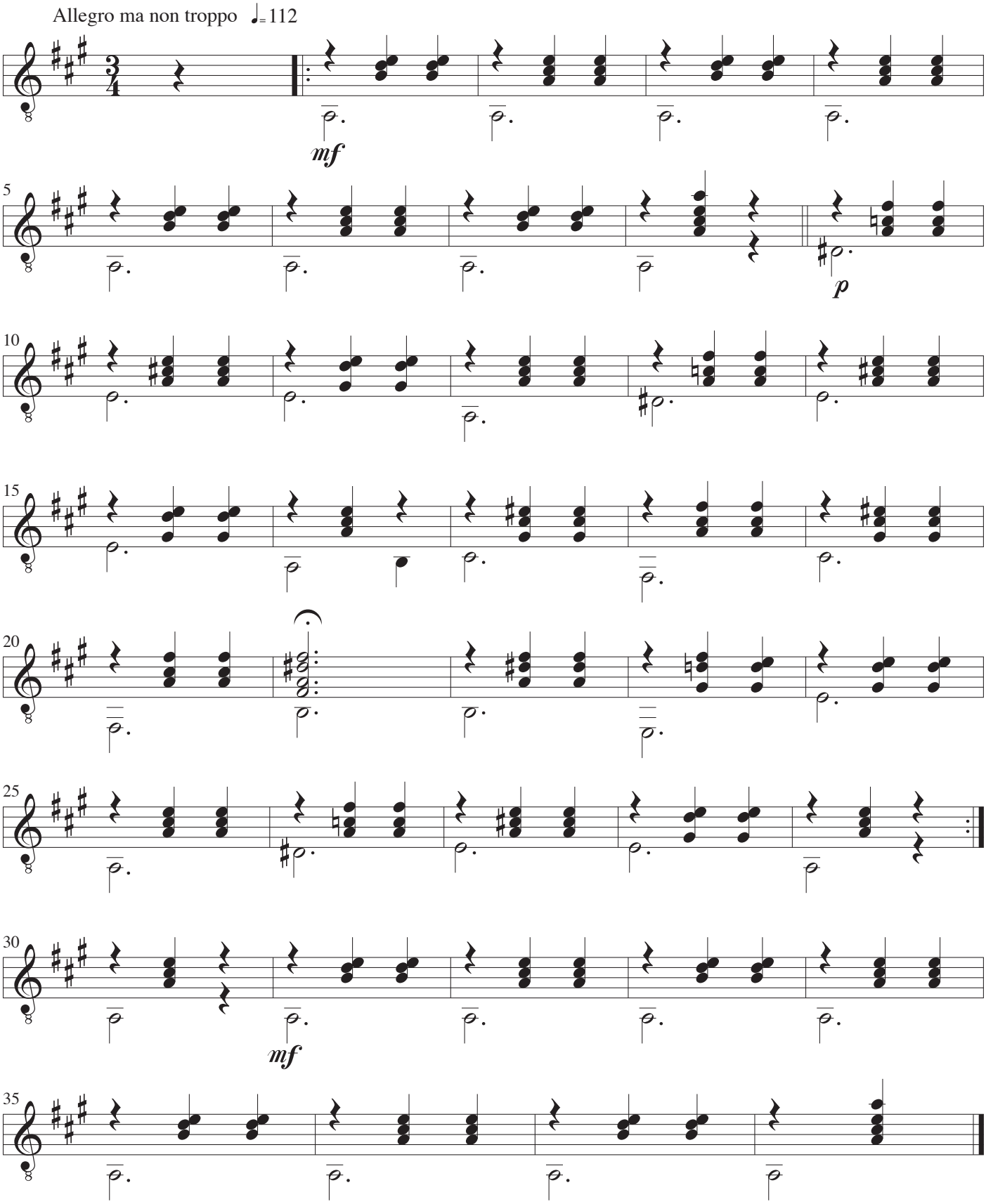


Guitare

Pour toi seul!

Op. 74, N° 1 - 1829

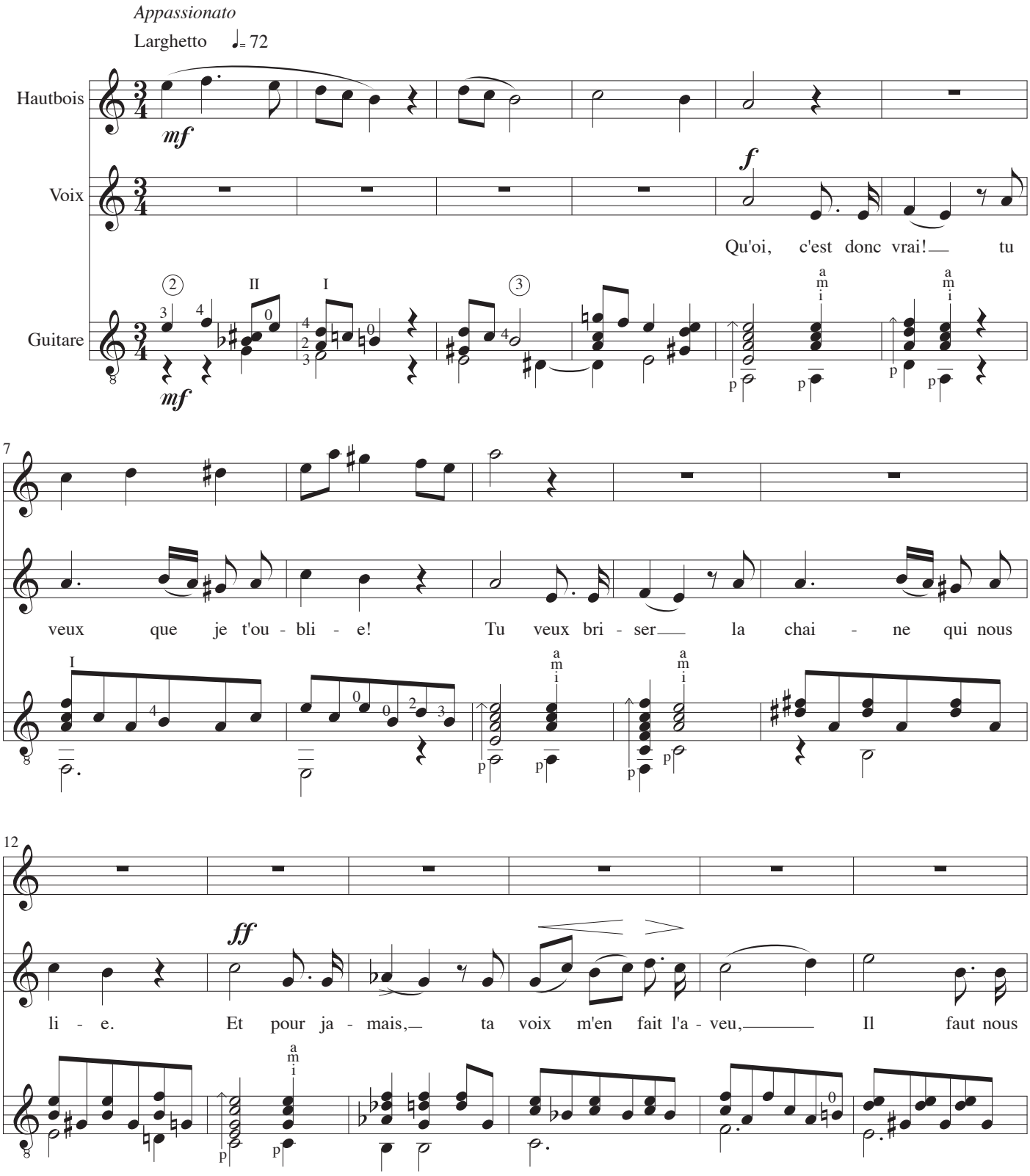
Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Stefan Witwicki
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

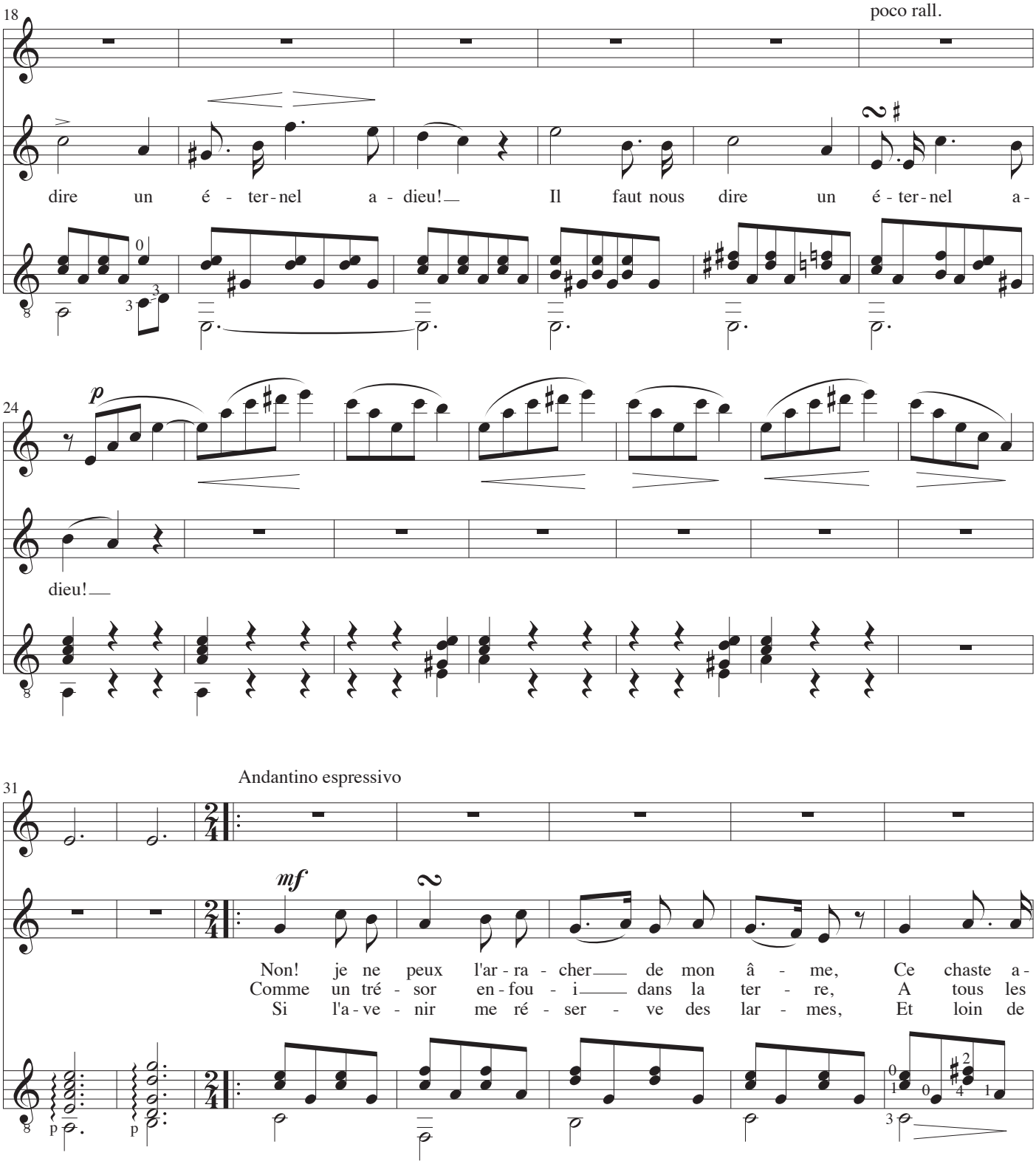


Tu veux que je t'oublie!

Op. 74, N° 6 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Adam Mickiewicz
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




18
poco rall.
dire un é - ter - nel a - dieu! Il faut nous dire un é - ter - nel a -
24
p
dieu!
31
Andantino espressivo
mf
Non! je ne peux l'ar - ra - cher de mon â - me, Ce chaste a -
Comme un tré - sor en - fou - i dans la ter - re, A tous les
Si l'a - ve - nir me ré - ser - ve des lar - mes, Et loin de

38

mour dont mon cœur est tout plein, Non! je ne peux é - touf - fer cet - te
yeux je sau - rai le ca - cher; Et je con - sens à pleu - rer so - li -
toi si tu peux me chas - ser, Le sou - ve - nir d'un pas - sé plein de

44

pp

flam - me, Que ton re - gard al - lu - ma dans mon sein! Que ton re - gard al - lu -
tai - re, Mais rien de toi ne me peut de - ta - cher, Mais rien de toi ne me
char - mes, Il est à moi, tu ne peux l'es - fa - cer, Il est à moi, tu ne

51

p legatissimo

1-2 3

ma dans mon sein!
peut dé - ta - cher.
peux l'ef - fa - cer.

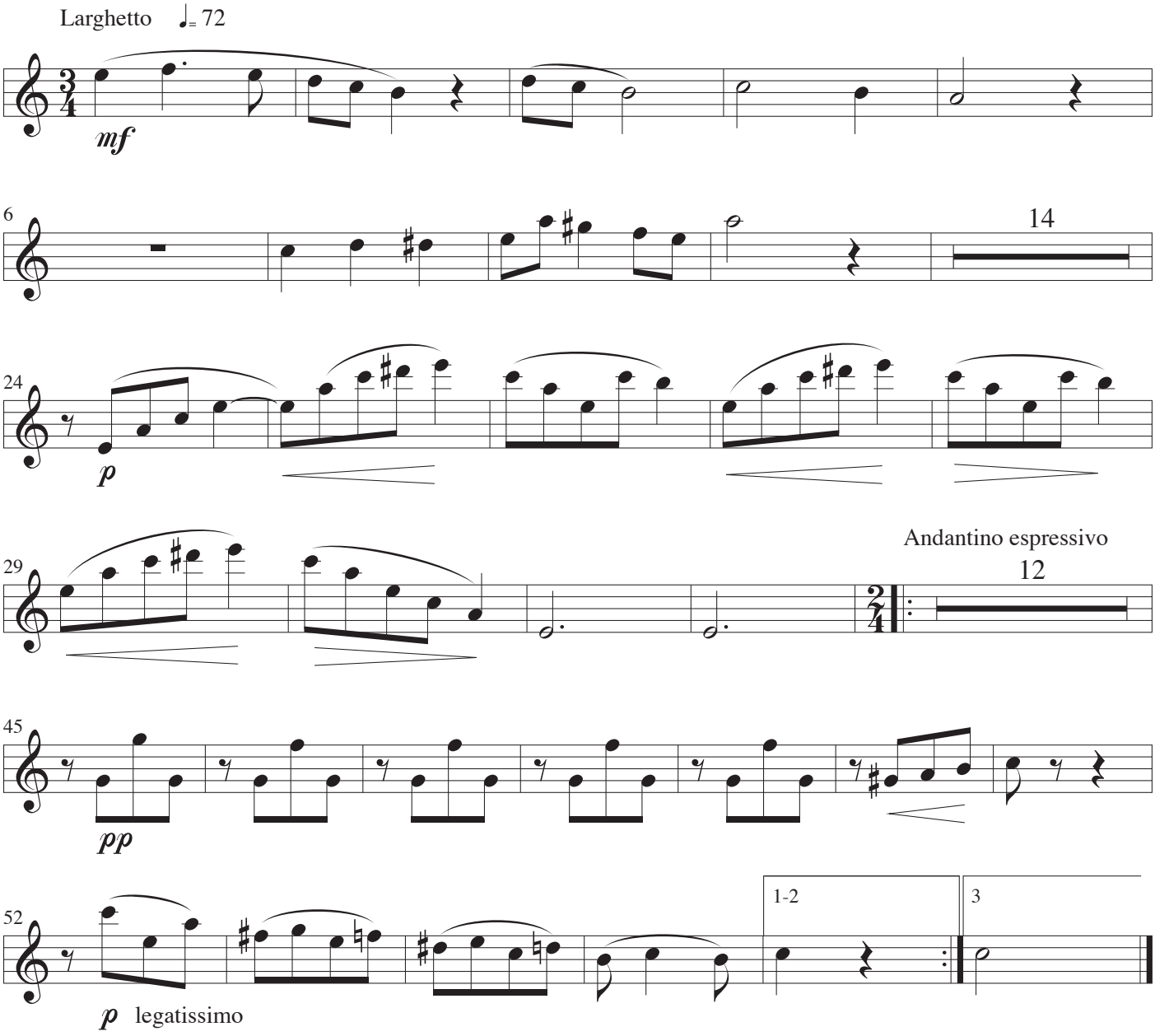
IV

Hautbois

Tu veux que je t'oublie!

Op. 74, N° 6 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Adam Mickiewicz
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

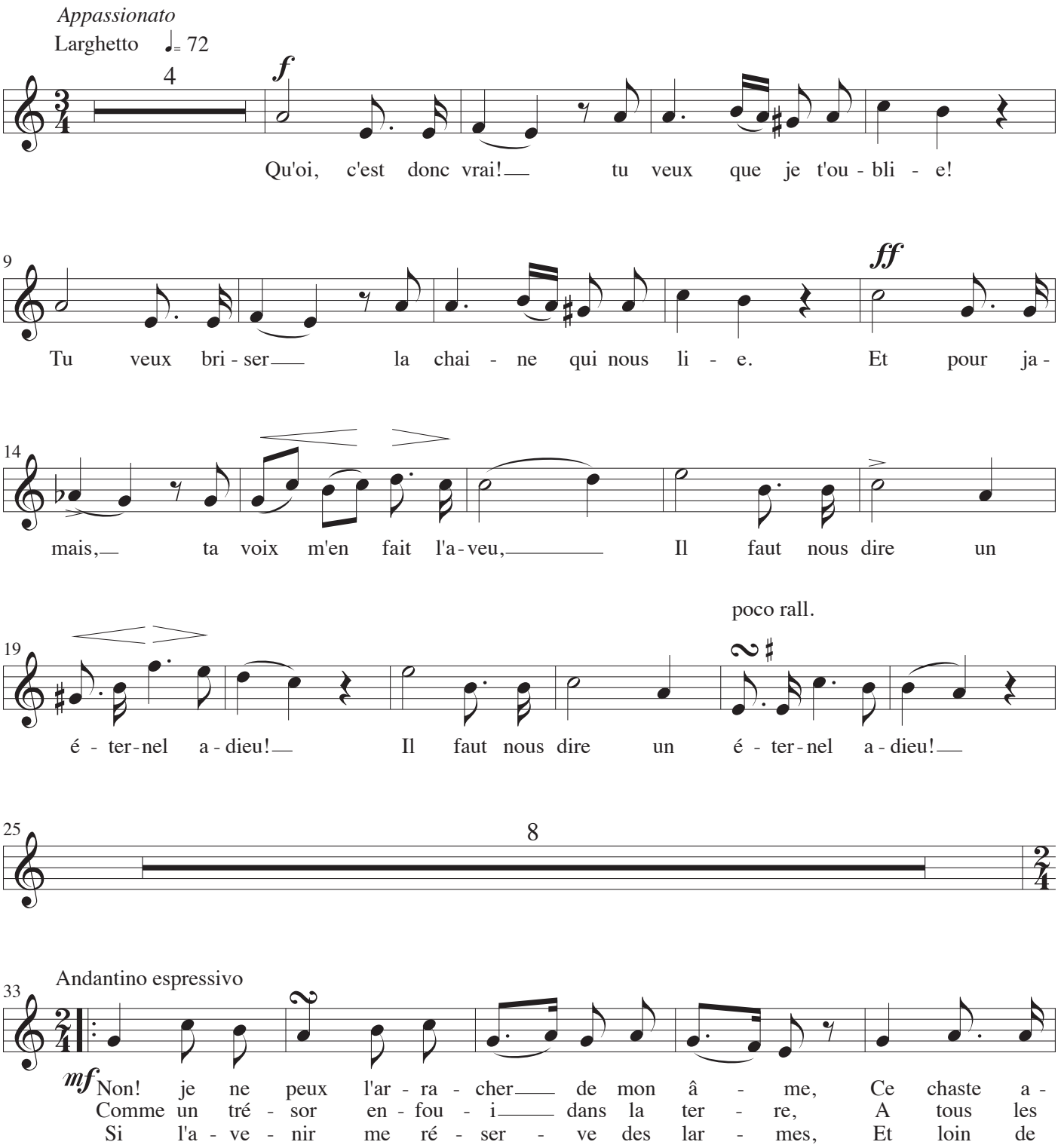


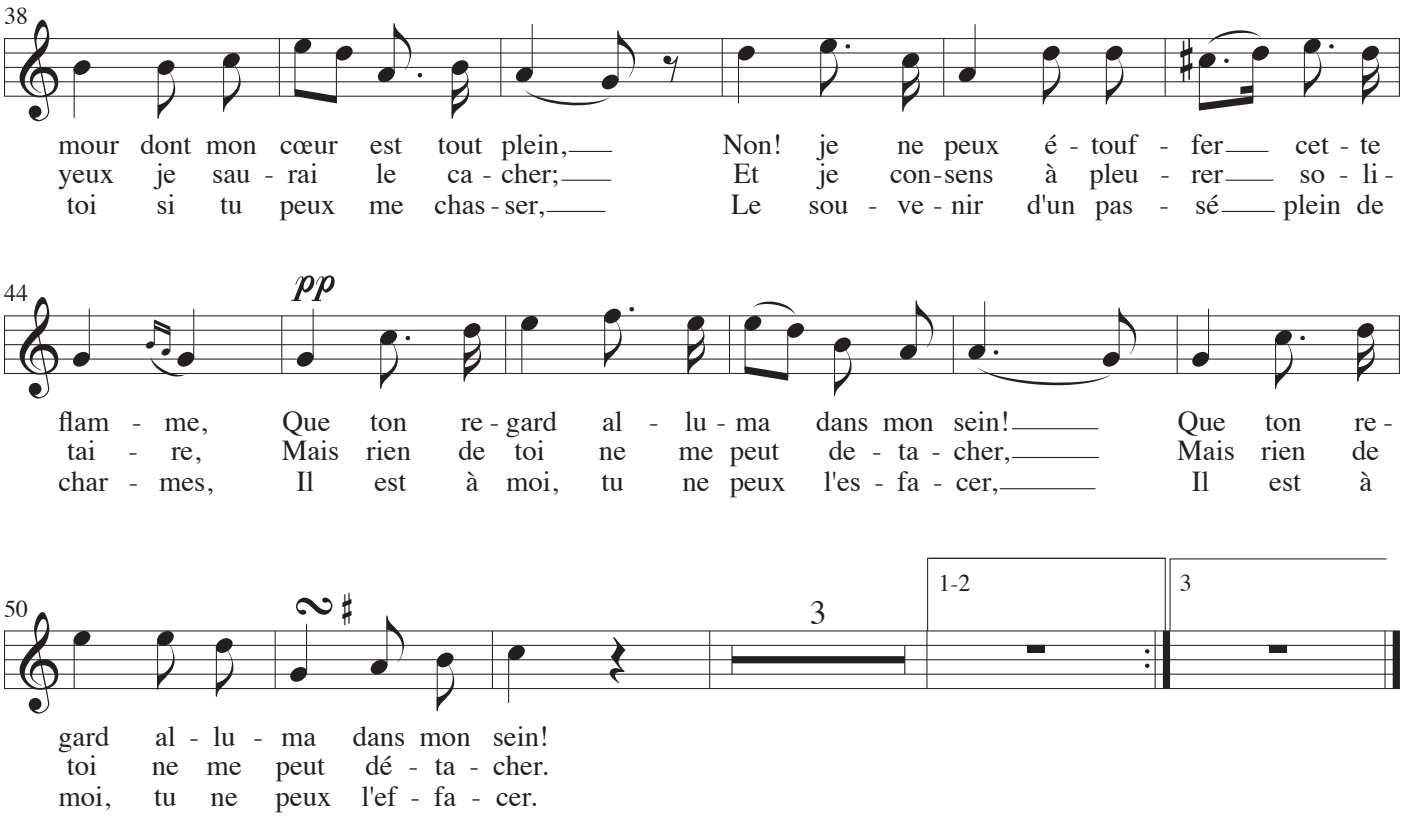
Voix

Tu veux que je t'oublie!

Op. 74, N° 6 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Adam Mickiewicz
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



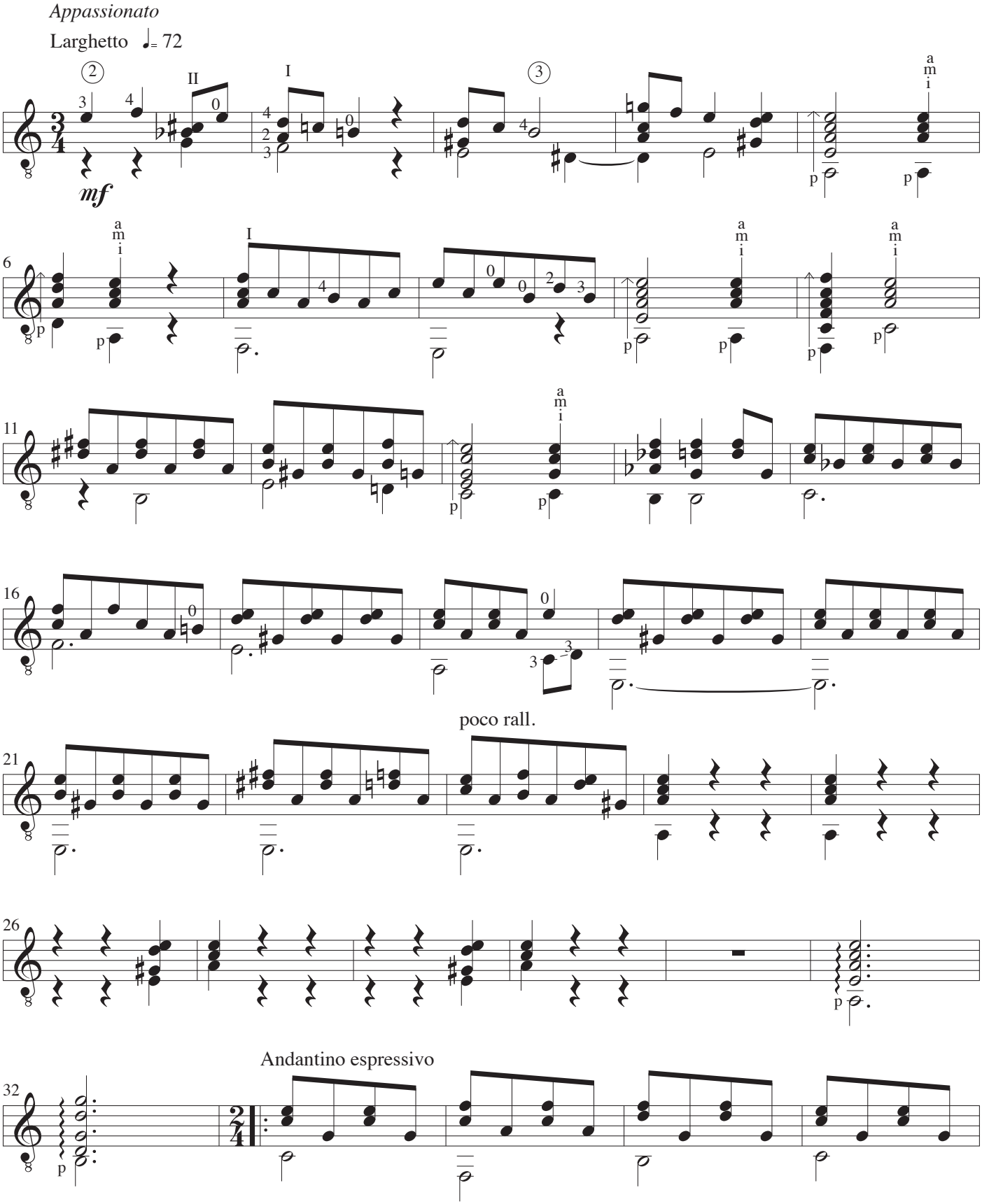

38
mour dont mon cœur est tout plein, Non! je ne peux é - touf - fer cet - te
yeux je sau - rai le ca - cher; Et je con-sens à pleu - rer so - li-
toi si tu peux me chas - ser, Le sou - ve - nir d'un pas - sé plein de
44
pp
flam - me, Que ton re - gard al - lu - ma dans mon sein! Que ton re -
tai - re, Mais rien de toi ne me peut de - ta - cher, Mais rien de
char - mes, Il est à moi, tu ne peux l'es - fa - cer, Il est à
50
3
1-2
3
gard al - lu - ma dans mon sein!
toi ne me peut dé - ta - cher.
moi, tu ne peux l'ef - fa - cer.

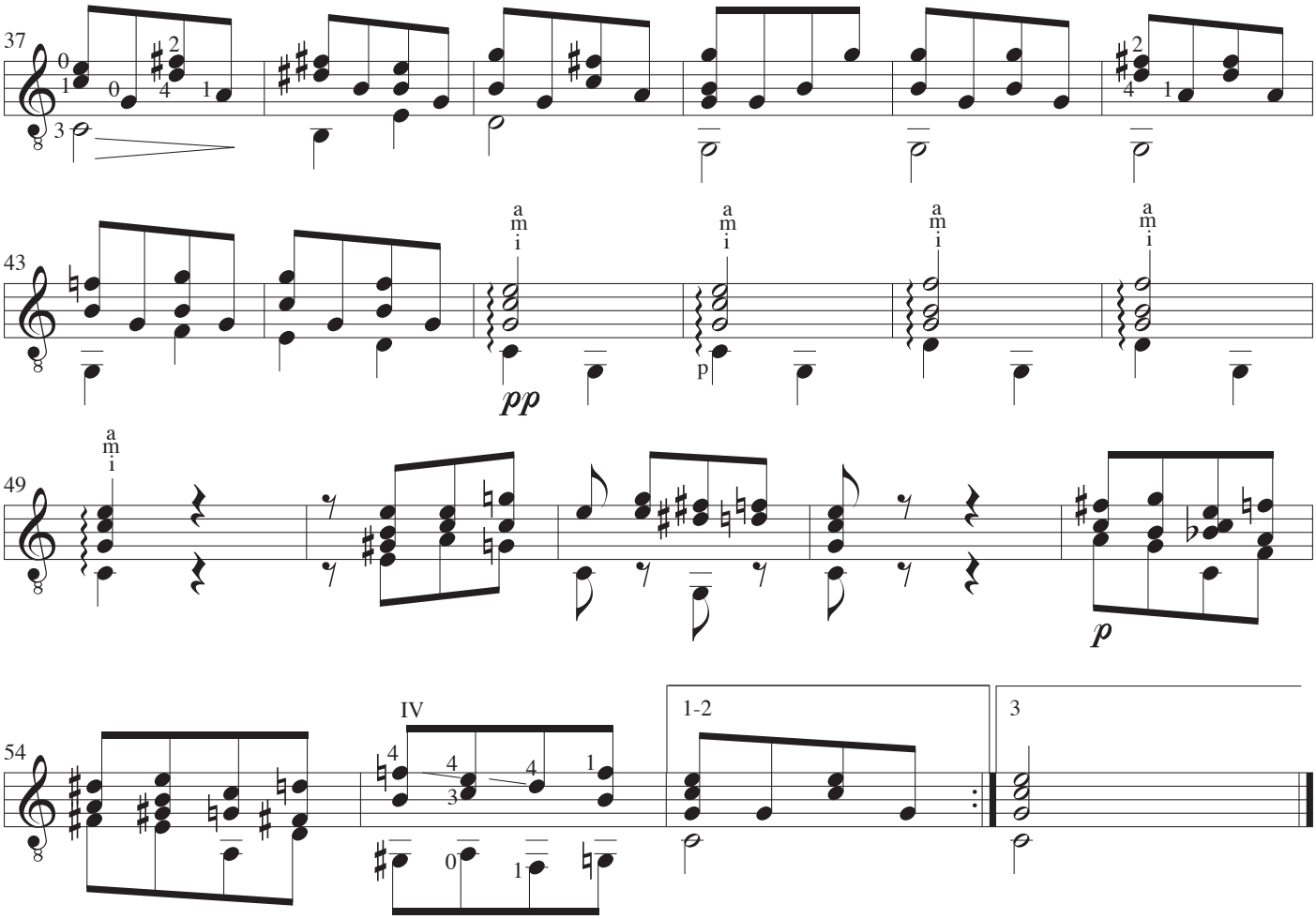
Guitare

Tu veux que je t'oublie!

Op. 74, N° 6 - 1830

Musique: Frederic Chopin
Paroles: Adam Mickiewicz
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

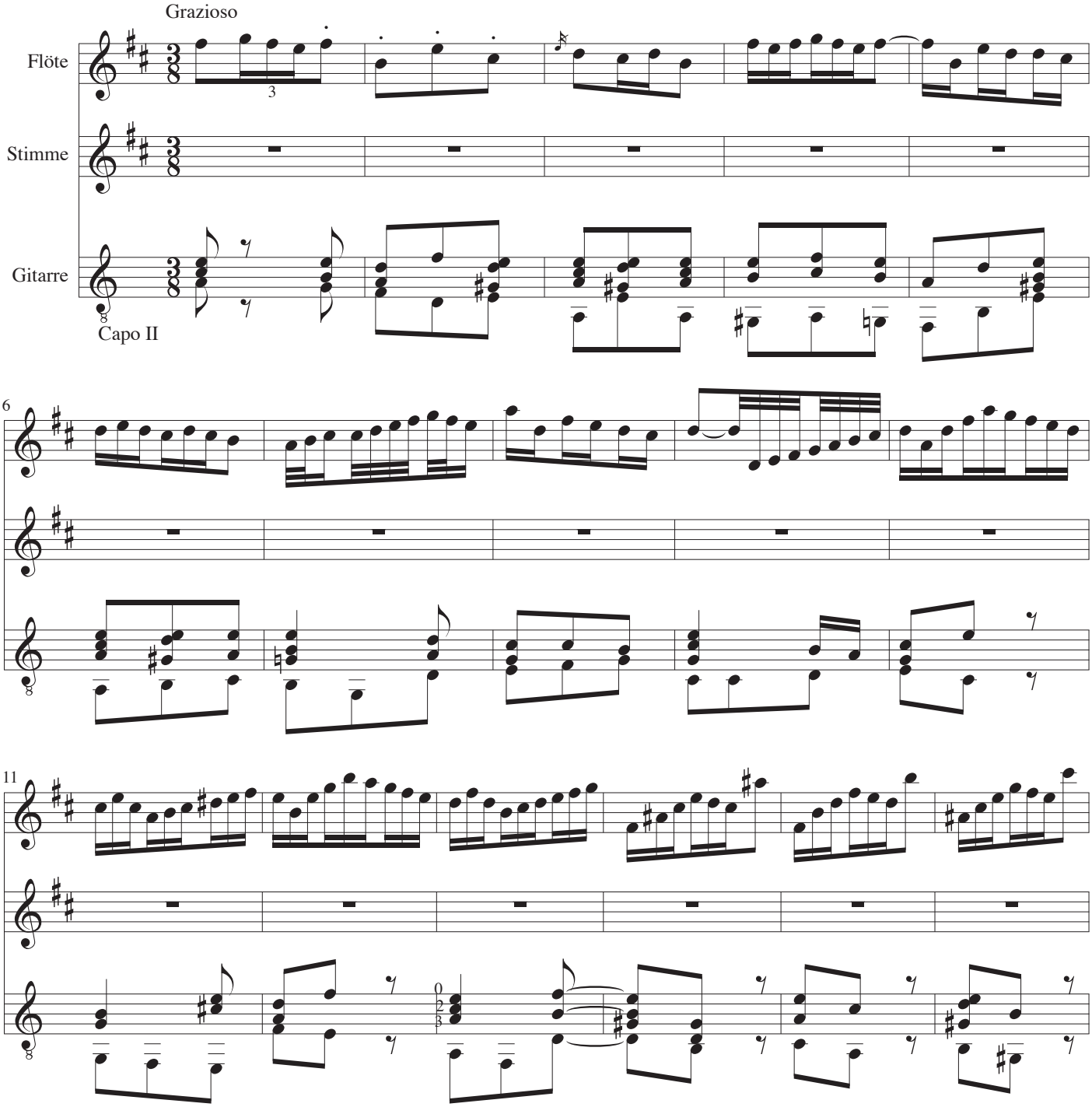


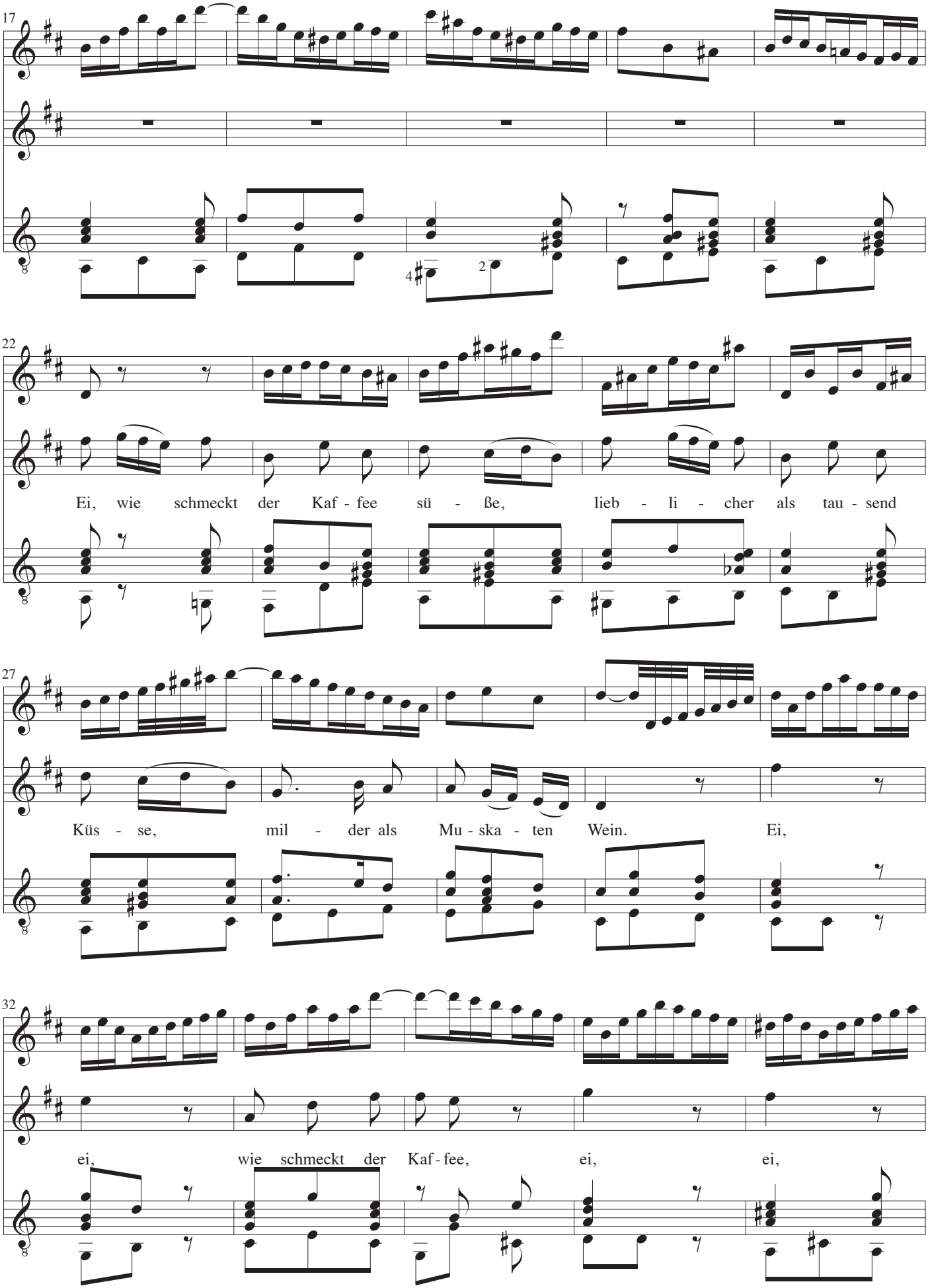

37
43
a m i
pp
p
49
p
54
IV
1-2
3

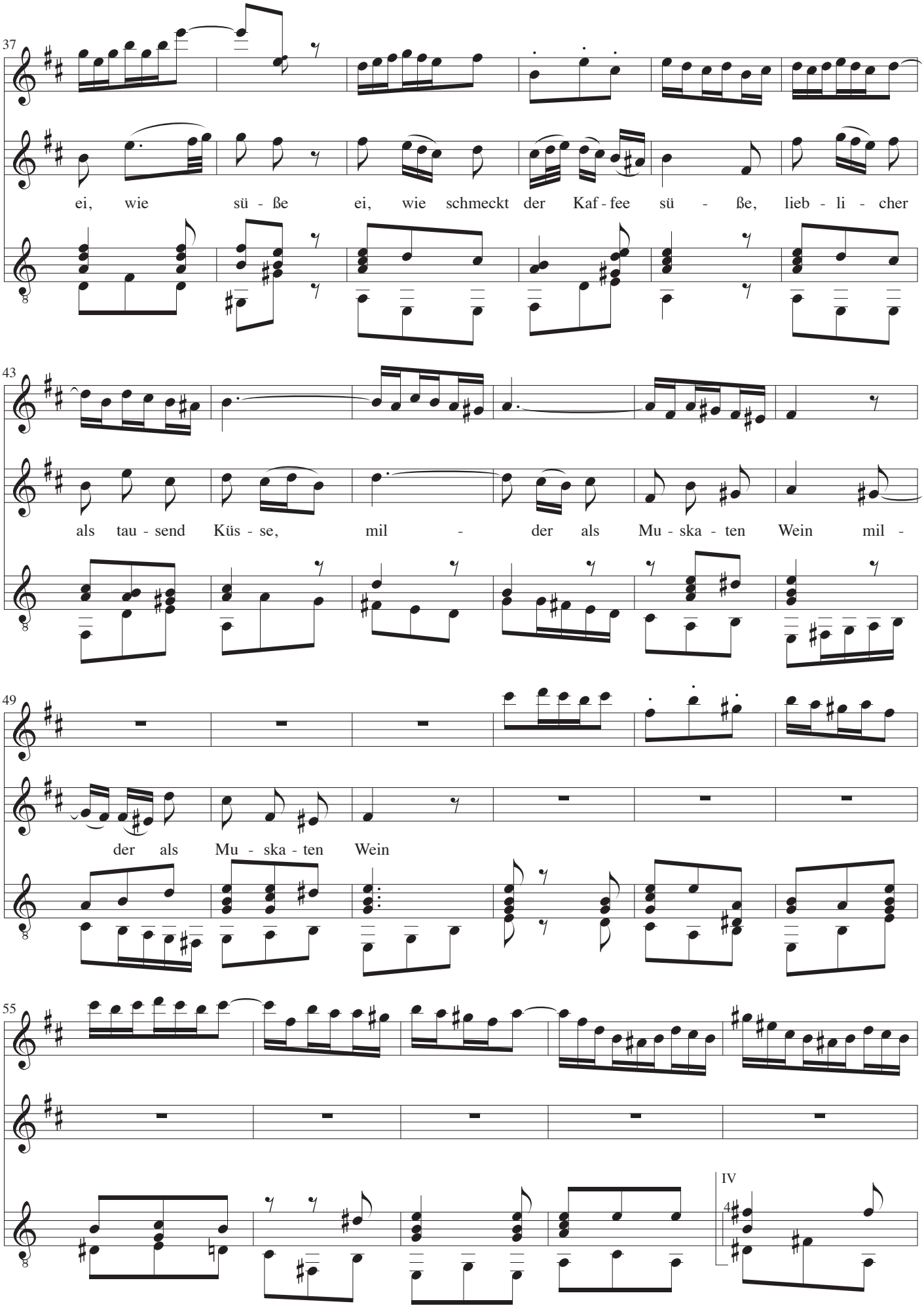
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße

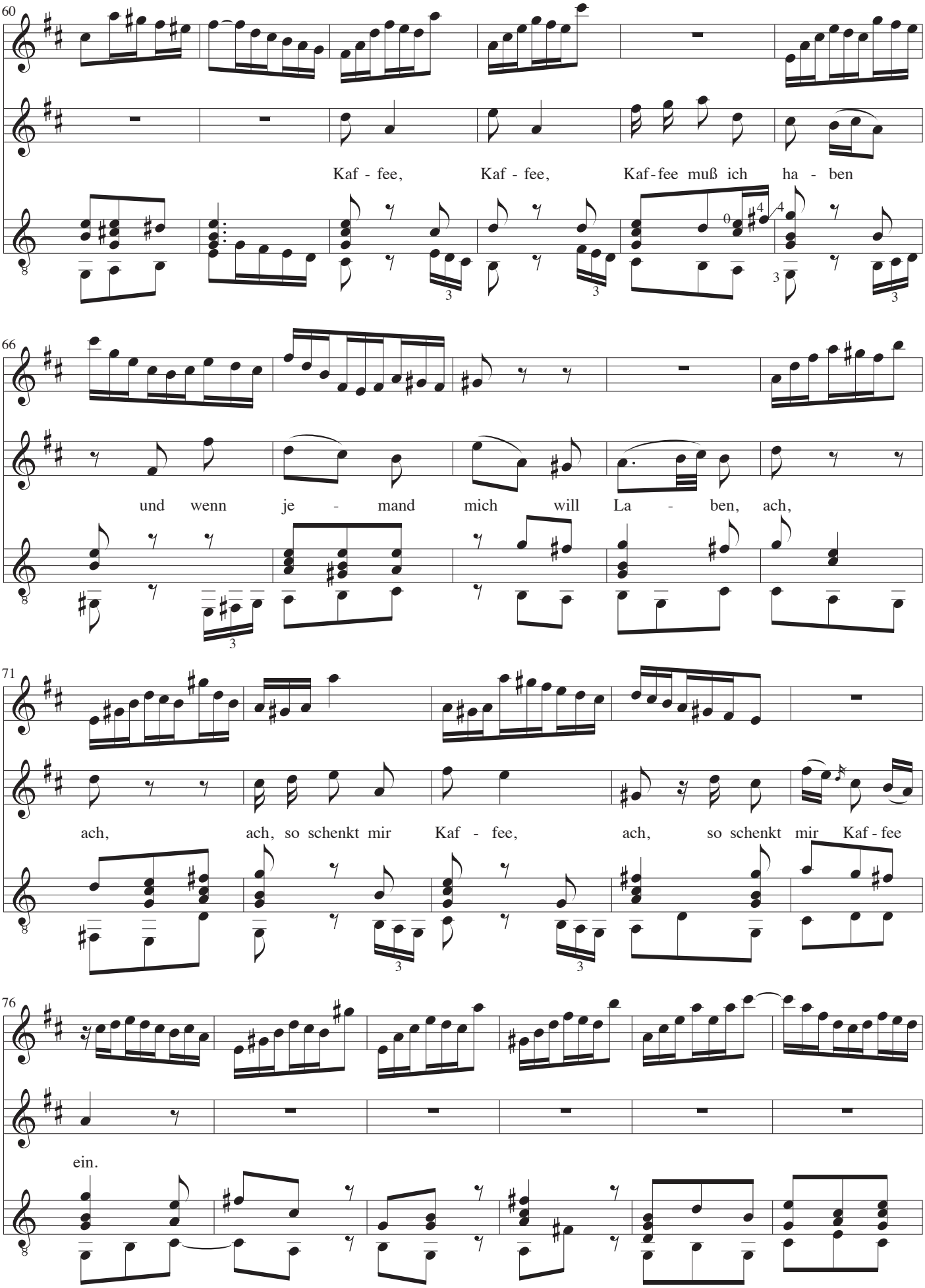
Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht (Kaffeekantate), BWV 211

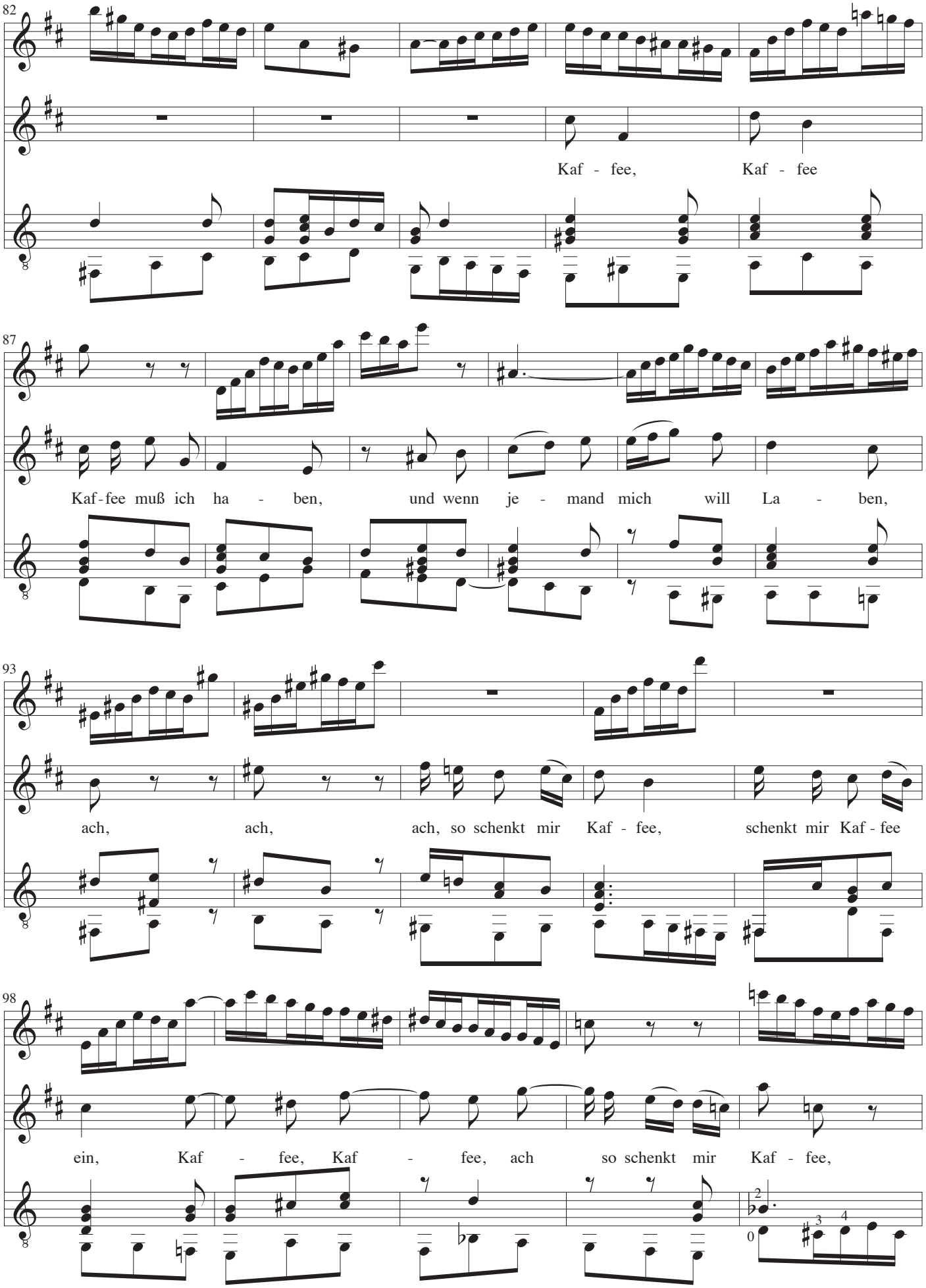
Musik: Johann Sebastian Bach
Text: Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander)
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

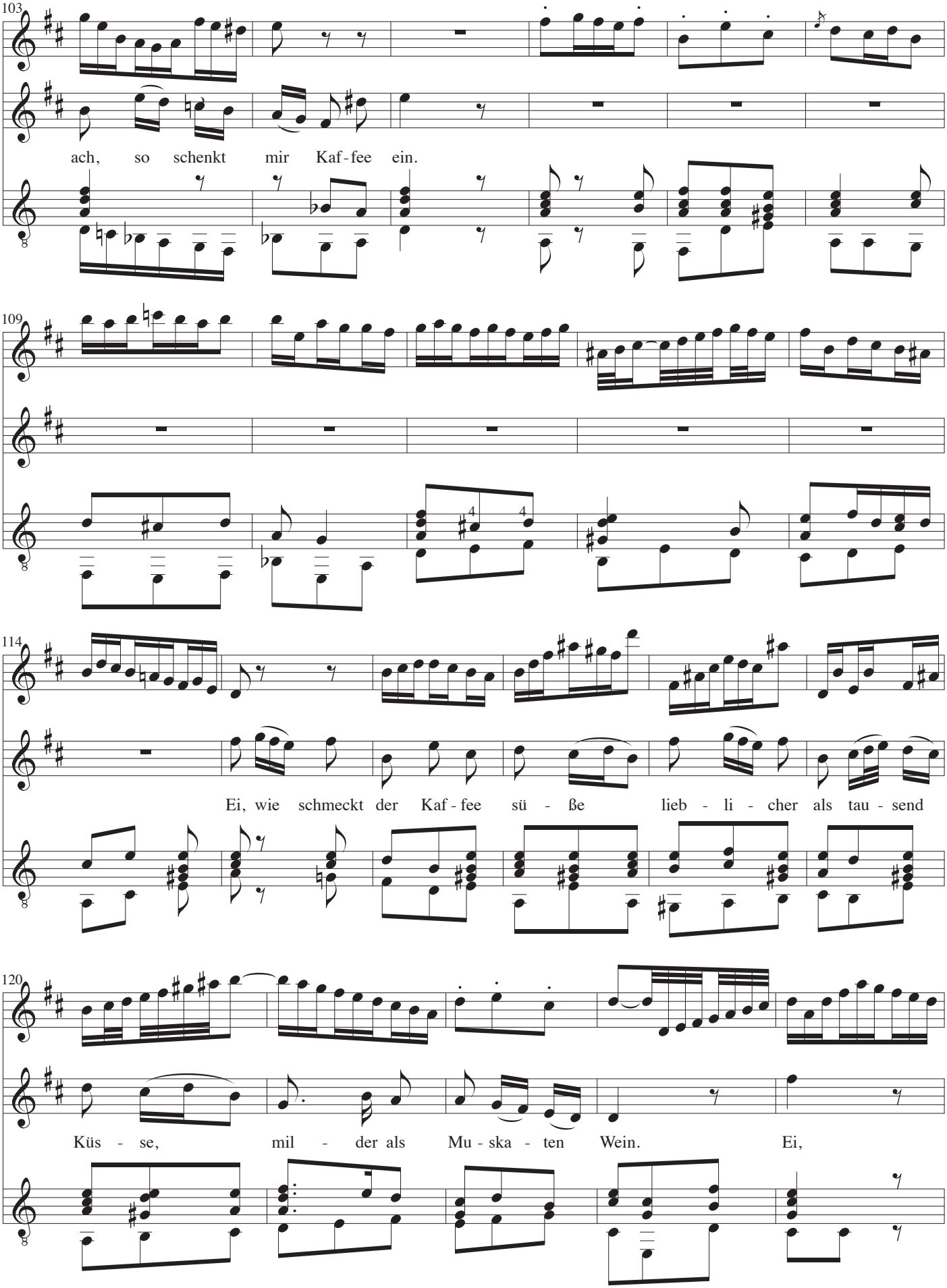


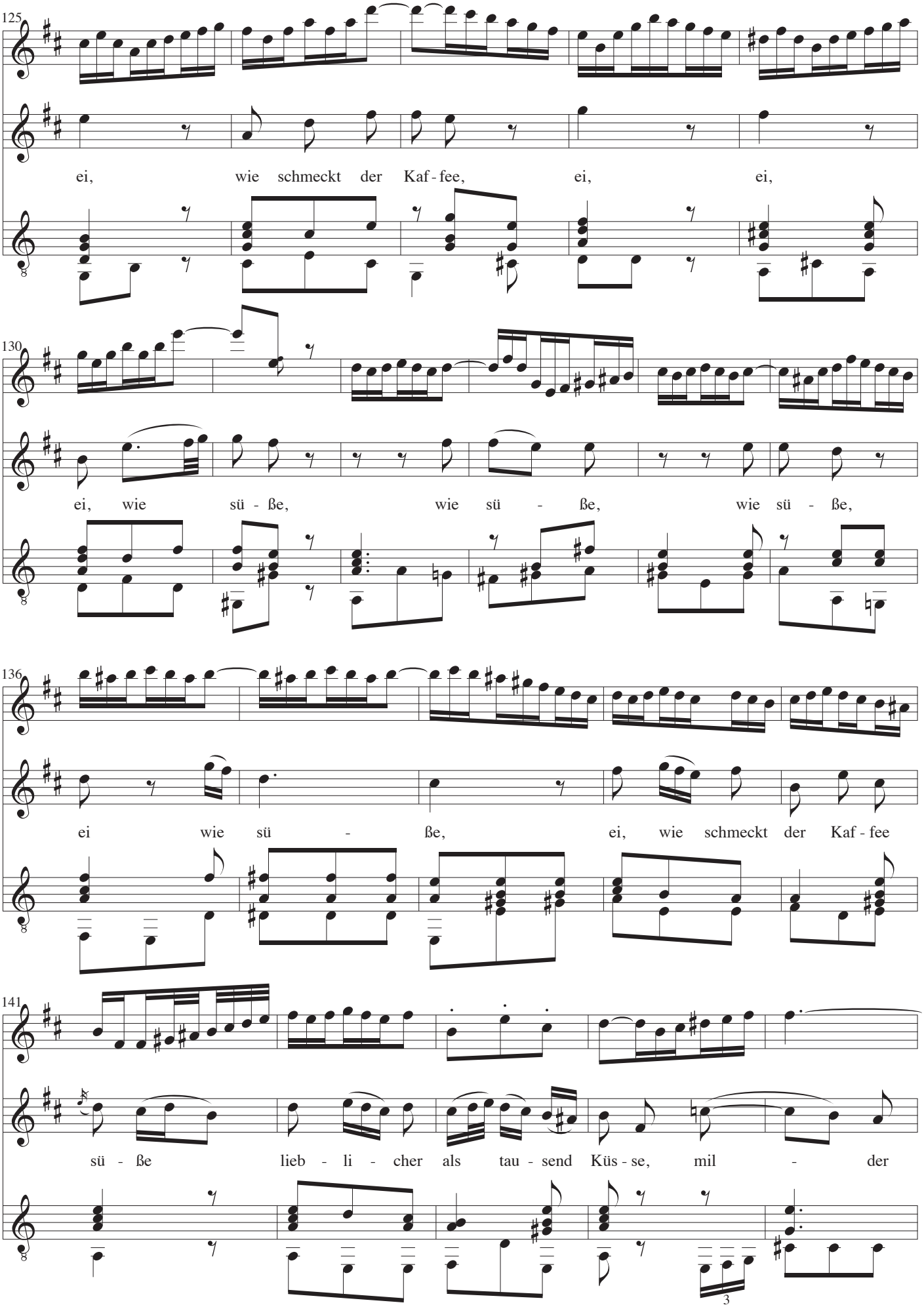

17
22
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee sü - ße, lieb - li - cher als tau - send
27
Küs - se, mil - der als Mu - ska - ten Wein. Ei,
32
ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee, ei, ei,

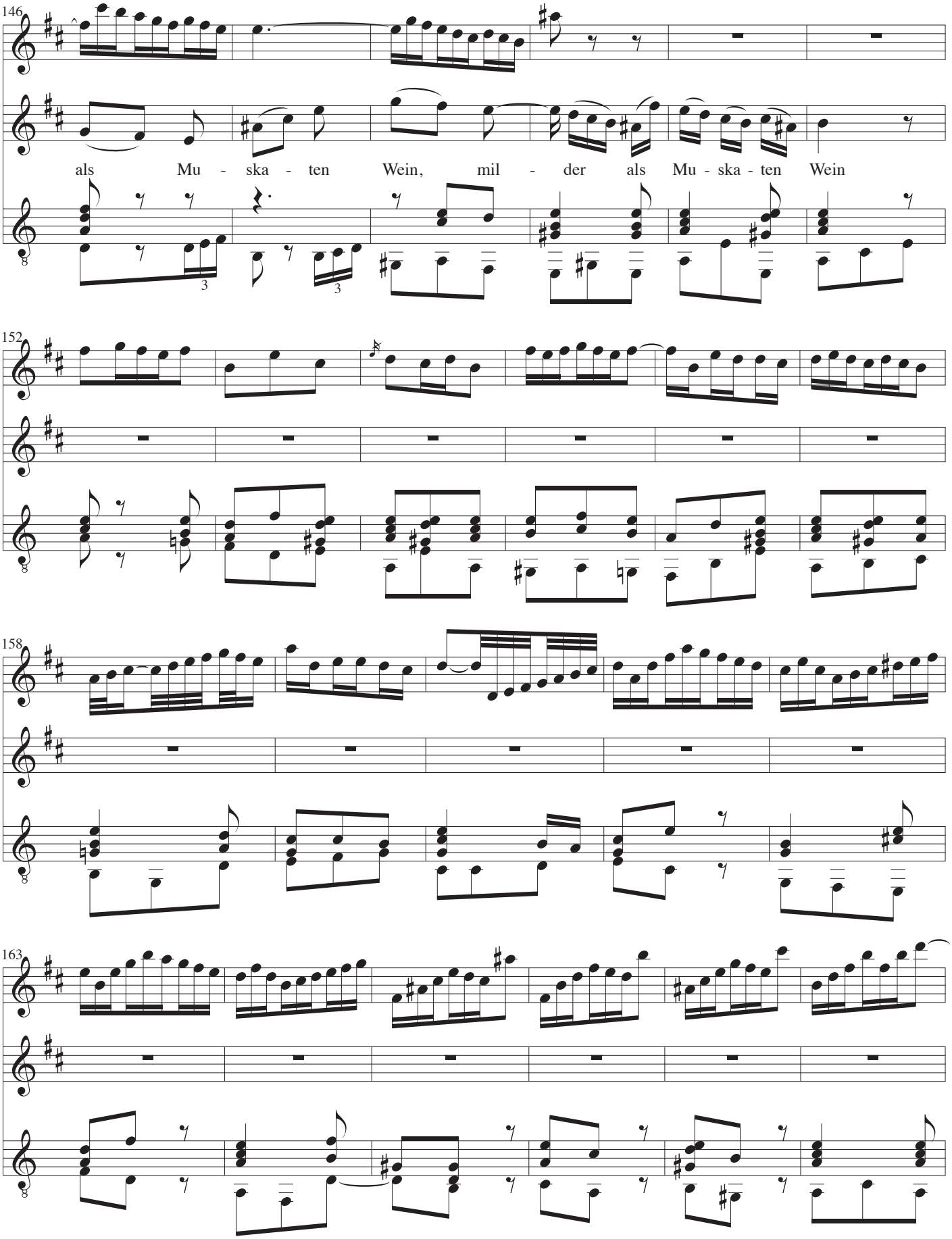

37
ei, wie sü - ße ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee sü - ße, lieb - li - cher
43
als tau - send Küs - se, mil - der als Mu - ska - ten Wein mil -
49
der als Mu - ska - ten Wein
55
IV
4

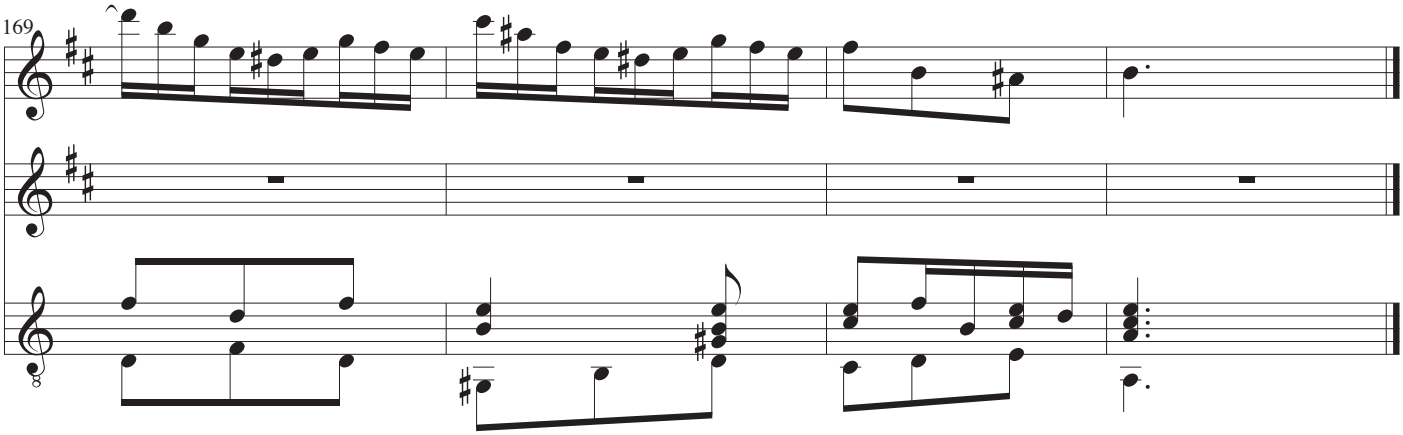

60
Kaf - fee, Kaf - fee, Kaf-fee muß ich ha - ben
66
und wenn je - mand mich will La - ben, ach,
71
ach, ach, so schenkt mir Kaf - fee, ach, so schenkt mir Kaf-fee
76
ein.


82
Kaf - fee, Kaf - fee
87
Kaf-fee muß ich ha - ben, und wenn je - mand mich will La - ben,
93
ach, ach, ach, so schenkt mir Kaf - fee, schenkt mir Kaf - fee
98
ein, Kaf - fee, Kaf - fee, ach so schenkt mir Kaf - fee,


103
ach, so schenkt mir Kaf - fee ein.
109
114
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee sü - ße lieb - li - cher als tau - send
120
Küs - se, mil - der als Mu - ska - ten Wein. Ei,


125
ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee, ei, ei,
130
ei, wie sü - ße, wie sü - ße, wie sü - ße,
136
ei wie sü - ße, ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee
141
sü - ße lieb - li - cher als tau - send Küs - se, mil - der


146
als Mu - ska - ten Wein, mil - der als Mu - ska - ten Wein
152
158
163

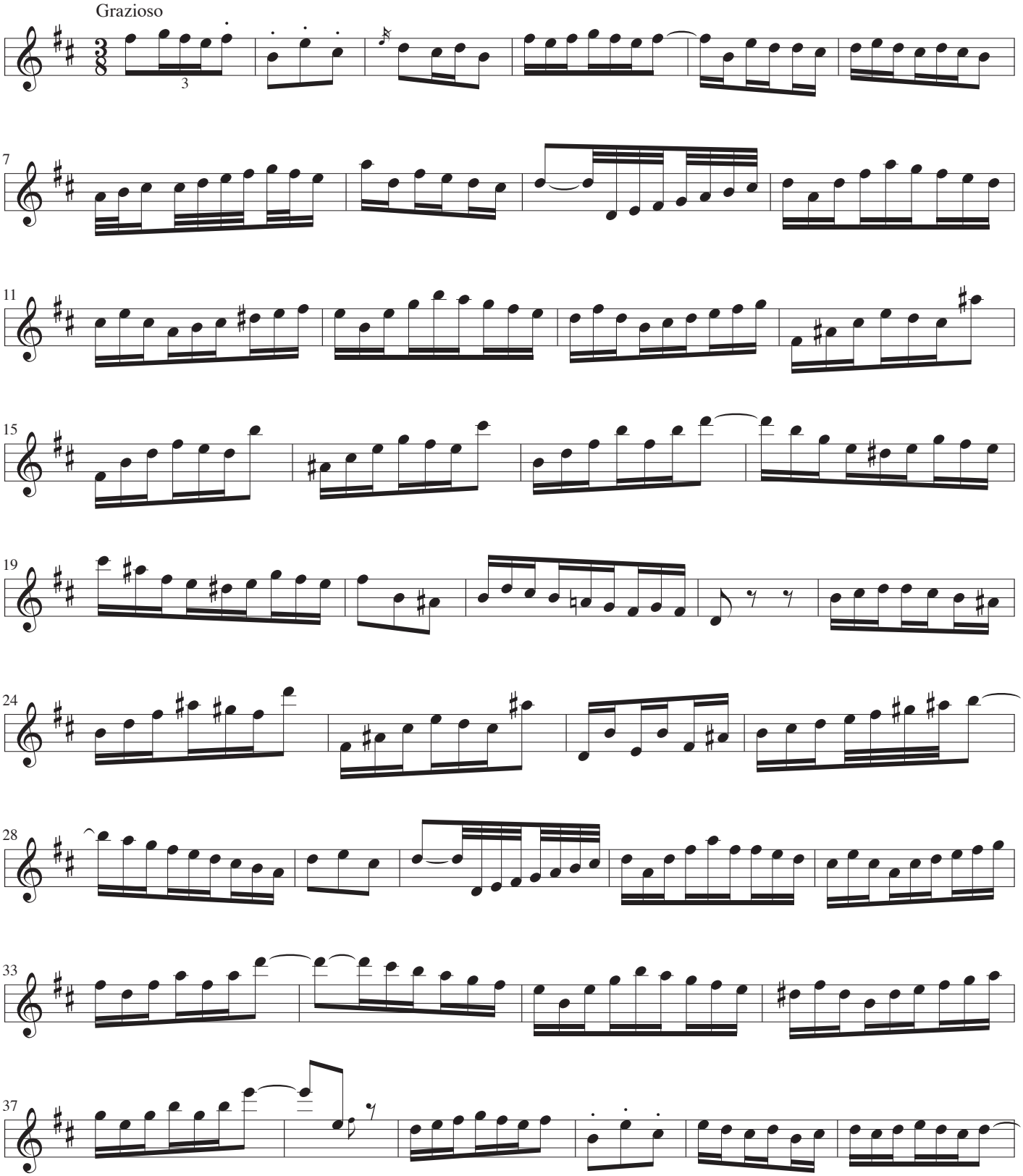

169

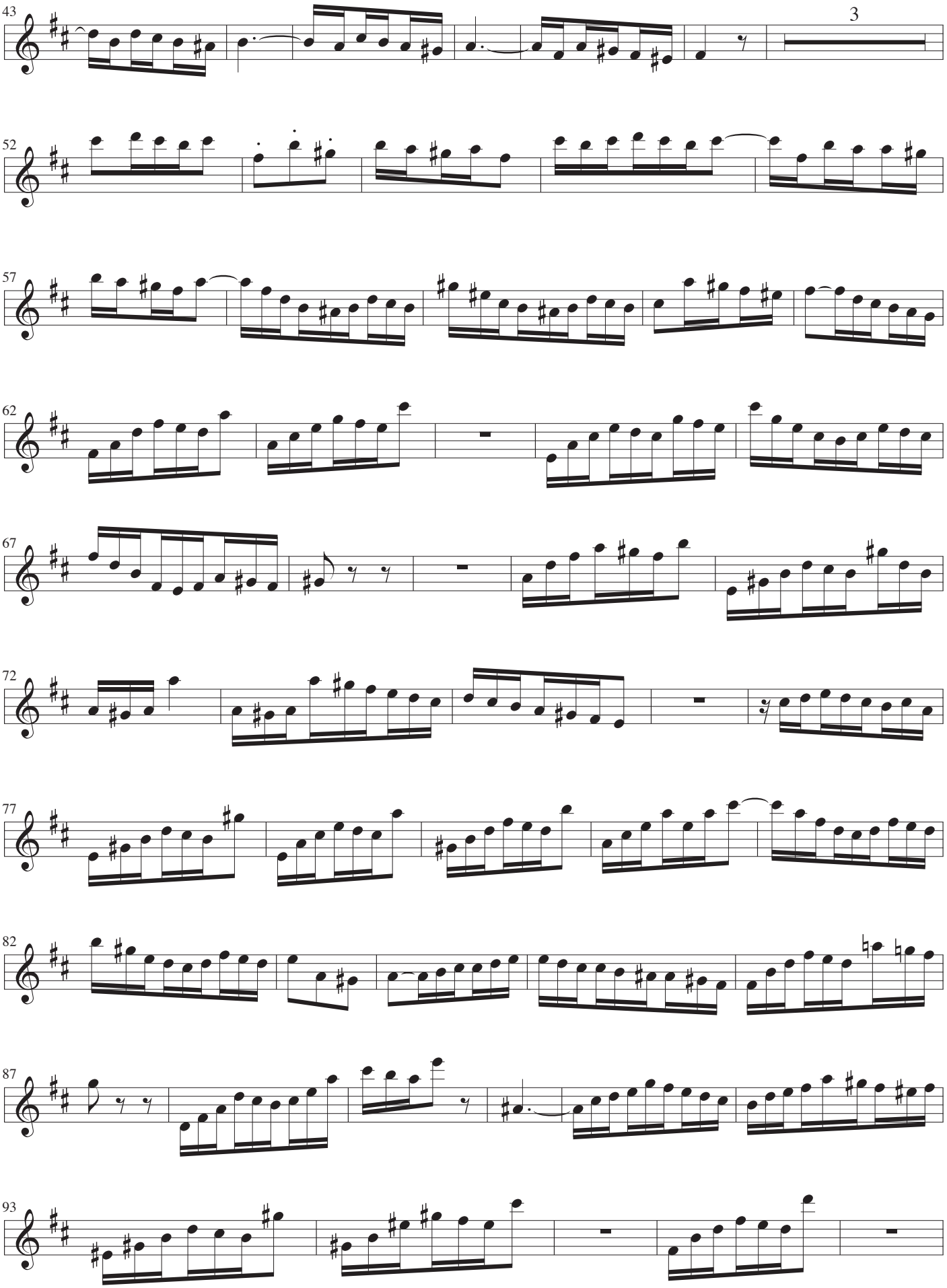
Flöte

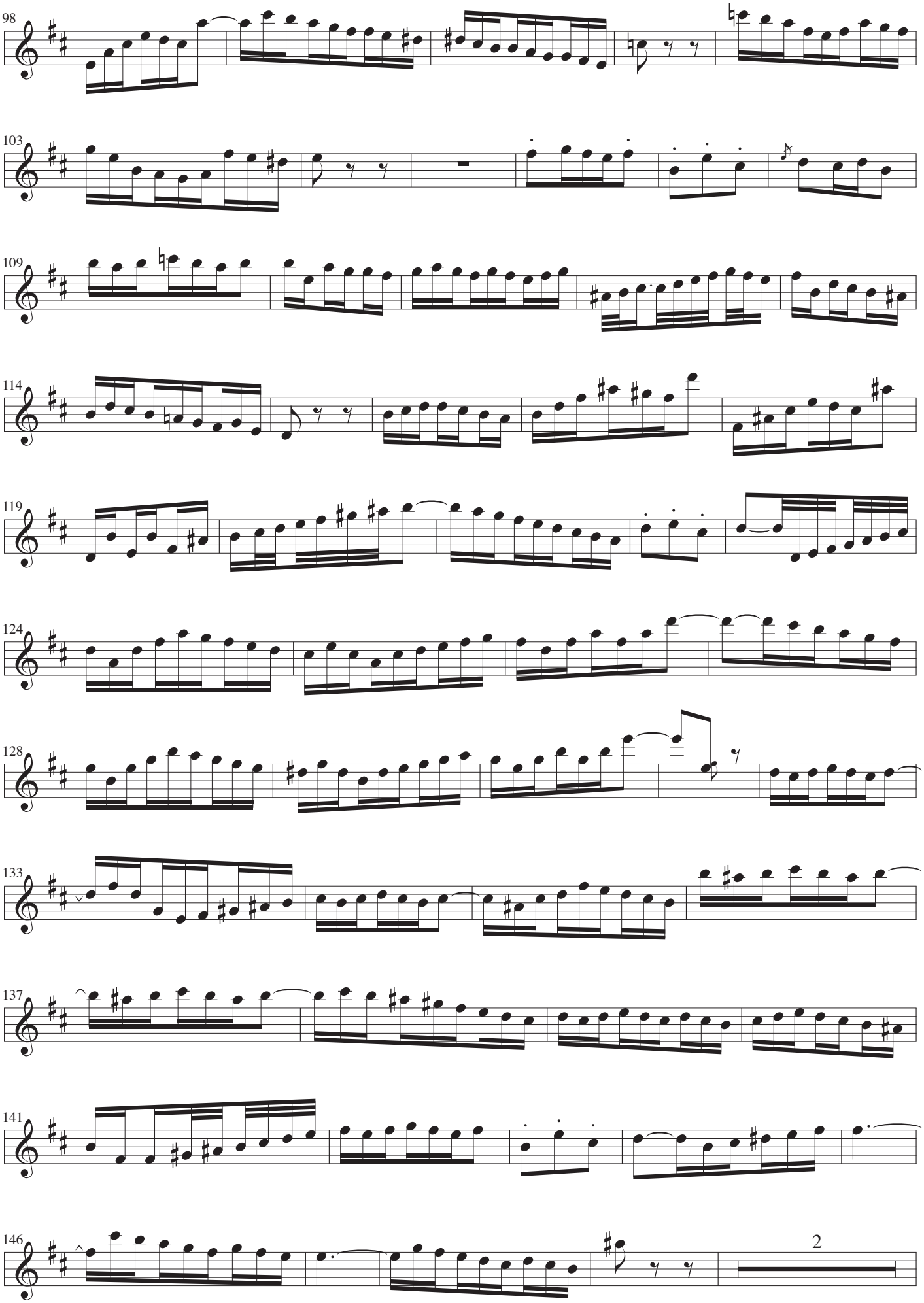
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße

Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht (Kaffeekantate), BWV 211

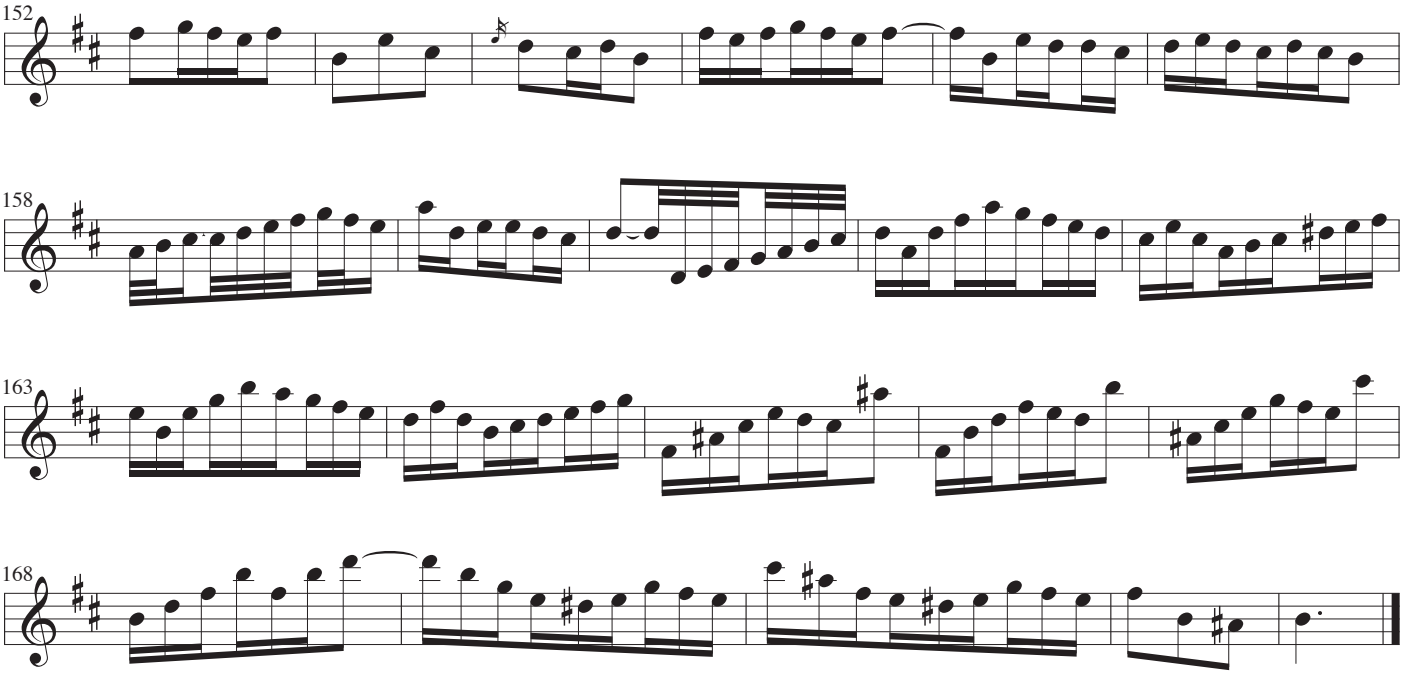
Musik: Johann Sebastian Bach
Text: Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander)
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




3
43
52
57
62
67
72
77
82
87
93



Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße. Flöte 3

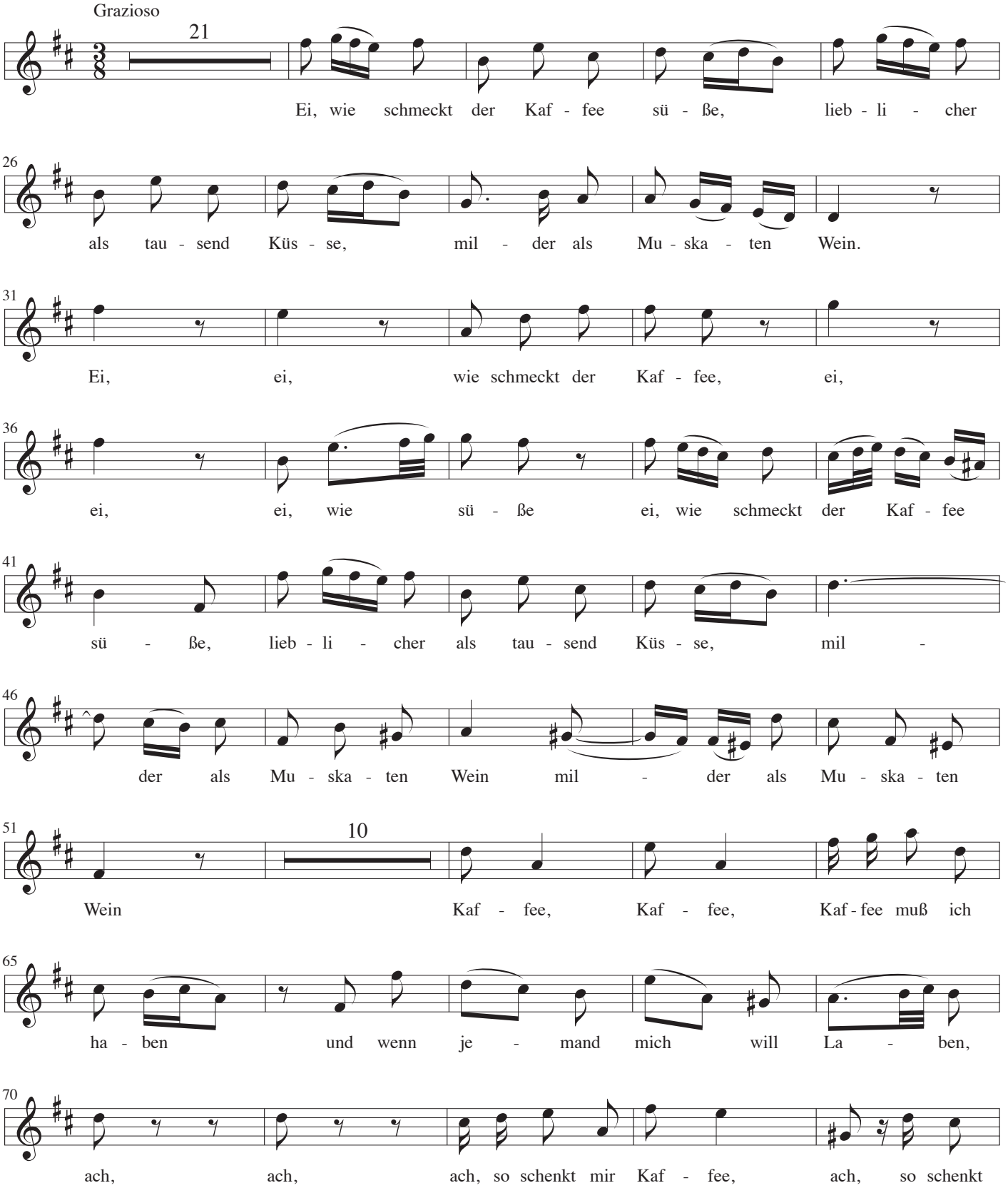

152
158
163
168

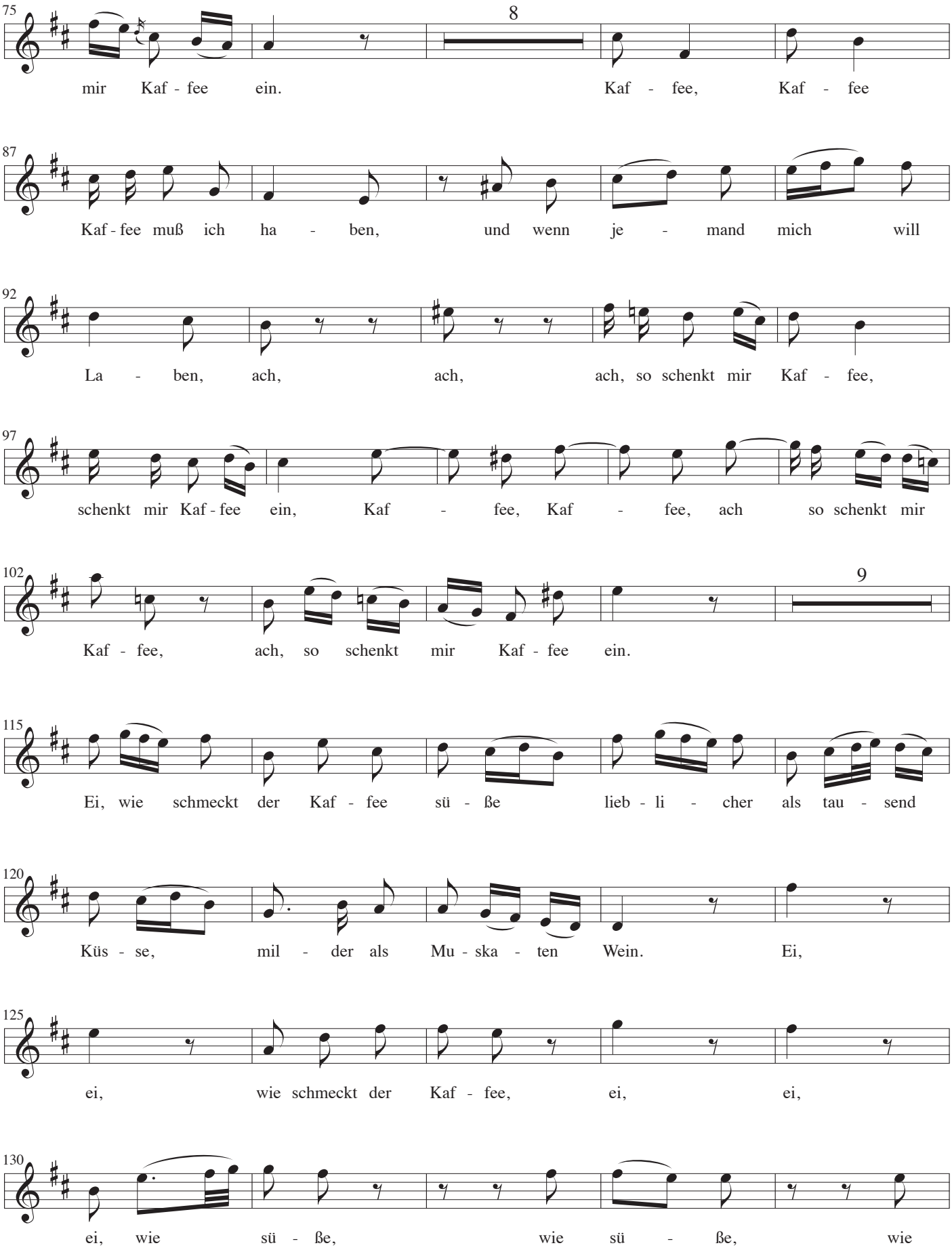
Stimme

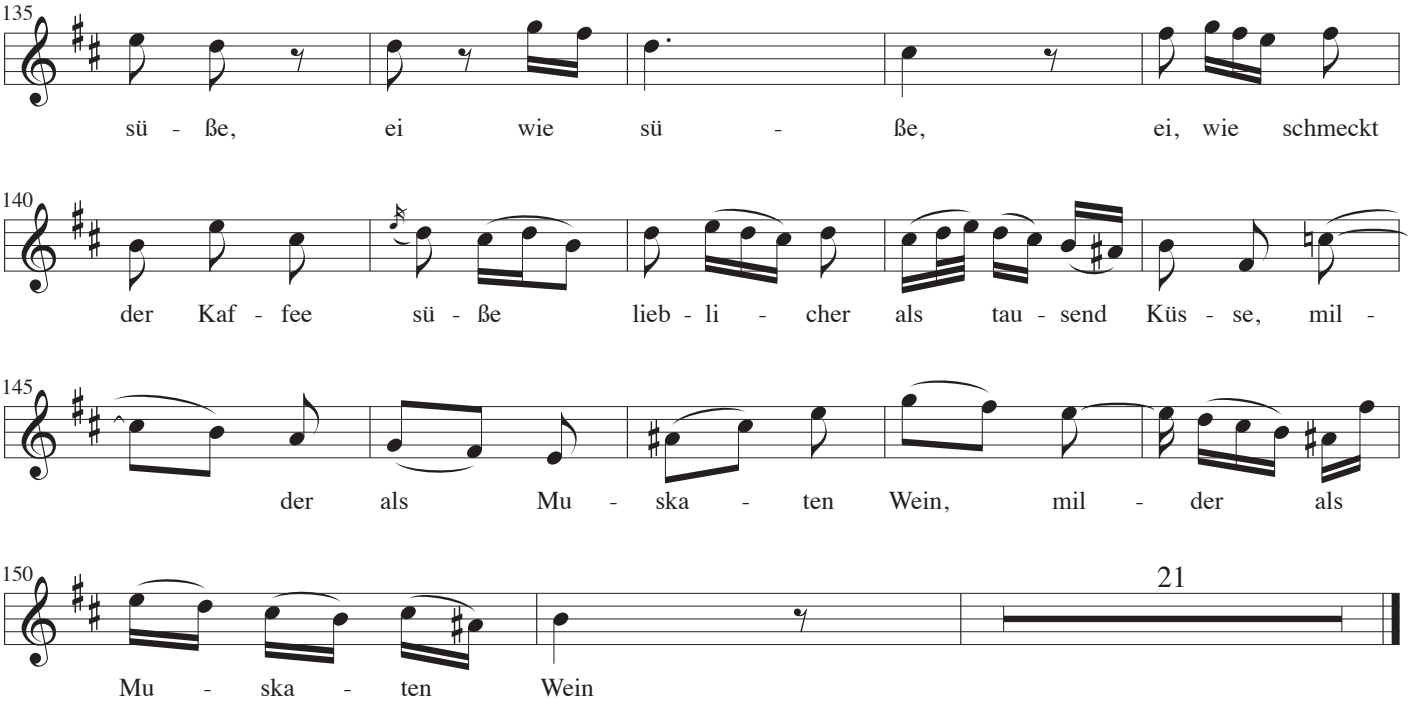
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße

Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht (Kaffeekantate), BWV 211

Musik: Johann Sebastian Bach
Text: Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander)
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




75
8
mir Kaf - fee ein. Kaf - fee, Kaf - fee
87
Kaf - fee muß ich ha - ben, und wenn je - mand mich will
92
La - ben, ach, ach, ach, so schenkt mir Kaf - fee,
97
schenkt mir Kaf - fee ein, Kaf - fee, Kaf - fee, ach so schenkt mir
102
9
Kaf - fee, ach, so schenkt mir Kaf - fee ein.
115
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee sü - ße lieb - li - cher als tau - send
120
Küs - se, mil - der als Mu - ska - ten Wein. Ei,
125
ei, wie schmeckt der Kaf - fee, ei, ei,
130
ei, wie sü - ße, wie sü - ße, wie

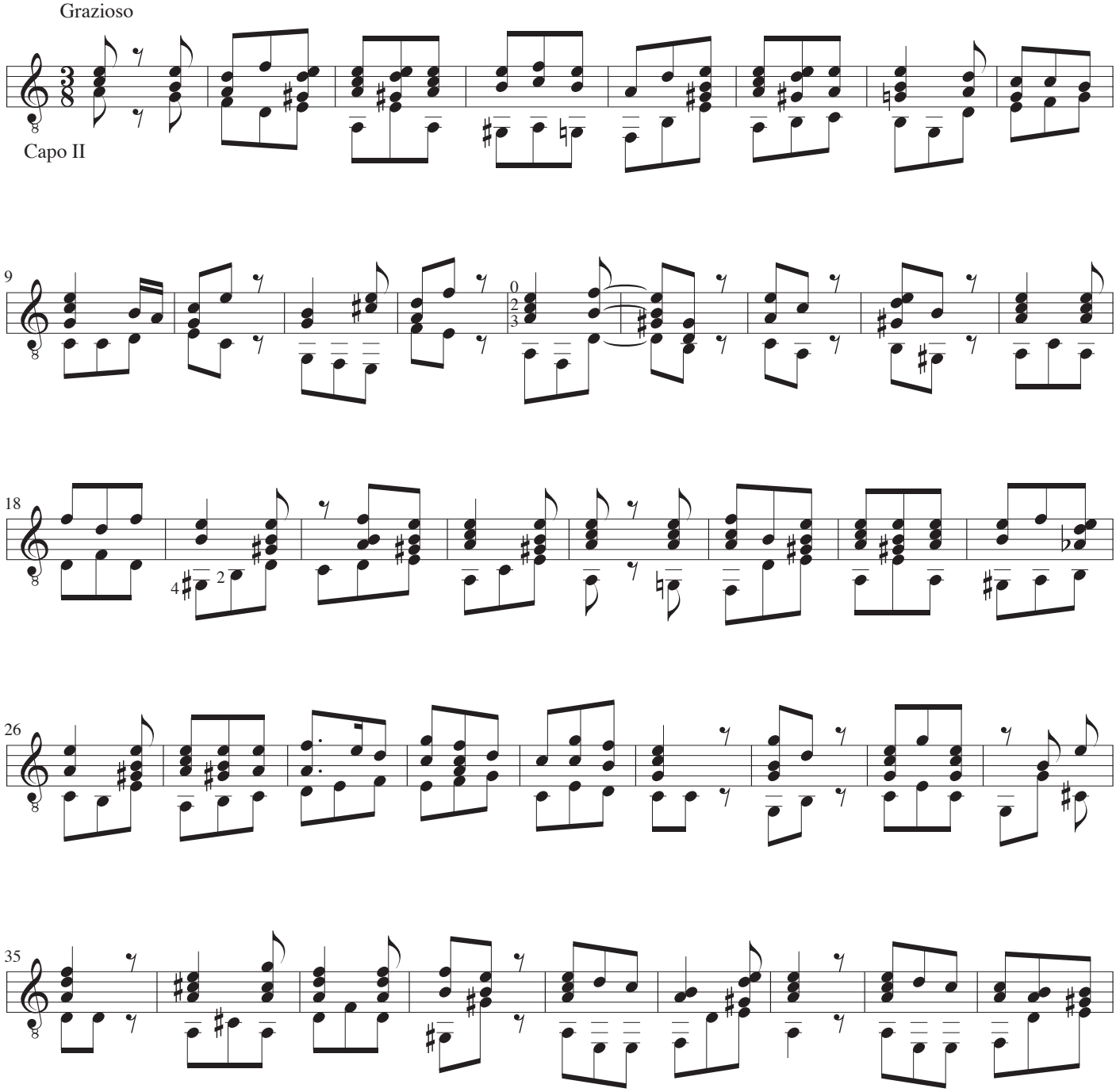

135
sü - ße, ei wie sü - ße, ei, wie schmeckt
140
der Kaf - fee sü - ße lieb - li - cher als tau - send Küs - se, mil -
145
der als Mu - ska - ten Wein, mil - der als
150
Mu - ska - ten Wein
21

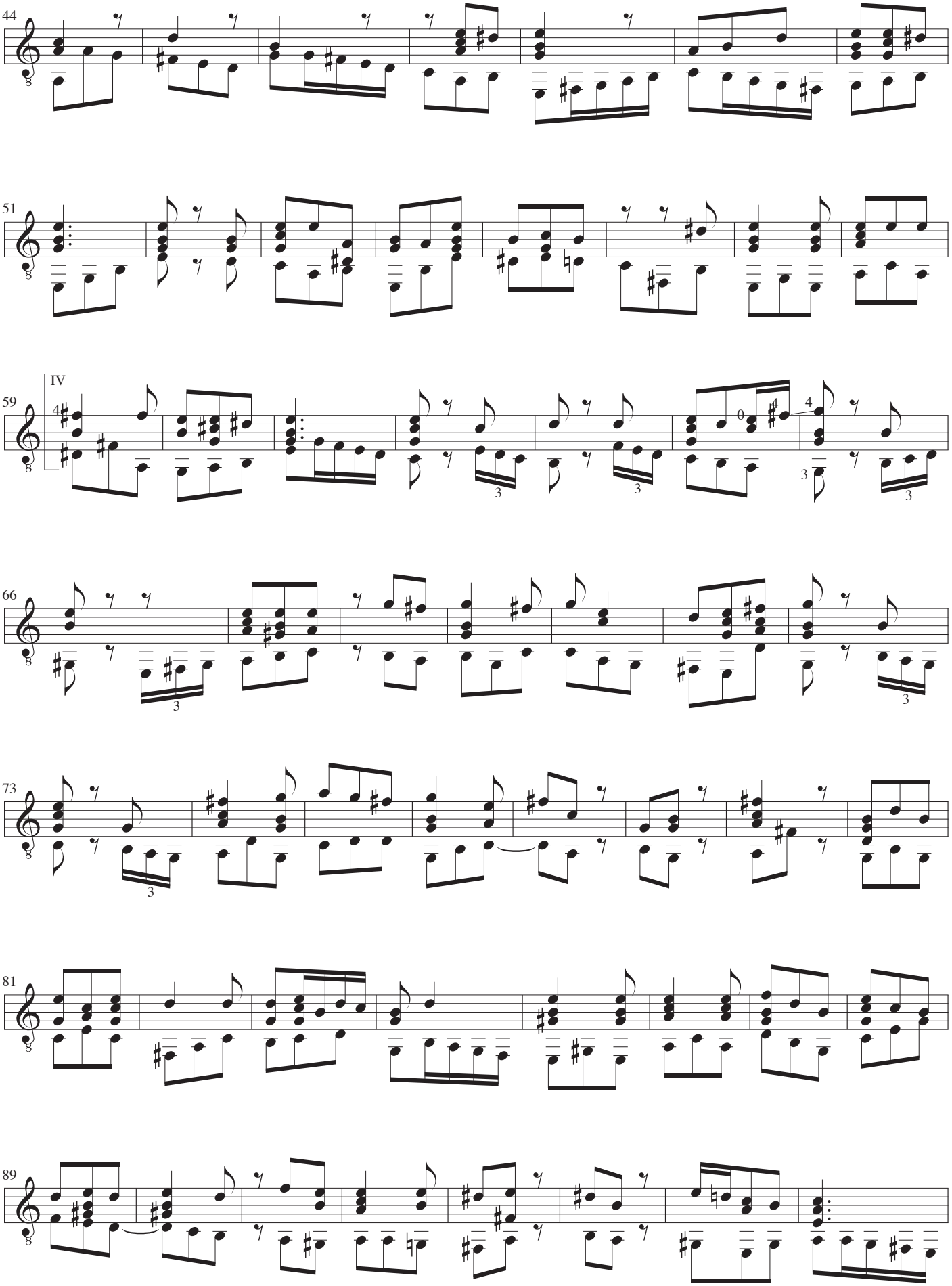
Gitarre

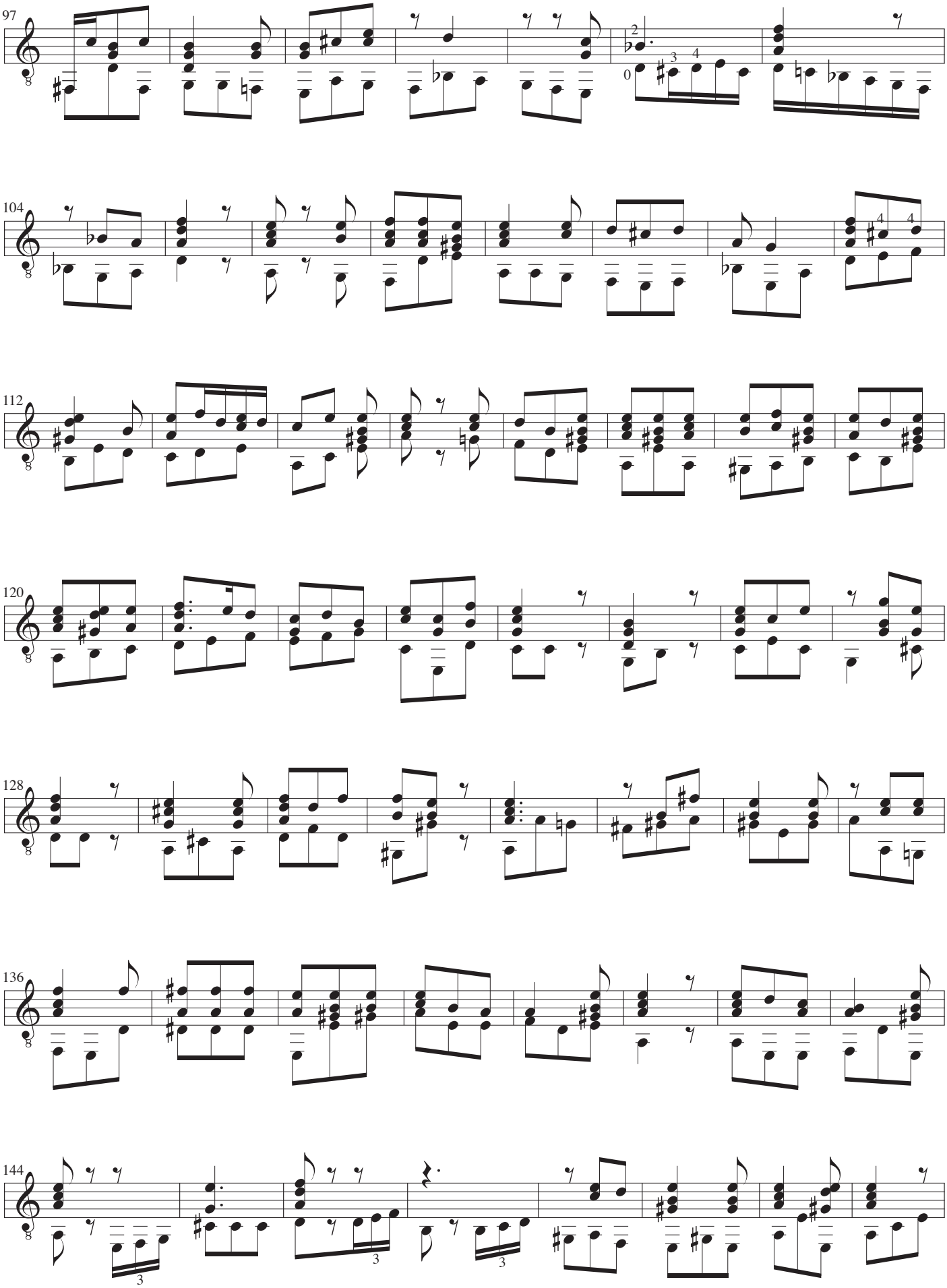
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße

Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht (Kaffeekantate), BWV 211

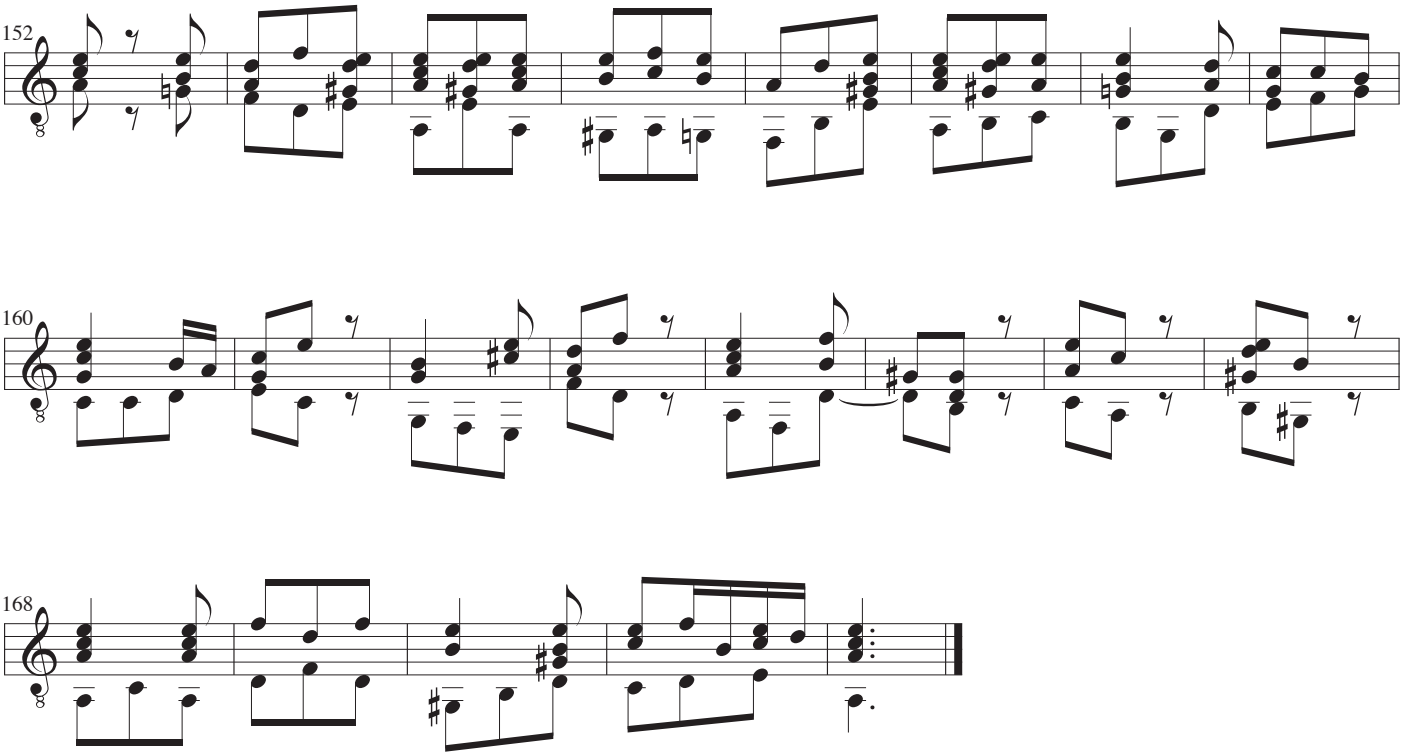
Musik: Johann Sebastian Bach
Text: Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander)
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




44
51
59
IV
66
73
81
89

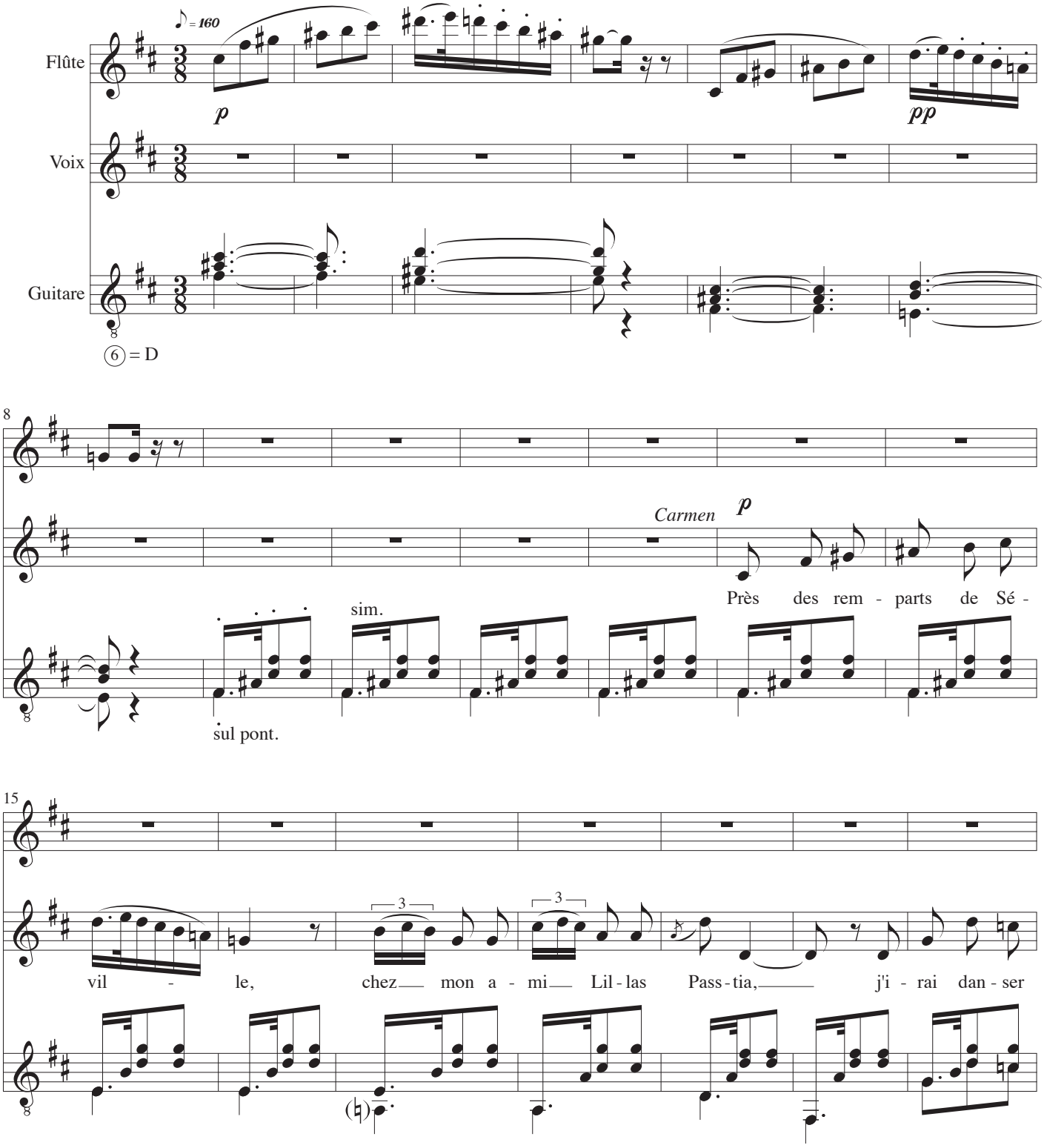


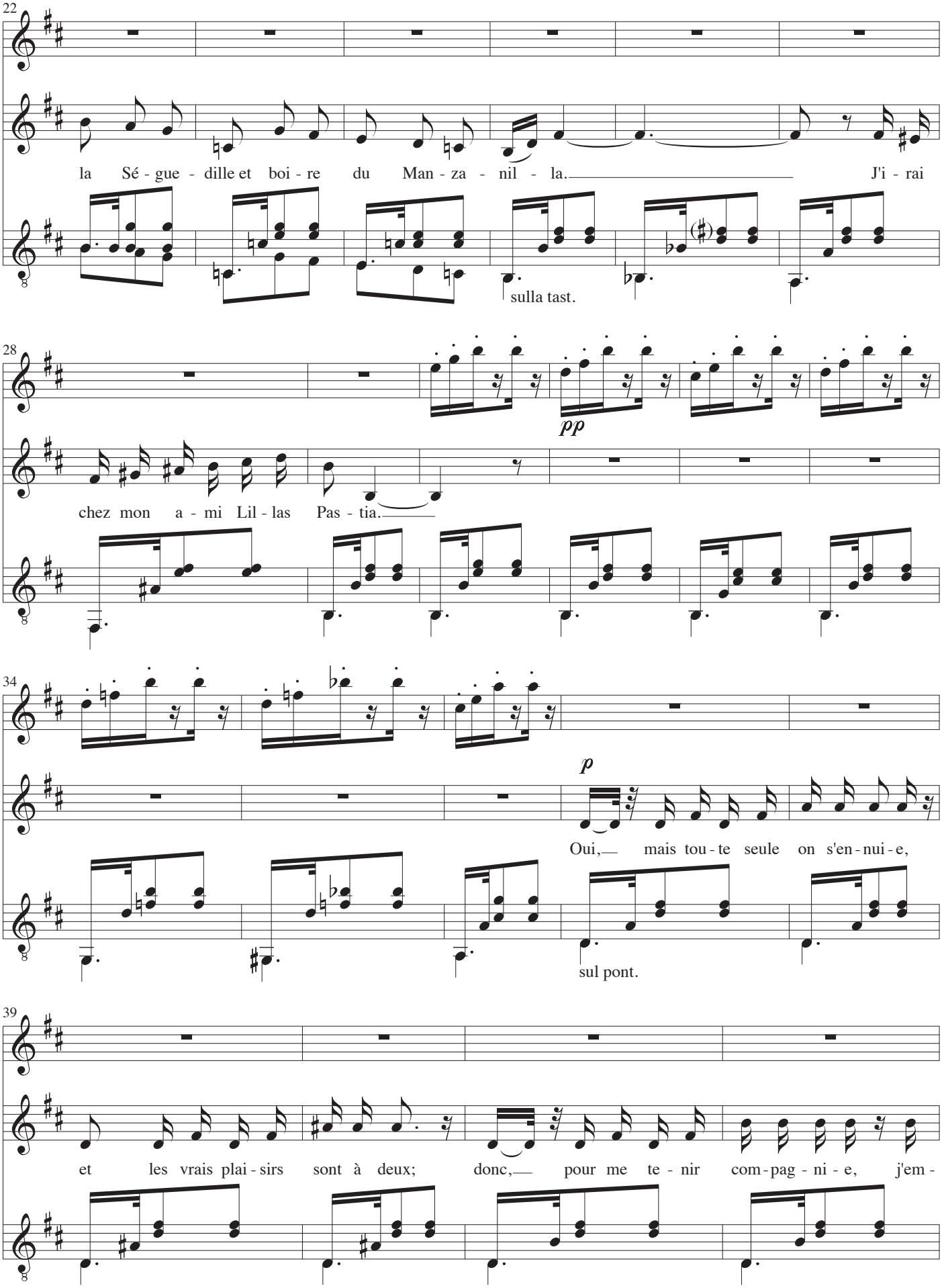
Ei, wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße. Gitarre 3


152
160
168

Séguedille
Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986




22
la Sé - gue - dille et boi - re du Man - za - nil - la. J'i - rai
sulla tast.
28
pp
chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia.
34
p
Oui, mais tou - te seule on s'en - nui - e,
sul pont.
39
et les vrais plai - sirs sont à deux; donc, pour me te - nir com - pag - ni - e, j'em -

43

mp

mè - ne - rai mon a - mou - reux! Mon a - mou - reux

48

il est au dia - ble je l'ai mis à la porte hi - er!

53

Mon pau - vre cœur très con - so - la - ble, mon cœur est li - bre

sulla tast.

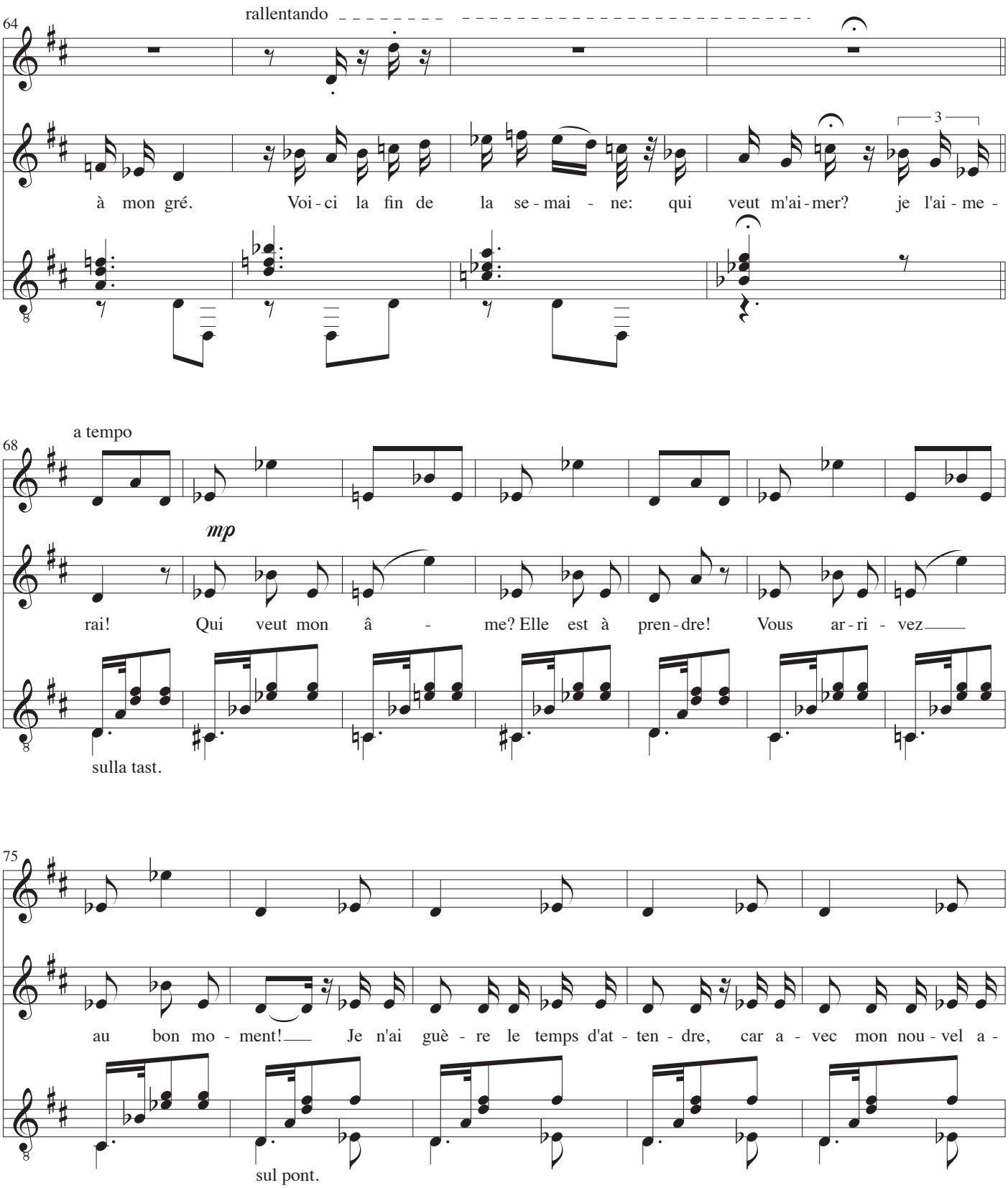
59

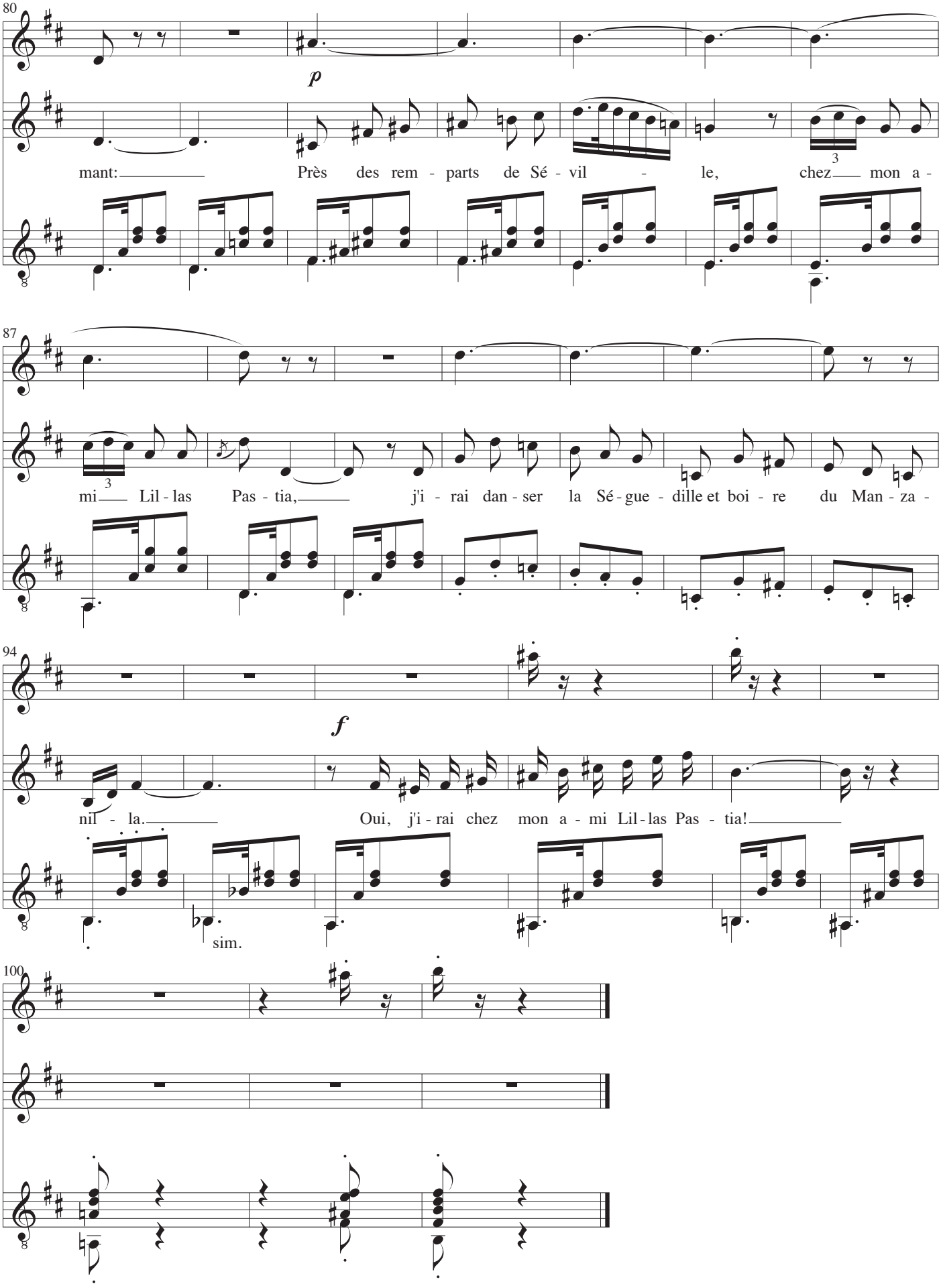
p

com - me l'air! J'ai des ga - lants à la dou - zai - ne, mais ils ne sont pas

sul pont.

sim.


64
rallentando
à mon gré. Voi - ci la fin de la se - mai - ne: qui veut m'ai - mer? je l'ai - me -
3
68
a tempo
mp
rai! Qui veut mon â - me? Elle est à pren - dre! Vous ar - ri - vez
sulla tast.
75
au bon mo - ment! Je n'ai guè - re le temps d'at - ten - dre, car a - vec mon nou - vel a -
sul pont.

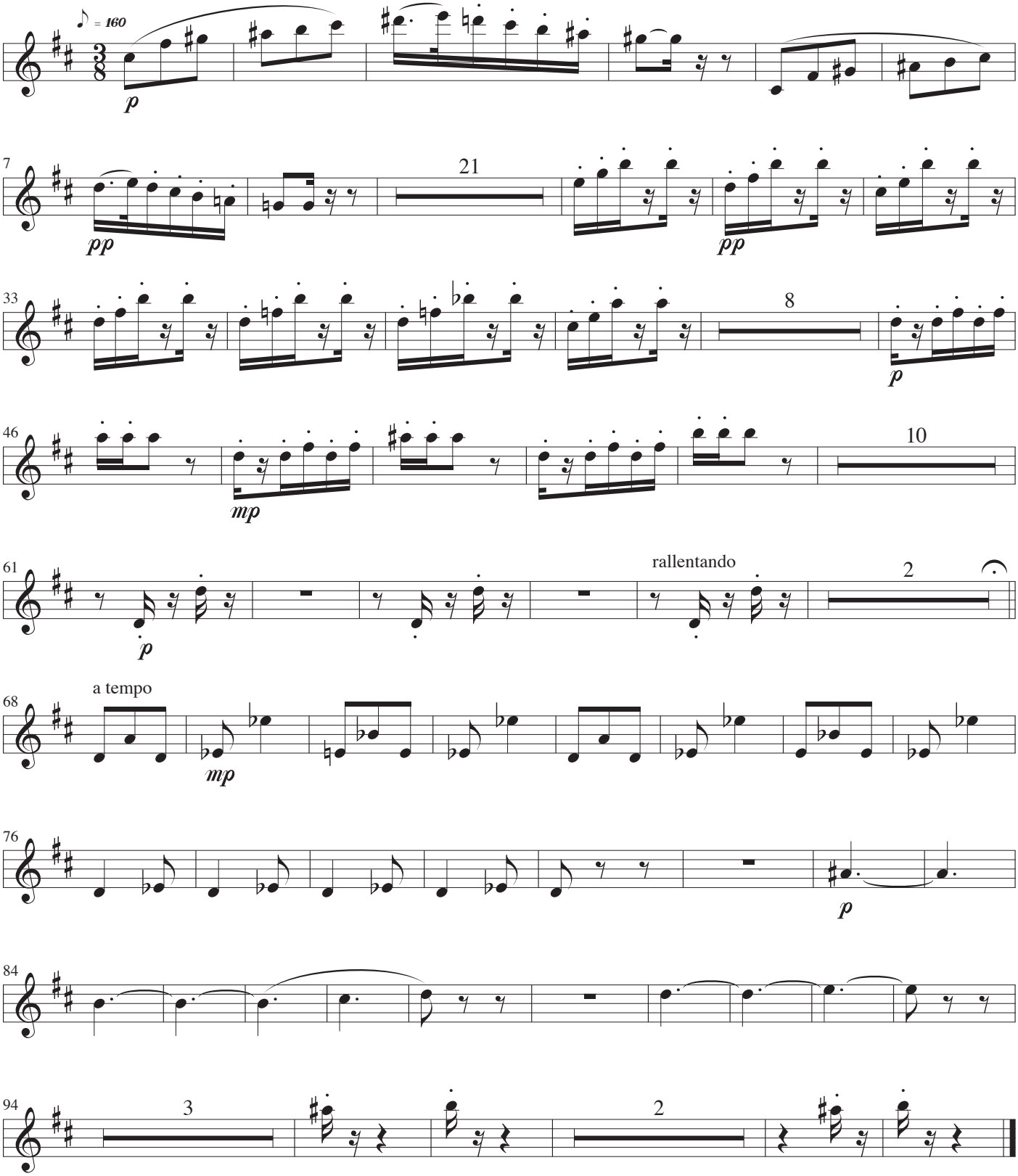

80
p
mant: Près des rem - parts de Sé - vil - le, chez mon a -
87
mi Lil - las Pas - tia, j'i - rai dan - ser la Sé - gue - dille et boi - re du Man - za -
94
f
nil - la. Oui, j'i - rai chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia!
sim.
100

Flûte

Séguedille

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986

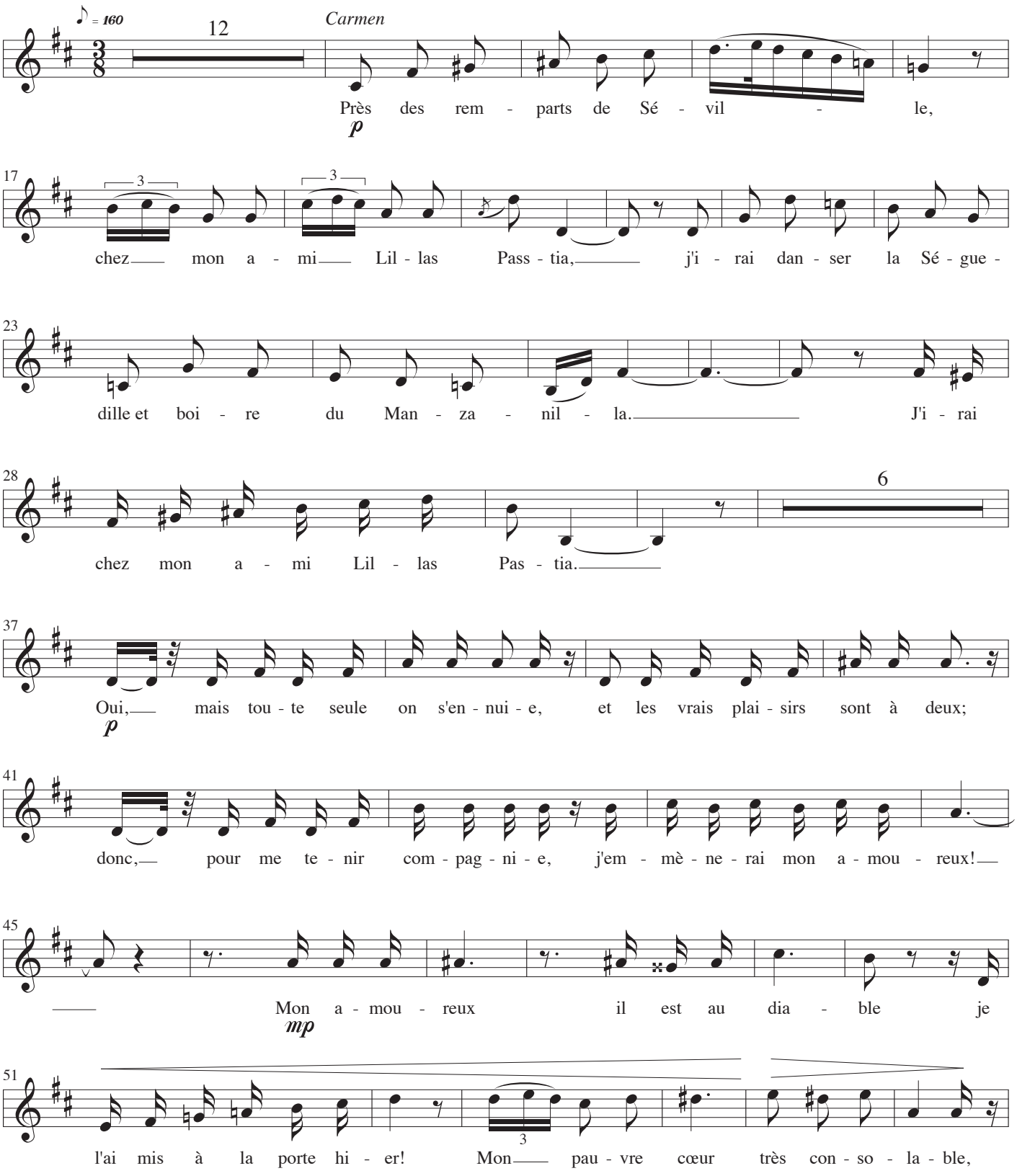


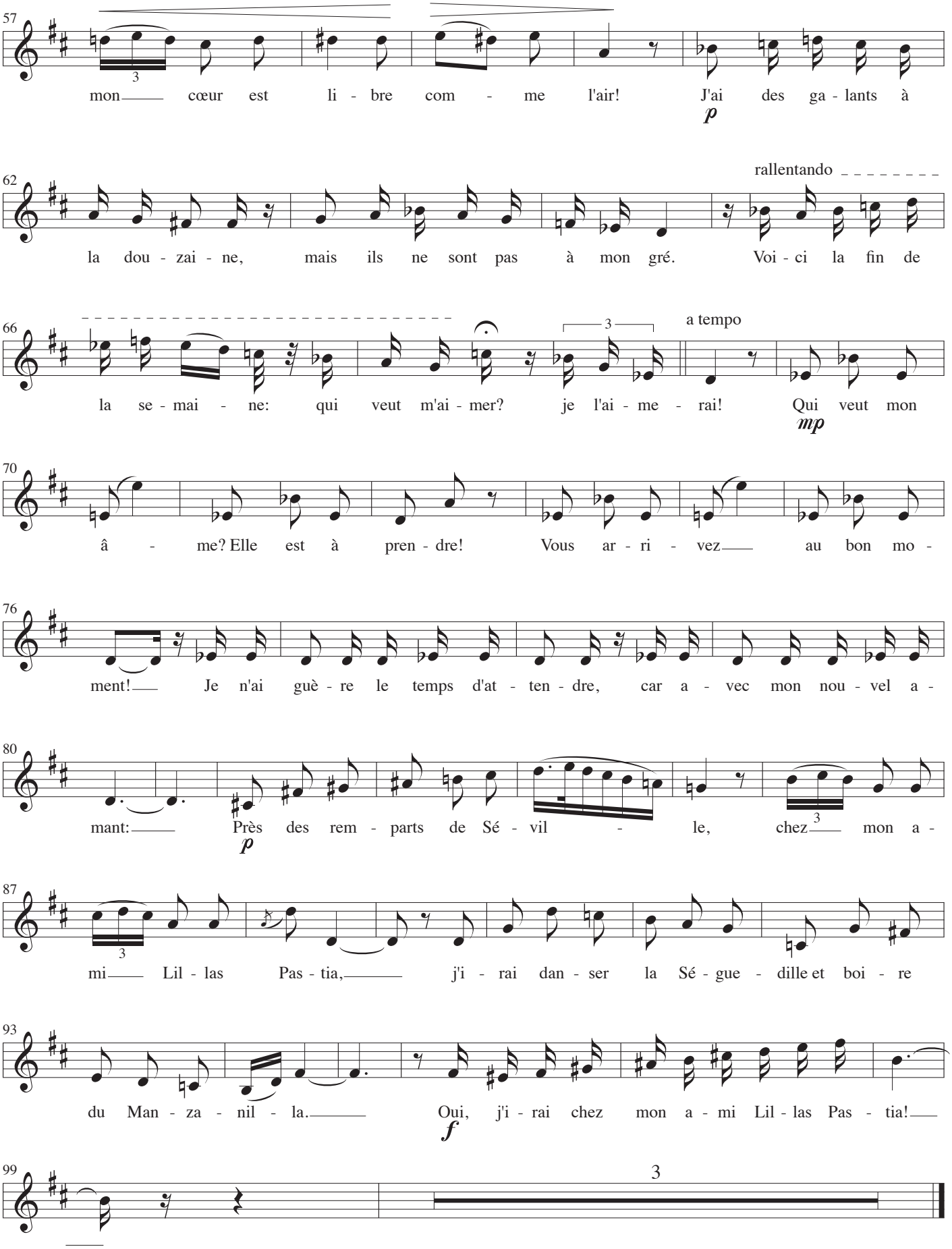
Voix

Séguedille

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986



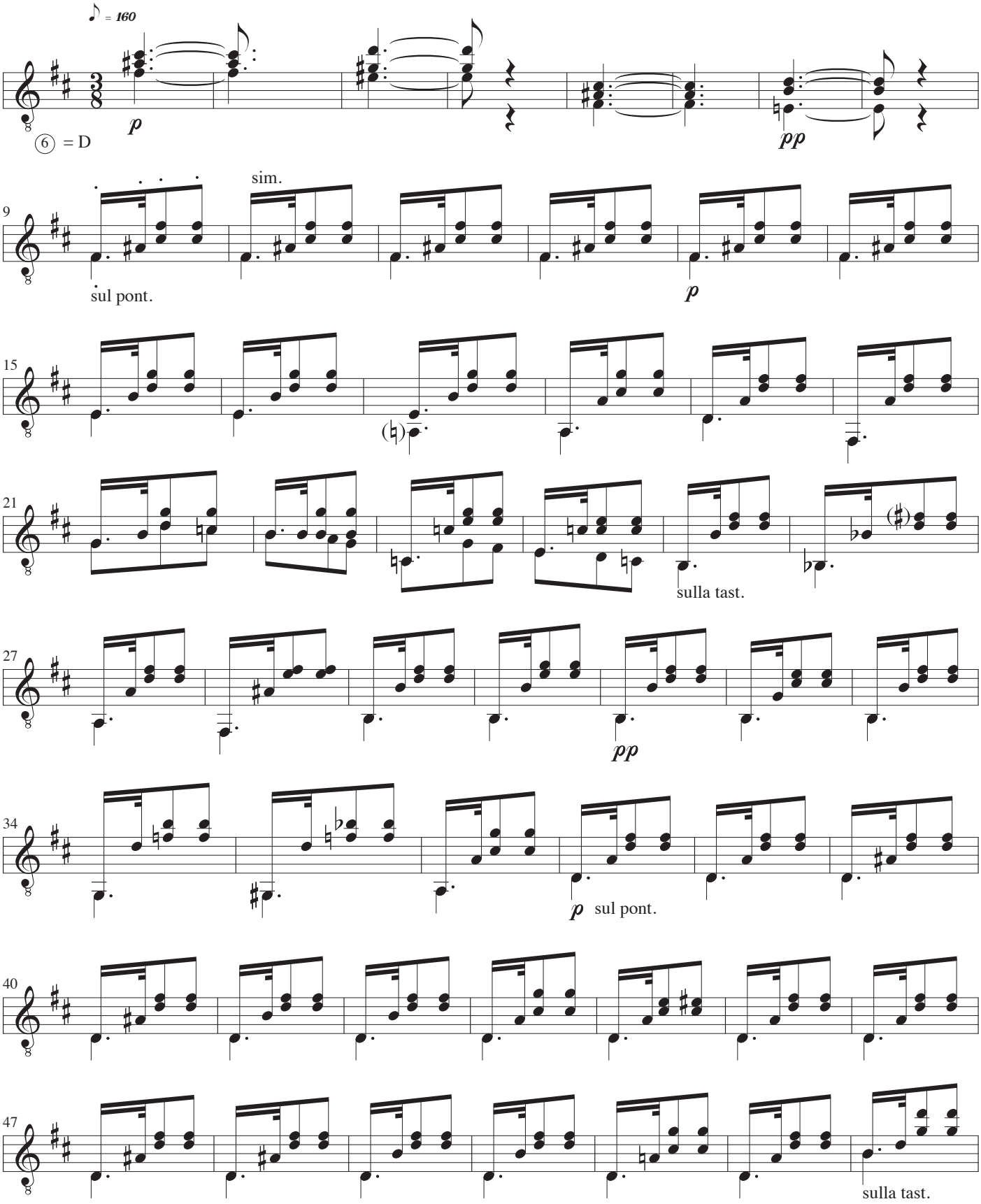

57
mon cœur est li - bre com - me l'air! J'ai des ga - lants à
p
62
rallentando
la dou - zai - ne, mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré. Voi - ci la fin de
66
a tempo
la se - mai - ne: qui veut m'ai - mer? je l'ai - me - rai! Qui veut mon
mp
70
â - me? Elle est à pren - dre! Vous ar - ri - vez au bon mo -
76
ment! Je n'ai guè - re le temps d'at - ten - dre, car a - vec mon nou - vel a -
80
mant: Près des rem - parts de Sé - vil - le, chez mon a -
p
87
mi Lil - las Pas - tia, j'i - rai dan - ser la Sé - gue - dille et boi - re
93
du Man - za - nil - la. Oui, j'i - rai chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia!
f
99

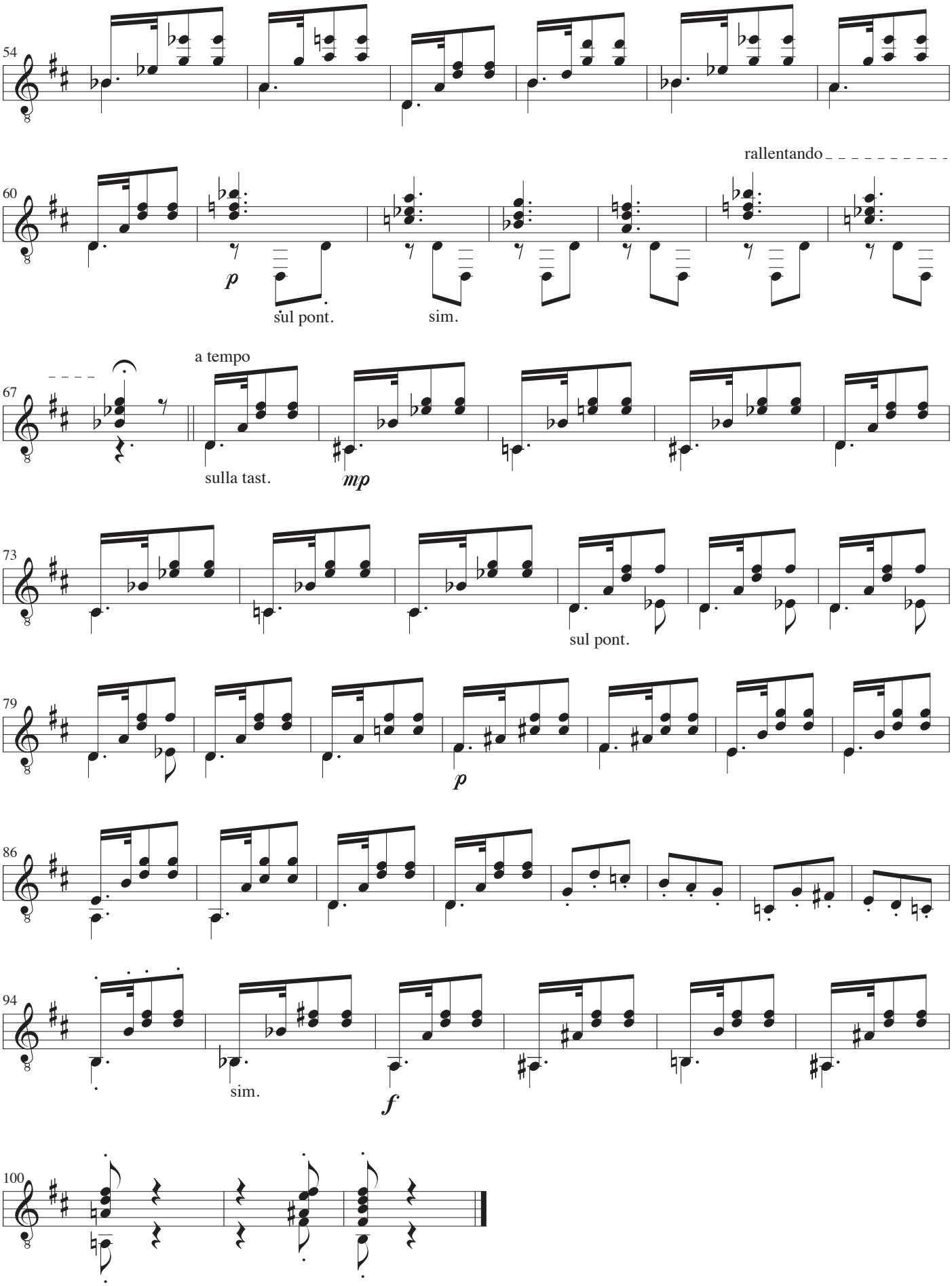
Guitare

Séguedille

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986

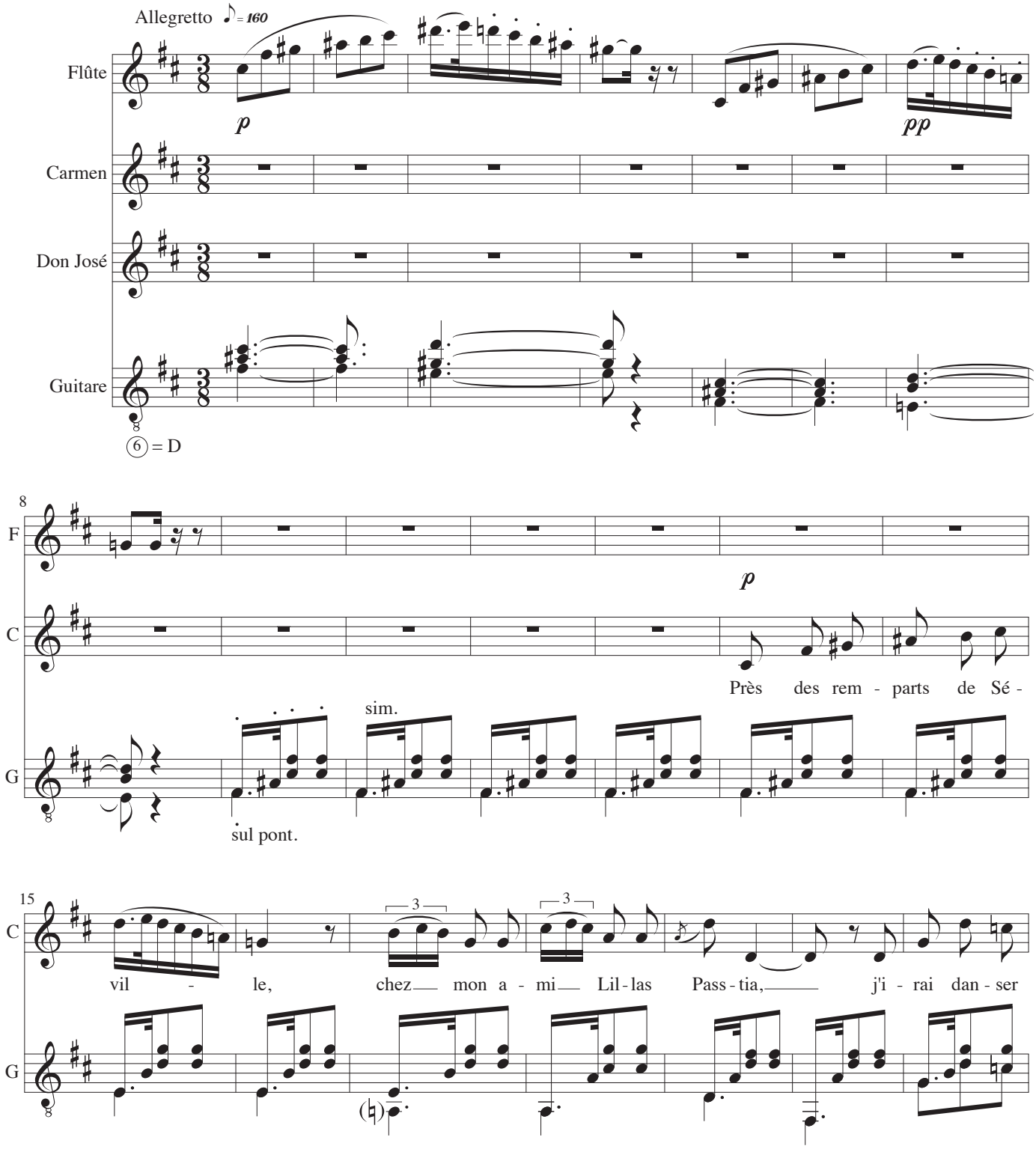



54
60
rallentando
p
sul pont.
sim.
67
a tempo
sulla tast.
mp
73
sul pont.
79
p
86
94
sim.
f
100

Séguedille et Duo

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986



22

C: la Sé - gue - dille et boi - re du Man - za - nil - la. J'i - rai

G: sulla tast.

28

F: *pp*

C: chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia.

G:

34

F: *p*

C: Oui, mais tou - te seule on s'en - nui - e,

G: sul pont.

39

C: et les vrais plai - sirs sont à deux; donc, pour me te - nir com - pag - ni - e, j'em -

G:

43

F

ten.

mp

C

mè - ne - rai mon a - mou - reux! Mon a - mou - reux

G

48

F

ten. ten.

C

il est au dia - ble je l'ai mis à la porte hi - er!

G

53

C

3 3

Mon pau - vre cœur très con - so - la - ble, mon cœur est li - bre

G

sulla tast.

59

F

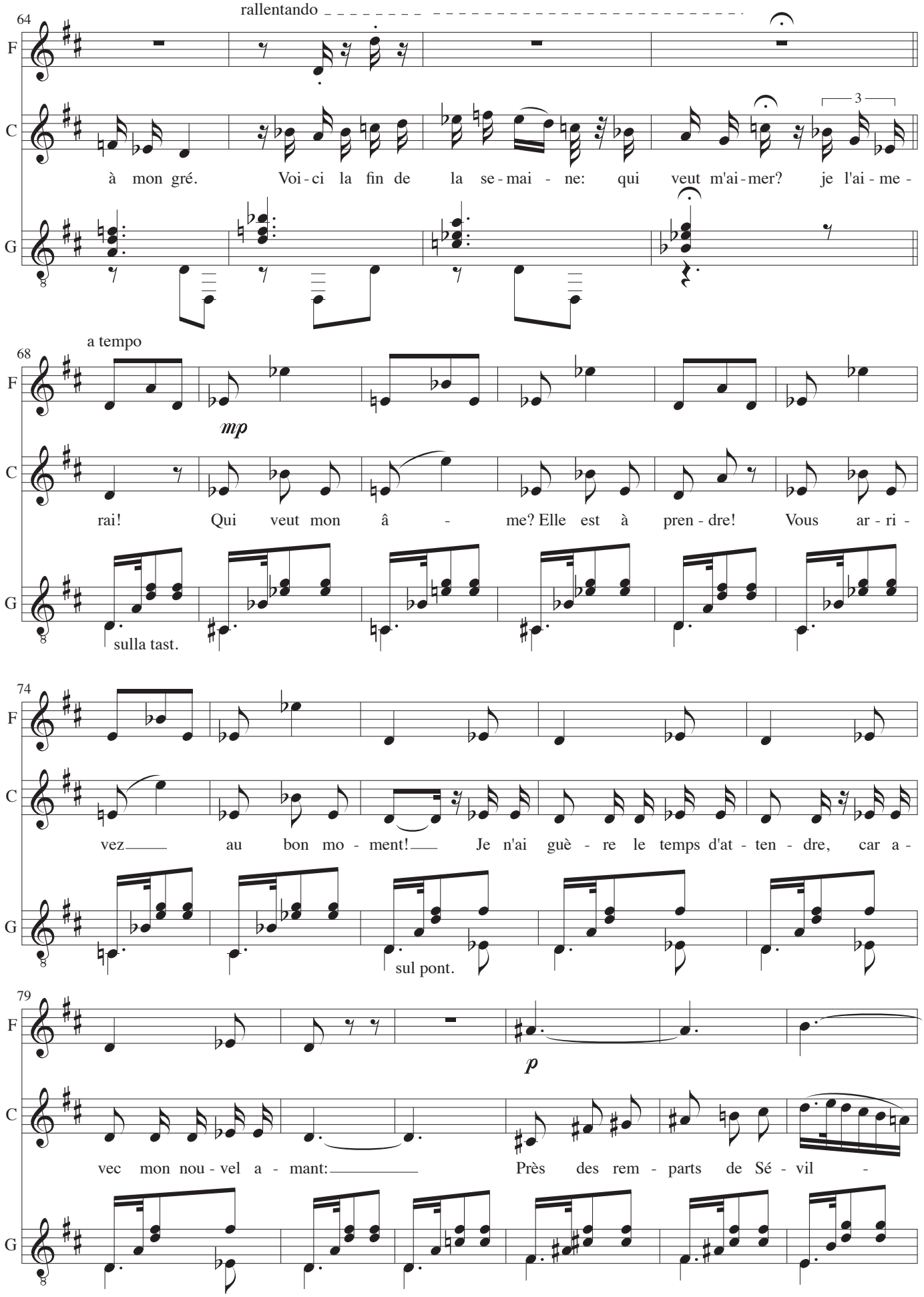
p

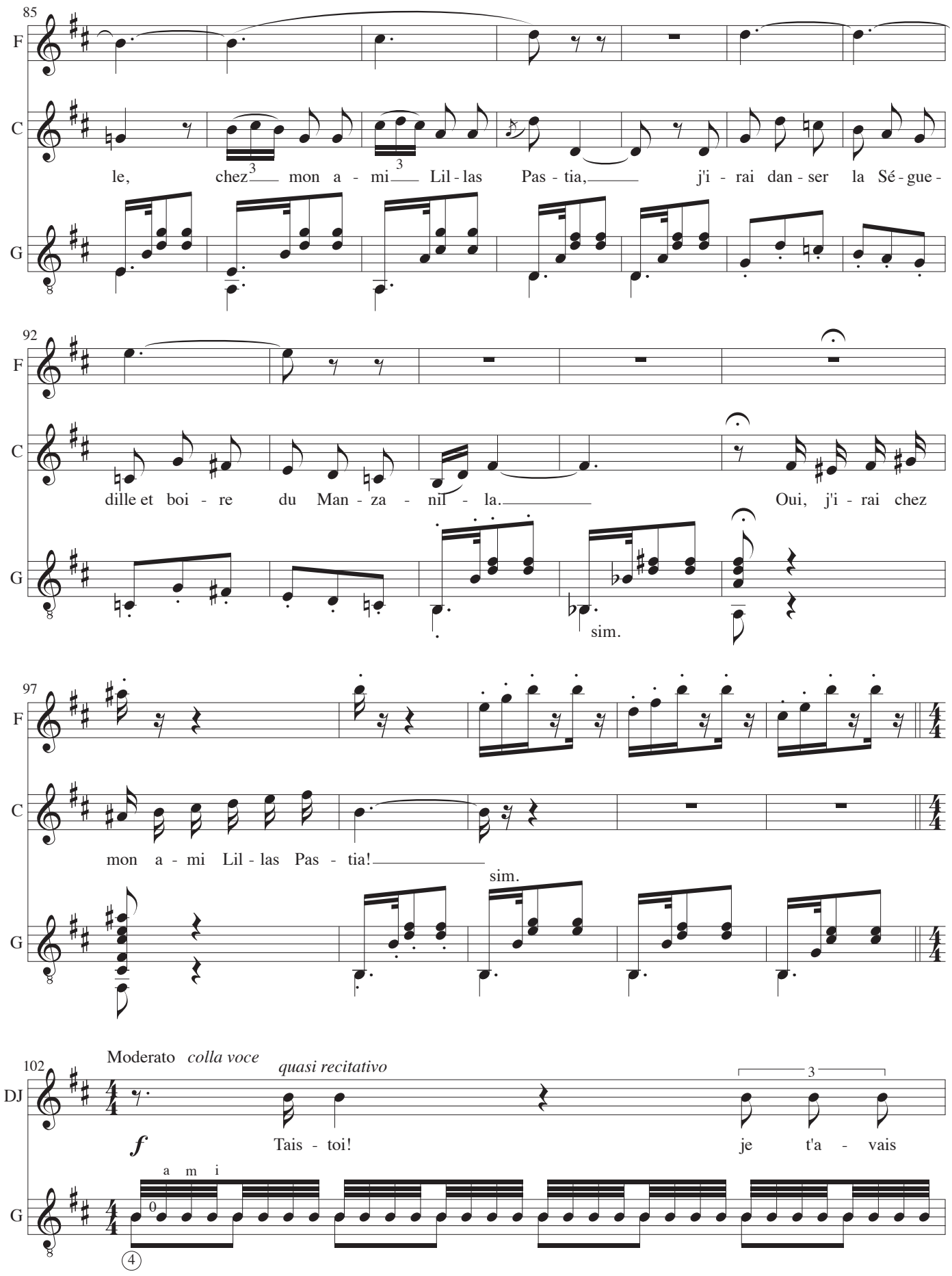
C

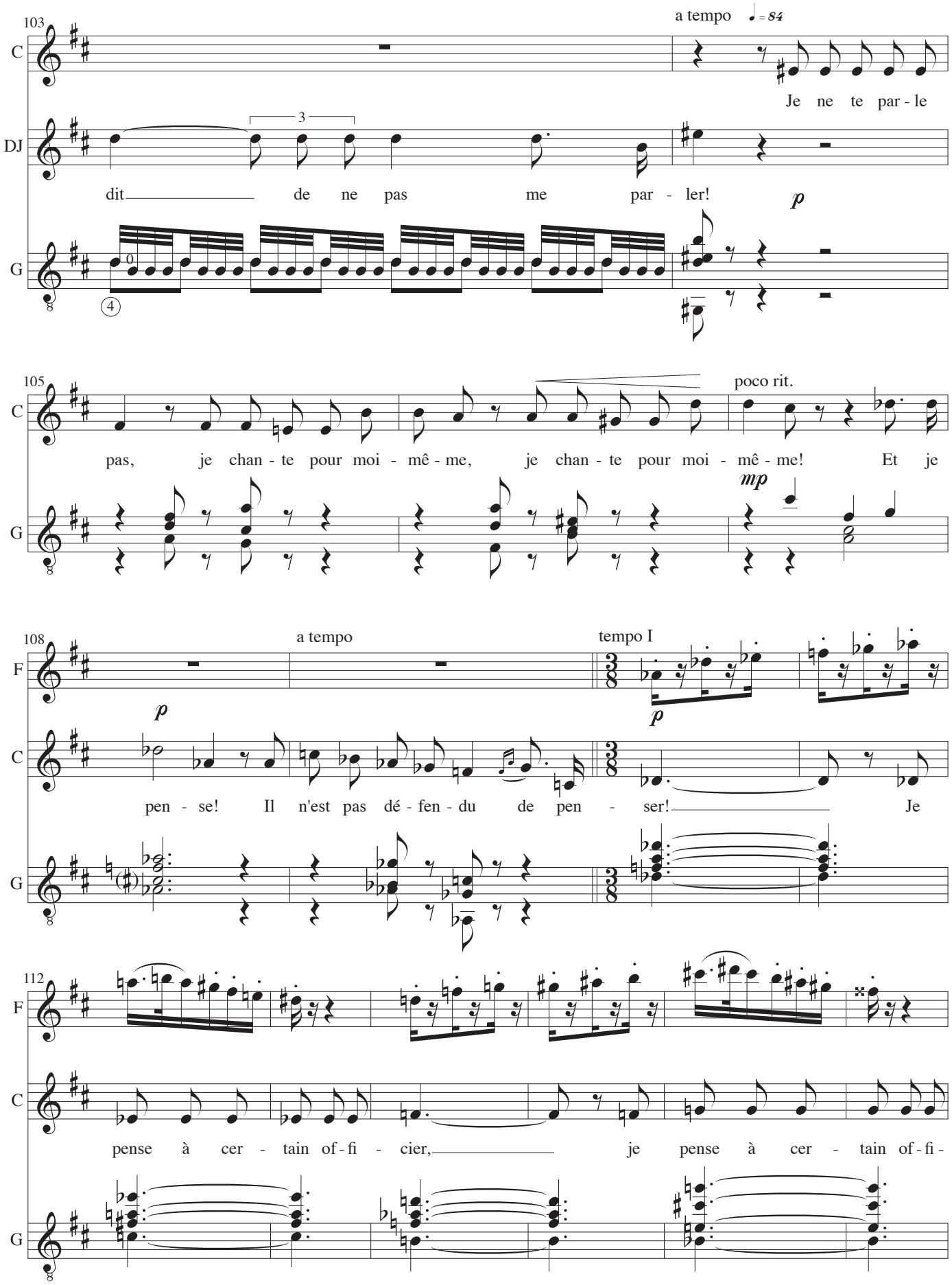
com - me l'air! J'ai des ga - lants à la dou - zai - ne, mais ils ne sont pas

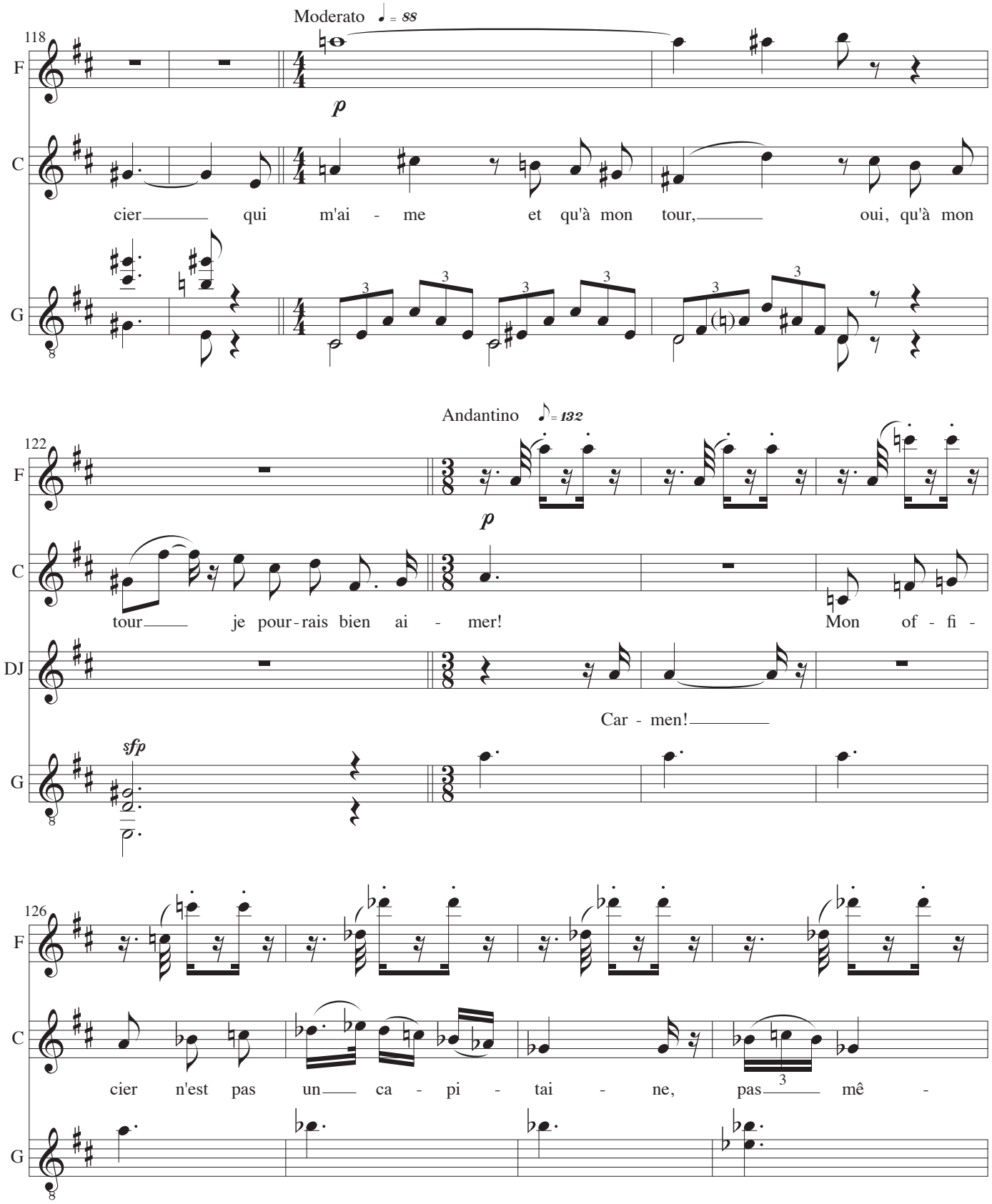
G

sul pont. sim.


64
rallentando
F
C
à mon gré. Voi - ci la fin de la se - mai - ne: qui veut m'ai - mer? je l'ai - me -
3
G
68
a tempo
mp
rai! Qui veut mon â - me? Elle est à pren - dre! Vous ar - ri -
sulla tast.
74
vez au bon mo - ment! Je n'ai guè - re le temps d'at - ten - dre, car a -
sul pont.
79
p
vec mon nou - vel a - mant: Près des rem - parts de Sé - vil -


85
F
C
G
le, chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia, j'i - rai dan - ser la Sé - gue -
92
dille et boi - re du Man - za - nil - la. Oui, j'i - rai chez
sim.
97
mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia!
sim.
Moderato colla voce
quasi recitativo
102
DJ
f
Tais - toi! je t'a - vais
a m i


103
a tempo ♩= 84
C
Je ne te par - le
DJ
dit de ne pas me par - ler!
p
G
105
poco rit.
C
pas, je chan - te pour moi - mê - me, je chan - te pour moi - mê - me! Et je
mp
G
108
a tempo
tempo I
F
p
p
C
pen - se! Il n'est pas dé - fen - du de pen - ser! Je
G
112
F
C
pense à cer - tain of - fi - cier, je pense à cer - tain of - fi -
G


Moderato ♩ = 88
118
F
C
G
p
cier qui m'ai - me et qu'à mon tour, oui, qu'à mon
Andantino ♪ = 132
122
F
C
DJ
G
p
tour je pour-rais bien ai - mer! Mon of - fi -
Car - men!
sfp
126
F
C
G
cier n'est pas un ca - pi - tai - ne, pas mê -

130

F

C

me un lieu - te - nant, il n'est que bri - ga - dier; mais

G

135

C

c'est as - sez pour u - ne Bo - hé - mien - ne et je daig - ne m'en con - ten -

G

Moderato ♩ = ss

141

C

ter!

DJ

p Car - men, je suis comme un hom -

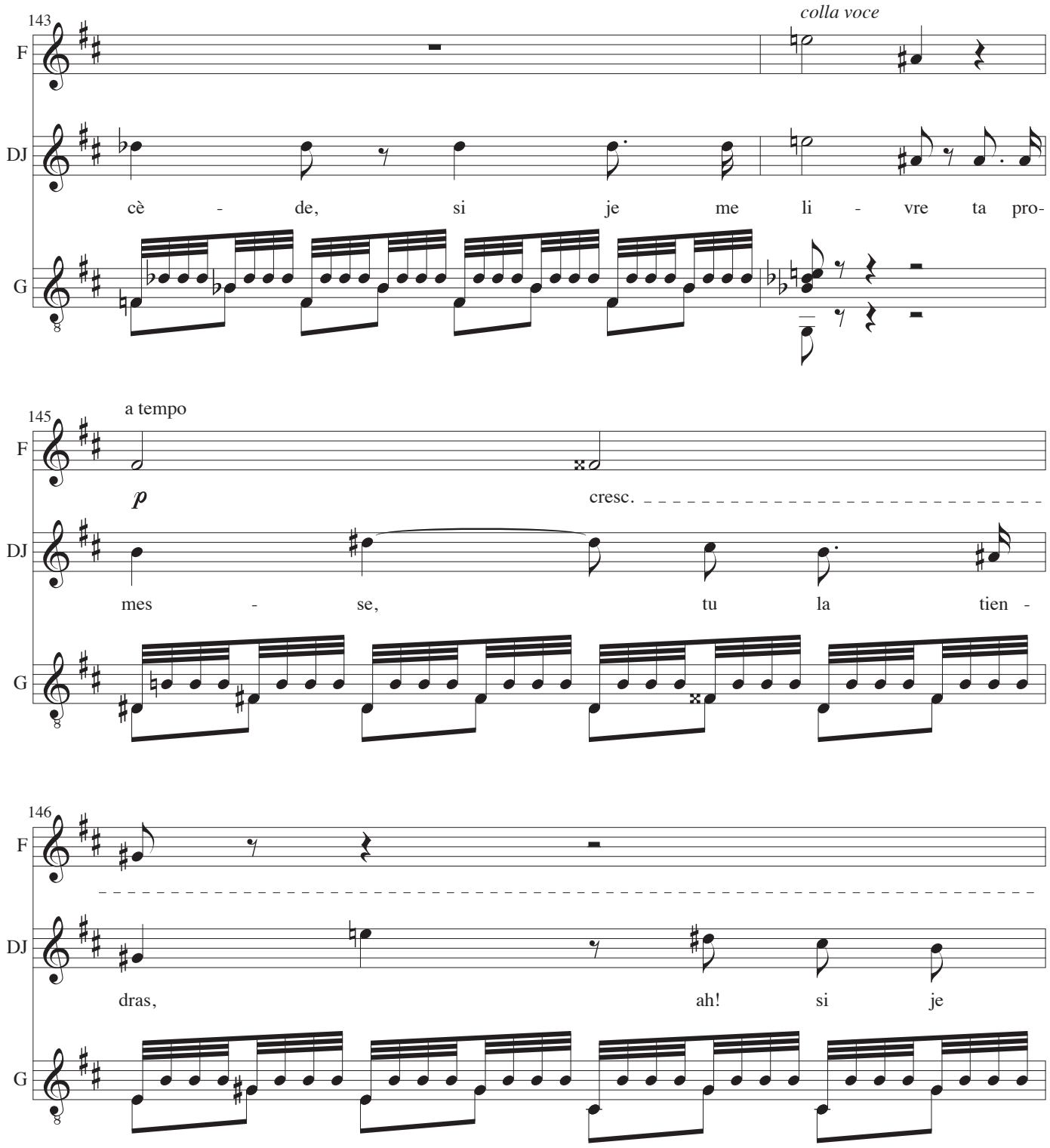
G

142

DJ

me i - vre, si je

G


143
colla voce
F
DJ
cè - de, si je me li - vre ta pro-
G
145
a tempo
p
cresc.
mes - se, tu la tien -
146
dras, ah! si je

147

F

tempo I

ten.

p

C

sotto voce

Oui.

DJ

f

3

3

t'ai me, Car - men, Car - men, tu m'ai - me - ras!

sotto voce

Chez Lil - las

G

fp

151

F

ten.

ten.

C

Nous dan - se - rons la Sé - gue - dil - le en bu - vant

DJ

Pas - tia, tu le pro - mets! Car - men...

157

F

C

mp

f

du Man - za - nil - la. Ah! Près des rem - parts de Sè -

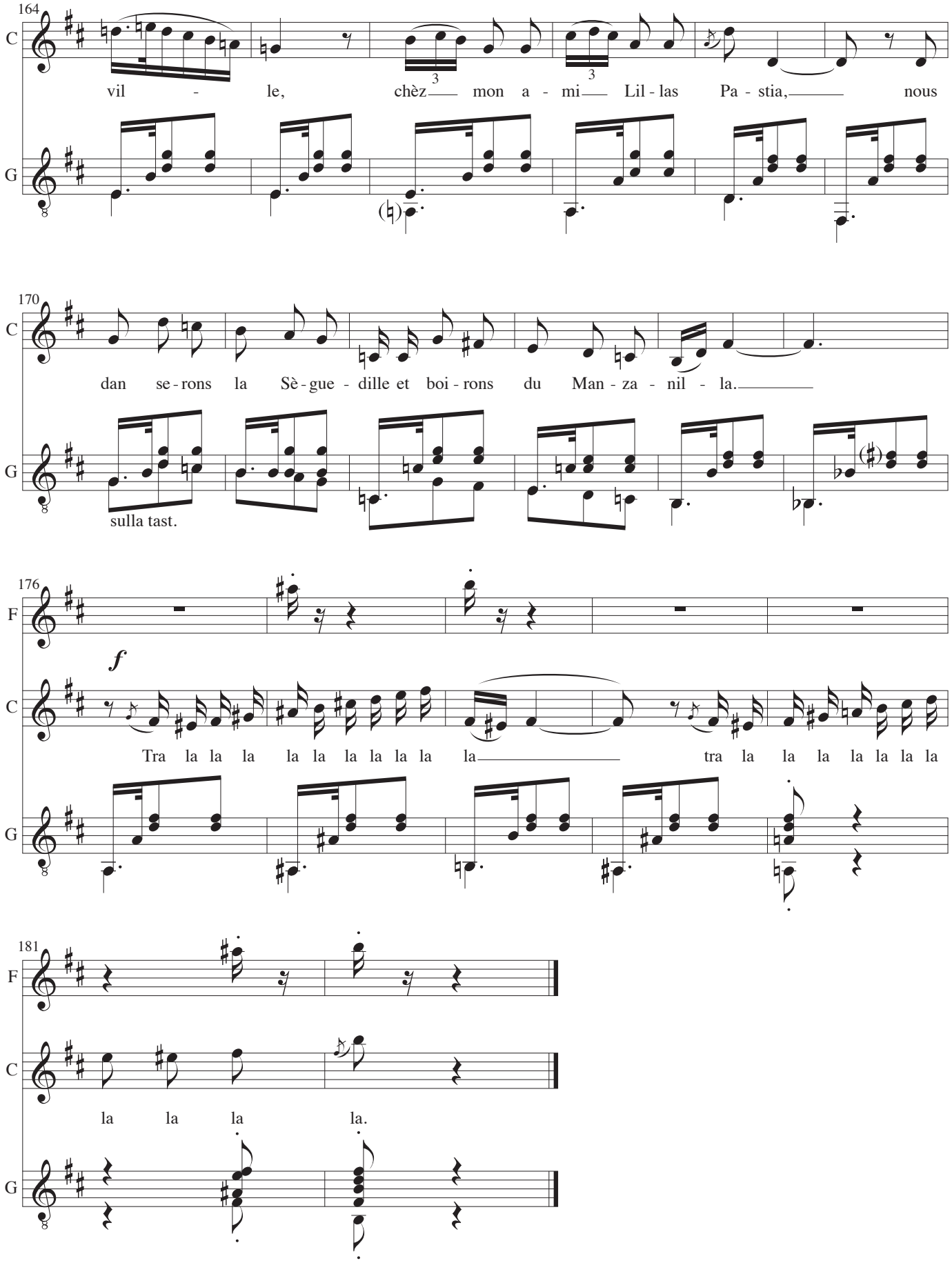
DJ

tu le pro - mets!...

G

sim.

sul pont.

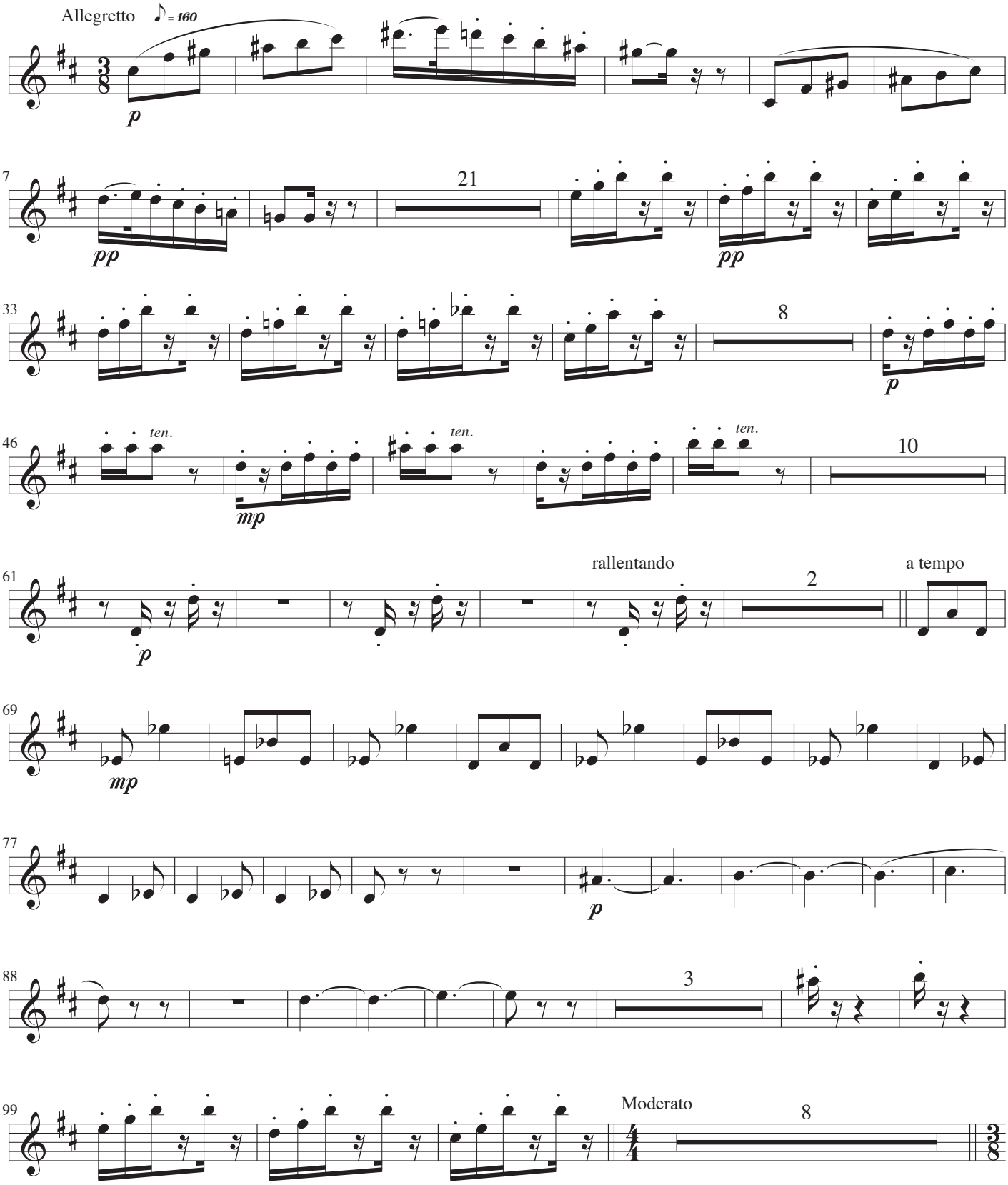

164
C
G
vil - le, chèz mon a - mi Lil - las Pa - stia, nous
170
C
G
dan se - rons la Sè - gue - dille et boi - rons du Man - za - nil - la.
sulla tast.
176
F
C
G
f
Tra la la la la la la la la la tra la la la la la la la
181
F
C
G
la la la la.

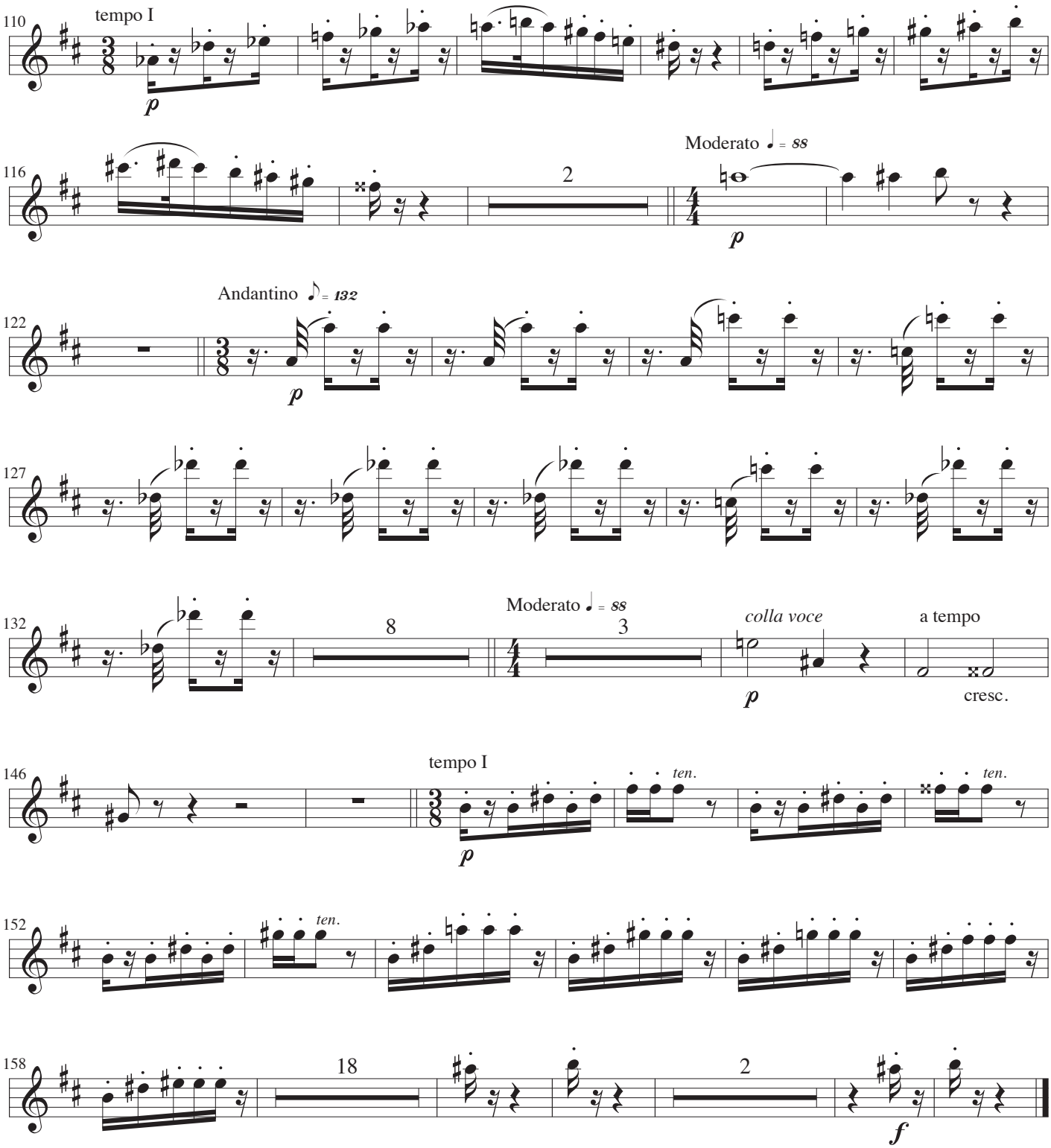
Flûte

Séguedille et Duo

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986

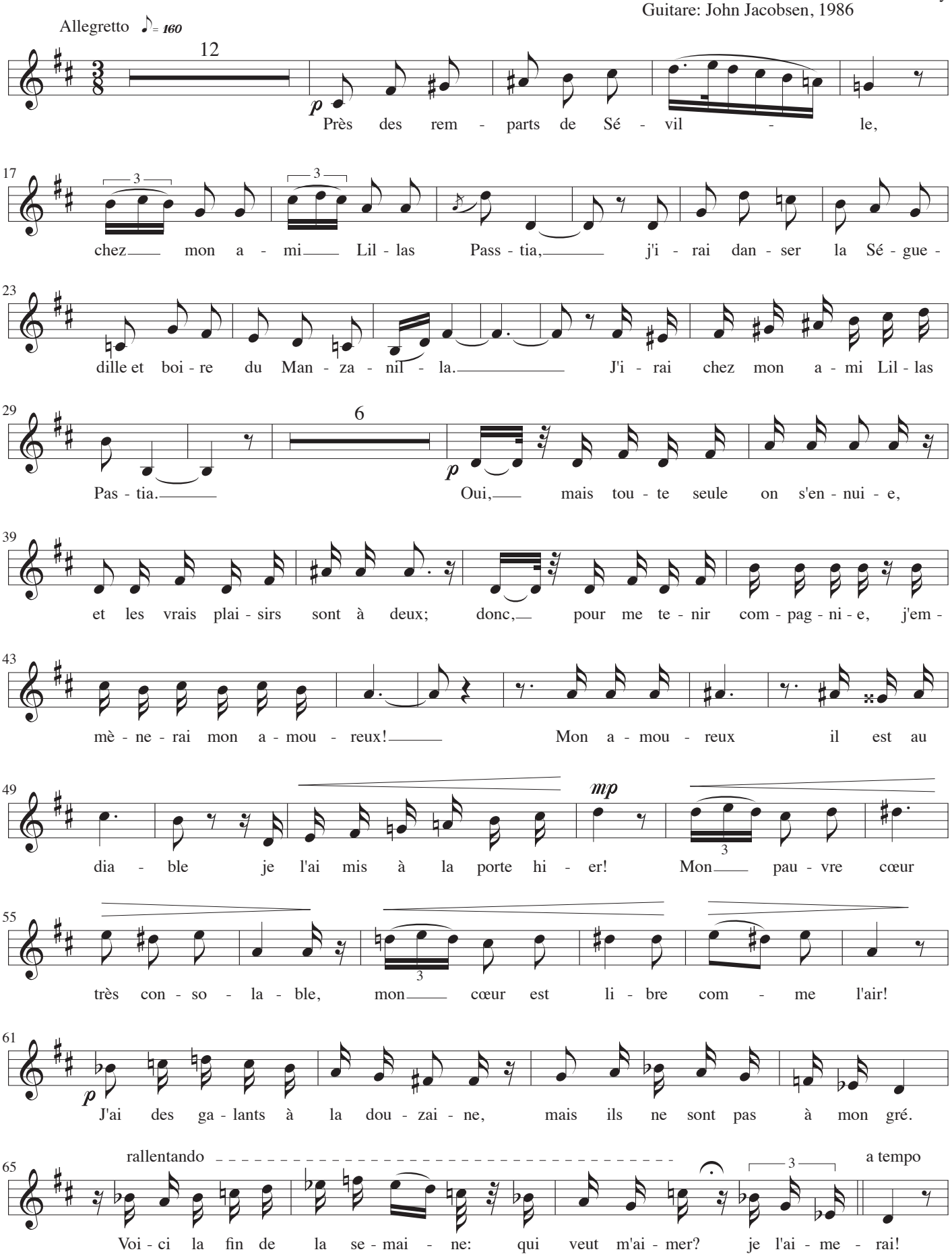


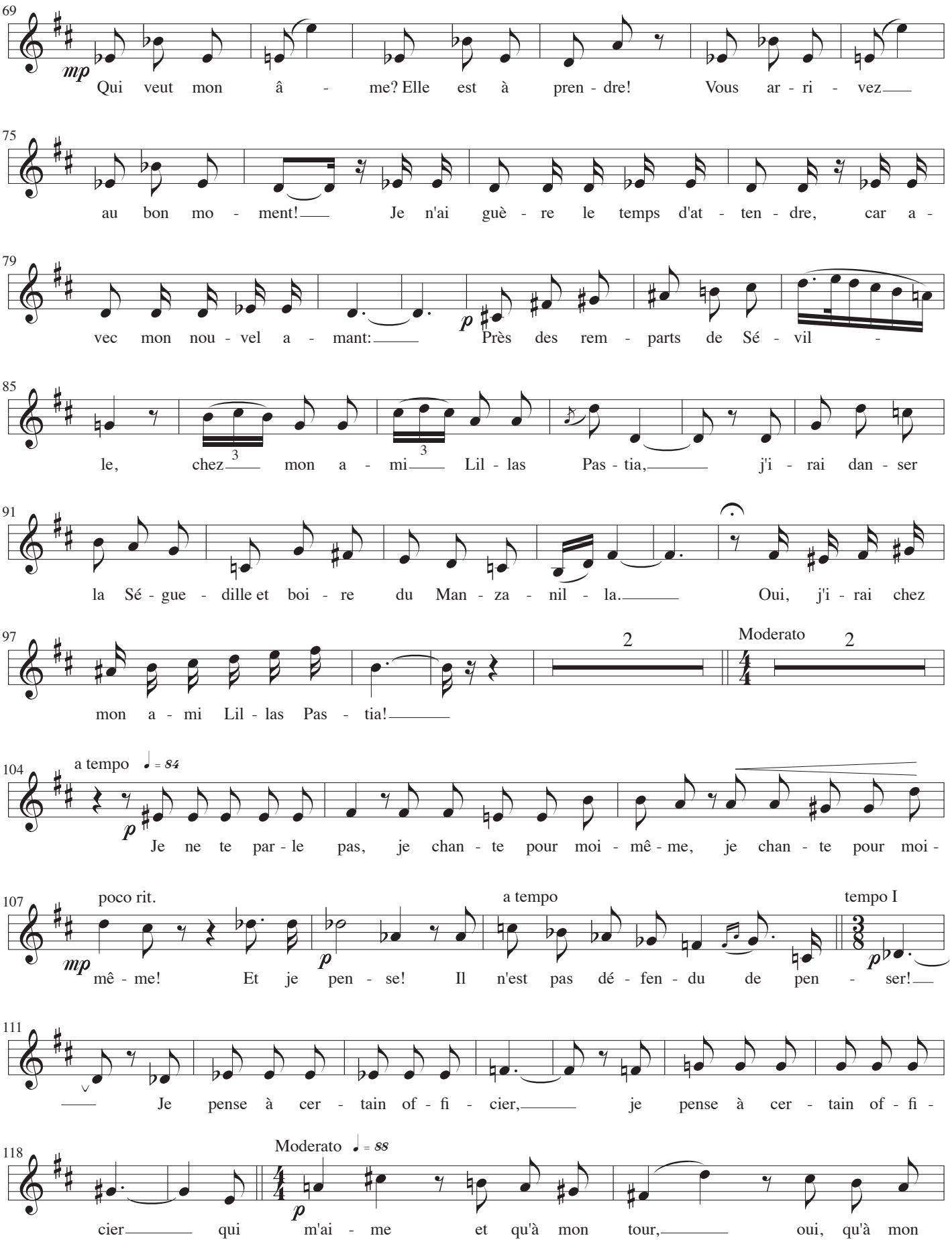

110
tempo I
p
116
2
Moderato ♩ = 88
p
122
Andantino ♪ = 132
p
127
132
8
Moderato ♩ = 88
3
colla voce
p
a tempo
cresc.
146
tempo I
p
ten.
ten.
152
ten.
158
18
2
f

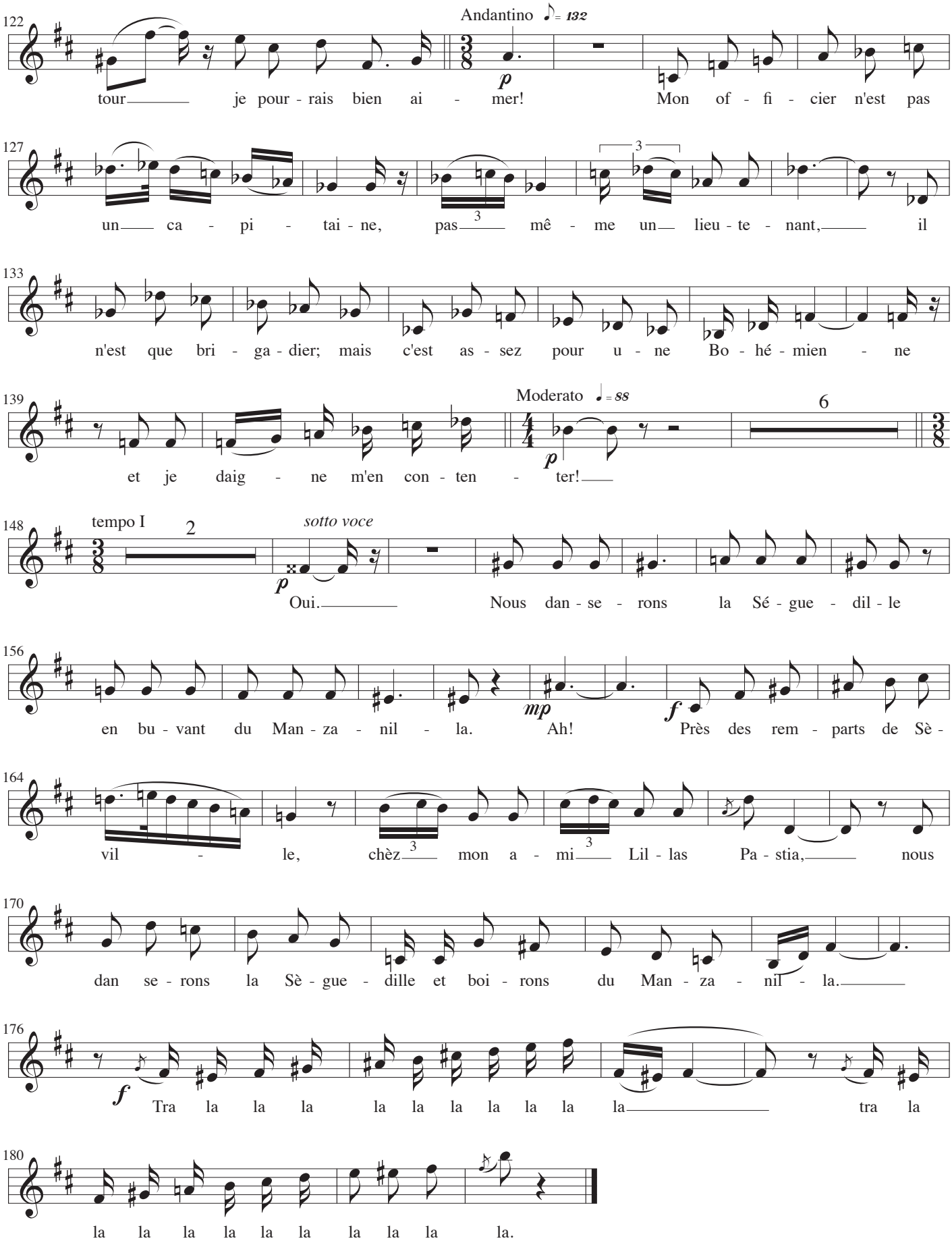
Séguedille et Duo

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986




69
mp
Qui veut mon â - me? Elle est à pren - dre! Vous ar - ri - vez
75
au bon mo - ment! Je n'ai guè - re le temps d'at - ten - dre, car a -
79
vec mon nou - vel a - mant: Près des rem - parts de Sé - vil -
p
85
le, chez mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia, j'i - rai dan - ser
91
la Sé - gue - dille et boi - re du Man - za - nil - la. Oui, j'i - rai chez
97
mon a - mi Lil - las Pas - tia!
2
Moderato
2
104
a tempo
♩ = 84
p
Je ne te par - le pas, je chan - te pour moi - mê - me, je chan - te pour moi -
107
poco rit.
mp
mê - me! Et je pen - se! Il n'est pas dé - fen - du de pen - ser!
p
a tempo
tempo I
p
111
Je pense à cer - tain of - fi - cier, je pense à cer - tain of - fi -
118
Moderato
♩ = 88
p
cier qui m'ai - me et qu'à mon tour, oui, qu'à mon

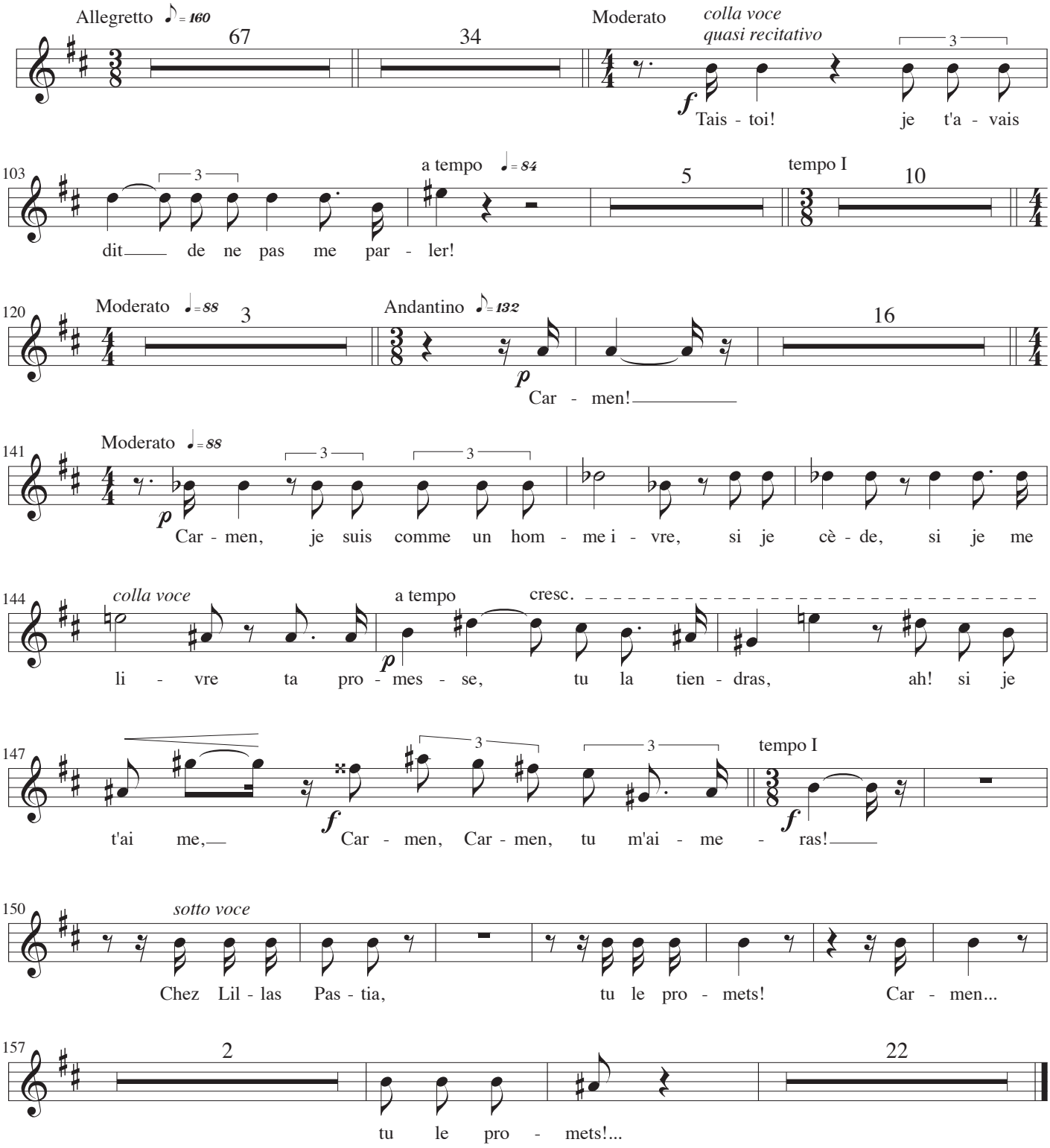

Andantino ♪ = 132
tour je pour - rais bien ai - mer! Mon of - fi - cier n'est pas
un ca - pi - tai - ne, pas mê - me un lieu - te - nant, il
n'est que bri - ga - dier; mais c'est as - sez pour u - ne Bo - hé - mien - ne
Moderato ♩ = 88
et je daig - ne m'en con - ten - ter!
tempo I
sotto voce
Oui. Nous dan - se - rons la Sé - gue - dil - le
en bu - vant du Man - za - nil - la. Ah! Près des rem - parts de Sè -
vil - le, chèz mon a - mi Lil - las Pa - stia, nous
dan se - rons la Sè - gue - dille et boi - rons du Man - za - nil - la.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la tra la
la la la la la la la la la la.

Don José

Séguedille et Duo

Carmen

Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986

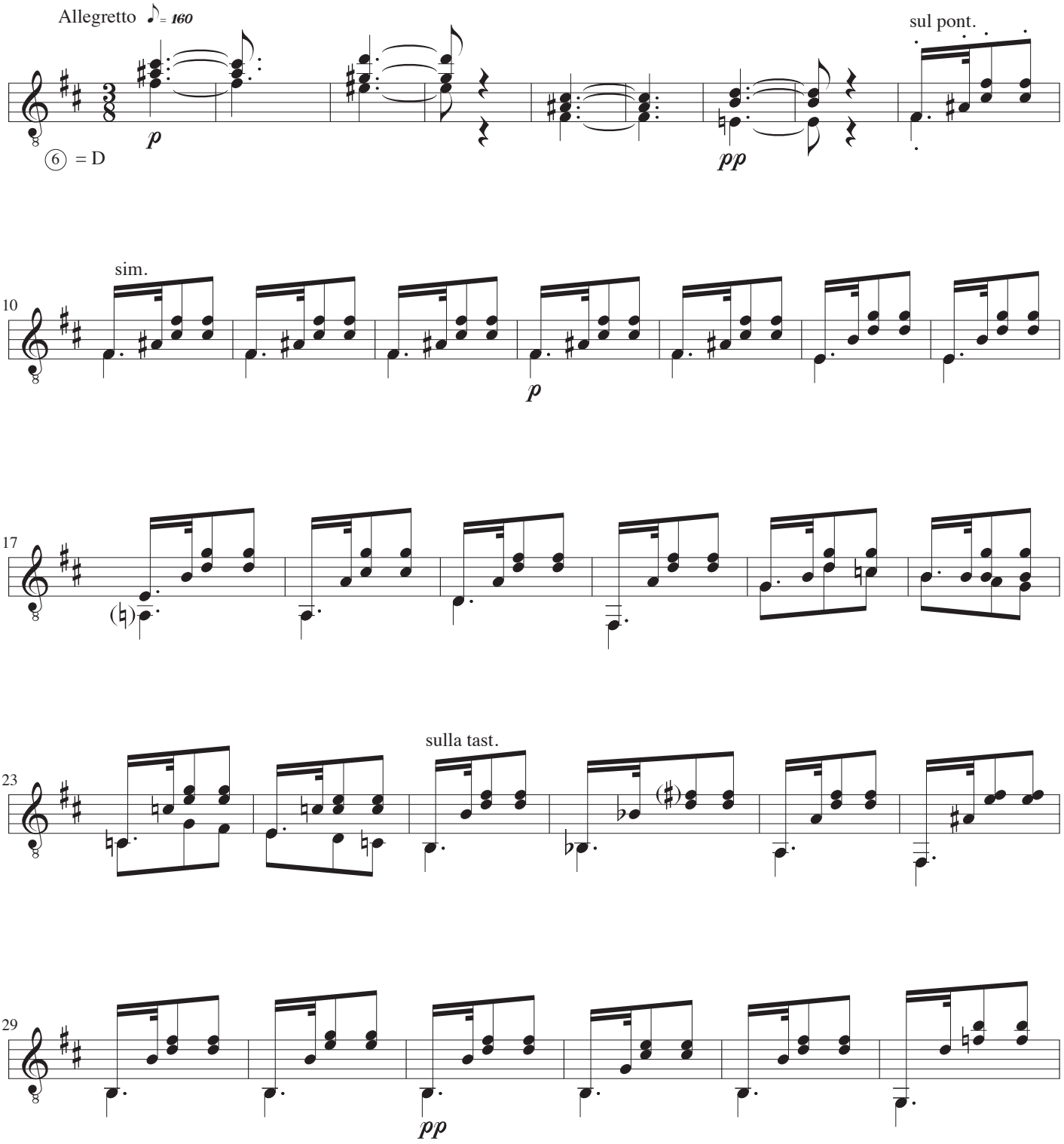


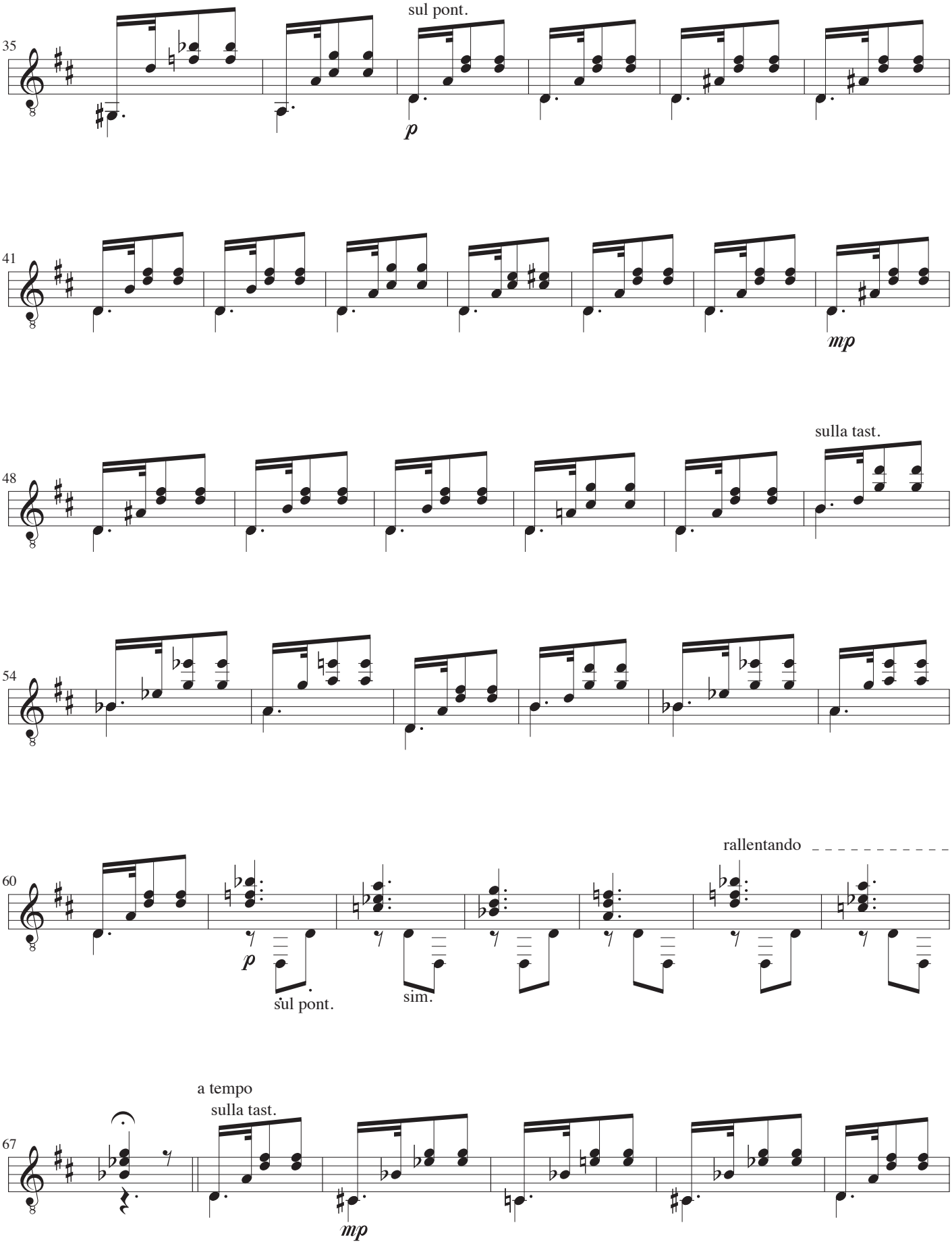
Guitare

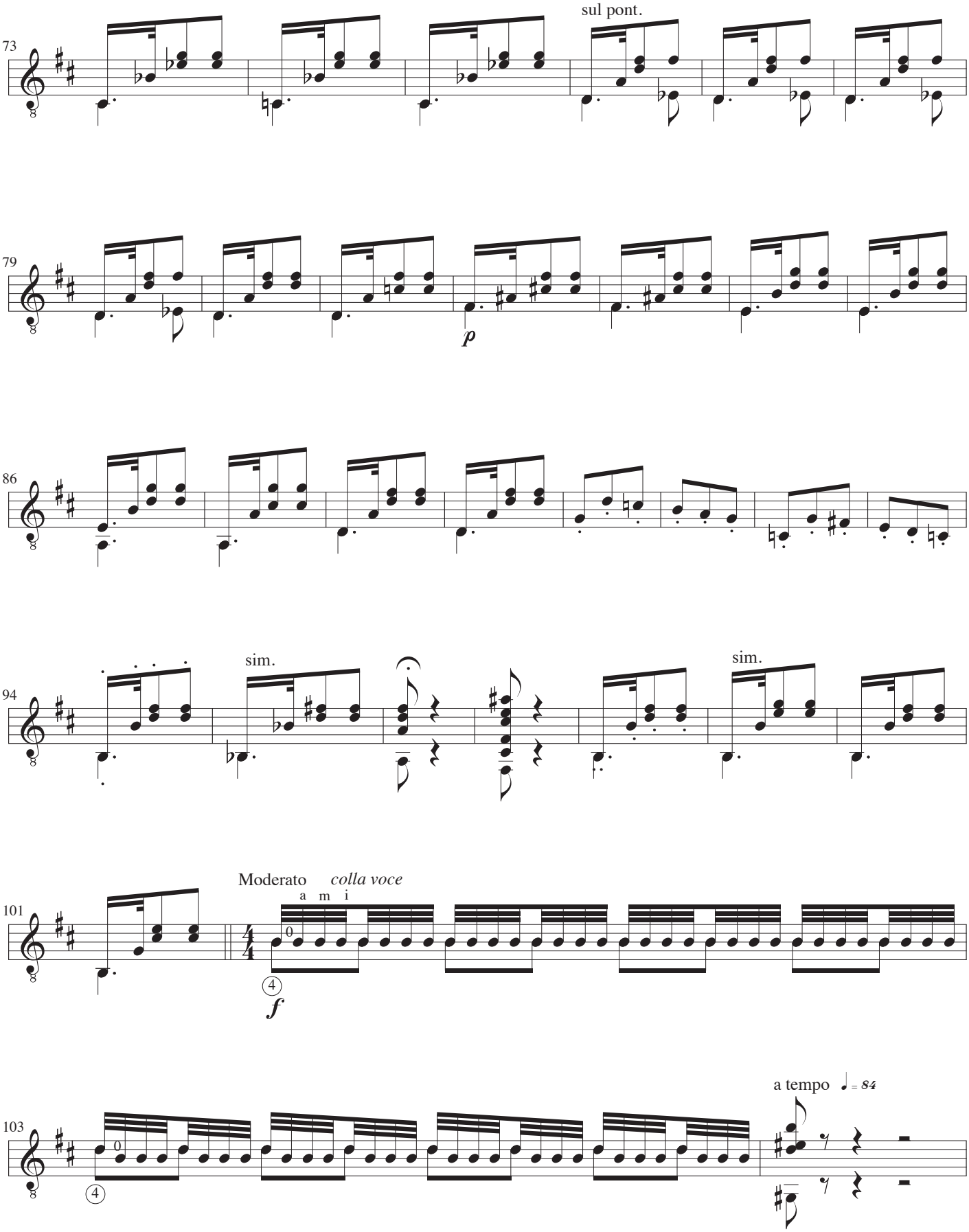
Séguedille et Duo

Carmen

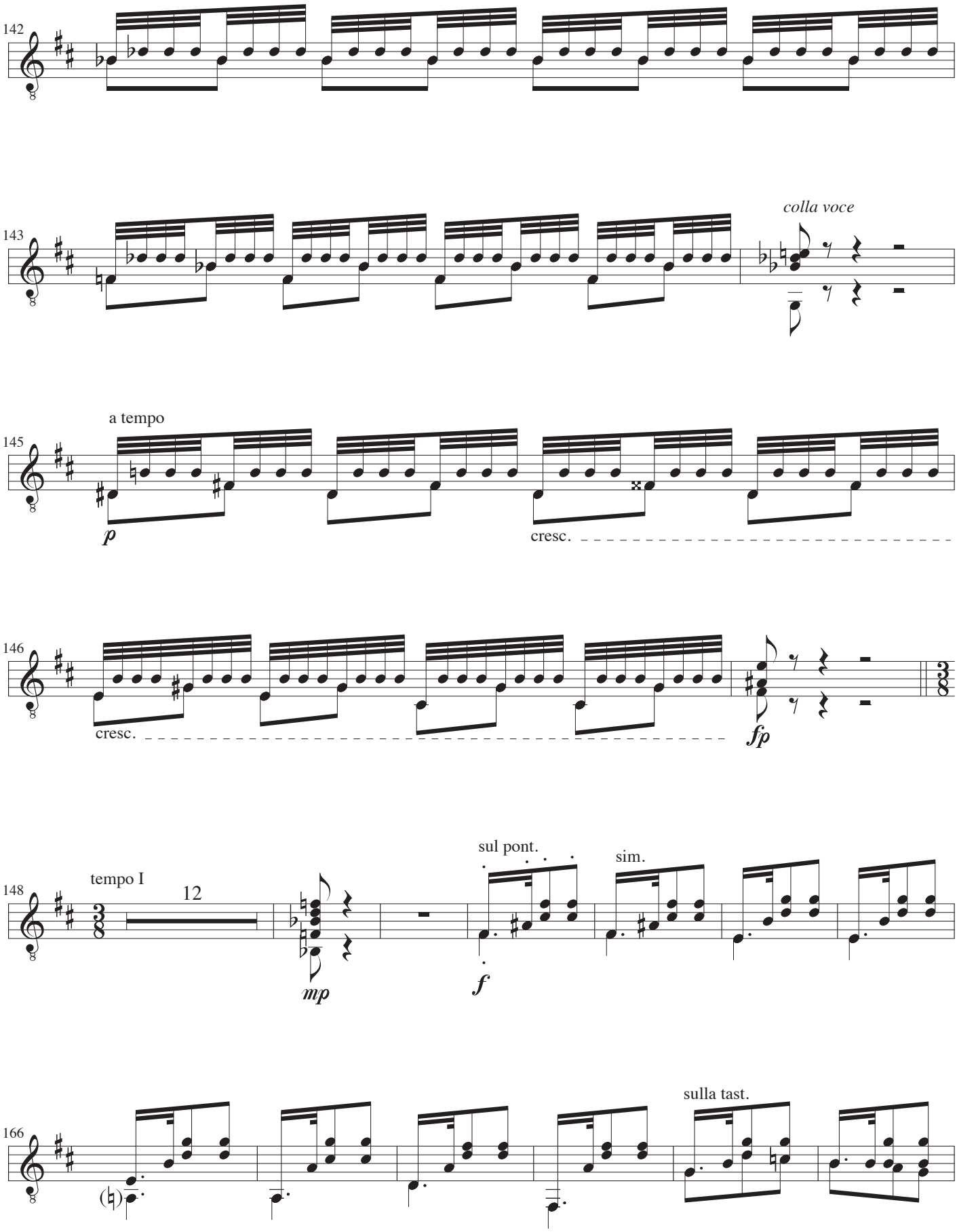
Musique: Georges Bizet
Paroles: Henri Meilhac & Ludovic Halévy
Guitare: John Jacobsen, 1986

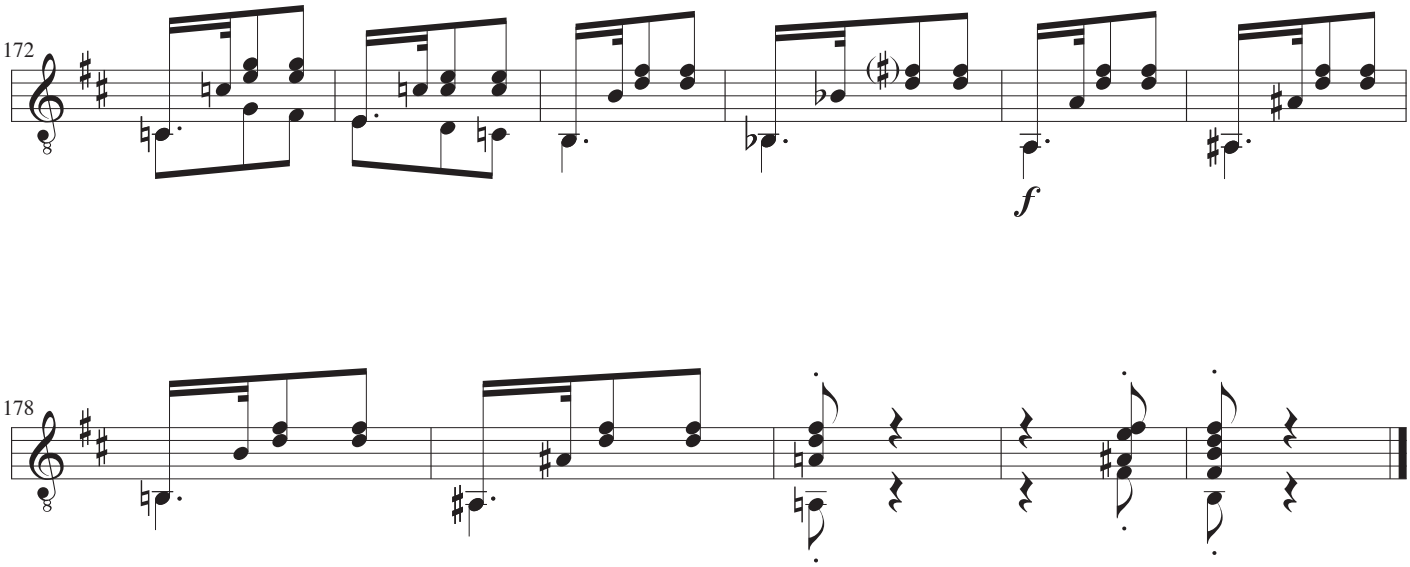



35
sul pont.
p
41
mp
48
sulla tast.
54
60
rallentando
p
sul pont.
sim.
67
a tempo
sulla tast.
mp


73
sul pont.
79
p
86
94
sim.
sim.
101
Moderato
colla voce
a m i
f
103
a tempo
= 84

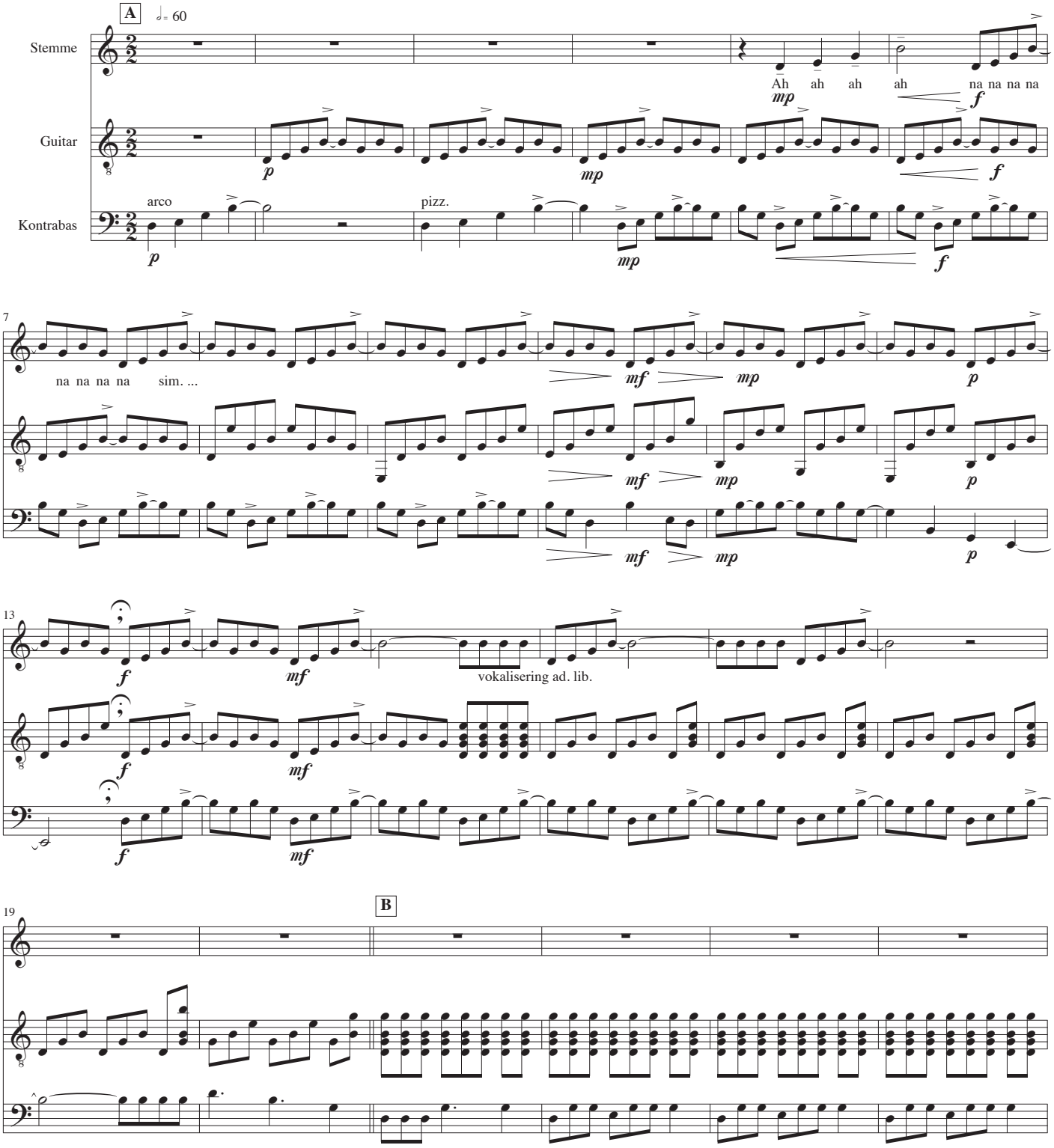
105
poco rit.
mp
p
109
a tempo
tempo I
p
117
Moderato ♩= 88
p
121
sfp
Andantino ♪= 132
p
128
6
141
Moderato ♩= 88
p

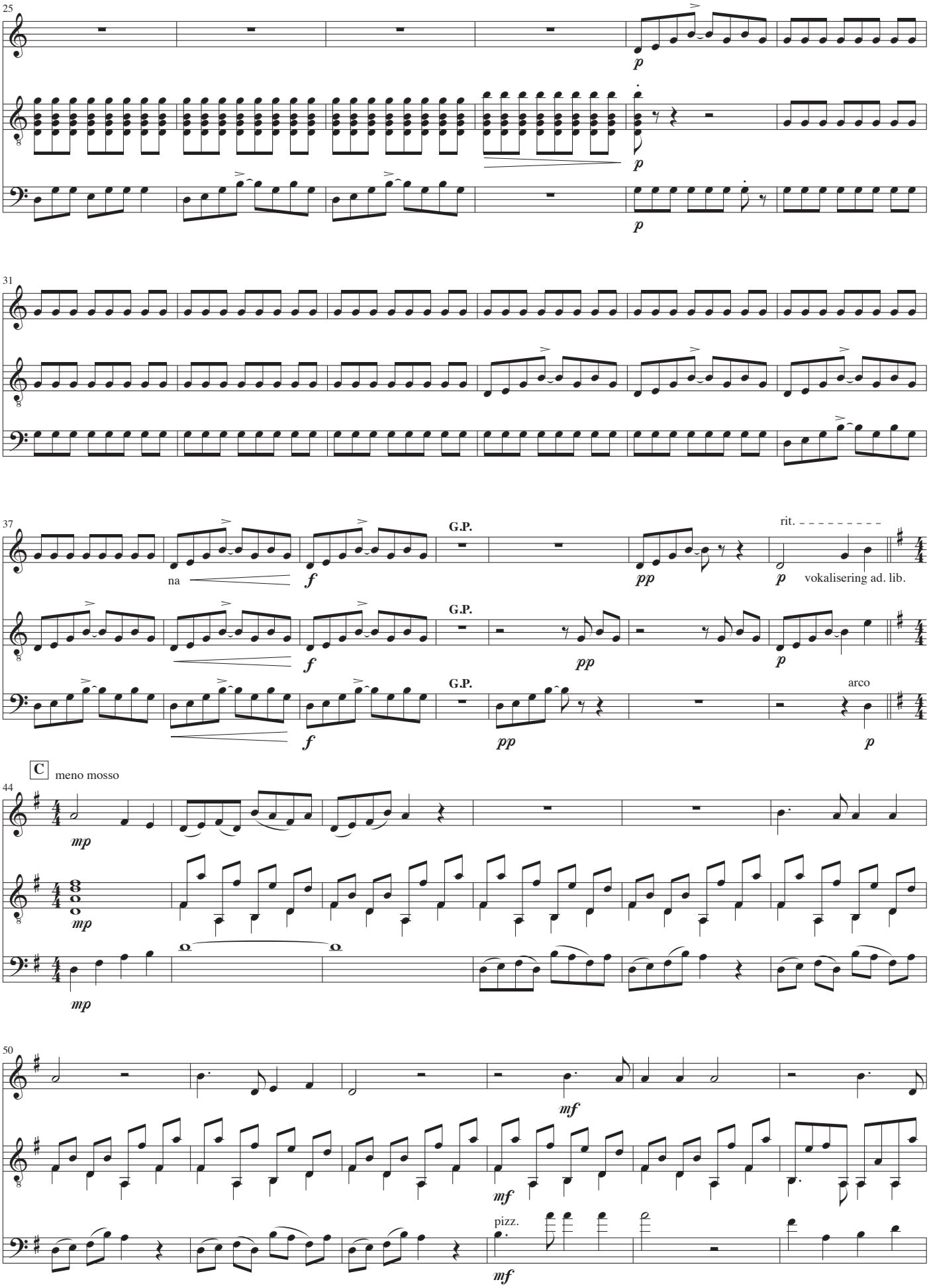

142
143
colla voce
145
a tempo
p
cresc.
146
cresc.
fp
148
tempo I
12
mp
sul pont.
f
sim.
166
sulla tast.

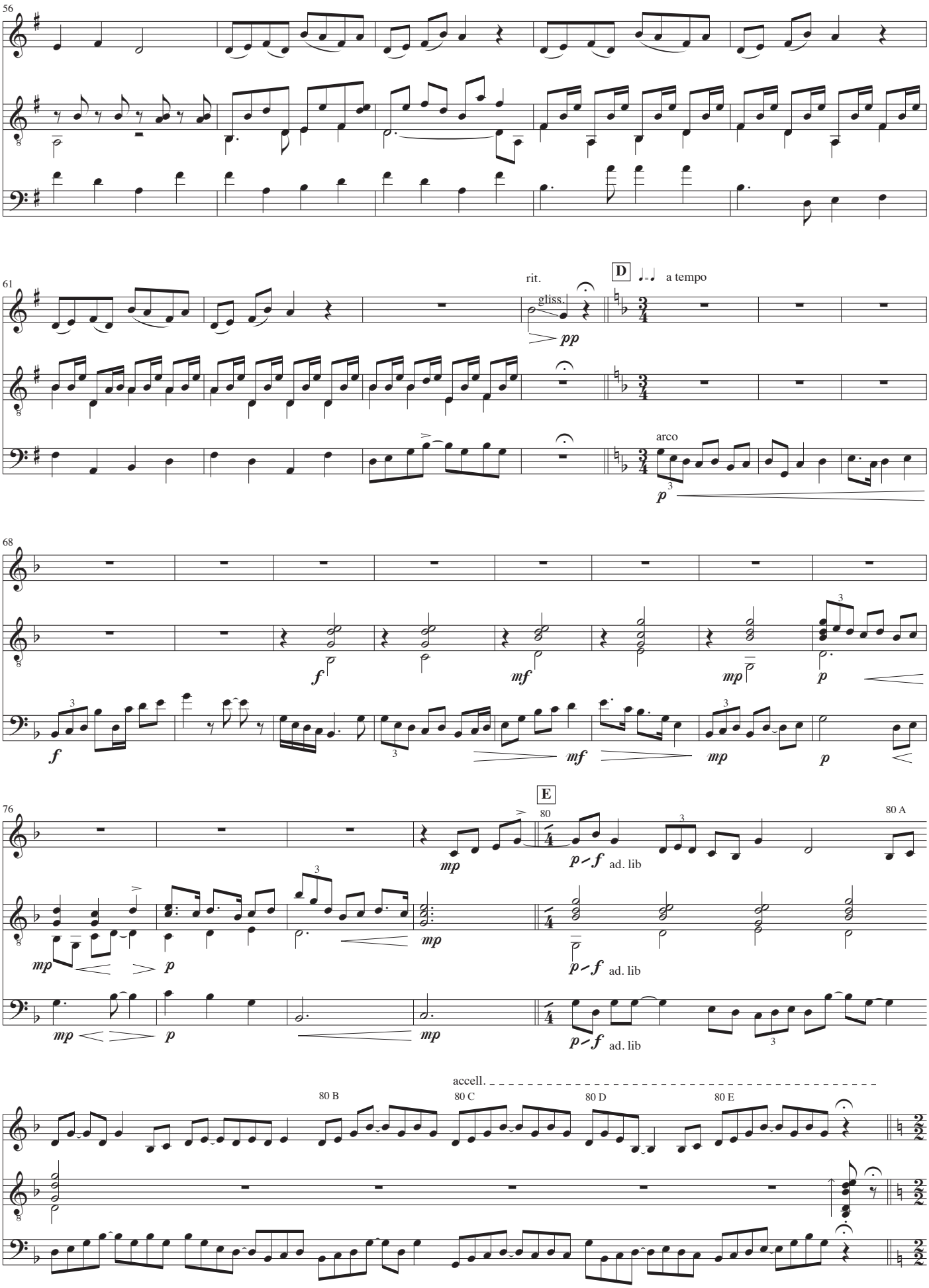

172
f
178

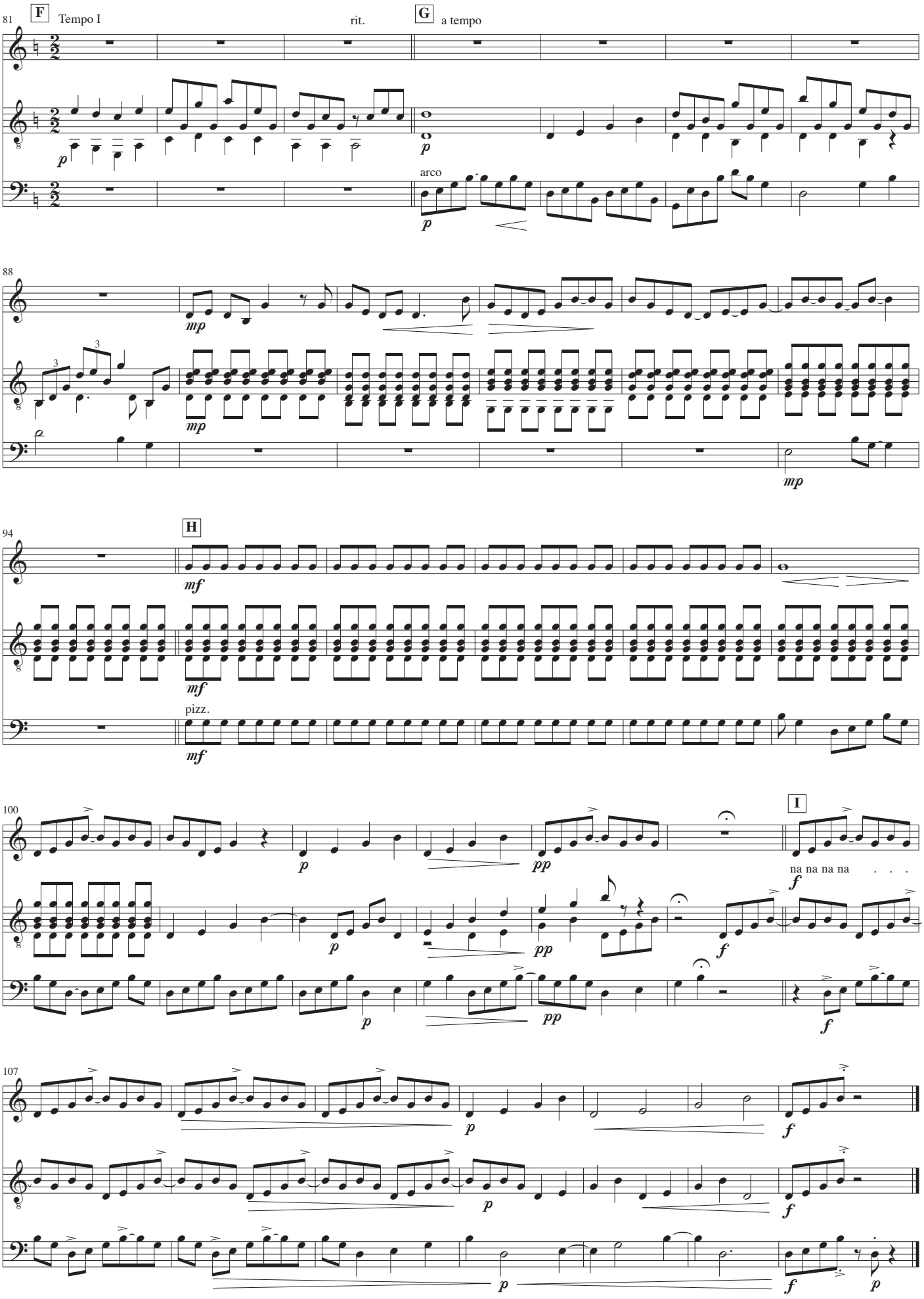
Situationer

John Jacobsen




25
p
p
p
31
37
na
f
f
f
G.P.
G.P.
G.P.
pp
pp
pp
rit.
p
vokalisering ad. lib.
p
arco
p
C
meno mosso
44
mp
mp
mp
50
mf
mf
pizz.
mf

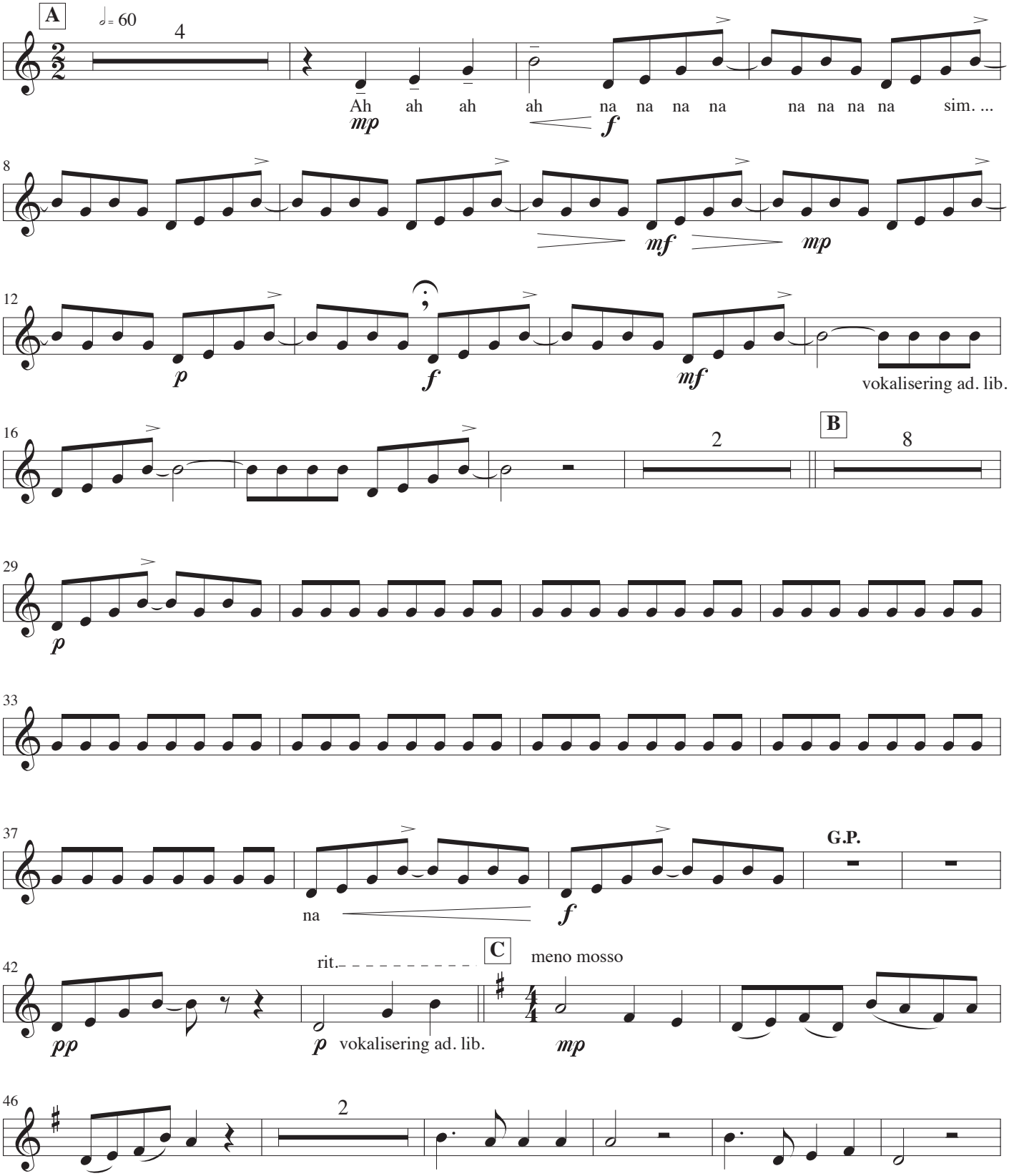

56
61
rit.
gliss.
pp
D
a tempo
arco
p
68
f
mf
mp
p
76
mp
E
80
p – f
ad. lib
80 A
80 B
accell.
80 C
80 D
80 E

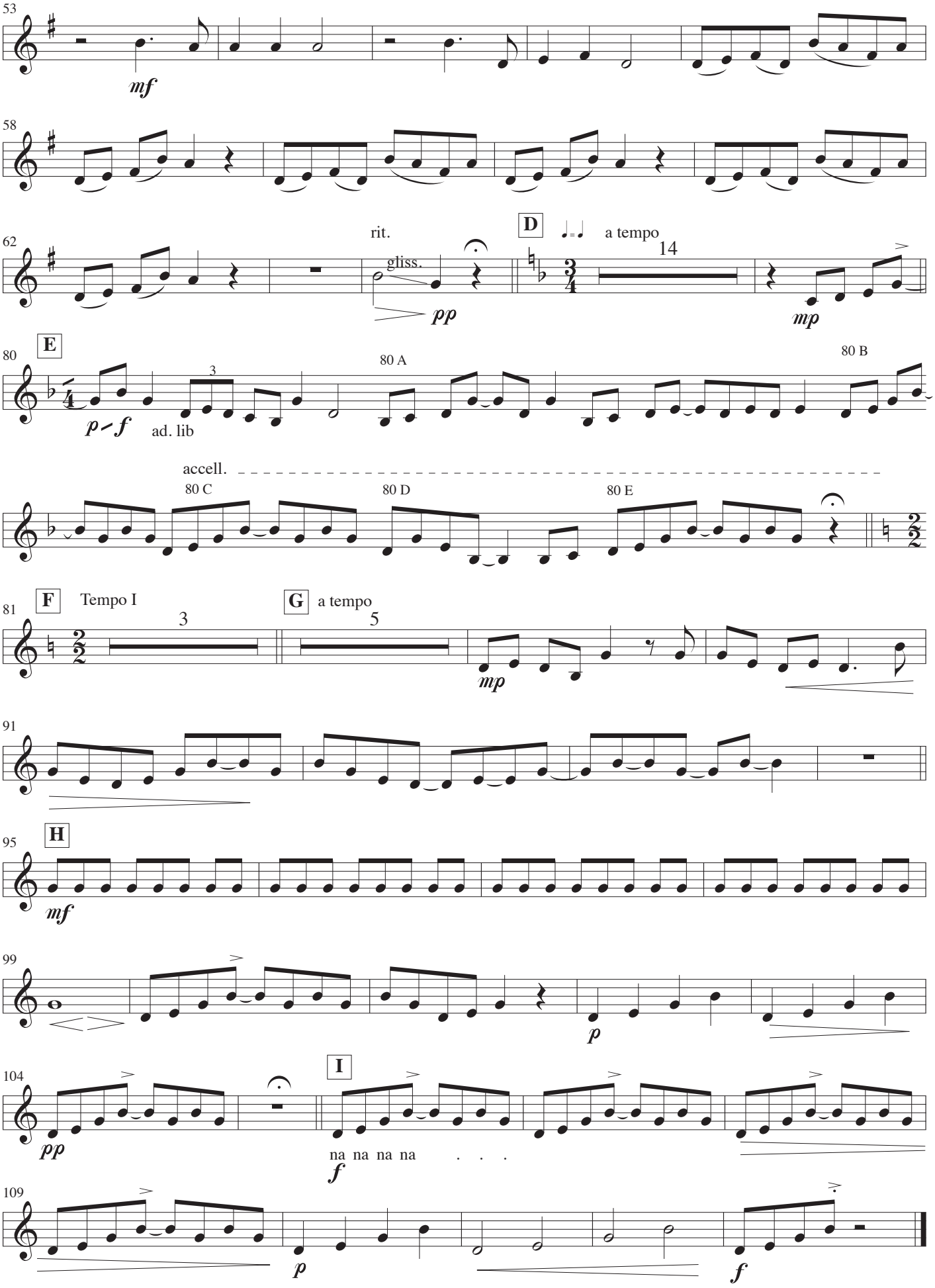

81
F
Tempo I
rit.
G
a tempo
arco
88
94
H
pizz.
100
I
na na na na . . .
107

Stemme

Situationer

John Jacobsen

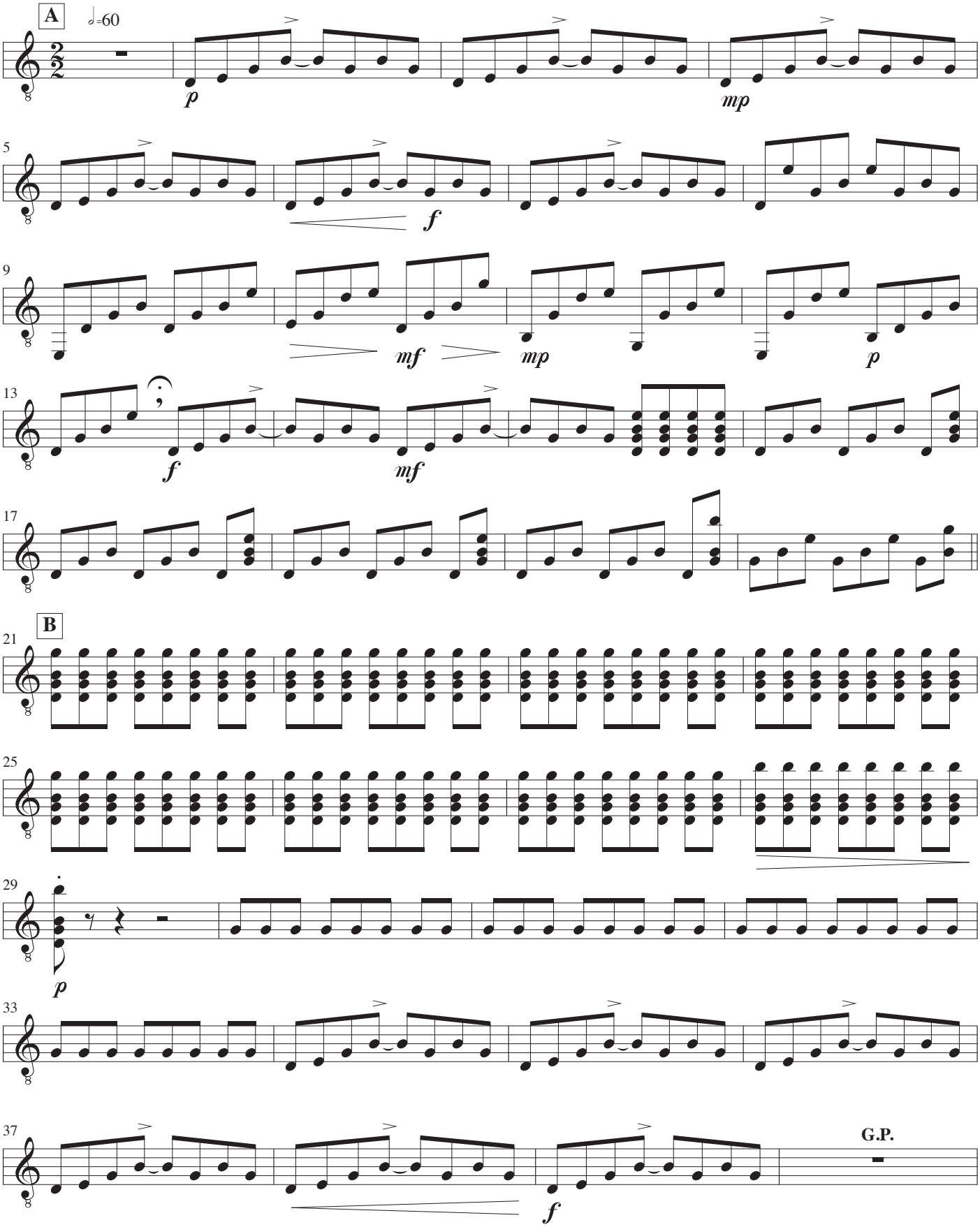


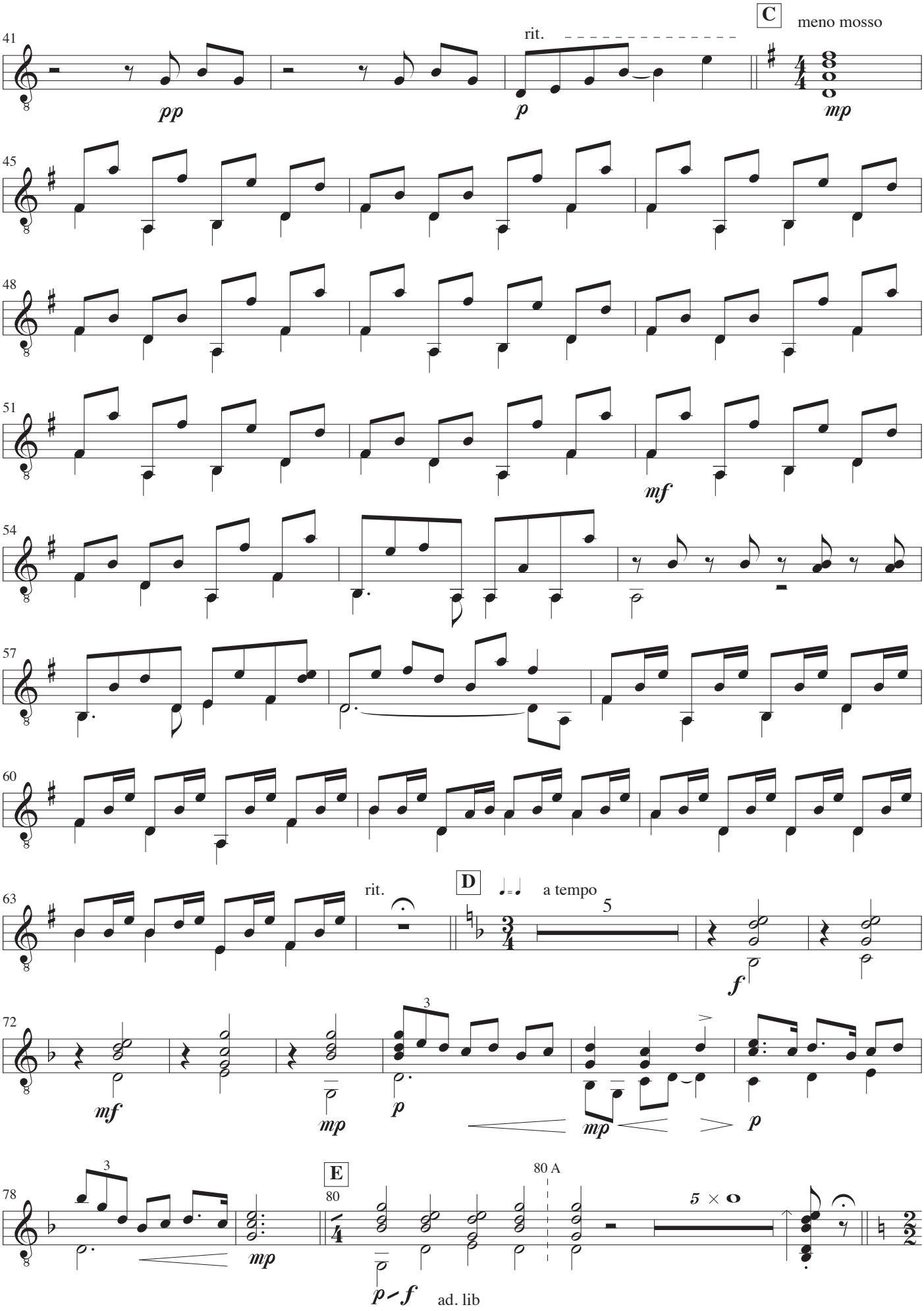

53
mf
58
62
rit.
gliss.
pp
D
a tempo
14
mp
80
E
p – f
ad. lib
3
80 A
80 B
accell.
80 C
80 D
80 E
81
F
Tempo I
3
G
a tempo
5
mp
91
95
H
mf
99
p
104
pp
I
na na na na . . .
f
109
p
f

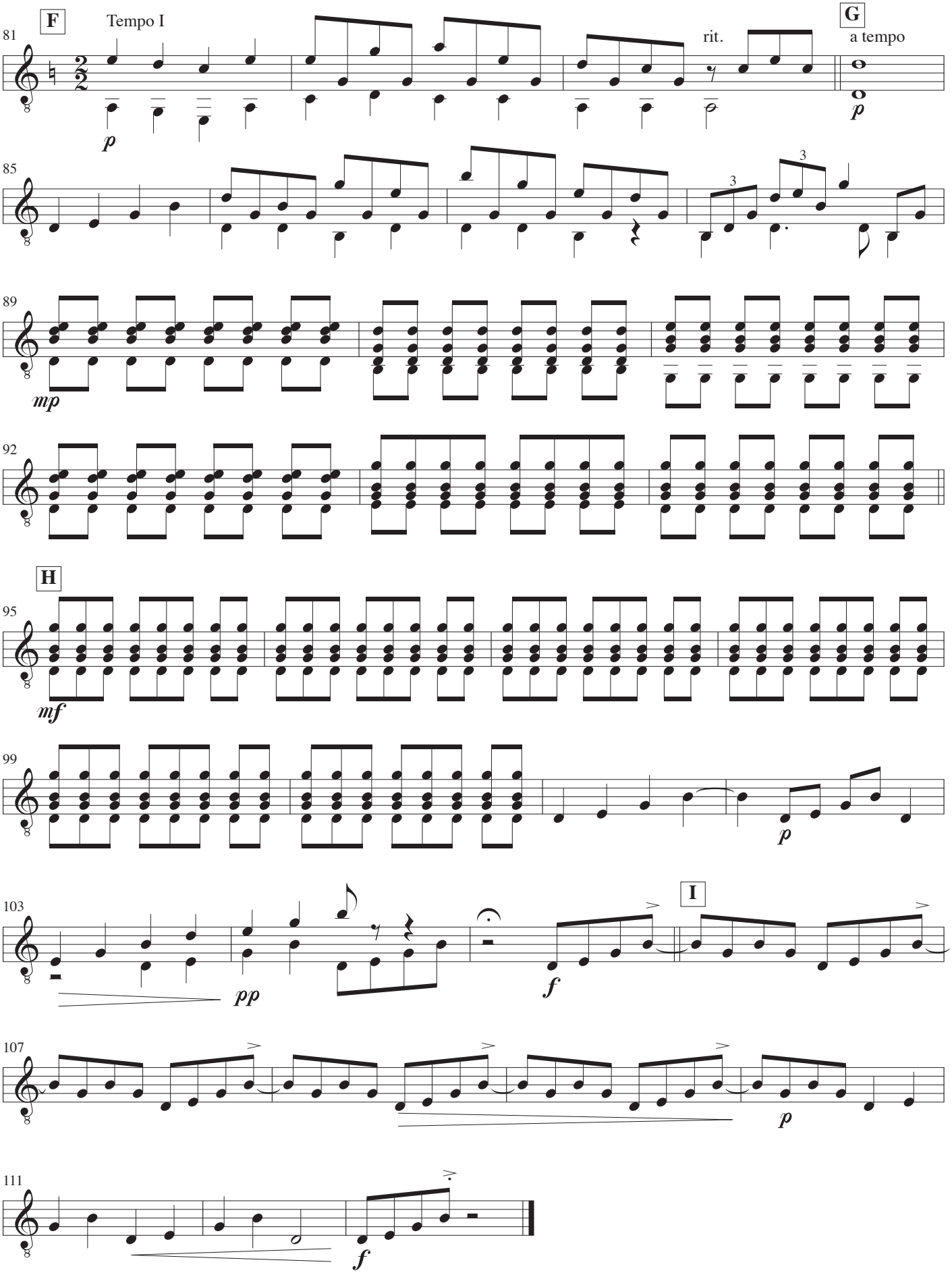
Guitar

Situationer

John Jacobsen



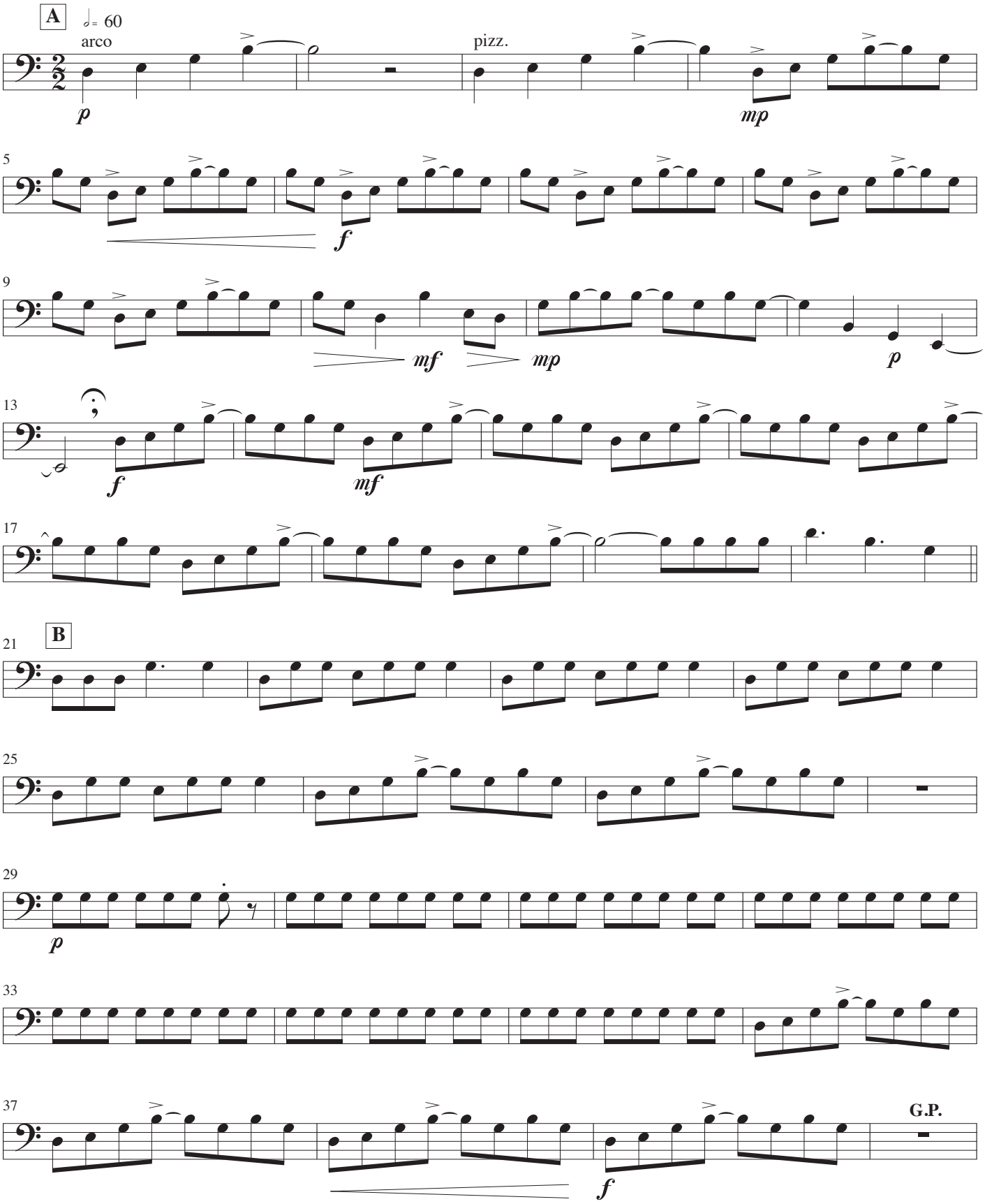

41
pp
rit.
p
C
meno mosso
mp
45
48
51
mf
54
57
60
63
rit.
D
a tempo
5
f
72
mf
mp
p
3
mp
p
78
3
mp
E
80
p–f
ad. lib
80 A
5 × o

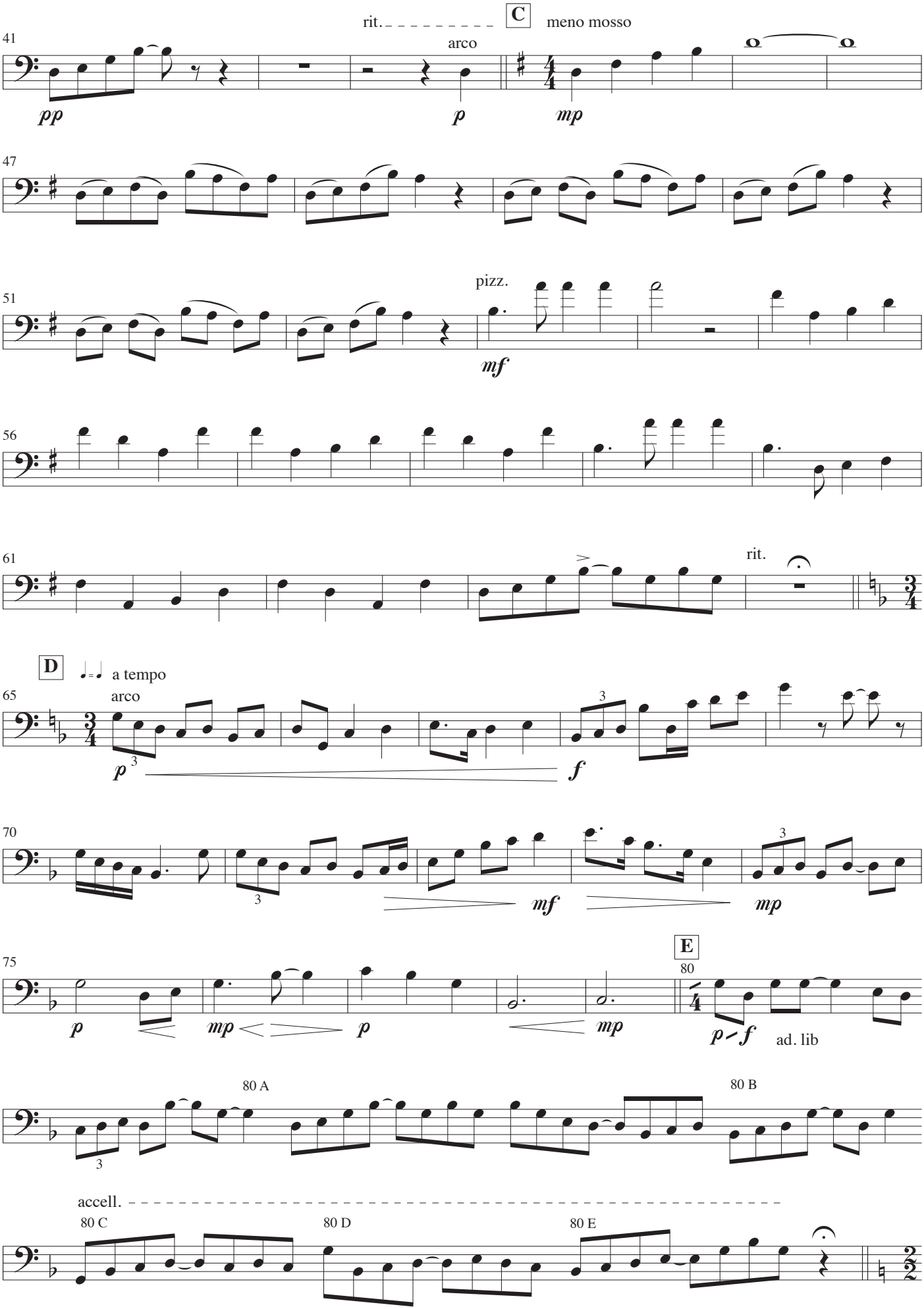

F
Tempo I
rit.
G
a tempo
H
I

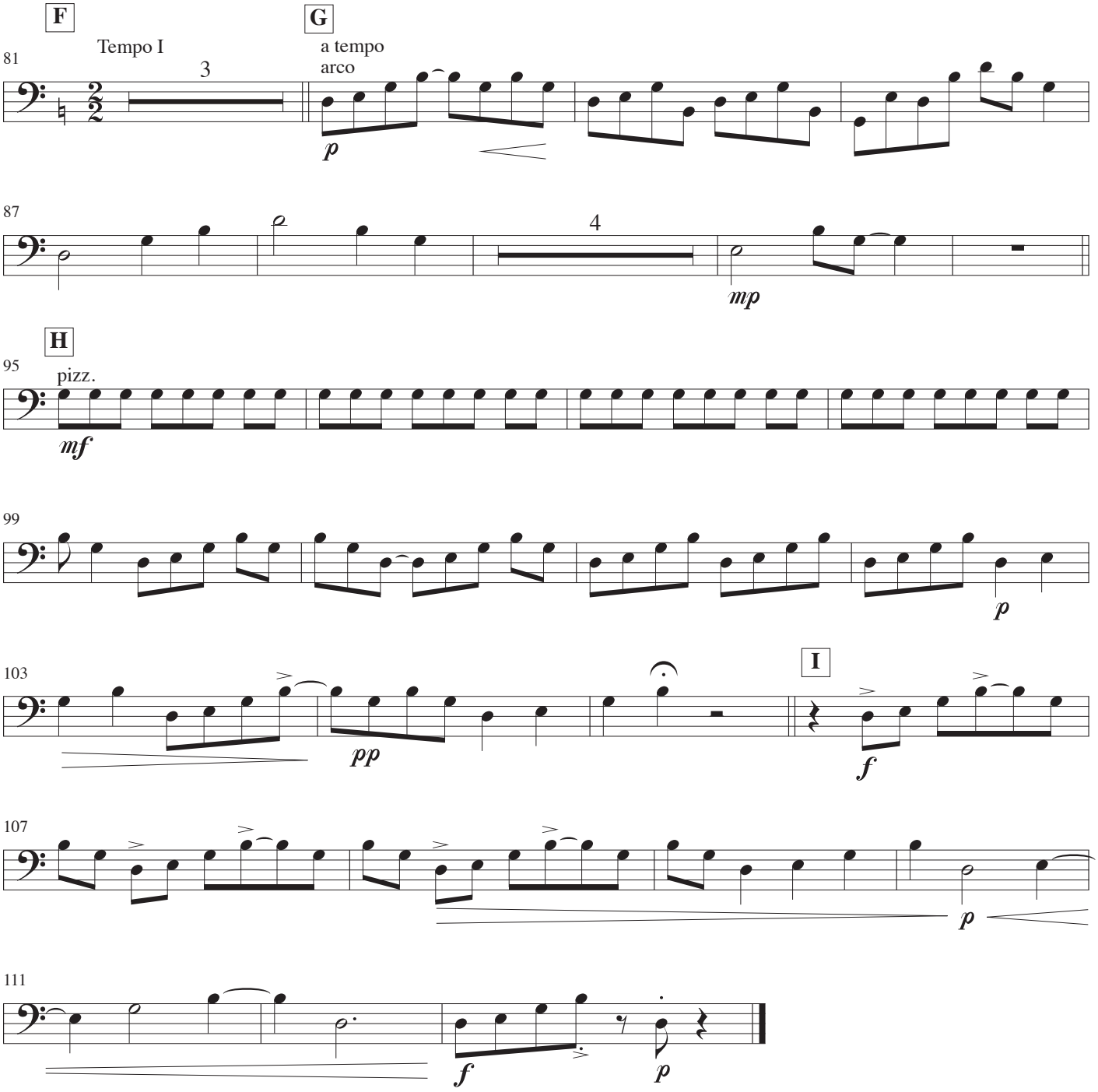
Kontrabas

Situationer

John Jacobsen

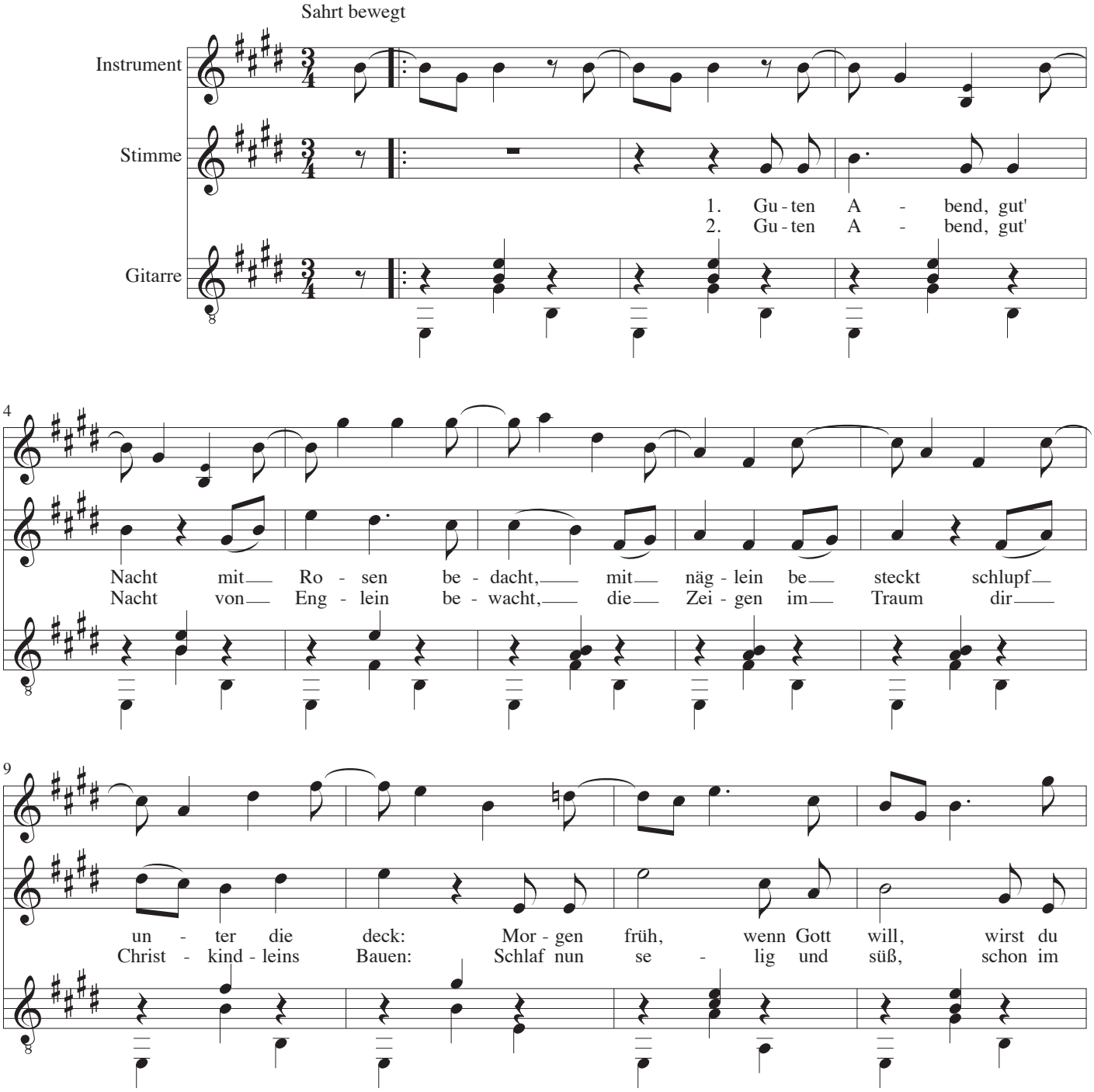


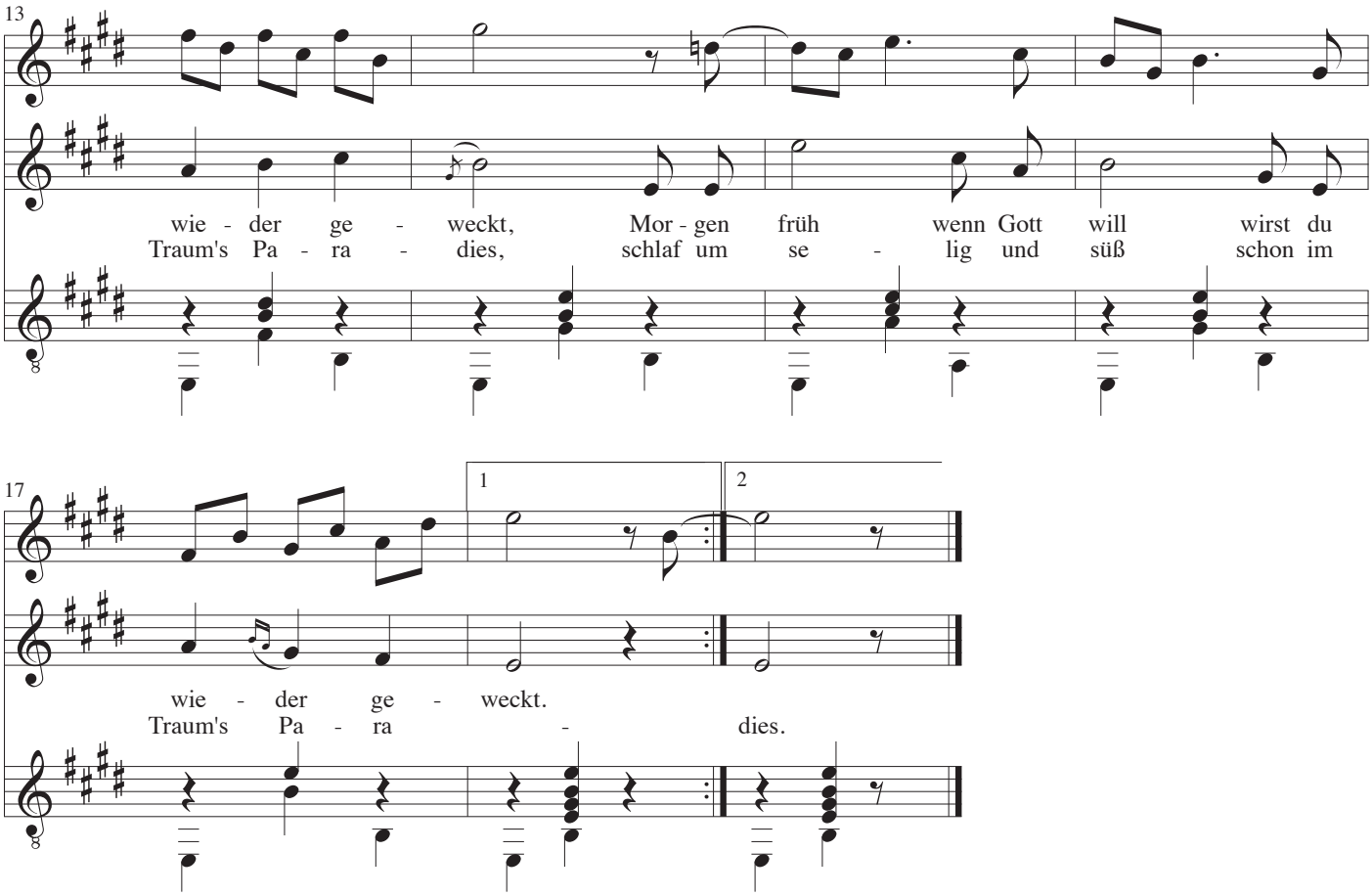

41
rit.
C
meno mosso
arco
pp
p
mp
47
51
pizz.
mf
56
61
rit.
D
a tempo
65
arco
p
f
70
mf
mp
75
p
mp
p
mp
E
80
p-f
ad. lib
80 A
80 B
accell.
80 C
80 D
80 E


F
Tempo I
G
a tempo
arco
3
4
H
pizz.
I

Wiegenlied

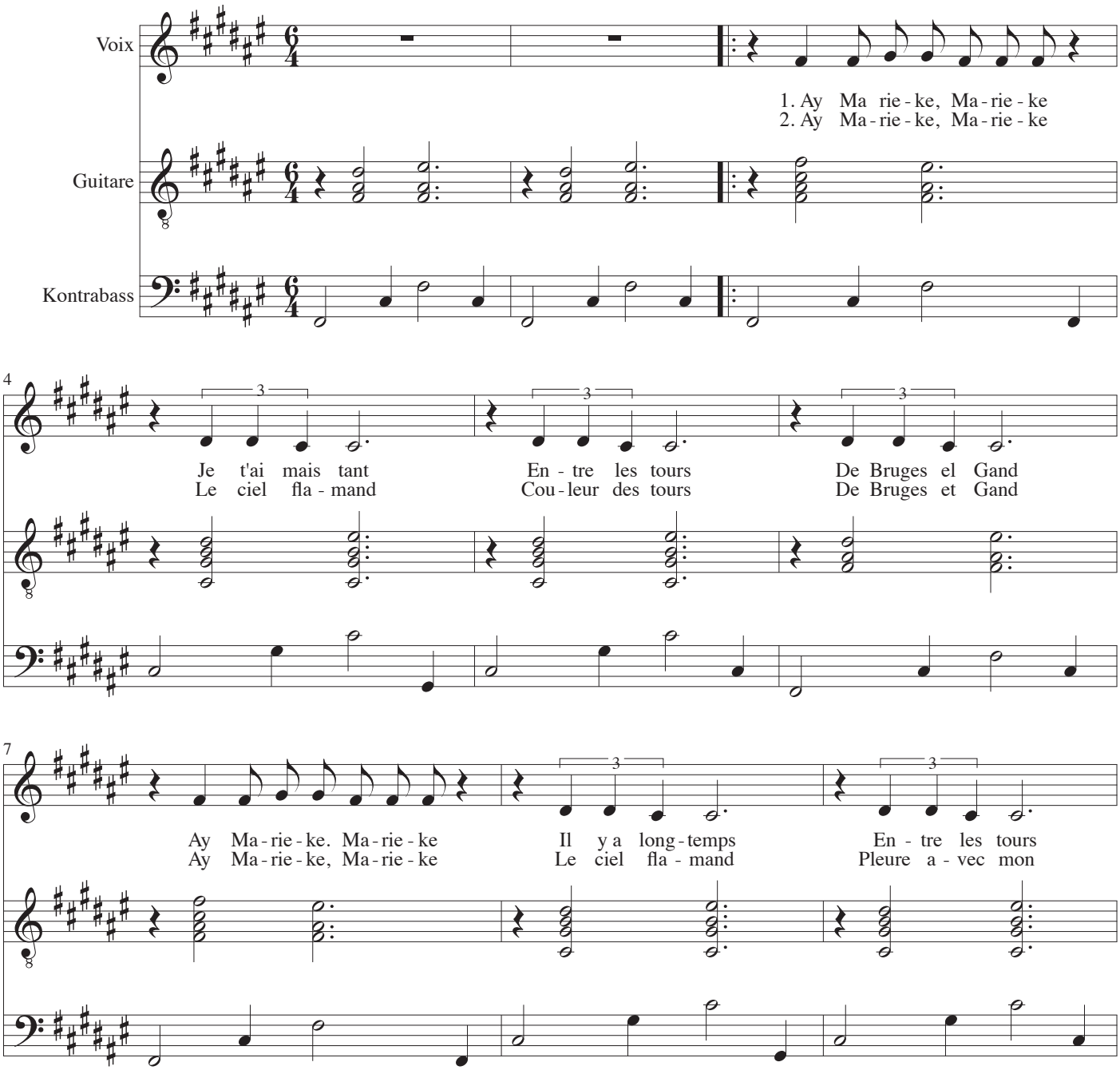
Musik: Johannes Brahms
Text 1: von Das Knaben Wunderhorn
Text 2: Georg Scherer
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

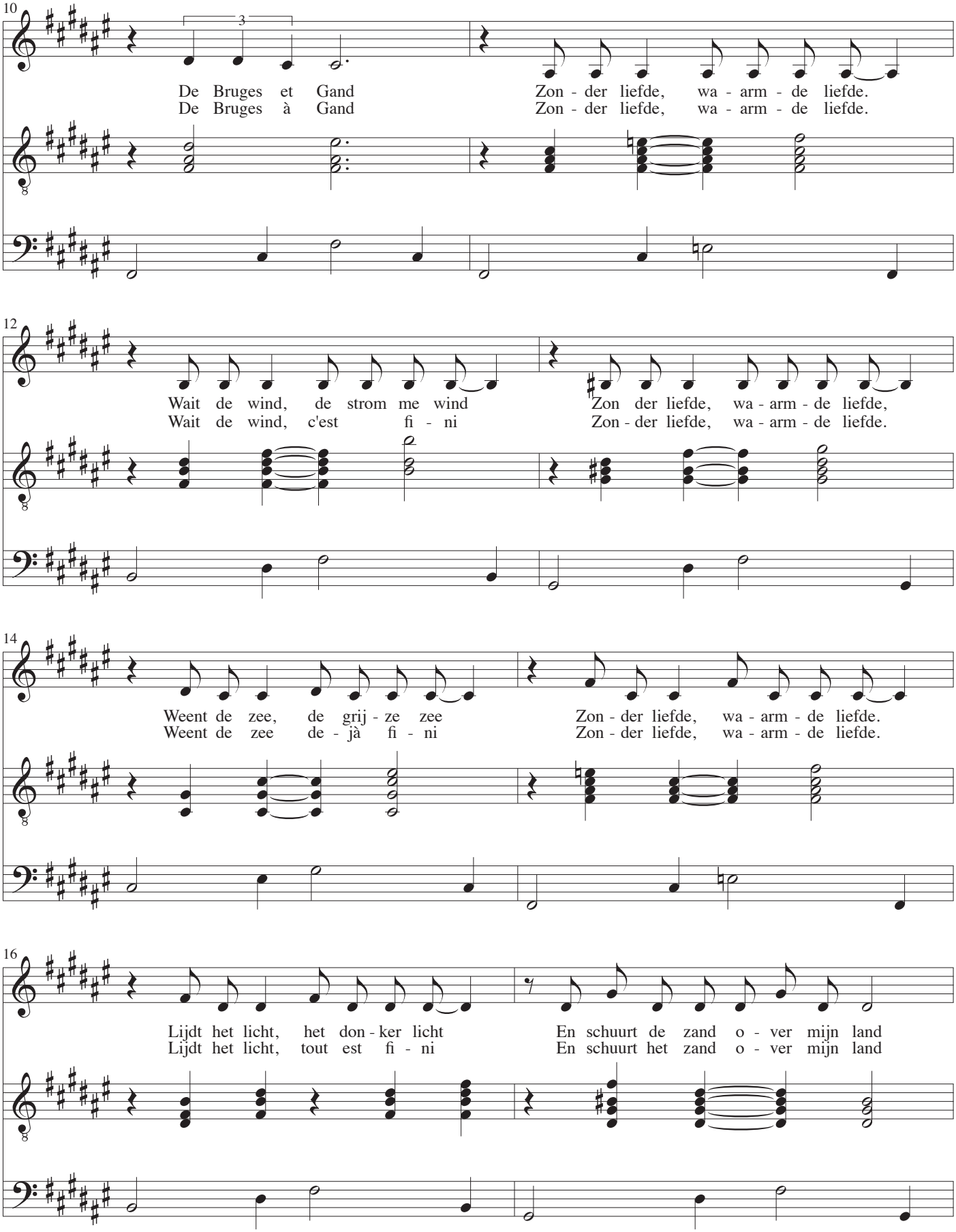


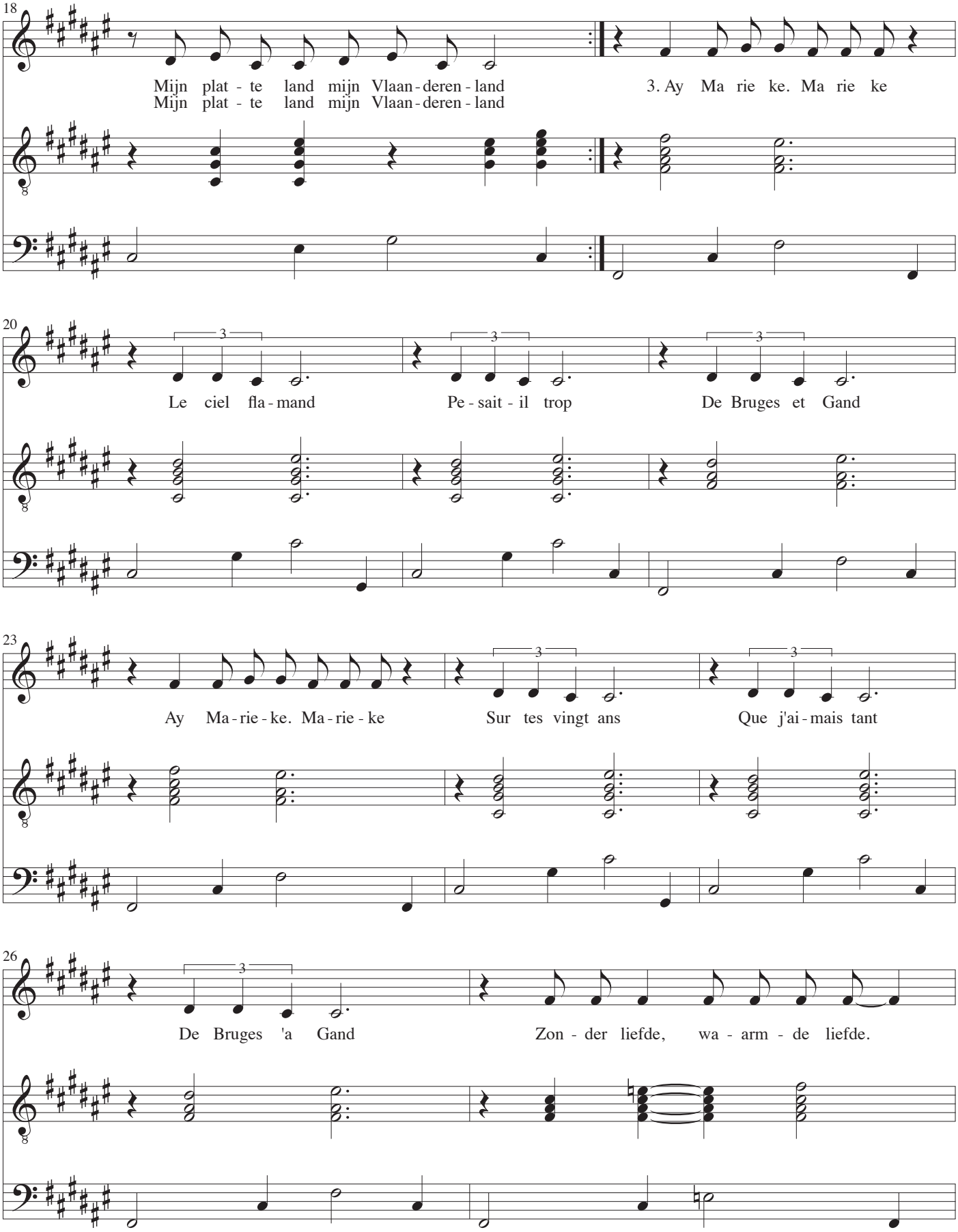

13
wie - der ge - weckt, Mor - gen früh wenn Gott will wirst du
Traum's Pa - ra - dies, schlaf um se - lig und süß schon im
17
1
2
wie - der ge - weckt.
Traum's Pa - ra - dies.

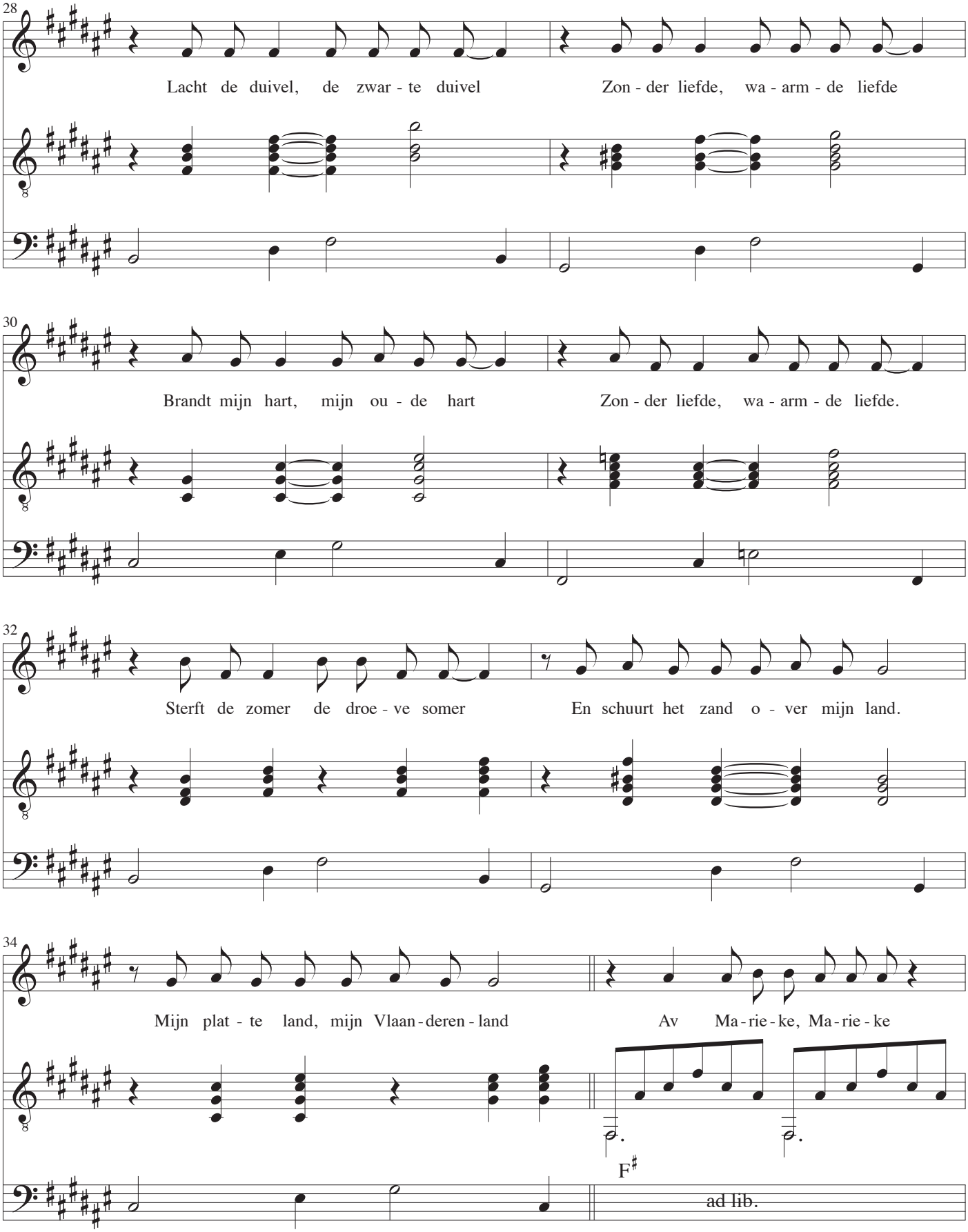
Marieke

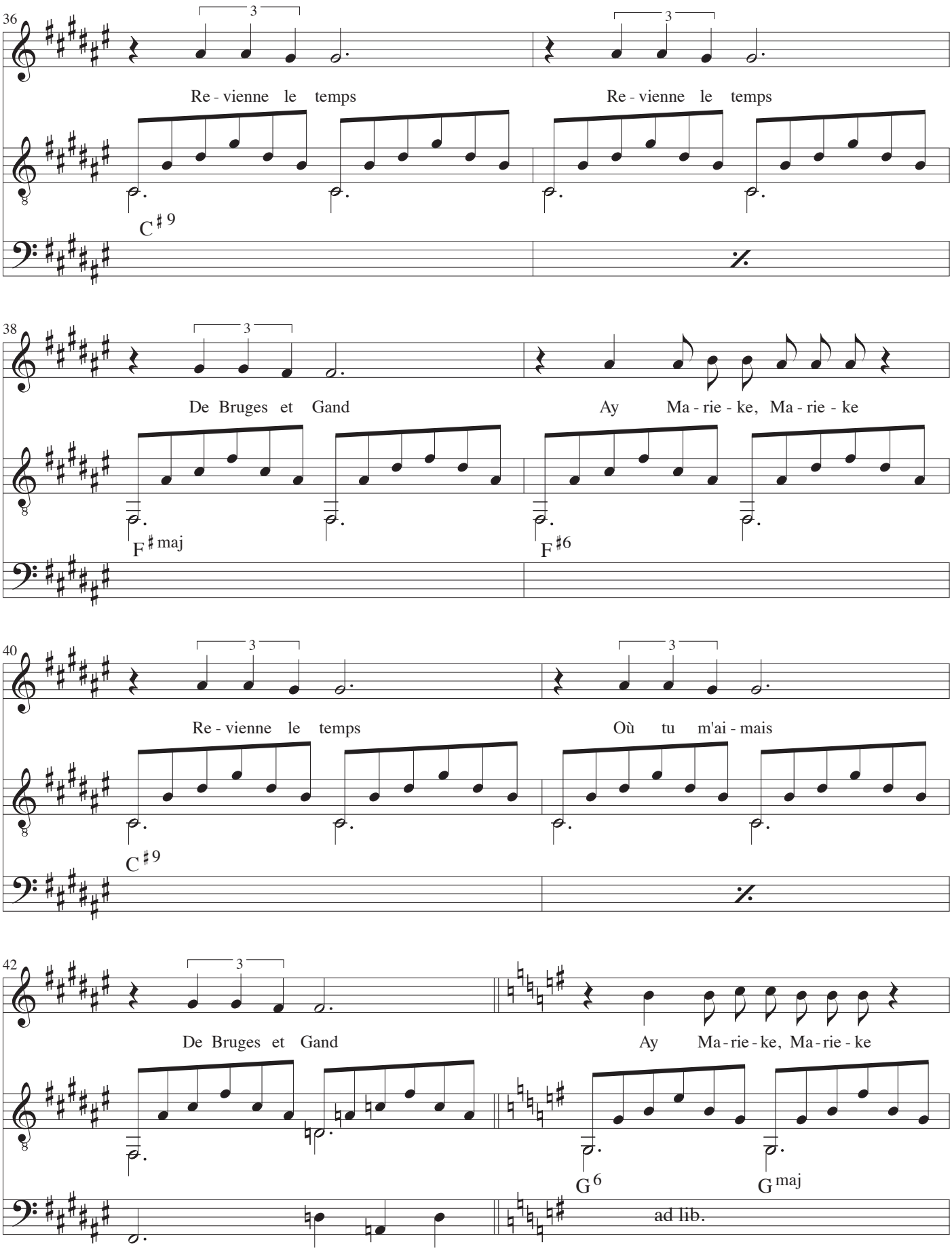
Musique: Jacques Brel & Gérard Jouannest
Paroles: Jacques Brel
Guitare: John Jacobsen

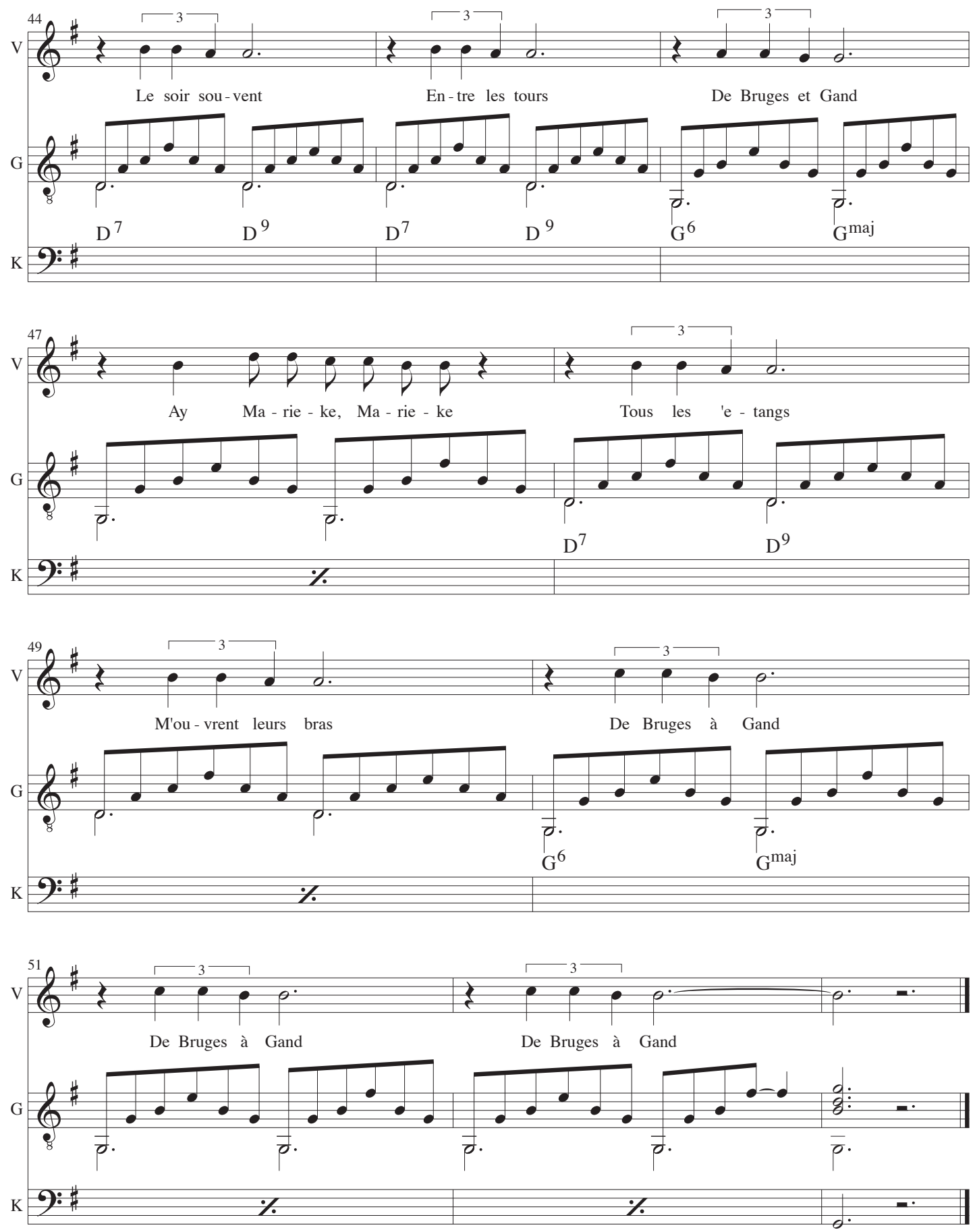



10
V
G
K
De Bruges et Gand
De Bruges à Gand
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
12
Wait de wind, de strom me wind
Wait de wind, c'est fi - ni
Zon der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde,
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
14
Weent de zee, de grij - ze zee
Weent de zee de - jà fi - ni
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
16
Lijdt het licht, het don - ker licht
Lijdt het licht, tout est fi - ni
En schuurt de zand o - ver mijn land
En schuurt het zand o - ver mijn land


18
V
G
K
Mijn plat - te land mijn Vlaan - deren - land
Mijn plat - te land mijn Vlaan - deren - land
3. Ay Ma rie ke. Ma rie ke
20
Le ciel fla - mand
Pe - sait - il trop
De Bruges et Gand
23
Ay Ma - rie - ke. Ma - rie - ke
Sur tes vingt ans
Que j'ai - mais tant
26
De Bruges 'a Gand
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.


28
V
Lacht de duivel, de zwar - te duivel
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde
G
K
30
V
Brandt mijn hart, mijn ou - de hart
Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
G
K
32
V
Sterft de zomer de droe - ve somer
En schuurt het zand o - ver mijn land.
G
K
34
V
Mijn plat - te land, mijn Vlaan - deren - land
Av Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
G
F♯
K
ad lib.

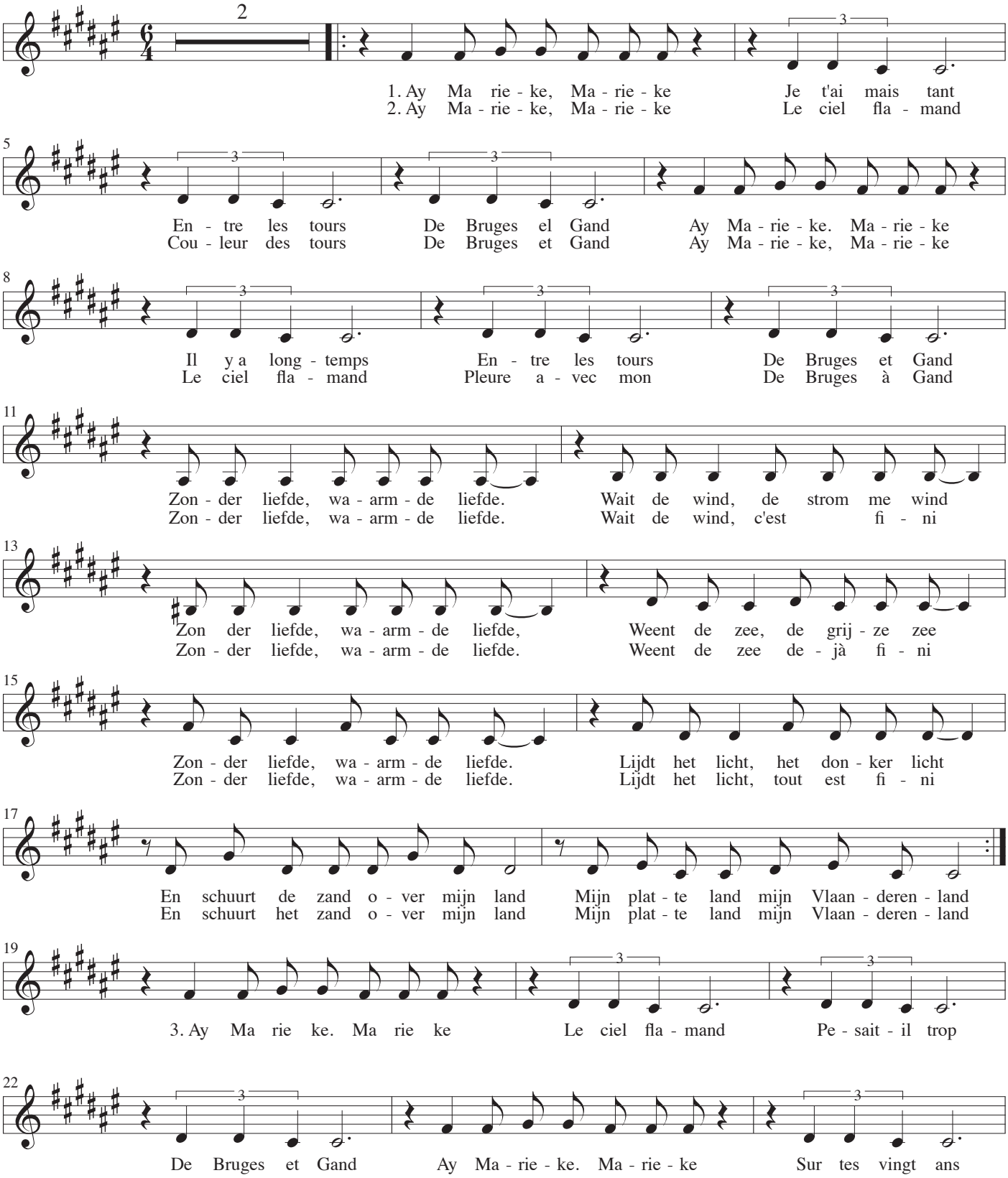

36
V
G
K
Re - vienne le temps
Re - vienne le temps
C♯9
38
De Bruges et Gand
Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
F♯maj
F♯6
40
Re - vienne le temps
Où tu m'ai - mais
C♯9
42
De Bruges et Gand
Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
G6
Gmaj
ad lib.

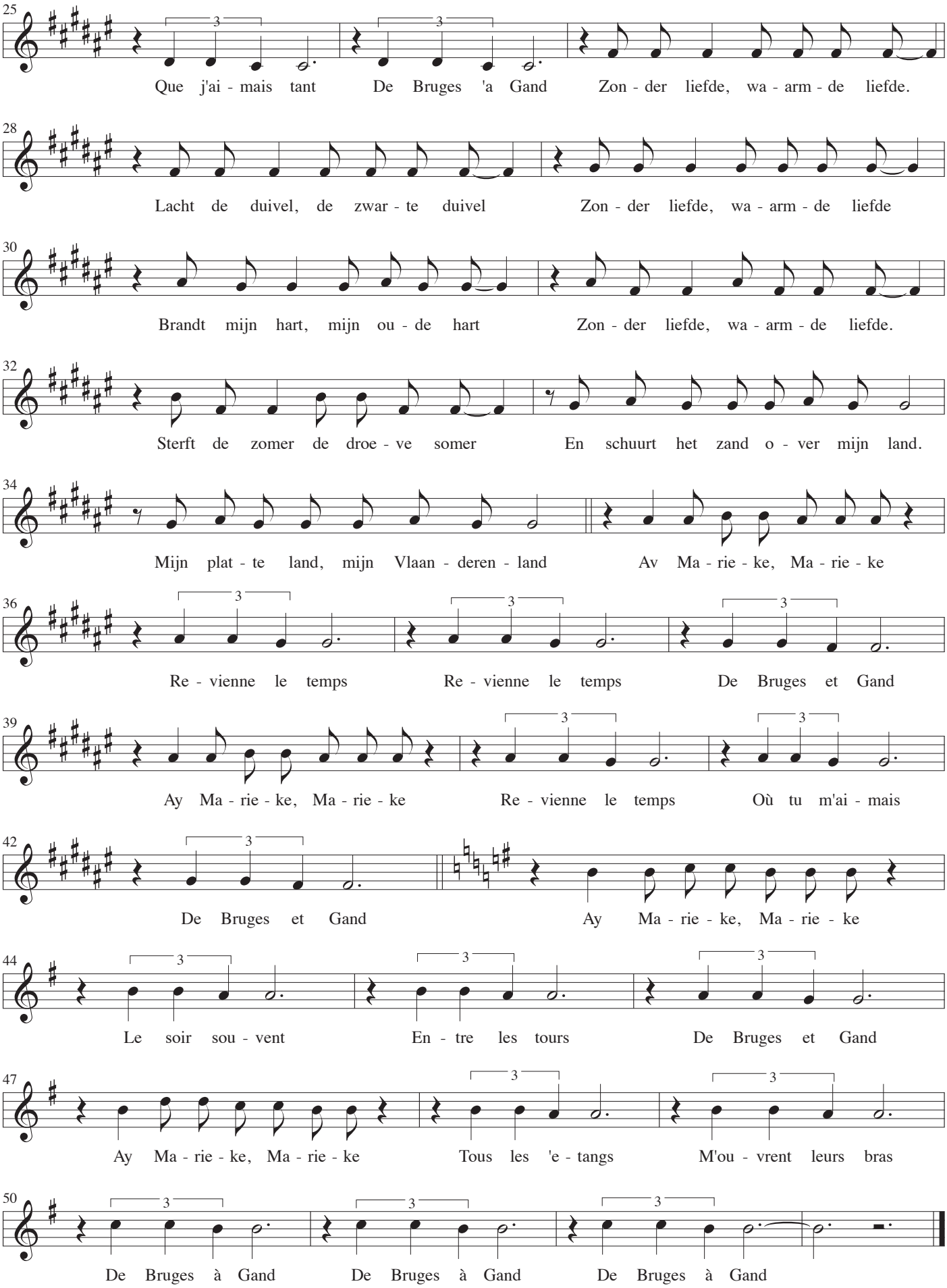

44
V
G
K
Le soir sou - vent
En - tre les tours
De Bruges et Gand
D7
D9
D7
D9
G6
Gmaj
47
Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
Tous les 'e - tangs
D7
D9
49
M'ou - vrent leurs bras
De Bruges à Gand
G6
Gmaj
51
De Bruges à Gand
De Bruges à Gand

Voix

Marieke

Musique: Jacques Brel & Gérard Jouannest
Paroles: Jacques Brel
Guitare: John Jacobsen

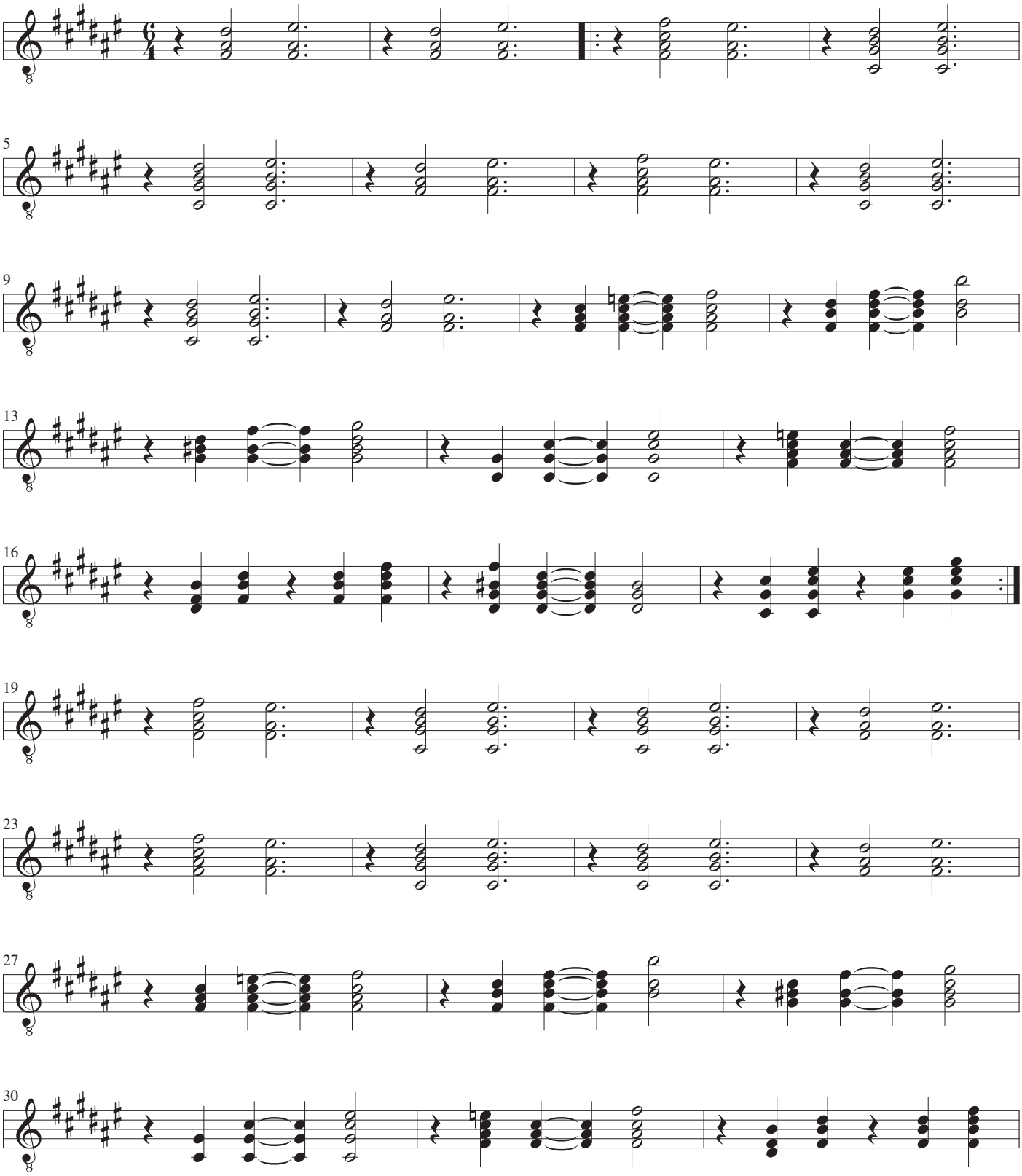


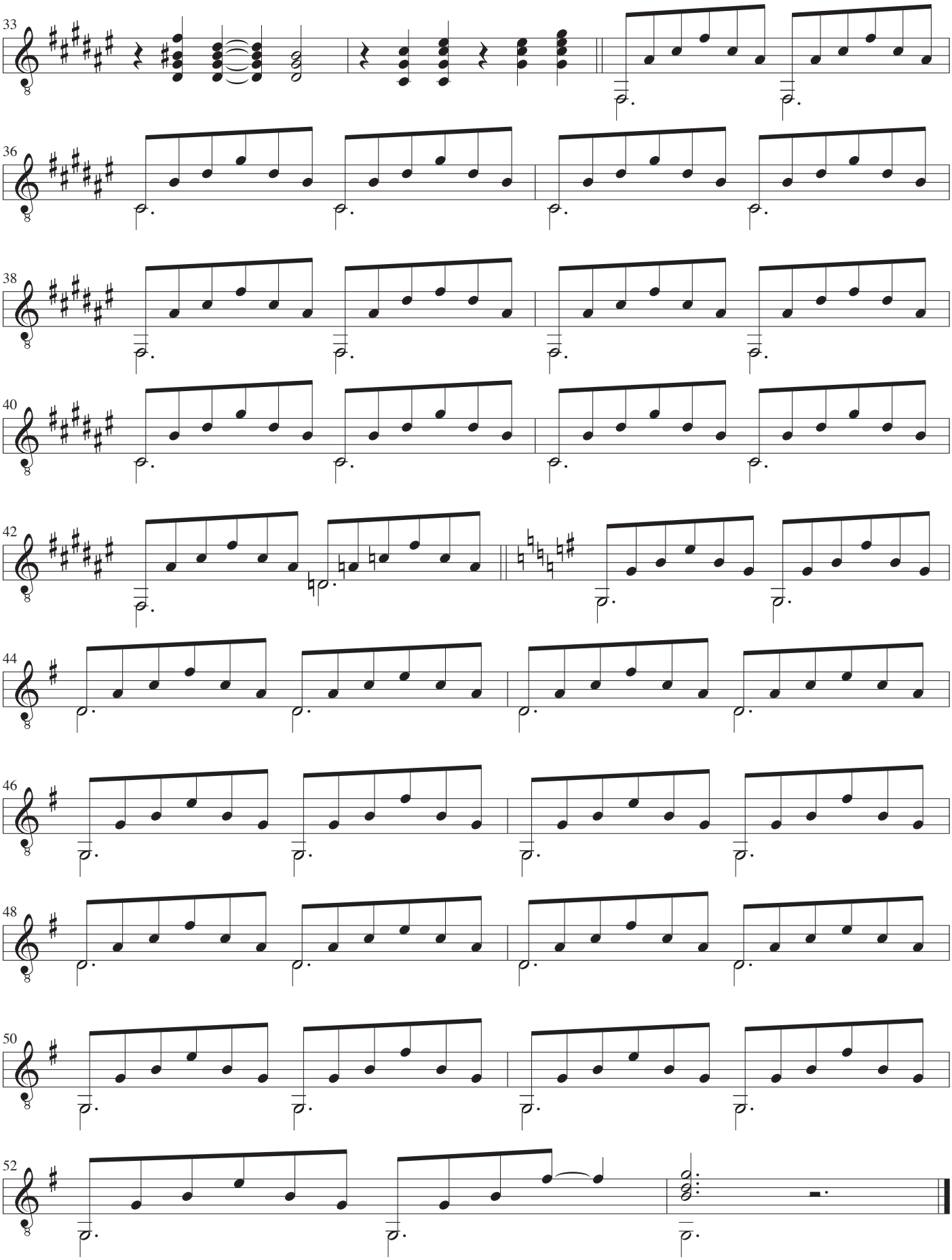

25
Que j'ai - mais tant De Bruges 'a Gand Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
28
Lacht de duivel, de zwar - te duivel Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde
30
Brandt mijn hart, mijn ou - de hart Zon - der liefde, wa - arm - de liefde.
32
Sterft de zomer de droe - ve somer En schuurt het zand o - ver mijn land.
34
Mijn plat - te land, mijn Vlaan - deren - land Av Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
36
Re - vienne le temps Re - vienne le temps De Bruges et Gand
39
Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke Re - vienne le temps Où tu m'ai - mais
42
De Bruges et Gand Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke
44
Le soir sou - vent En - tre les tours De Bruges et Gand
47
Ay Ma - rie - ke, Ma - rie - ke Tous les 'e - tangs M'ou - vrent leurs bras
50
De Bruges à Gand De Bruges à Gand De Bruges à Gand

Guitare

Marieke

Musique: Jacques Brel & Gérard Jouannest
Paroles: Jacques Brel
Guitare: John Jacobsen

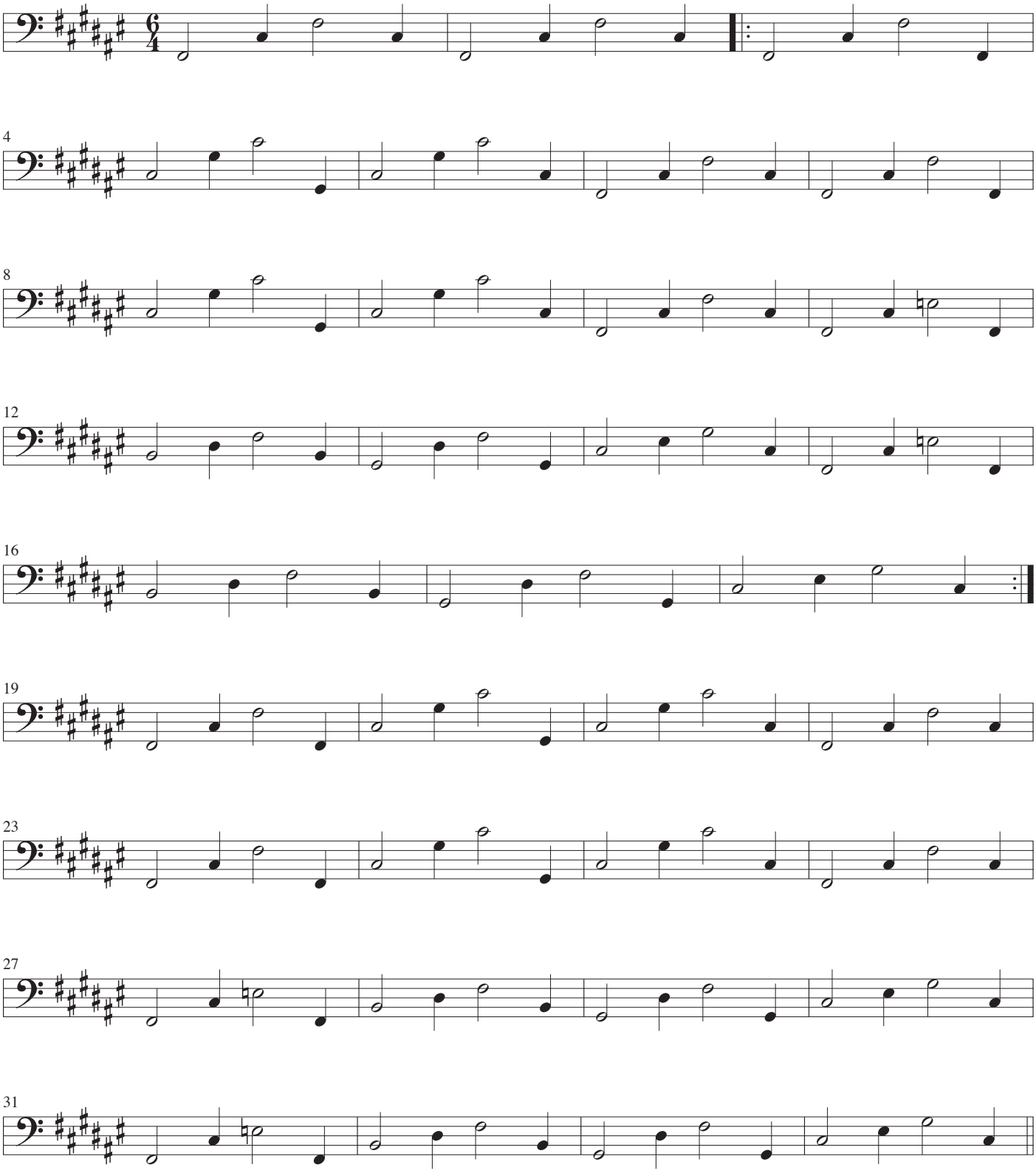


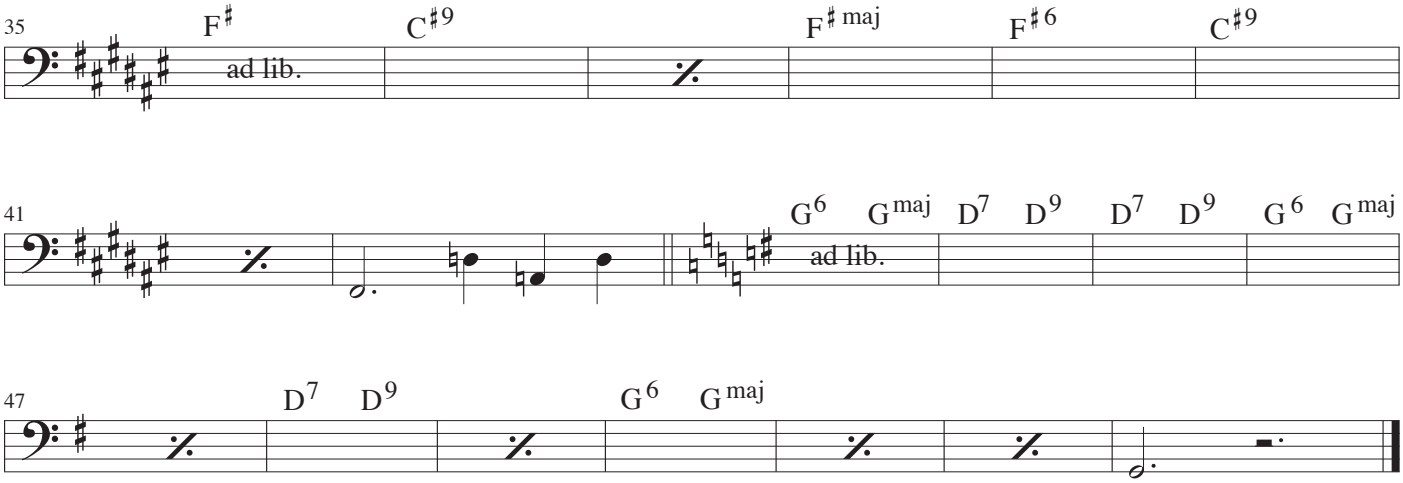

33
36
38
40
42
44
46
48
50
52

Kontrabase

Marieke

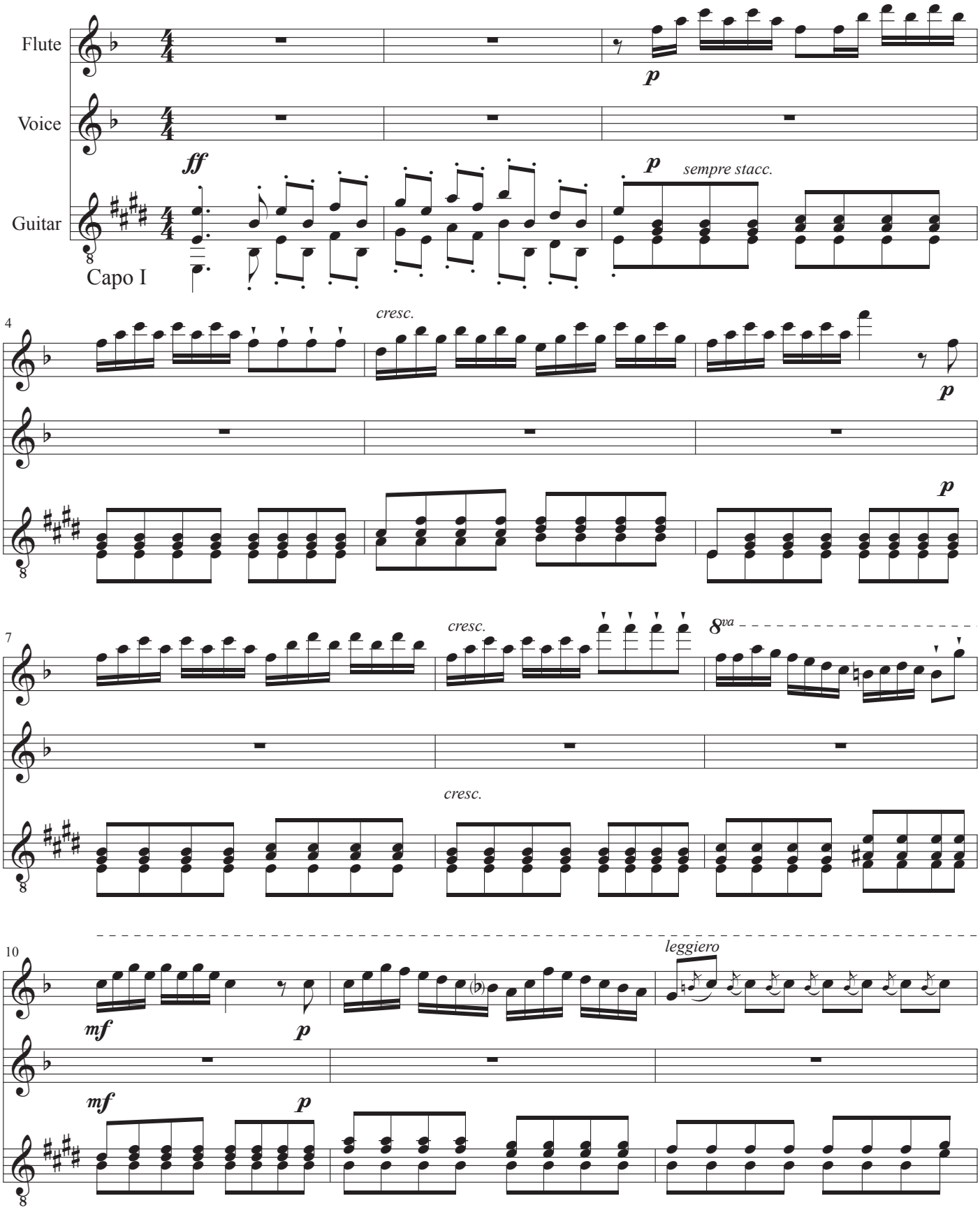
Musique: Jacques Brel & Gérard Jouannest
Paroles: Jacques Brel
Guitare: John Jacobsen

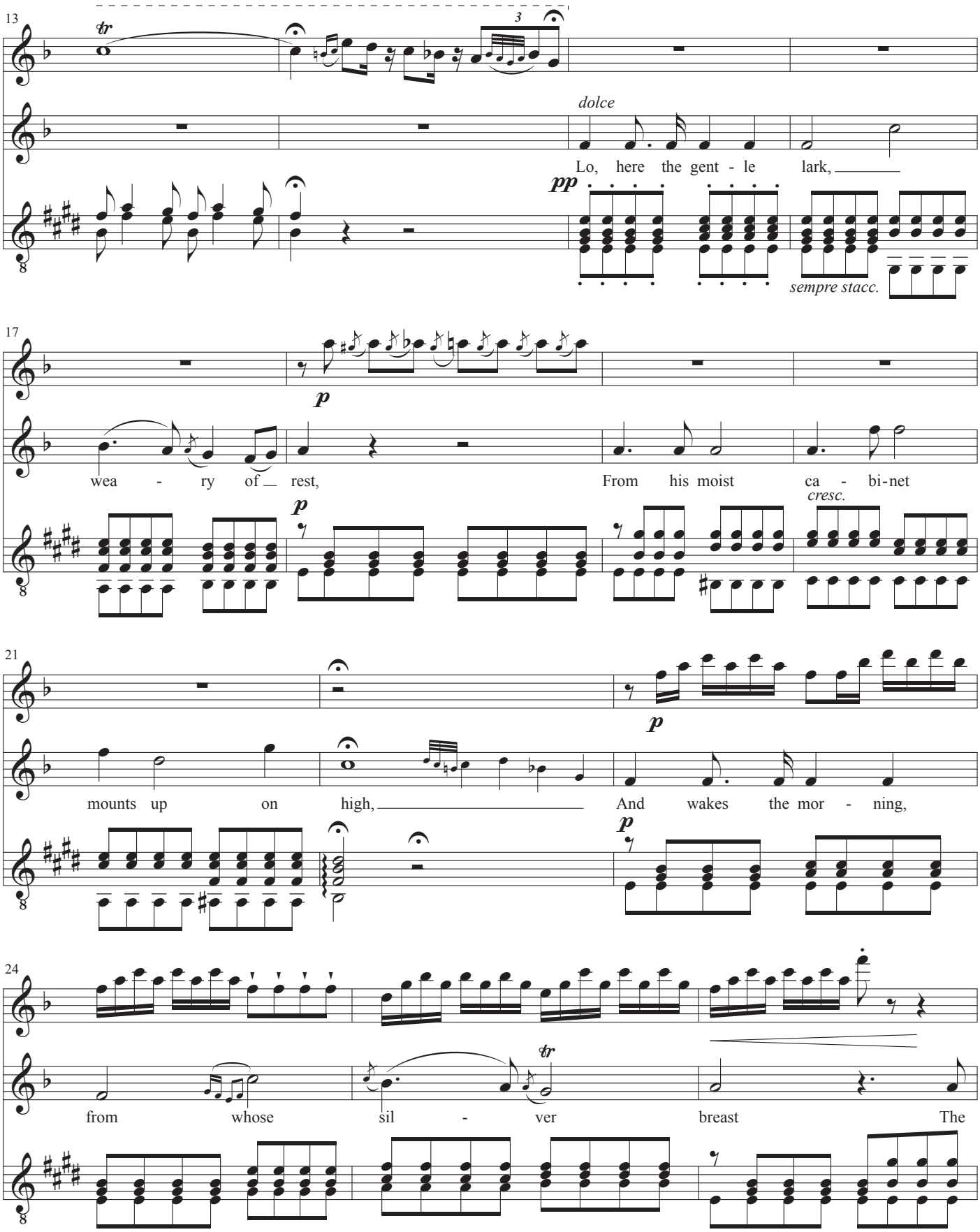


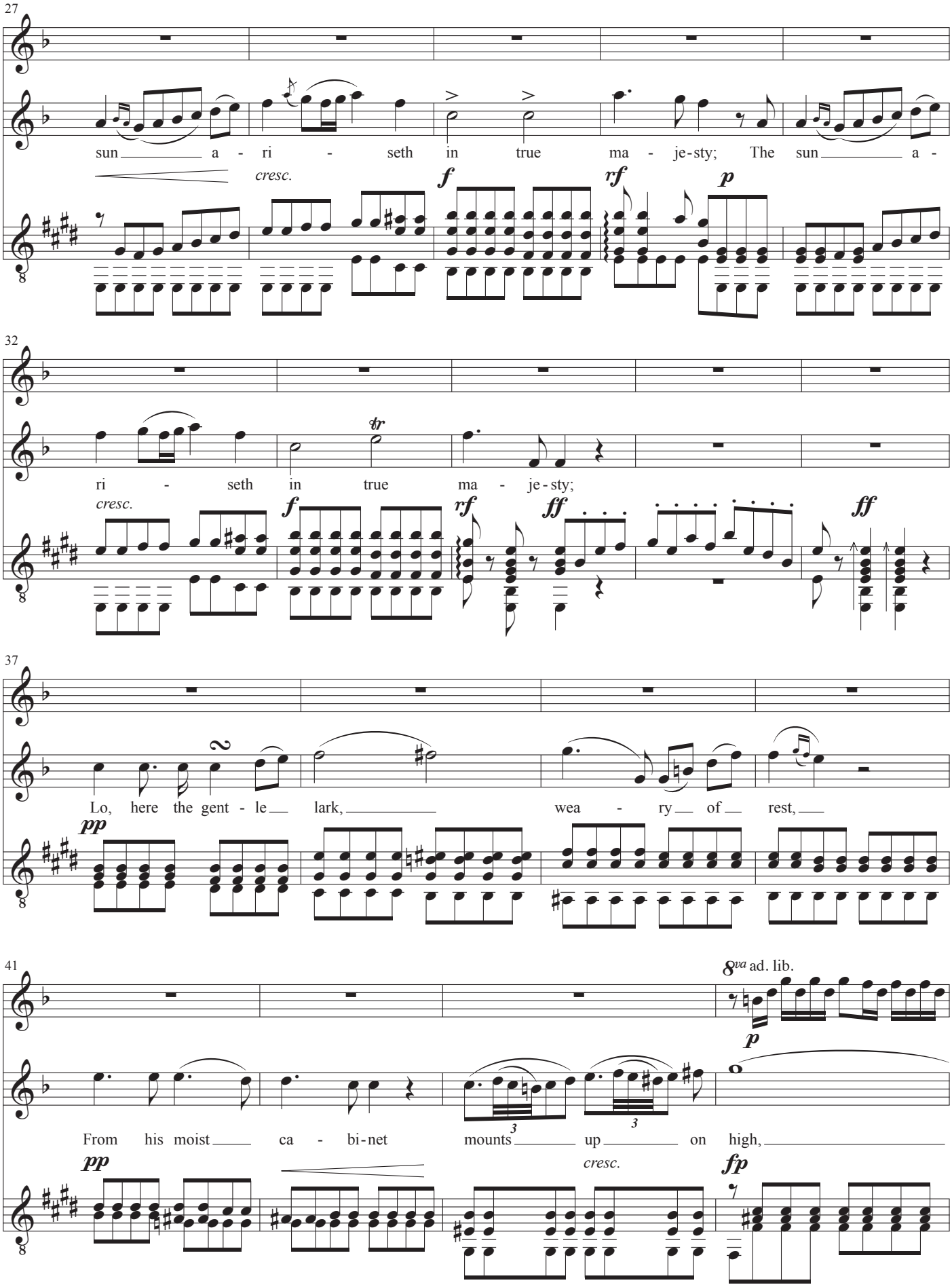

35
F♯
ad lib.
C♯9
F♯ maj
F♯6
C♯9
41
G6
G maj
D7
D9
D7
D9
G6
G maj
ad lib.
47
D7
D9
G6
G maj

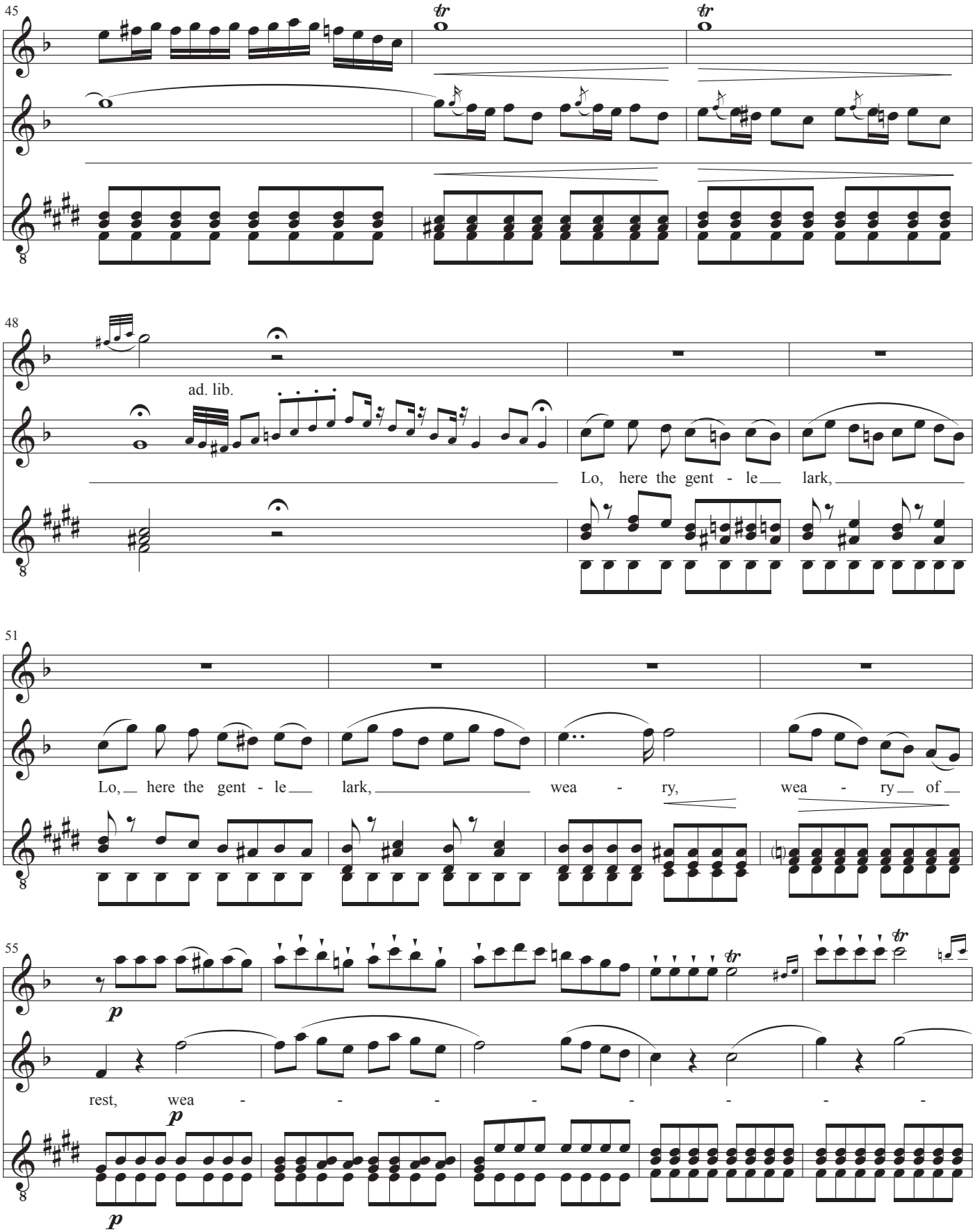
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark

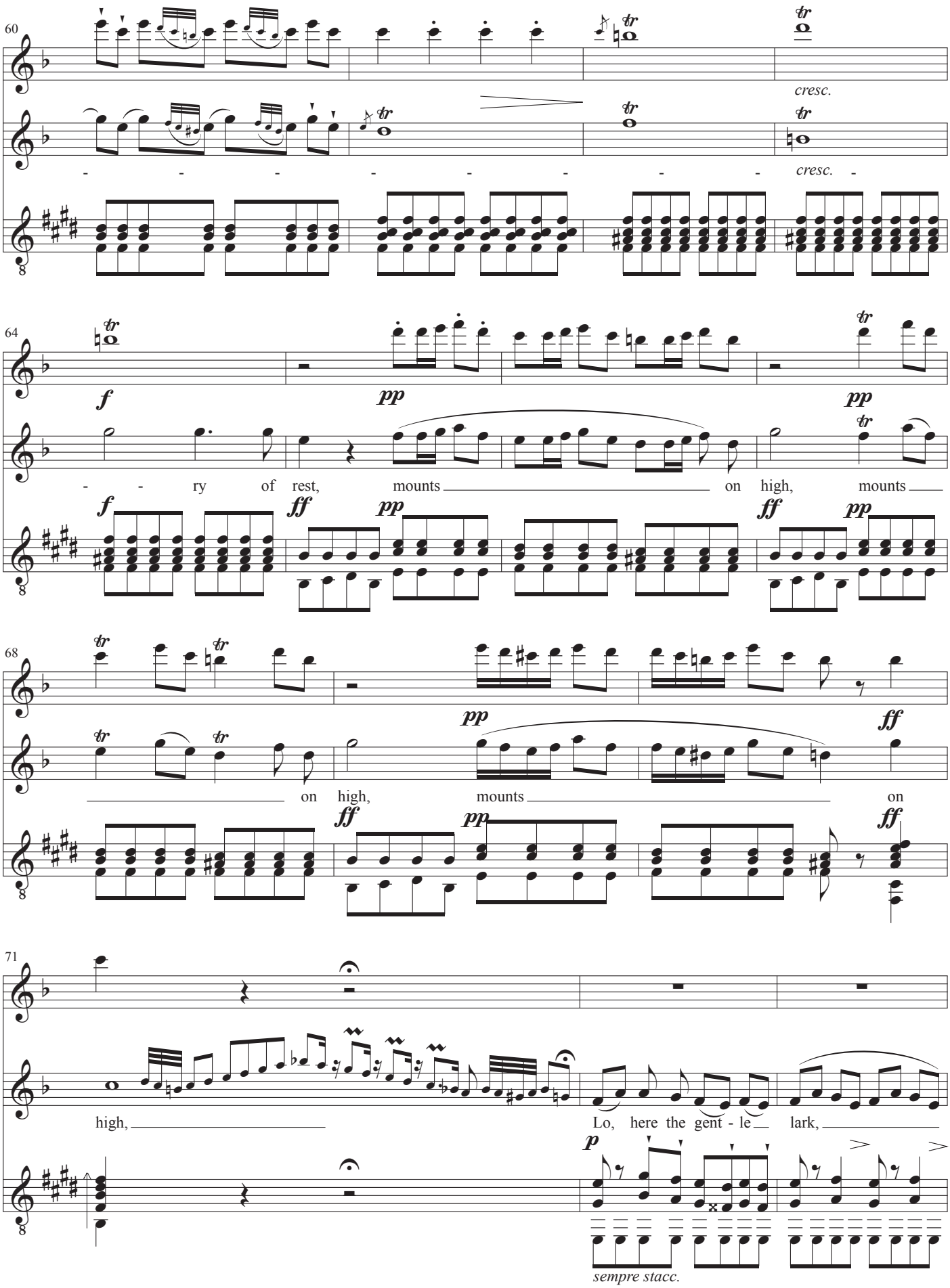
Music: Sir Henry Bishop
Lyrics: William Shakspeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

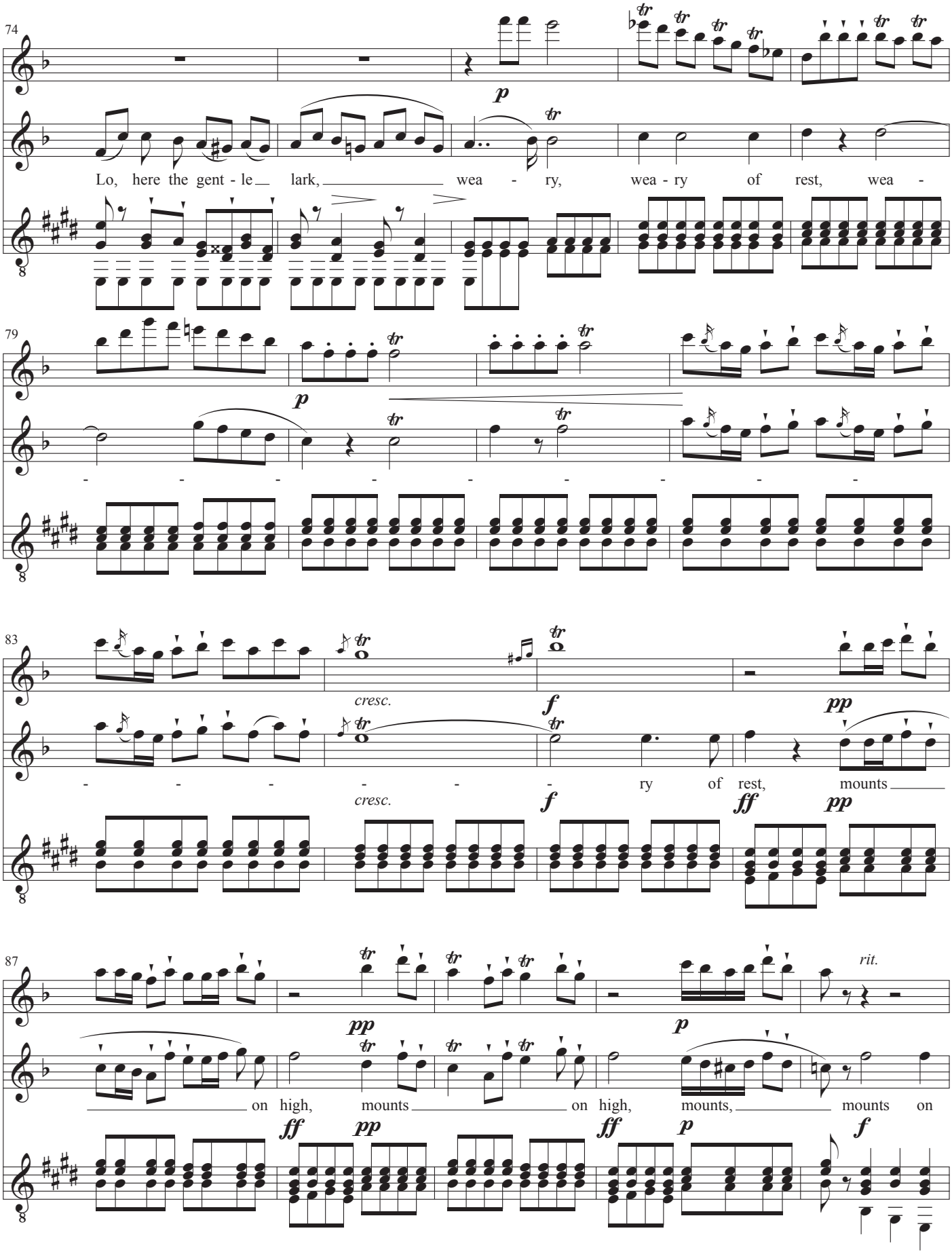


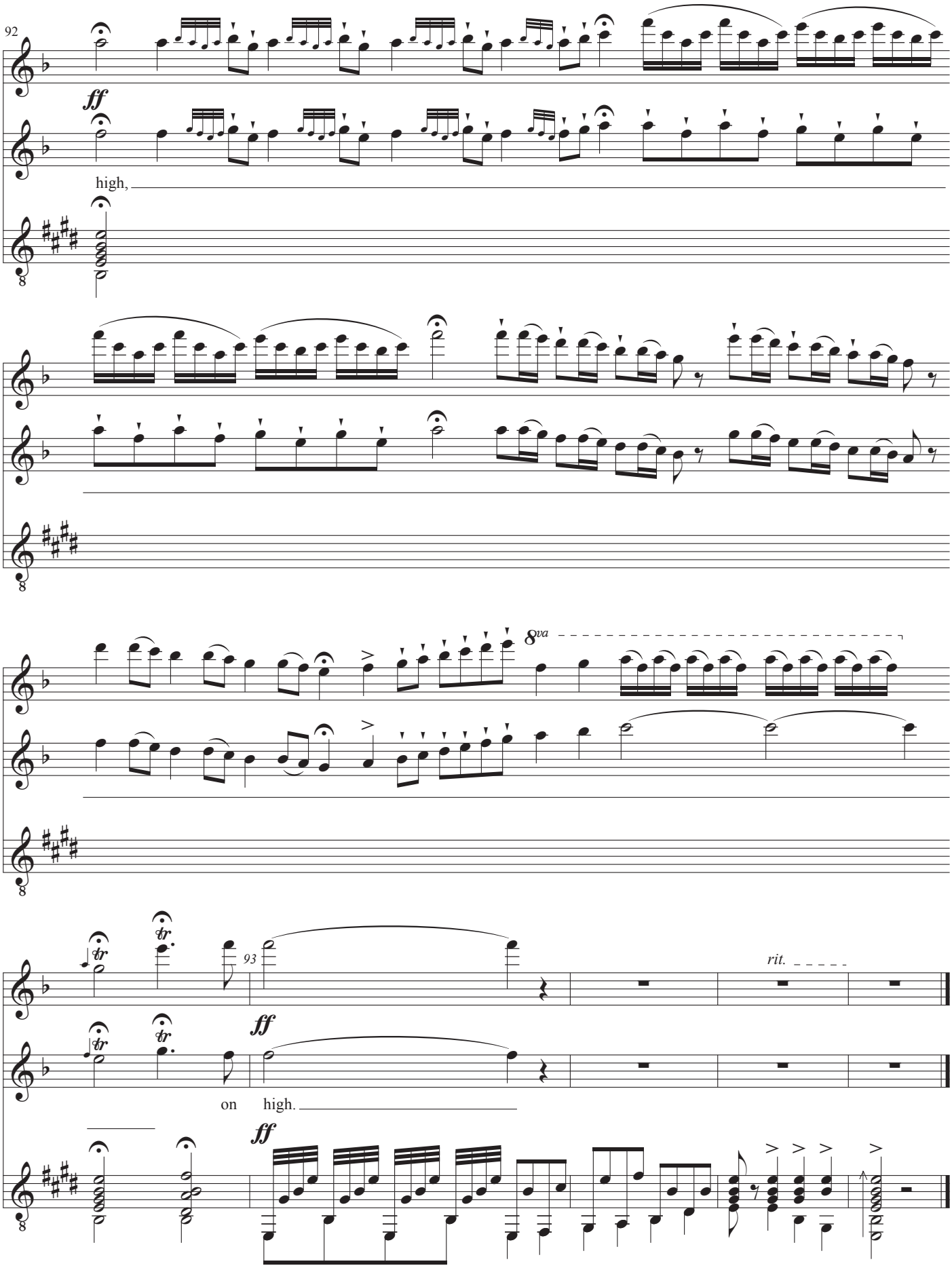

13
F
S
G
tr
3
dolce
Lo, here the gent - le lark,
pp
sempre stacc.
17
p
wea - ry of rest,
From his moist ca - bi-net
cresc.
21
mounts up on high,
And wakes the mor - ning,
24
from whose sil - ver breast
The


27
F
S
G
sun a - ri - seth in true ma - je-sty; The sun a -
cresc.
f
rf
p
32
ri - seth in true ma - je-sty;
cresc.
f
rf
ff
ff
37
Lo, here the gent - le lark, wea - ry of rest,
pp
41
8va ad. lib.
p
From his moist ca - bi-net mounts up on high,
pp
cresc.
fp


45
F
S
G
48
ad. lib.
Lo, here the gent - le lark,
51
Lo, here the gent - le lark, wea - ry, wea - ry of
55
p
rest, wea - - - - - - -


60
F
S
G
cresc.
cresc.
64
f
pp
pp
- - ry of rest, mounts on high, mounts
f
ff
pp
ff
pp
68
pp
ff
on high, mounts on
ff
pp
ff
71
high,
Lo, here the gent - le lark,
p
sempre stacc.

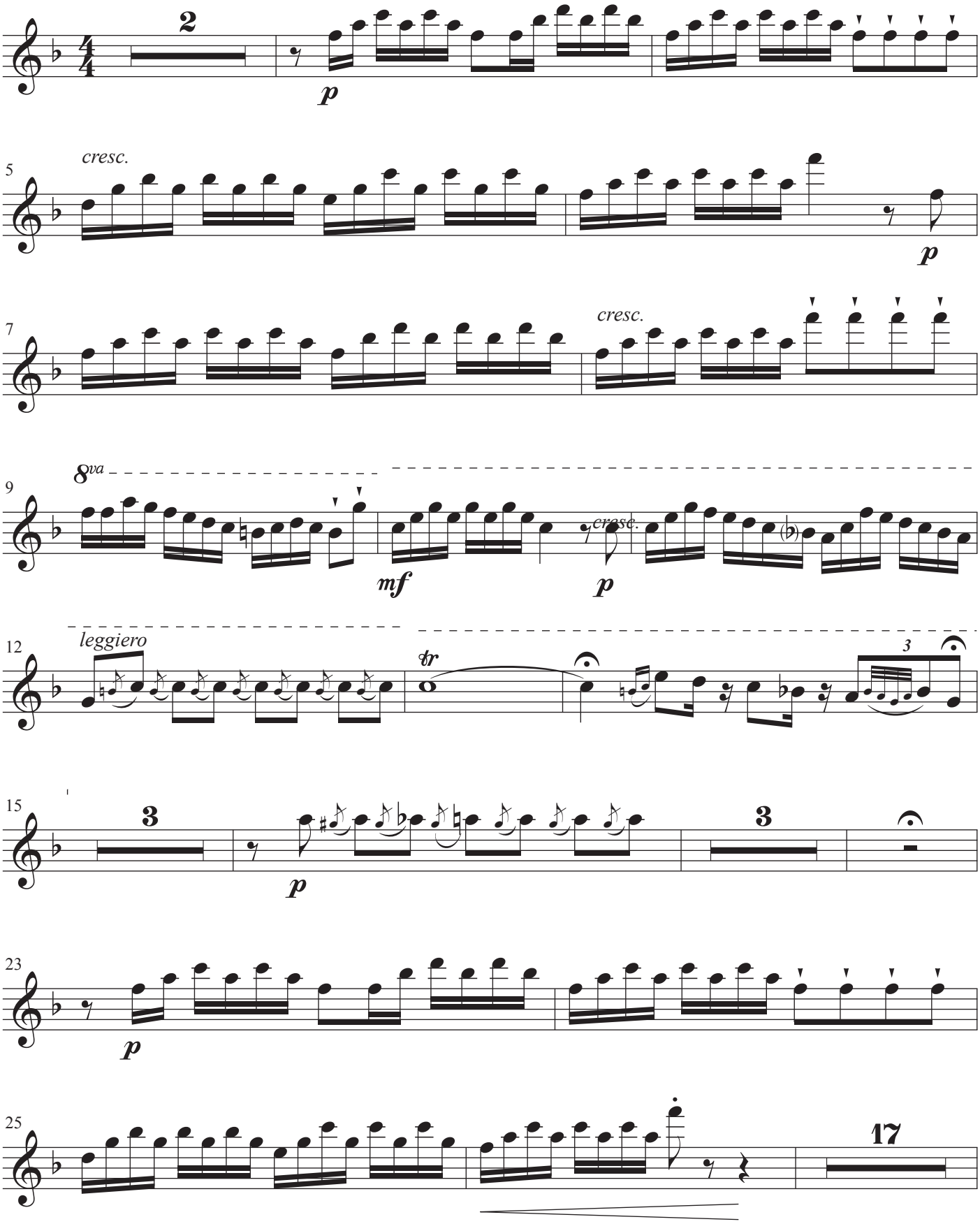

74
F
S
G
p
Lo, here the gent - le lark, wea - ry, wea - ry of rest, wea -
79
p
- - - - - - - - -
83
cresc.
f
pp
- - - - - ry of rest, mounts
cresc.
f
ff
pp
87
rit.
pp
p
on high, mounts on high, mounts, mounts on
ff
pp
ff
p
f

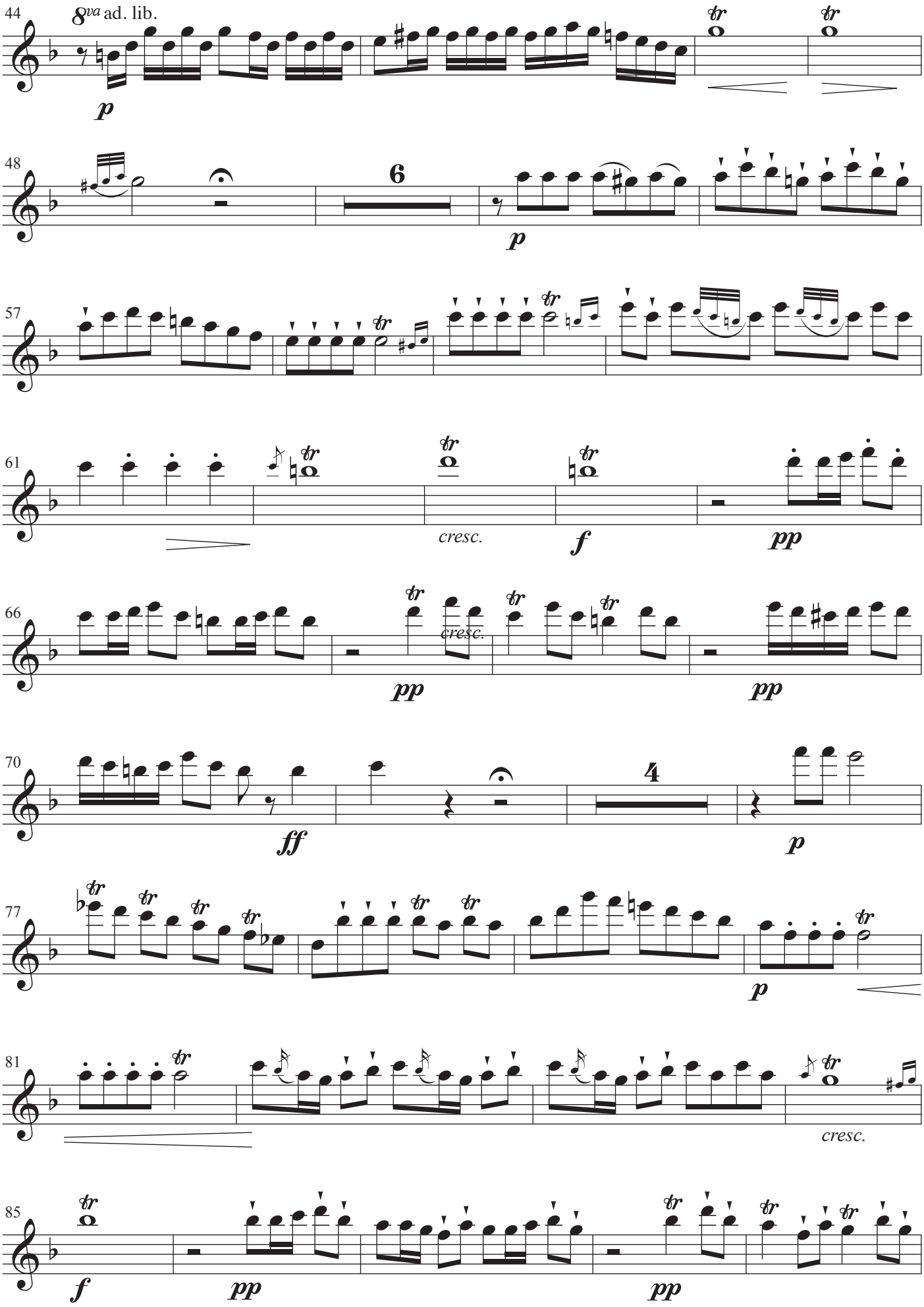

92
F
S
G
ff
high,
8va
93
rit.
on high.

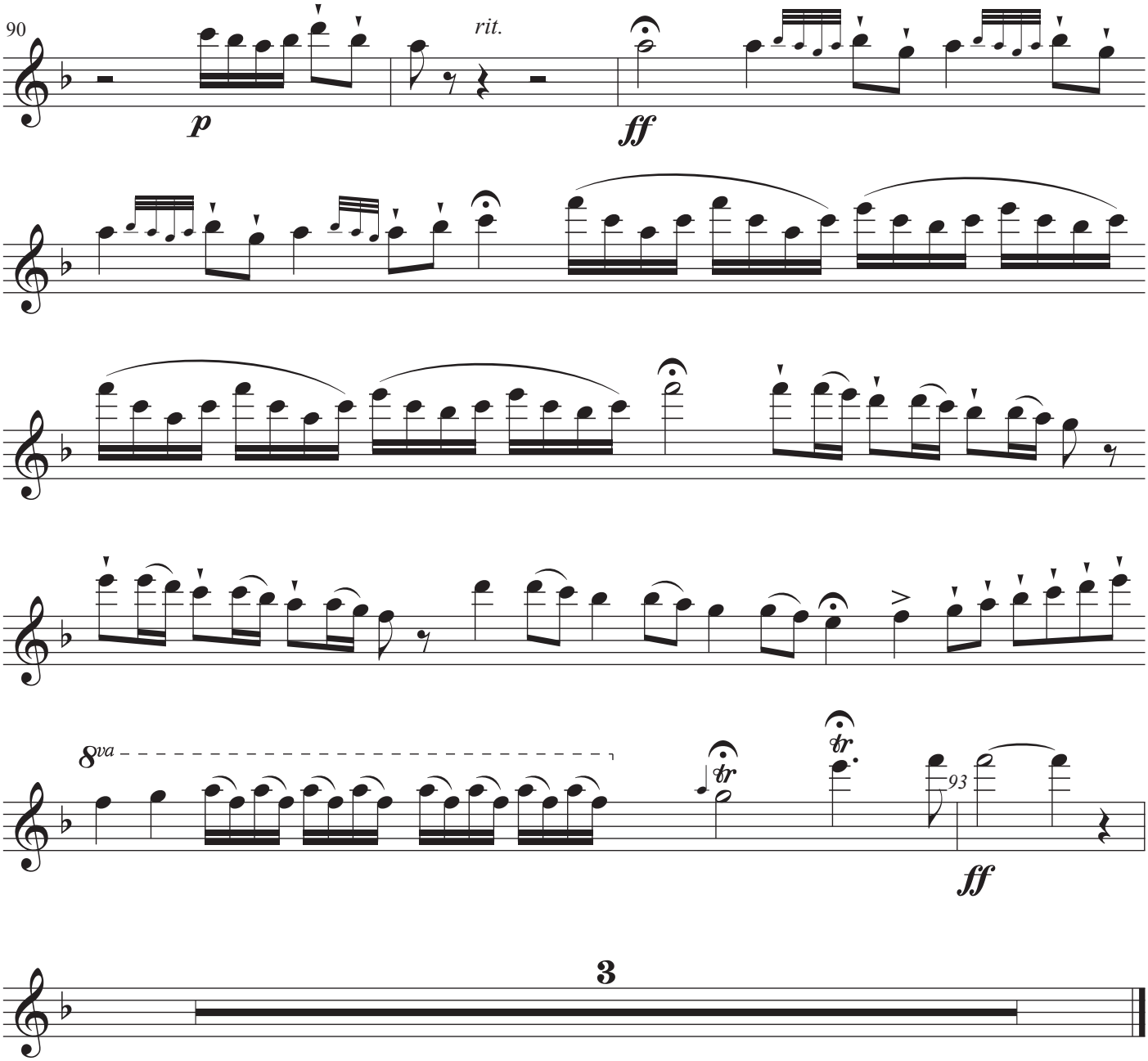
Flute

Lo, Here the Gentle Lark

Music: Sir Henry Bishop
Lyrics: William Shakspeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



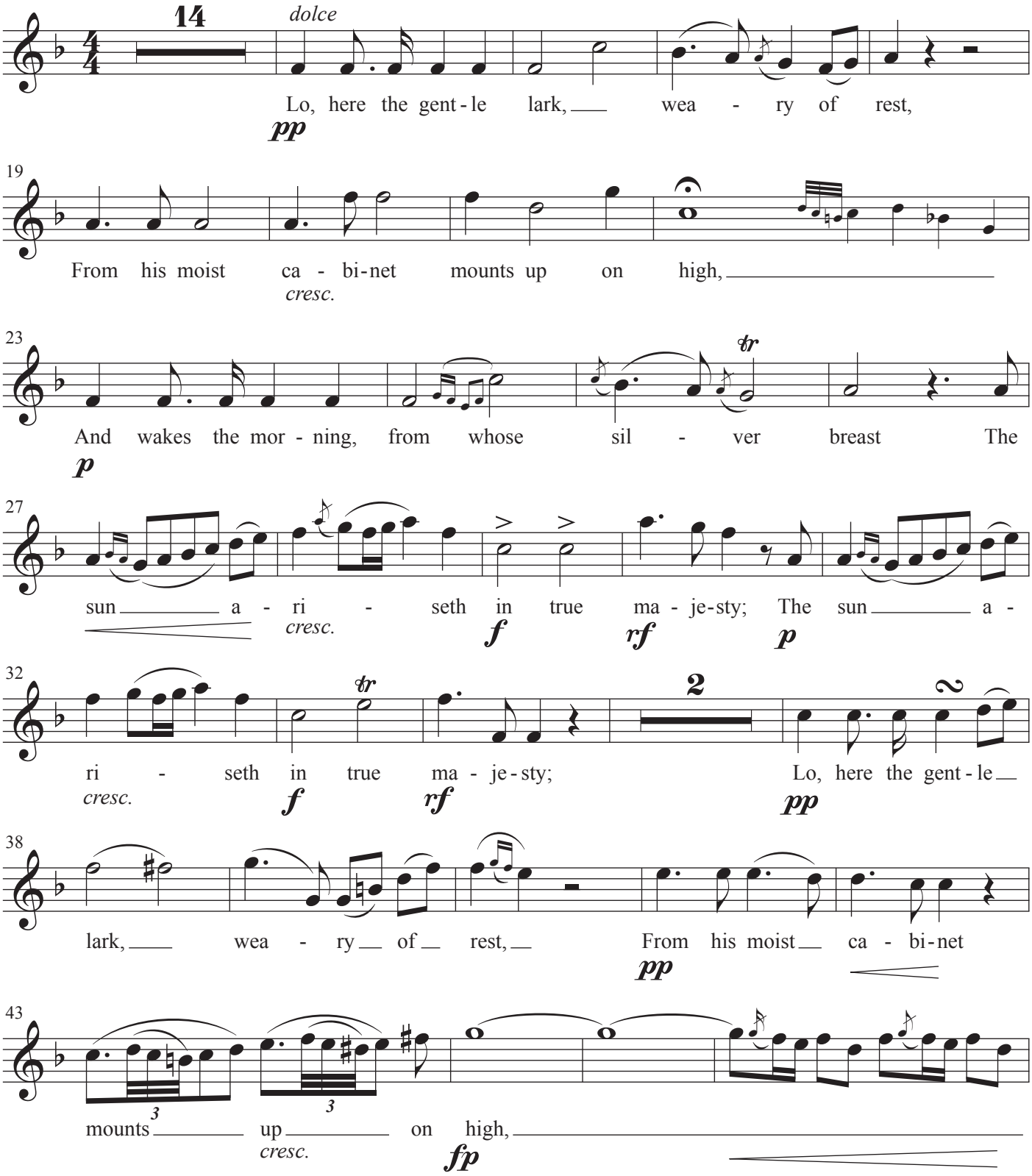

44
8va ad. lib.
p
48
6
p
57
61
cresc.
f
pp
66
cresc.
pp
pp
70
ff
4
p
77
p
81
cresc.
85
f
pp
pp

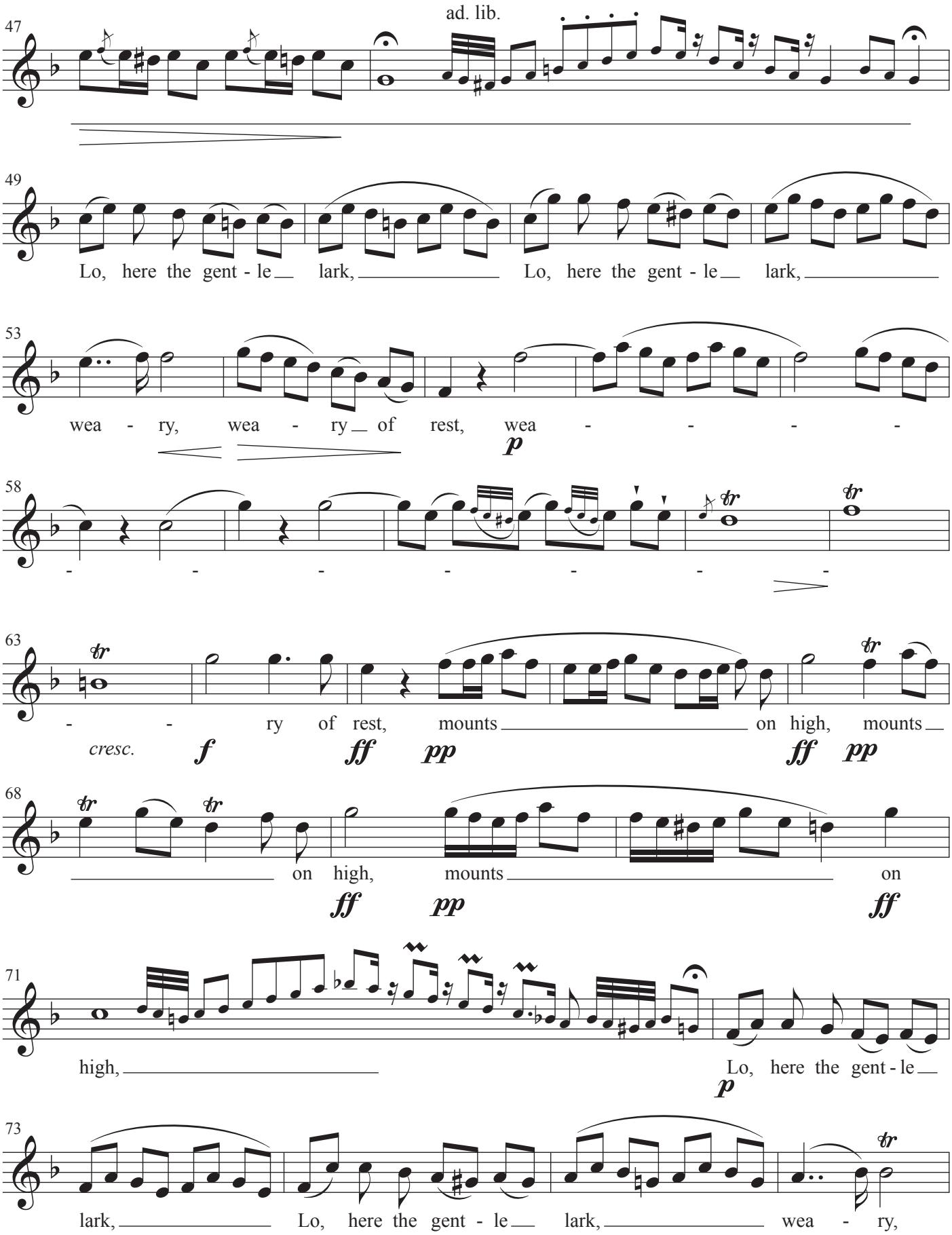

90
rit.
p
ff
8va
tr
93
ff
3

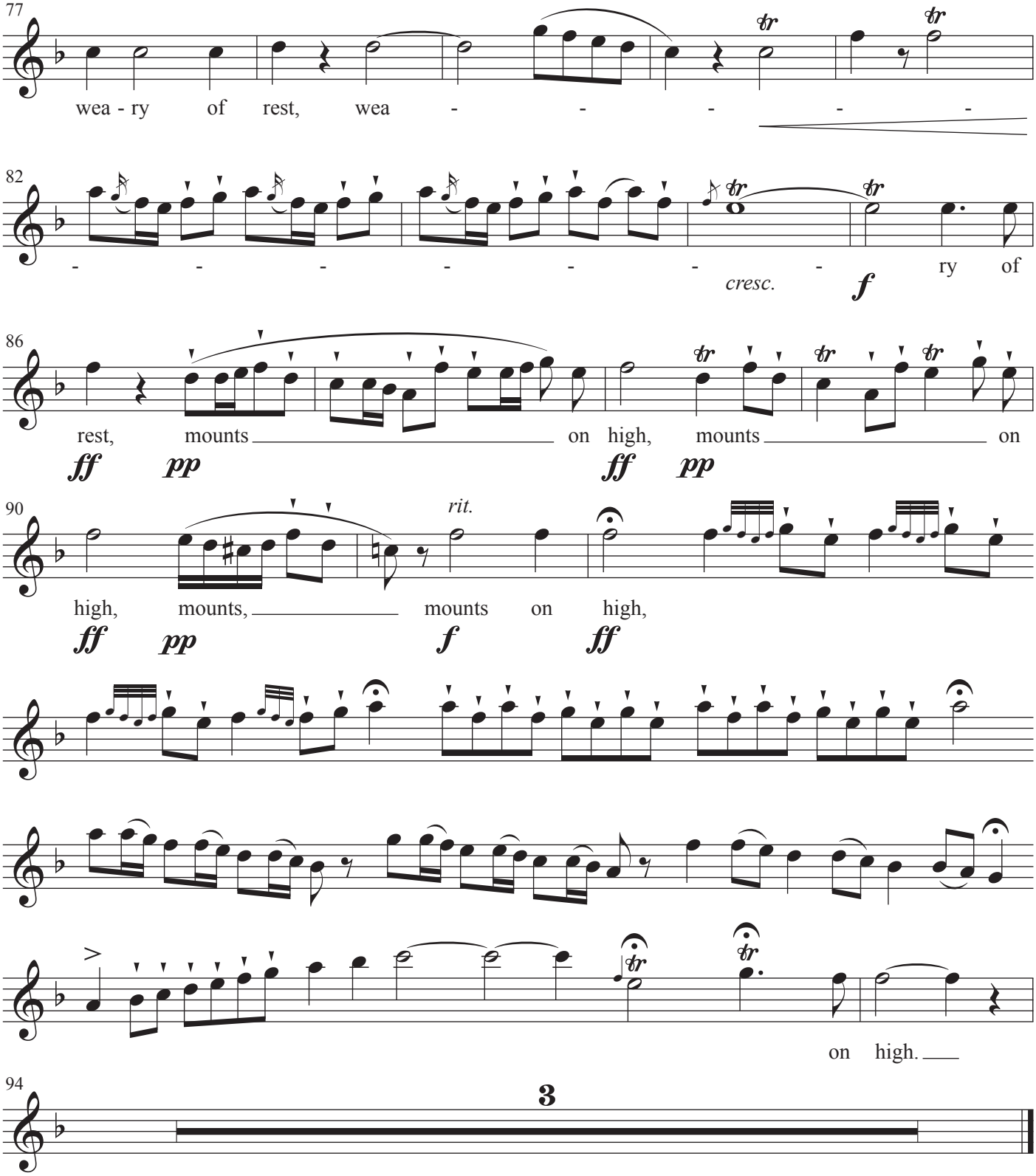
Voice

Lo, Here the Gentle Lark

Music: Sir Henry Bishop
Lyrics: William Shakspeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



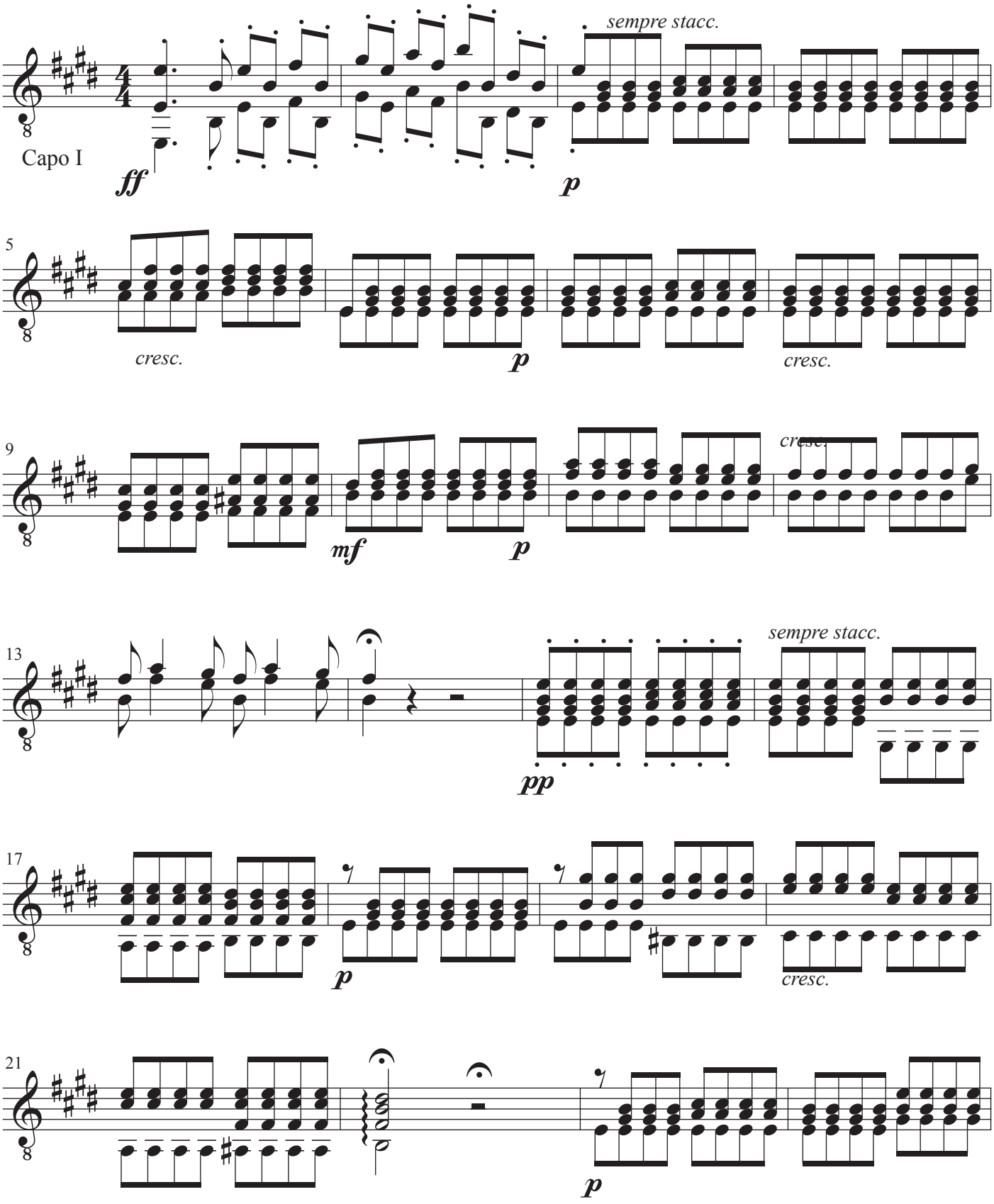

47
ad. lib.
49
Lo, here the gent - le lark, Lo, here the gent - le lark,
53
wea - ry, wea - ry of rest, wea - - - -
p
58
- - - - - - -
63
- - ry of rest, mounts on high, mounts
cresc.
f
ff
pp
ff
pp
68
on high, mounts on
ff
pp
ff
71
high, Lo, here the gent - le
p
73
lark, Lo, here the gent - le lark, wea - ry,

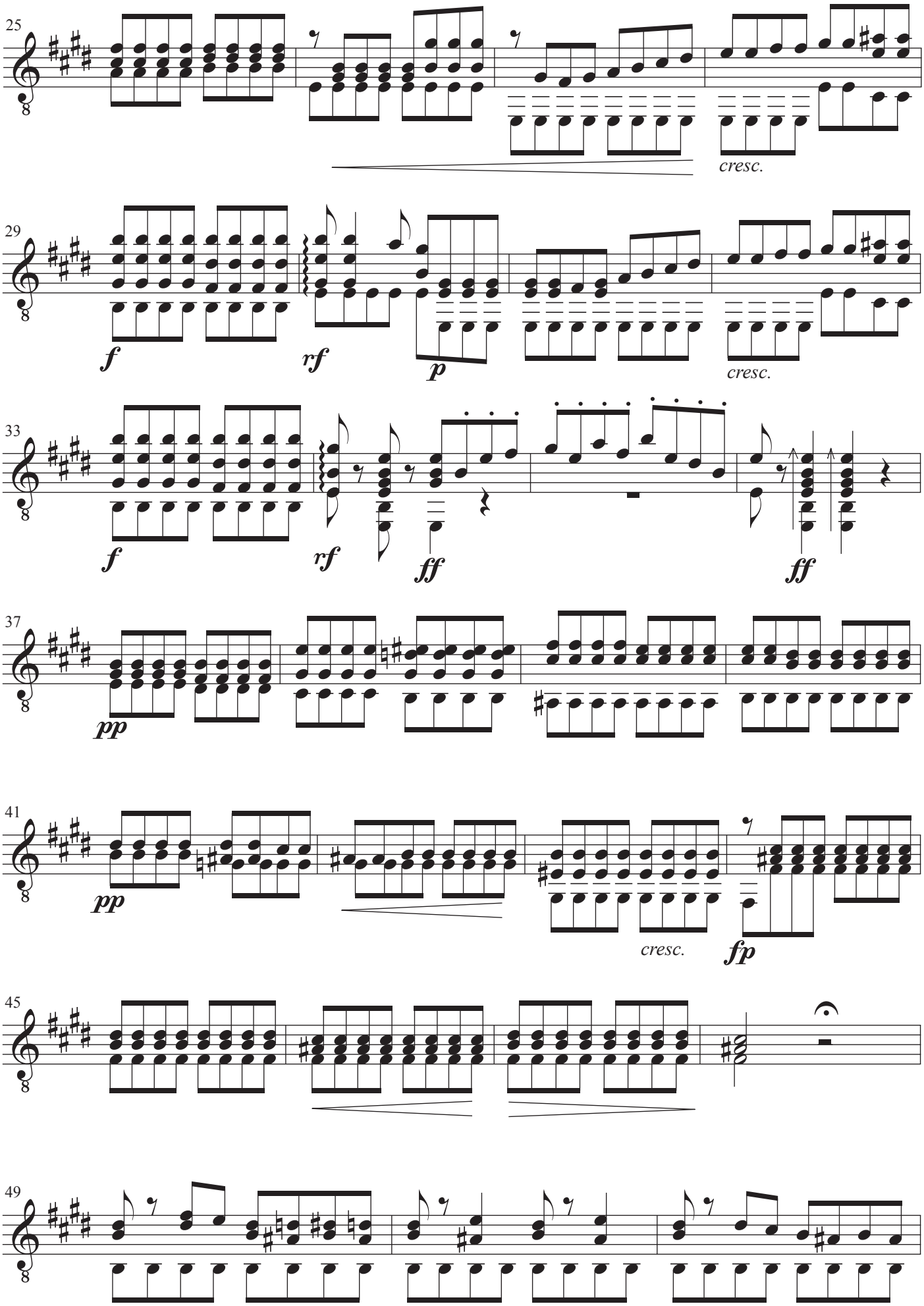

77
wea - ry of rest, wea - - - - -
82
- - - - - - - ry of
cresc.
f
86
rest, mounts on high, mounts on
ff pp ff pp
90
rit.
high, mounts, mounts on high,
ff pp f ff
on high.
94
3

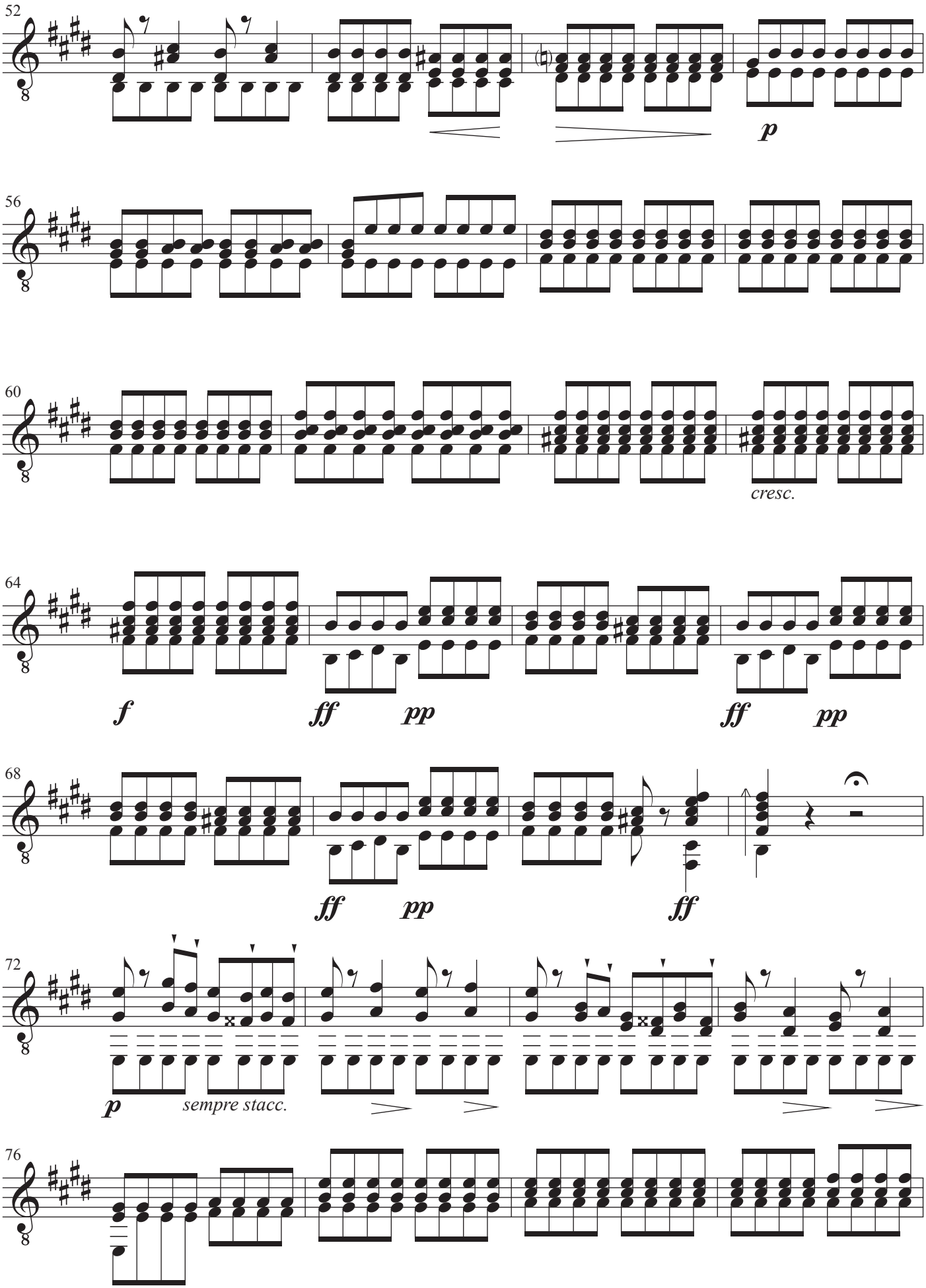
Guitar

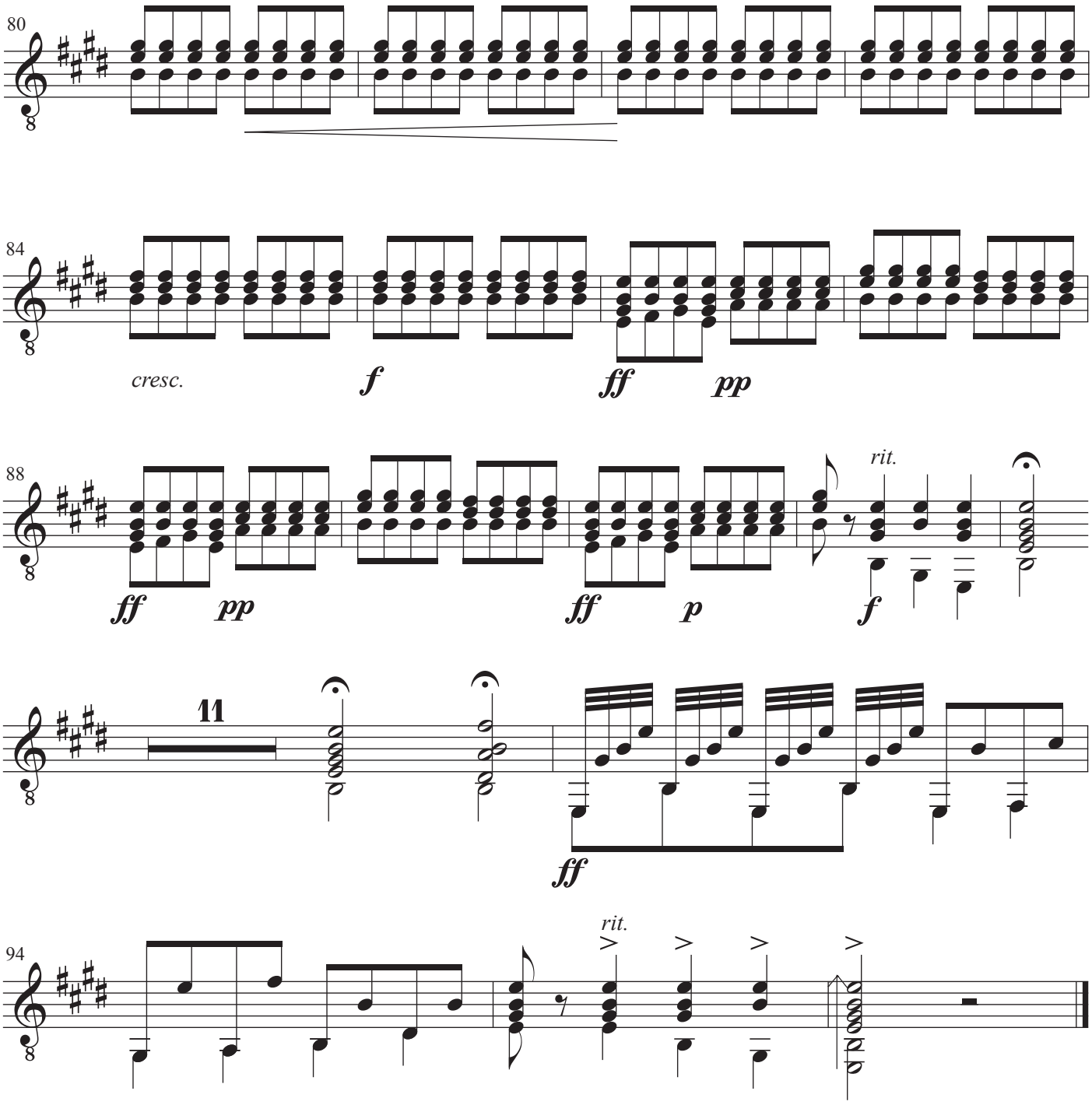
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark

Music: Sir Henry Bishop
Lyrics: William Shakspeare
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



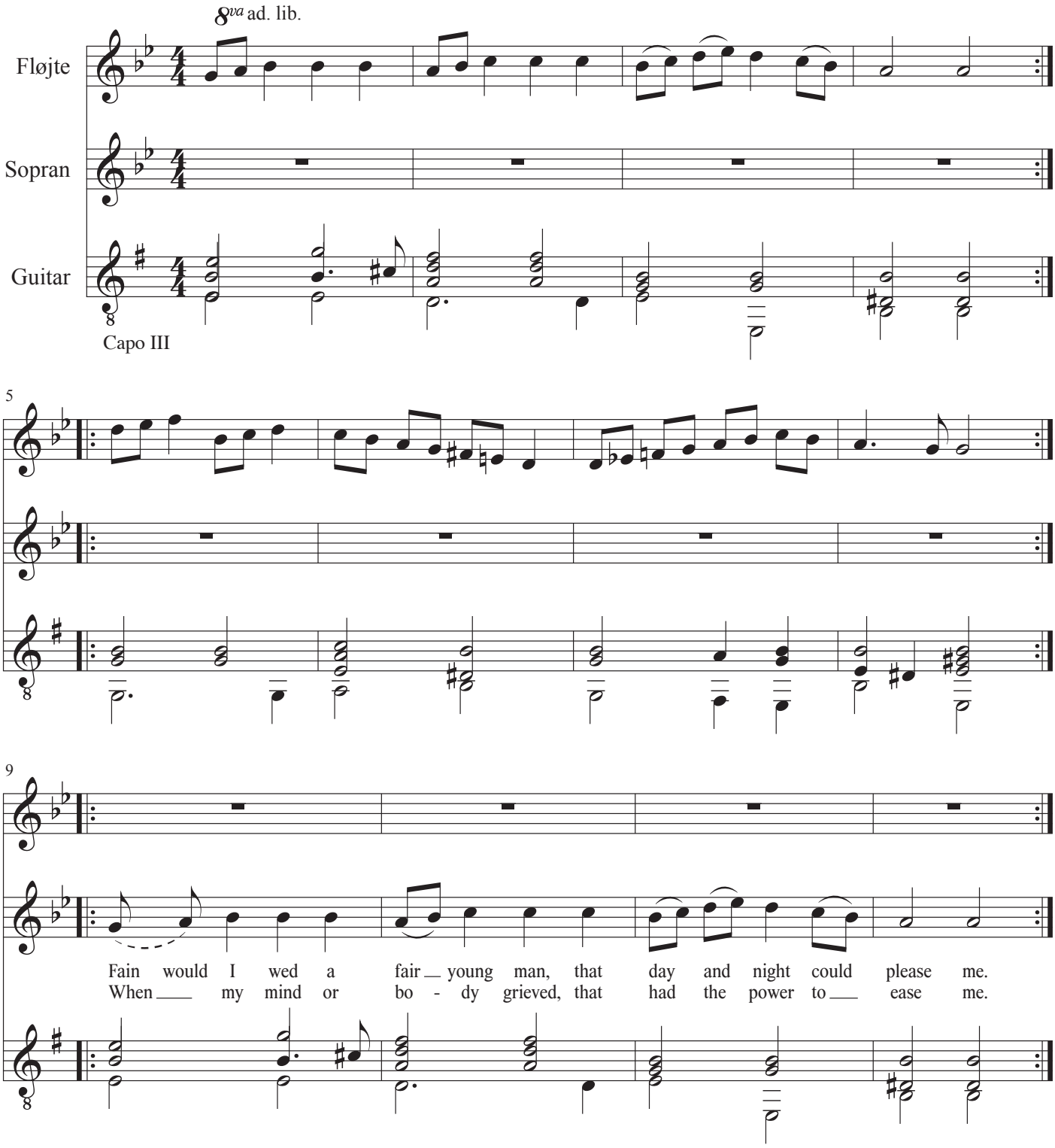

25
cresc.
29
f
rf
p
cresc.
33
f
rf
ff
ff
37
pp
41
pp
cresc.
fp
45
49

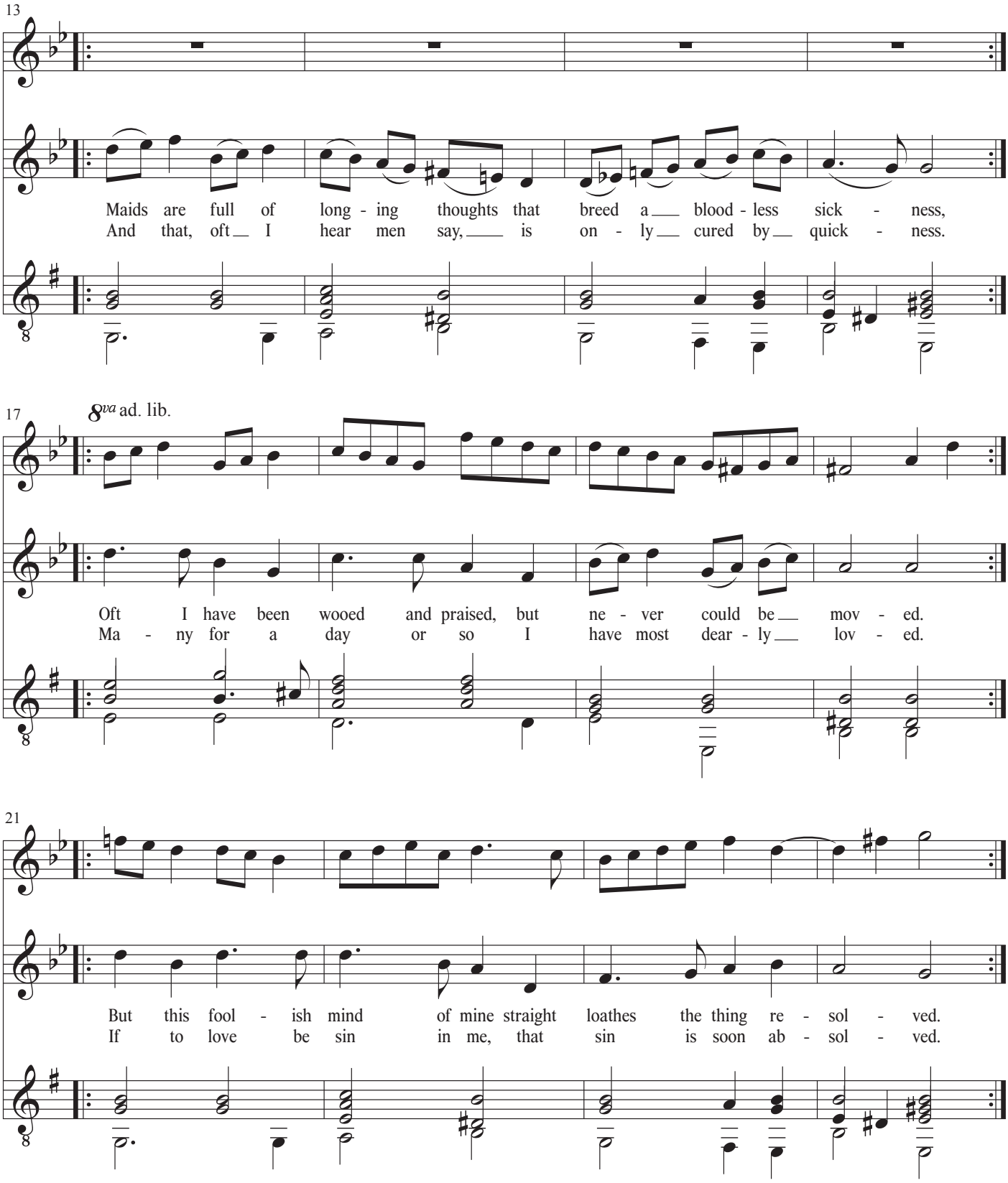

52
p
56
60
cresc.
64
f
ff
pp
ff
pp
68
ff
pp
ff
72
p
sempre stacc.
76

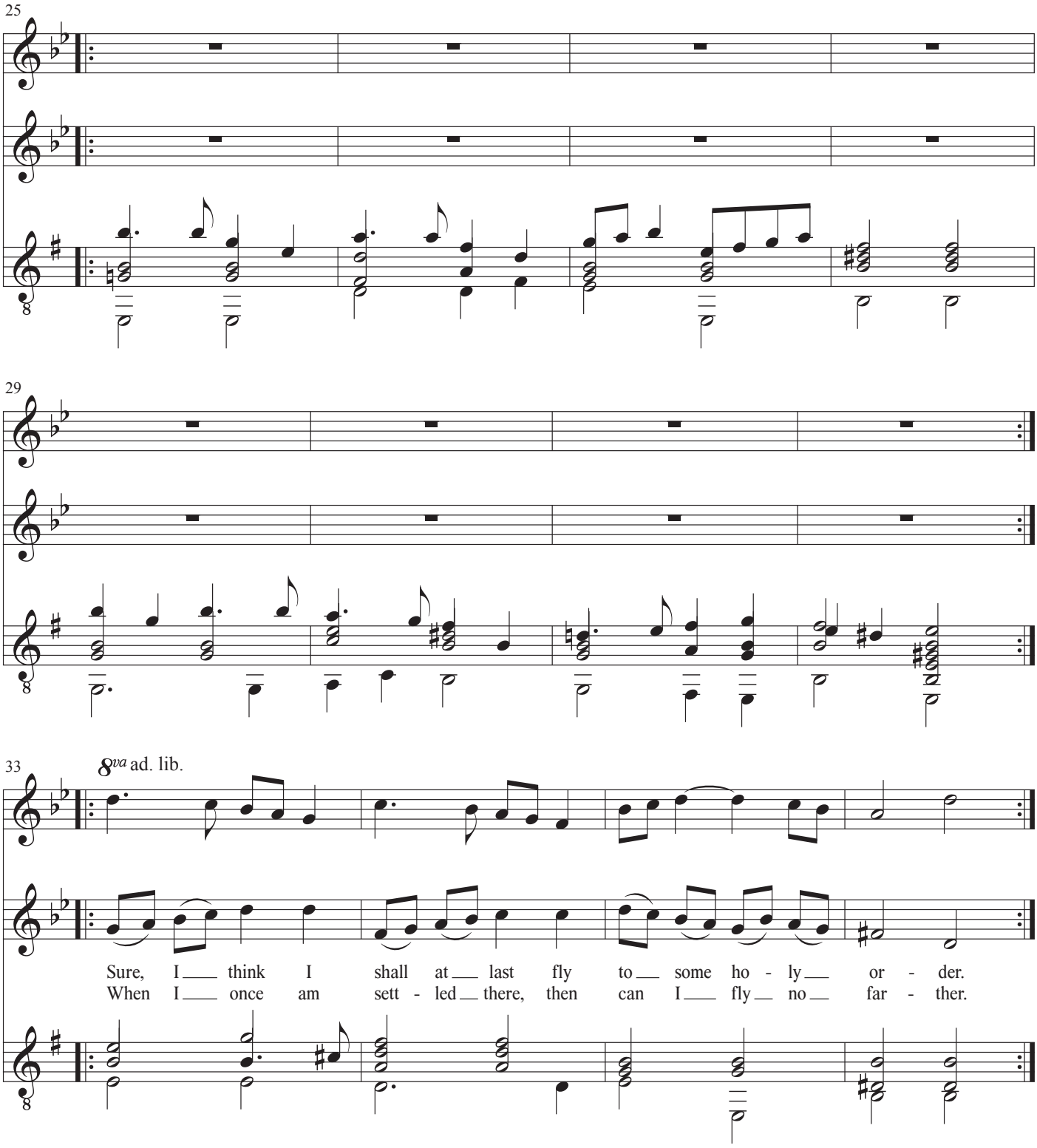

80
84
cresc.
f
ff
pp
88
ff
pp
ff
p
rit.
f
11
ff
94
rit.

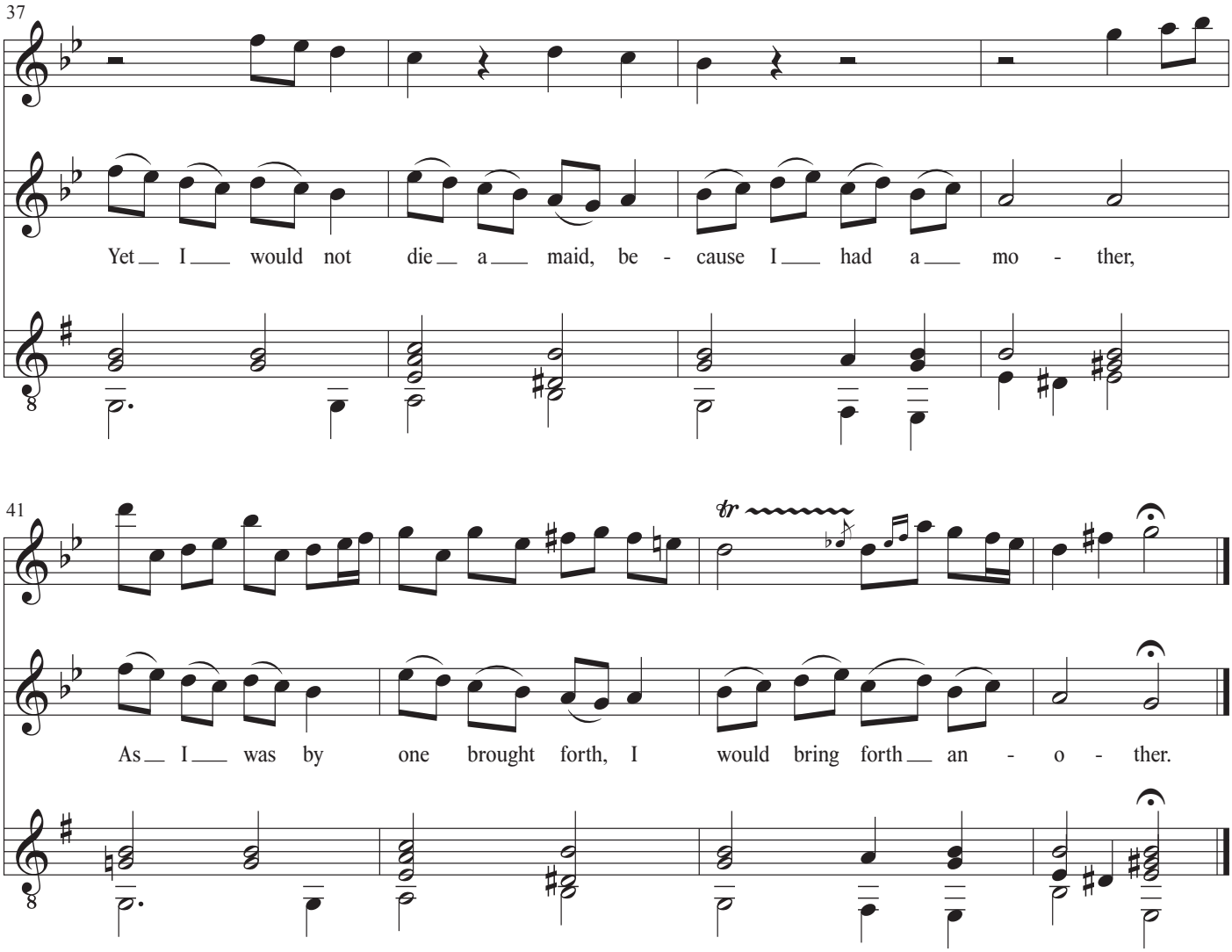
Faine would I wed

Musik og tekst: Thomas Campian
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




13
Maids are full of long - ing thoughts that breed a blood - less sick - ness,
And that, oft I hear men say, is on - ly cured by quick - ness.
17
8va ad. lib.
Oft I have been wooed and praised, but ne - ver could be mov - ed.
Ma - ny for a day or so I have most dear - ly lov - ed.
21
But this fool - ish mind of mine straight loathes the thing re - sol - ved.
If to love be sin in me, that sin is soon ab - sol - ved.

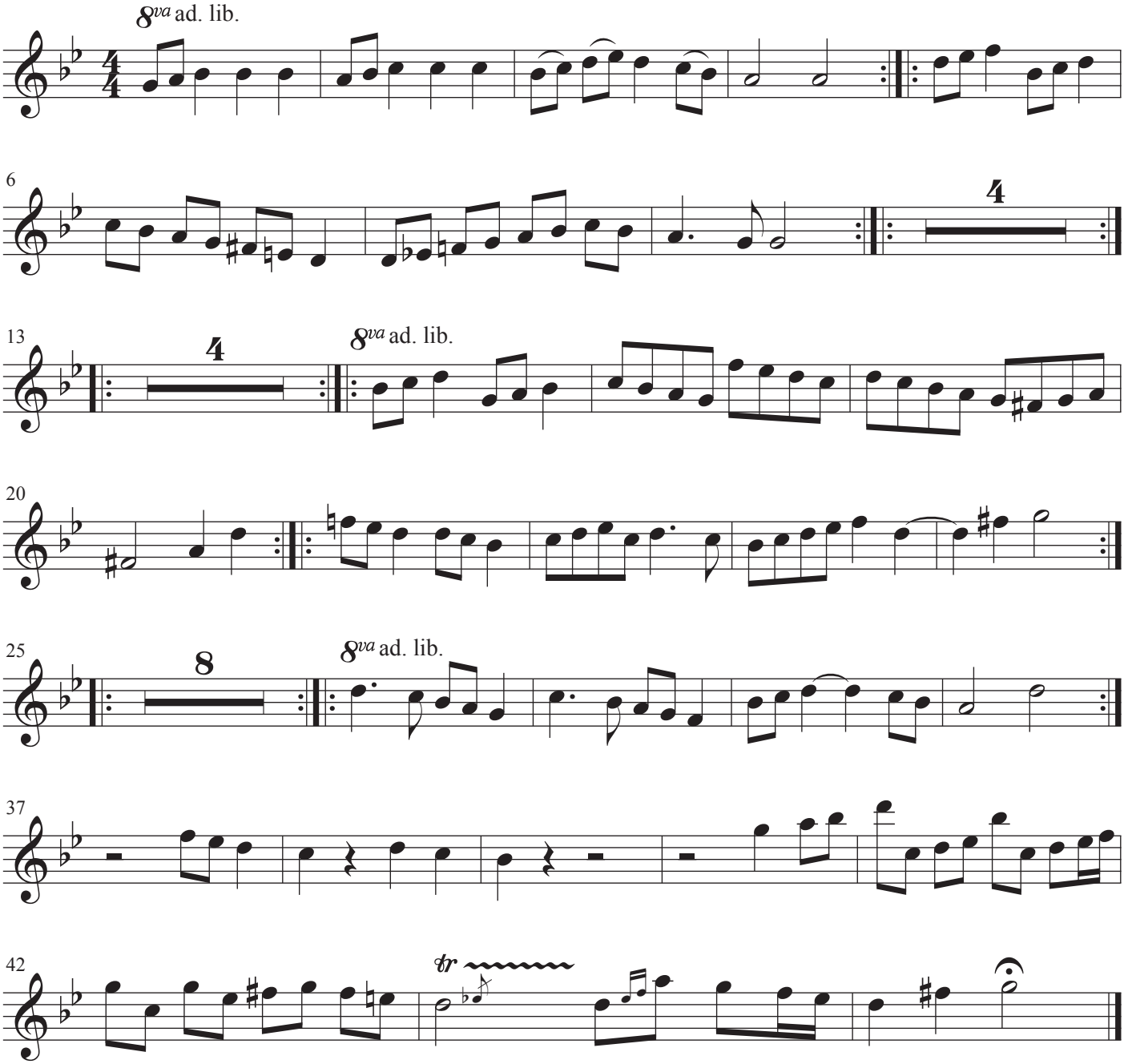

25
29
33
8va ad. lib.
Sure, I ___ think I shall at ___ last fly to ___ some ho - ly ___ or - der.
When I ___ once am sett - led ___ there, then can I ___ fly ___ no ___ far - ther.


37
Yet I would not die a maid, be - cause I had a mo - ther,
41
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth an - o - ther.

Fløjte

Faine would I wed

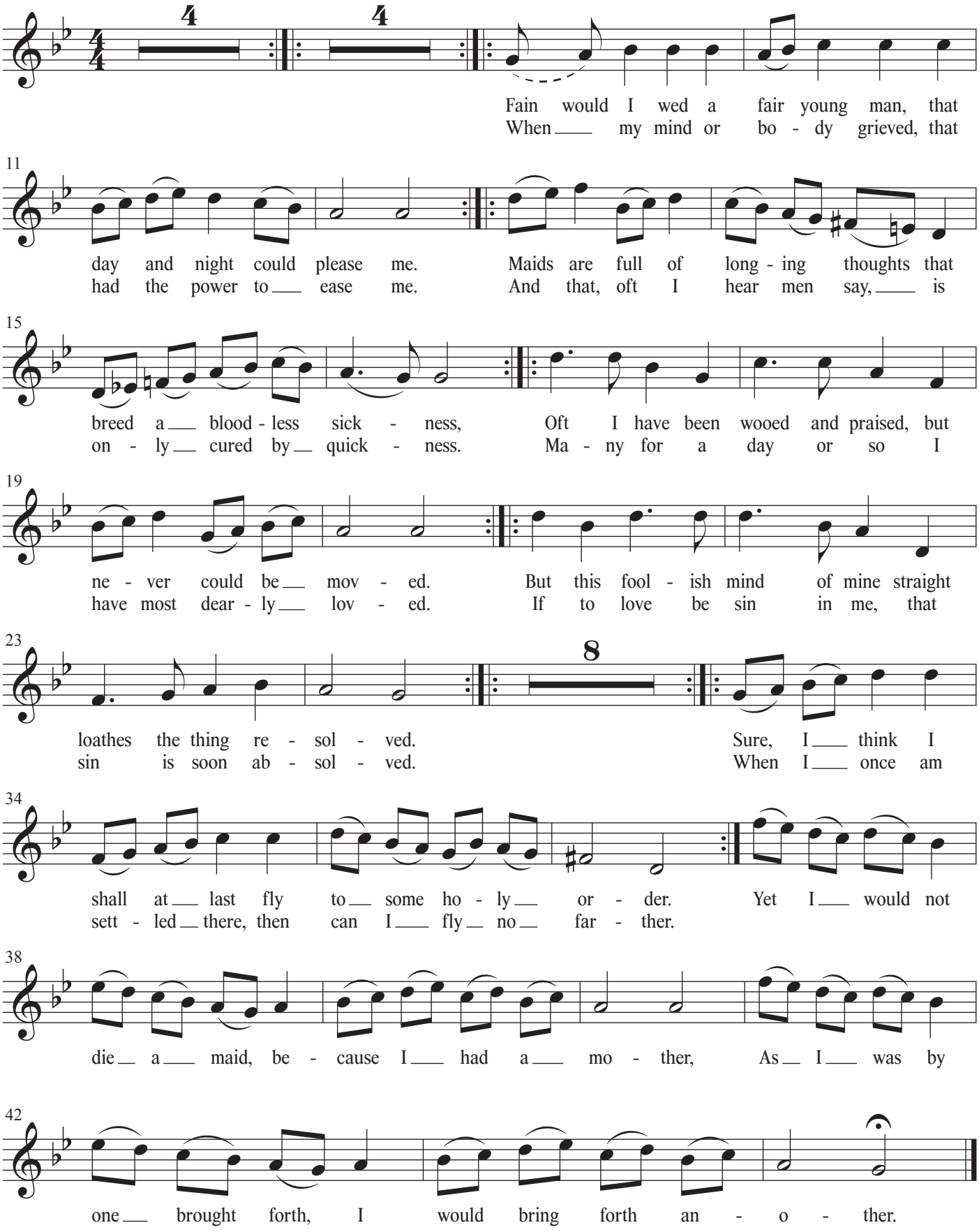
Musik og tekst: Thomas Campian
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Sopran

Faine would I wed

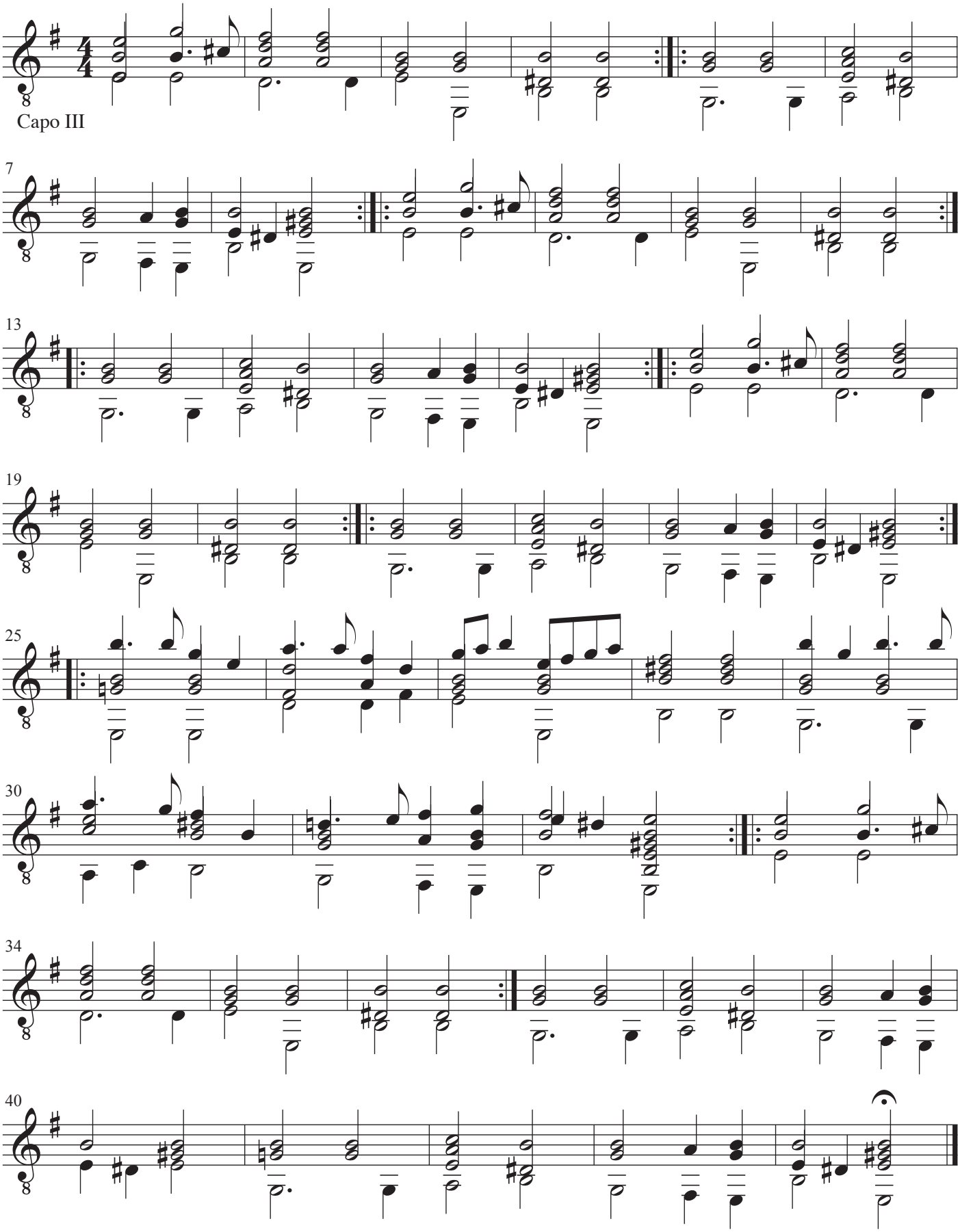
Musik og tekst: Thomas Campian
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Guitar

Faine would I wed

Musik og tekst: Thomas Campian
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Flow not so fast, ye fountaines

NOTE: der er nogle mærkværdigheder i stemmerne.
Hvis manuskriptet engang bliver set efter, vil det foreliggende blive rettet. JJ

Musik: John Dowland
Tekst: Ukendt, England
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Andante sostenuto

Fløjte

Sopran

Flow not so fast, ye
Swell not a - bove your

Guitar

Capo III

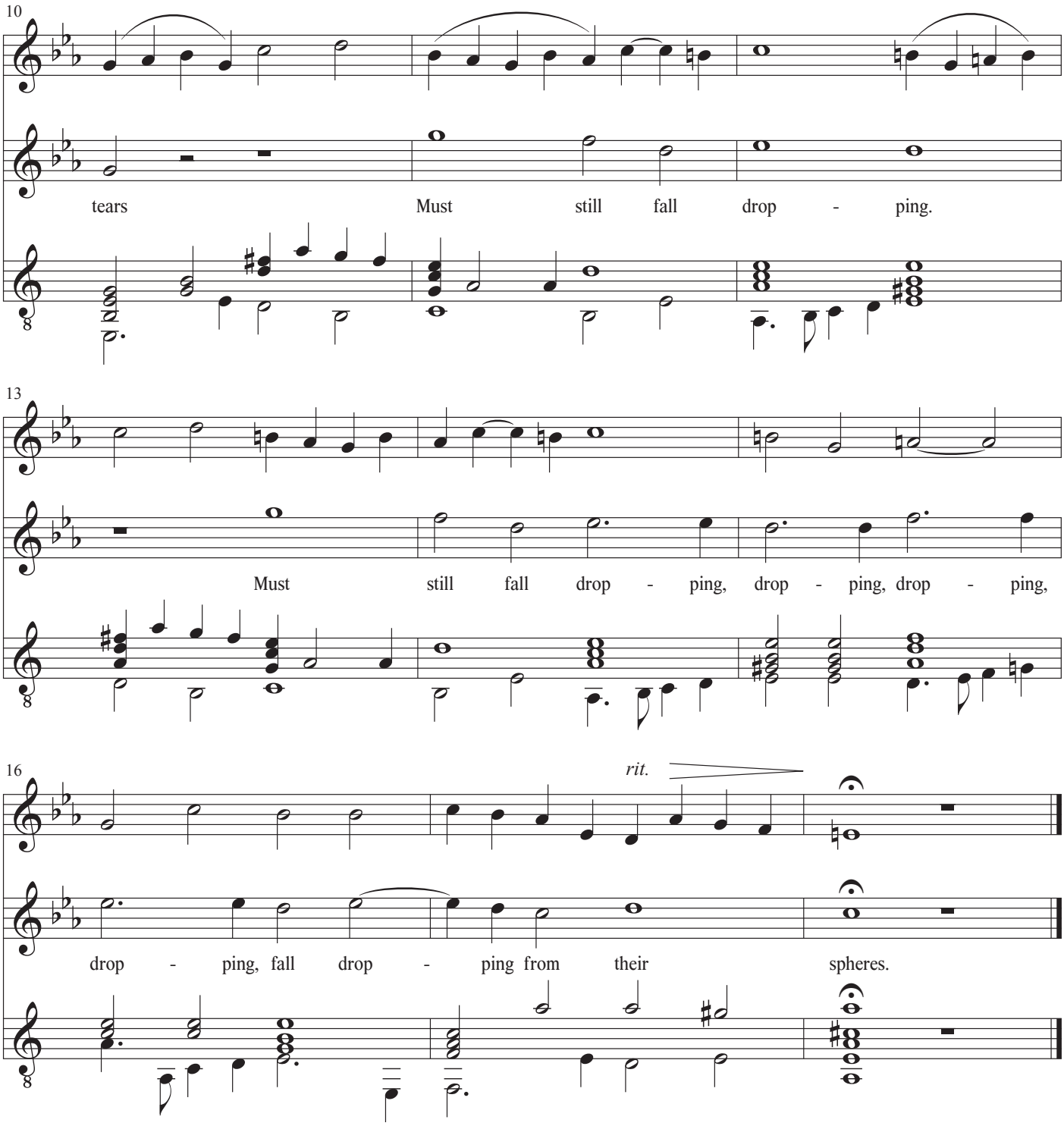
4

foun - tains; What need - eth all this haste?
mount - ains, Nor spend your time in waste.

7

8va ad lib.

Gent - le springs, Gent - le springs, fresh - ly your salt



1
Flow not so fast, ye fountains;
What needeth all this haste?
Swell not above your mountains,
Nor spend your time in waste.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

2
Weep they apace whom Reason
Or ling'ring Time can ease.
My sorrow can no Season,
Nor aught besides, appease.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

3
Time can abate the terror
Of every common pain;
But common grief is error,
True grief will still remain.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

What if I seek for love

Musik: Robert Jones
Tekst: Ukendt
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Andante moderato

Fløjte

Sopran

What if I seek for
But if I sue and

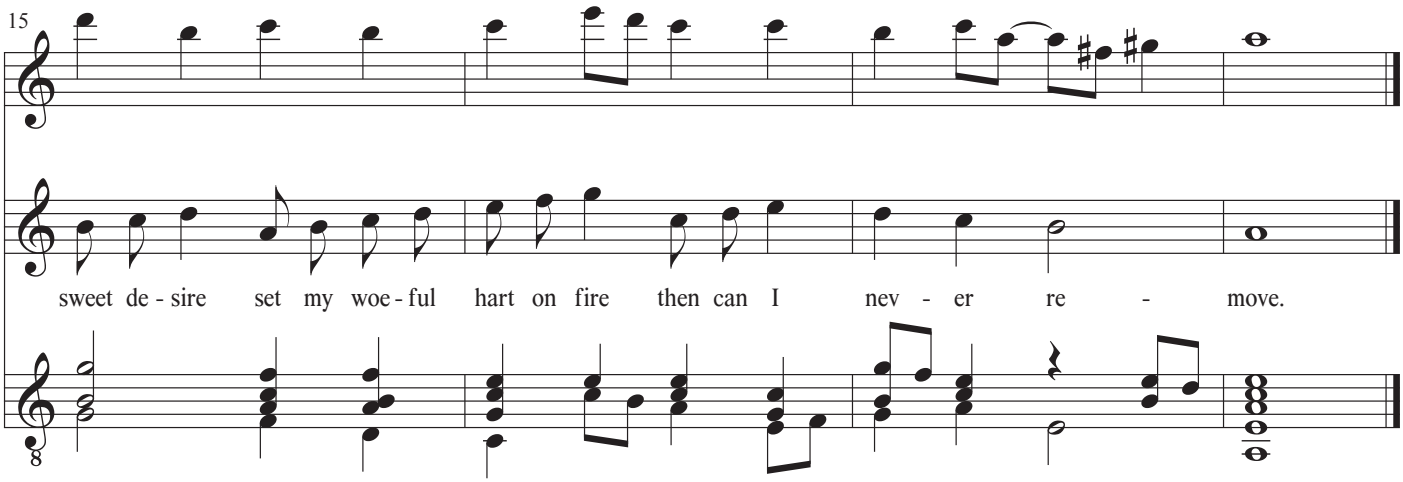
Guitar

6

love of thee? Shall I find, Beau-ty kind, to de - sert that still shall dwell in me?
live for - lorn, then a - las nev - er was a - ny wretch to more mis - for - tune borne.

11

Though thy looks have charmed mine eyes, I can for - beare to love, but if ev - er



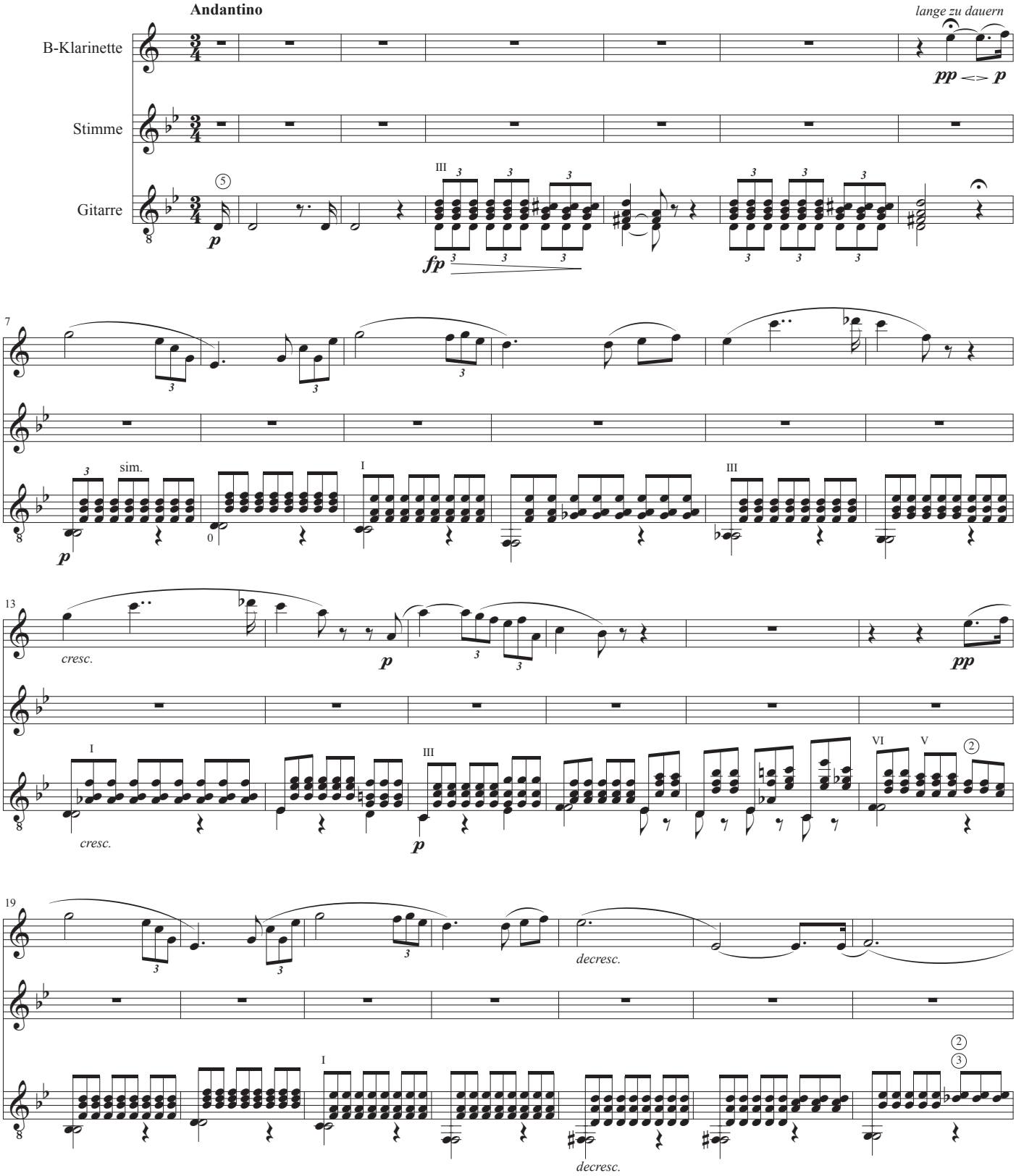
What if I seek for love of thee?
Shall I find, Beauty kind,
to desert that still shall dwell in me?
But if I sue and live forlorn,
then alas never was any wretch
to more misfortune borne.
Though thy looks have charmed mine eyes,
I can forbeare to love,
but if ever sweet desire
set my woeful hart on fire
then can I never remove.

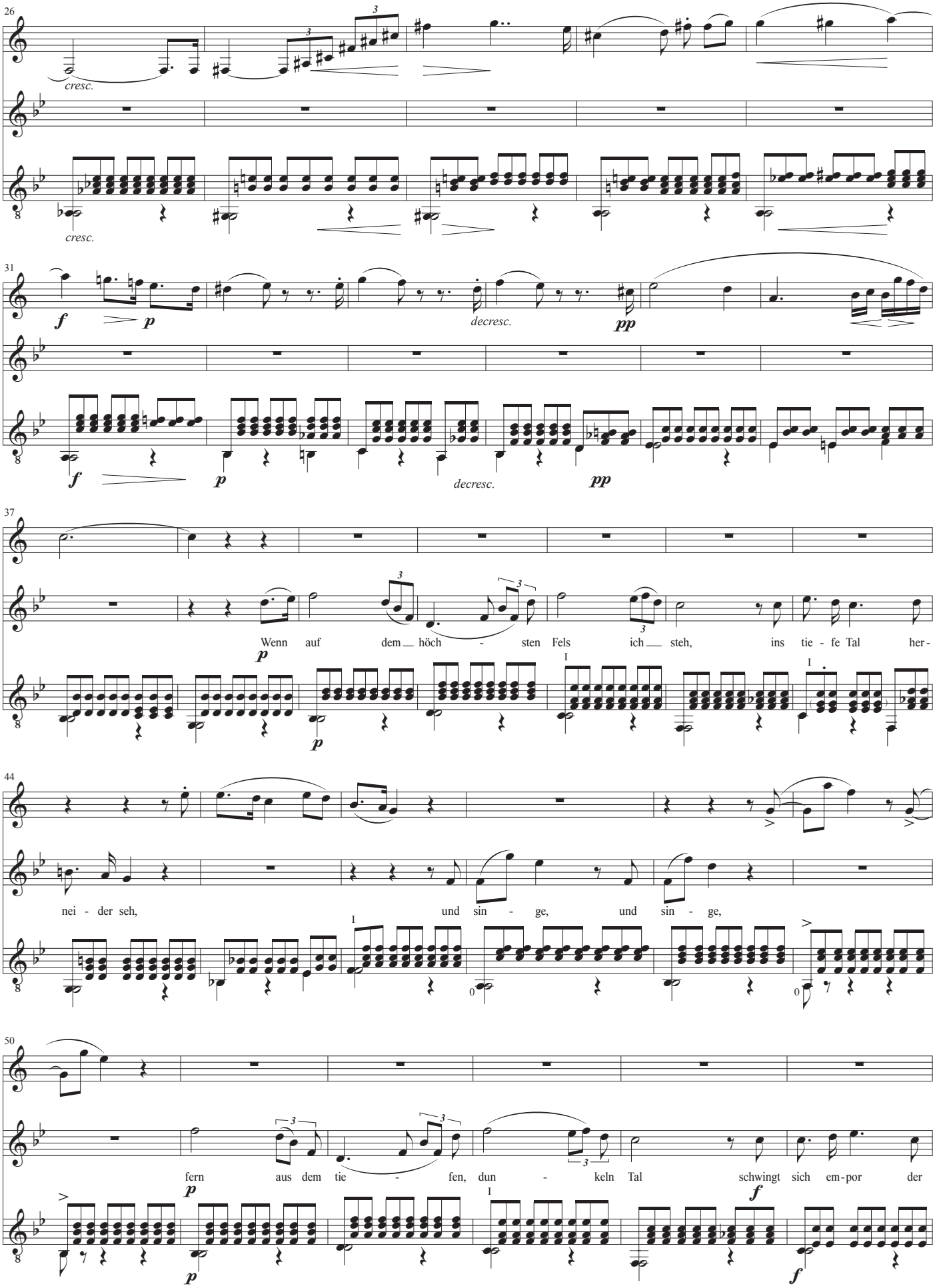
Frowne not on me unless thou hate,
For thy frowne cast me down
To despaire of my most haplesse state:
Smile not on me unless thou love,
For thy smile, will beguile
my desires if thou unsteadfast prove:
If thou needs wilt bend thy brow,
A while refraine my deare;
But if thou wilt smile on me,
Let it not delayed be;
Comfort is never too near.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

opus posthum 129

Musik: Franz Schubert
Text: Wilhelm Müller
& K.A. Varnhagen von Ense
Gitarre: John Jacobsen




26
cresc.
cresc.
31
f
p
decresc.
pp
f
p
decresc.
pp
37
Wenn auf dem höch - sten Fels ich steh, ins tie - fe Tal her-
p
p
44
nei - der seh, und sin - ge, und sin - ge,
50
fern aus dem tie - fen, dun - keln Tal schwingt sich em-por der
p
p
f
f

56

mf *p*

Wi - der - hall, der Wi-der-hall der Klüf - te.

mf *p* *p*

63

Je wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, Je hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt, von

f *f* *p*

68

pp

un - ten, von un - ten. Mein Lieb - chen wohnt so weit von mir, drum

p

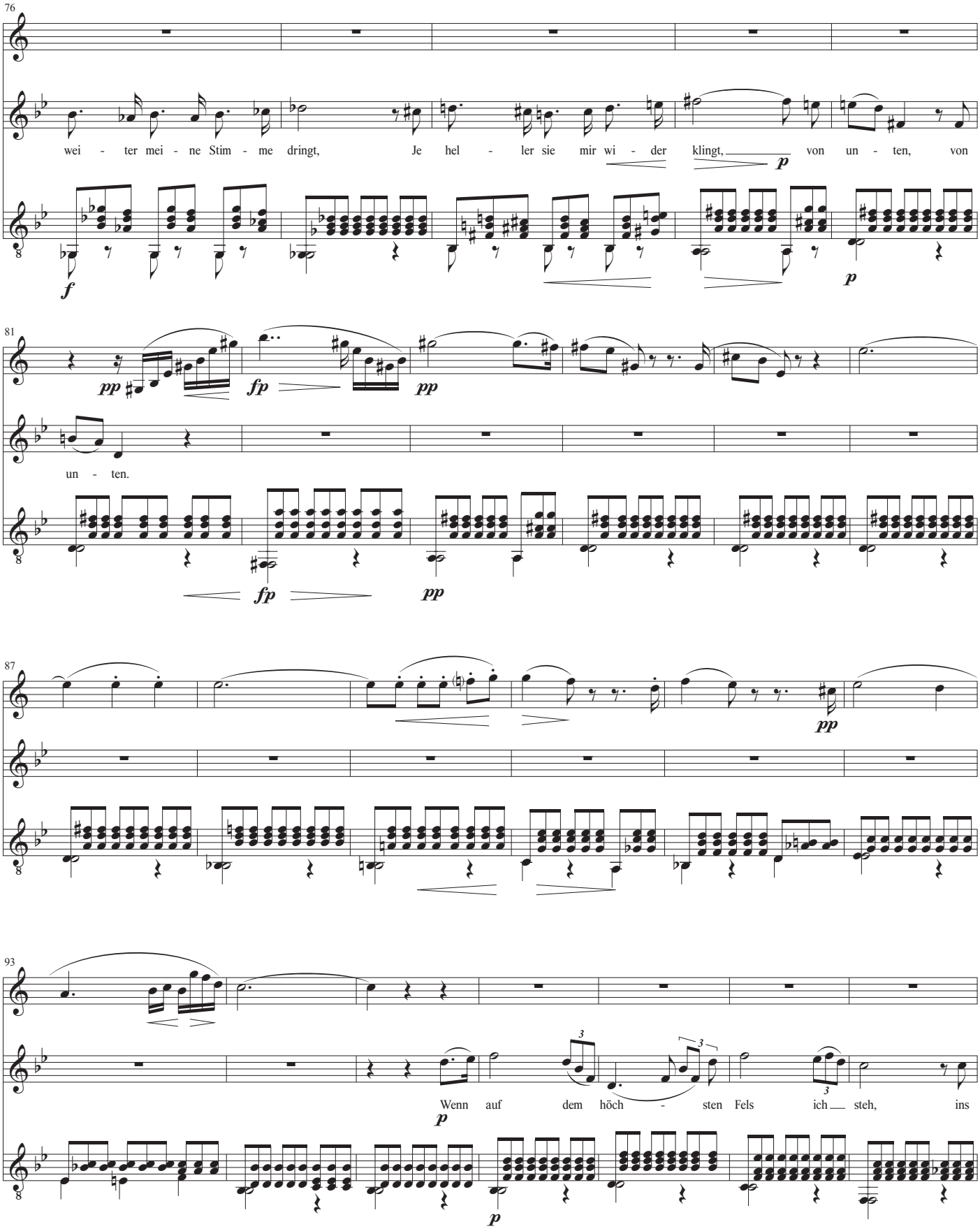
pp *pp*

72

pp

sehn ich mich so heiß nach ihr hin - ü - ber, hin - ü - ber. Je

f


76
wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, Je hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt, von un - ten, von
f
p
p
81
pp
fp
pp
un - ten.
fp
pp
87
pp
93
Wenn auf dem höch - sten Fels ich steh, ins
p
p

100

pp

tie - fe Tal her - nei - der seh, und sin - ge, und sin - ge,

106

fern aus dem tie - fen, dun - keln Tal schwingt

p

pp

112

f

p

decresc.

pp

sich em-por der Wi - der - hall, der Wi-der-hall der

cresc.

f

p

cresc.

f

f

p

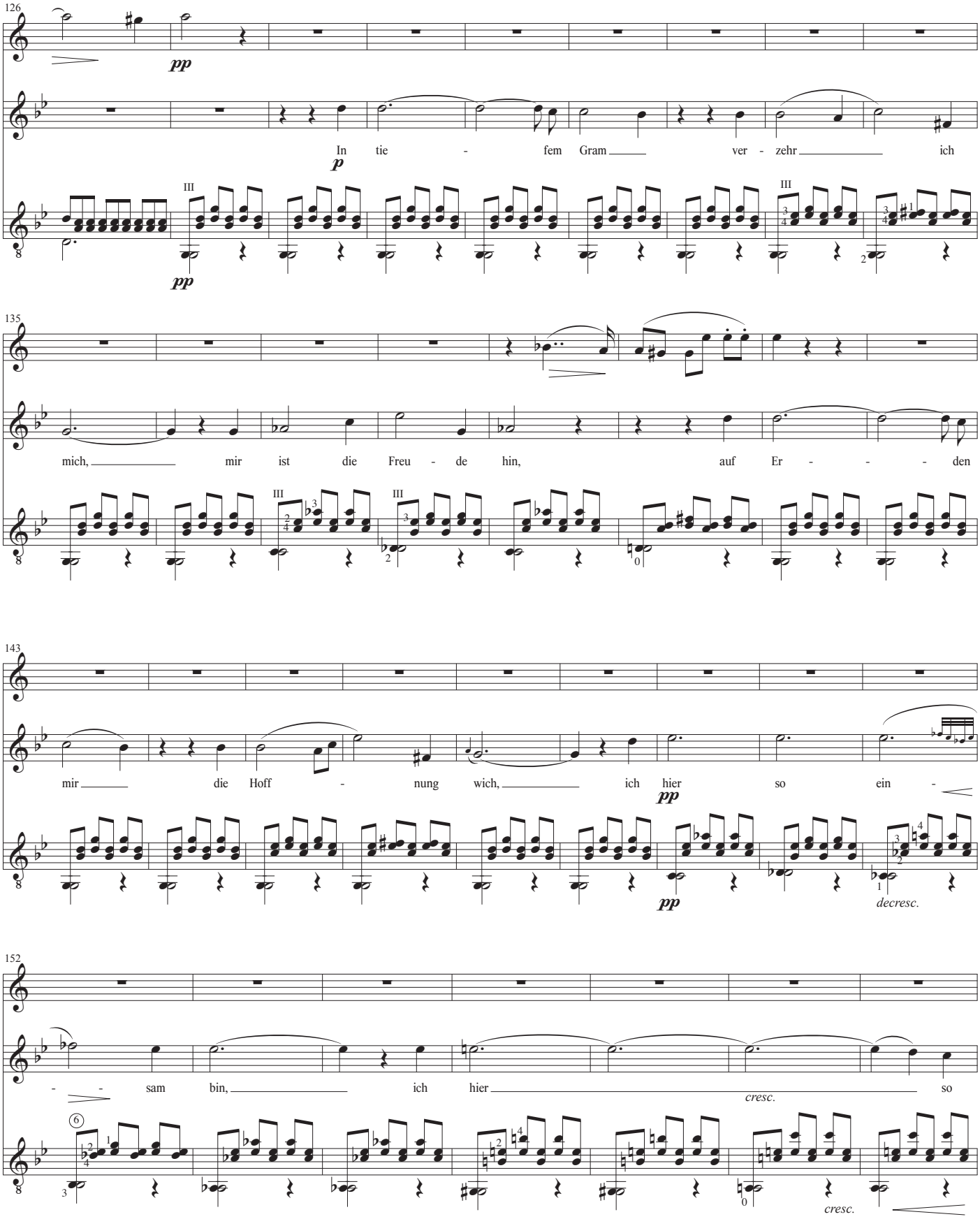
decresc.

pp

119

pp

Klüf - te.


126
pp
In tie - fem Gram ver - zehr ich
p
pp
135
mich, mir ist die Freu - de hin, auf Er - - - den
143
mir die Hoff - nung wich, ich hier so ein -
pp
pp
decresc.
152
- - sam bin, ich hier so
cresc.
cresc.

159

pp

ein - - - sam bin. So seh - nend

f *p*

VI V VII VIII VIII

p

167

klang im Wald das Lied, so seh - nend

VIII VIII

fp

175

decresc.

klang es durch die Nacht, die

fp *p*

fp

183

pp

Her - - - zen es zum Him - - mel zieht mit

p

191

wun - der - ba - - - rer Macht, die Her -

cresc. *f* *p*

cresc. *f* *p*

198

zen es zum Him - mel zieht mit wun - der - ba - rer Macht,

p

206

p

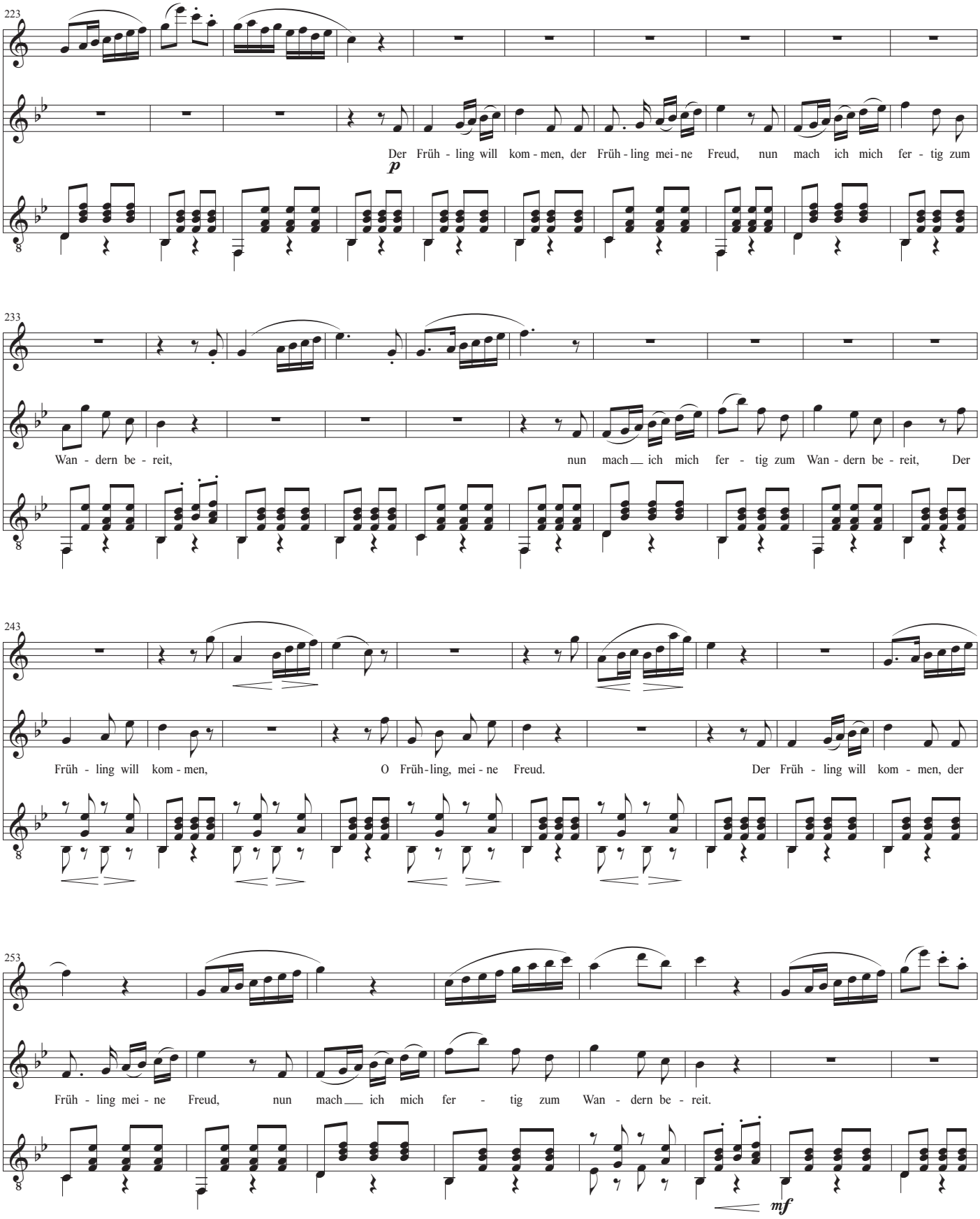
215

tr

Allegretto

p

pp


223
Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum
p
233
Wan - dern be - reit, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be - reit, Der
243
Früh - ling will kom - men, O Früh - ling, mei - ne Freud. Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der
253
Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be - reit.
mf

261

mf

Je wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, je hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt, je wei - ter die

f *mf* *p*

mf *cresc.* *f*

269

p *pp*

Stim - me dringt, je hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt. Je

cresc. *f*

p *mf*

277

p *pp*

wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, Je hel - ler, Je

p *cresc.*

p

285

f

hel - ler sie wi - der klingt. Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling will kom - men, der

decresc. *pp*

f *decresc.* *p*

293

p

Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be - reit. Der Früh - ling will kom - men,

pp *cresc.*

302

mf

der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne

mf *mf*

310

più mosso

cresc. *f* *p*

Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be - reit. Je wei - ter die Stim - me

f *cresc.* *f* *p*

318

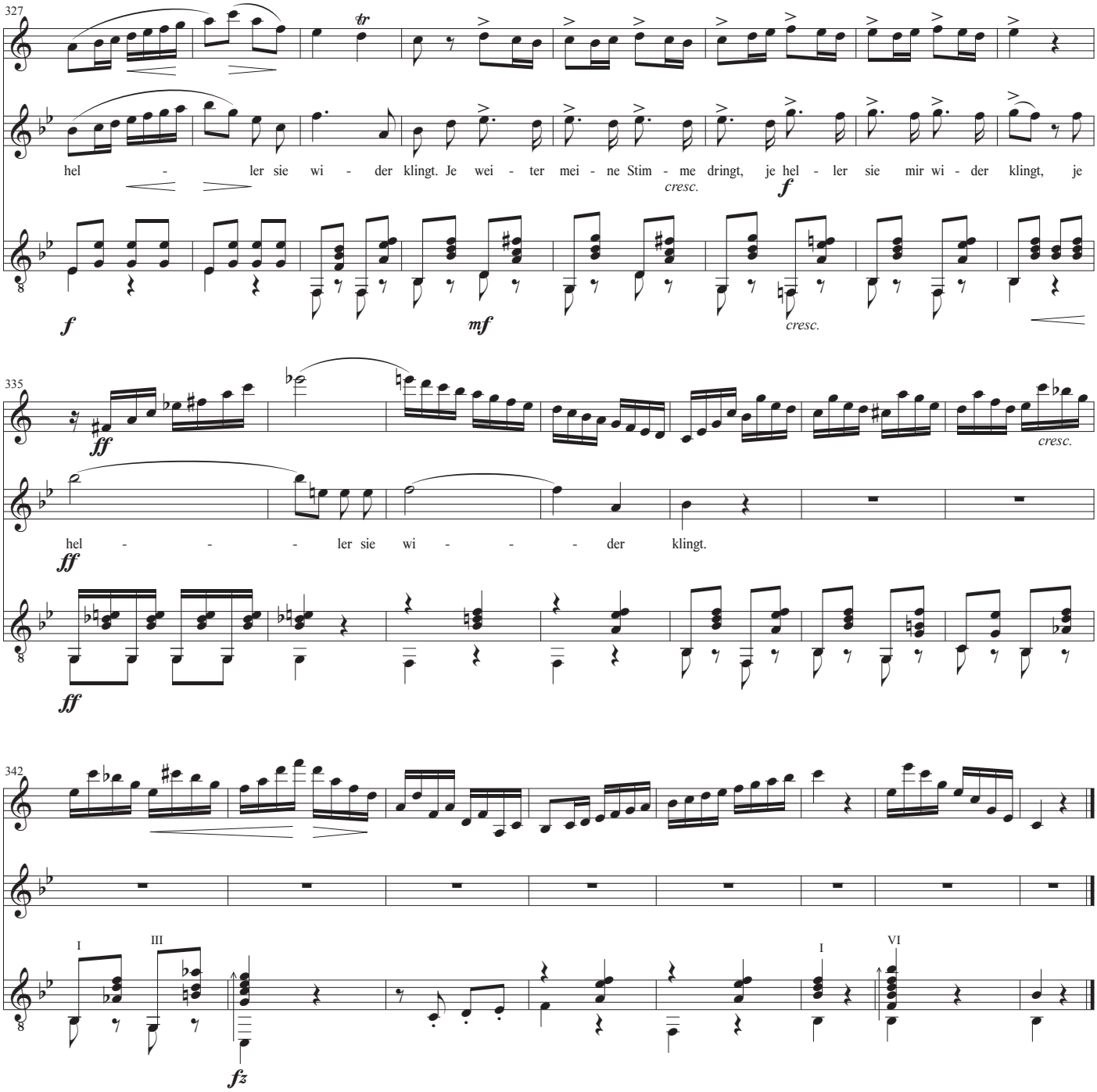
tr

f

dringt, je hel - ler sie wi - der klingt, je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, je

f *p* *f*

f *p*

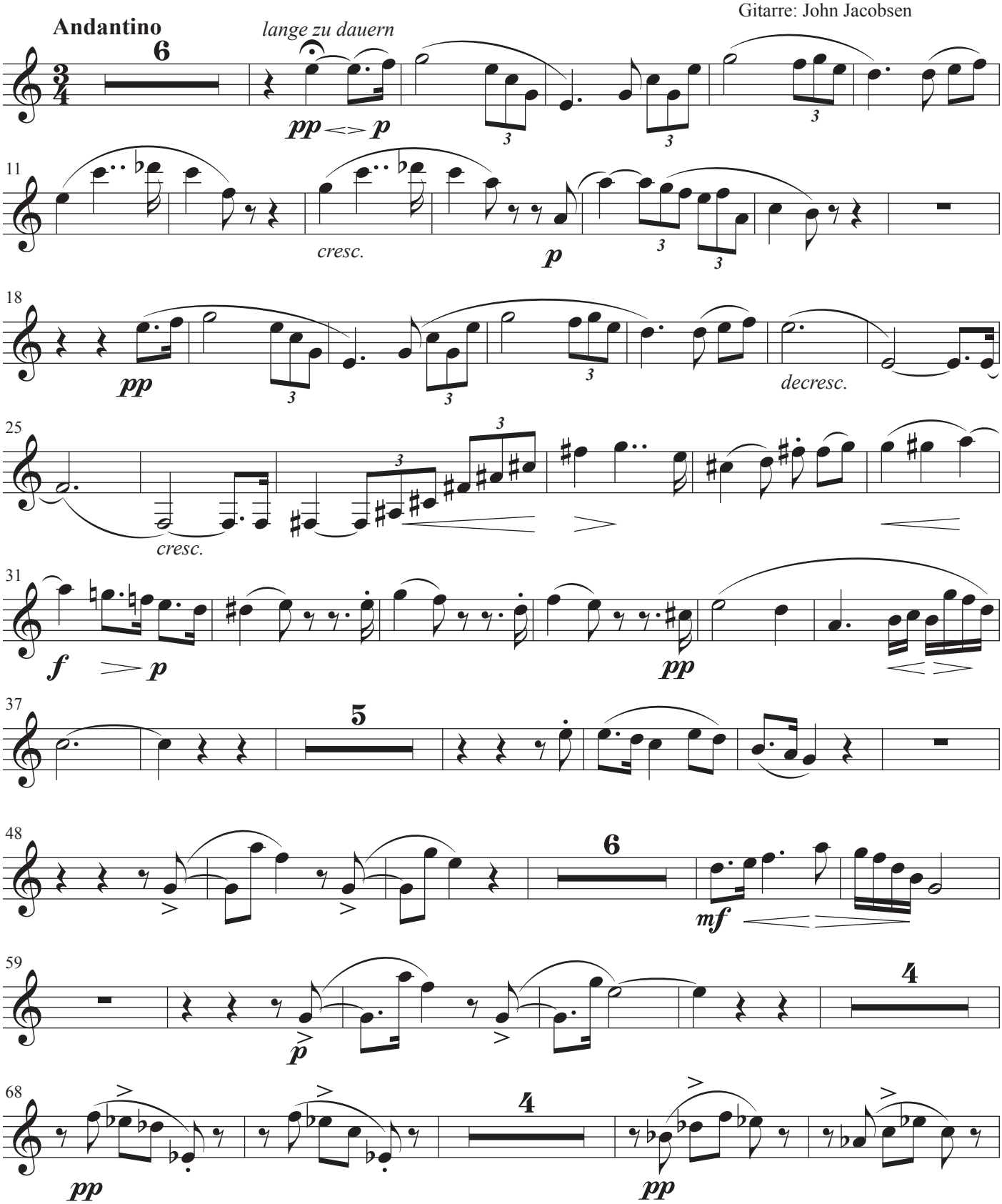

327
hel - ler sie wi - der klingt. Je wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, je hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt, je
cresc.
f
f
mf
cresc.
335
ff
cresc.
hel - - - ler sie wi - - - der klingt.
ff
ff
342
I
III
I
VI
fz

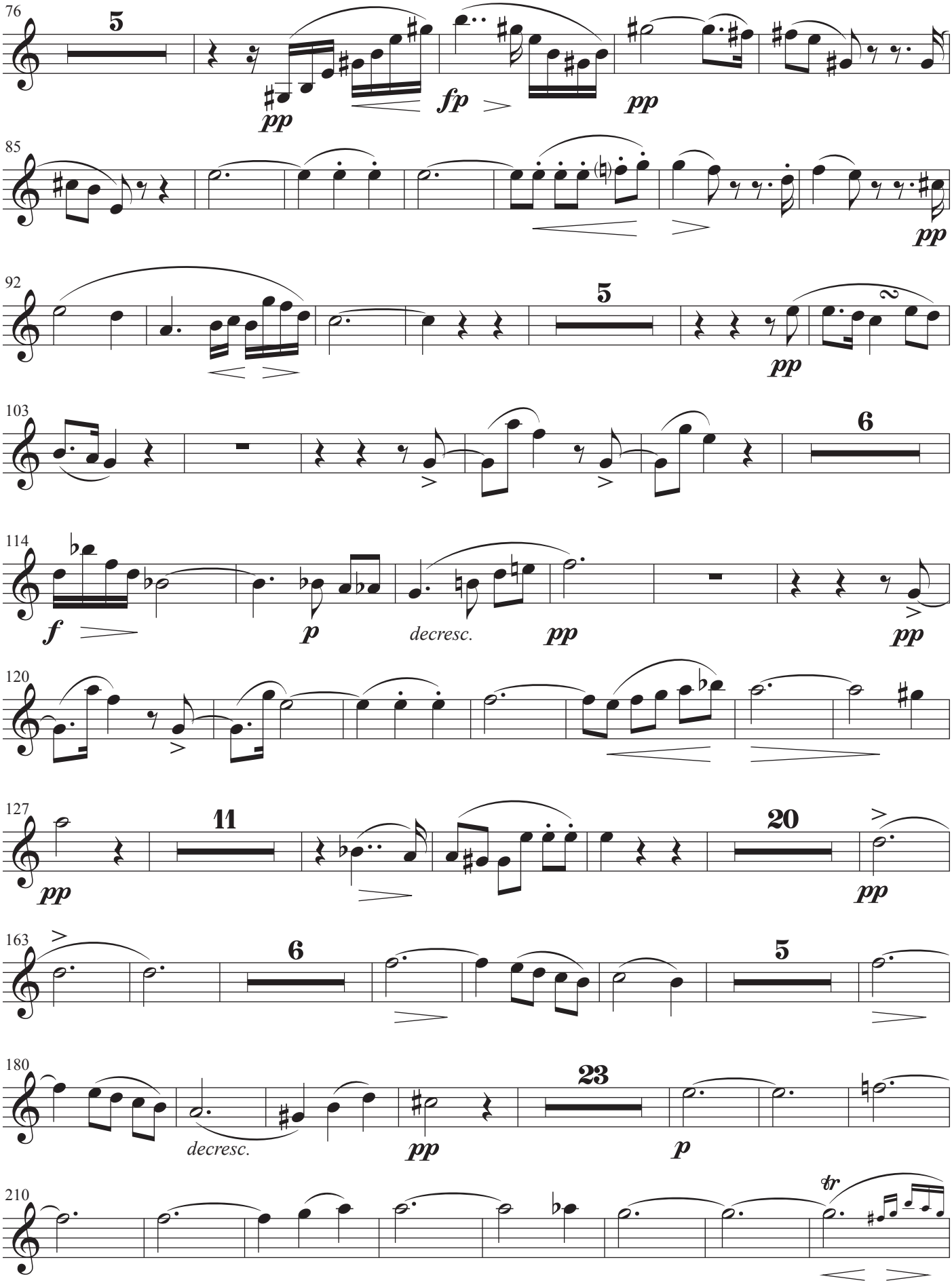
B-Klarinette

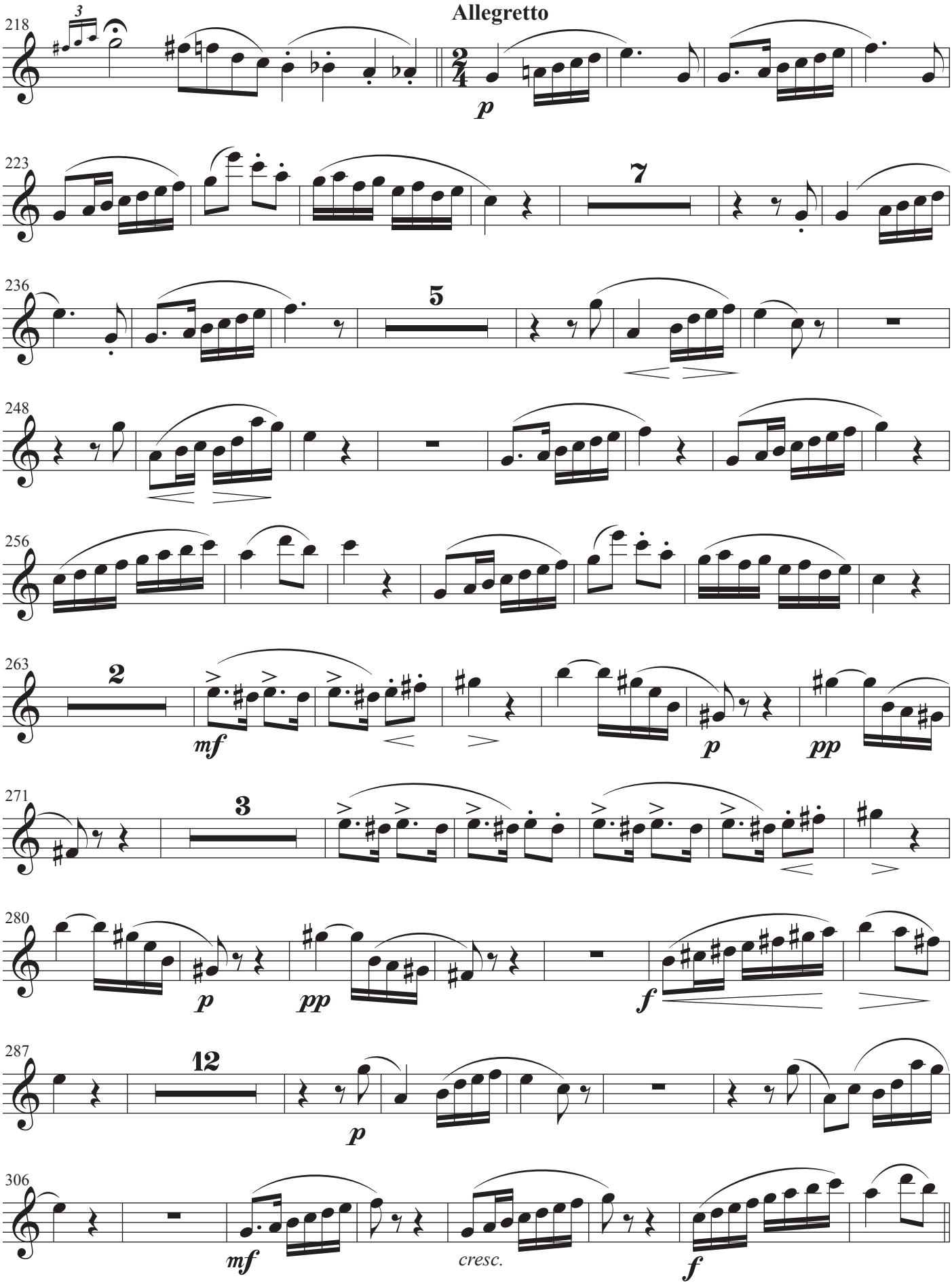
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

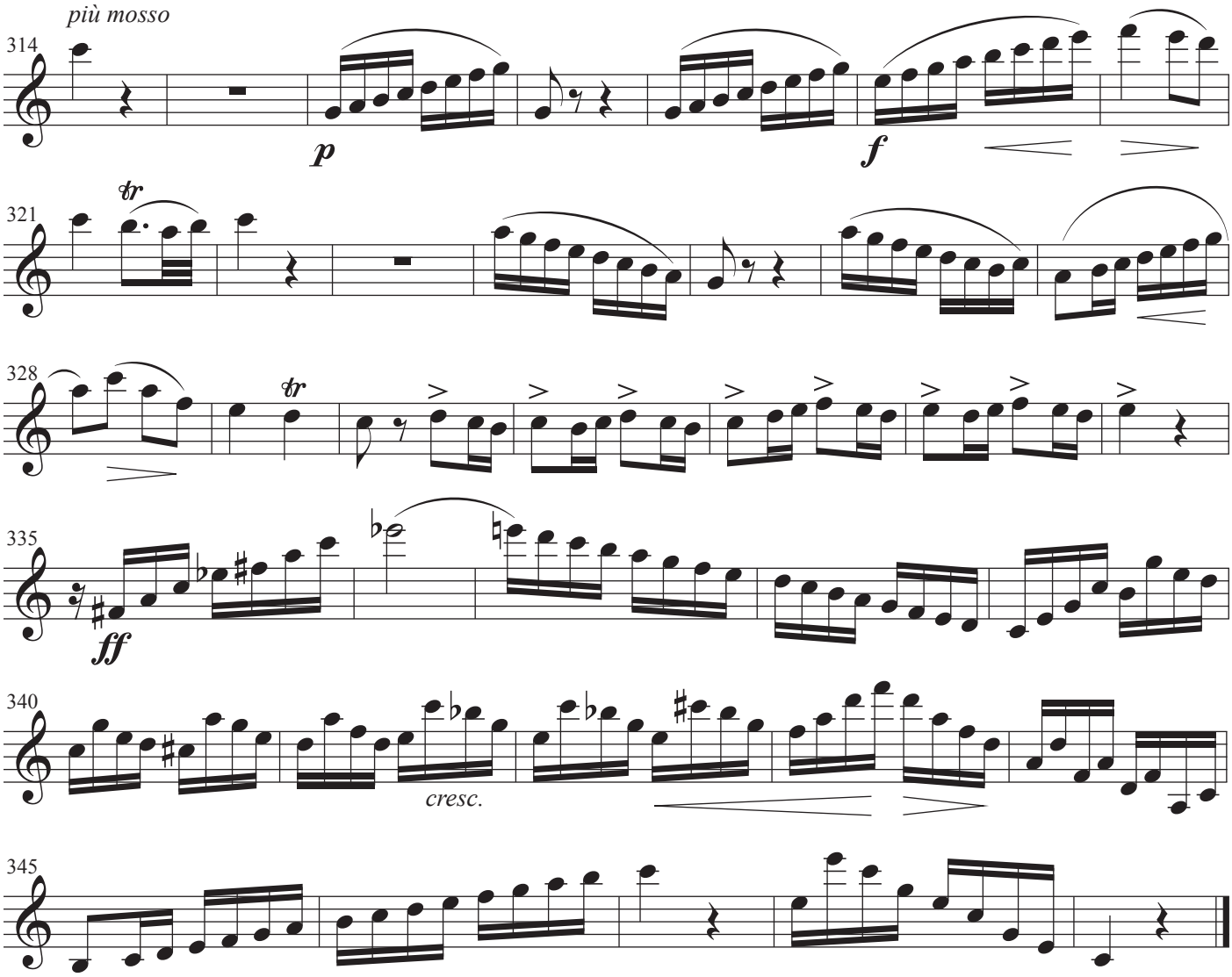
opus posthum 129

Musik: Franz Schubert
Text: Wilhelm Müller
& K.A. Varnhagen von Ense
Gitarre: John Jacobsen




76
5
pp
fp
pp
85
pp
92
5
pp
103
6
114
f
p
decresc.
pp
pp
120
127
11
pp
20
pp
163
6
5
180
decresc.
pp
23
p
210
tr


Allegretto
218
223
236
248
256
263
271
280
287
306
p
7
5
2
mf
p
pp
3
p
pp
f
12
p
mf
cresc.
f

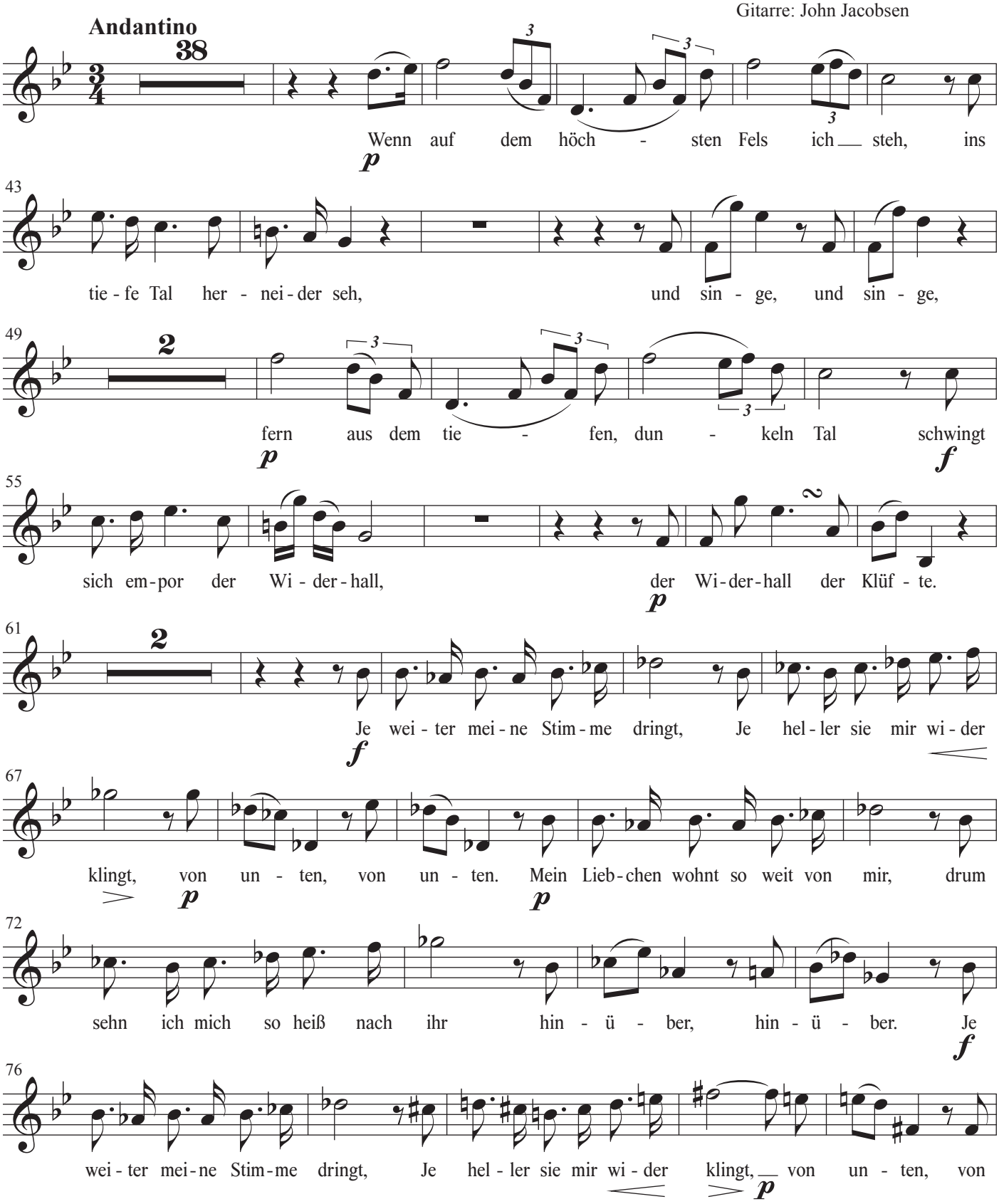

più mosso
314
p
f
321
tr
328
tr
335
ff
340
cresc.
345

Stimme

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

opus posthum 129

Musik: Franz Schubert
Text: Wilhelm Müller
& K.A. Varnhagen von Ense
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



81

13

un - ten. Wenn auf dem höch - sten Fels ich

p

99

steh, ins tie - fe Tal her - nei - der seh, und sin - ge, und

105

2

sin - ge, fern aus dem tie - fen, dun - keln

p

111

3

Tal schwingt sich em - por der Wi - der - hall, der

cresc. *f* *p*

118

8

Wi - der - hall der Klüf - te. In tie - fem Gram

p

132

ver - zehr ich mich, mir ist die Freu - de hin,

140

auf Er - den mir die Hoff - nung wich,

148

ich hier so ein - sam bin, ich hier

pp

156

2

so ein - sam bin.

cresc. *f* *p*

164

So seh - nend klang im Wald das Lied,

172

so seh - nend klang es durch die Nacht,

fp

180

die Her - zen es zum Him -

p

188

- mel zieht mit wun - der - ba - rer Macht,

cresc. *f* *p*

196

die Her - zen es zum Him - mel zieht mit

203

12

Allegretto

7

wun - der - ba - rer Macht,

226

Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum

p

233

3

Wan - dern be - reit, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be -

242

reit, Der Früh - ling will kom - men, O Früh - ling, mei - ne Freud.

250

Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum

257

3

Wan - dern be - reit. Je wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, je

f

265

hel - ler sie mir wi - der klingt, je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, je

mf *p*

271

hel - - - ler sie mir wi - der klingt. Je wei - ter mei - ne

cresc. *f*

278

Stim - me dringt, je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, Je hel -

p *cresc.*

284

- ler, Je hel - ler sie wi - der klingt. Der Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling will

pp

292

kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum Wan - dern be - reit. Der

pp

299

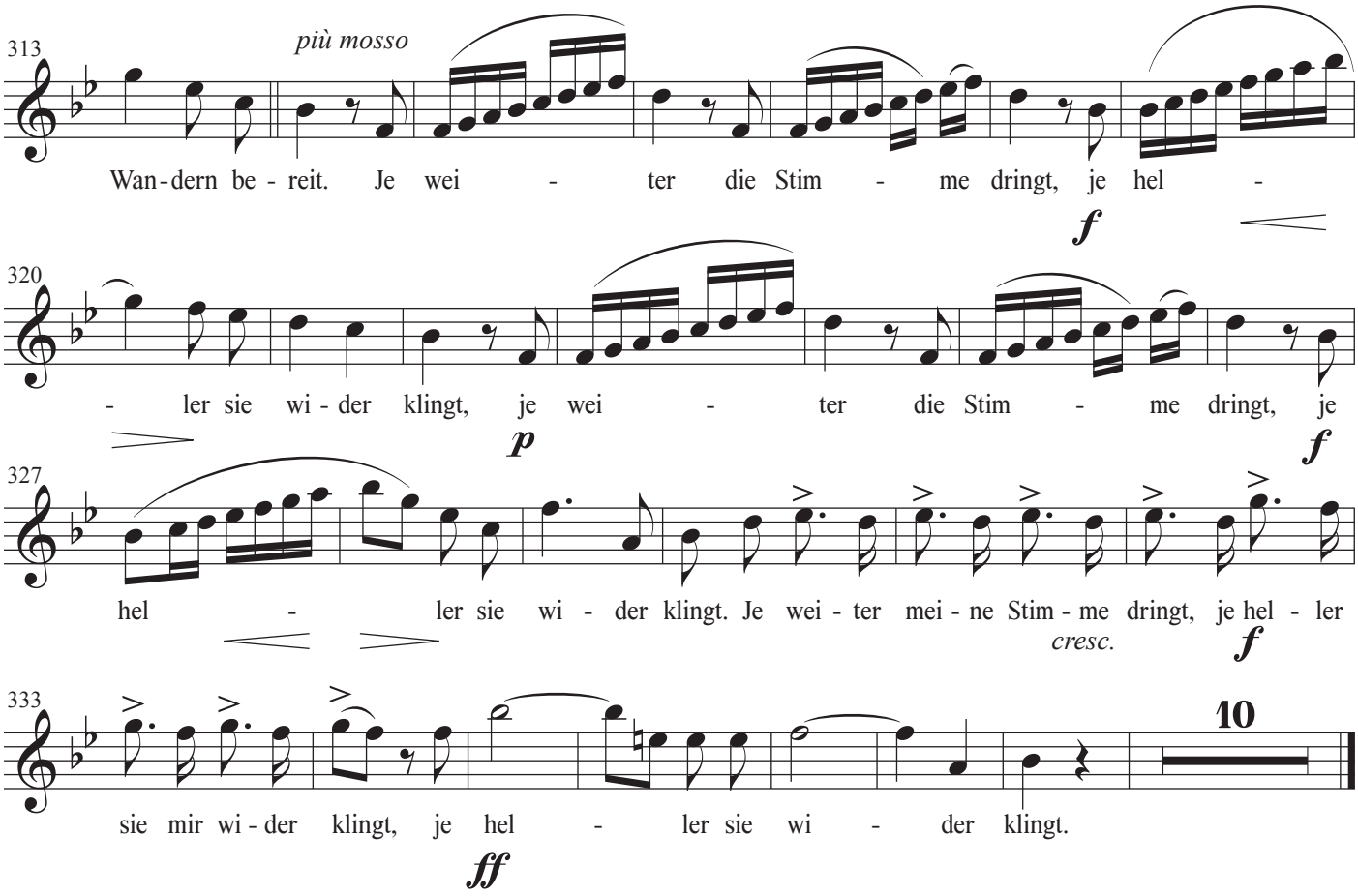
Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, Der

cresc. *mf*

307

Früh - ling will kom - men, der Früh - ling mei - ne Freud, nun mach ich mich fer - tig zum

f *cresc.*

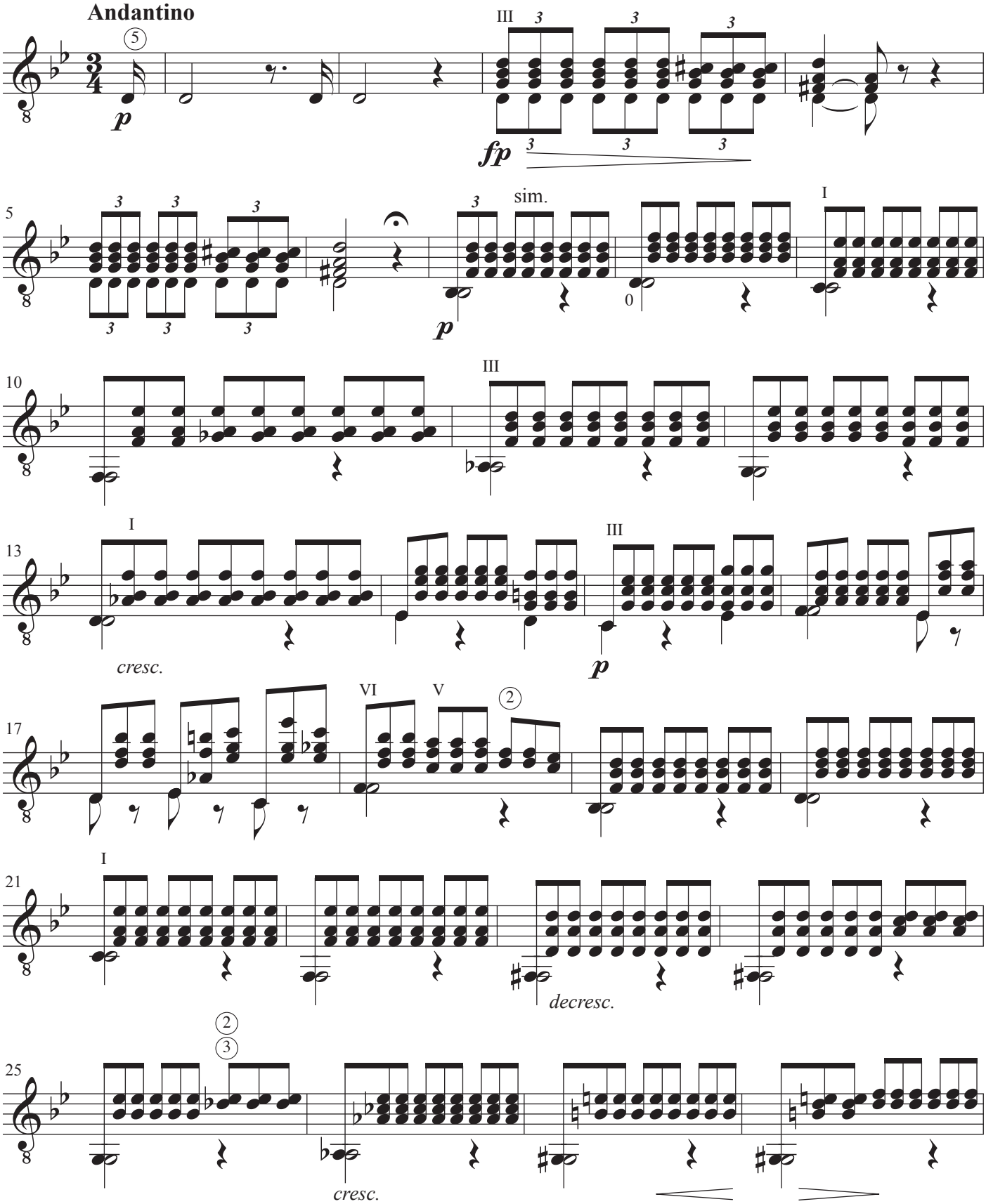

313
più mosso
Wan-dern be - reit. Je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, je hel -
f
320
- ler sie wi - der klingt, je wei - ter die Stim - me dringt, je
p
f
327
hel - ler sie wi - der klingt. Je wei - ter mei - ne Stim - me dringt, je hel - ler
cresc.
f
333
10
sie mir wi - der klingt, je hel - ler sie wi - der klingt.
ff

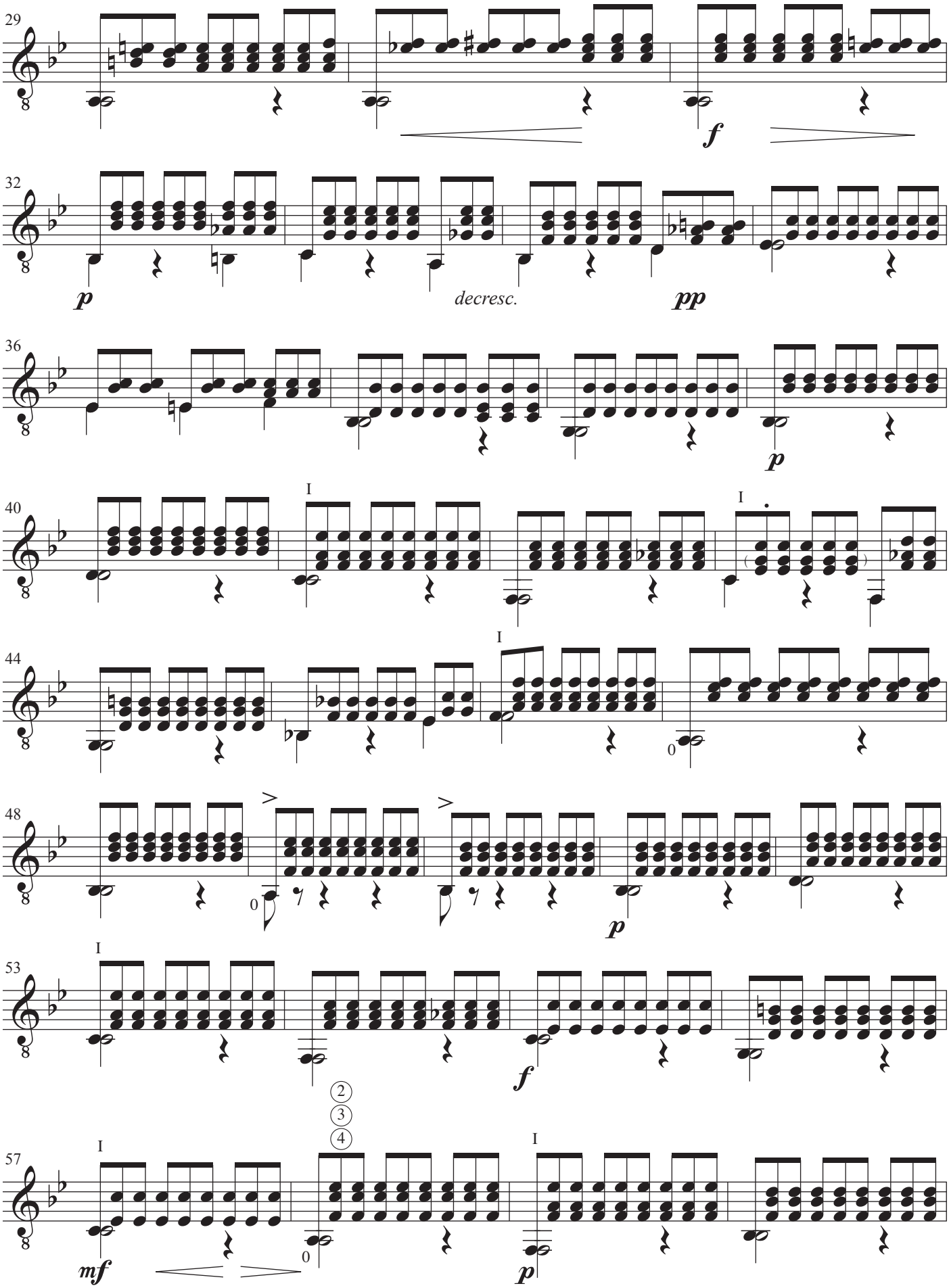
Gitarre

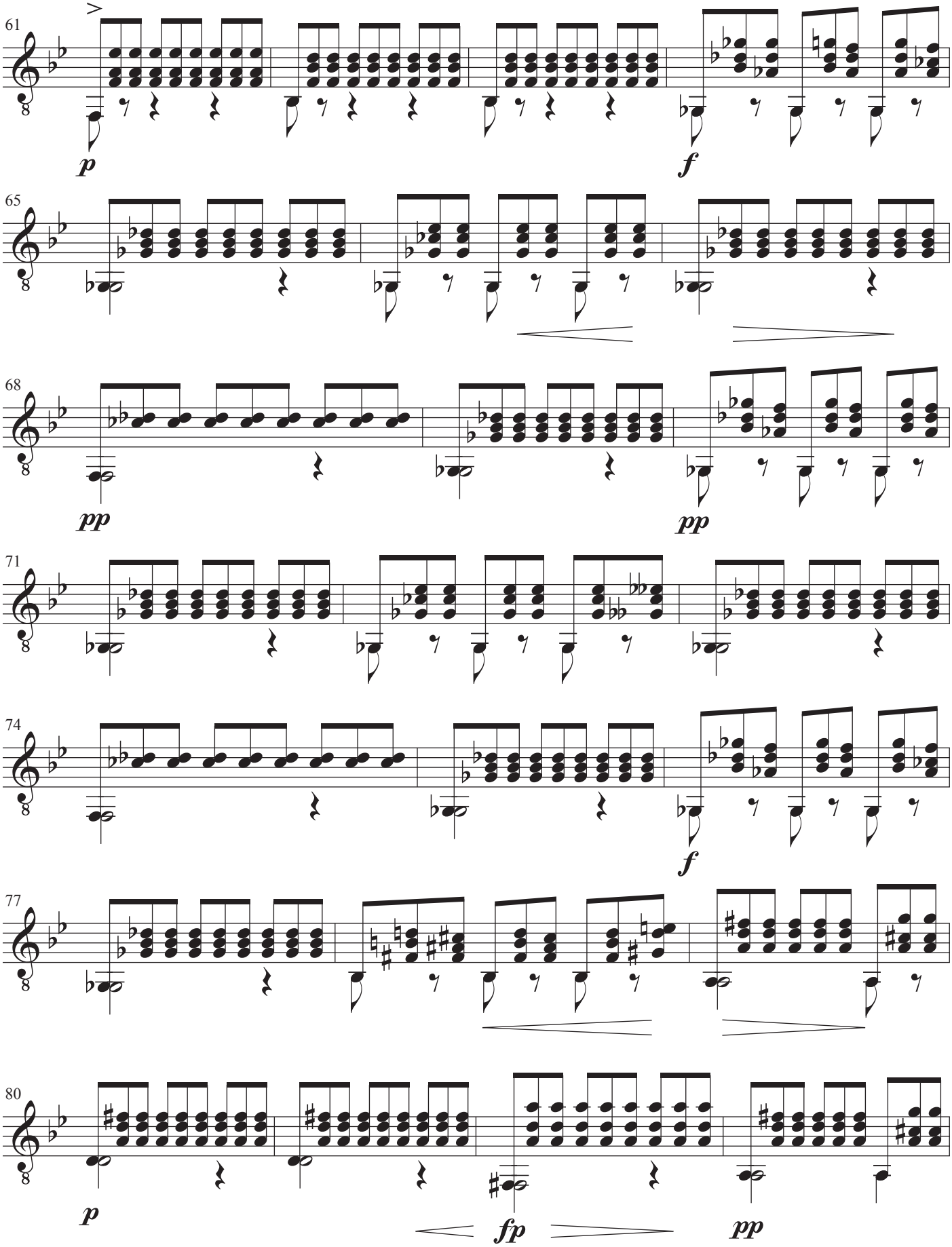
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

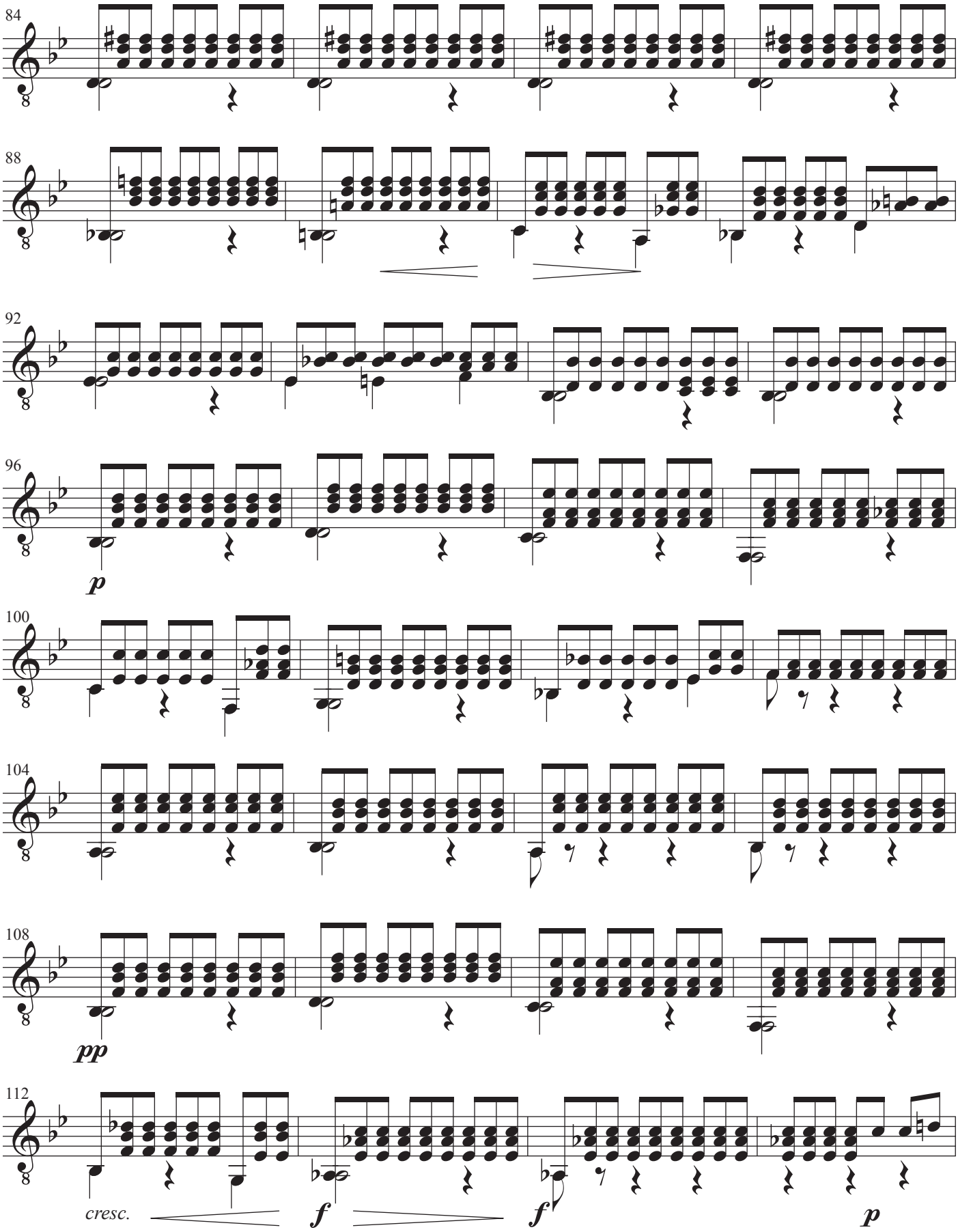
opus posthum 129

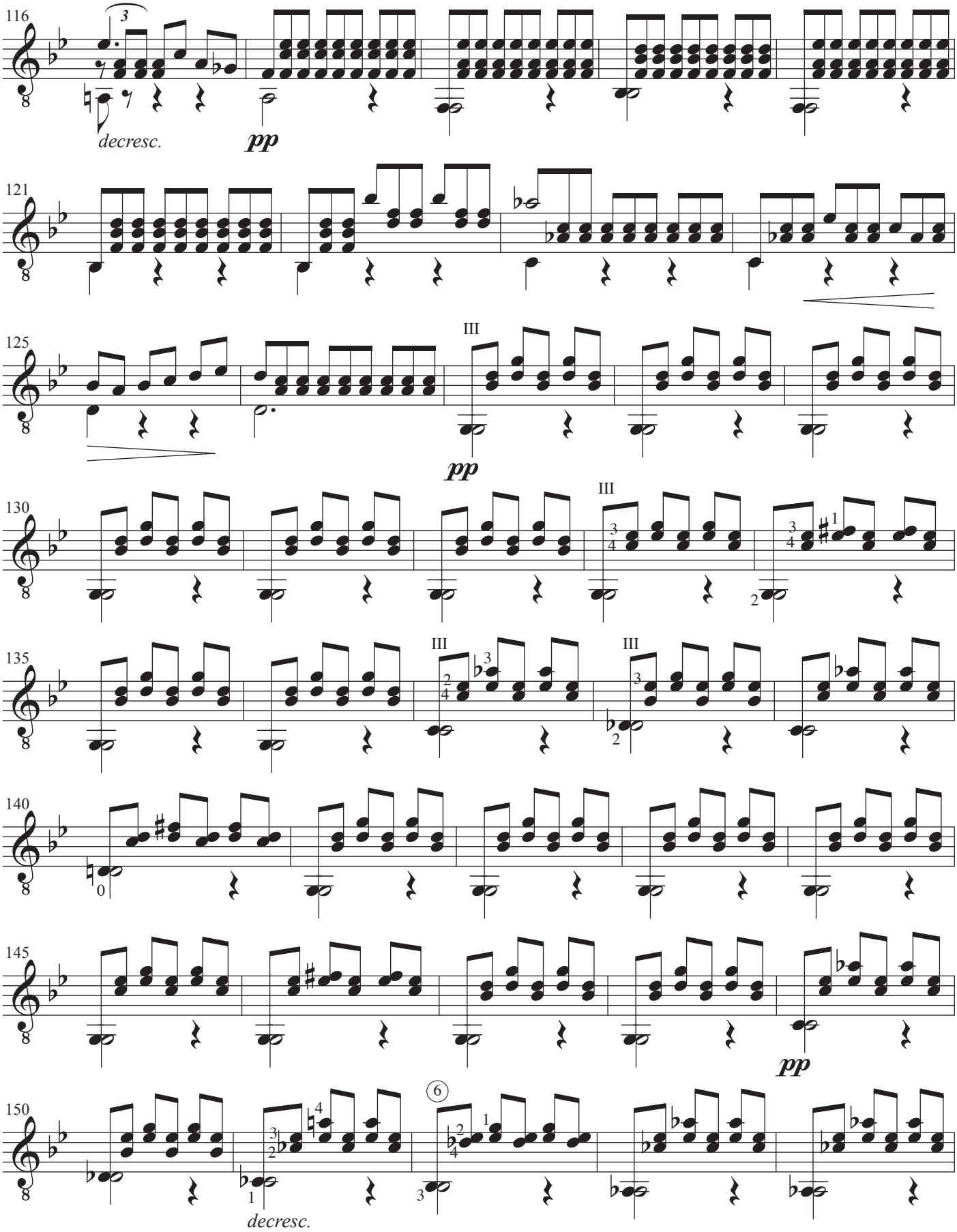
Musik: Franz Schubert
Text: Wilhelm Müller
& K.A. Varnhagen von Ense
Gitarre: John Jacobsen

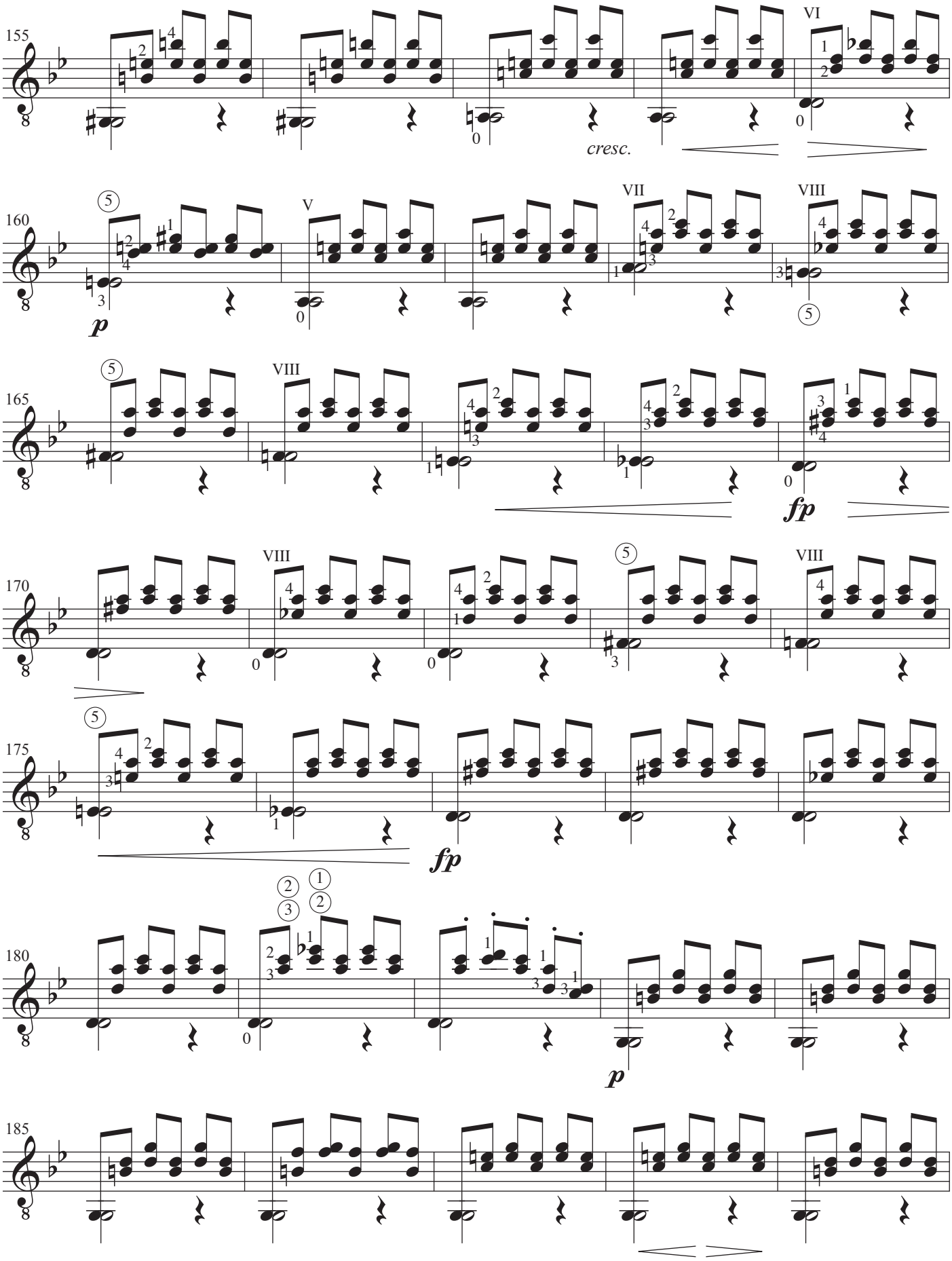


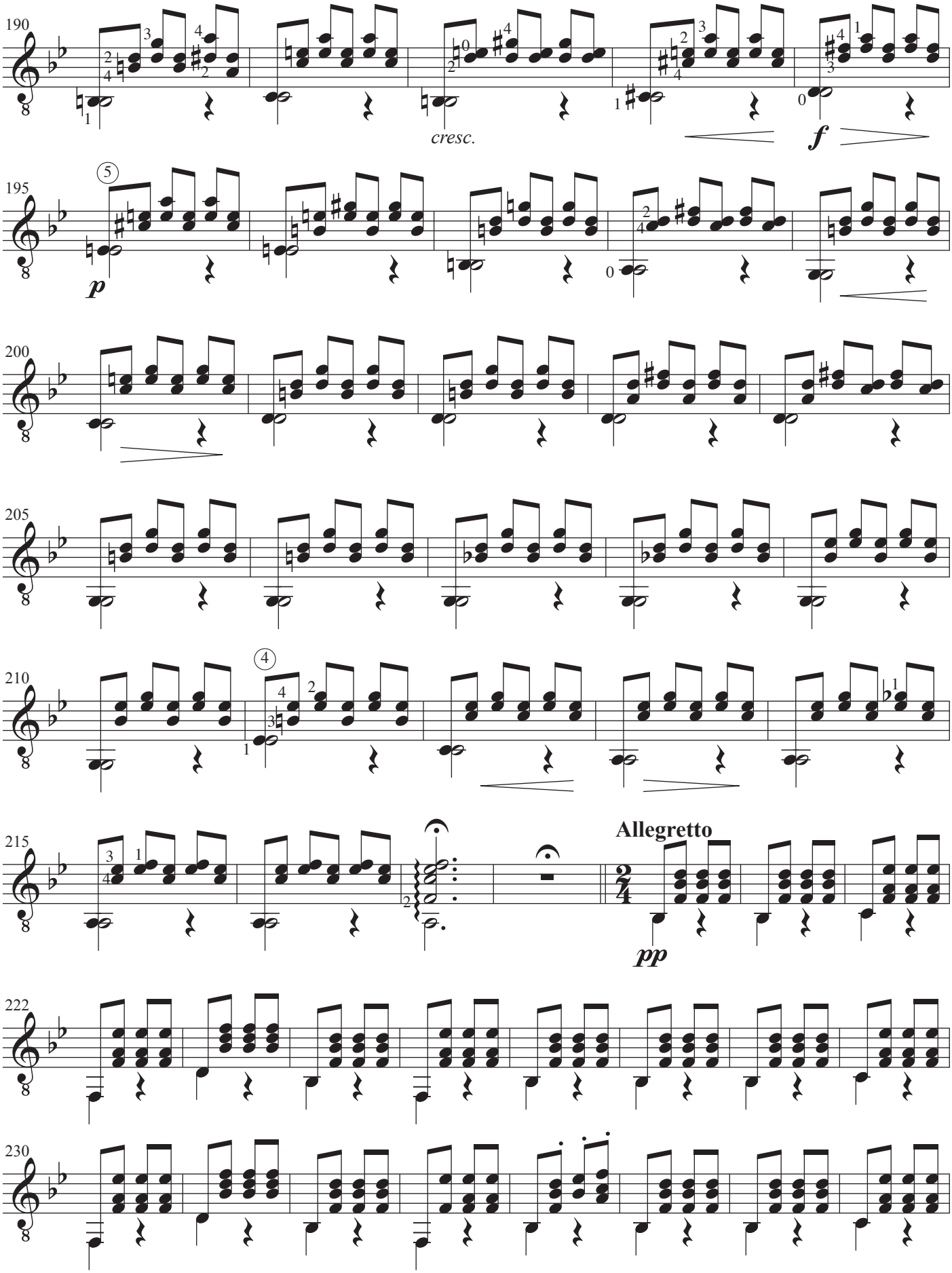

29
f
32
p
decresc.
pp
36
p
40
I
I
44
I
0
48
0
p
53
I
f
57
I
mf
2
3
4
0
I
p

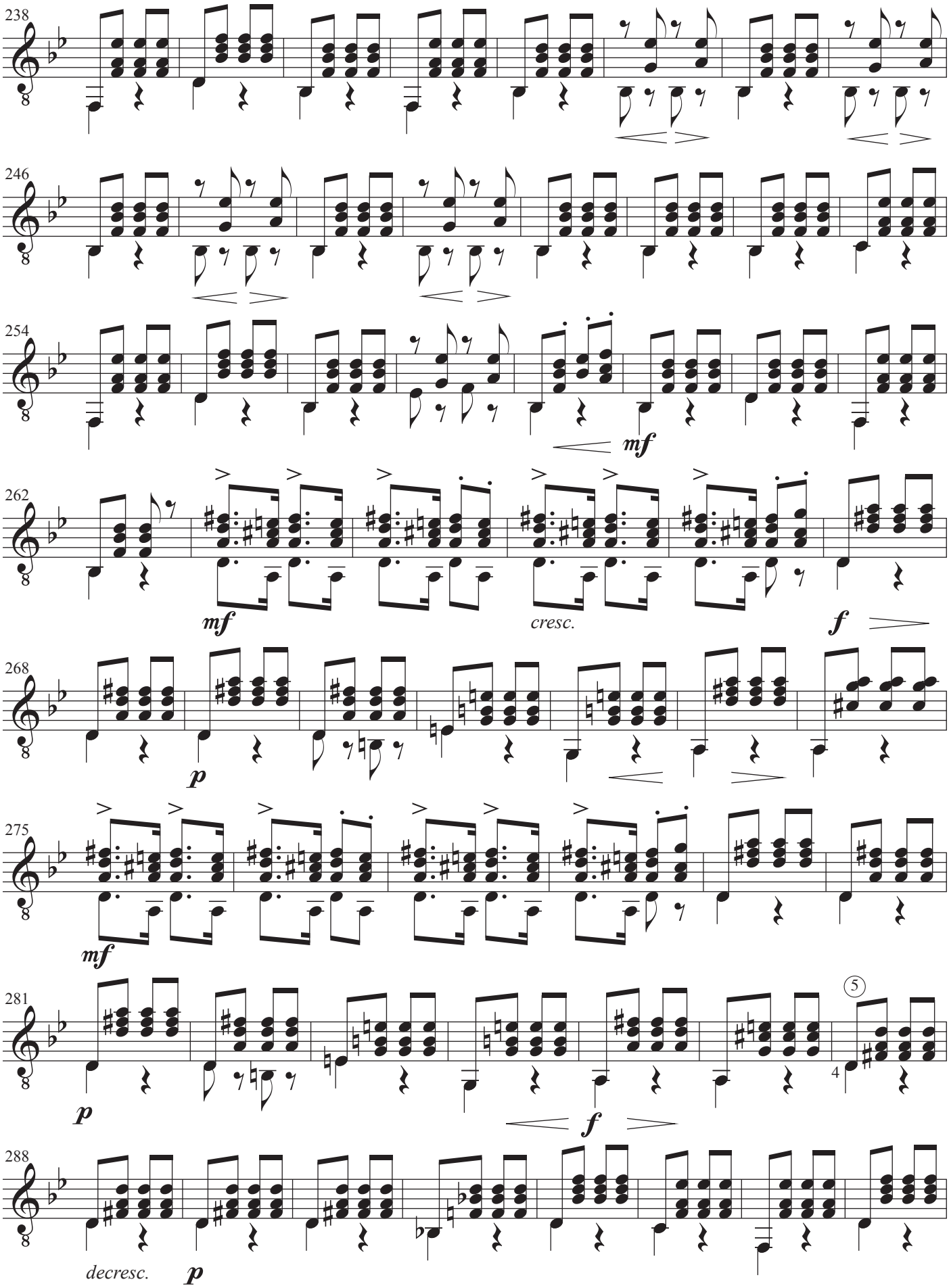

61
p
f
65
68
pp
pp
71
74
f
77
80
p
fp
pp

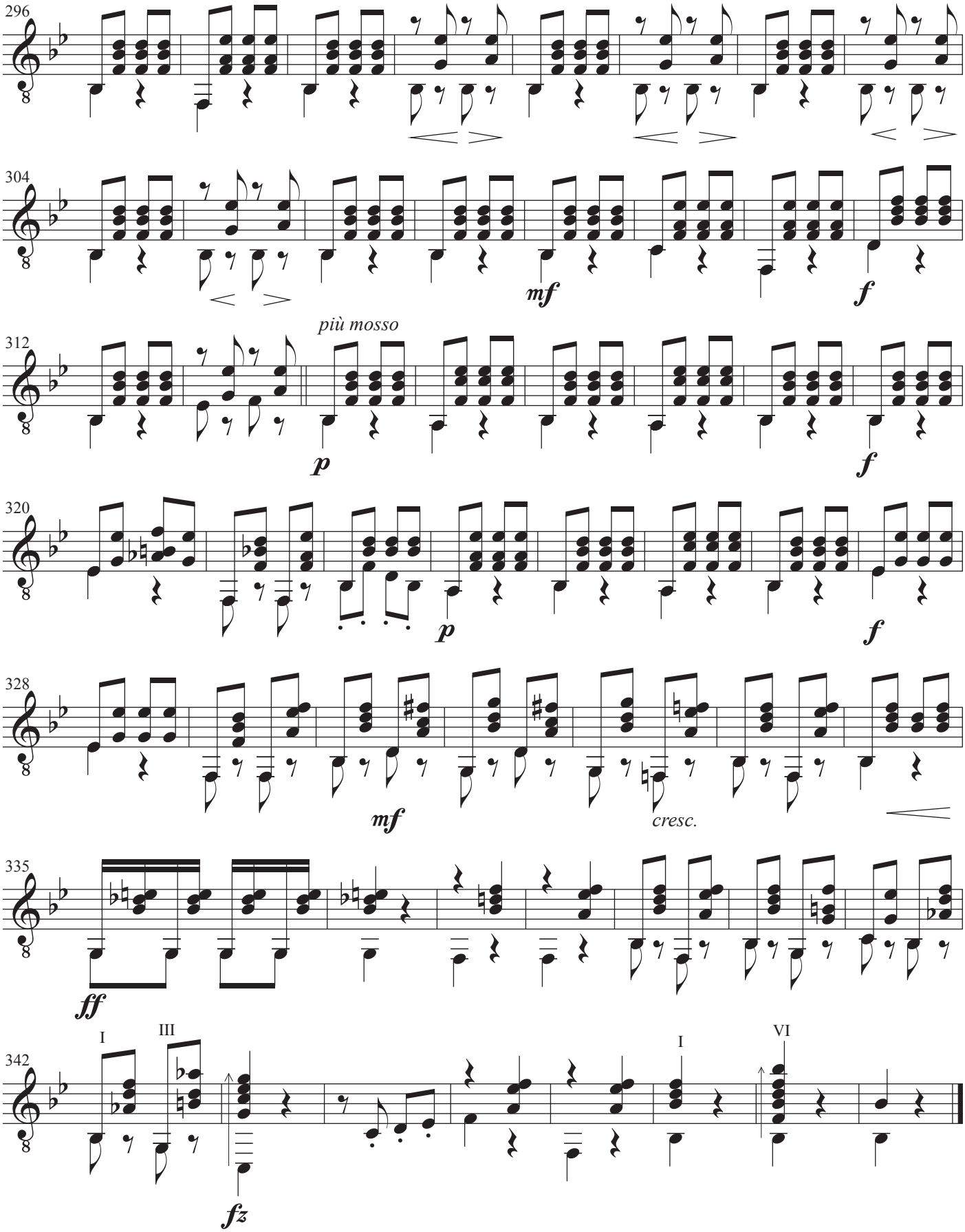

84
88
92
96
p
100
104
108
pp
112
cresc.
f
f
p


116
decresc.
pp
121
125
III
pp
130
III
135
III
III
140
145
pp
150
6
decresc.


155
VI
cresc.
160
V
VII
VIII
p
165
VIII
fp
170
VIII
VIII
175
fp
180
p
185


190
cresc.
f
195
p
200
205
210
215
Allegretto
pp
222
230

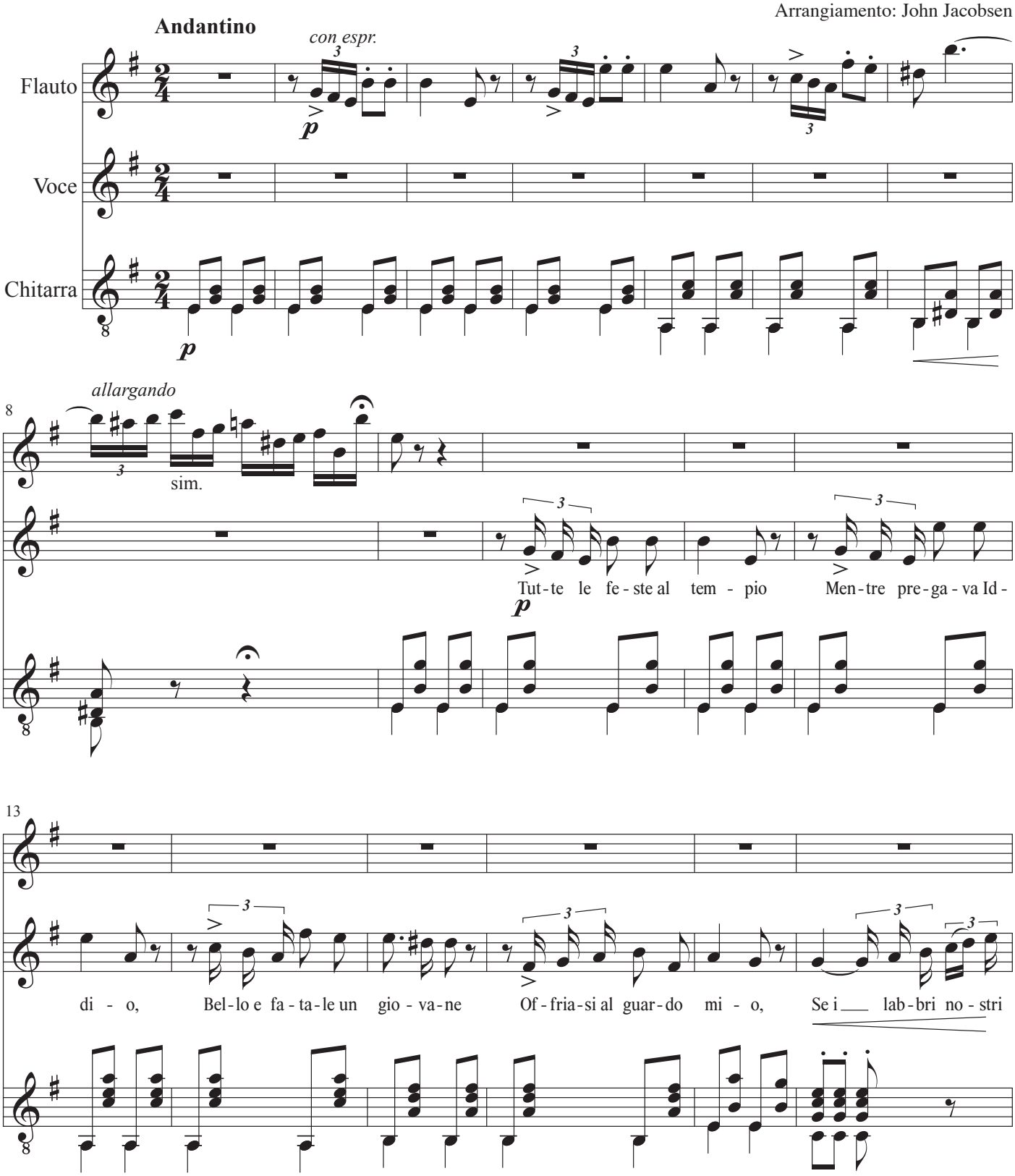

238
246
254
mf
262
mf
cresc.
f
268
p
275
mf
281
p
f
5
4
288
decresc.
p


296
304
mf
f
312
più mosso
p
f
320
p
f
328
mf
cresc.
335
ff
342
I
III
fz
I
VI

Tutte le feste al tempio

La scena di Gilda da Rigoletto

Musica: Giuseppe Verdi
Poesia: Francesco Maria Piave
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen



19

con espr.

tac - que-ro, dagl' oc-chi il cor, il cor par-lò.

f

23

Fur-ti-vo fra le te-ne-bre sol ie-ri a me giun-ge-va. So-no stu-den-te,

29

po-ve-ro, com-mos-so mi di-ce-va, e con ar-den-te pal-pi-to a-

34

mor mi pro - te - stò. Par - tì, par - tì,

sim.

sim.

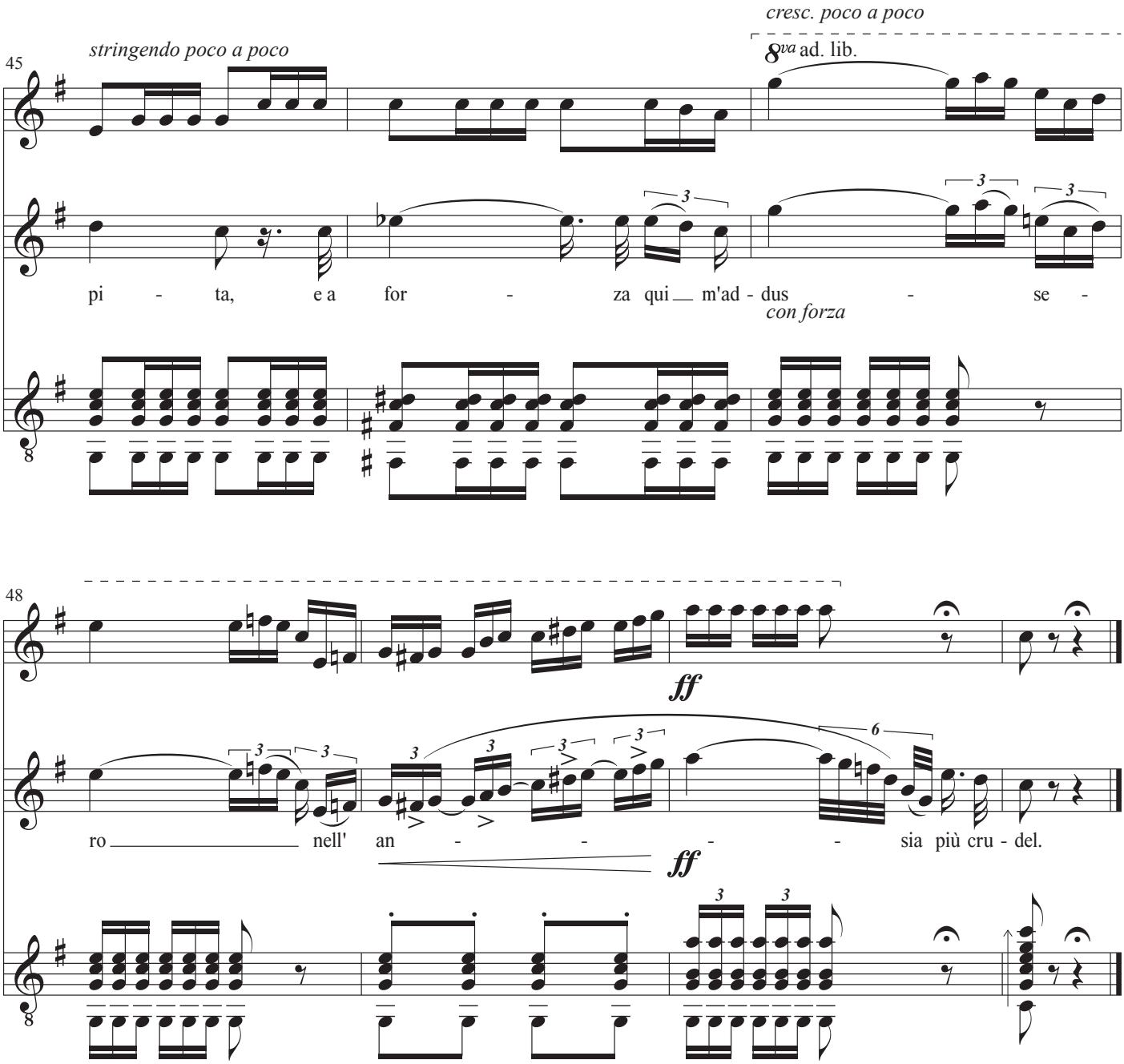
38

il mio co - re a - pri - va - si a spe - me più gra - di - ta,

42

quan - do im - prov - vi - si ap - par - ve - ro co - lor che m'han ra -

cresc.

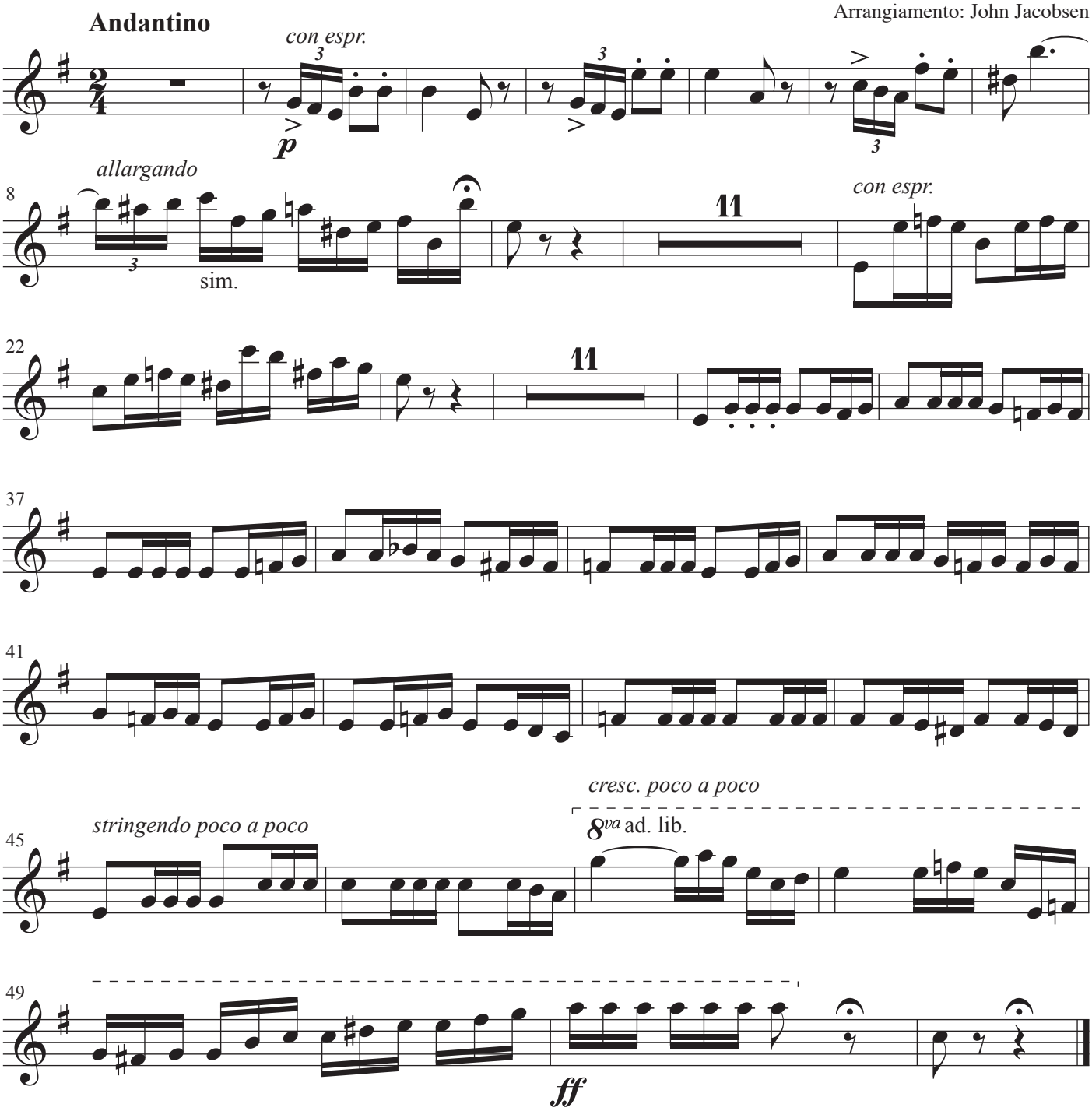

45
stringendo poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco
8va ad. lib.
pi - ta, e a for - za qui m'ad - dus - se -
con forza
48
ff
ro nell' an - - - sia più cru - del.
ff

Flauto

Tutte le feste al tempio

La scena di Gilda da Rigoletto

Musica: Giuseppe Verdi
Poesia: Francesco Maria Piave
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

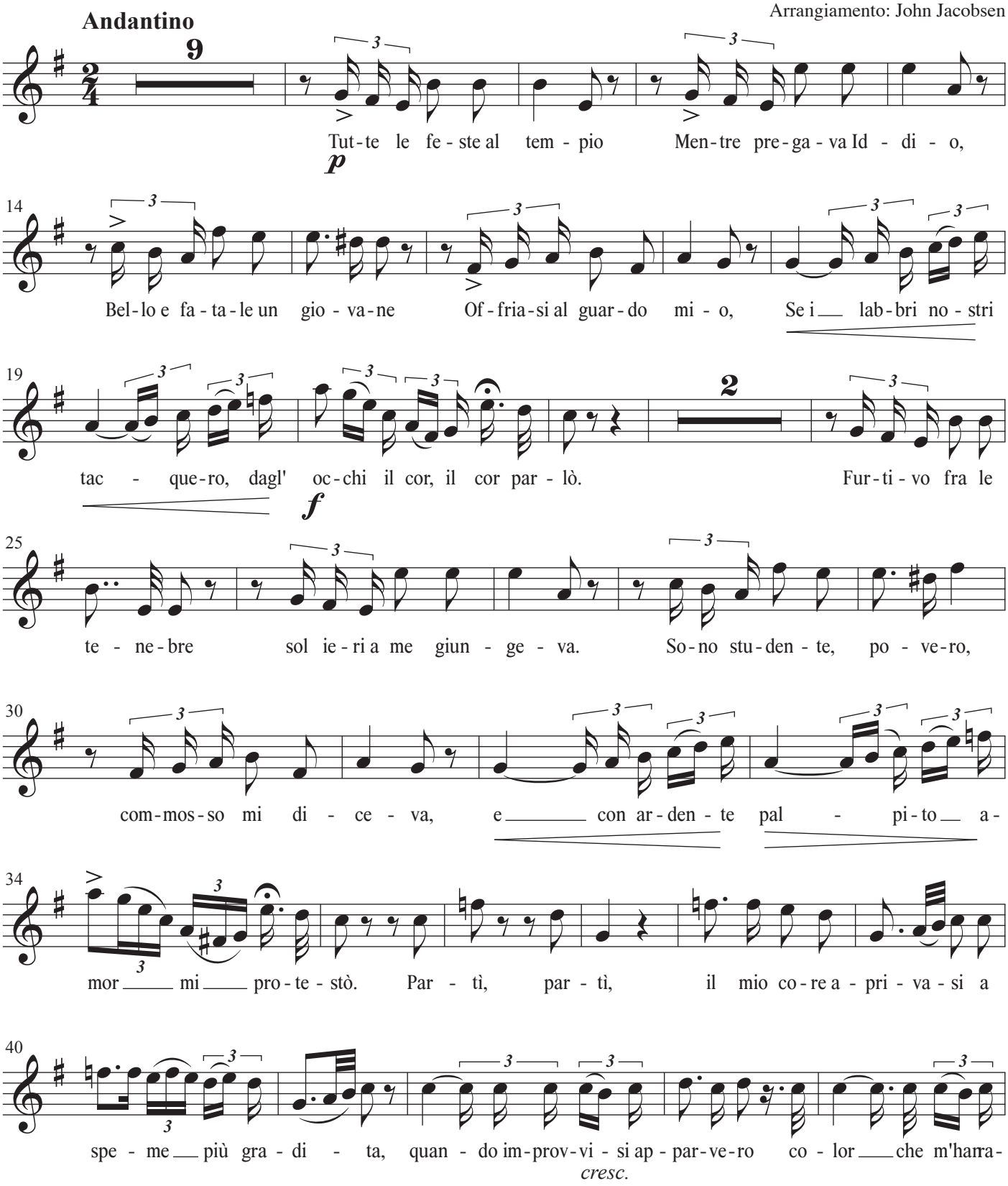


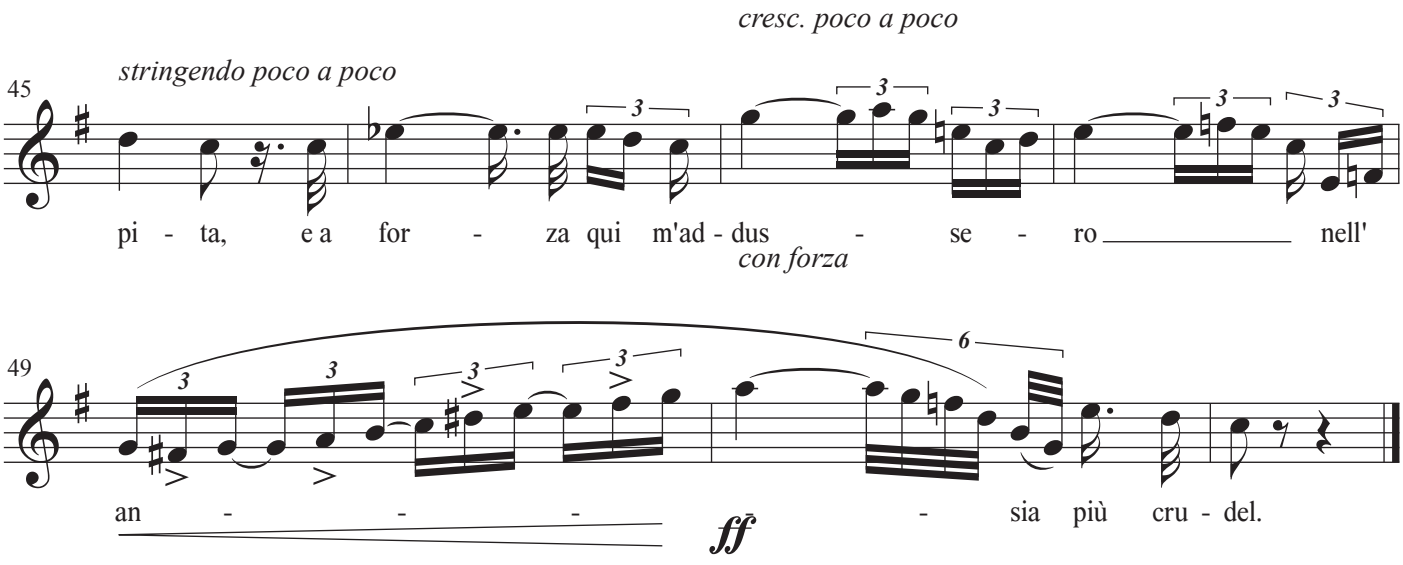
Voce

Tutte le feste al tempio

La scena di Gilda da Rigoletto

Musica: Giuseppe Verdi
Poesia: Francesco Maria Piave
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen



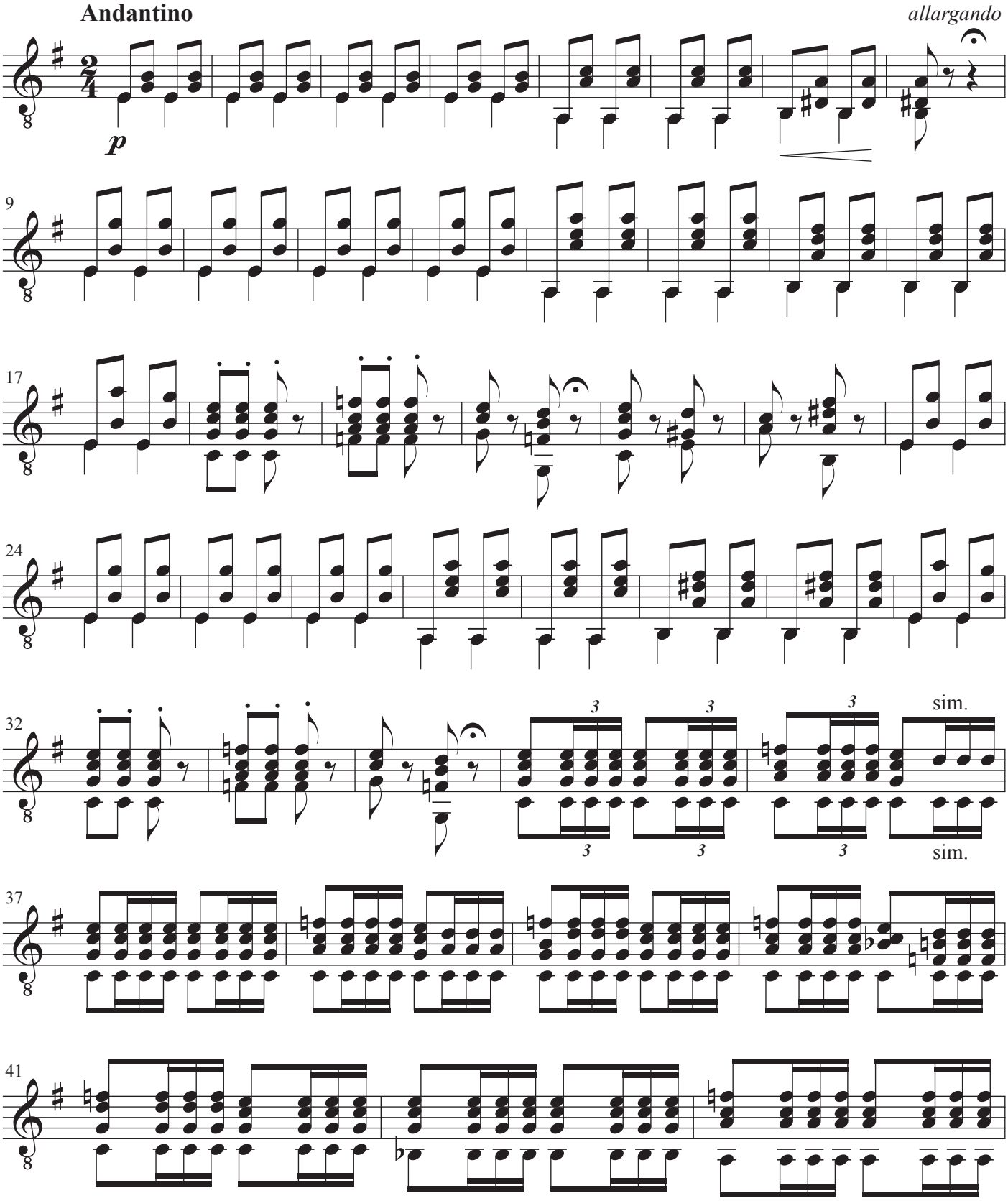

cresc. poco a poco
stringendo poco a poco
45
pi - ta, e a for - za qui m'ad - dus - se - ro nell'
con forza
49
an - - - - sia più cru - del.
ff

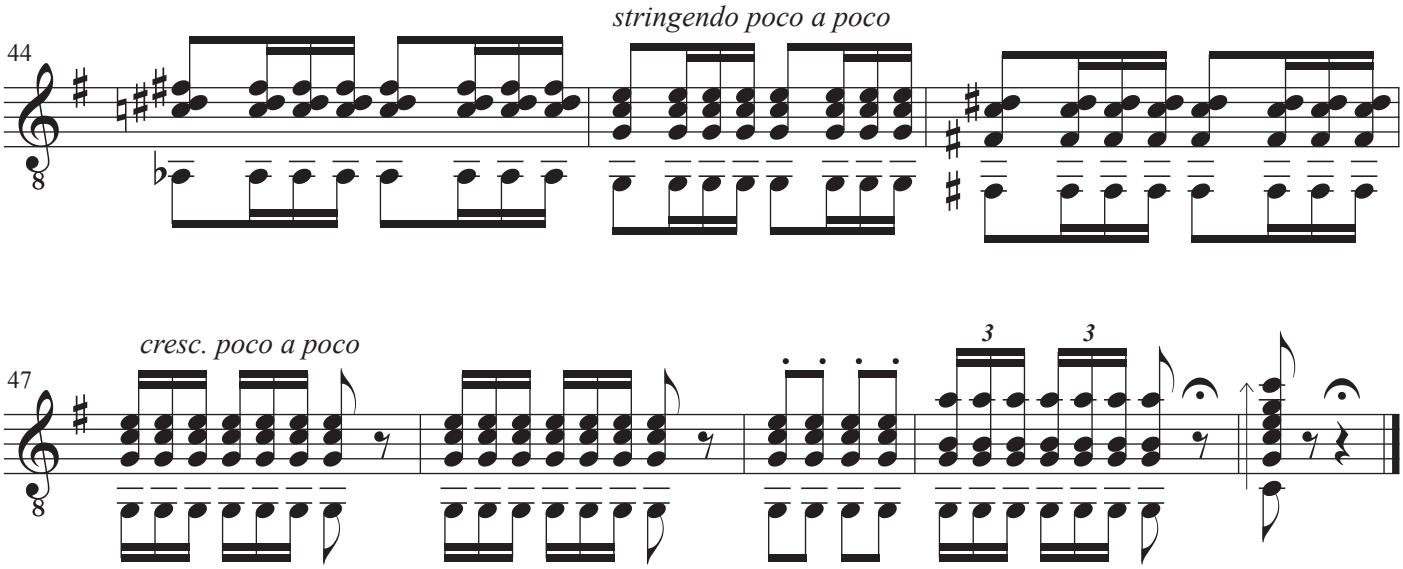
Chitarra

Tutte le feste al tempio

La scena di Gilda da Rigoletto

Musica: Giuseppe Verdi
Poesia: Francesco Maria Piave
Arrangiamento: John Jacobsen

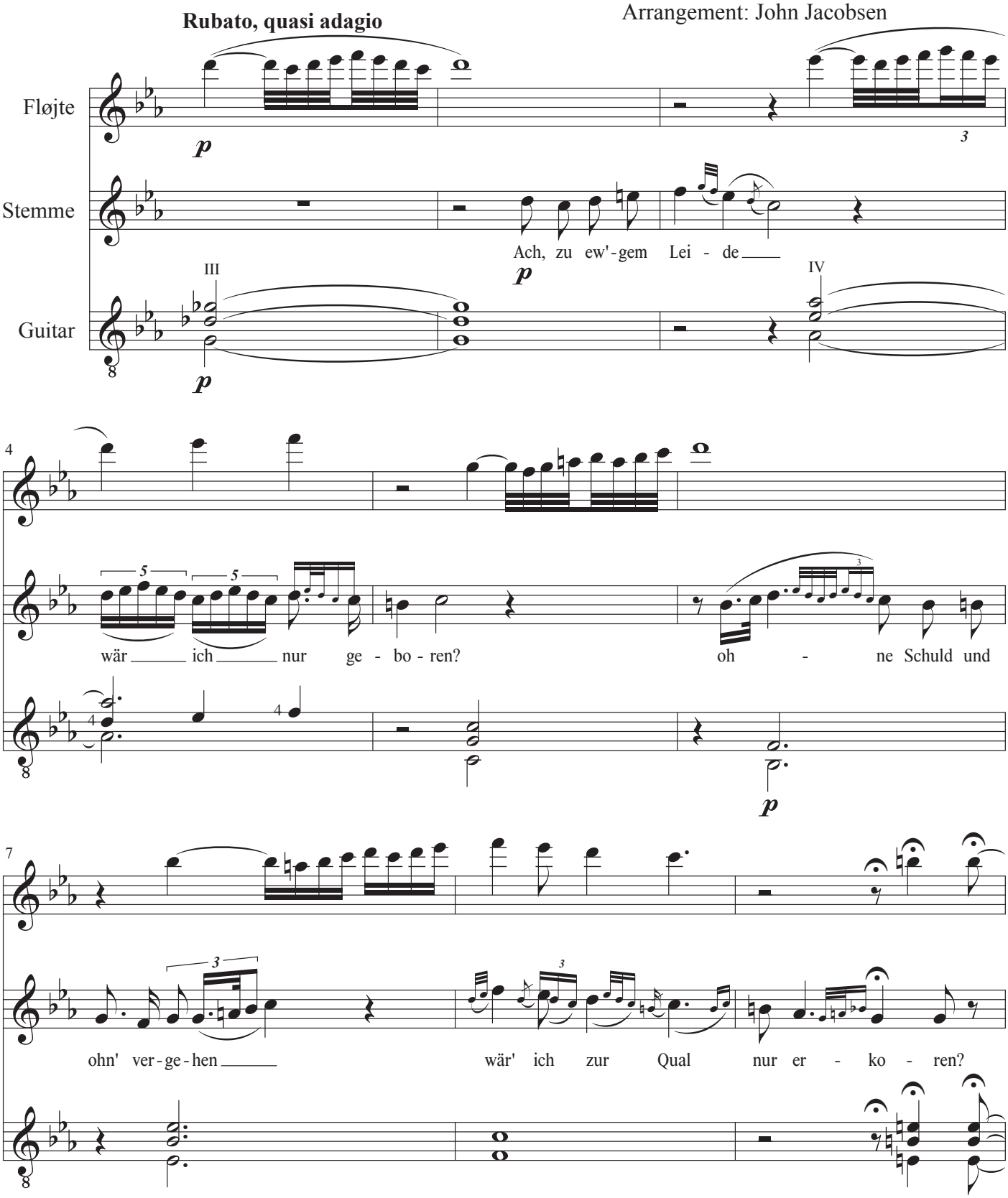


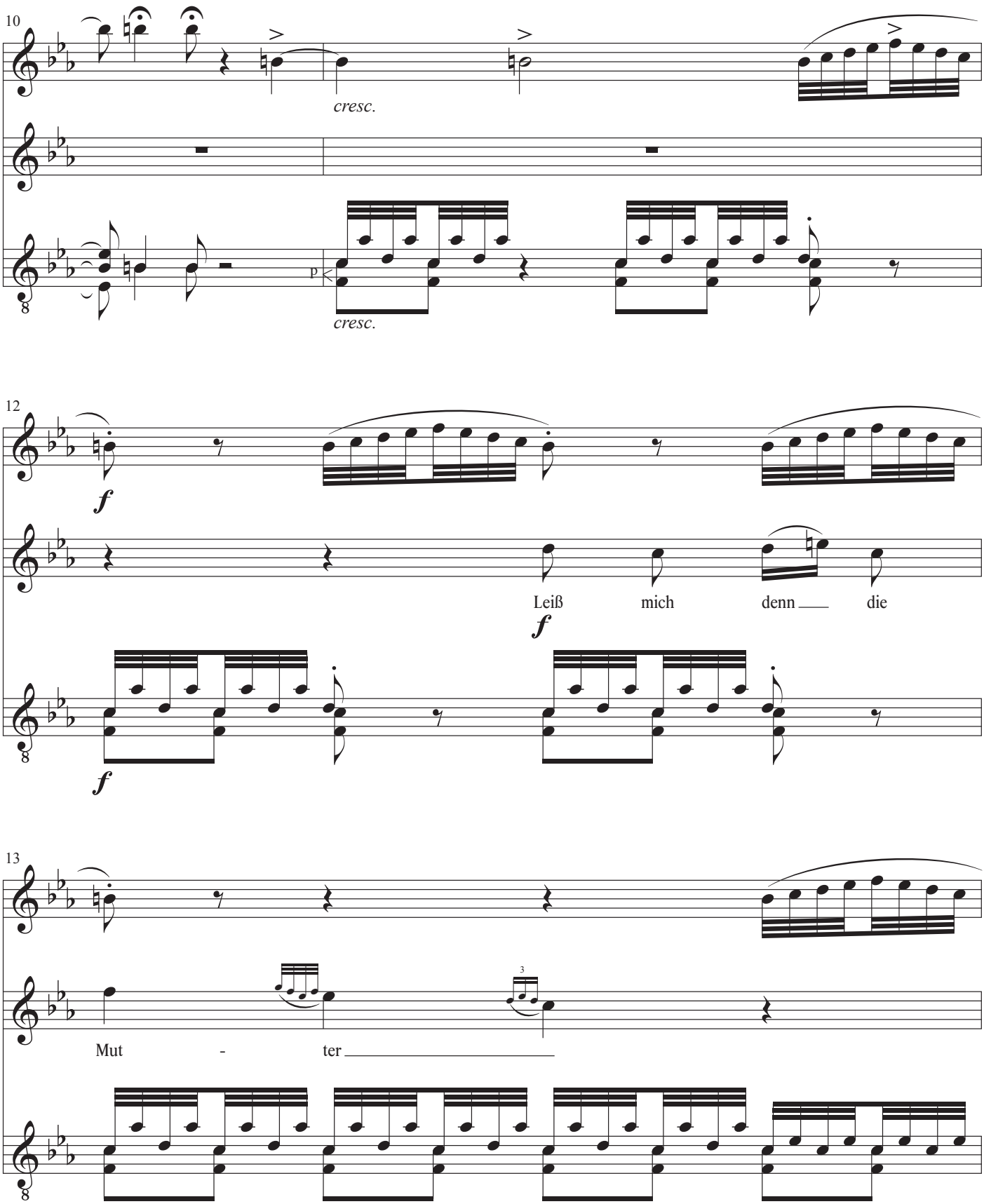

44
stringendo poco a poco
47
cresc. poco a poco
3
3

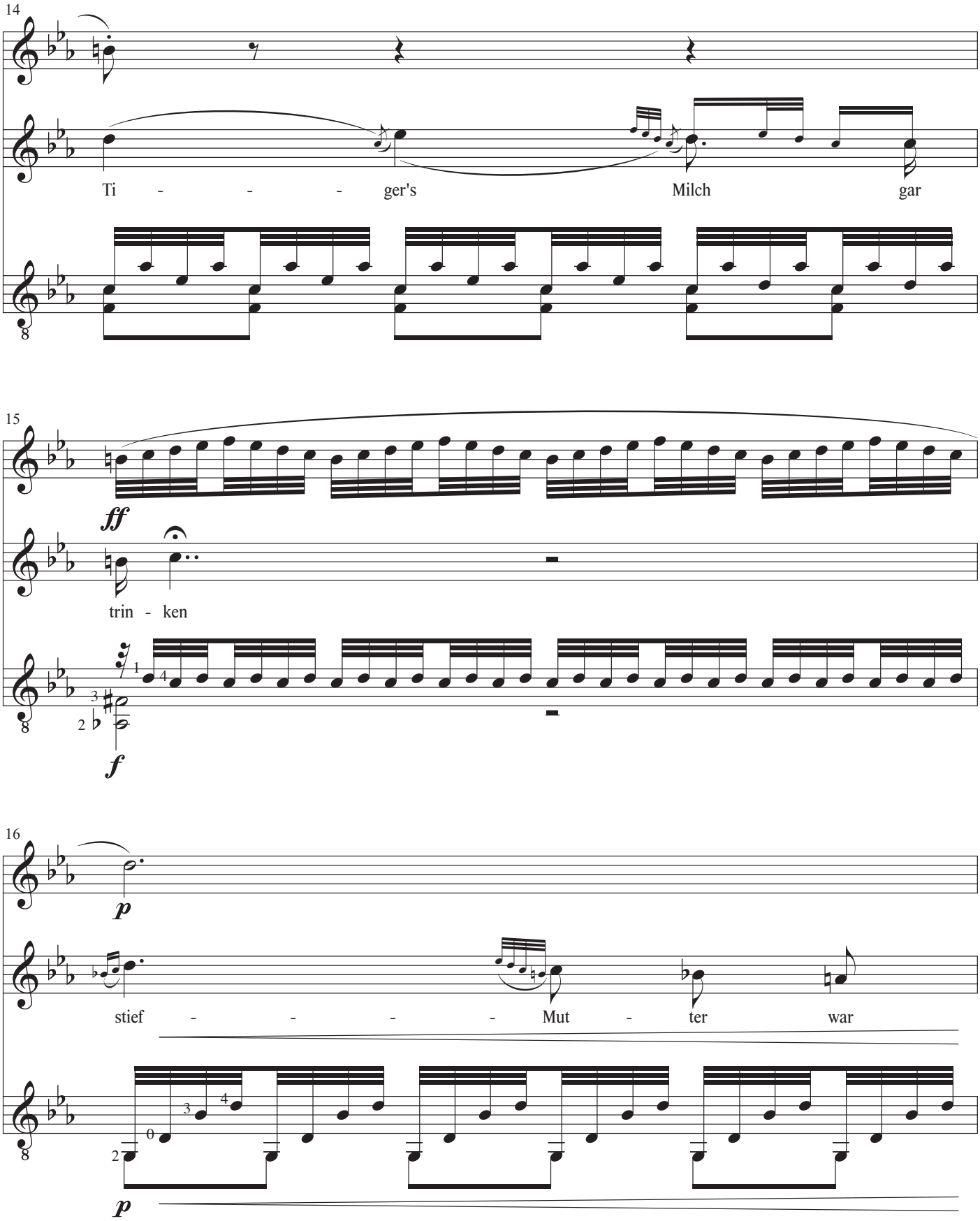
Ach, zu ew'gem Leide

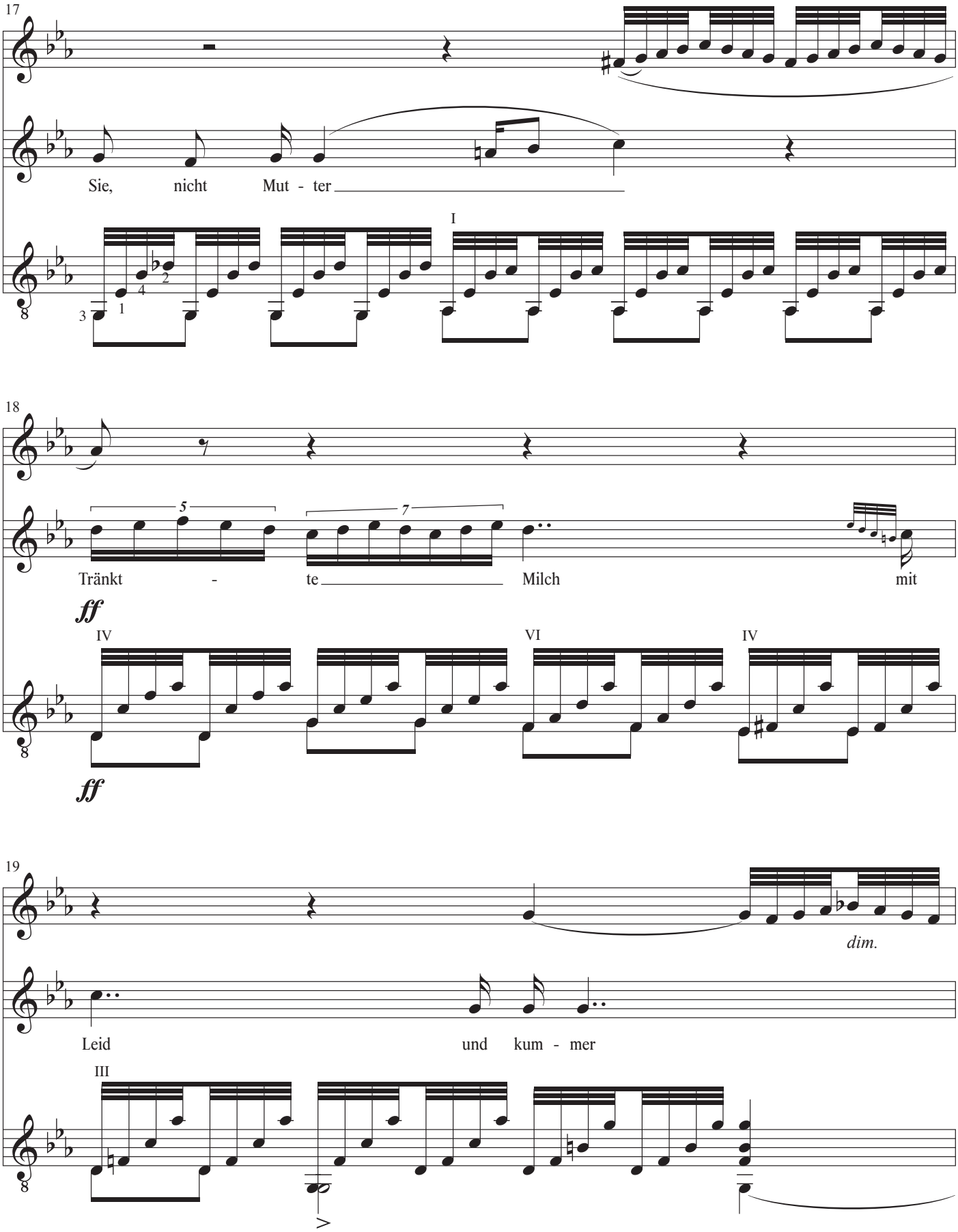
Siralmus volt nékem

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Dr. Székelyhidy Ferenchek
Tysk tekst: Emma Kodály & B. Szabolesi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




10
cresc.
p
cresc.
12
f
Leiß mich denn die
f
f
13
Mut - ter


14
Ti - - - ger's Milch gar
15
ff
trin - ken
f
16
p
stief - - - - Mut - ter war
p


17
Sie, nicht Mut - ter
I
18
Tränkt - te Milch mit
ff
IV
VI
IV
ff
19
dim.
Leid und kum - mer
III

20

III

dim.

dim.

21

p

f

wei - nend muß ich tra - gen

pp

p

pp

f

23

dim.

p

Mein ver - lor - nes Le - ben Gott will ich mein

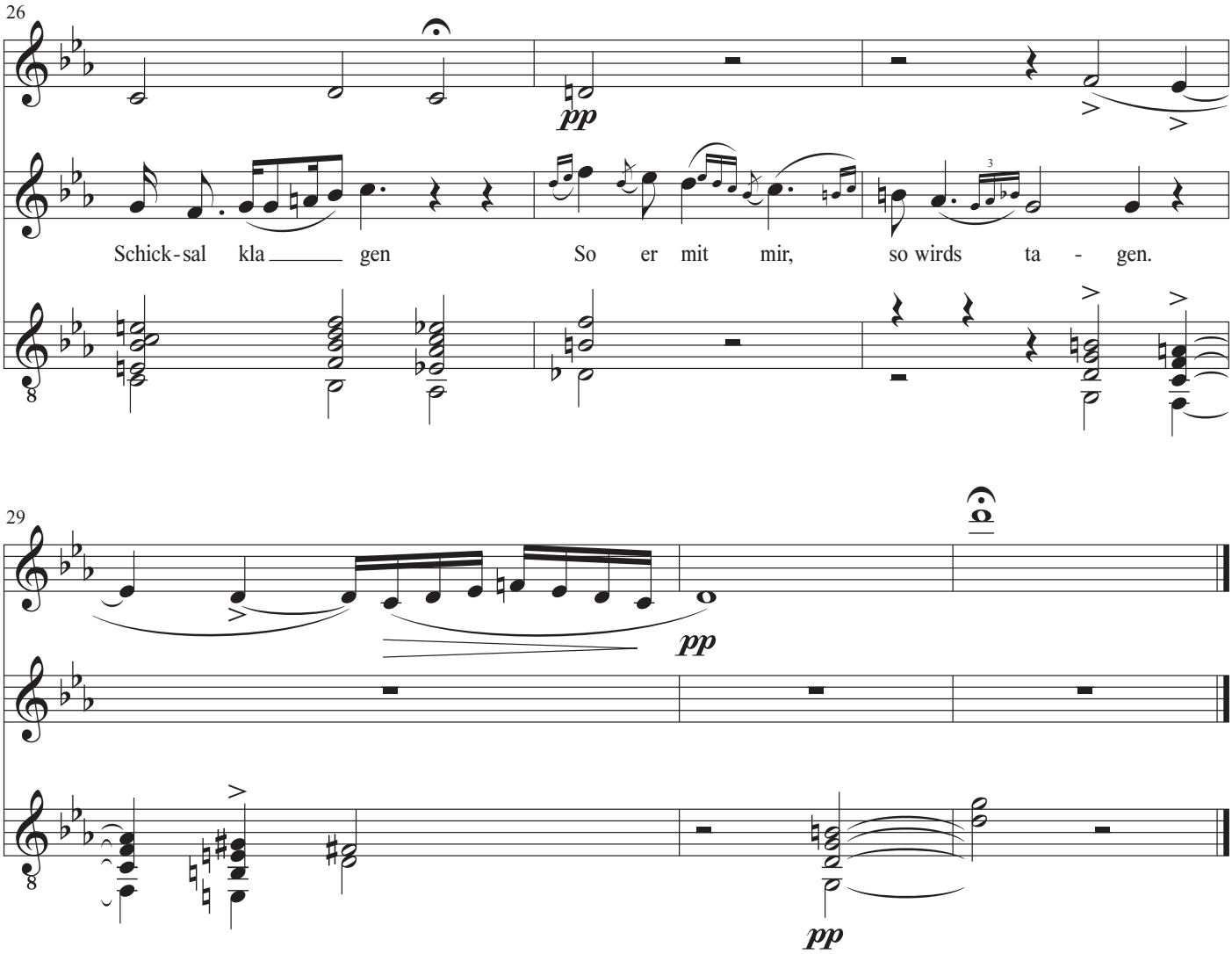
dim.

p

IV II

dim.

p

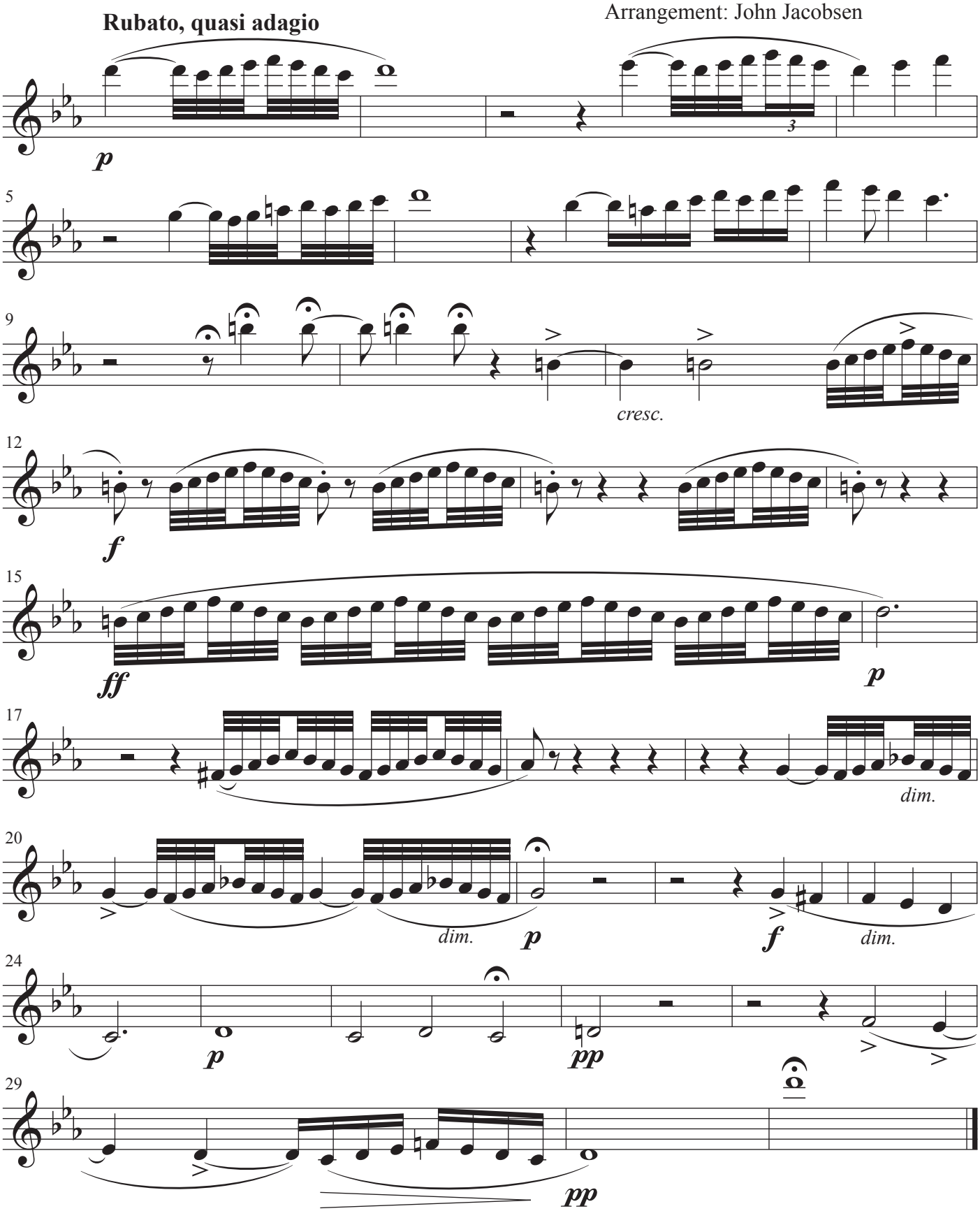

26
pp
Schick-sal kla gen So er mit mir, so wirds ta - gen.
29
pp
pp

Fløjte

Ach, zu ew'gem Leide

Siralmus volt nékem

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Dr. Székelyhidy Ferenchek
Tysk tekst: Emma Kodály & B. Szabolesi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Stemme

Ach, zu ew'gem Leide

Siralmus volt nékem

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Dr. Székelyhidy Ferenchek
Tysk tekst: Emma Kodály & B. Szabolesi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Rubato, quasi adagio

Ach, zu ew'-gem Lei - de wär ich nur ge-

p

5 bo - ren? oh - ne Schuld und ohn' ver - ge - hen

8 wär' ich zur Qual nur er - ko - ren?

12 *f* Leiß mich denn die Mut - ter Ti - ger's Milch gar trin - ken

16 stief - Mut - ter war Sie, nicht Mut - ter Tränkt - te Milch mit

19 Leid und kum - mer wei - nend muß ich tra - gen

ff

23 Mein ver - lor - nes Le - ben Gott will ich mein

pp

dim.

26 Schick - sal kla gen So er mit mir, so wirds ta - gen.

p

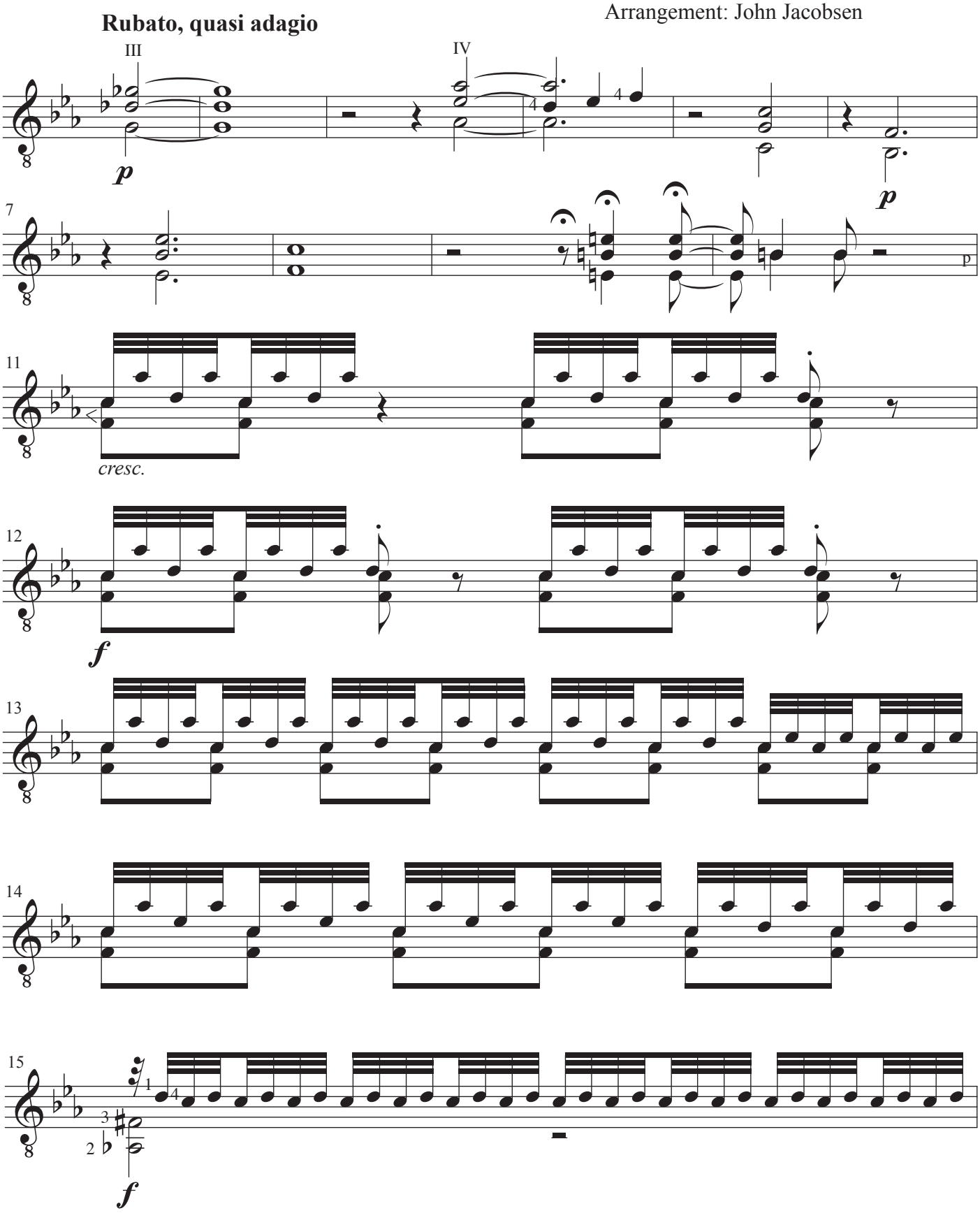
29

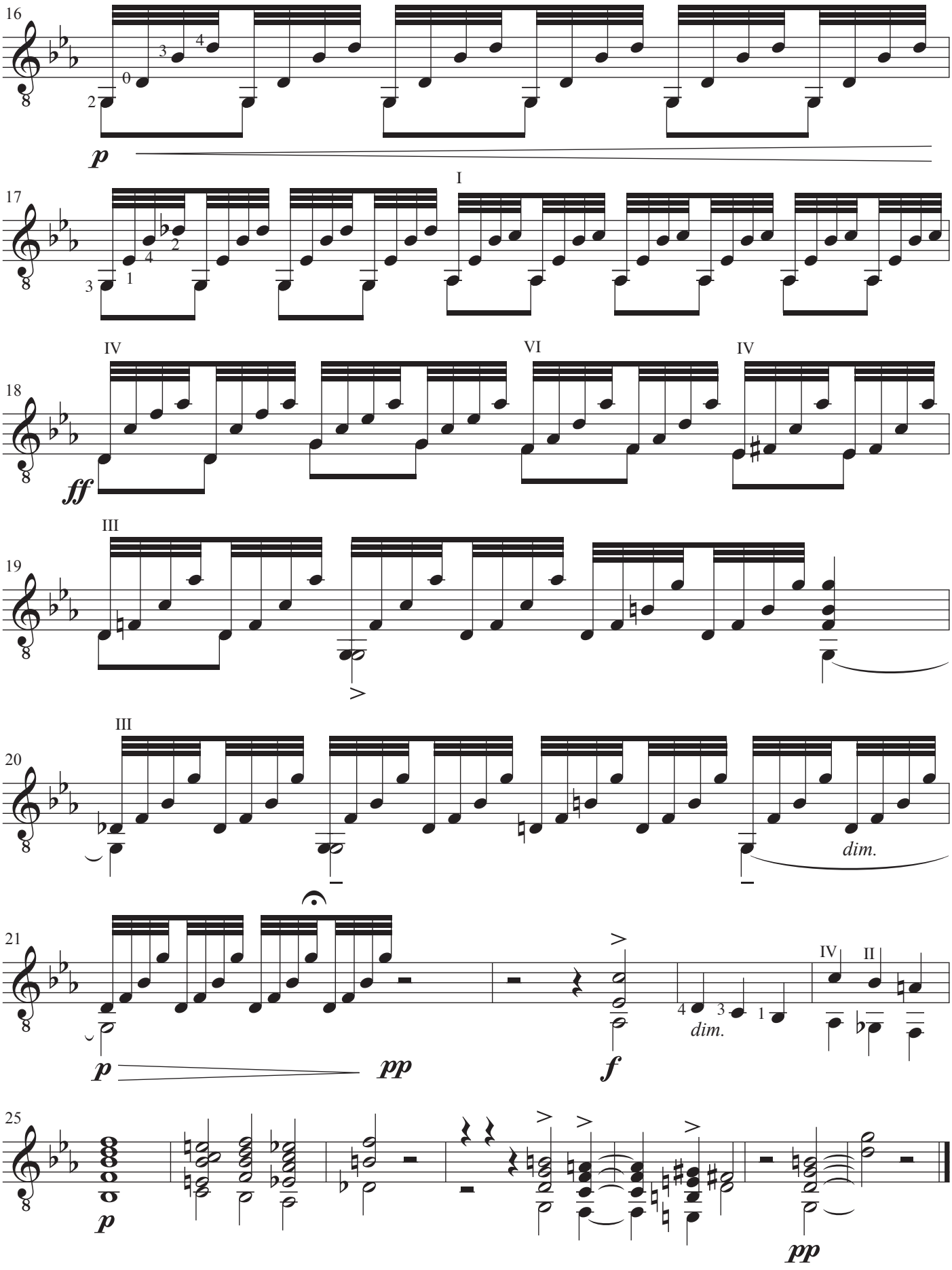
Guitar

Ach, zu ew'gem Leide

Siralmus volt nékem

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Dr. Székelyhidy Ferenchek
Tysk tekst: Emma Kodály & B. Szabolesi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

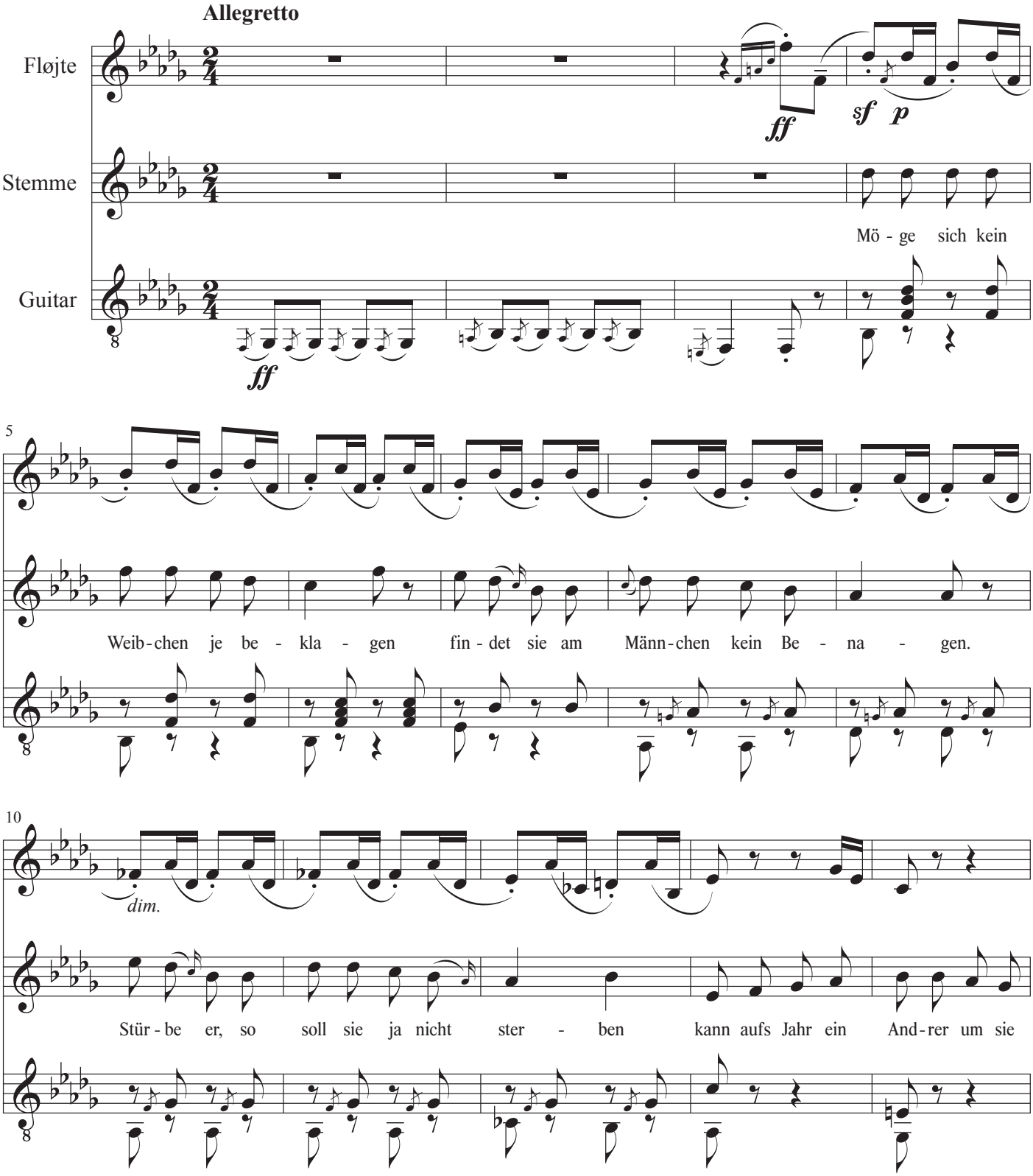


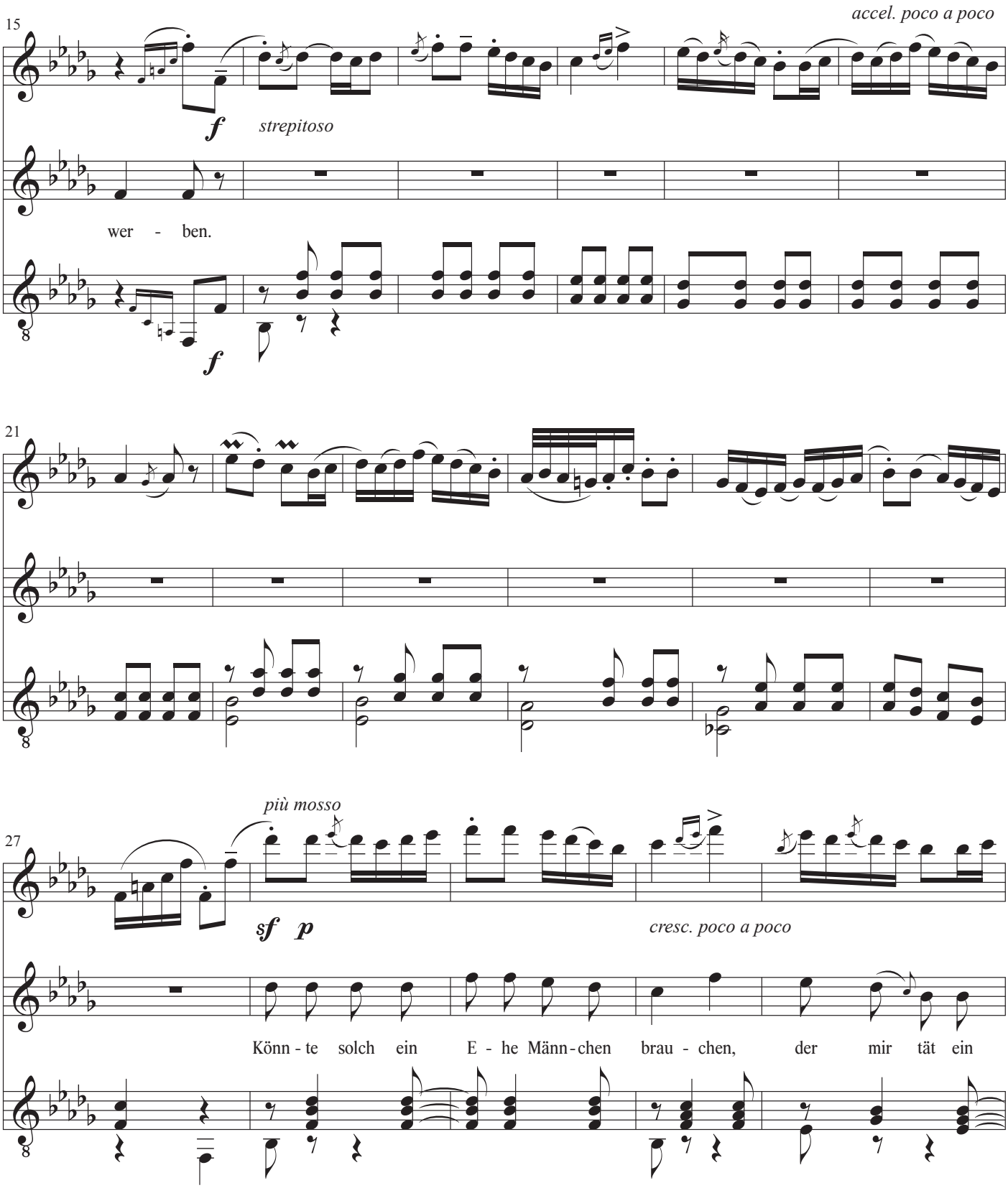

16
p
17
I
18
IV
VI
IV
ff
19
III
20
III
dim.
21
p
pp
f
dim.
IV
II
25
p
pp

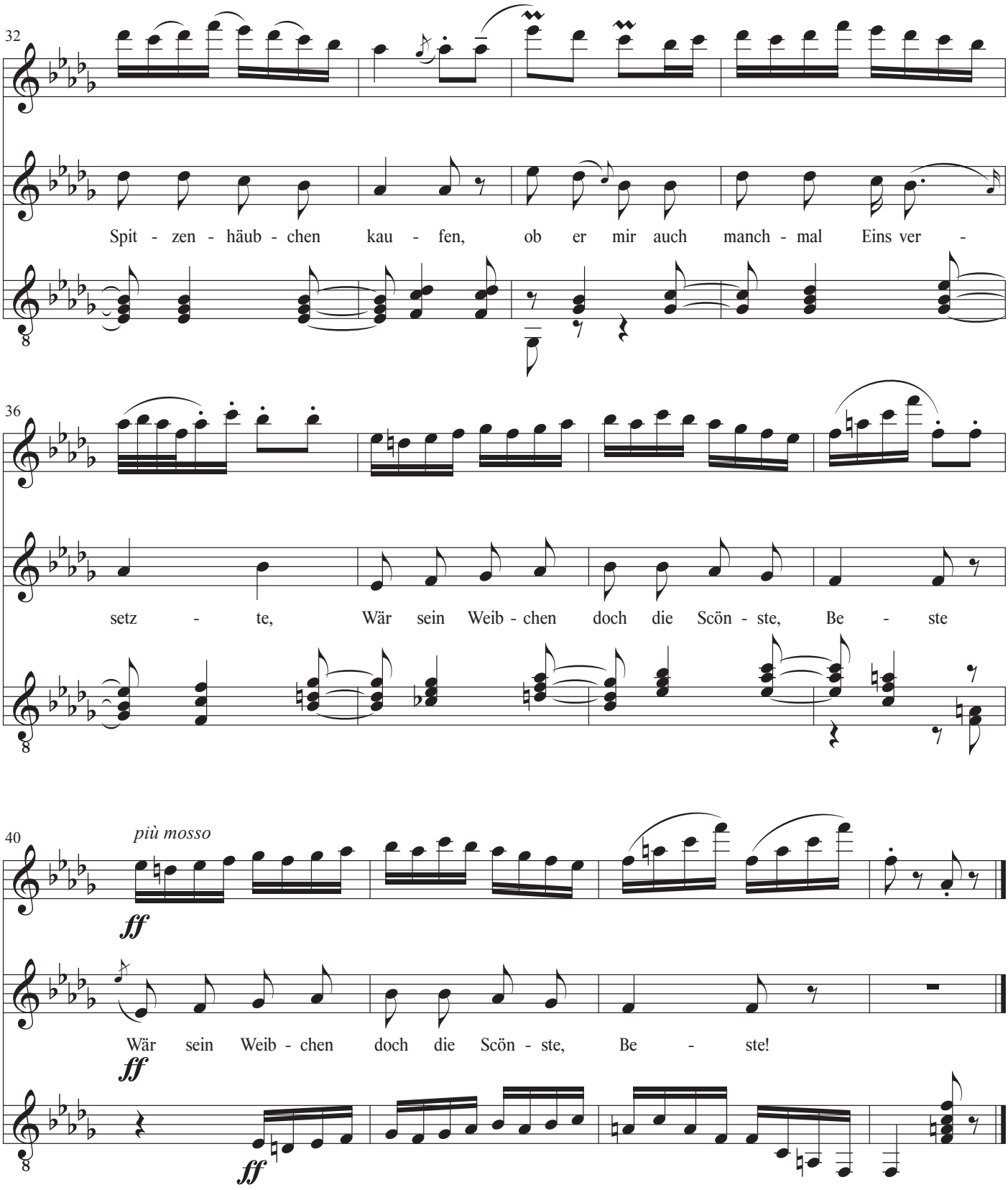
Möge sich kein Weibchen je beklagen

Ne búsuljan senki menyecskéje

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Bálthy Annának
Tysk tekst: B. Szabolcsi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




15
accel. poco a poco
f
strepitoso
wer - ben.
f
21
27
più mosso
sf p
cresc. poco a poco
Könn - te solch ein E - he Männ - chen brau - chen, der mir tät ein

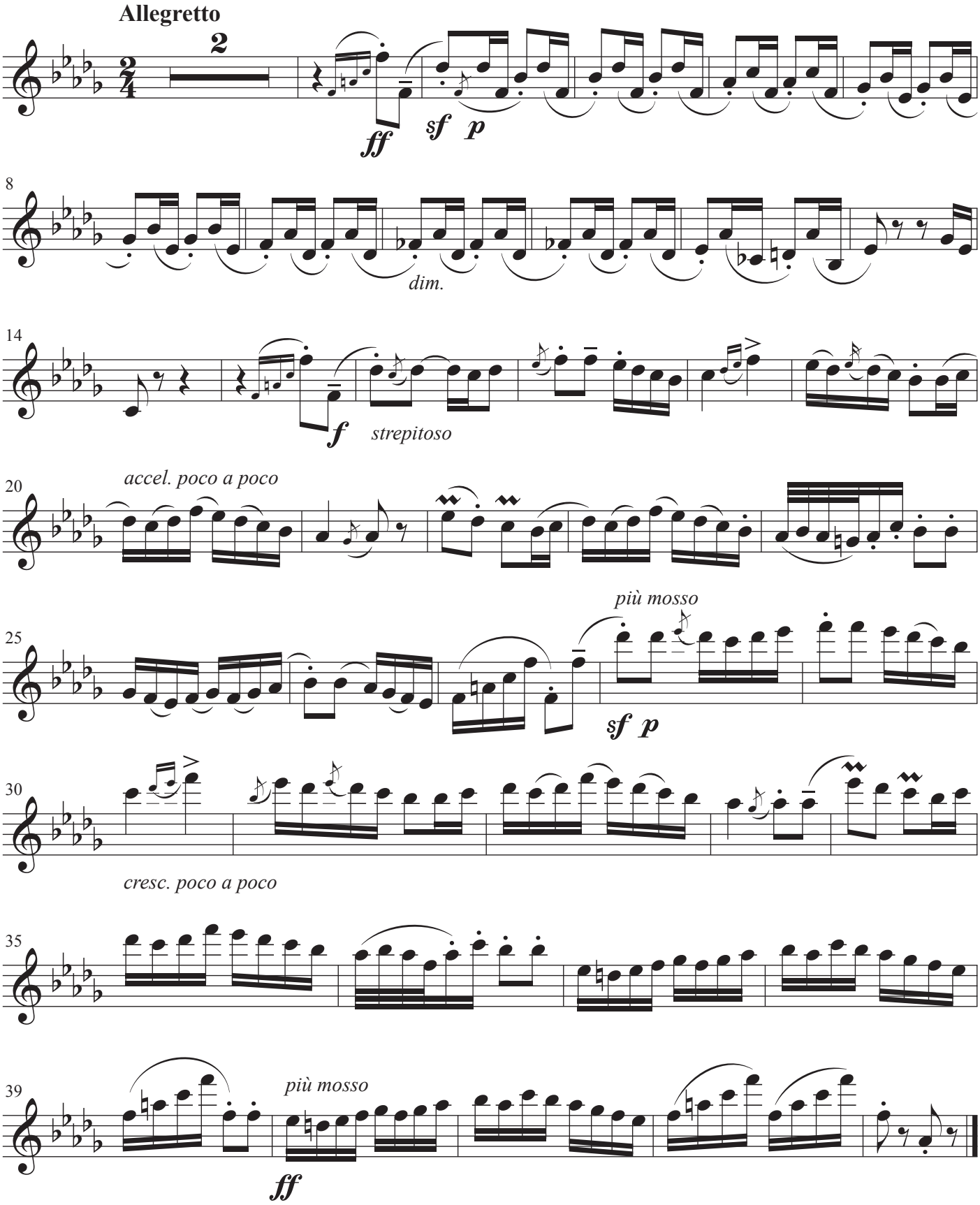

32
Spit - zen - häub - chen kau - fen, ob er mir auch manch - mal Eins ver -
36
setz - te, Wär sein Weib - chen doch die Scön - ste, Be - ste
40
più mosso
ff
Wär sein Weib - chen doch die Scön - ste, Be - ste!
ff
ff

Fløjte

Möge sich kein Weibchen je beklagen

Ne búsuljan senki menyecskéje

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Bálthy Annának
Tysk tekst: B. Szabolcsi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

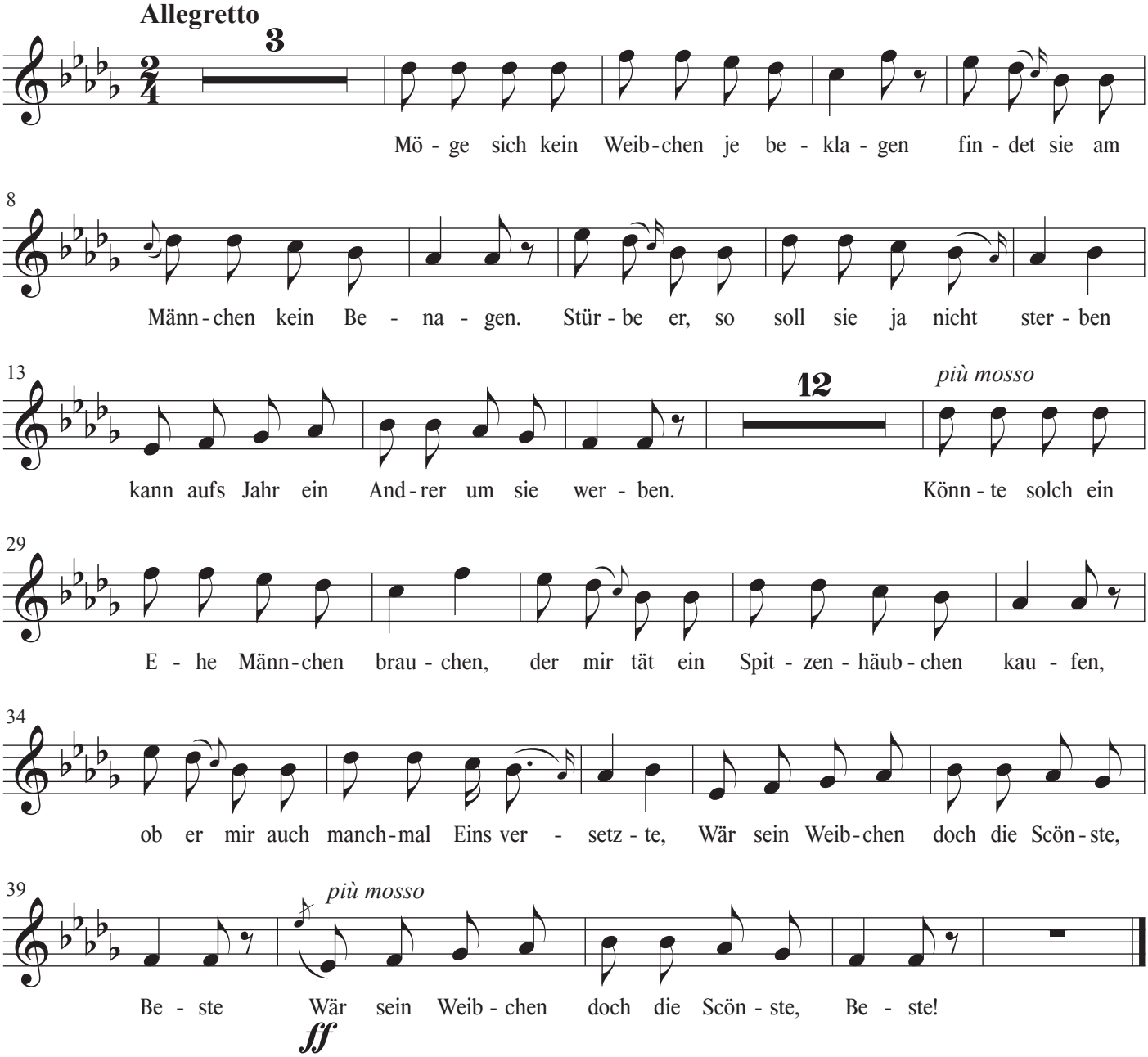


Stemme

Möge sich kein Weibchen je beklagen

Ne búsuljan senki menyecskéje

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Bálthy Annának
Tysk tekst: B. Szabolcsi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

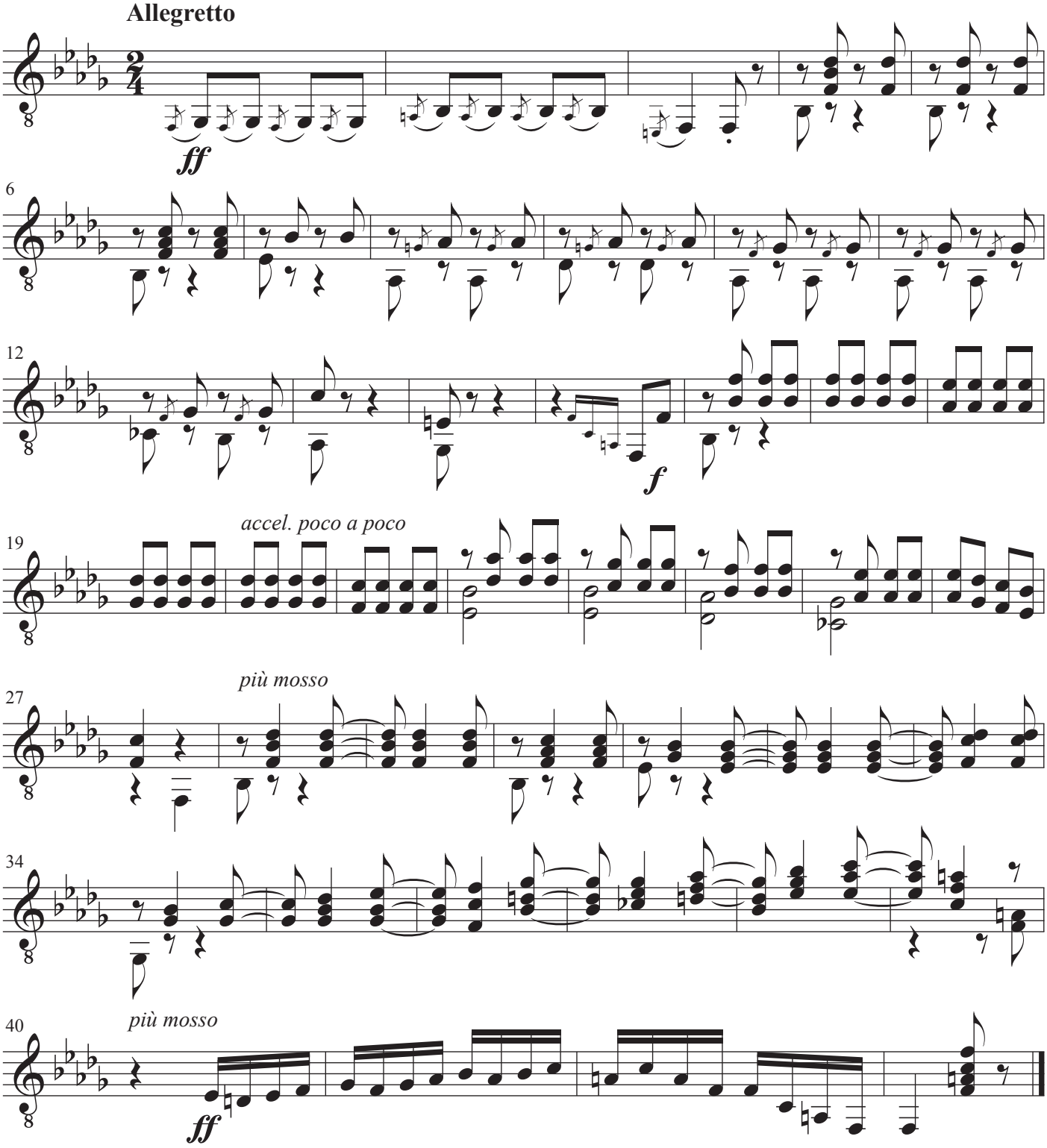


Guitar

Möge sich kein Weibchen je beklagen

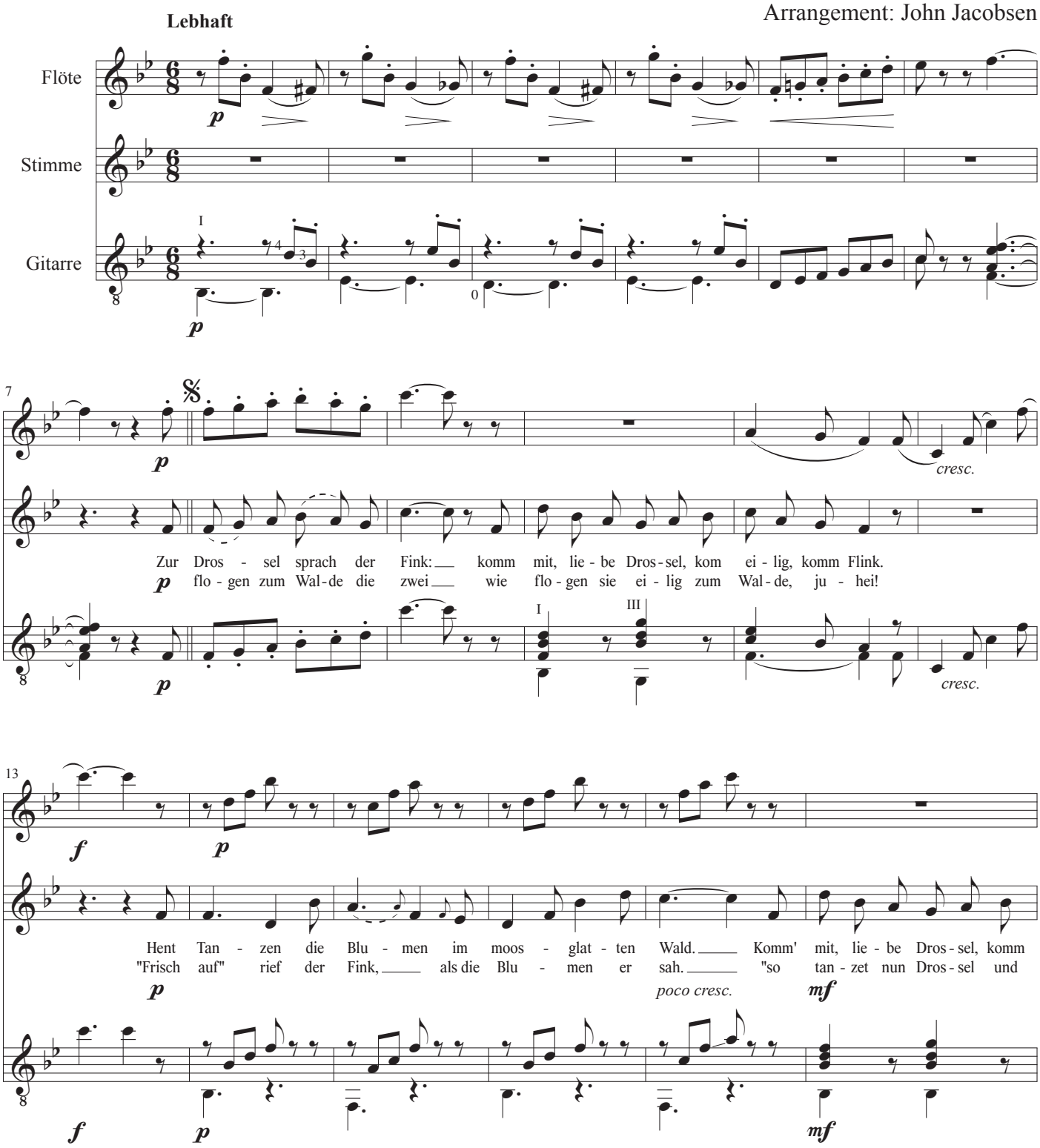
Ne búsuljan senki menyecskéje

Musik: Zóltan Kodály
Tekst: Bálthy Annának
Tysk tekst: B. Szabolcsi
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Zur Drossel sprach der Fink

Musik: Eugen d'Albert
Text: Peter Cornelius
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



19

p *pp* *leggierissimo*

ei - lig, komm' bald! Wir set - zen uns auf die Ä - ste und mu - si - zie - ren zum

Fin - ke sind da". und Fink und Dros - sel sin - gen, Blu - men den rei - gen

dim. *p* *pp*

2da volta 2da volta

p *p* *leggierissimo*

2da volta

25

mf *dim.* *p*

fe - ste und schau - en zu, wie sie tan - zen, von Fern. Ich ha - be die Blu - men so

schlin - gen und tan - zen froh ü - ber Tal und Höhn. Wie tan - ten die Blu - men so

mf *p*

mf *p*

32

p *p*

gern. *p* *p*

p *p*

del 𝄋 al 𝄐

39

p *dim.* *pp*

schön. *p*

p *dim.* *pp*

46

zurückhaltend *a tempo*

p

und als der Tanz nun aus da flo-gen der Fink und die Dros-sel nach Haus die

p *p* *p*

53

ein bischen langsamer

Blu - men schlos - sen die kelch Blät - ter zu und hiel - ten nach Fröh - li - chem

59

noch zurückhaltend *ruhig* *rit.*

p *cresc.*

Ta - ge nun ruh. Als Fink und Dros-sel sich Schie - den, so recht von Hert-zen zu

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

65

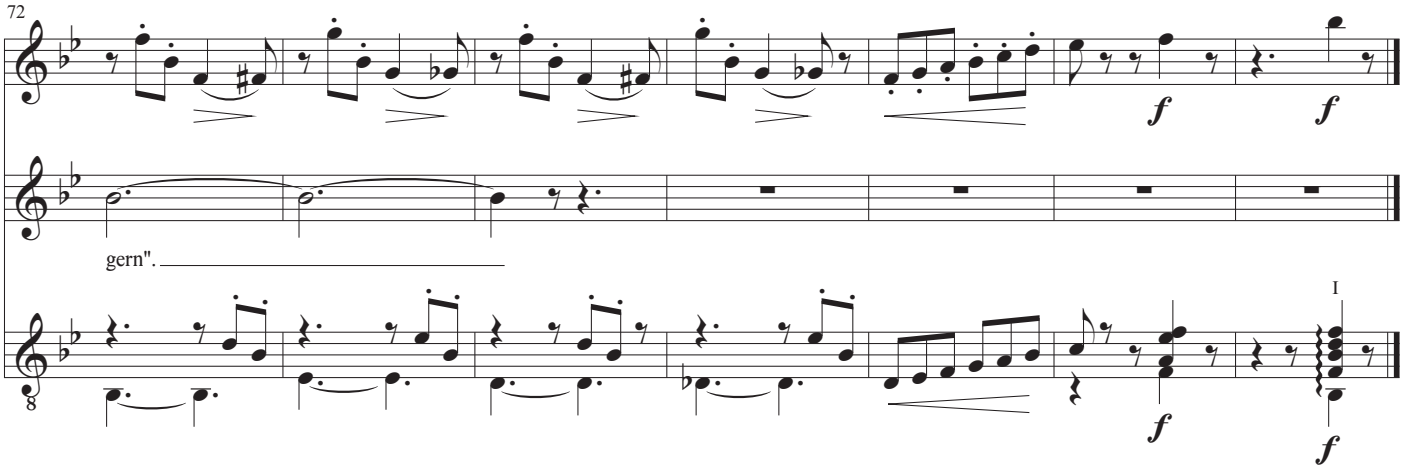
wieder lebhaft

f *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p*

frie - den, da rief der lu-sti-ge Fink nach von Fern. "Ich ha - be die Blu - men so

f *cresc.* *p*

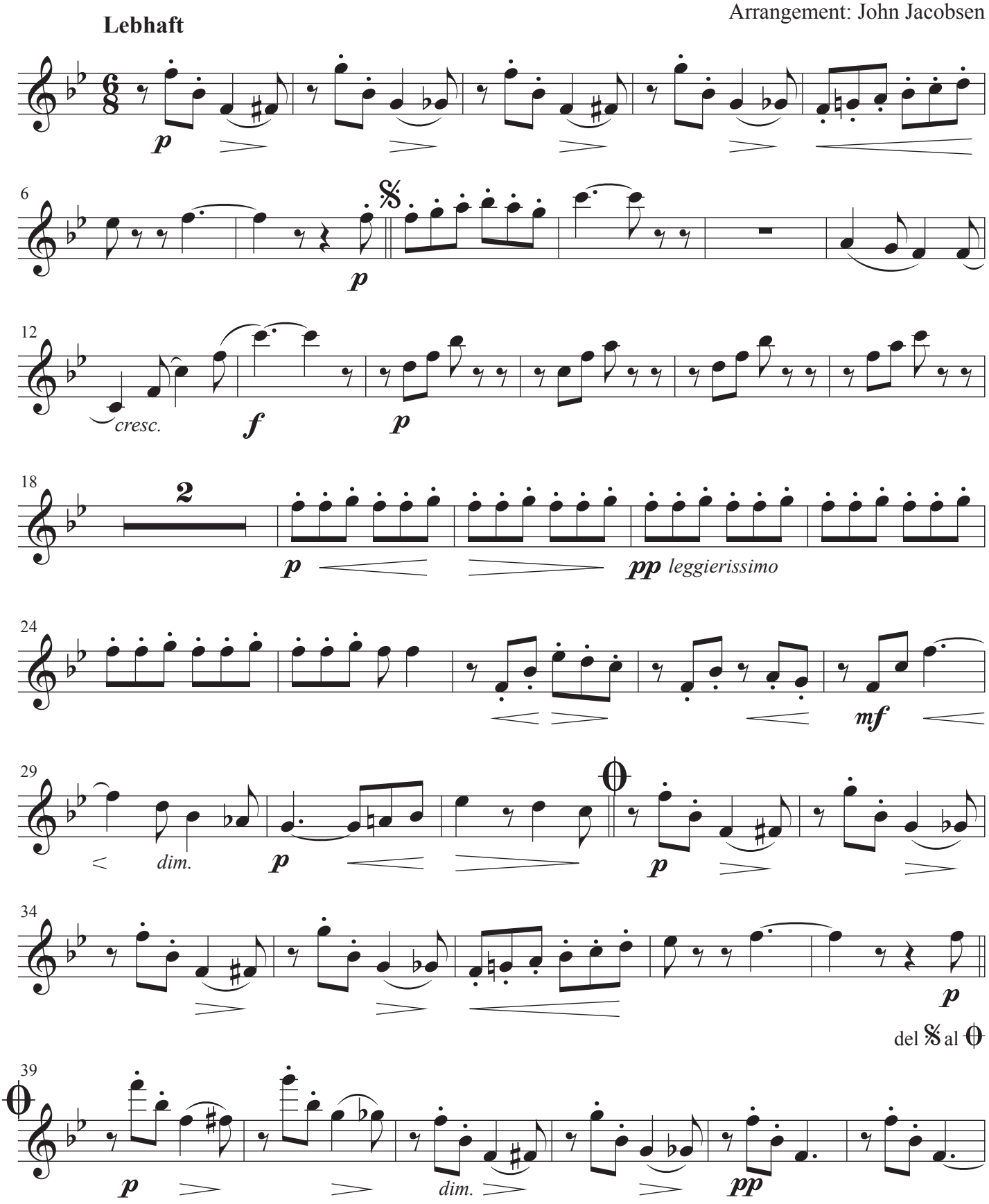
f *cresc.* *f* *p*

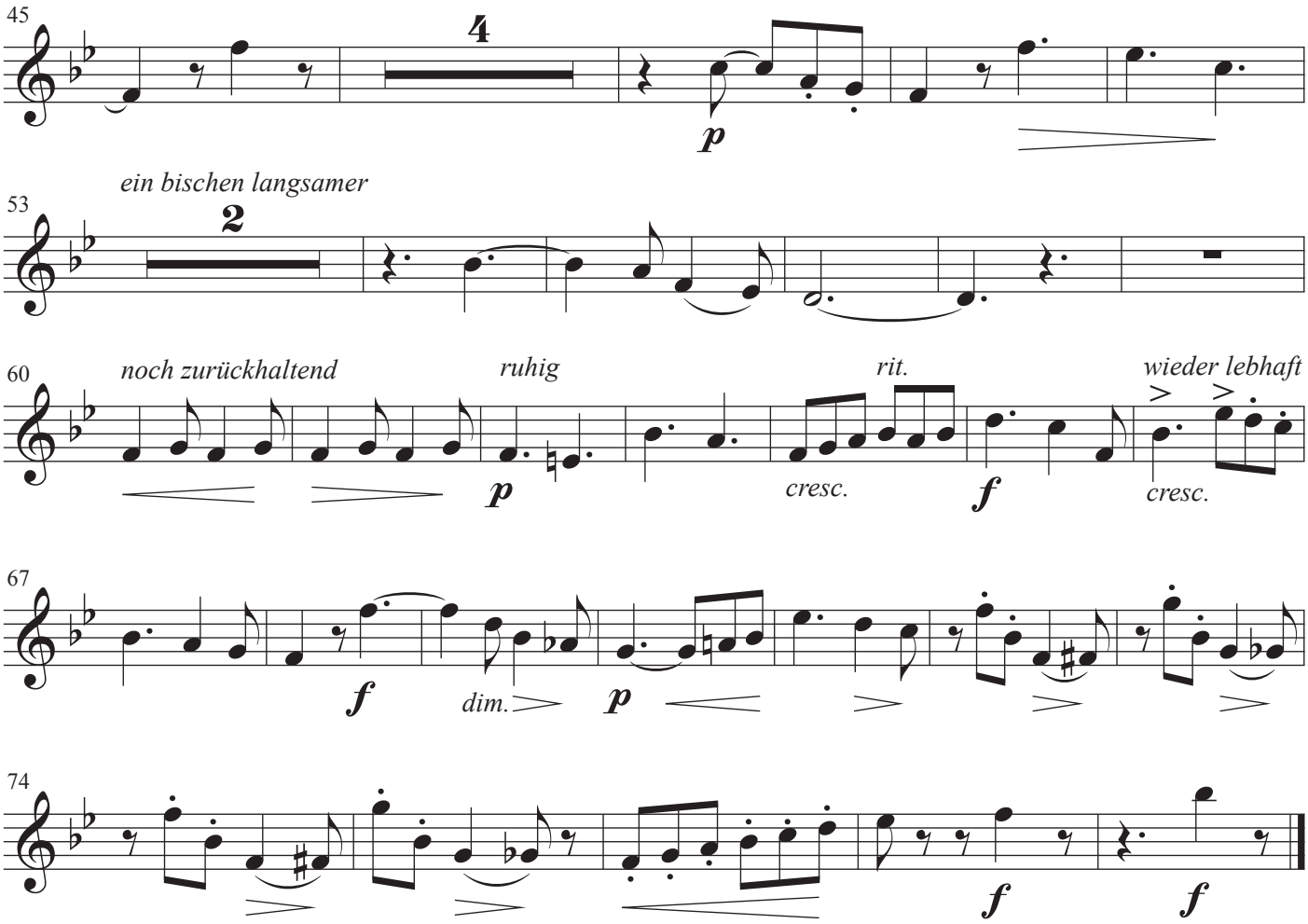

72
gern".
I

Flöte

Zur Drossel sprach der Fink

Musik: Eugen d'Albert
Text: Peter Cornelius
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

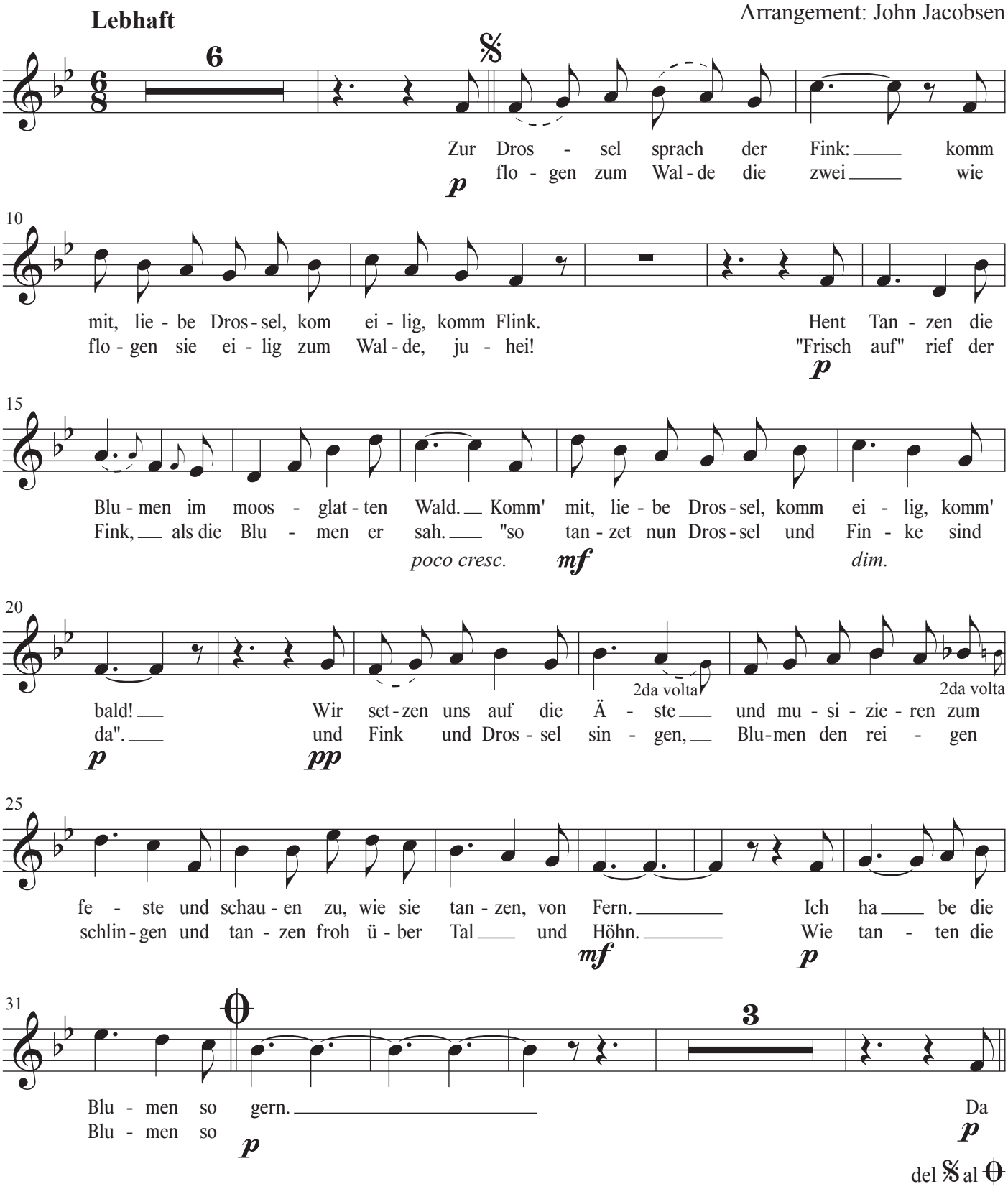


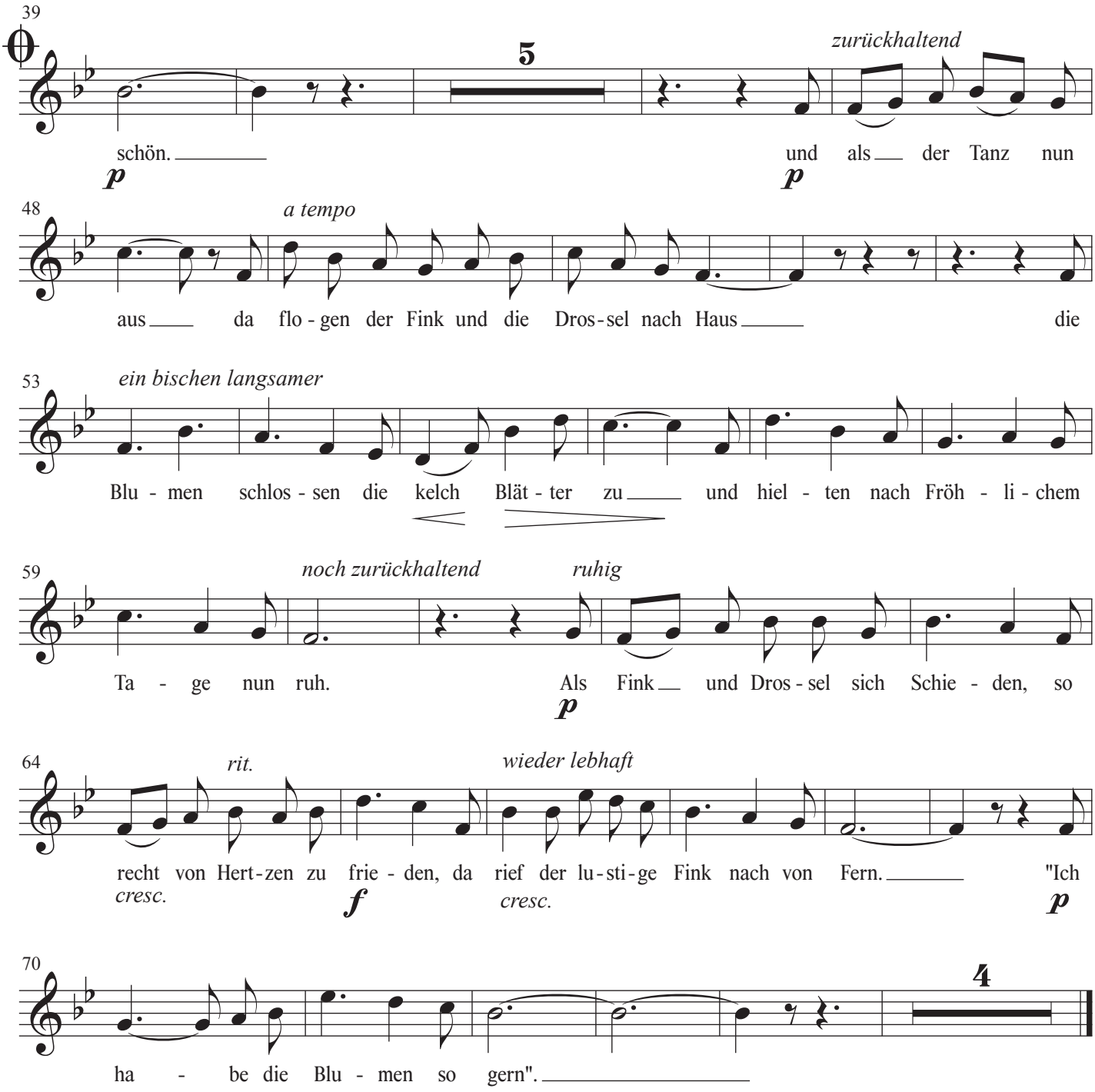

45
4
p
53
ein bischen langsamer
2
60
noch zurückhaltend
ruhig
p
rit.
cresc.
f
wieder lebhaft
cresc.
67
f
dim.
p
74
f
f

Stimme

Zur Drossel sprach der Fink

Musik: Eugen d'Albert
Text: Peter Cornelius
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

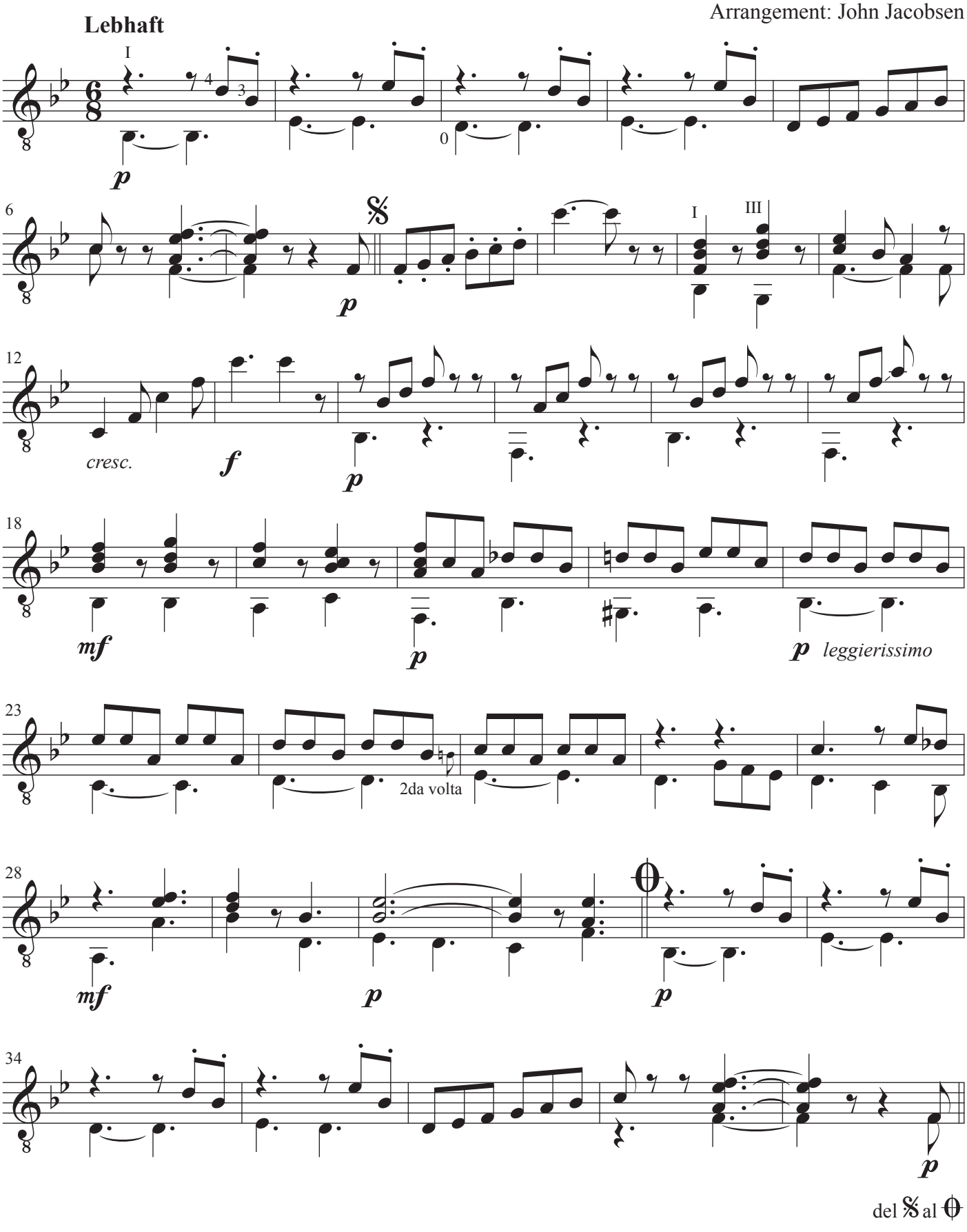


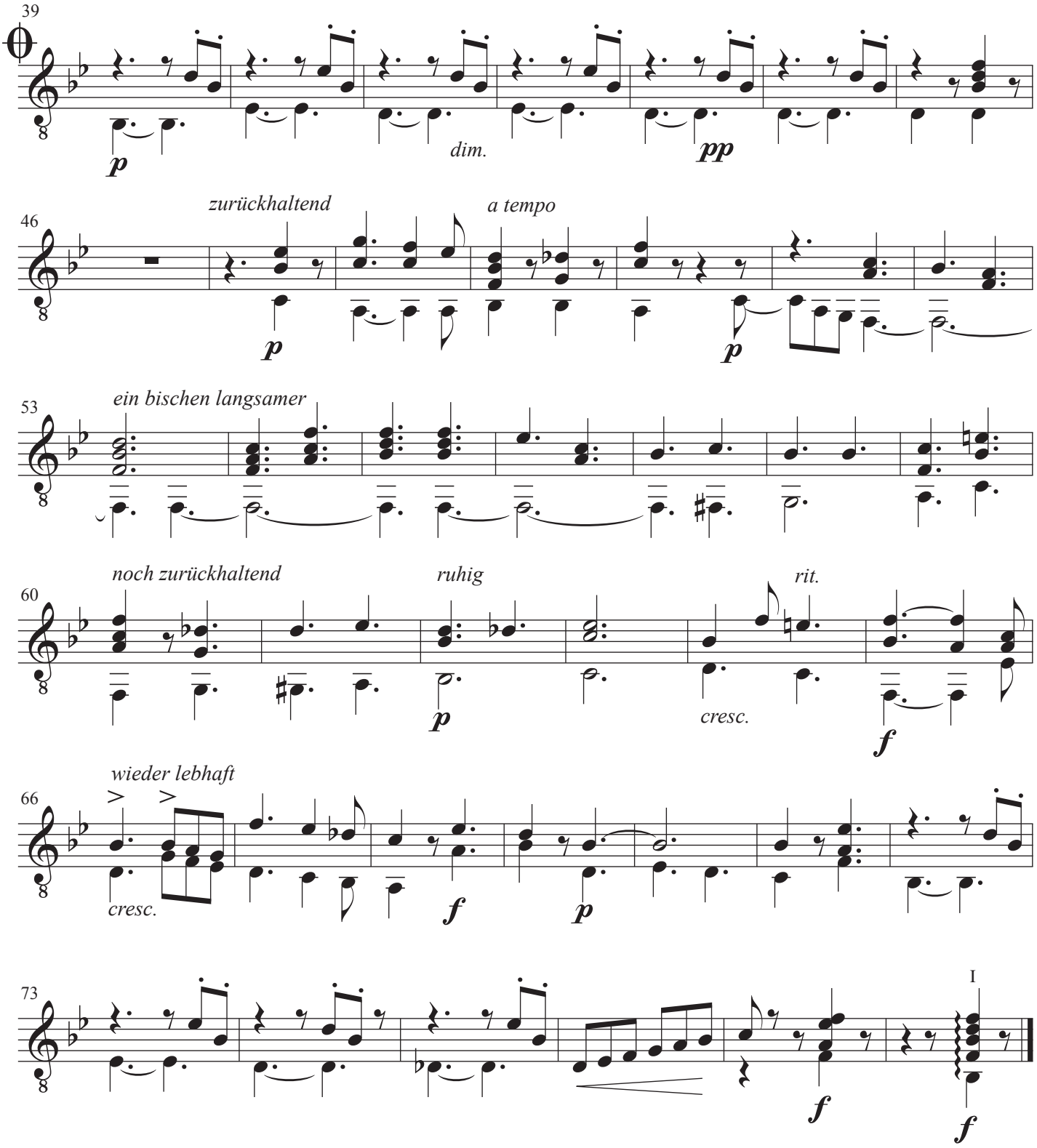

39
5
zurückhaltend
schön.
p
und als der Tanz nun
p
48
a tempo
aus da flo - gen der Fink und die Dros - sel nach Haus die
53
ein bischen langsamer
Blu - men schlos - sen die kelch Blät - ter zu und hiel - ten nach Fröh - li - chem
59
noch zurückhaltend
ruhig
Ta - ge nun ruh.
Als Fink und Dros - sel sich Schie - den, so
p
64
rit.
wieder lebhaft
recht von Hert - zen zu frie - den, da rief der lu - sti - ge Fink nach von Fern. "Ich
cresc.
f
cresc.
p
70
4
ha - be die Blu - men so gern".

Gitarre

Zur Drossel sprach der Fink

Musik: Eugen d'Albert
Text: Peter Cornelius
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

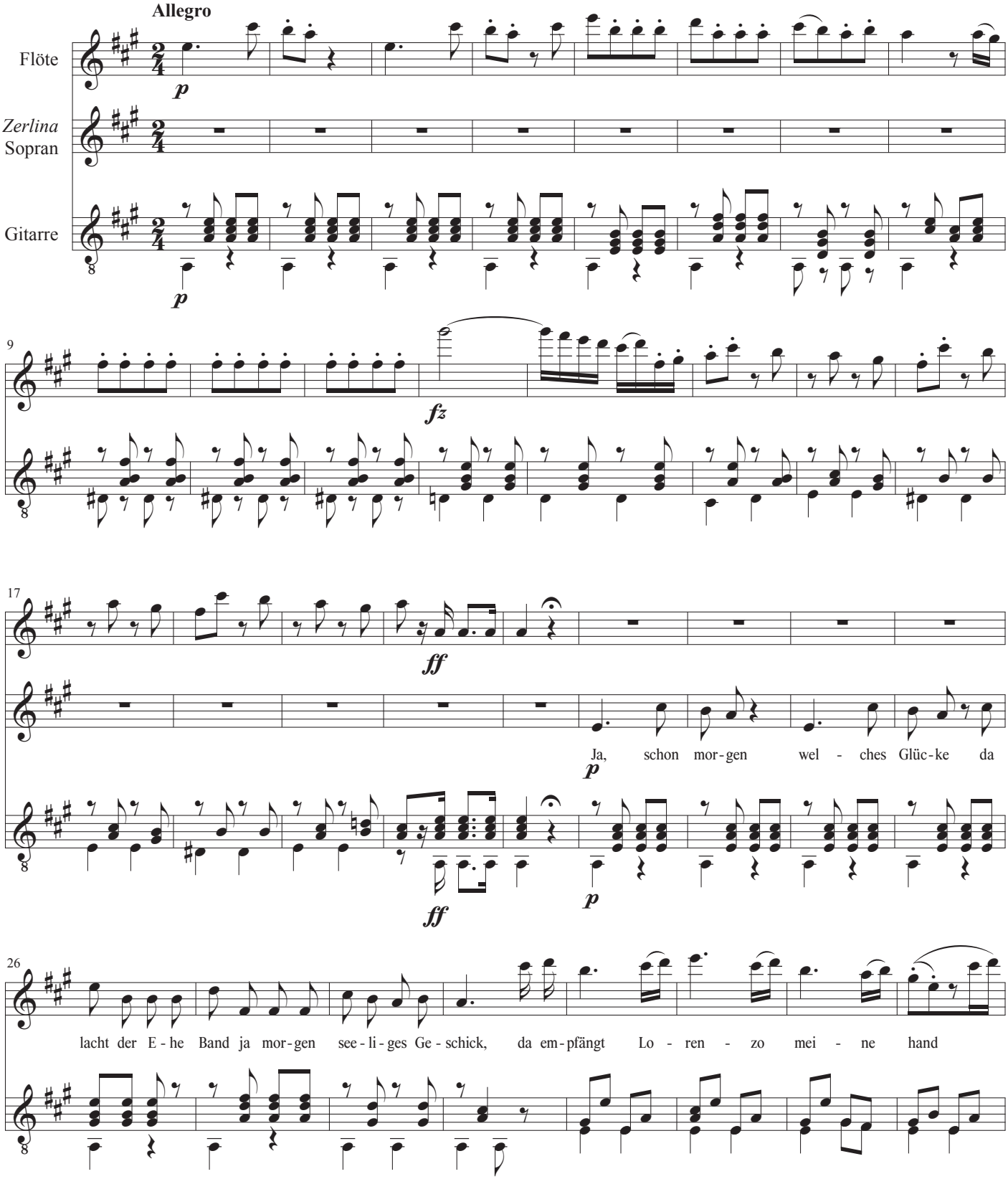



39
p
dim.
pp
46
zurückhaltend
a tempo
p
p
53
ein bischen langsamer
60
noch zurückhaltend
ruhig
rit.
p
cresc.
f
66
wieder lebhaft
cresc.
f
p
73
I
f
f

Ja, schon morgen, welches Glück

die komische Oper "Fra Diavolo"

Musik: Daniel Auber
Text: Eugéne Scribe
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



34

S: zu dem schö - nen sü - ßen Bun-de, da schlägt nun bald die Fro-he Stun-de mor-gen schon ja mor -

fz

G

42

F

S: - - gen schon zum sü - ßen Bun-de der schlägt die Stun-de ja mor - gen schon!

G: II III

50

F

G

58

F

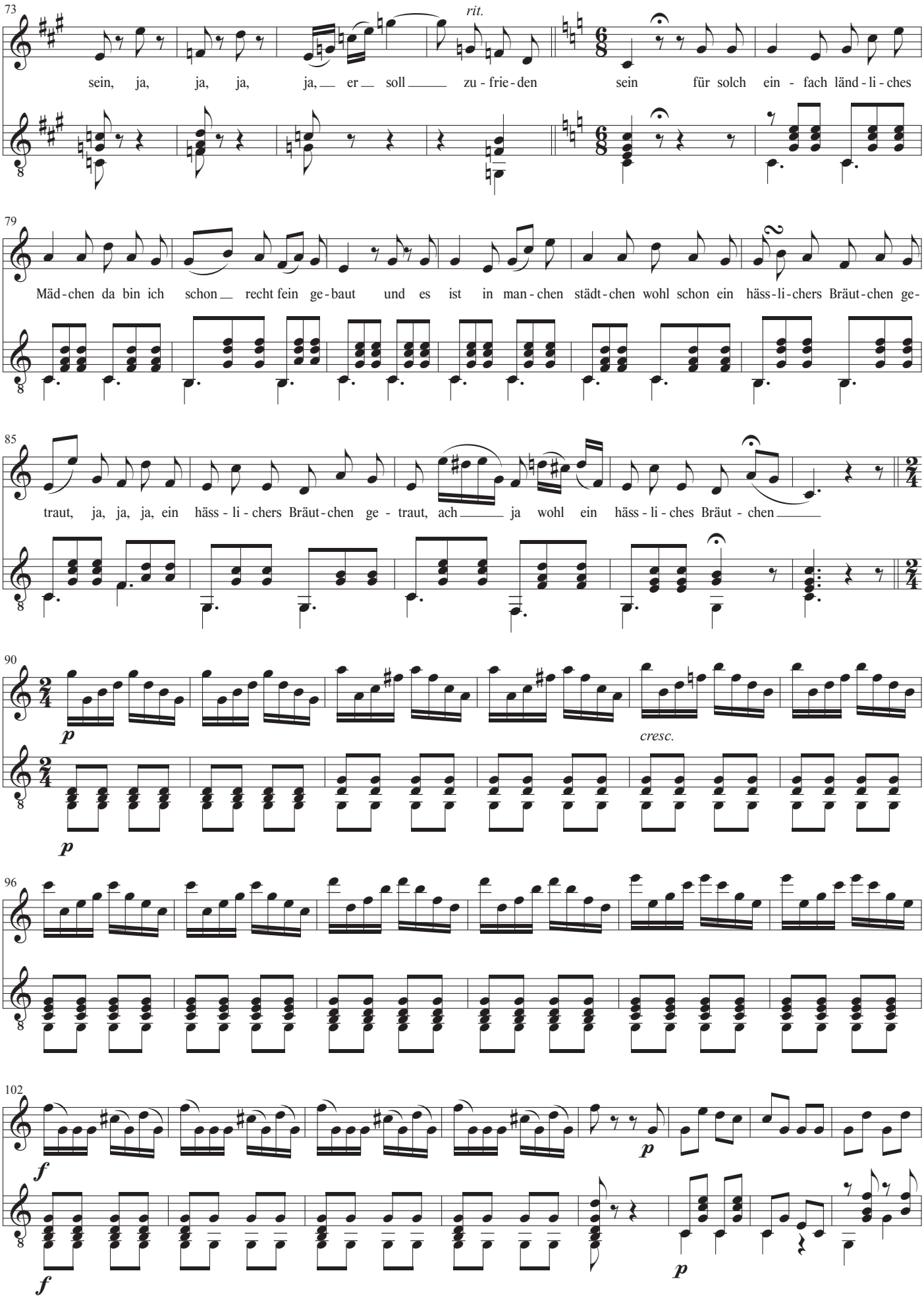
S: Zwar feh-len mir wohl die Ma - nie - ren, die Ko-ket - te - rie so hübsch und fein,

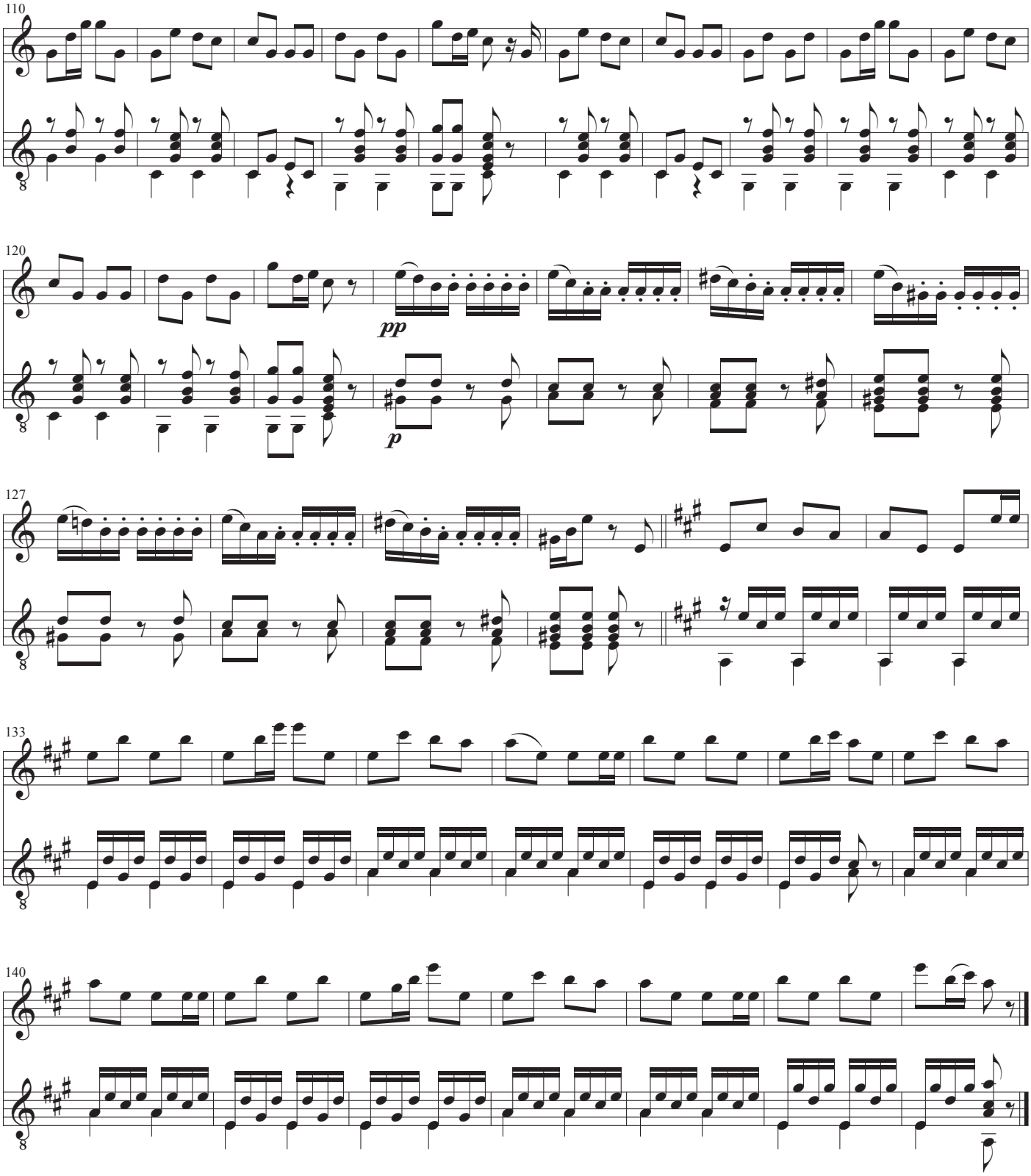
G: V

66

S: doch wird mein Mann am Arus mich füh - ren er soll schon mit mir zu-frie - den

G: I


73
S
G
rit.
sein, ja, ja, ja, ja, er soll zu - frie - den sein für solch ein - fach länd - li - ches
79
Mäd - chen da bin ich schon recht fein ge - baut und es ist in man - chen städt - chen wohl schon ein häss - li - chers Bräut - chen ge-
85
traut, ja, ja, ja, ein häss - li - chers Bräut - chen ge - traut, ach ja wohl ein häss - li - ches Bräut - chen
90
F
p
cresc.
96
102
f
p

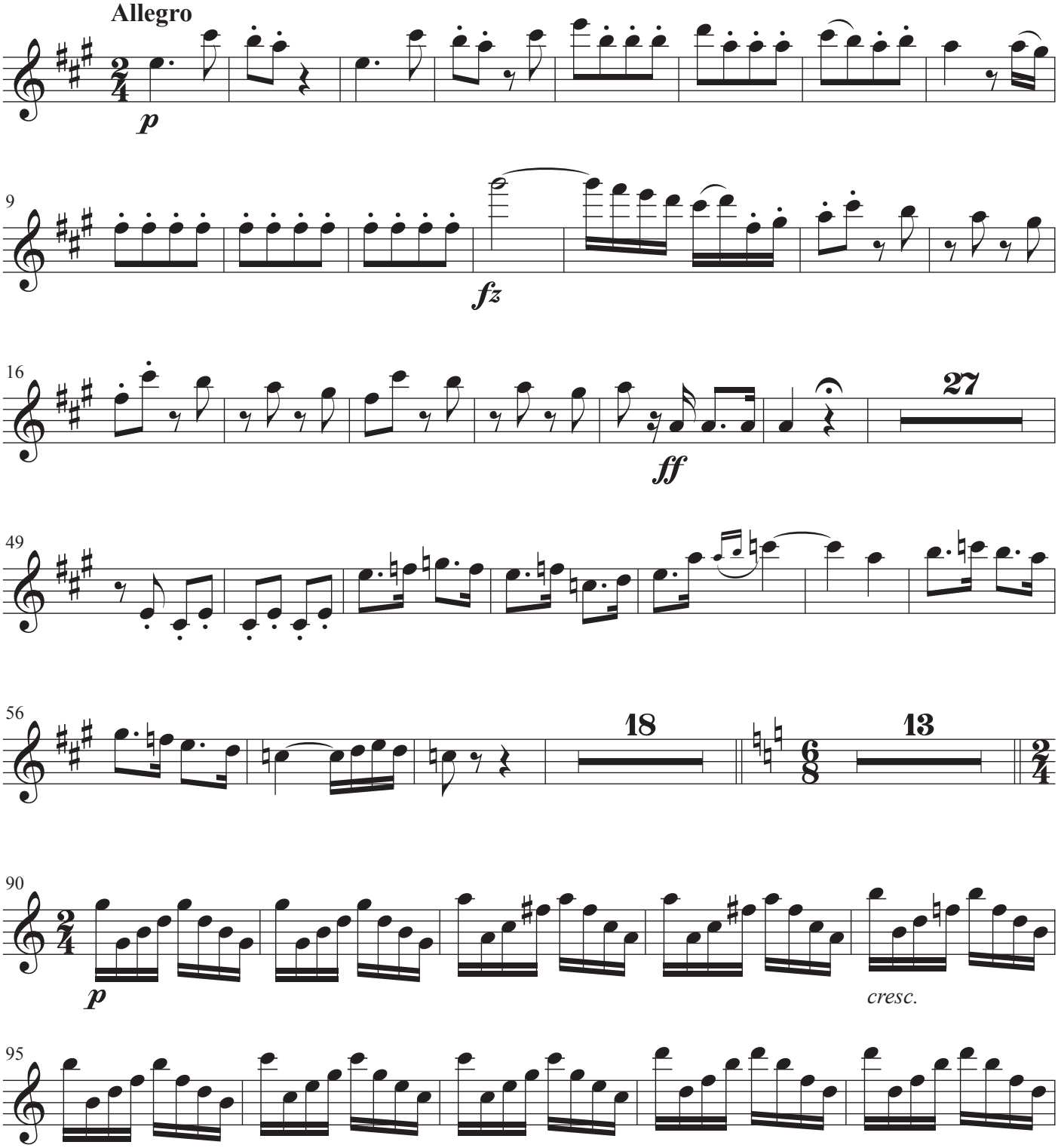

110
F
G
120
pp
p
127
133
140

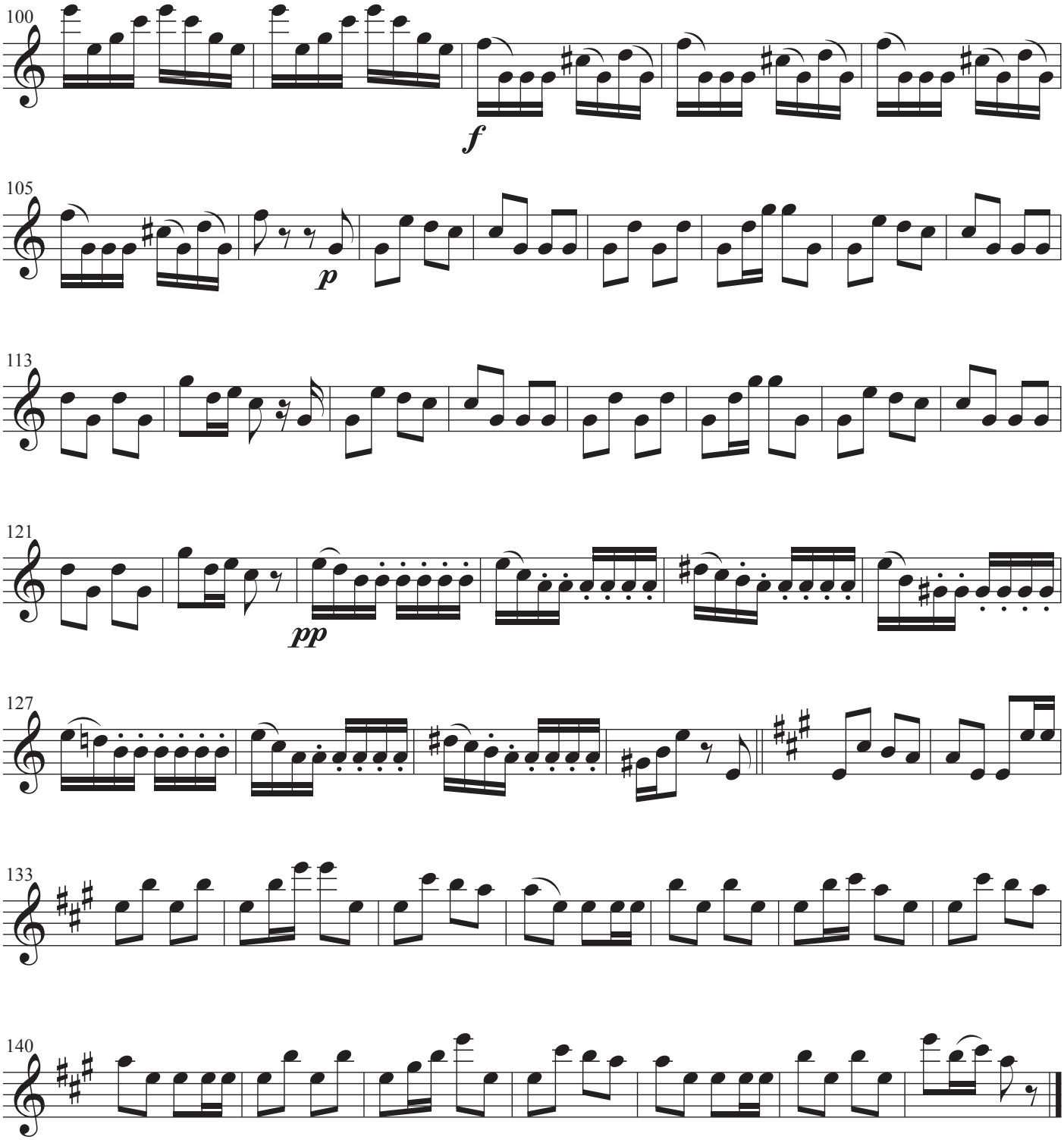
Flöte

Ja, schon morgen, welches Glück

die komische Oper "Fra Diavolo"

Musik: Daniel Auber
Text: Eugéne Scribe
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



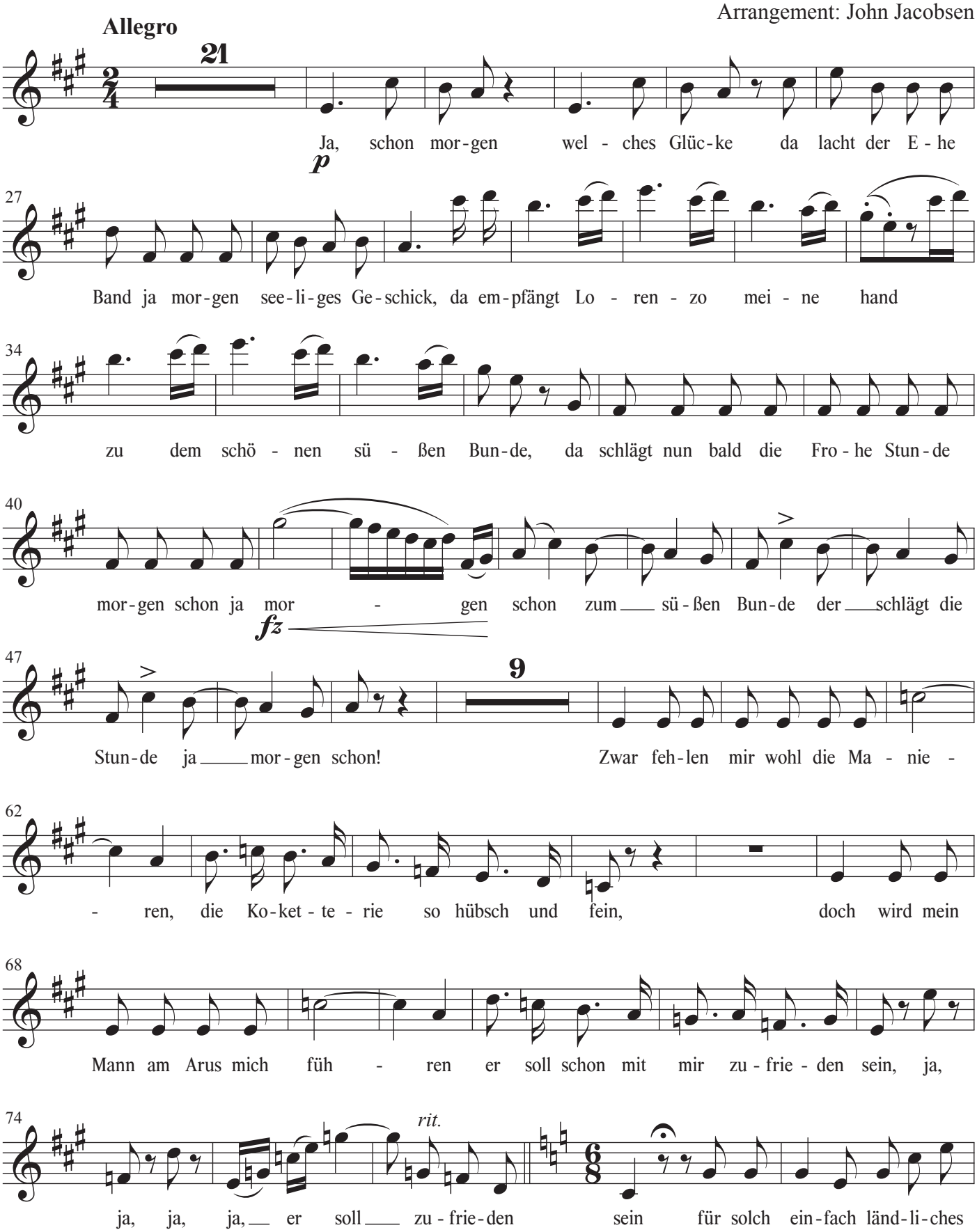

100
f
105
p
113
121
pp
127
133
140

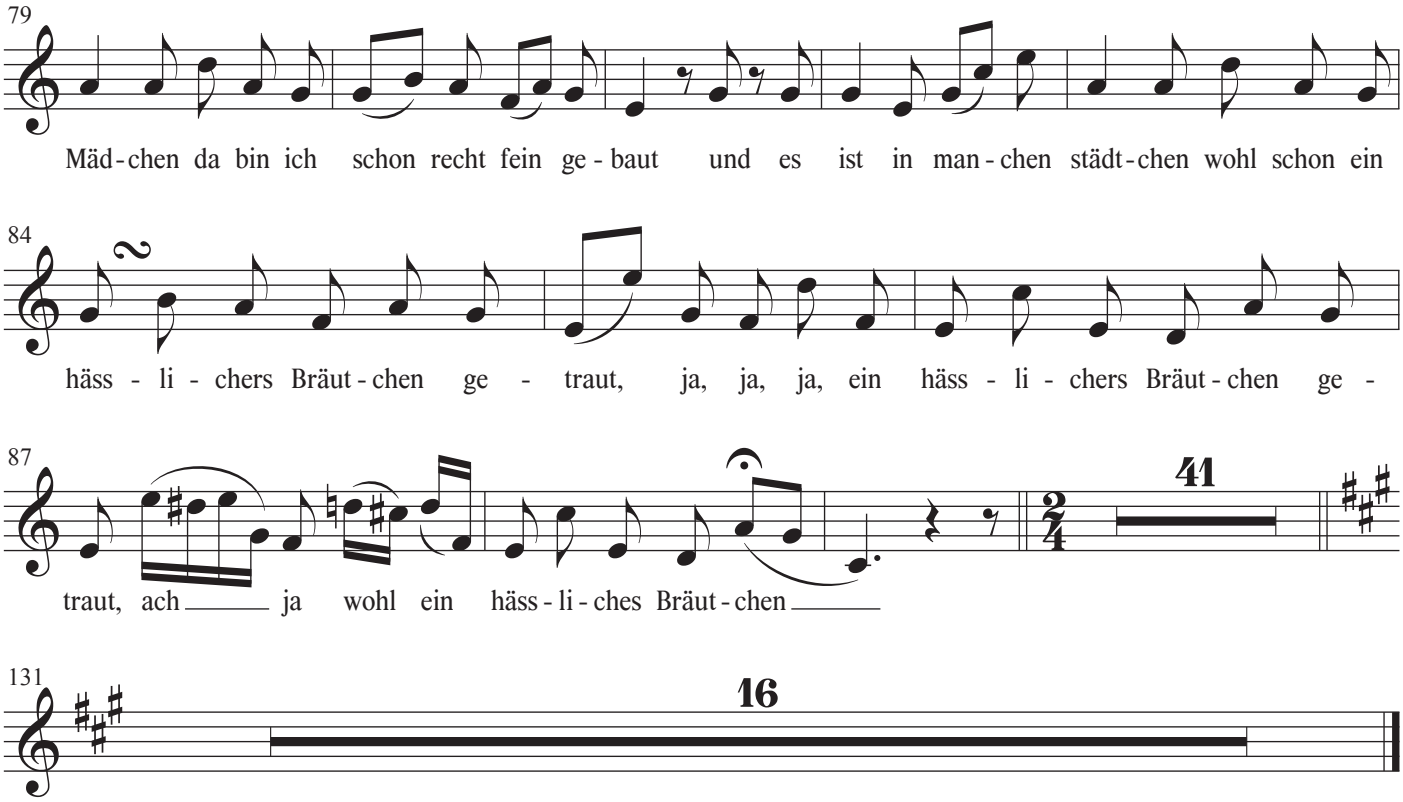
Zerlina
Sopran

Ja, schon morgen, welches Glück

die komische Oper "Fra Diavolo"

Musik: Daniel Auber
Text: Eugéne Scribe
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



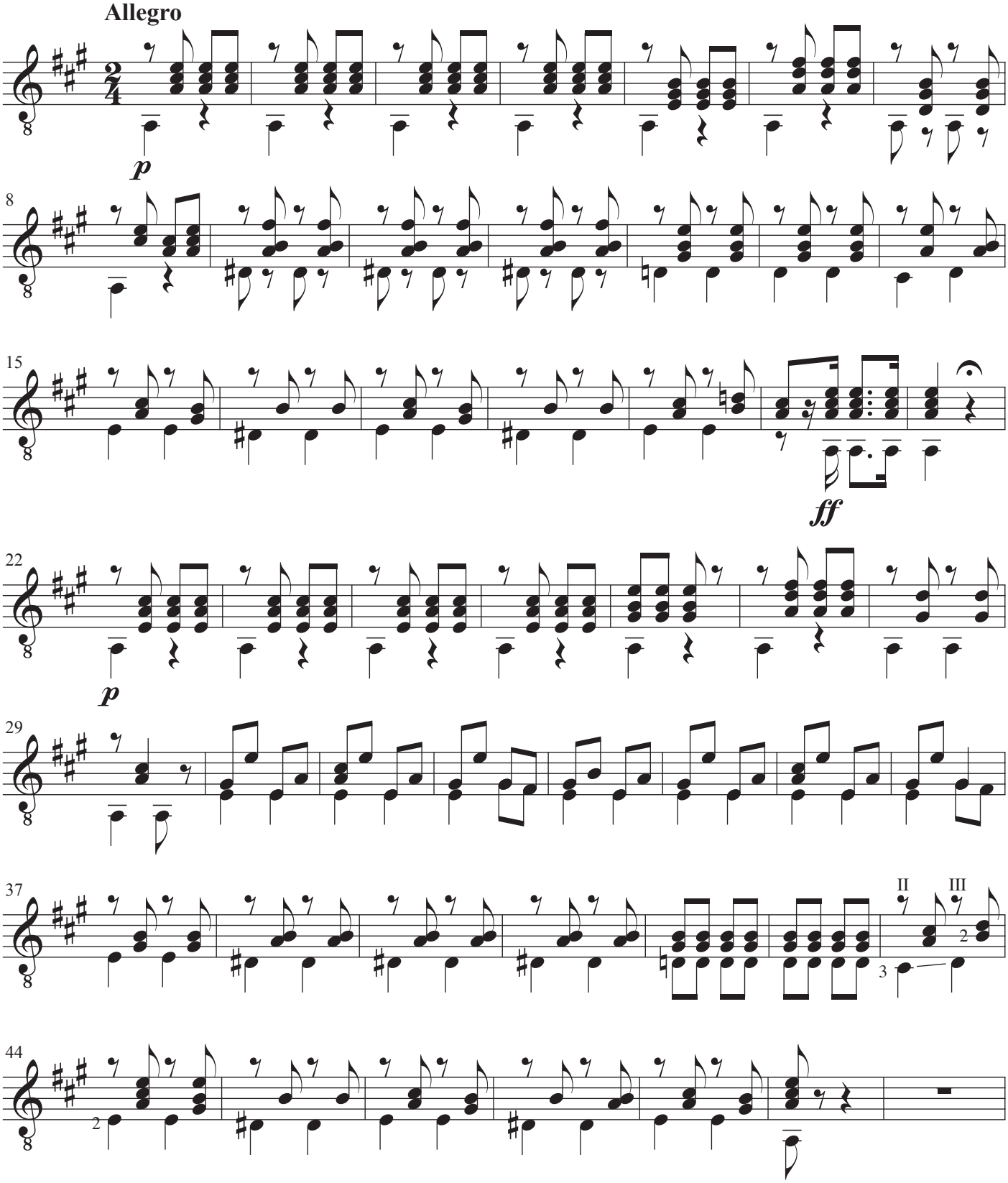

79
Mäd - chen da bin ich schon recht fein ge - baut und es ist in man - chen städt - chen wohl schon ein
84
häss - li - chers Bräut - chen ge - traut, ja, ja, ja, ein häss - li - chers Bräut - chen ge -
87
traut, ach ja wohl ein häss - li - ches Bräut - chen
41
131
16

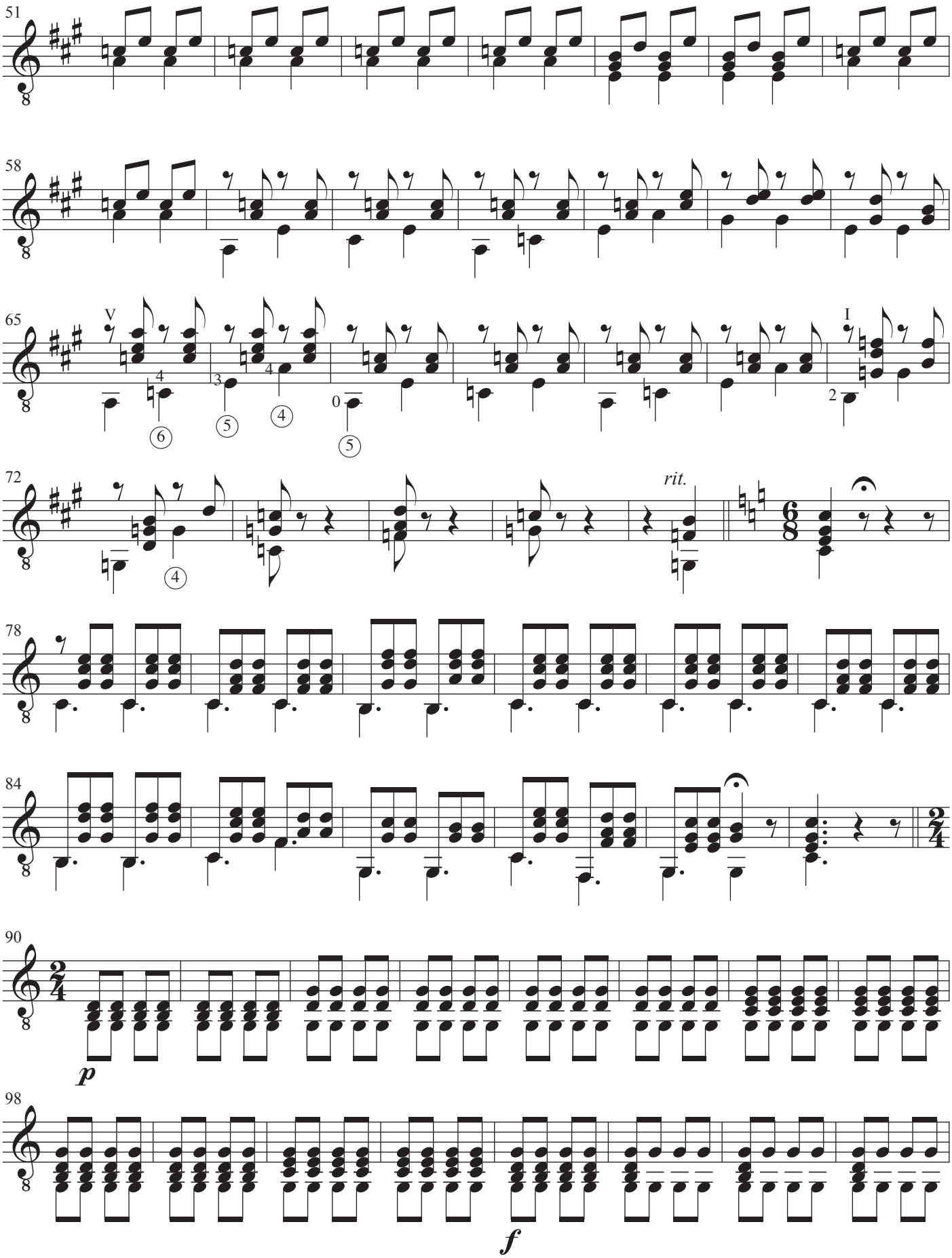
Gitarre

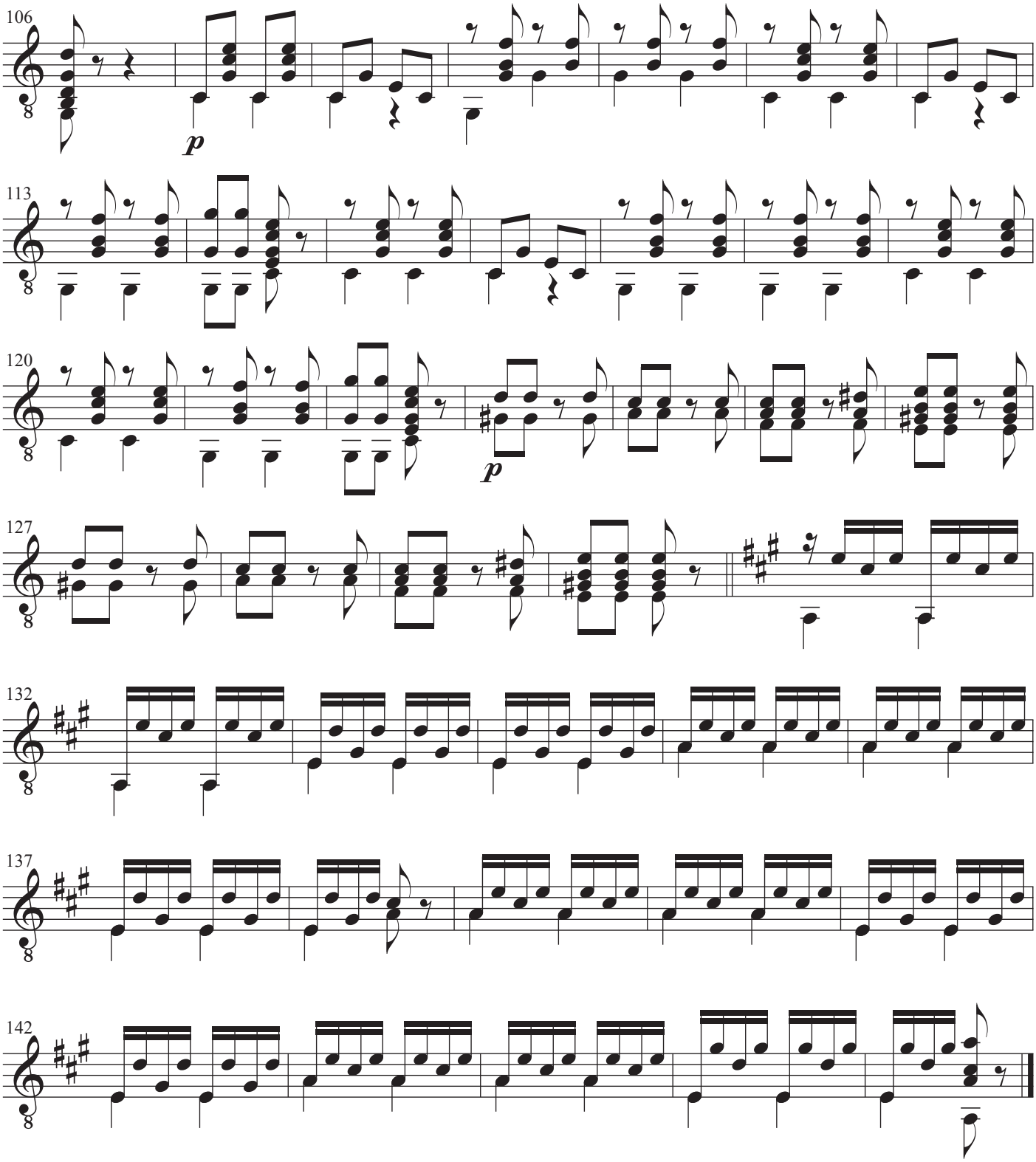
Ja, schon morgen, welches Glück

die komische Oper "Fra Diavolo"

Musik: Daniel Auber
Text: Eugéne Scribe
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

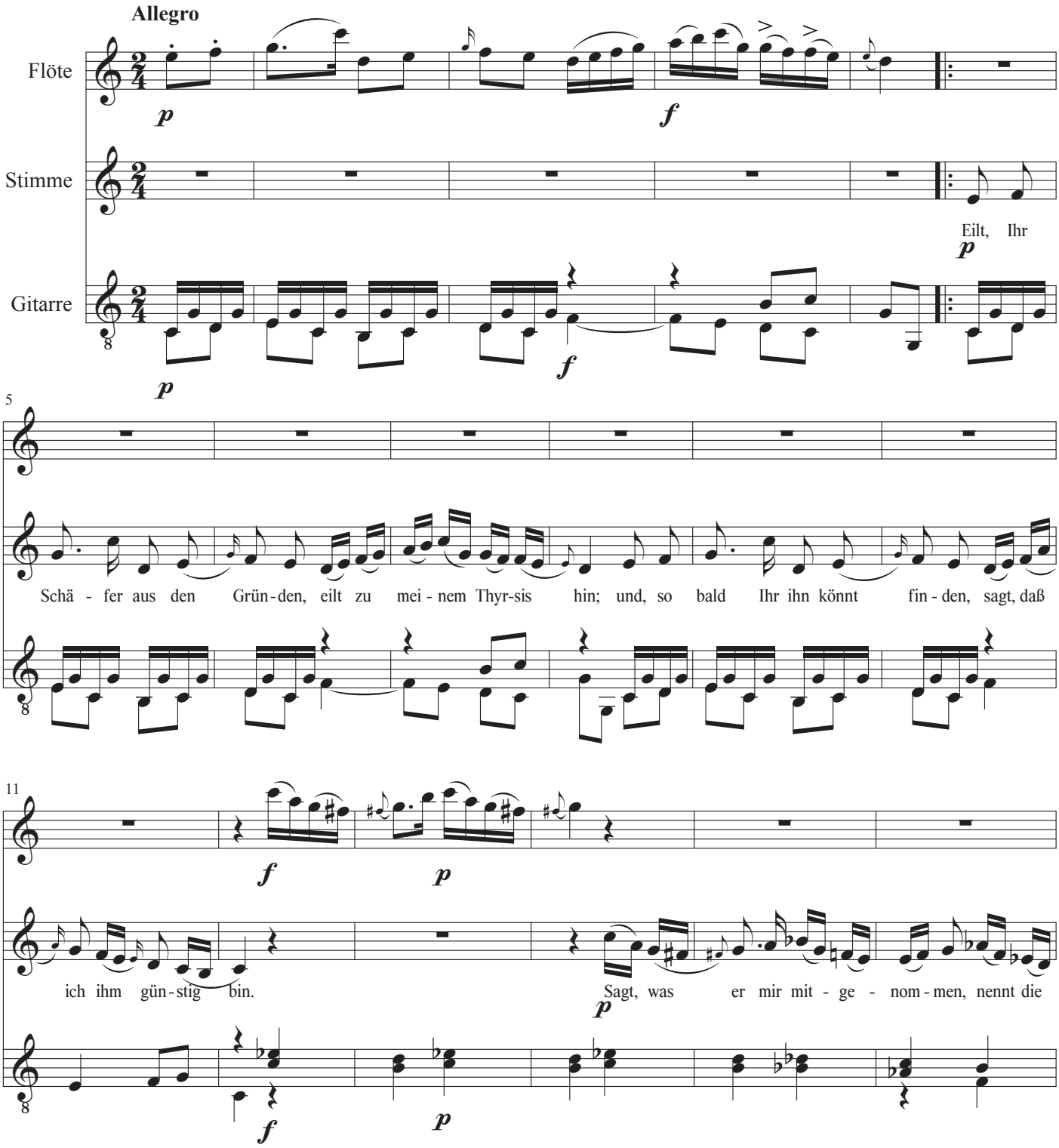


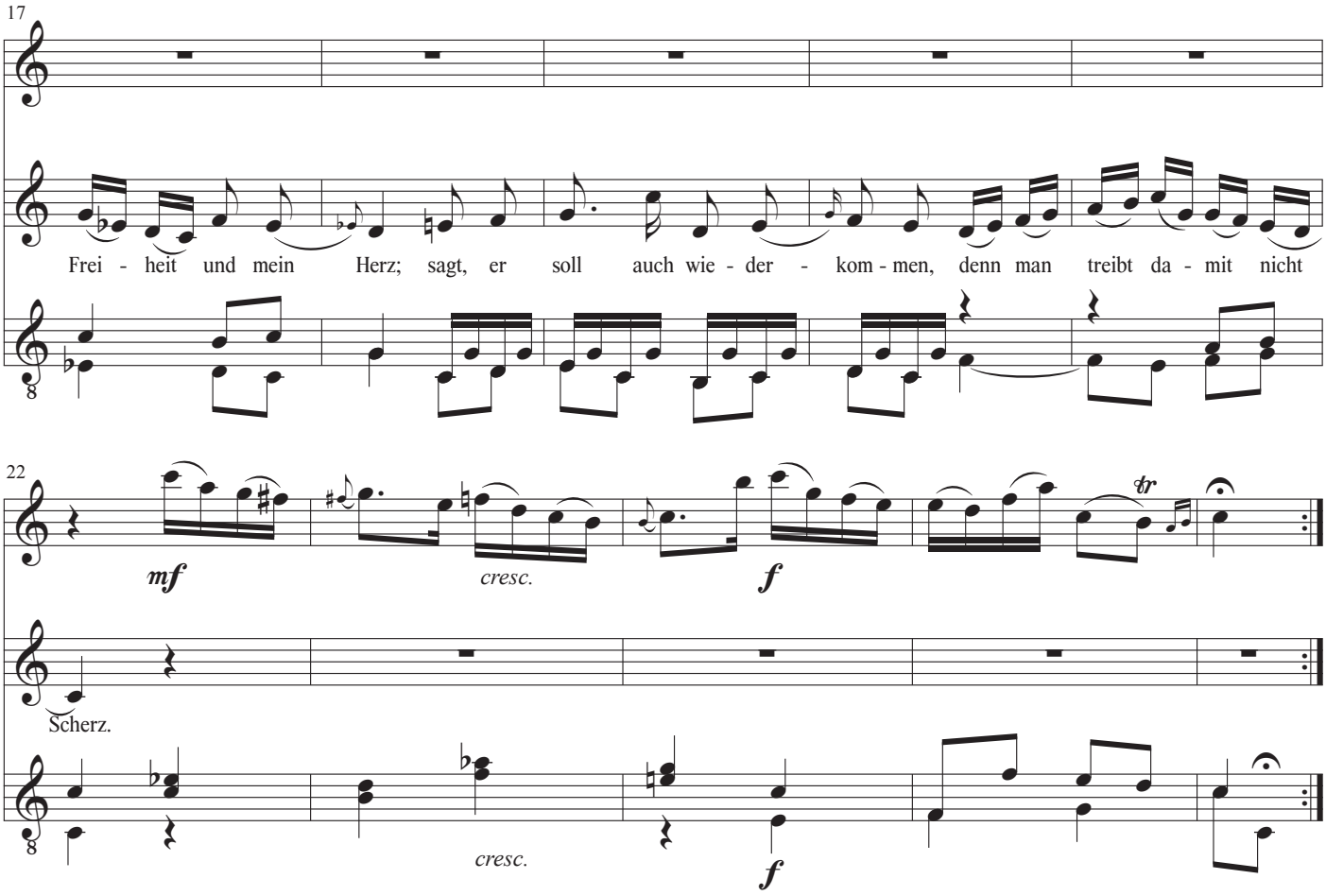

51
58
65
V
I
72
rit.
78
84
90
p
98
f


106
p
113
120
p
127
132
137
142

An Thyrsis

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Marianne von Ziegler
Gitarre: John Jacobsen





Eilt, Ihr Schäfer aus den Gründen,
Eilt zu meinem Thyrsis hin,
Und, sobald Ihr ihn könnt finden,
Sagt, dass ich ihm günstig bin;
Sagt, was er mir mitgenommen,
Nennt die Freiheit und mein Herz;
Sagt er soll auch wiederkommen,
Denn man treibt damit nicht Scherz.

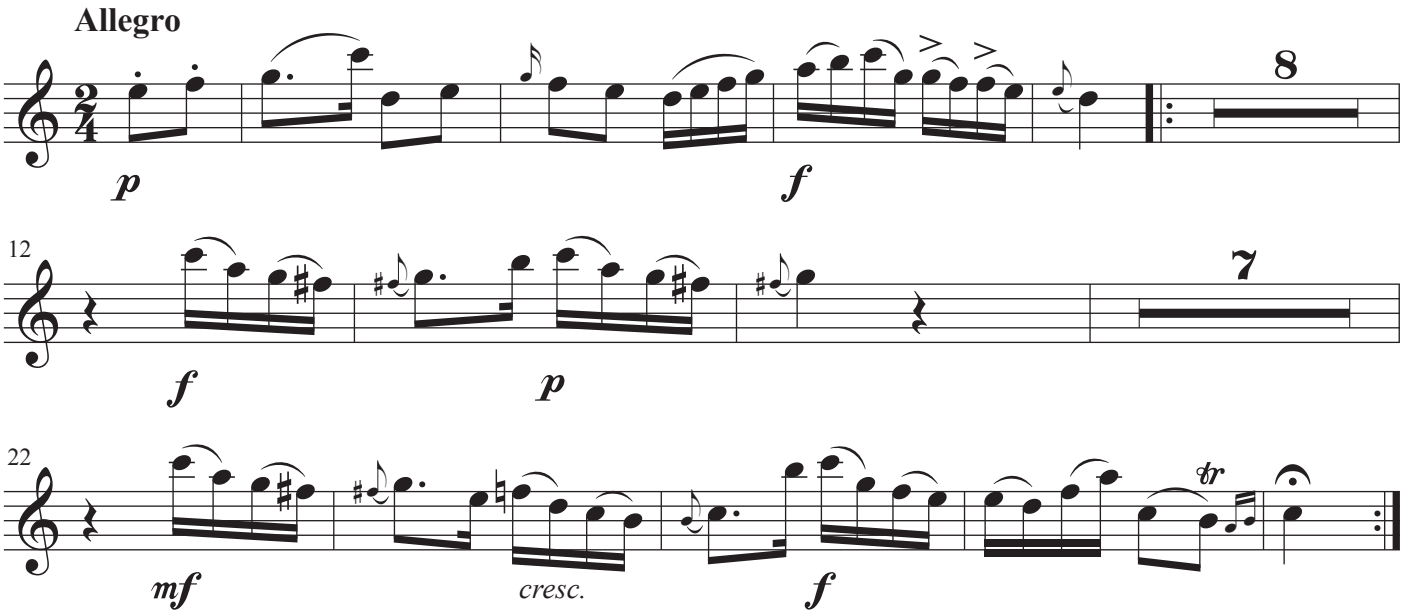
Eilt, und sagt dem lieben Hirten,
Dass ihn Doris nicht mehr neckt,
Nicht mehr zwischen jenen Myrten
Sich verräterisch ihm versteckt.
Sagt, dass ich in jene Rinde
Schmerzen meiner Liebe schnitt,
Dass ich alles nun empfinde,
Was für mich der Arme litt.

Ach, an meinem jungen Leben
Zehret schon der Liebe Gram.
Sagt, er soll mir wiedergeben,
Was er mir so grausam nahm.
Soll mich länger nicht mehr kränken,
Denn ich könnt' am nächsten Baum
Voll Verzweiflung mich erhenken,
Aber sagt ihm -- nur im Traum!

Flöte

An Thyrsis

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Marianne von Ziegler
Gitarre: John Jacobsen

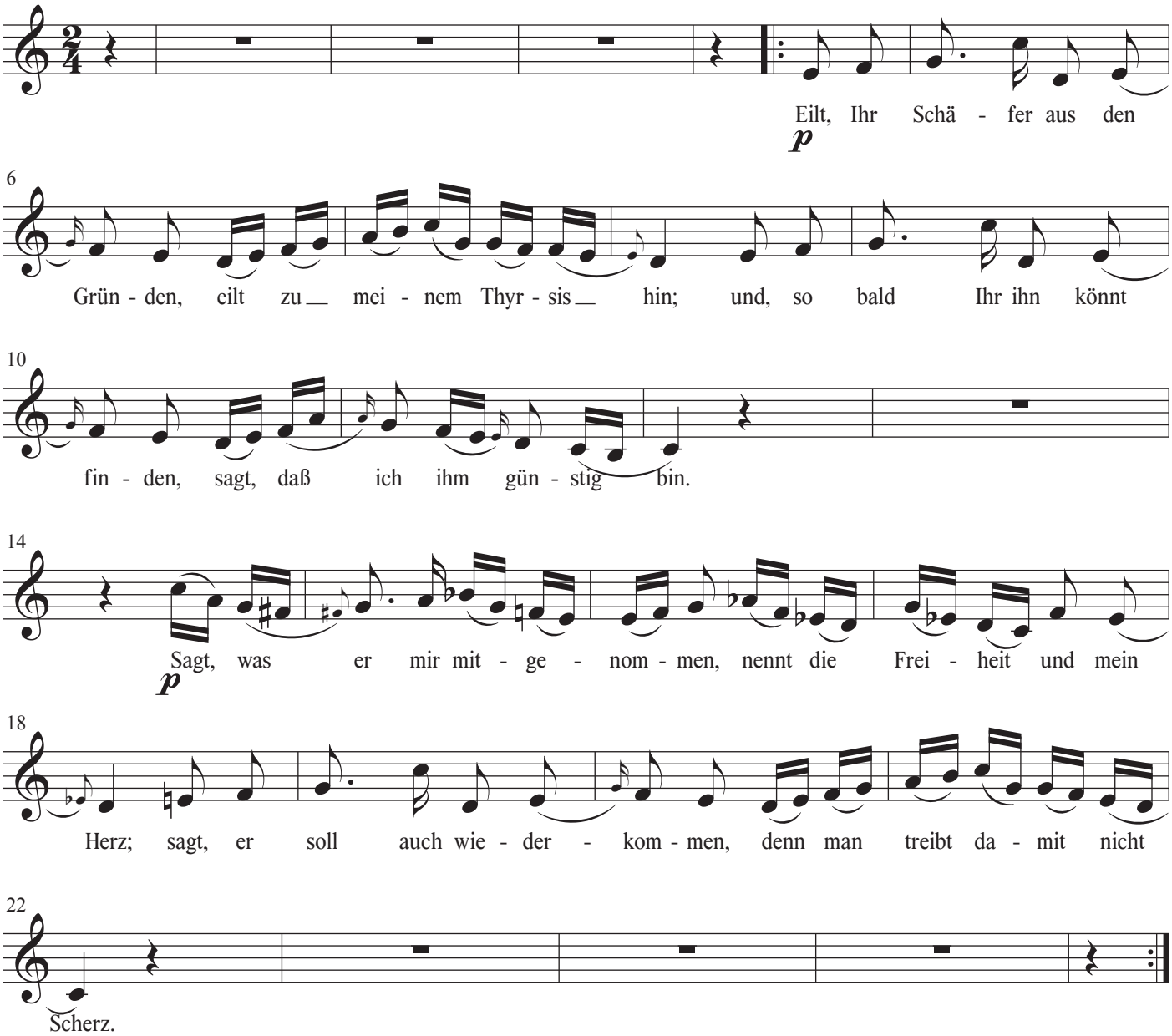


Stimme

An Thyrsis

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Marianne von Ziegler
Gitarre: John Jacobsen

Allegro



An Thyrsis

Eilt, Ihr Schäfer aus den Gründen,
Eilt zu meinem Thyrsis hin,
Und, sobald Ihr ihn könnt finden,
Sagt, dass ich ihm günstig bin;
Sagt, was er mir mitgenommen,
Nennt die Freiheit und mein Herz;
Sagt er soll auch wiederkommen,
Denn man treibt damit nicht Scherz.

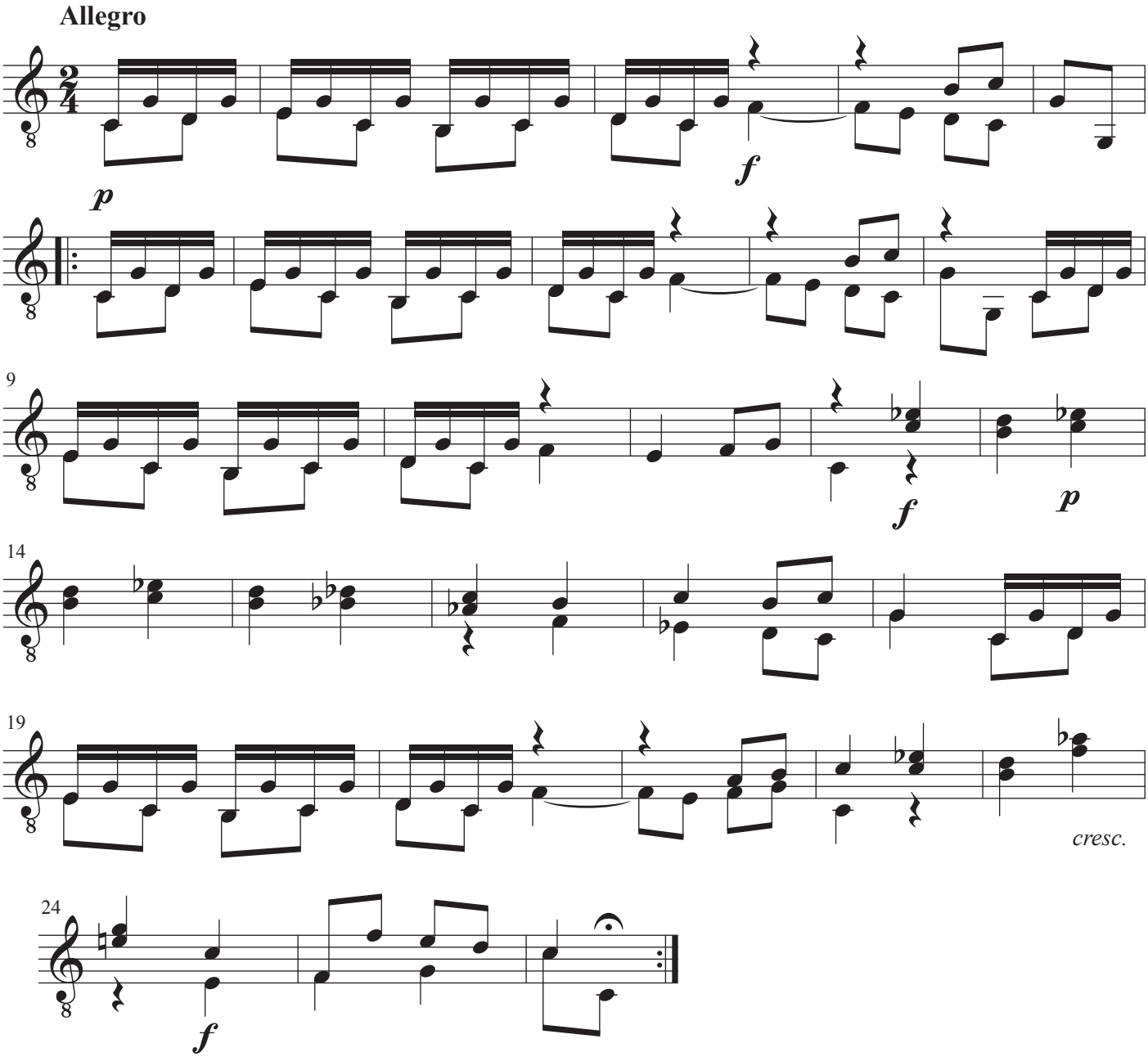
Eilt, und sagt dem lieben Hirten,
Dass ihn Doris nicht mehr neckt,
Nicht mehr zwischen jenen Myrten
Sich verräterisch ihm versteckt.
Sagt, dass ich in jene Rinde
Schmerzen meiner Liebe schnitt,
Dass ich alles nun empfinde,
Was für mich der Arme litt.

Ach, an meinem jungen Leben
Zehret schon der Liebe Gram.
Sagt, er soll mir wiedergeben,
Was er mir so grausam nahm.
Soll mich länger nicht mehr kränken,
Denn ich könnt' am nächsten Baum
Voll Verzweiflung mich erhenken,
Aber sagt ihm -- nur im Traum!

Gitarre

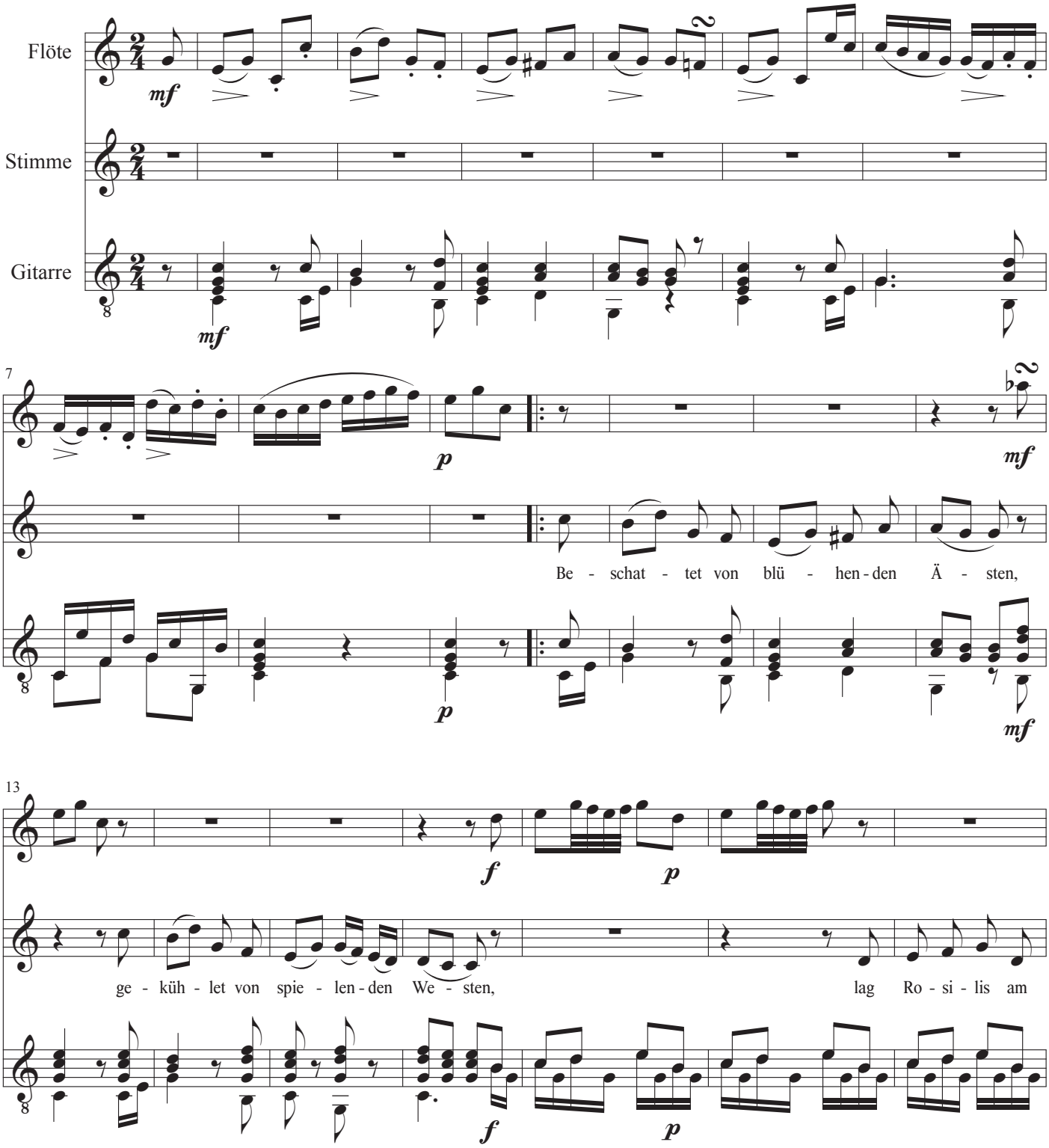
An Thyrsis

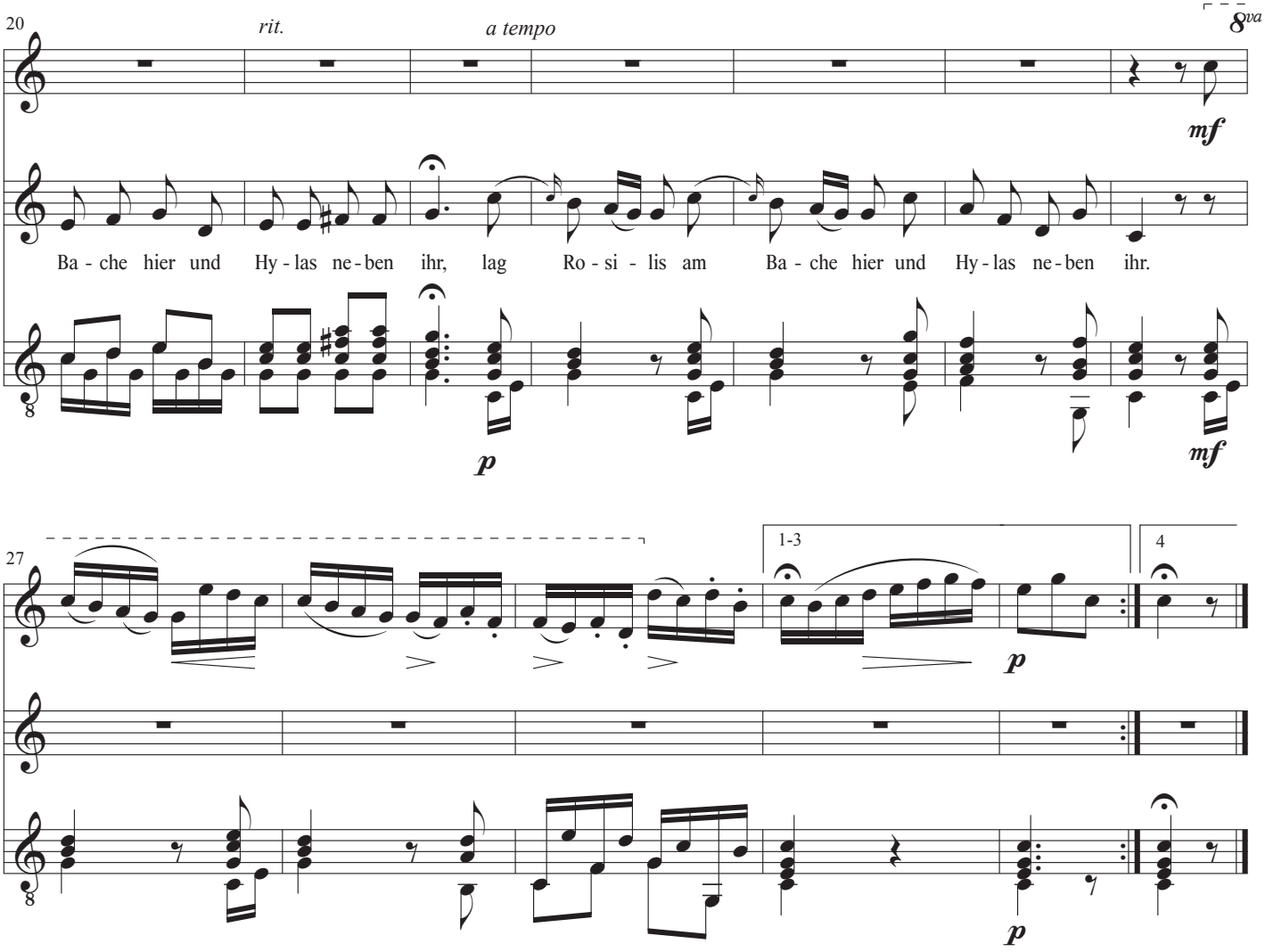
Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Marianne von Ziegler
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen





Beschattet von blühenden Ästen,
Gekühlet von spielenden Westen,
Lag Rosilis am Bache hier
Und Hylas neben ihr.

Sie sangen sich scherzende Lieder,
Sie warf ihn mit Blumen, er wieder;
Sie neckte ihn, er neckte sie,
Wer weiss wie lang' und wie.

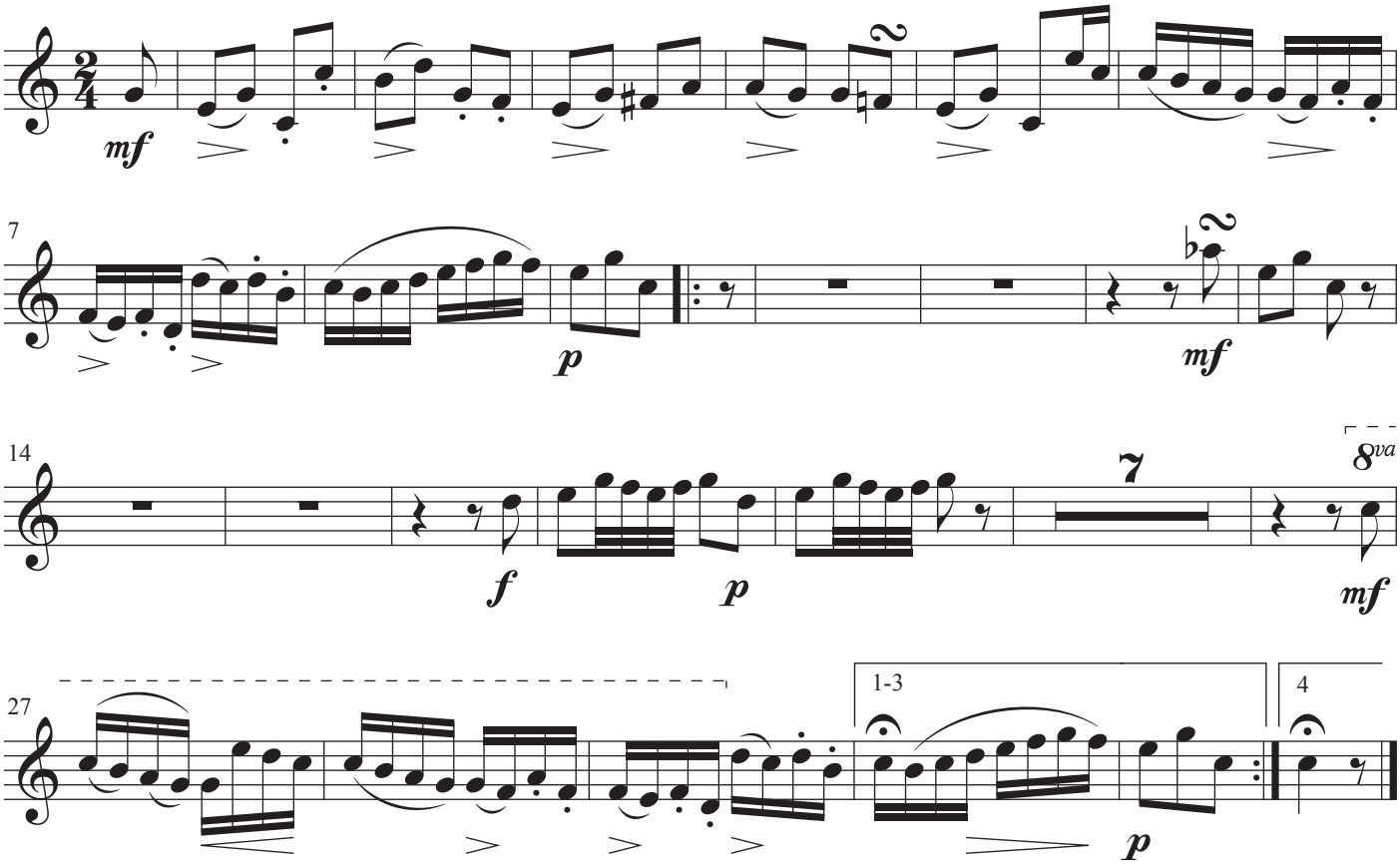
Von Lenz und von Liebe gerühret,
Ward Hylas zum Küssen verführet.
Er küßte sie, er drückte sie,
Daß sie um Hilfe schrie.

Die Mutter kam eilend und fragte,
Was Hylas für Frevel hier wagte?
Die Tochter rief: es ist geschehn,
Ihr könnt nun wieder gehn.

Flöte

Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter

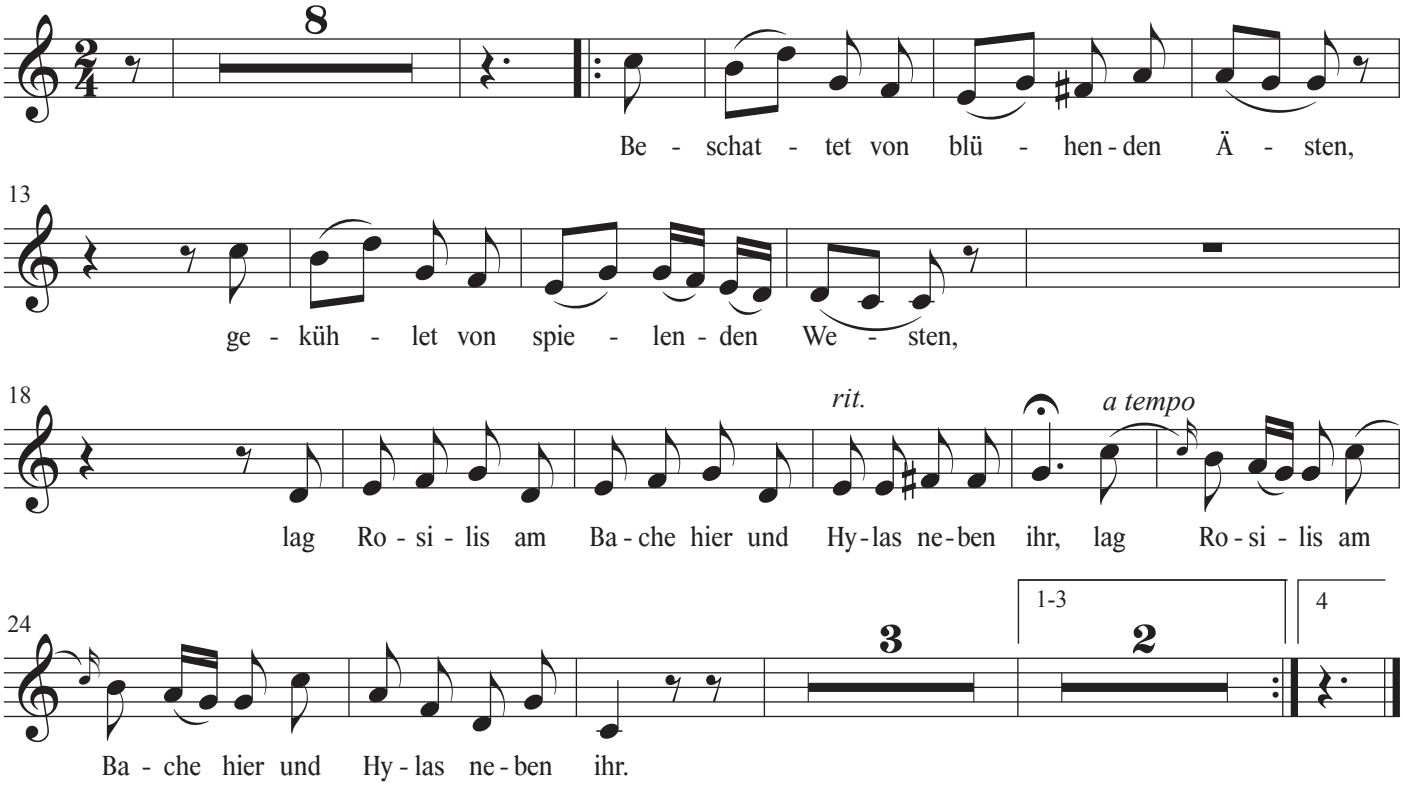
Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



Stimme

Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



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Lag Rosilis am Bache hier
Und Hylas neben ihr.

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Sie warf ihn mit Blumen, er wieder;
Sie neckte ihn, er neckte sie,
Wer weiss wie lang' und wie.

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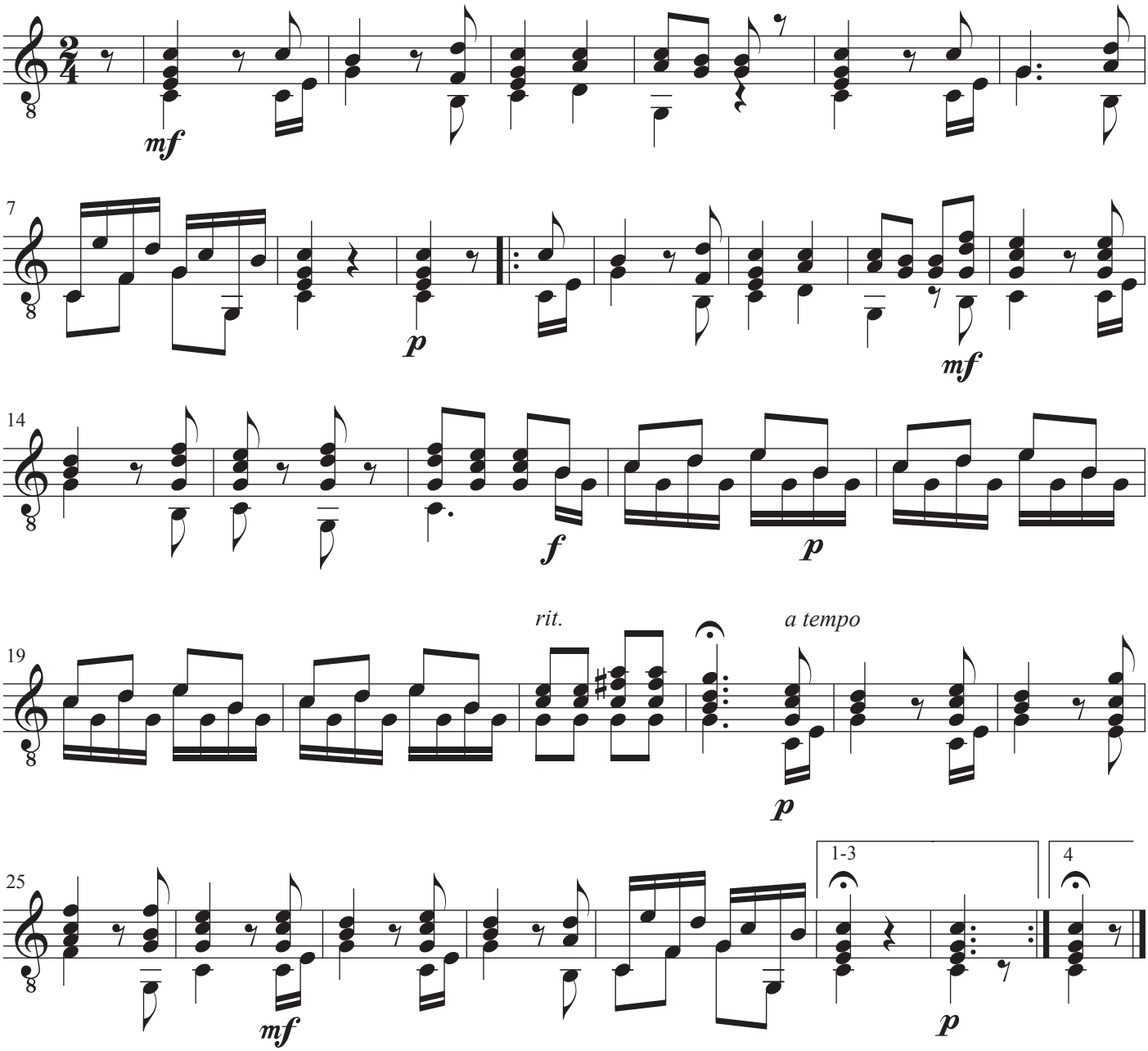
Die Tochter rief: es ist geschehn,
Ihr könnt nun wieder gehn.

Gitarre

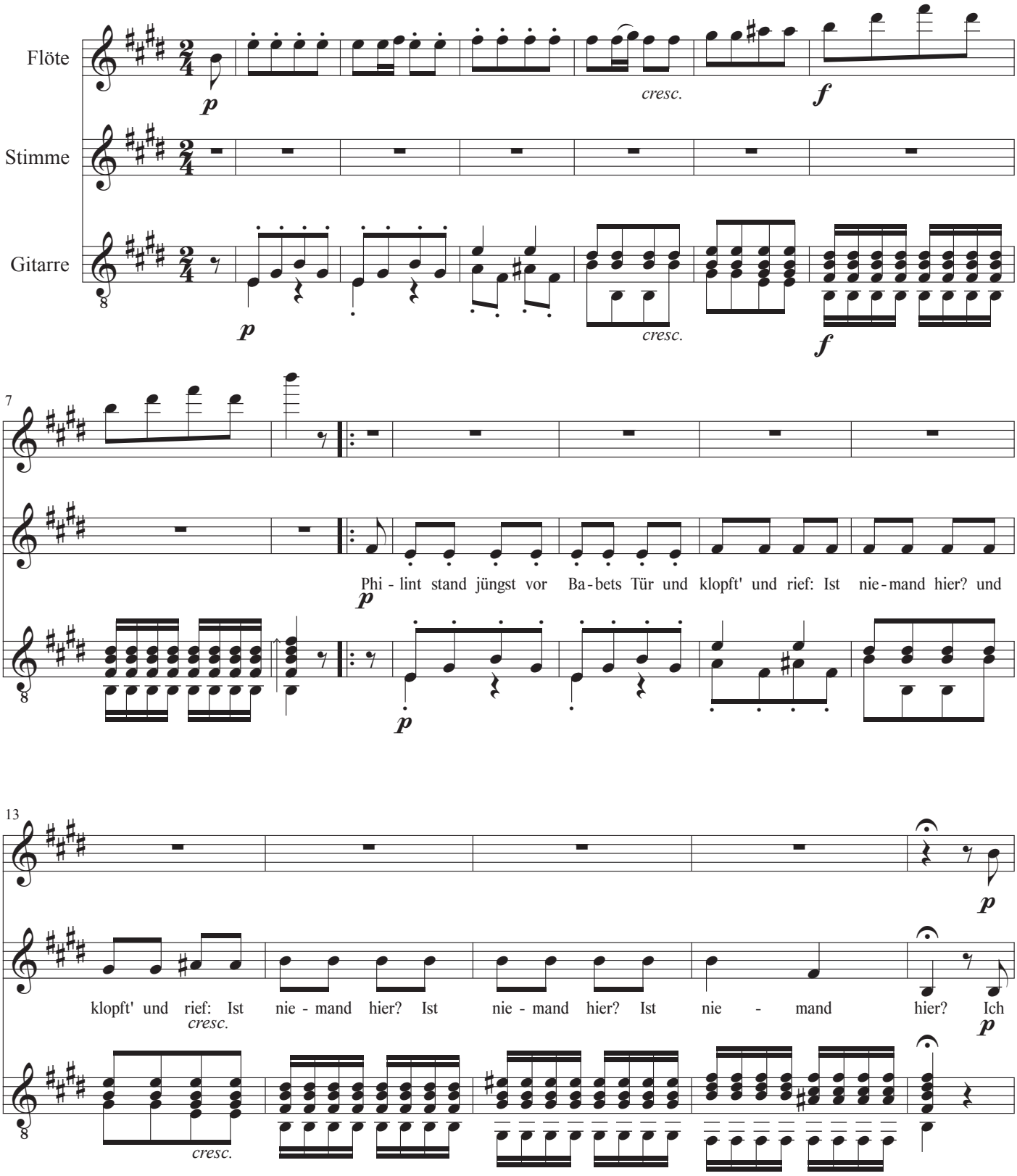
Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter

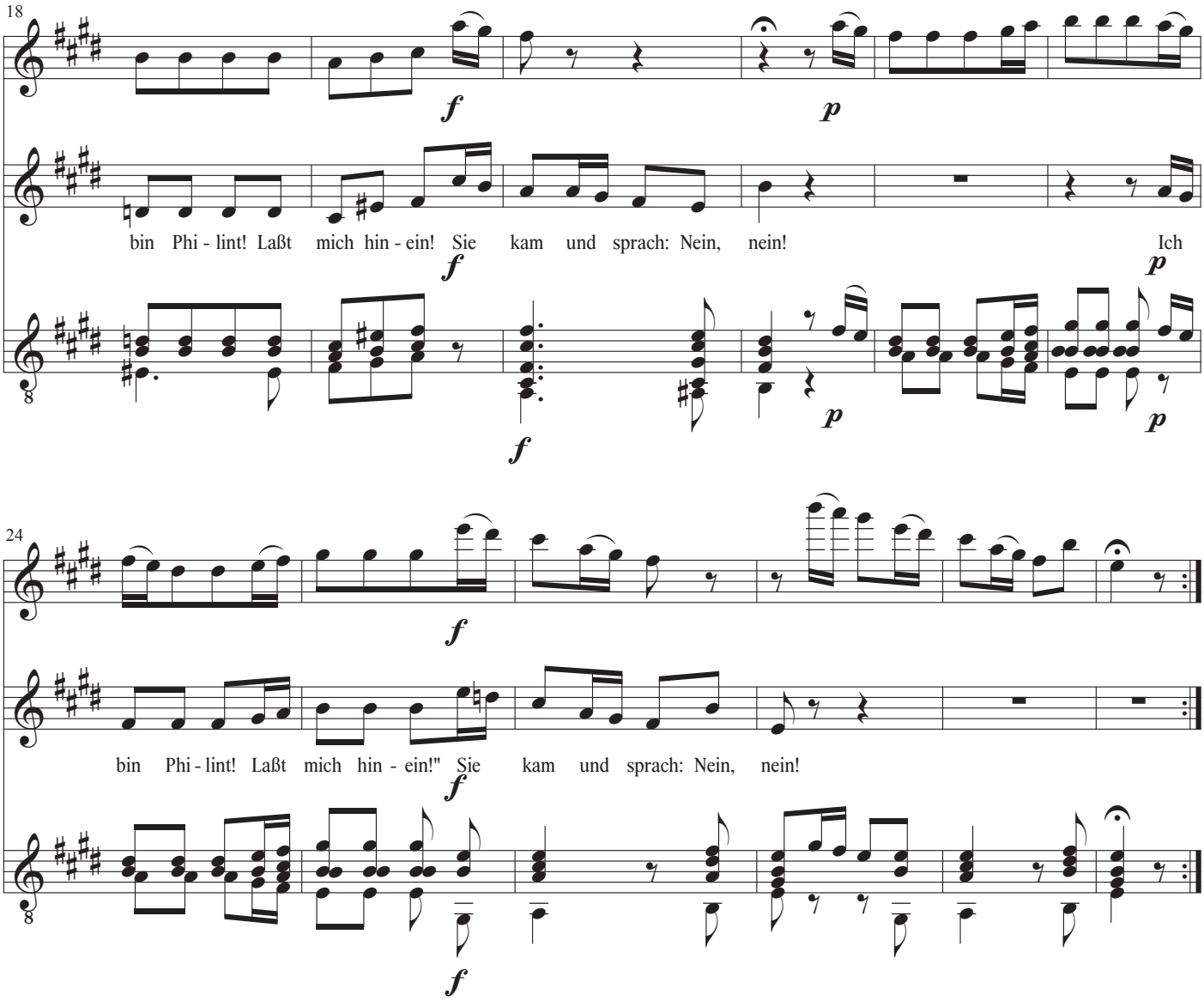
Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen





Philint stand jüngst vor Babetts Tür
Und klopft' und rief: "Ist niemand hier?
Ich bin Philint! Laßt mich hinein!"
Sie kam und sprach: "Nein, nein!"

Er seufzt' und bat recht jämmerlich.
"Nein", sagte sie, "ich fürchte dich;
Es ist schon Nacht, ich bin allein:
Philint, es kann nicht sein!"

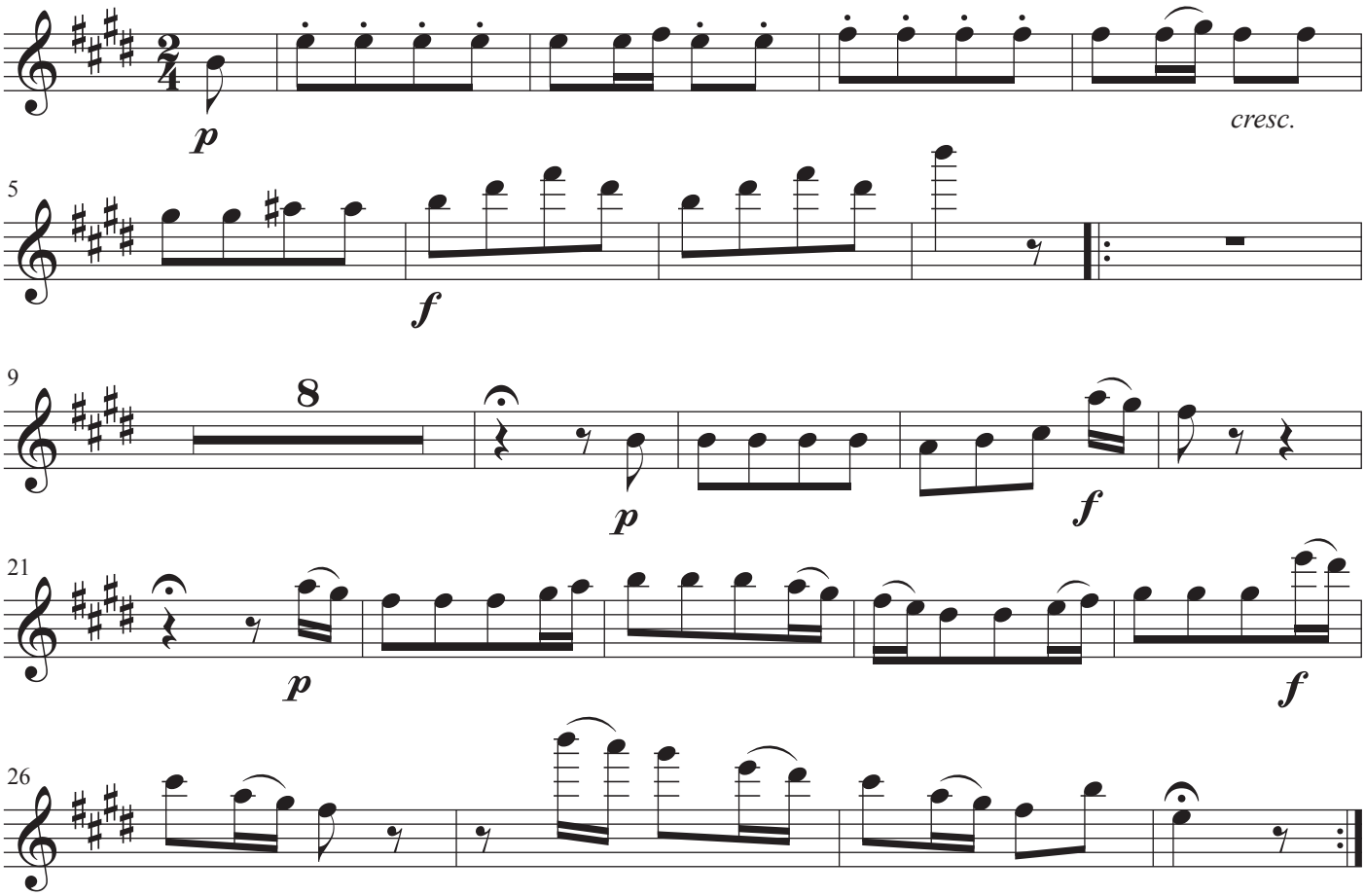
Bekümmert will er wieder gehn,
Da hört er schnell den Schlüssel drehn;
Er hört: "Auf einen Augenblick!
Doch geh auch gleich zurück!"

Die Nachbarn plagt die Neugier sehr:
Sie warteten der Wiederkehr;
Er kam auch, doch erst morgens früh.
Ei, ei! Wie lachten sie.

Flöte

Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte

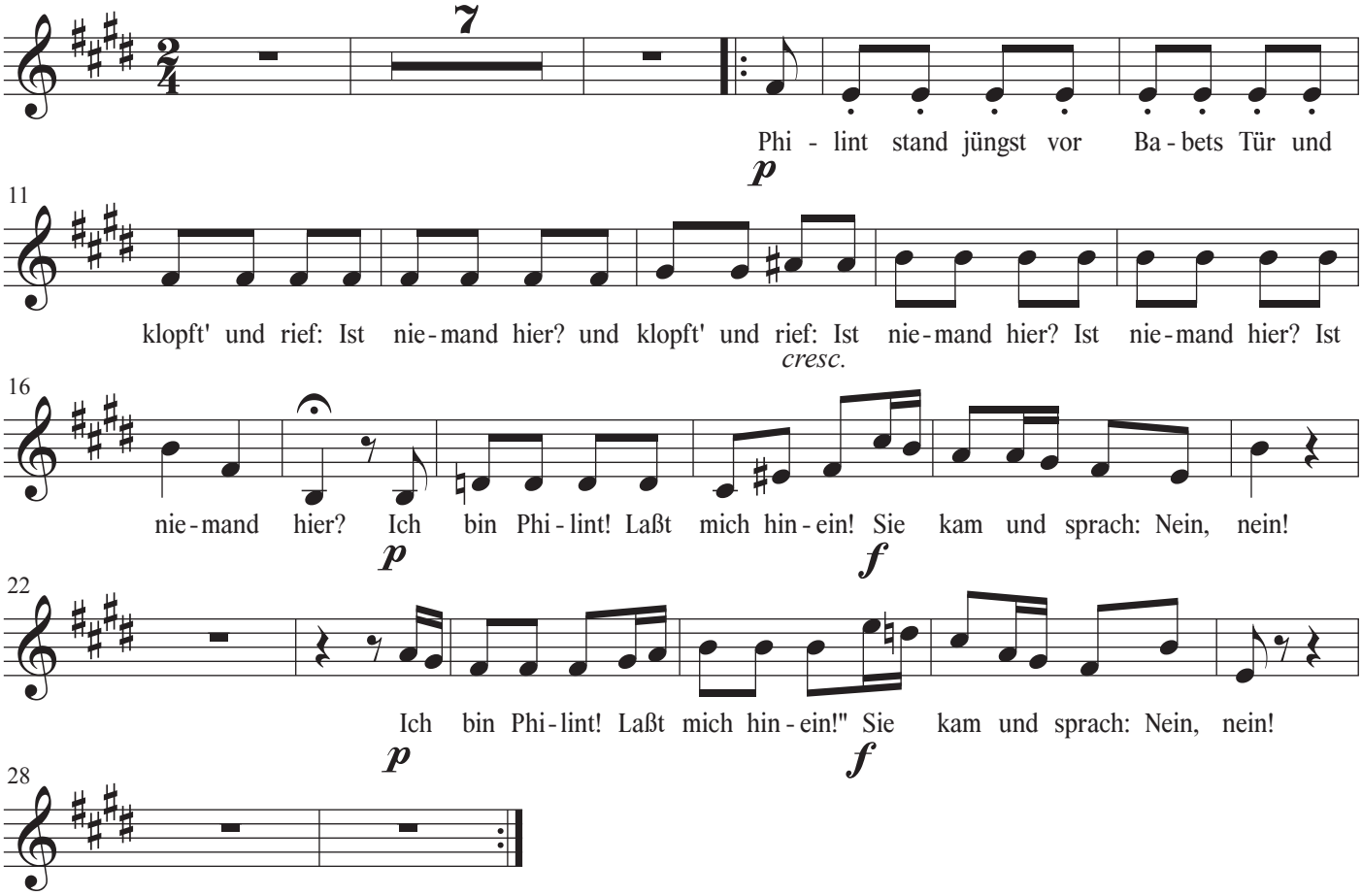
Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



Stimme

Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte

Musik: Joseph Haydn
Text: Christian Felix Weiße
Gitarre: John Jacobsen



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Gitarre

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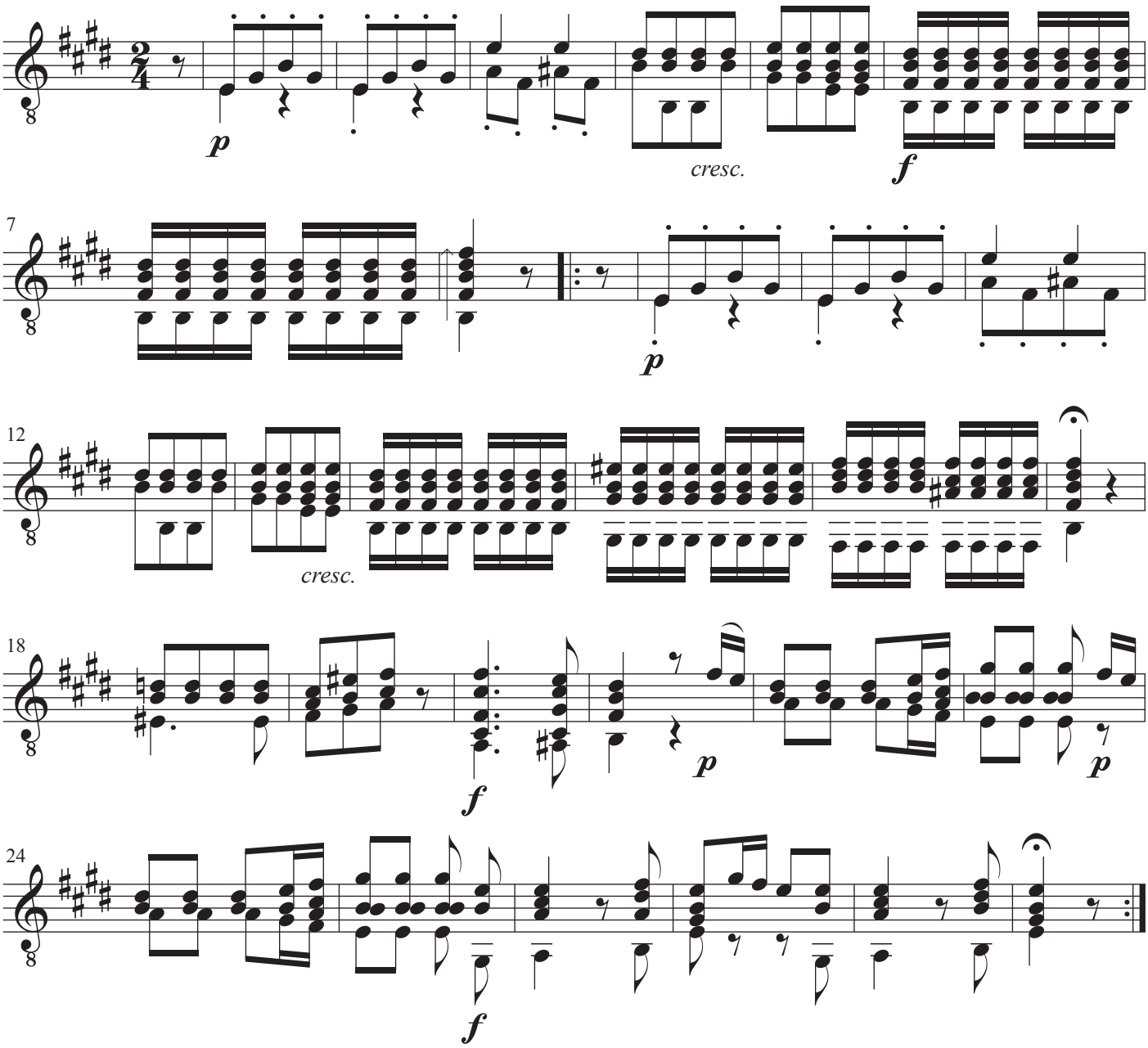
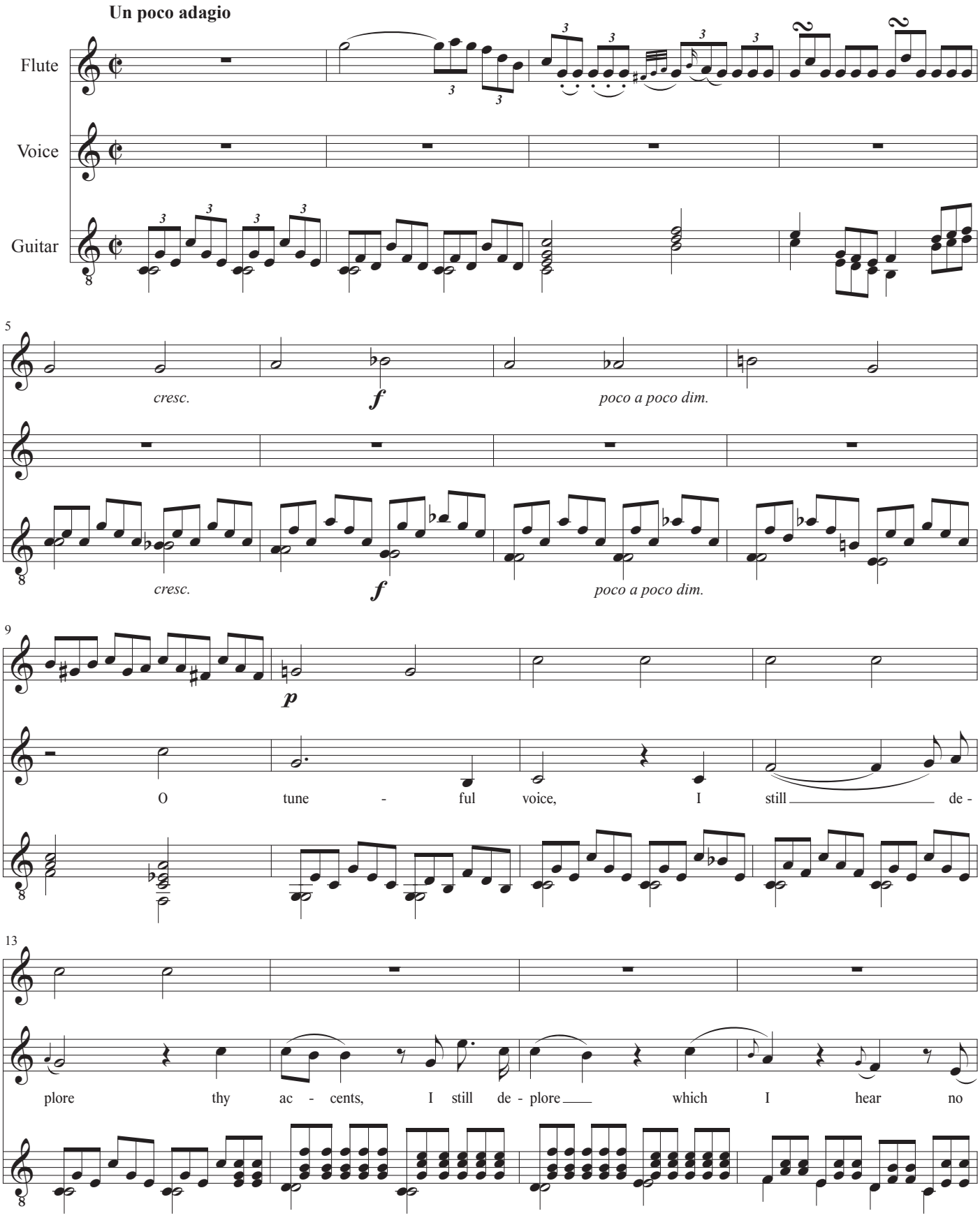


O tuneful Voice

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen



17

more, still vi - brate on my heart, still

21

vi - brate on my heart, thy ac - cents which I hear no more, still

poco a poco cresc.

25

fz *f*

vi - brate on my heart, still vi - brate on my heart, still vi - brate on my

fz

28

heart!

31

In E - cho's cave I long to

34

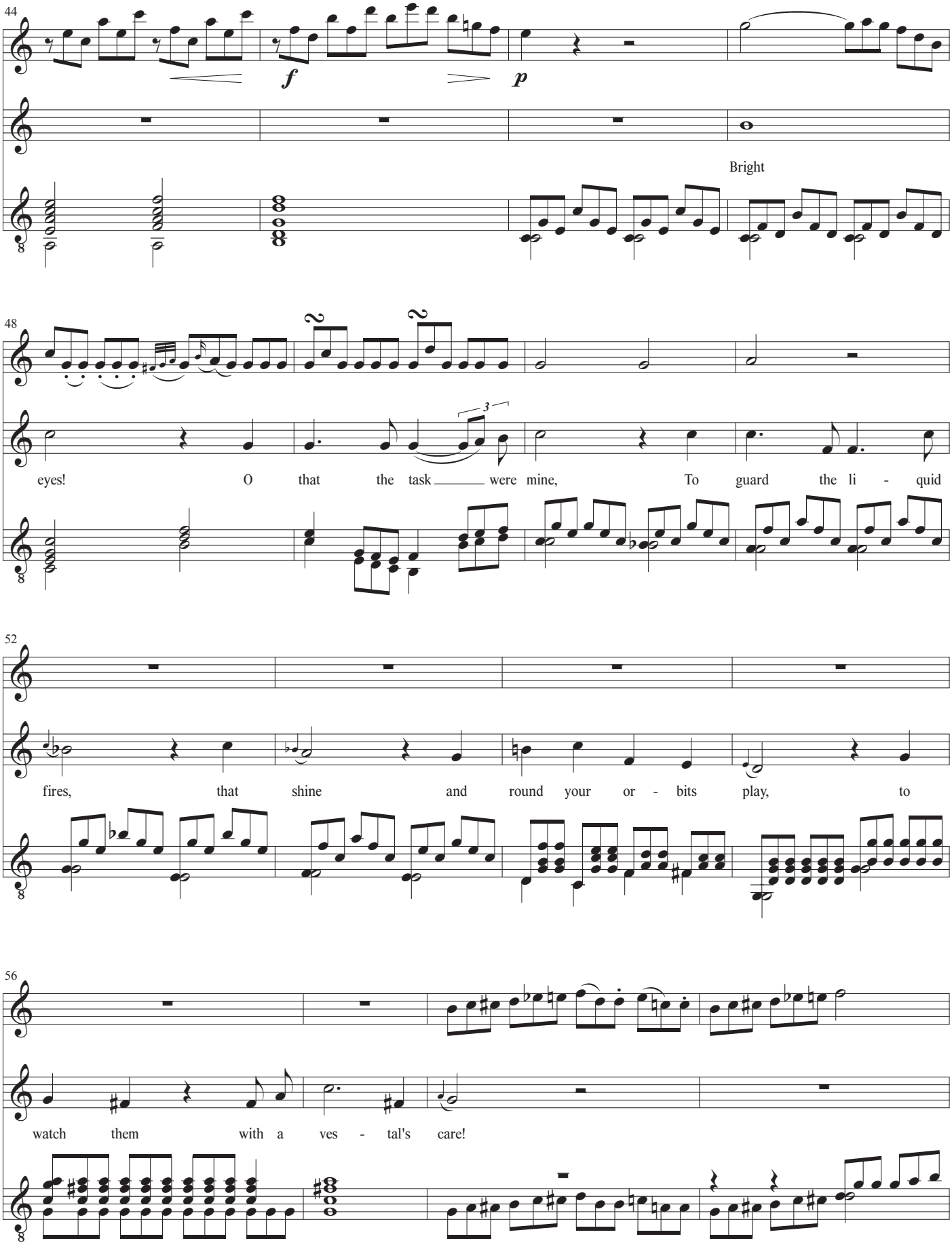
dwell and still to hear that sad fare - well, when

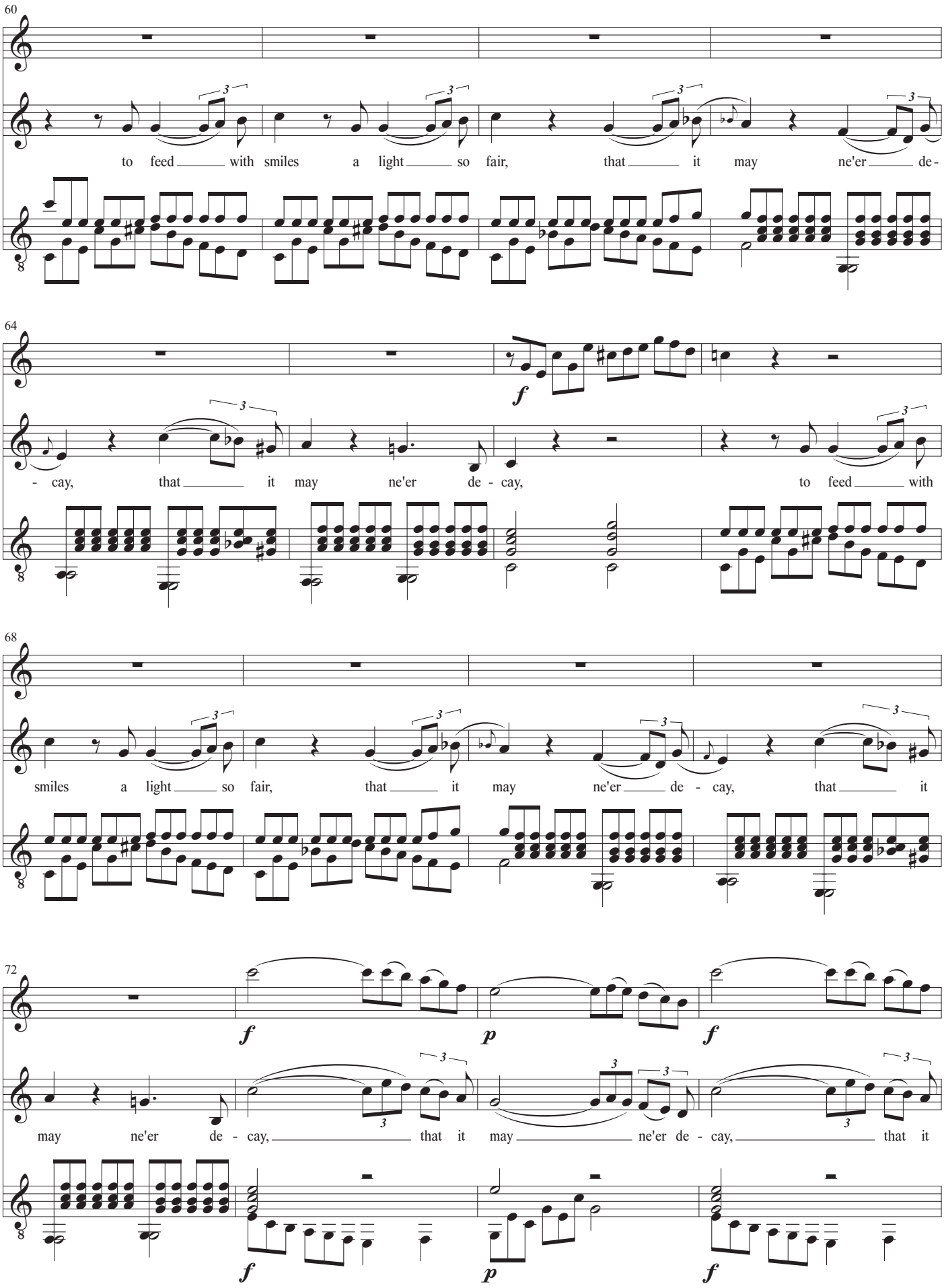
37

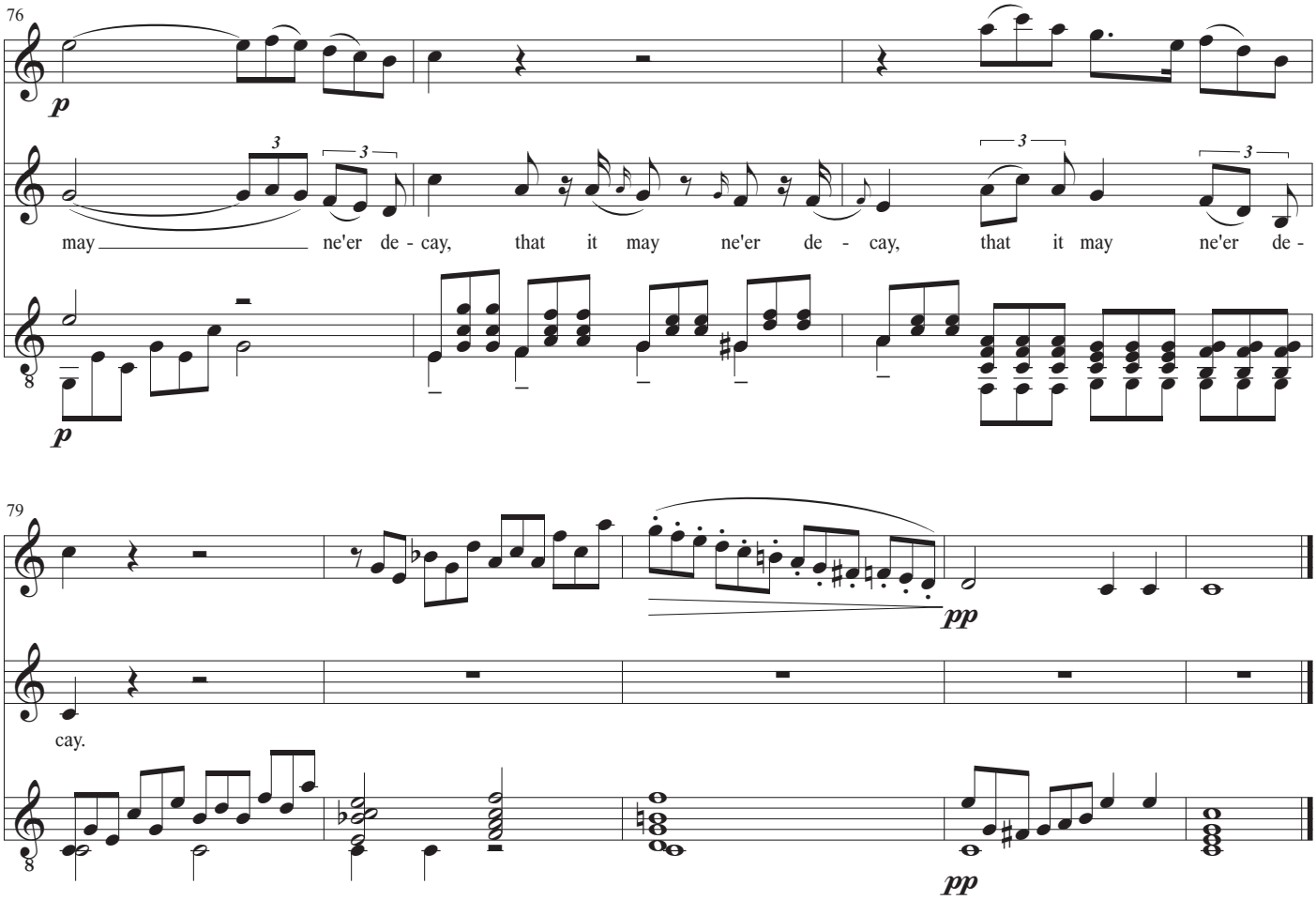
we were forced to part, and still to hear that

40

sad fare - well, when we were forced to part, were forced to part!


44
f
p
Bright
48
eyes! O that the task were mine, To guard the li - quid
52
fires, that shine and round your or - bits play, to
56
watch them with a ves - tal's care!

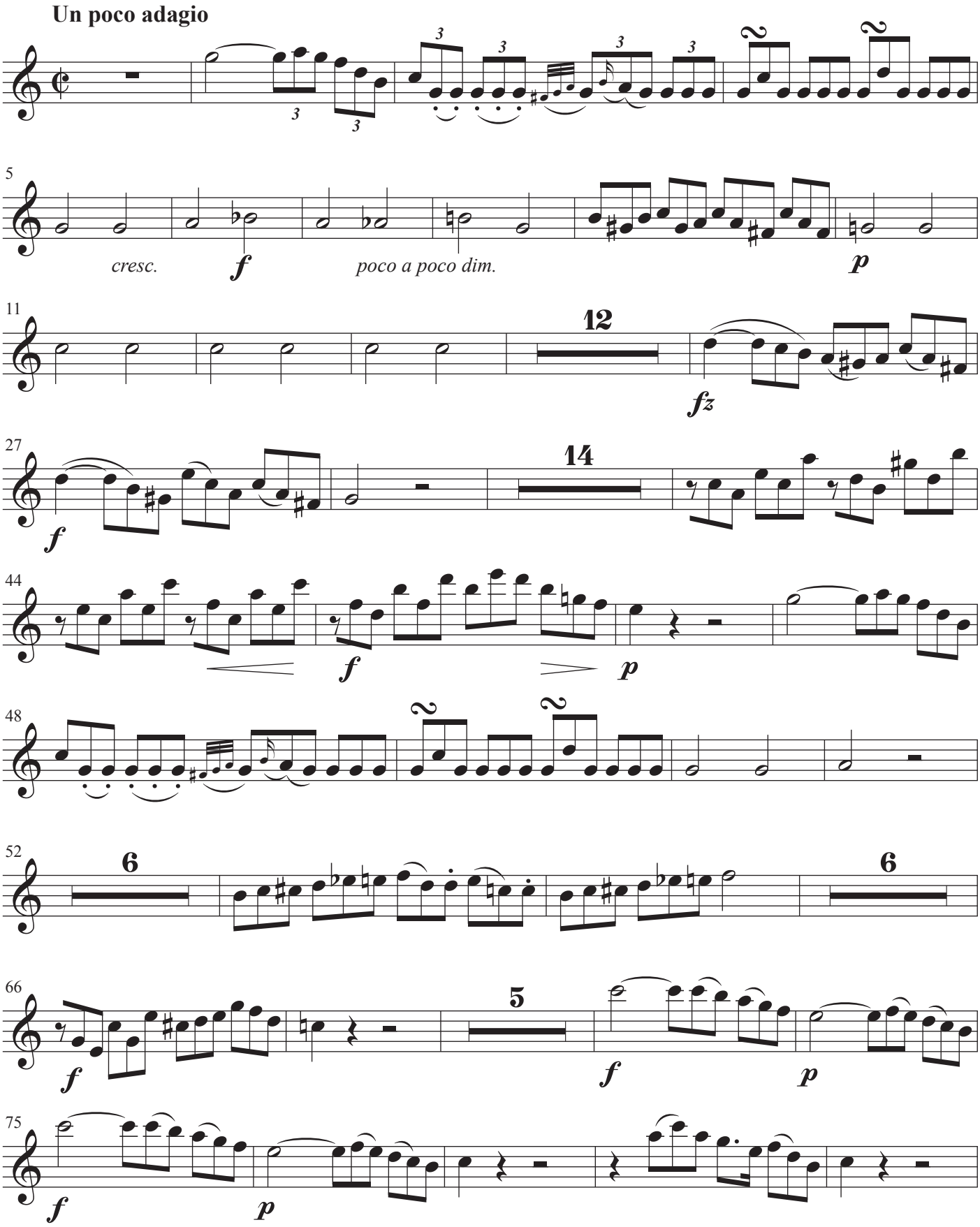

60
to feed with smiles a light so fair, that it may ne'er de-
64
f
- cay, that it may ne'er de - cay, to feed with
68
smiles a light so fair, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it
72
f p f
may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it
f p f

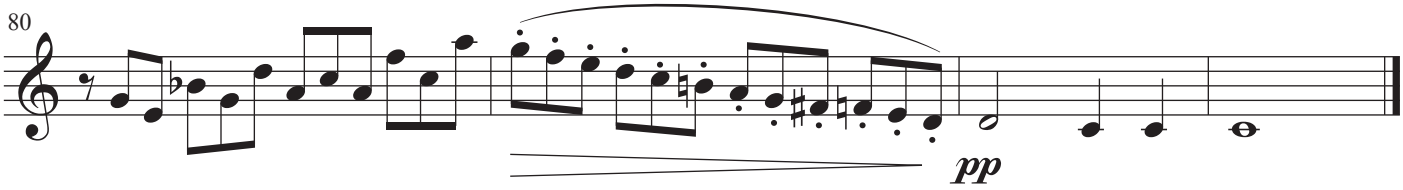

76
p
may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de -
p
79
pp
cay.
pp

Flute

O tuneful Voice

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen



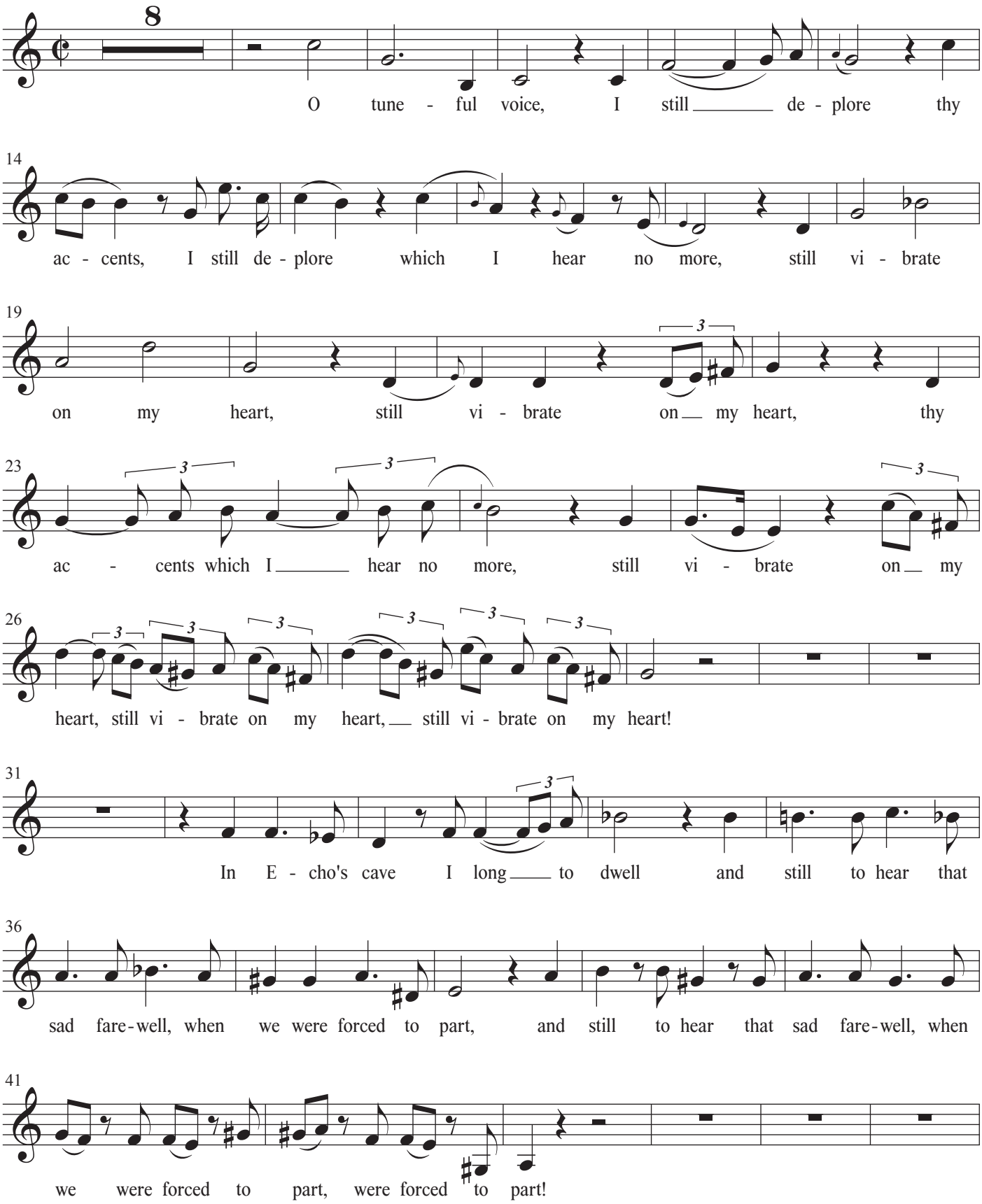

80
pp

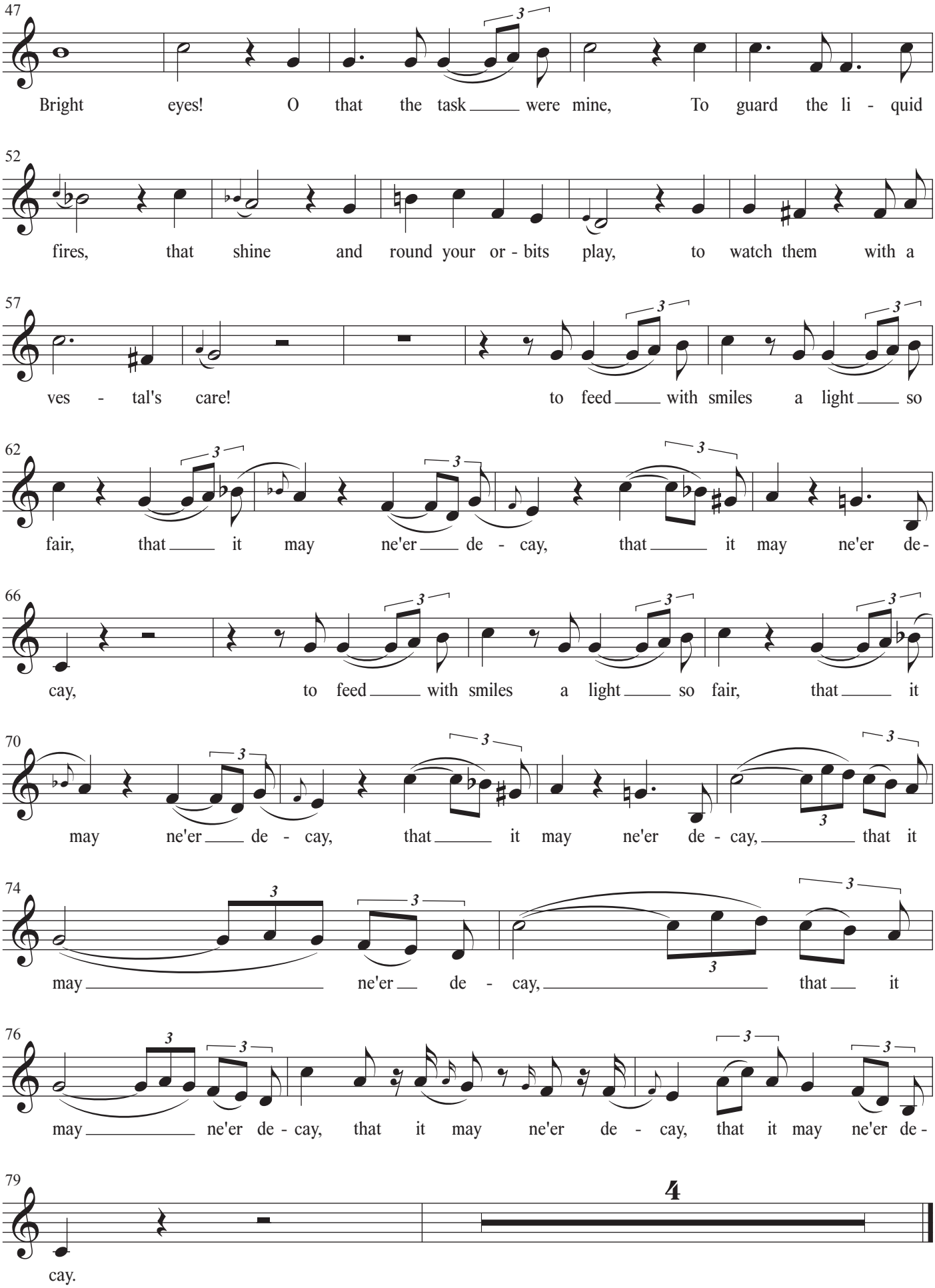
Voice

O tuneful Voice

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen

Un poco adagio

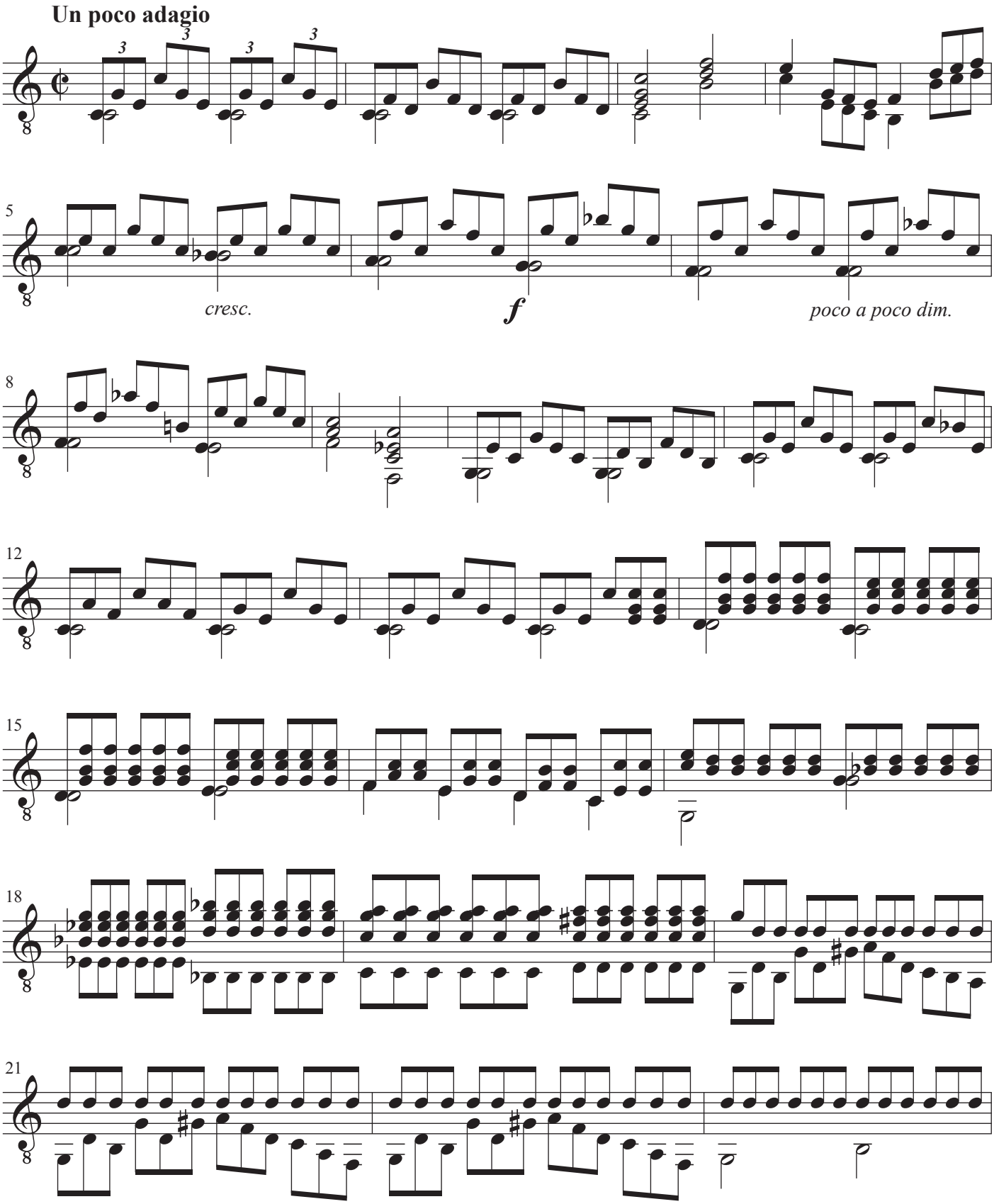


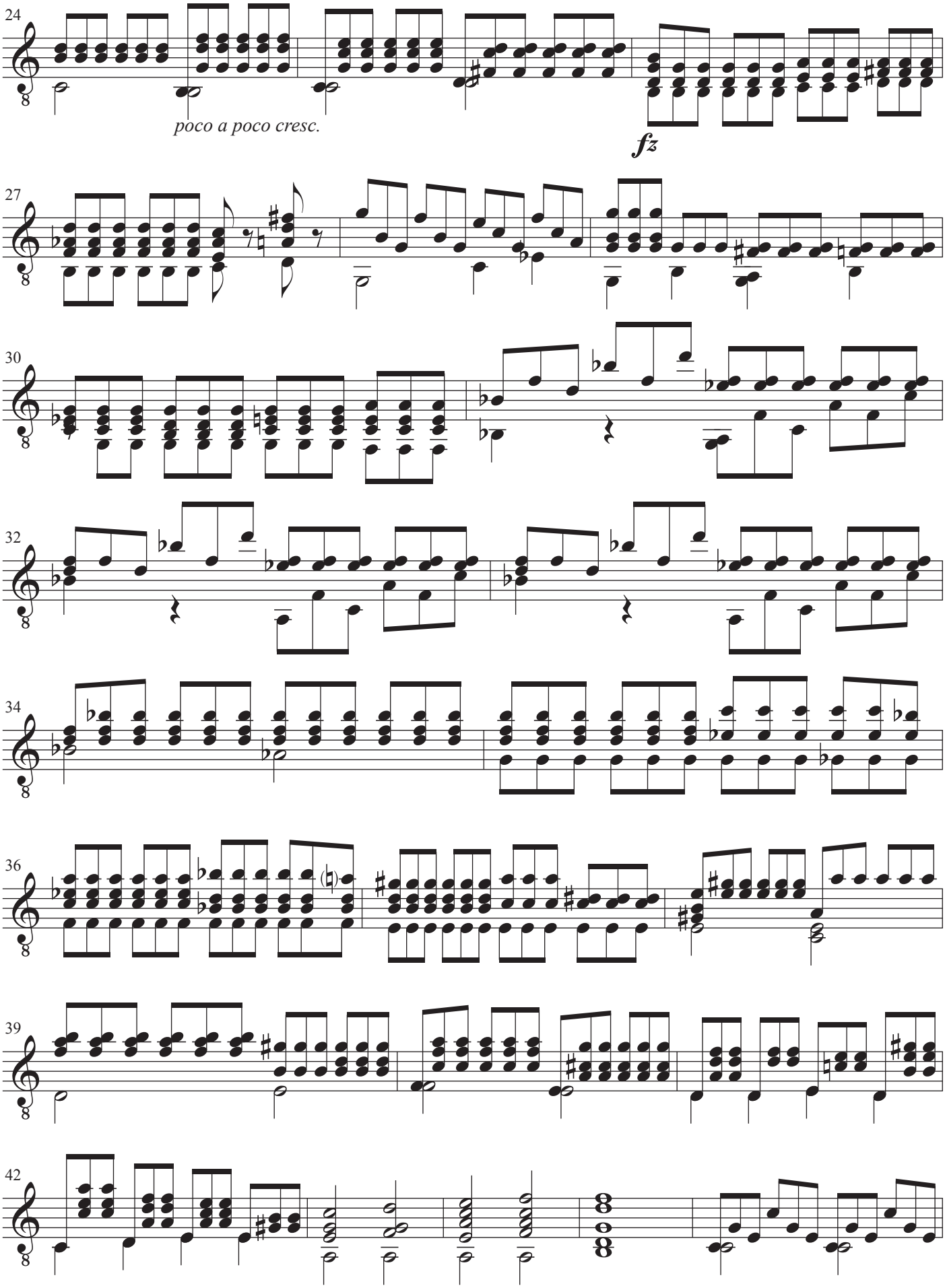

47
Bright eyes! O that the task were mine, To guard the li - quid
52
fires, that shine and round your or - bits play, to watch them with a
57
ves - tal's care! to feed with smiles a light so
62
fair, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de-
66
cay, to feed with smiles a light so fair, that it
70
may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it
74
may ne'er de - cay, that it
76
may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de - cay, that it may ne'er de-
79
4
cay.

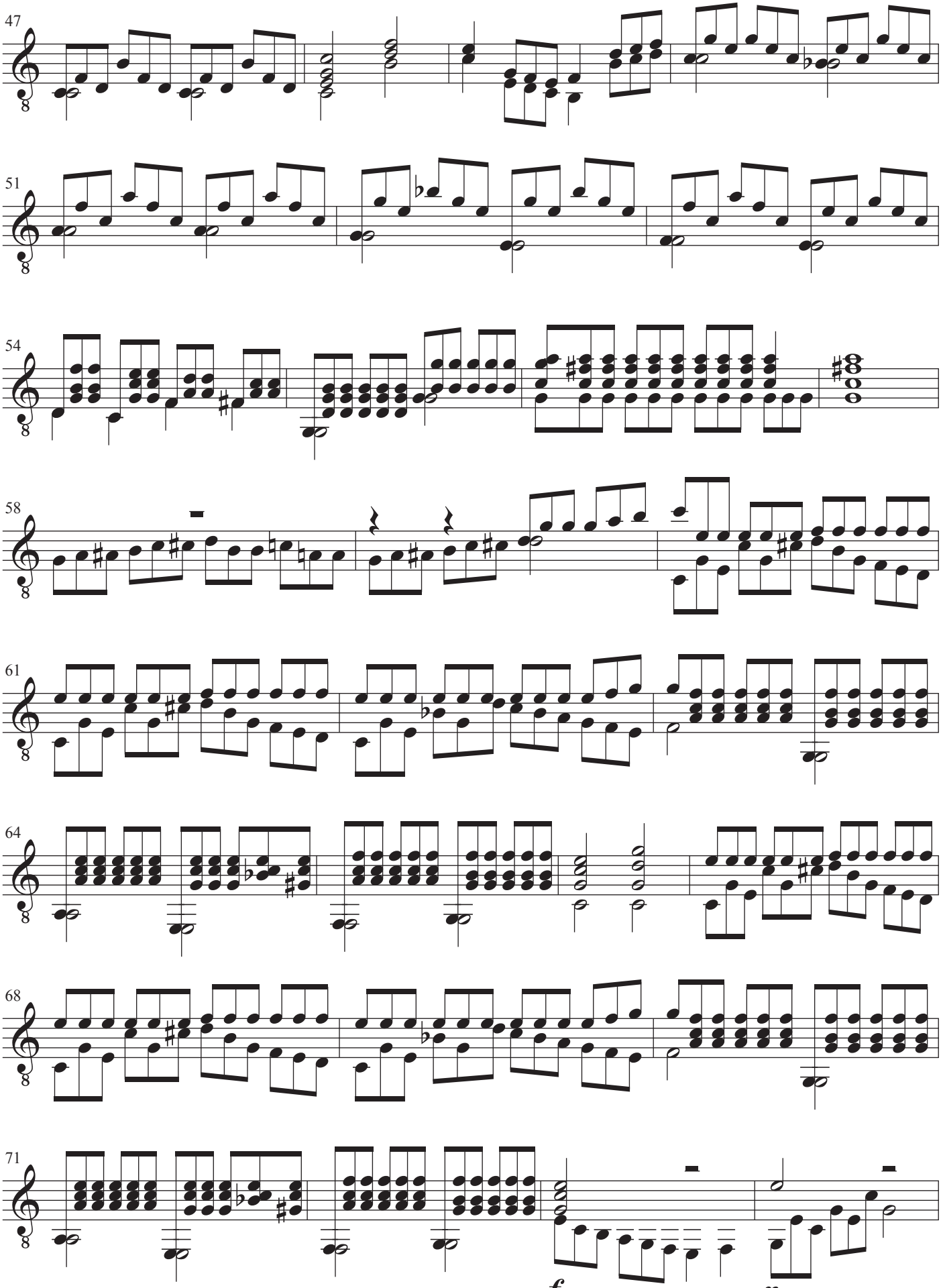
Guitar

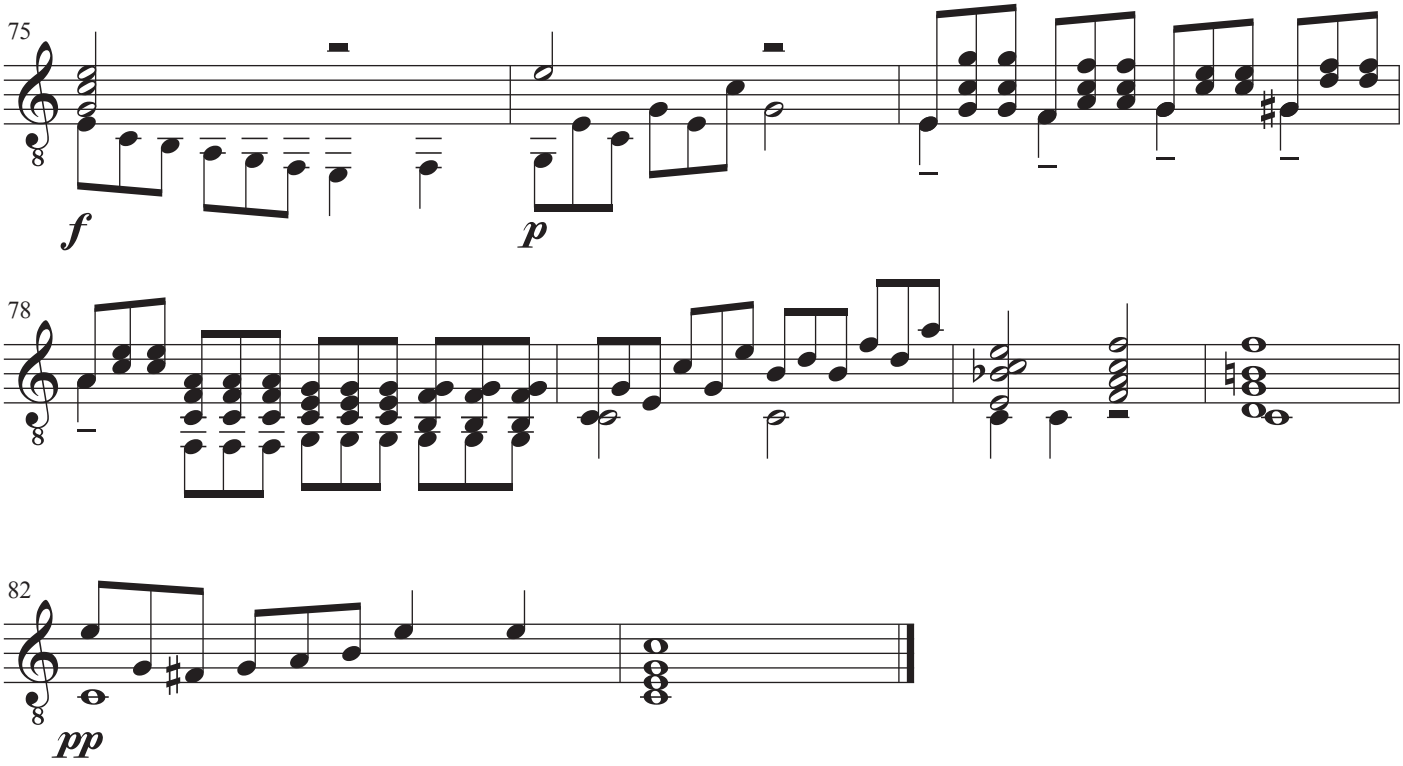
O tuneful Voice

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen



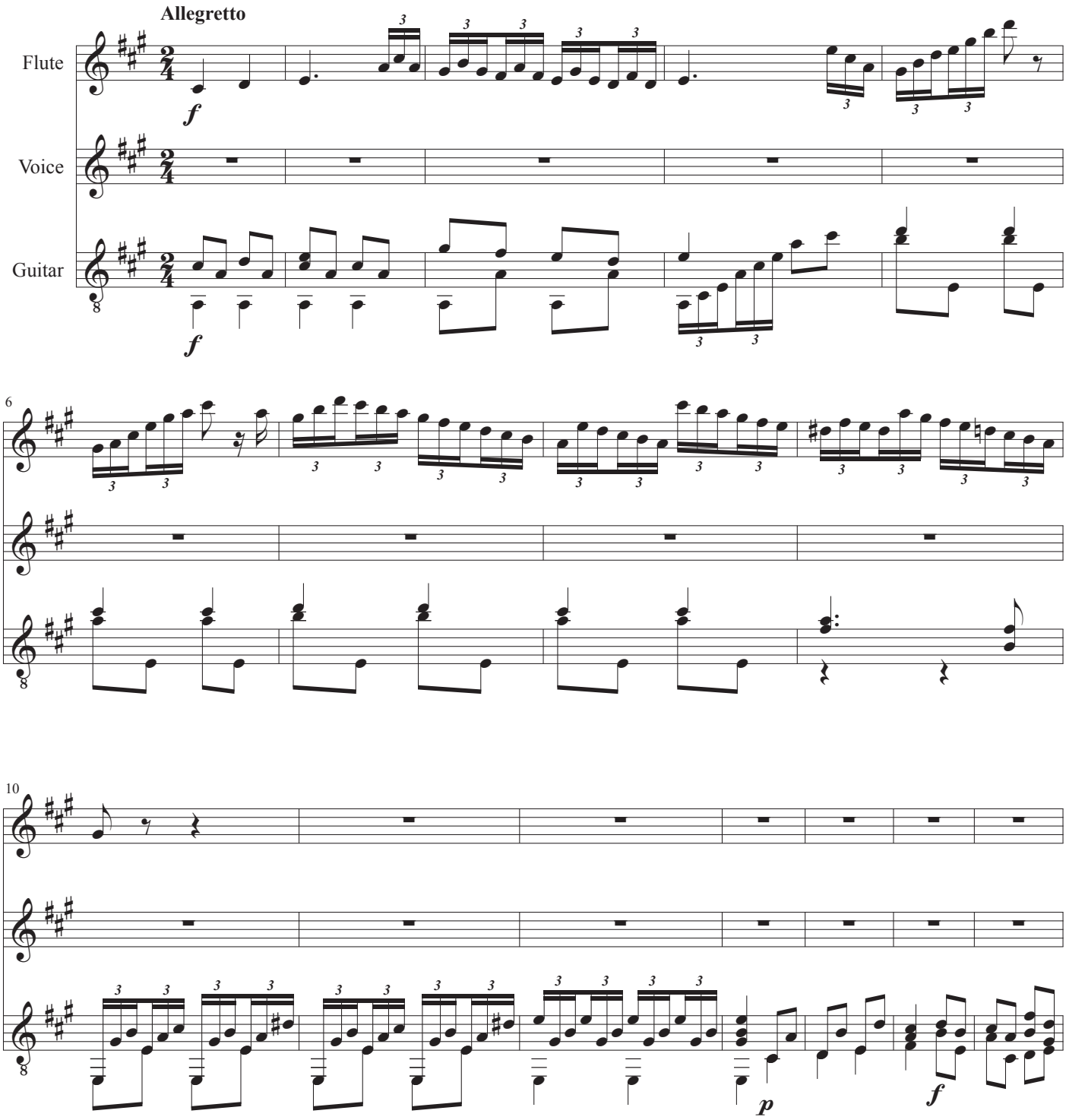

24
poco a poco cresc.
fz
27
30
32
34
36
39
42


47
51
54
58
61
64
68
71
f
p


75
f
p
78
82
pp

The Mermaids Song

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen



17

Now the dan - cing

24

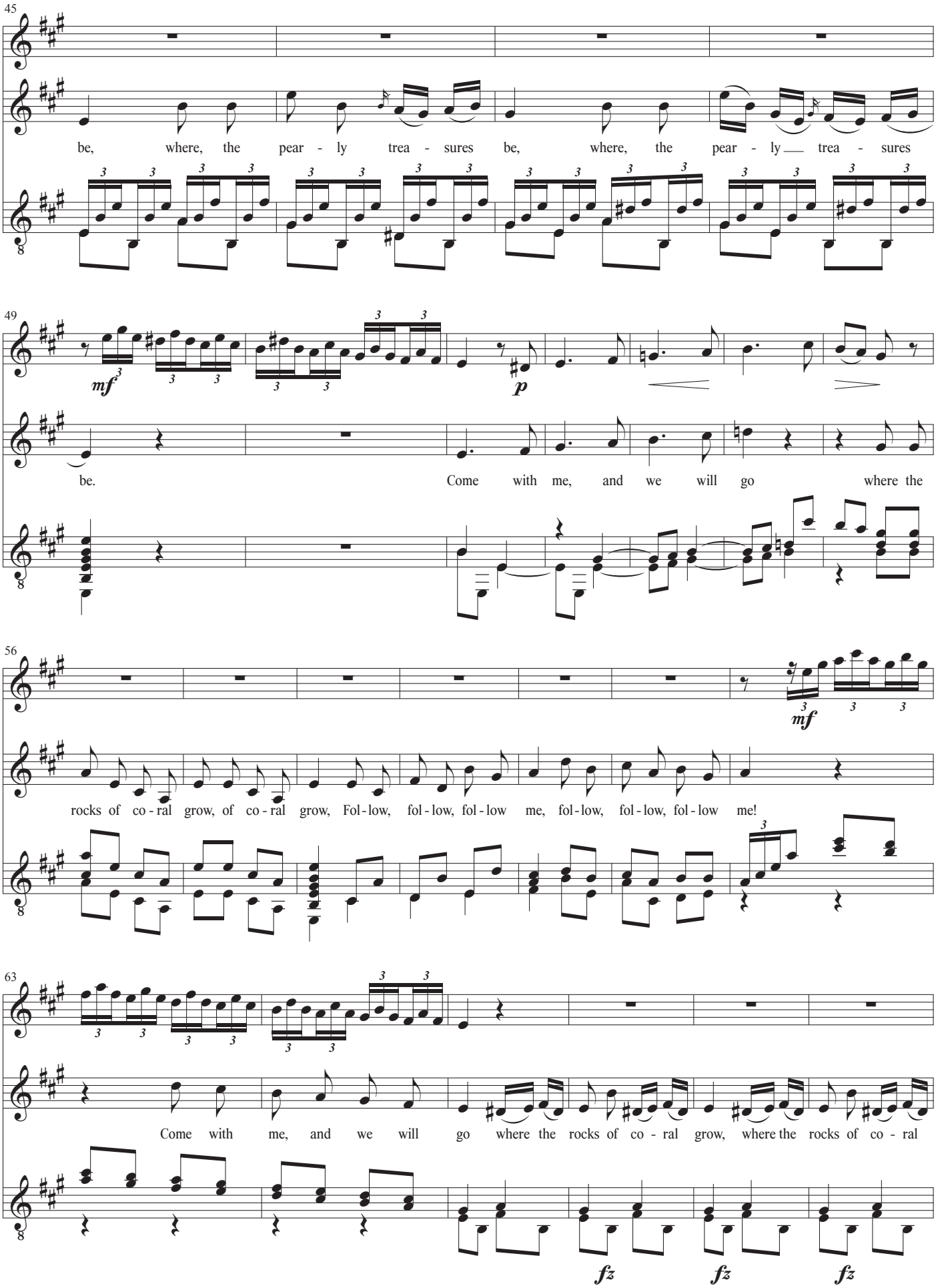
sun - beams play on the green and glas - sy sea; come, and I will lead the

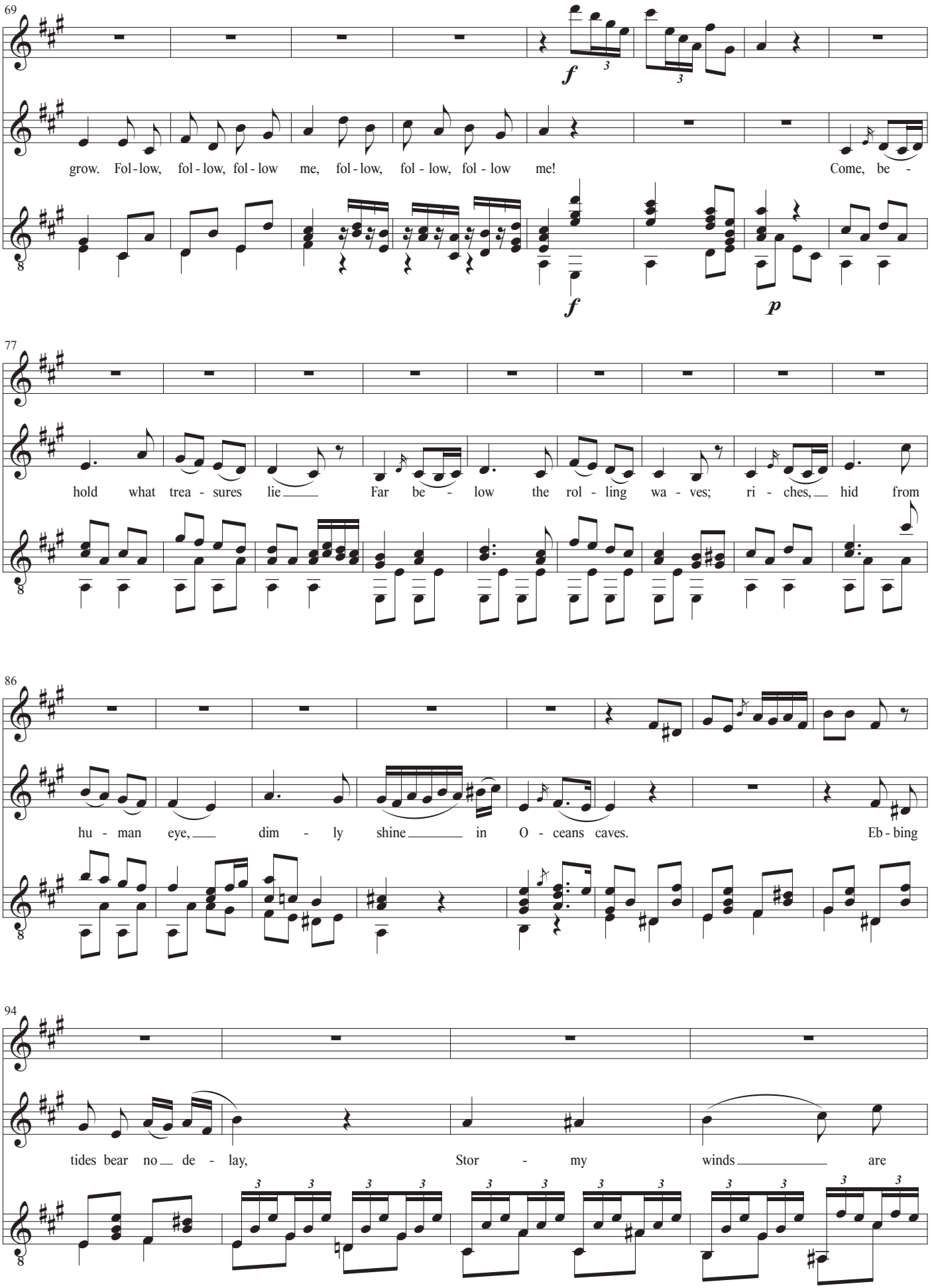
33

way, where the pear - ly trea - sures be. Come, and I will lead the

41

way, where, the pear - ly trea - sures


45
be, where, the pear - ly trea - sures be, where, the pear - ly trea - sures
49
mf
p
be. Come with me, and we will go where the
56
mf
rocks of co - ral grow, of co - ral grow, Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me!
63
Come with me, and we will go where the rocks of co - ral grow, where the rocks of co - ral
fz
fz
fz


69
grow. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me! Come, be -
77
hold what trea - sures lie Far be - low the rol - ling wa - ves; ri - ches, hid from
86
hu - man eye, dim - ly shine in O - ceans caves. Eb - bing
94
tides bear no de - lay, Stor - my winds are

98

far a - way, stor - my winds are far a - way, stor - my

102

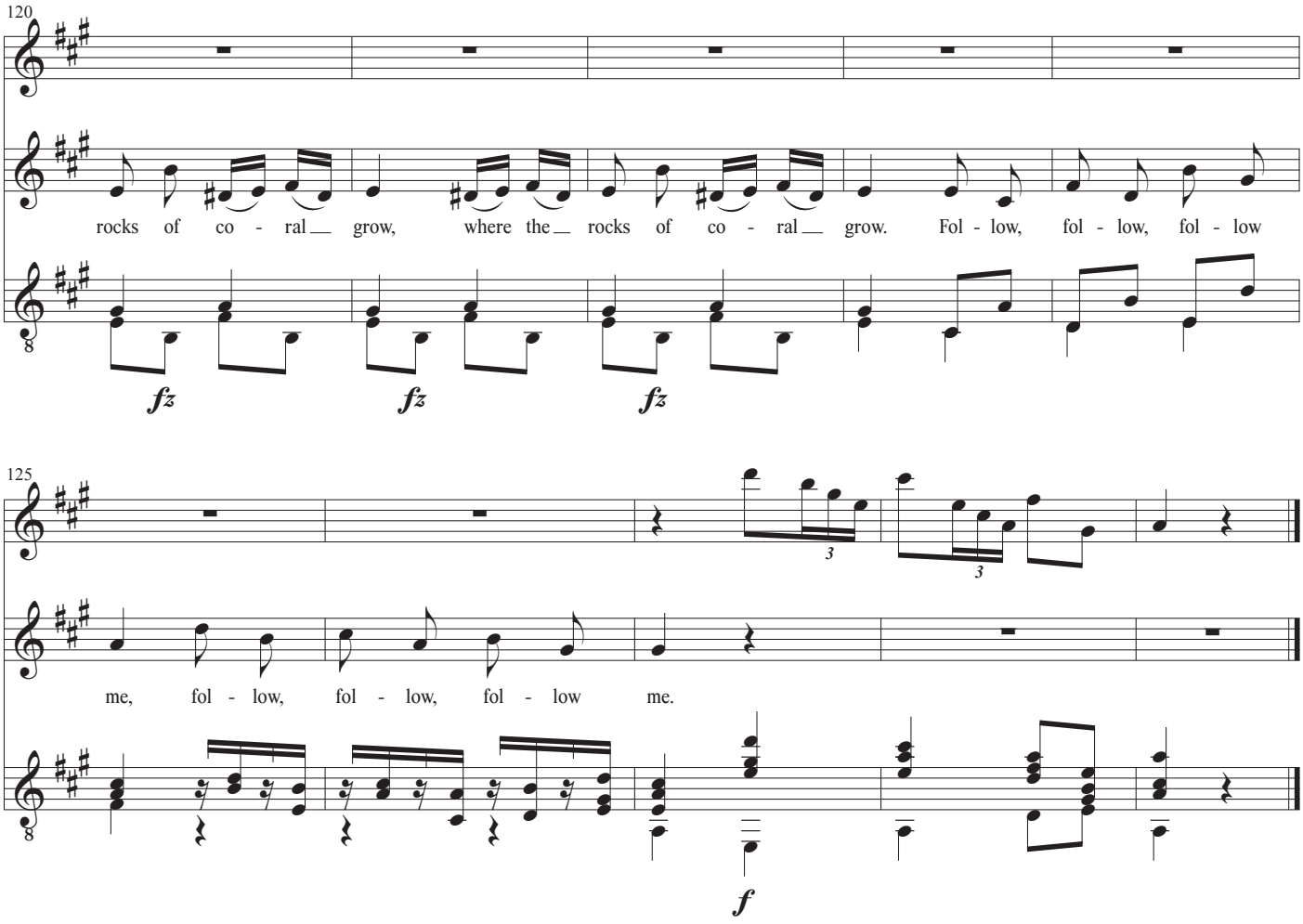
winds are far a - way, Come with me, and we will

108

where the rocks of co - ral grow, of co - ral grow. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low

116

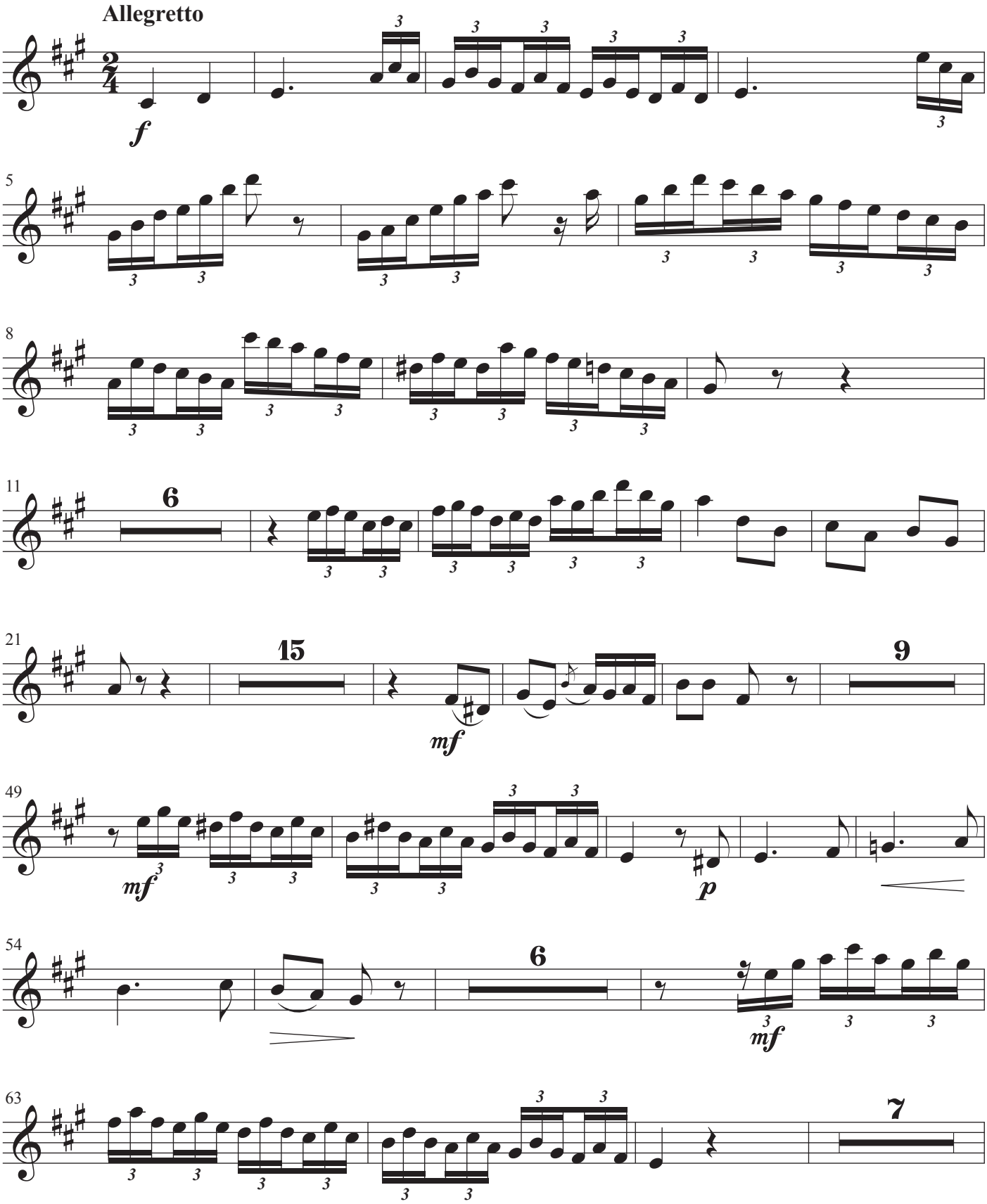
me. Come with me, and we will go where the

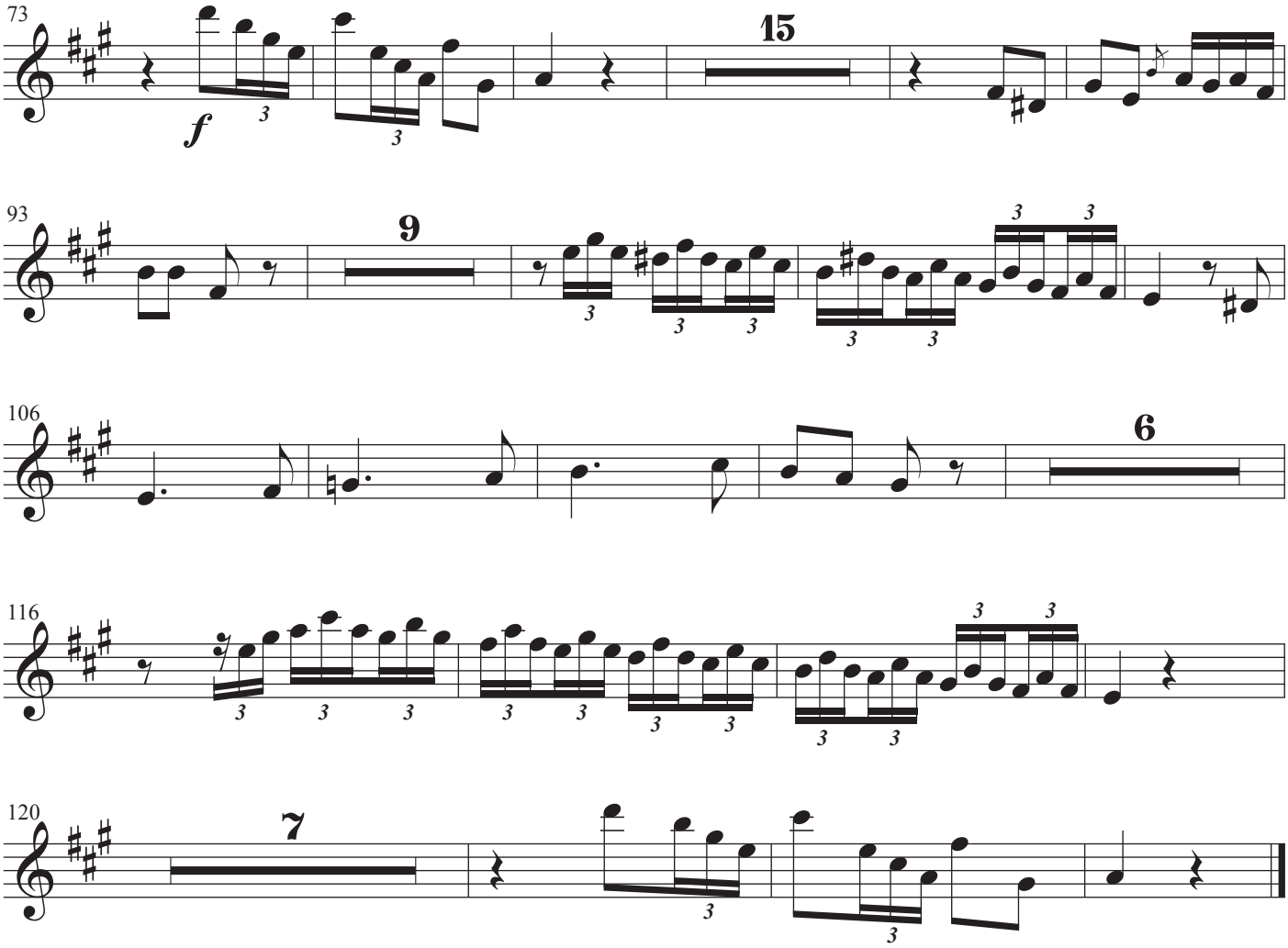

120
rocks of co - ral grow, where the rocks of co - ral grow. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low
fz
fz
fz
125
me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.
f

Flute

The Mermaids Song

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen

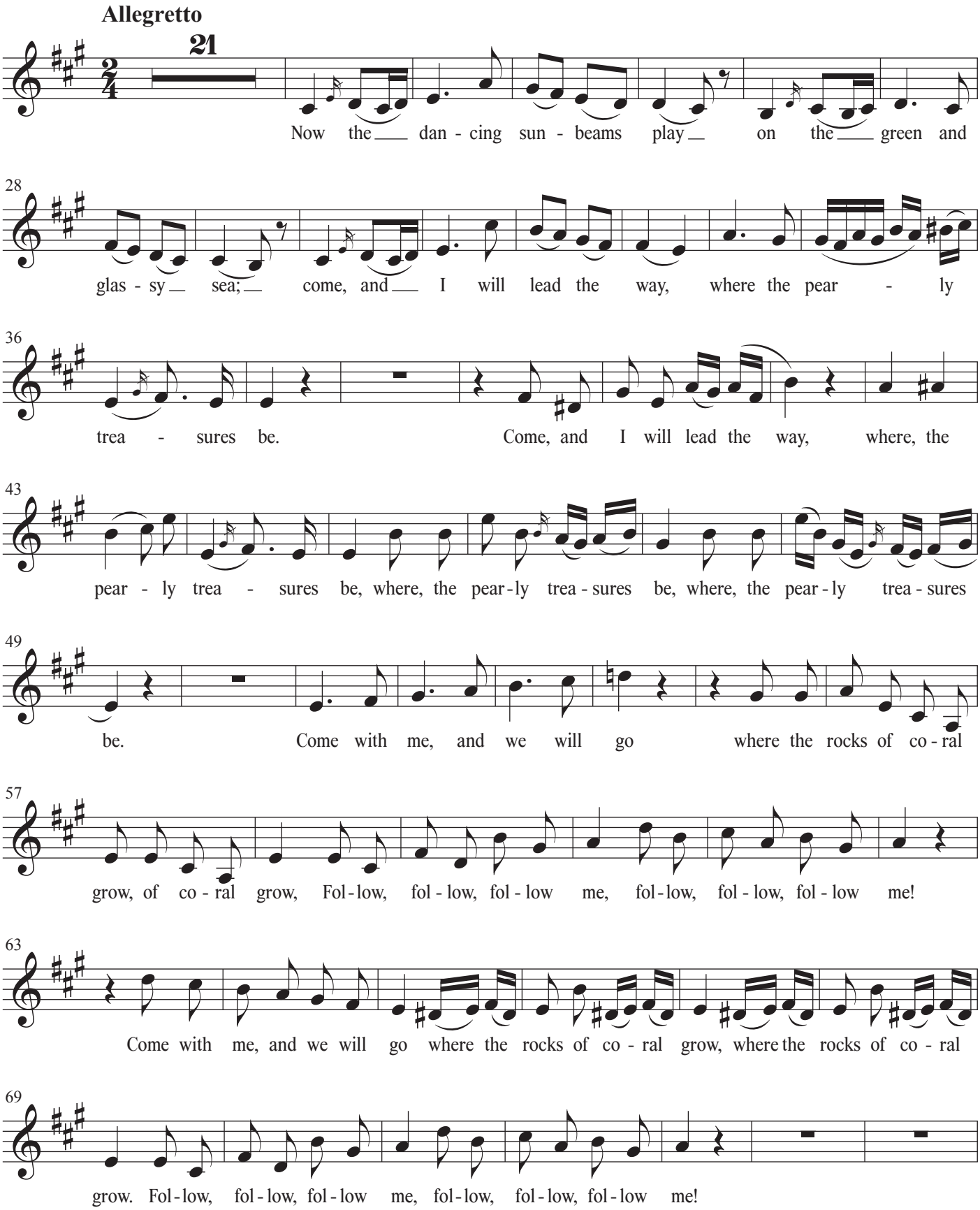


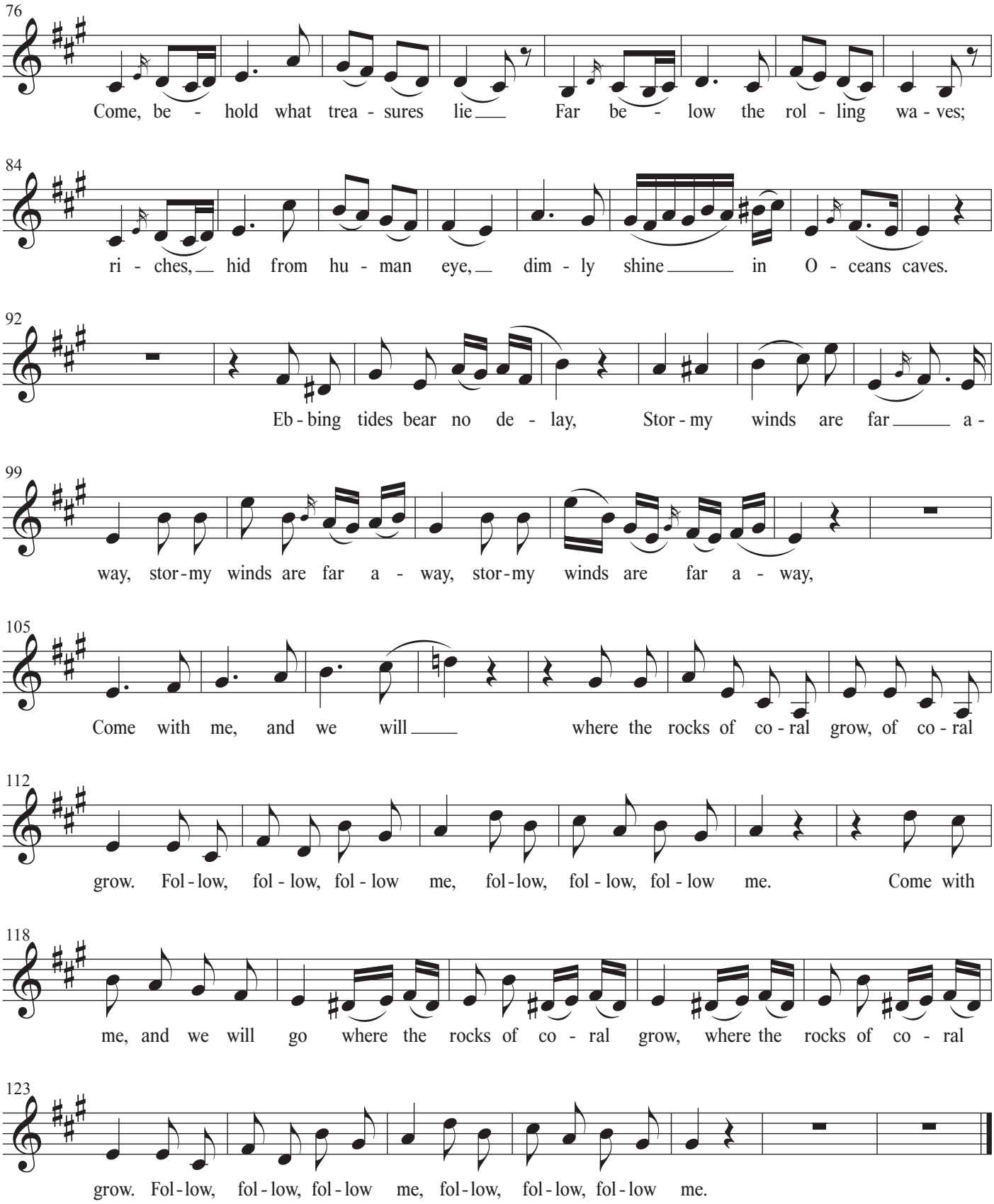

73
f
15
93
9
106
6
116
120
7

Voice

The Mermaids Song

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen

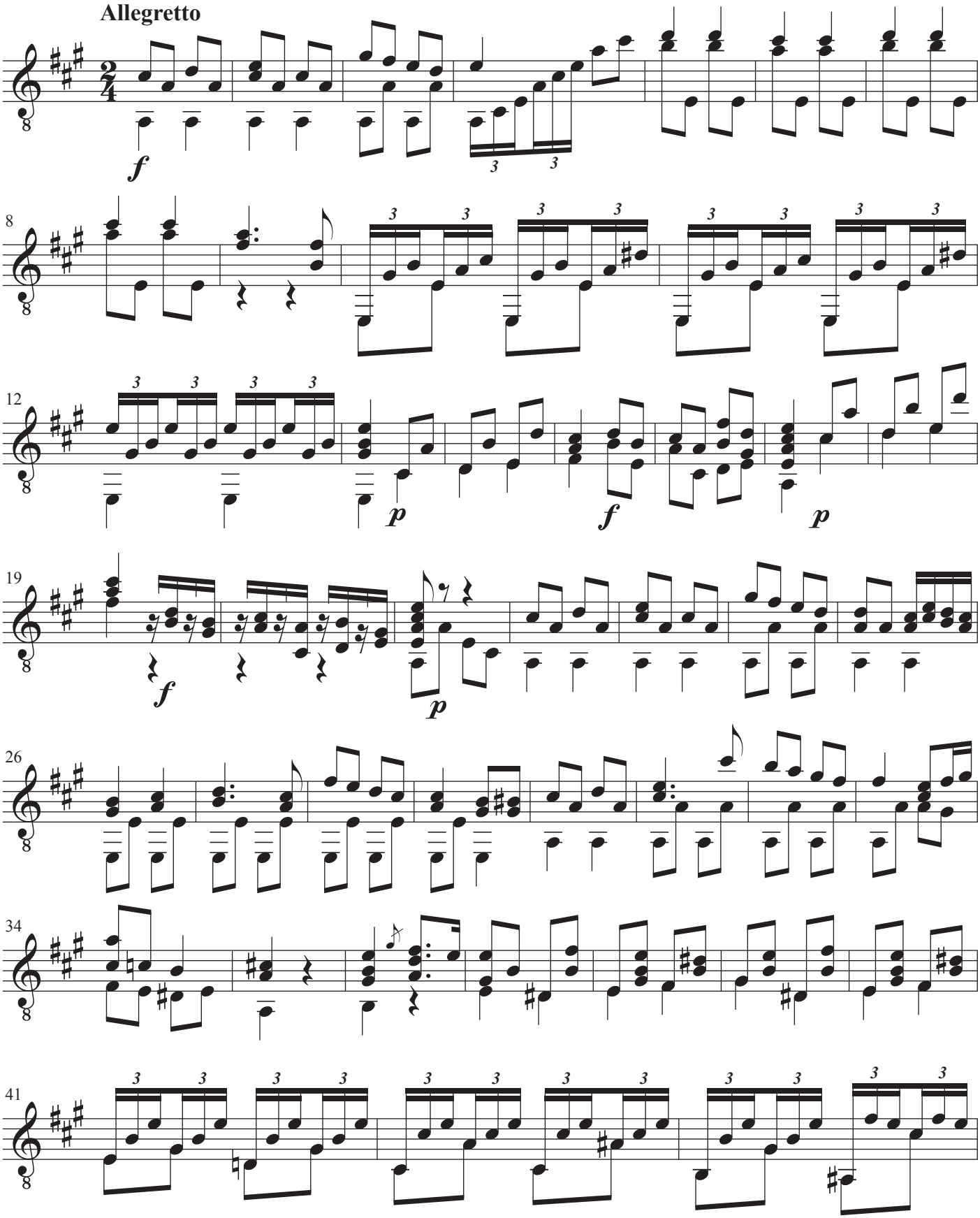


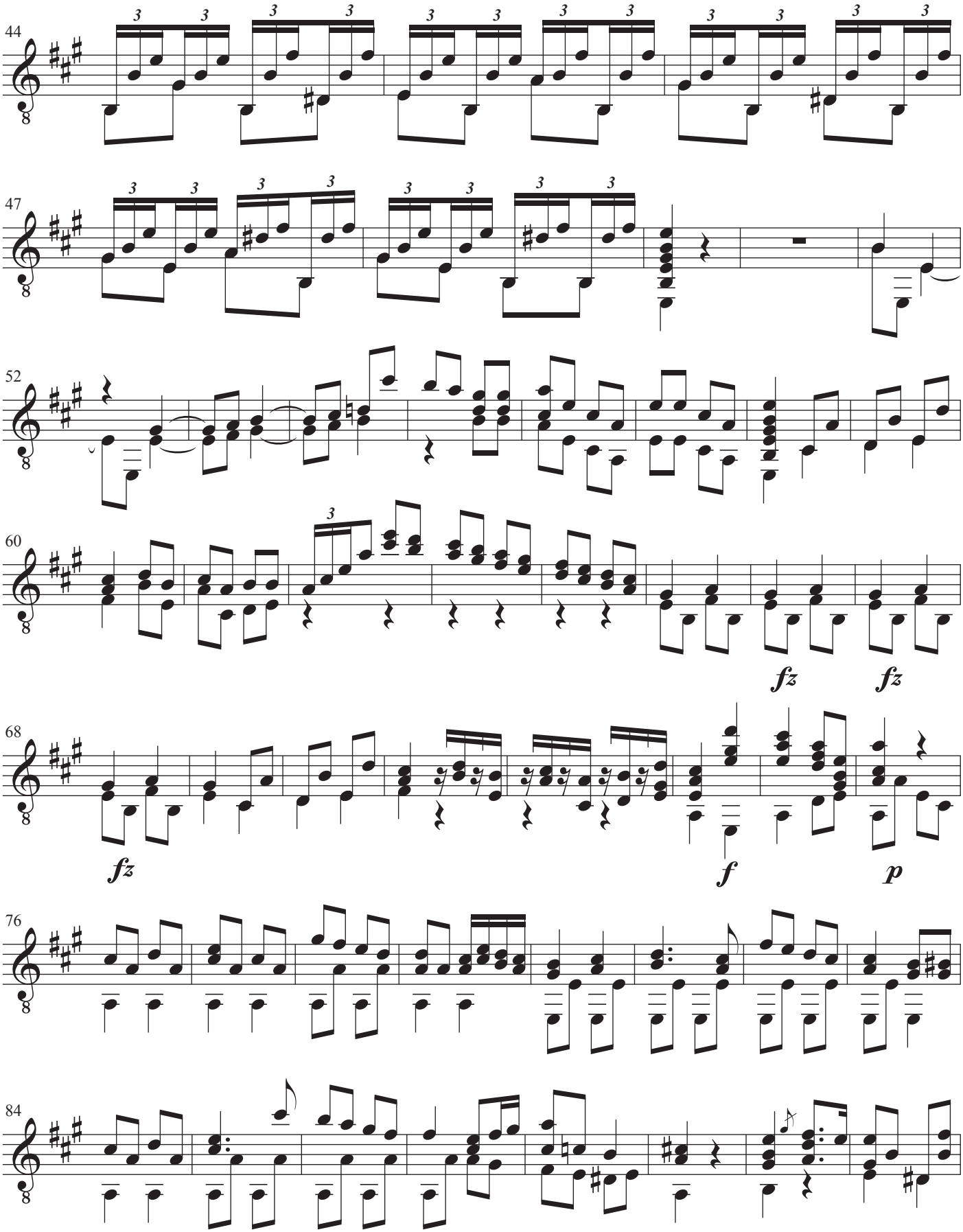

76
Come, be - hold what trea - sures lie Far be - low the rol - ling wa - ves;
84
ri - ches, hid from hu - man eye, dim - ly shine in O - ceans caves.
92
Eb - bing tides bear no de - lay, Stor - my winds are far a -
99
way, stor - my winds are far a - way, stor - my winds are far a - way,
105
Come with me, and we will where the rocks of co - ral grow, of co - ral
112
grow. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me. Come with
118
me, and we will go where the rocks of co - ral grow, where the rocks of co - ral
123
grow. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.

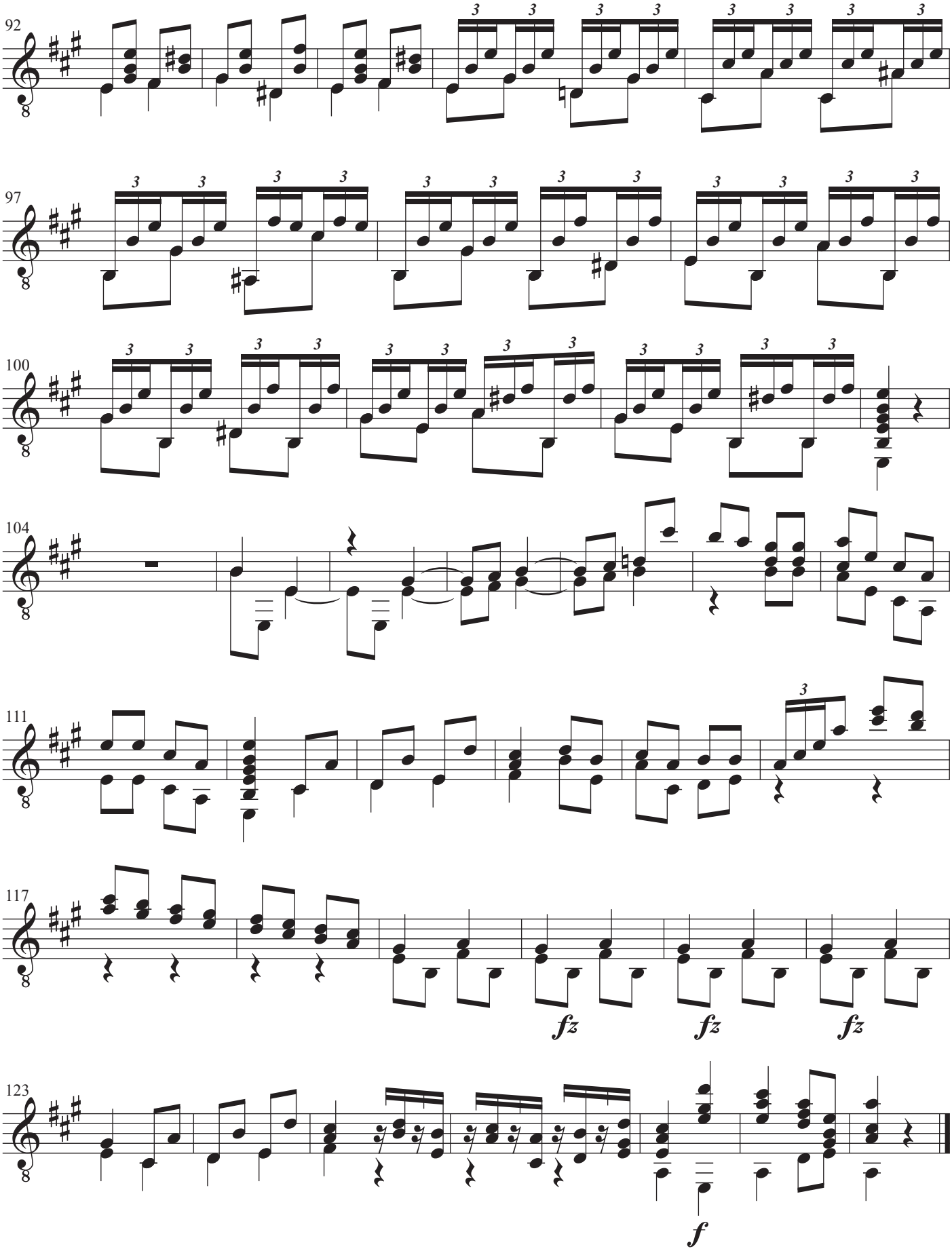
Guitar

The Mermaids Song

Music: Joseph Haydn
Lyrics: Anne Hunter
Guitar: John Jacobsen

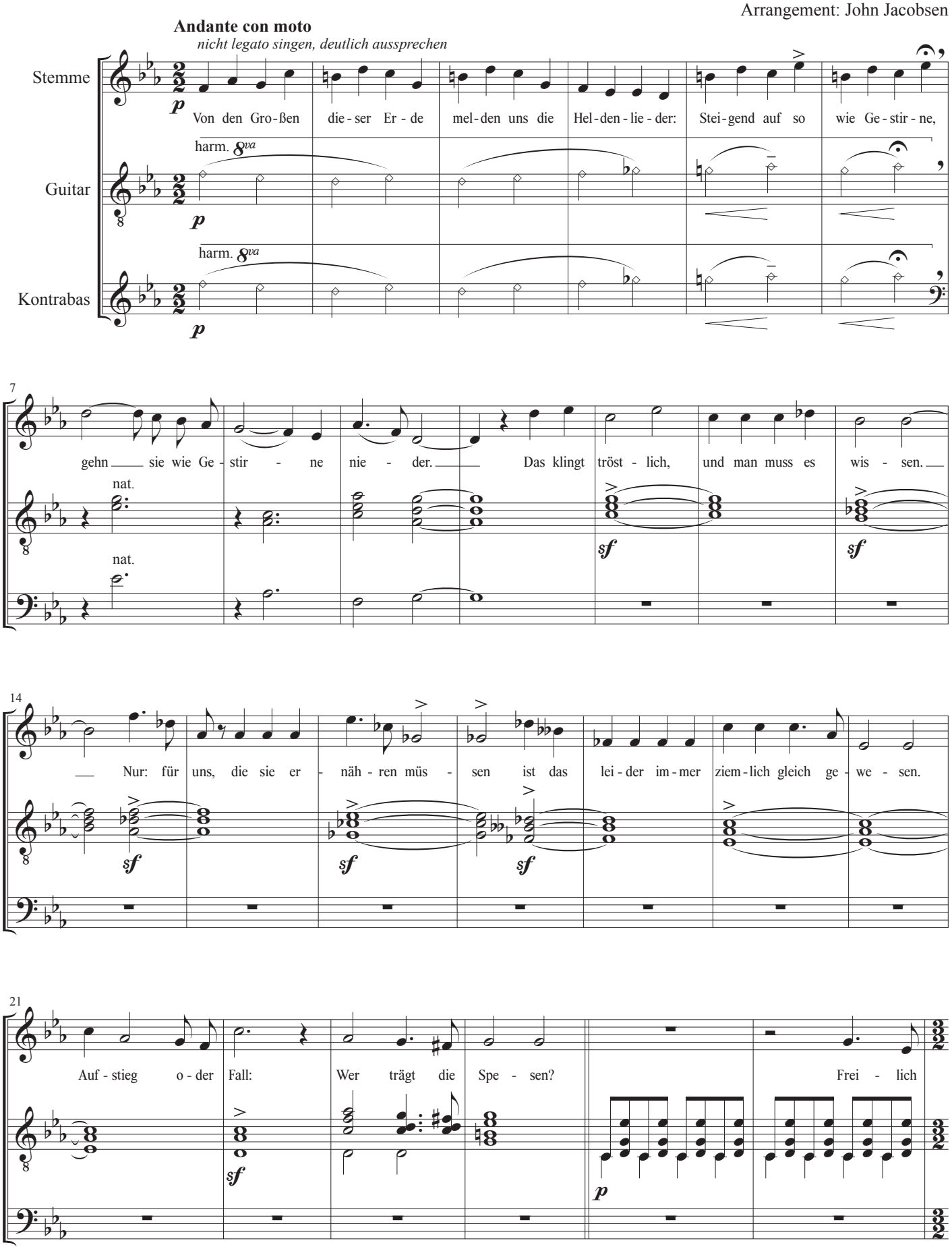


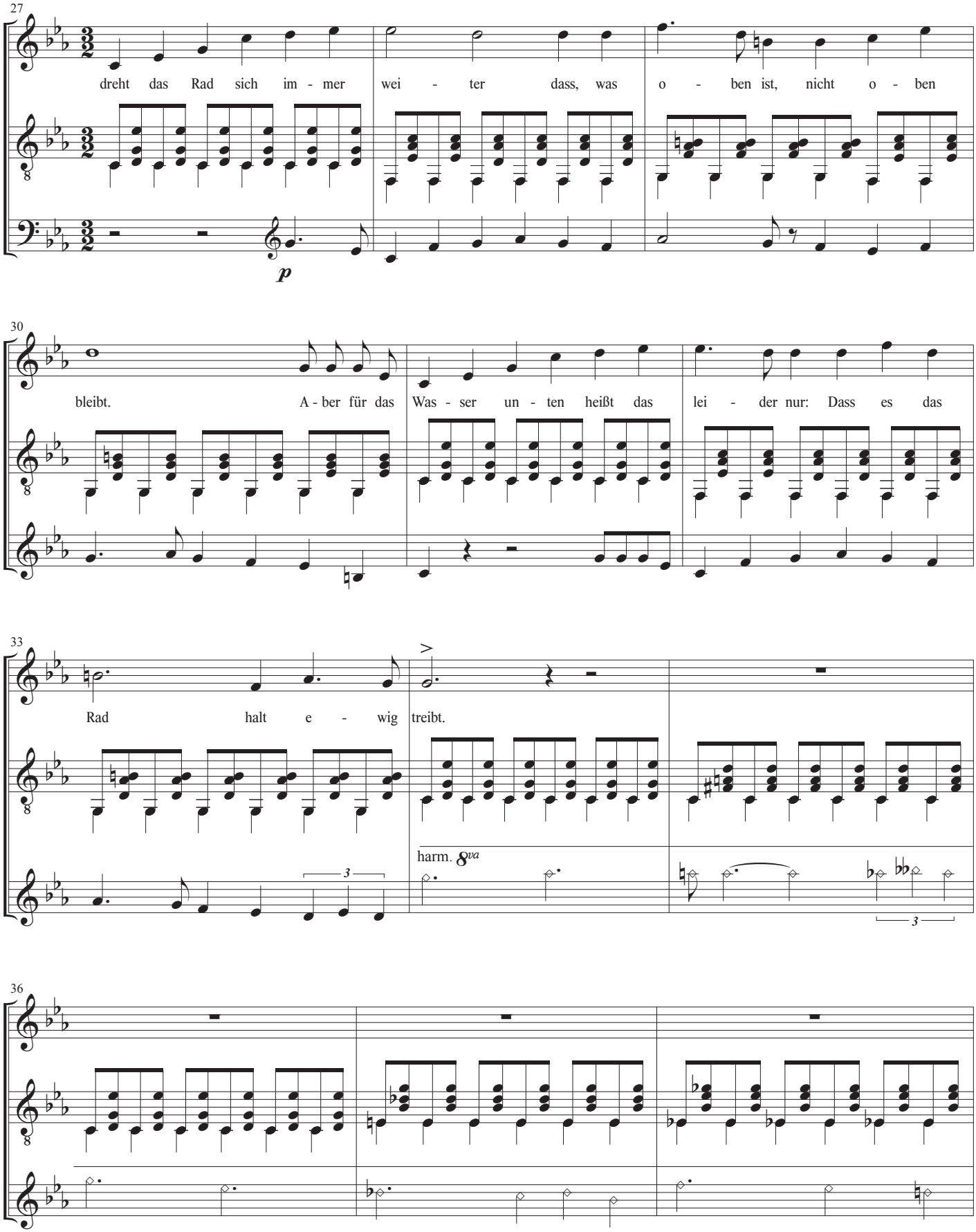

44
47
52
60
fz
fz
68
fz
f
p
76
84

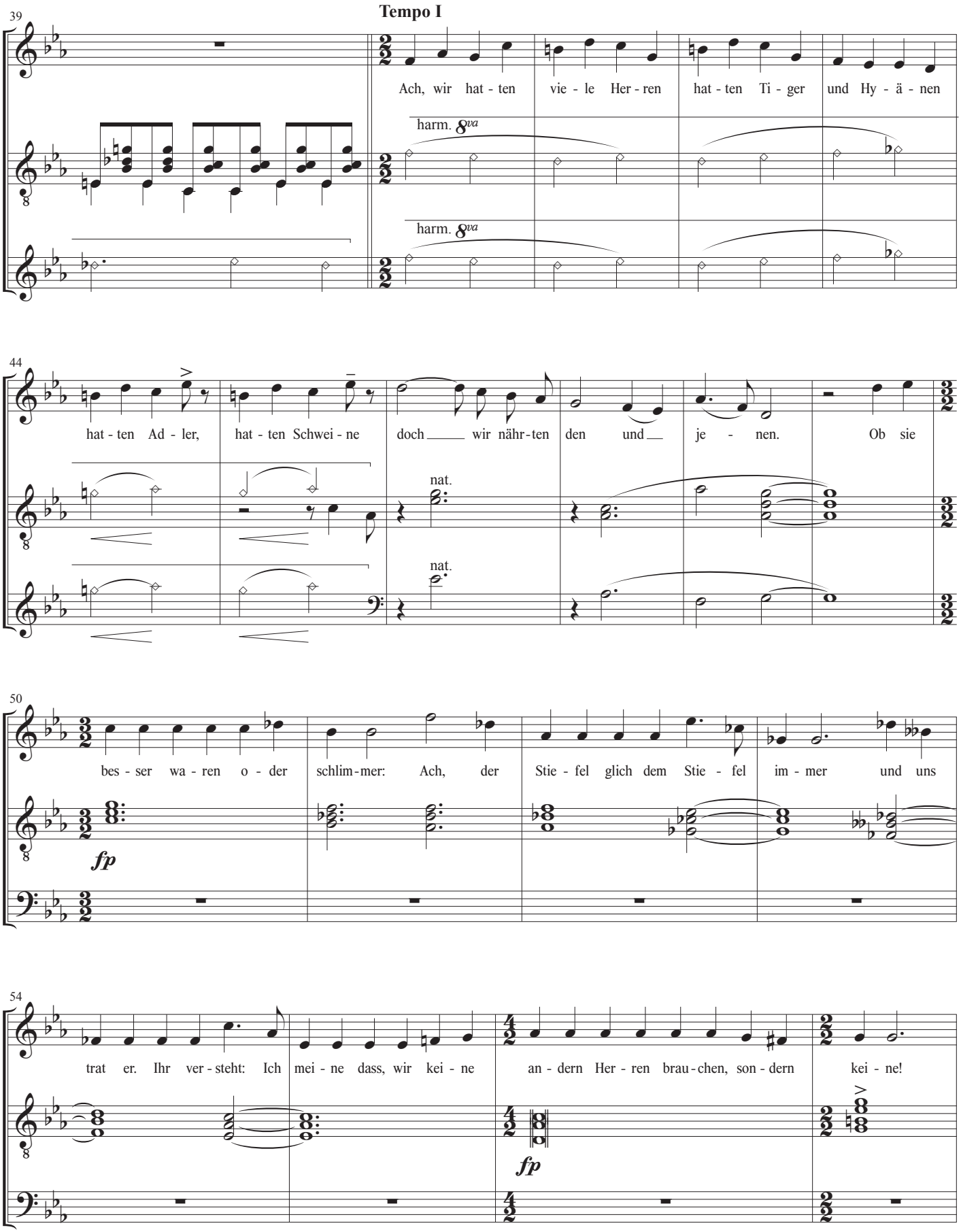

92
97
100
104
111
117
fz
fz
fz
123
f

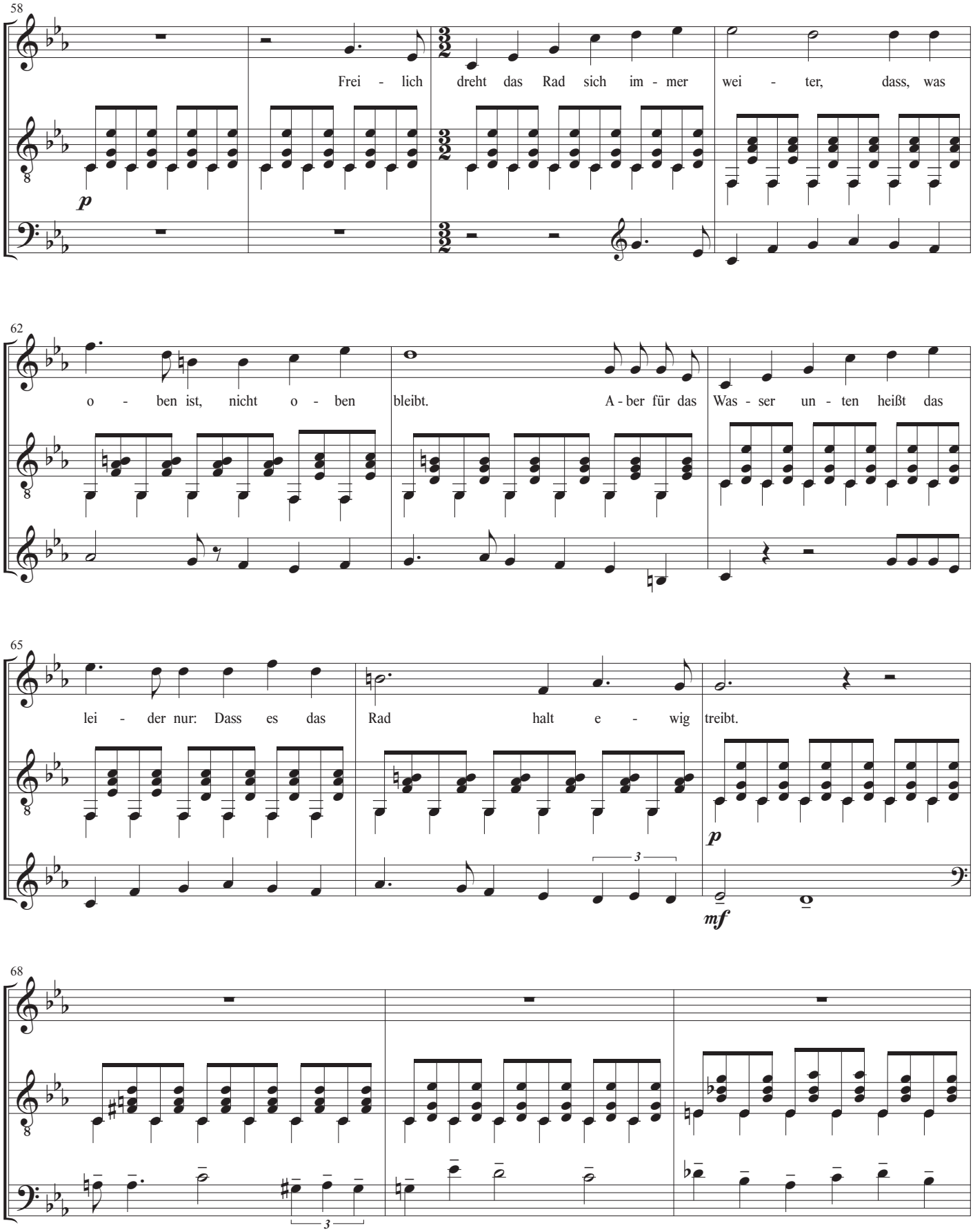
Die Ballade vom Wasserrad

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




27
dreht das Rad sich im - mer wei - ter dass, was o - ben ist, nicht o - ben
p
30
bleibt. A - ber für das Was - ser un - ten heißt das lei - der nur: Dass es das
33
Rad halt e - wig treibt.
harm. 8va
36


39
Tempo I
Ach, wir hat - ten vie - le Her - ren hat - ten Ti - ger und Hy - ä - nen
harm. 8va
harm. 8va
44
hat - ten Ad - ler, hat - ten Schwei - ne doch wir nähr-ten den und je - nen. Ob sie
nat.
nat.
50
bes - ser wa - ren o - der schlim-mer: Ach, der Stie - fel glich dem Stie - fel im - mer und uns
fp
54
trat er. Ihr ver - steht: Ich mei - ne dass, wir kei - ne an - dern Her - ren brau-chen, son - dern kei - ne!
fp


58
Frei - lich dreht das Rad sich im - mer wei - ter, dass, was
p
62
o - ben ist, nicht o - ben bleibt. A - ber für das Was - ser un - ten heißt das
65
lei - der nur: Dass es das Rad halt e - wig treibt.
p
mf
68

71

Und sie schla-gen sich die Köp-fe blu - tig

75

um die Beu - te, nen-nen ein-an-der gie-ri-ge Tröp-fe und sich sel-ber gu - te Leu - te.

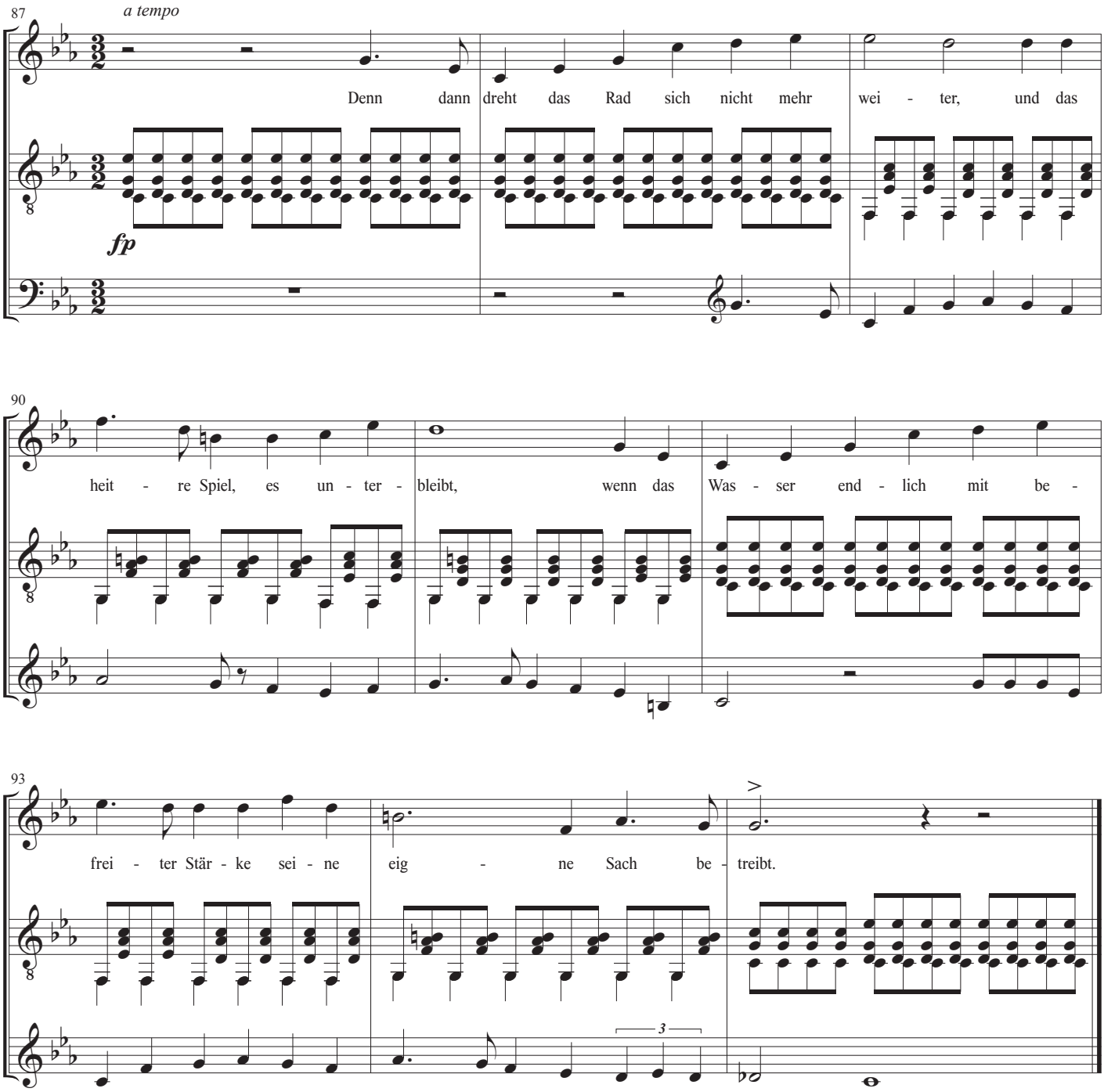
79

Un-auf-hör-lich sehn wir sie ein-an-der grol-len und zer-flei - schen. Ein-zig und al-lei-nig, wenn wir

83

poco rit.

sie nicht mehr er-näh-ren wol-len sind sie sich auf ein - mal plötz-lich völ - lig ei - nig.


87
a tempo
Denn dann dreht das Rad sich nicht mehr wei - ter, und das
fp
90
heit - re Spiel, es un - ter - bleibt, wenn das Was - ser end - lich mit be -
93
frei - ter Stär - ke sei - ne eig - ne Sach be - treibt.
3

Stemme

Die Ballade vom Wasserrad

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Andante con moto

nicht legato singen, deutlich aussprechen

Von den Gro - ßen die - ser Er - de mel - den uns die Hel - den - lie - der: Stei - gend auf so

p

6

wie Ge - stir - ne, gehn sie wie Ge - stir - ne nie - der. Das klingt tröst - lich,

12

und man muss es wis - sen. Nur: für uns, die sie er - näh - ren müs - sen ist das

18

lei - der im - mer ziem - lich gleich ge - we - sen. Auf - stieg o - der Fall: Wer trägt die

24

Spe - sen? Frei - lich dreht das Rad sich im - mer wei - ter dass, was

29

o - ben ist, nicht o - ben bleibt. A - ber für das Was - ser un - ten heißt das

32

lei - der nur: Dass es das Rad halt e - wig treibt.

5

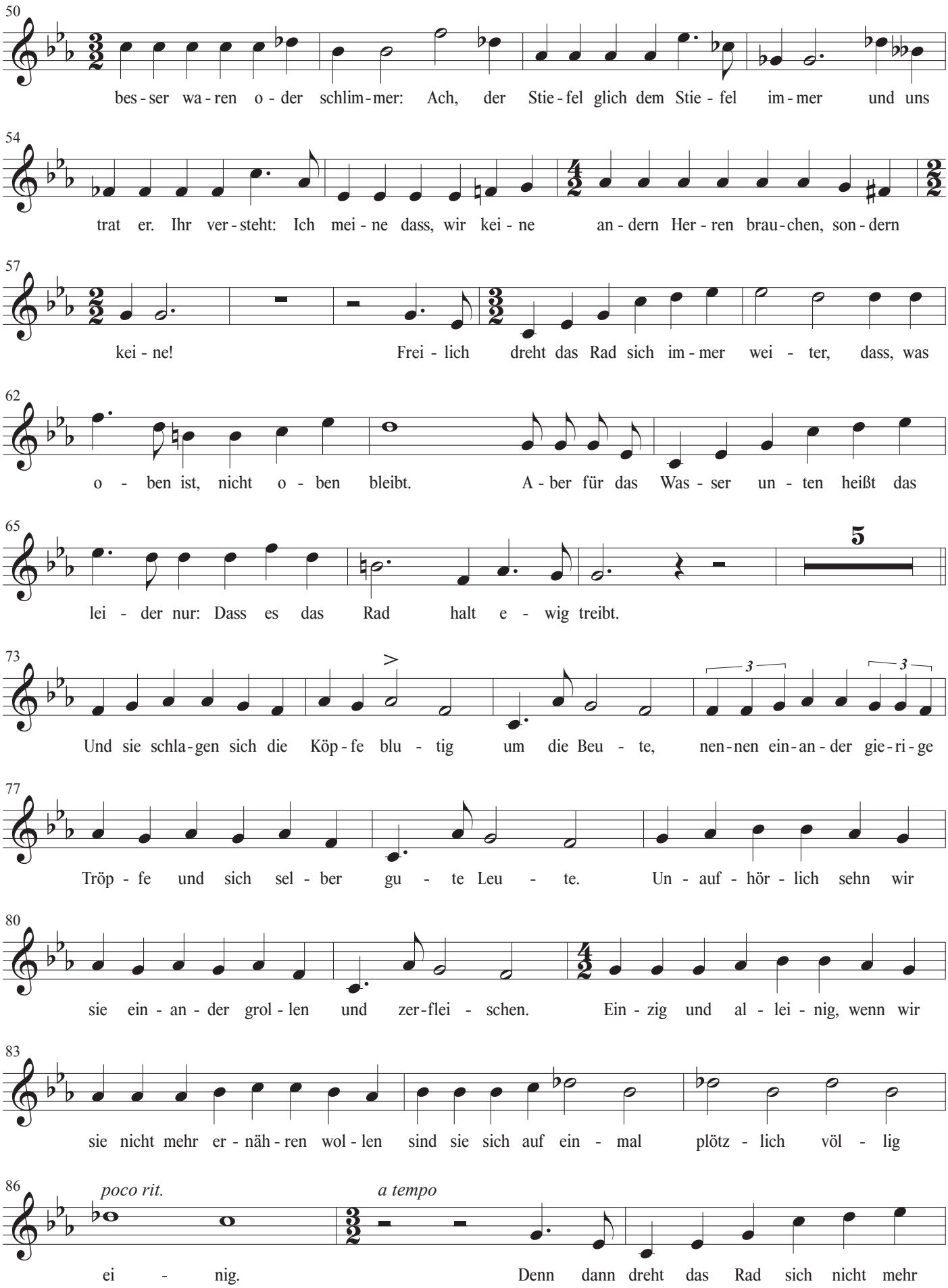
Tempo I

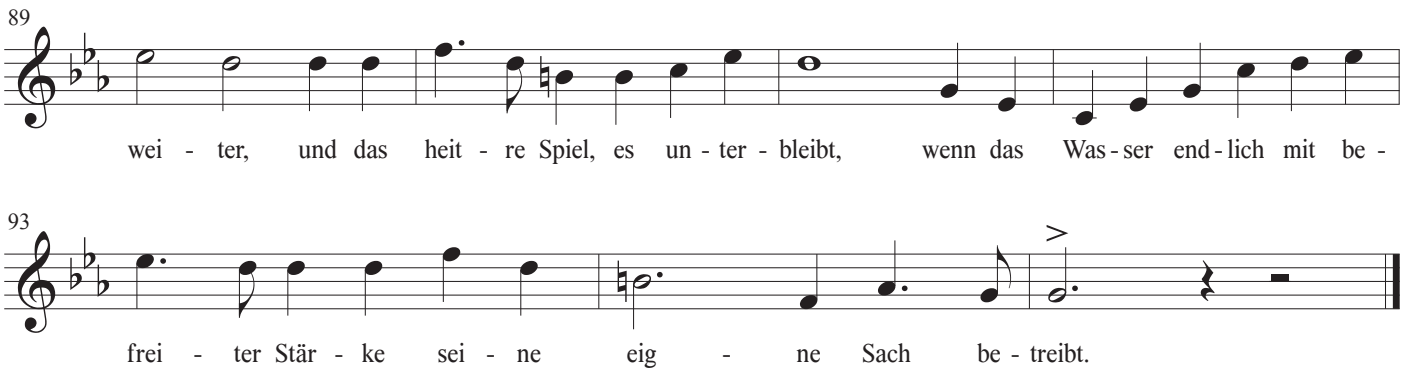
40

Ach, wir hat - ten vie - le Her - ren hat - ten Ti - ger und Hy - ä - nen hat - ten Ad - ler,

45

hat - ten Schwei - ne doch wir nähr - ten den und je - nen. Ob sie

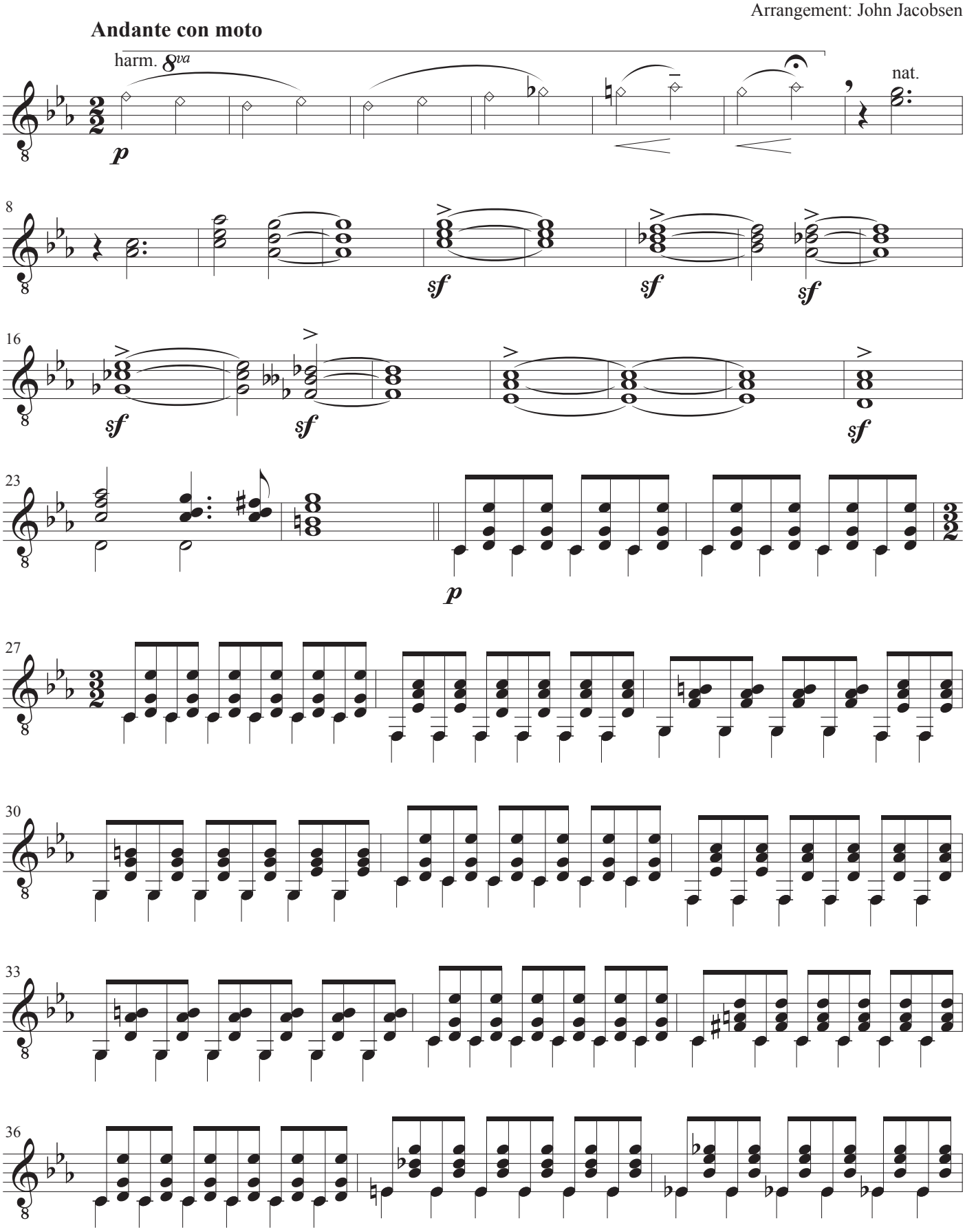

50
bes - ser wa - ren o - der schlim - mer: Ach, der Stie - fel glich dem Stie - fel im - mer und uns
54
trat er. Ihr ver - steht: Ich mei - ne dass, wir kei - ne an - dern Her - ren brau - chen, son - dern
57
kei - ne! Frei - lich dreht das Rad sich im - mer wei - ter, dass, was
62
o - ben ist, nicht o - ben bleibt. A - ber für das Was - ser un - ten heißt das
65
5
lei - der nur: Dass es das Rad halt e - wig treibt.
73
3
3
Und sie schla - gen sich die Köp - fe blu - tig um die Beu - te, nen - nen ein - an - der gie - ri - ge
77
Tröp - fe und sich sel - ber gu - te Leu - te. Un - auf - hör - lich sehn wir
80
sie ein - an - der grol - len und zer - flei - schen. Ein - zig und al - lei - nig, wenn wir
83
sie nicht mehr er - näh - ren wol - len sind sie sich auf ein - mal plötz - lich völ - lig
86
poco rit.
a tempo
ei - nig. Denn dann dreht das Rad sich nicht mehr

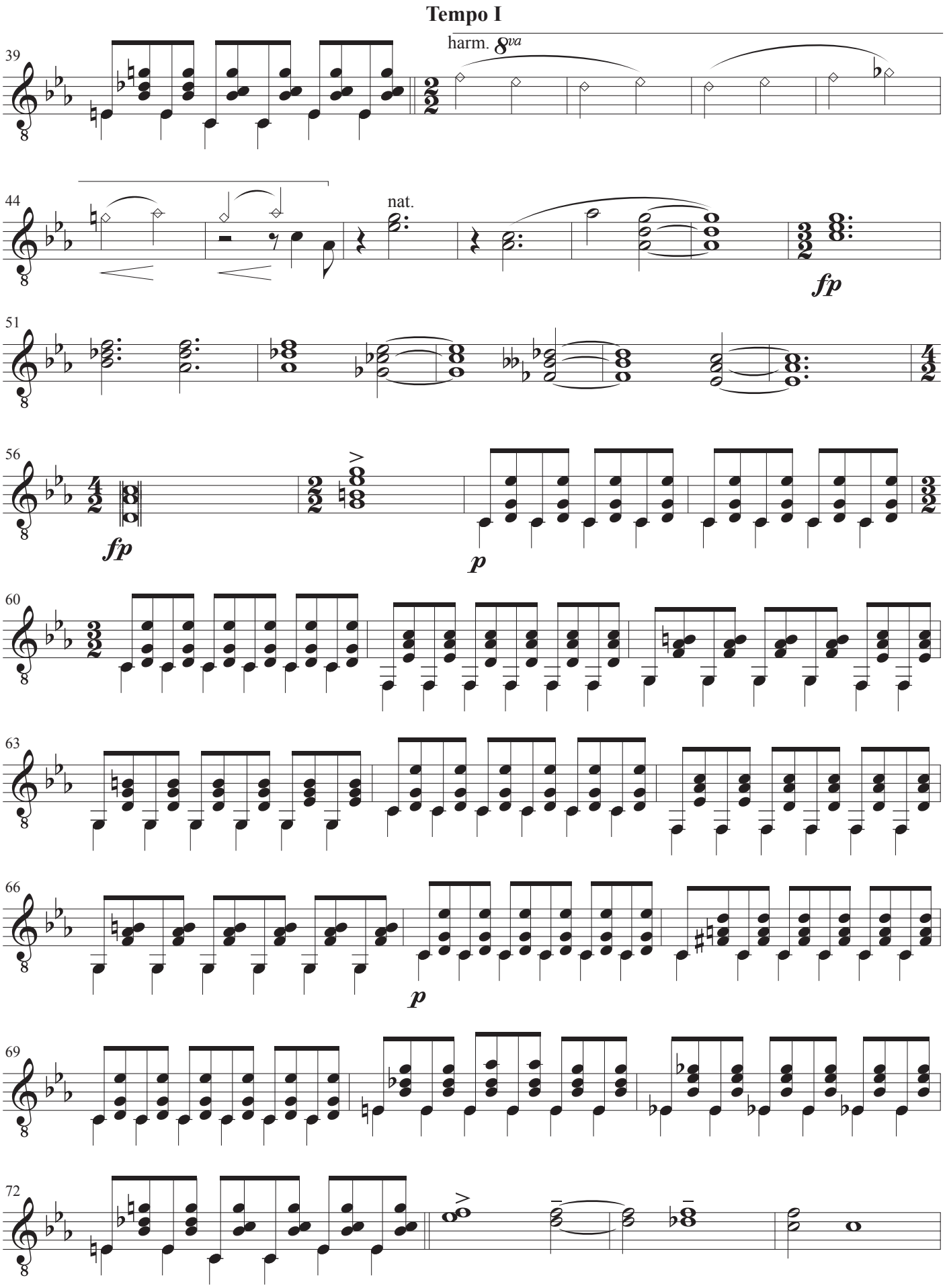

89
wei - ter, und das heit - re Spiel, es un - ter - bleibt, wenn das Was - ser end - lich mit be -
93
frei - ter Stär - ke sei - ne eig - ne Sach be - treibt.

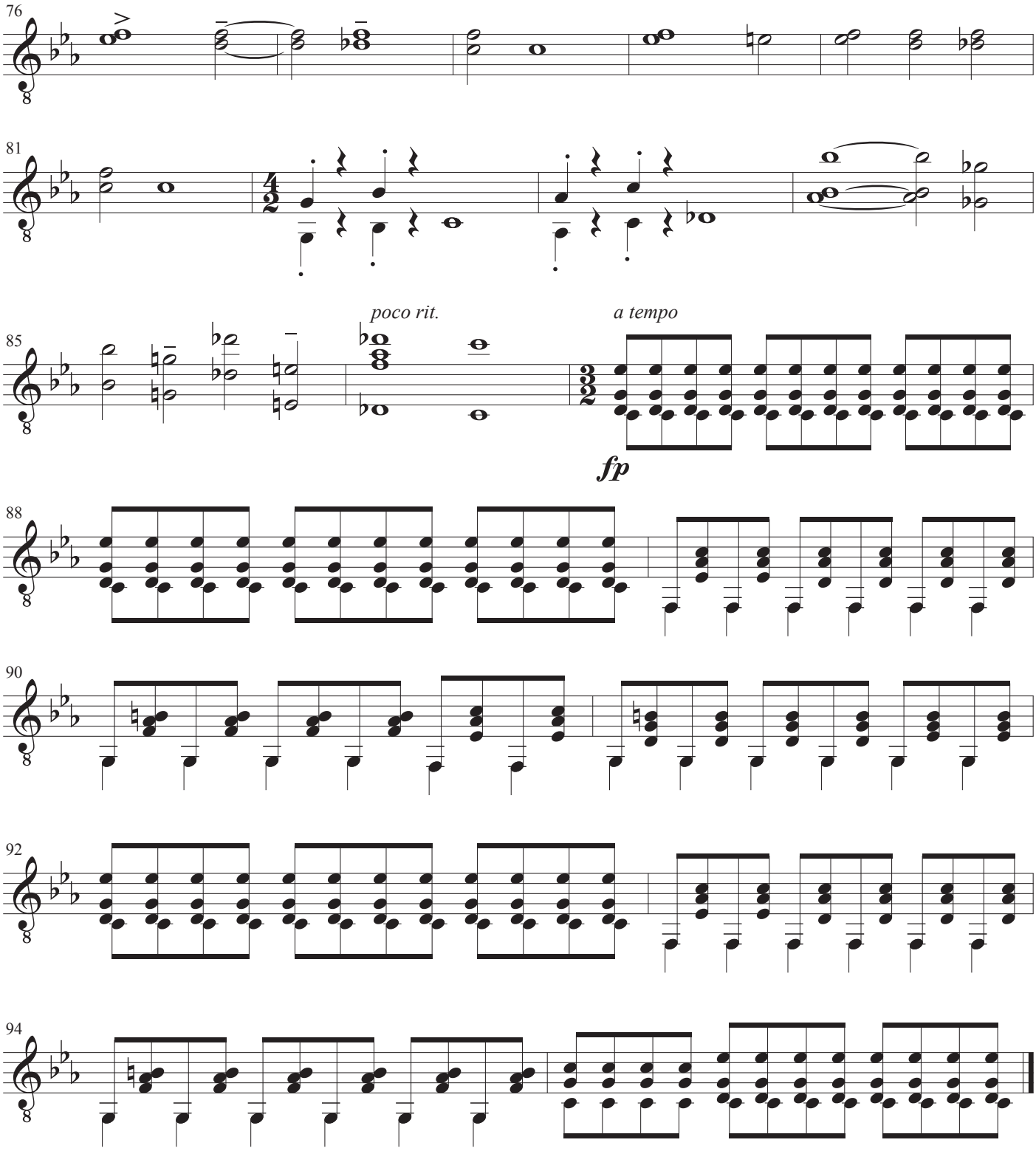
Guitar

Die Ballade vom Wasserrad

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



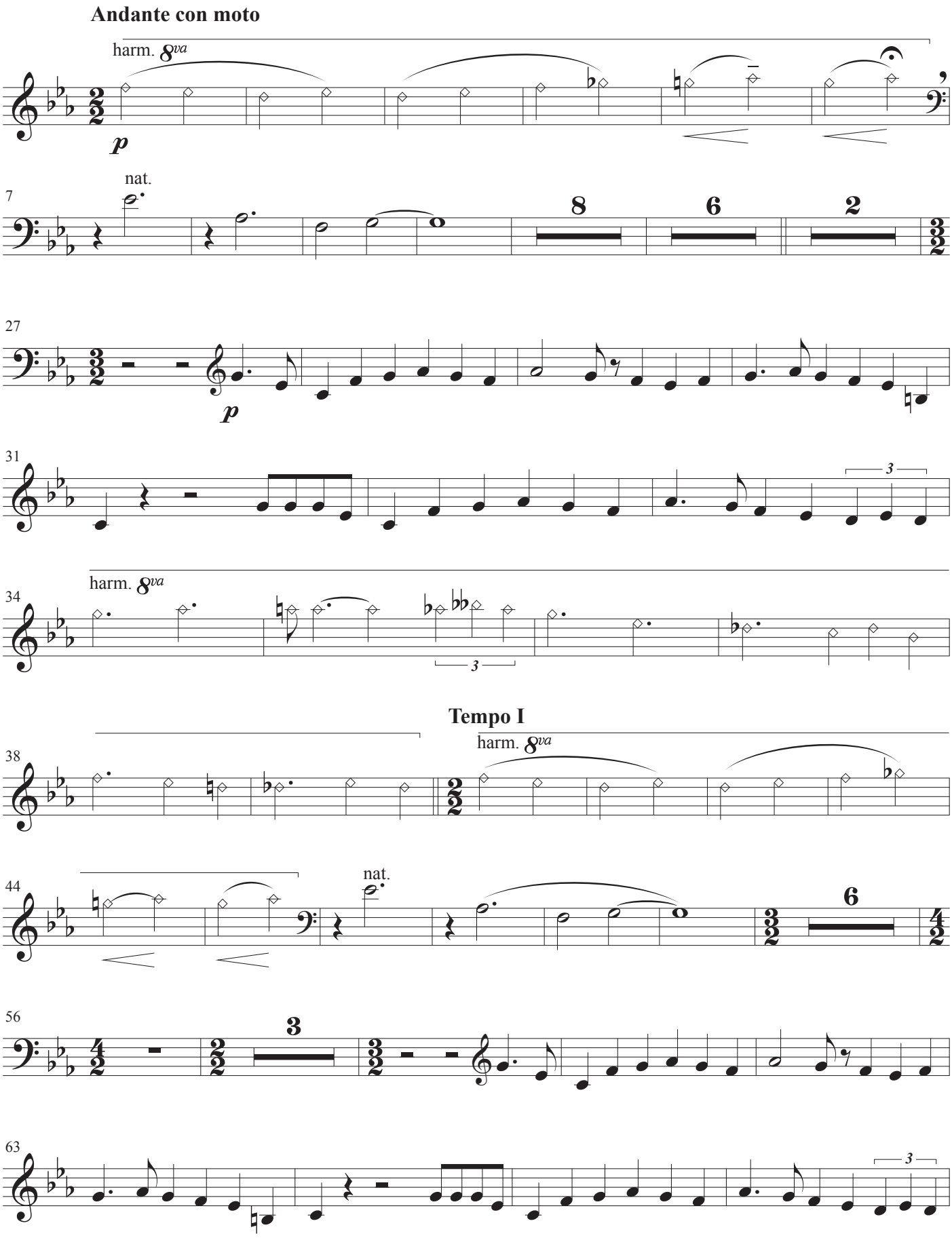

Tempo I
39
harm. 8va
44
nat.
fp
51
56
fp
p
60
63
66
p
69
72

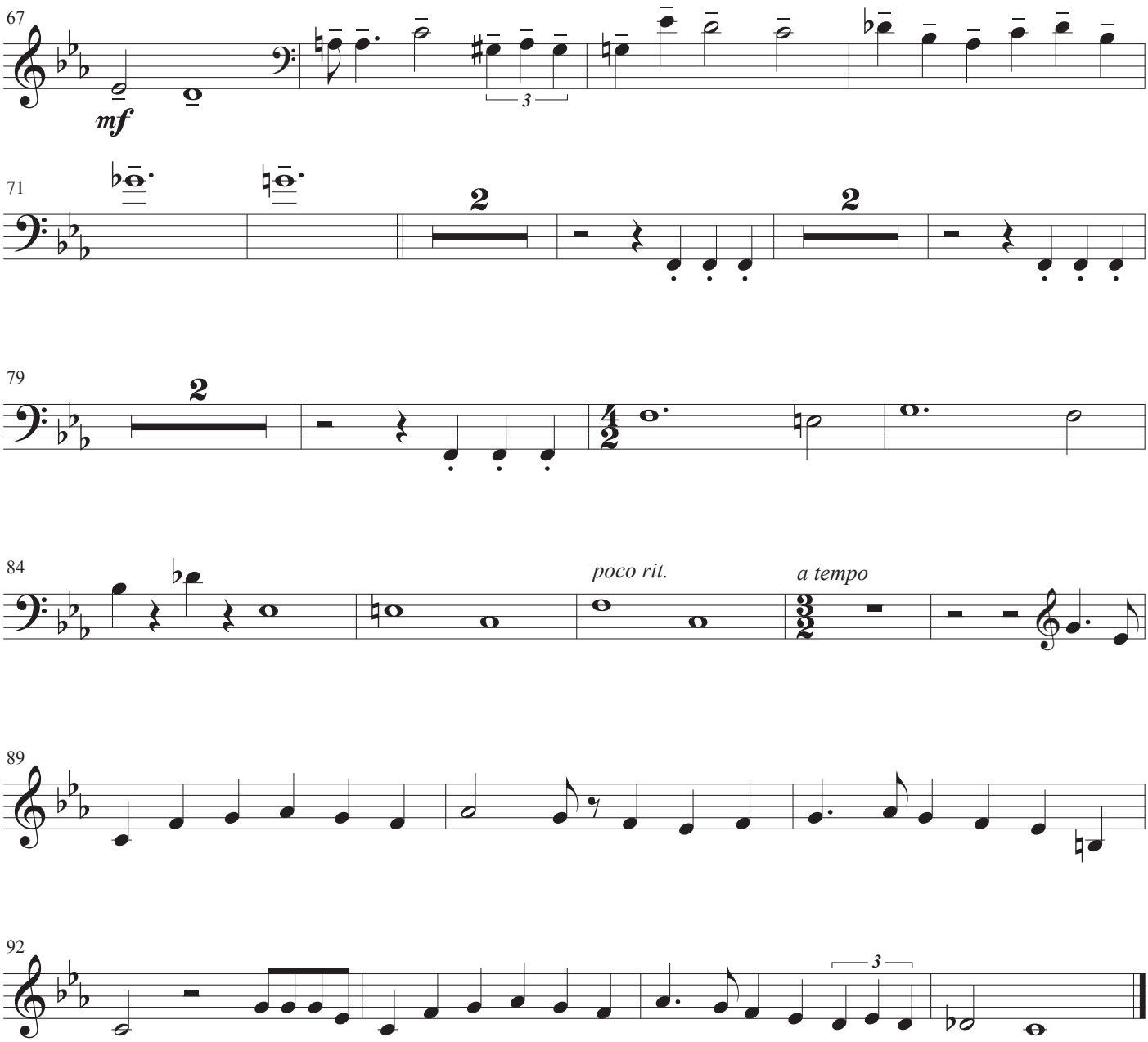

76
81
85
poco rit.
a tempo
fp
88
90
92
94

Kontrabas

Die Ballade vom Wasserrad

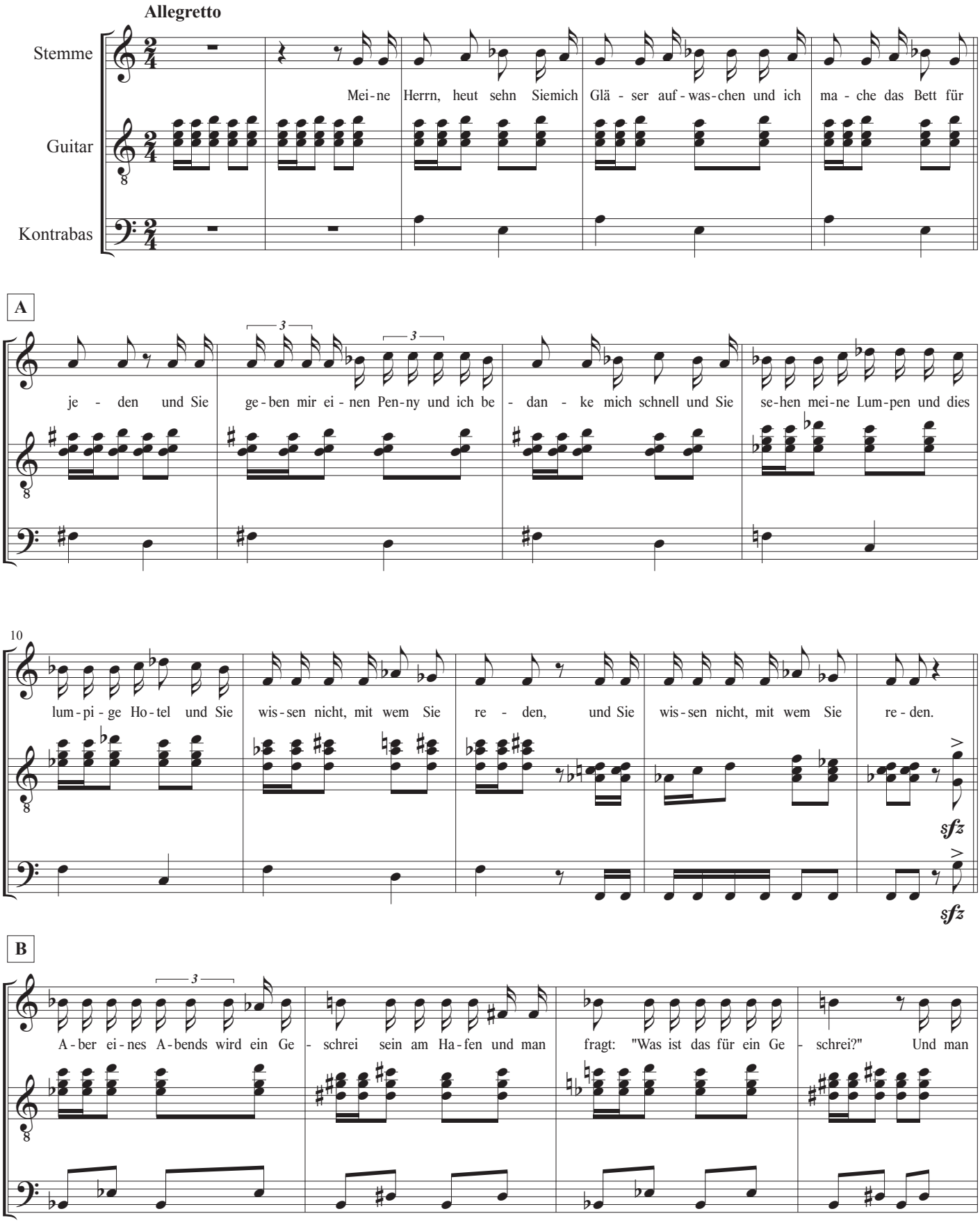
Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen




67
mf
3
71
2
2
79
2
84
poco rit.
a tempo
89
92
3

Seeräuberjenny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



19

wird mich lä-cheln sehn bei mei-nen Glä - sern, und man sagt: "Was lä-chelt die da - bei?" Und ein

23

Bredt

Schiff mit acht Se-geln und mit fünf-zig Ka-no - nen wird lie-gen am Kai.

C

Meno mosso

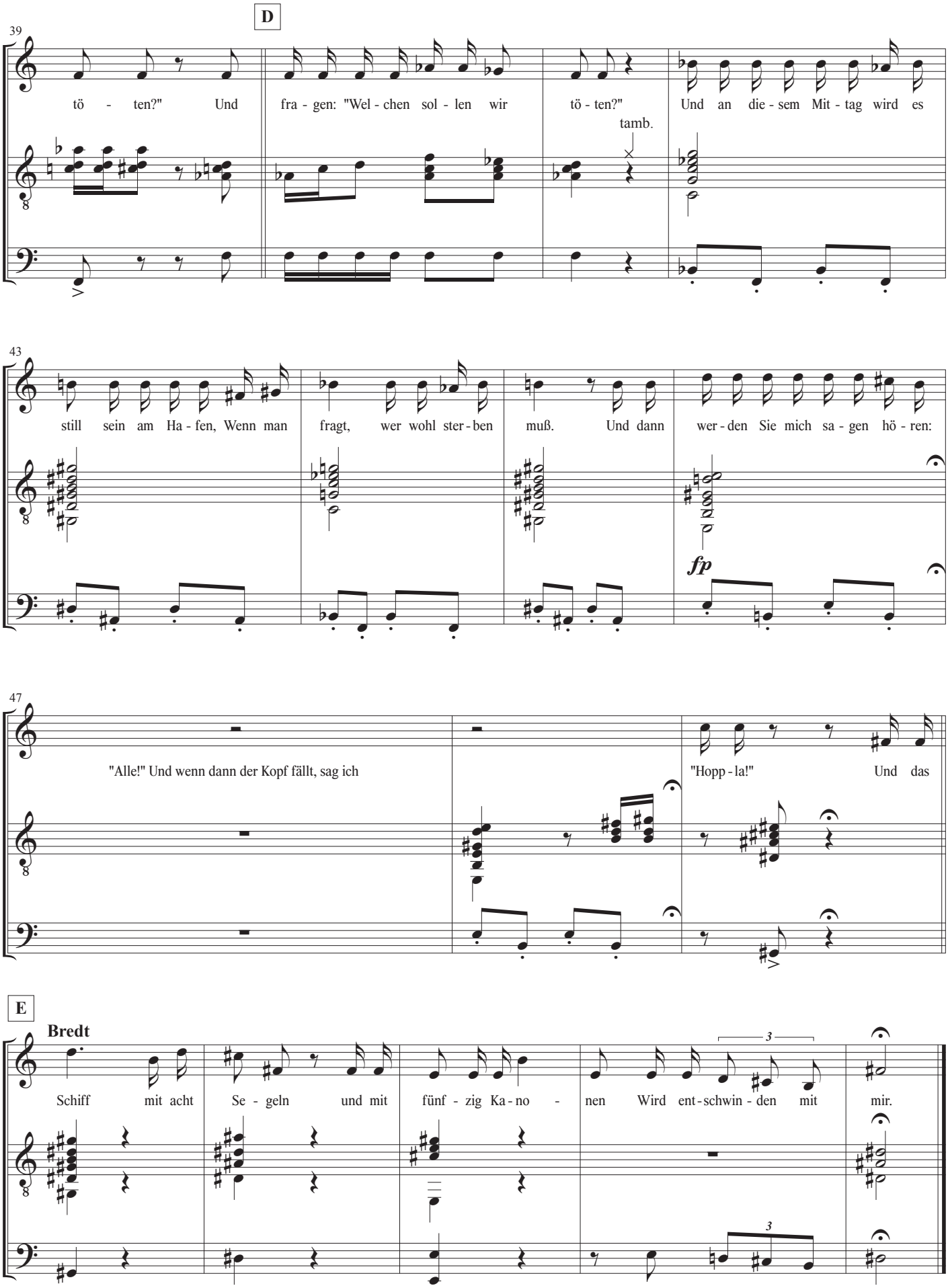
Und es

30

wer-den kom-men Hun-dert gen Mit - tag an Land und wer-den in den Schat-ten tre - ten und fan-gen ei-nen jeg-li-chen vor

35

jeg - li-cher Tür und le - gen in Ket-ten und brin - gen vor mir und fra-gen: "Wel-chen sol-len wir


D
39
tö - ten?" Und fra - gen: "Wel - chen sol - len wir tö - ten?" Und an die - sem Mit - tag wird es
tamb.
43
still sein am Ha - fen, Wenn man fragt, wer wohl ster - ben muß. Und dann wer - den Sie mich sa - gen hö - ren:
fp
47
"Alle!" Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sag ich
"Hopp - la!" Und das
E
Bredt
Schiff mit acht Se - geln und mit fünf - zig Ka - no - nen Wird ent - schwin - den mit mir.
3

Seeräuberjenny

Meine Herrn, heut sehn Sie mich Gläser aufwaschen
und ich mache das Bett für jeden
und Sie geben mir einen Penny und ich bedanke mich schnell
und Sie sehen meine Lumpen und dies lumpige Hotel
und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden,
und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Geschrei sein am Hafen
und man fragt: "Was ist das für ein Geschrei?"
Und man wird mich lächeln sehn bei meinen Gläsern,
und man sagt: "Was lächelt die dabei?"
    Und ein Schiff mit acht Segeln
    und mit fünfzig Kanonen
    wird liegen am Kai.

Man sagt: "Geh wisch deine Gläser, mein Kind,"
und man reicht mir den Penny hin,
und der Penny wird genommen und das Bett wird gemacht,
es wird keiner mehr drin wohnen in dieser Nacht
und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin,
und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Getös' sein am Hafen
und man fragt: "Was ist das für ein Getös?"
Und man wird mich stehen sehn bei meinem Fenster,
und man sagt: "Was lächelt die so bös?"
    Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
    und mit fünfzig Kanonen
    Wird beschießen die Stadt.

Meine Herren, da wird ihr Lachen aufhören,
denn die Mauern werden fallen hin,
und die Stadt wird gemacht dem Erdboden gleich.
Nur ein lumpiges Hotel wird verschont von dem Streich,
und man fragt "Wer wohnt Besonderer darin?"
Und man fragt "Wer wohnt Besonderer darin?"
Und in dieser Nacht wird ein Geschrei um das Hotel sein,
und man fragt "Warum wird das Hotel verschont?"
Und man wird mich sehen treten aus der Tür gehn Morgen,
und man sagt "Die hat darin gewohnt?"
    Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
    und mit fünfzig Kanonen
    wird beflaggen den Mast

Und es werden kommen Hundert gen Mittag an Land
und werden in den Schatten treten
und fangen einen jeglichen vor jeglicher Tür
und legen in Ketten und bringen vor mir
und fragen: "Welchen sollen wir töten?"
Und fragen: "Welchen sollen wir töten?"
Und an diesem Mittag wird es still sein am Hafen,
Wenn man fragt, wer wohl sterben muß.
Und dann werden Sie mich sagen hören:
"Alle!" Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sag ich "Hopp-la!"
Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird entschwinden mit mir.

Stemme: Polly

Seeräuberjenny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Allegretto

Mei-ne Herrn, heut sehn Sie mich Glä-ser auf-was-chen und ich ma-che das Bett für

A

je-den und Sie ge-ben mir ei-nen Pen-ny und ich be-dan-ke mich schnell und Sie

9

se-hen mei-ne Lum-pen und dies lum-pi-ge Ho-tel und Sie wis-sen nicht, mit wem Sie re-den, und Sie

13

wis-sen nicht, mit wem Sie re-den.

B

A-ber ei-nes A-bends wird ein Ge-schrei sein am Ha-fen und man

17

fragt: "Was ist das für ein Ge-schrei?" Und man wird mich lä-cheln sehn bei mei-nen Glä-sern, und man

21

Bredt

sagt: "Was lä-chelt die da-bei?" Und ein Schiff mit acht Se-geln und mit fünf-zig Ka-no-

C

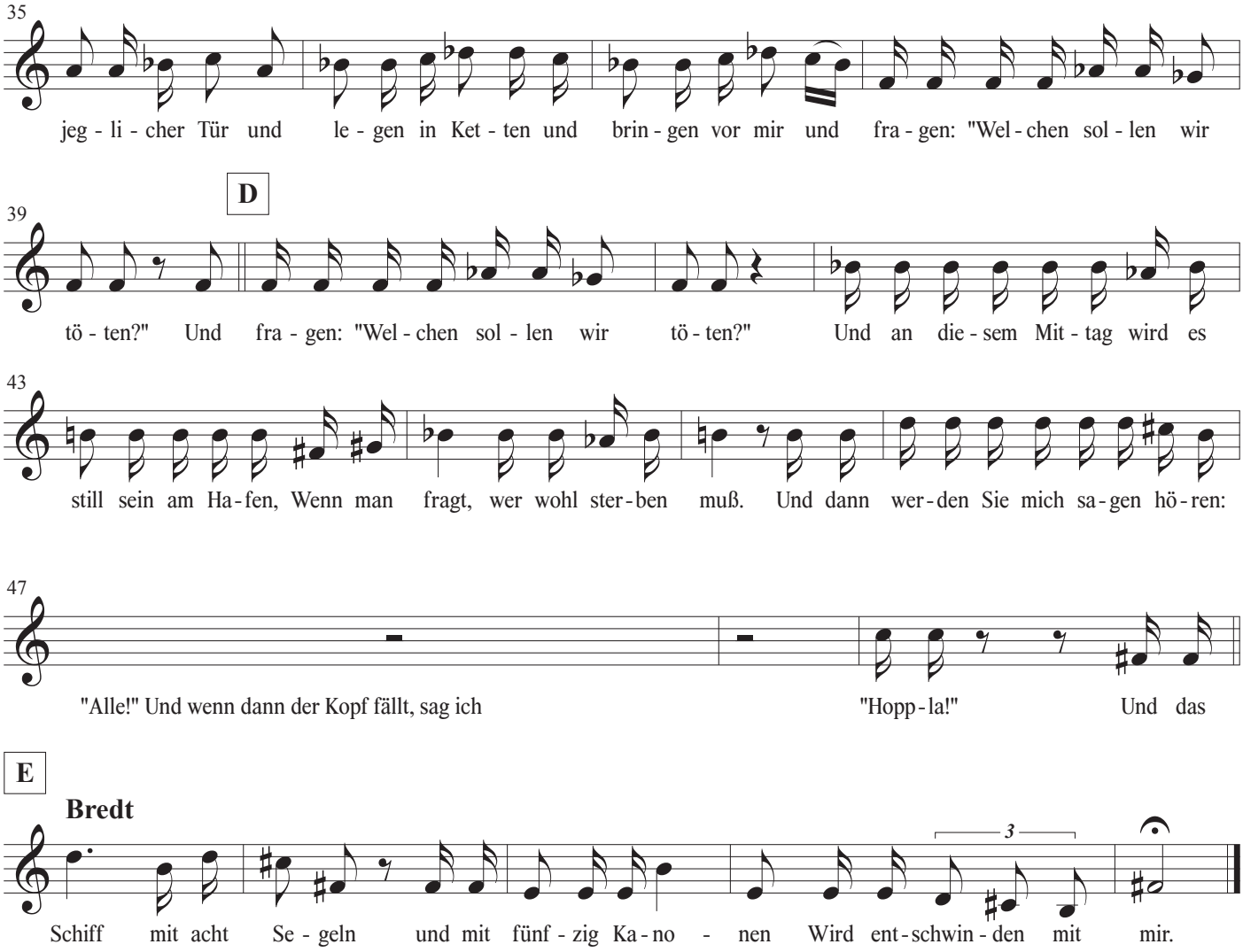
26

Meno mosso

nen wird lie-gen am Kai. Und es wer-den kom-men Hun-dert gen

31

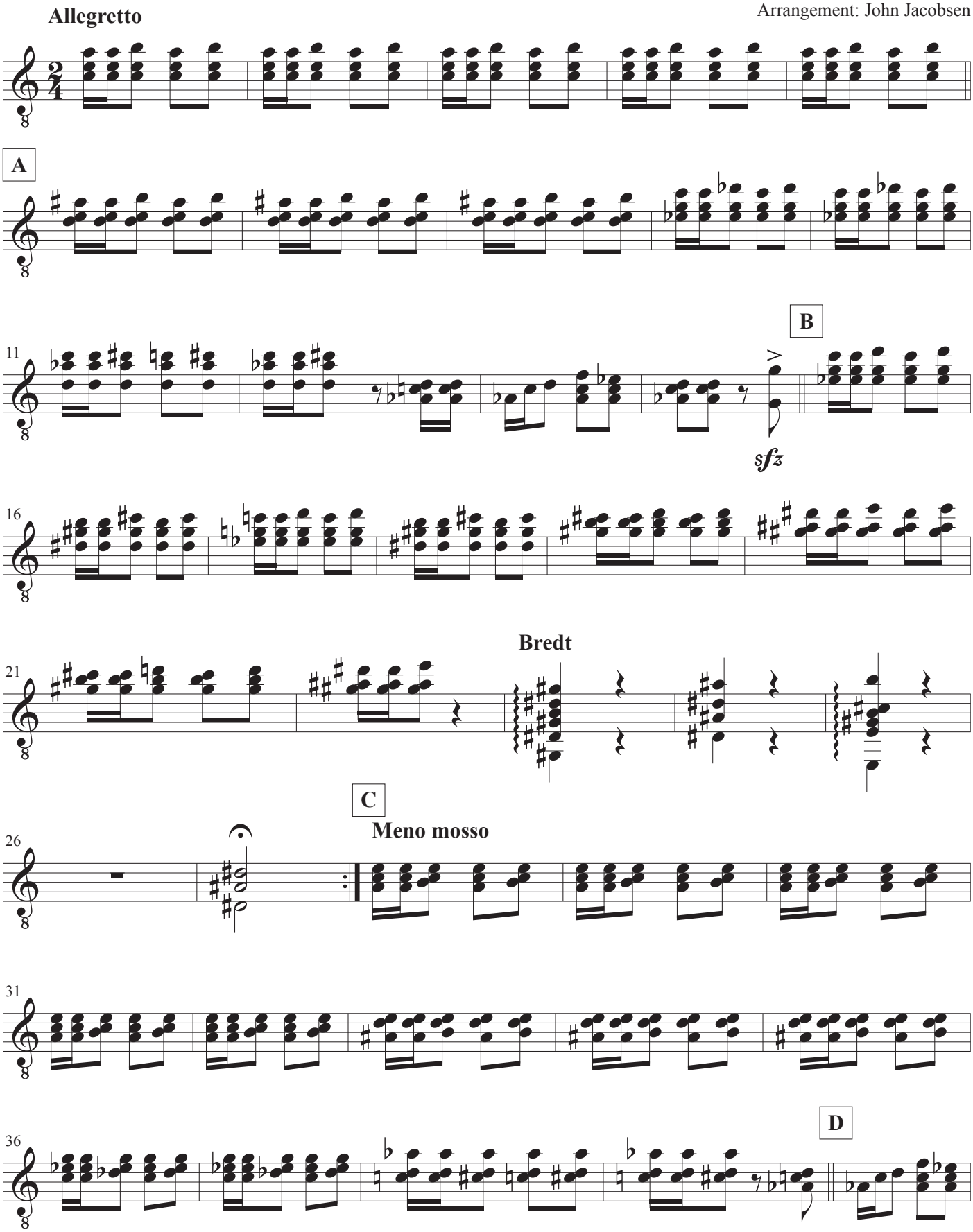
Mit-tag an Land und wer-den in den Schat-ten tre-ten und fan-gen ei-nen jeg-li-chen vor

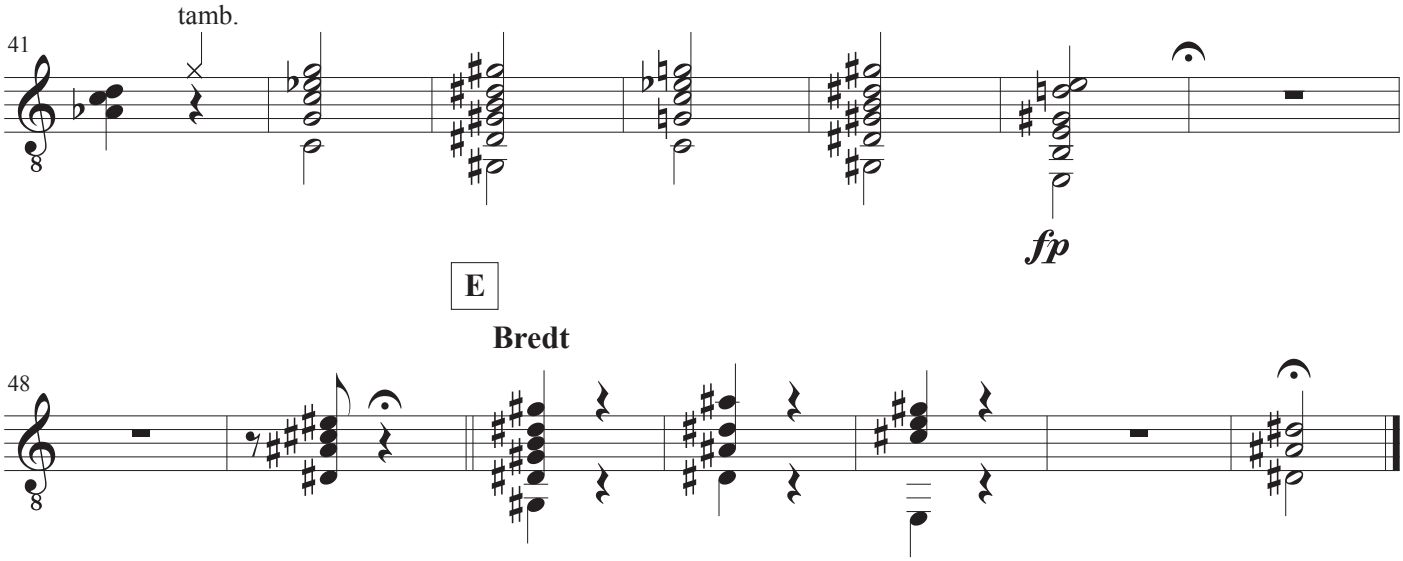

35
jeg - li - cher Tür und le - gen in Ket - ten und brin - gen vor mir und fra - gen: "Wel - chen sol - len wir
D
39
tö - ten?" Und fra - gen: "Wel - chen sol - len wir tö - ten?" Und an die - sem Mit - tag wird es
43
still sein am Ha - fen, Wenn man fragt, wer wohl ster - ben muß. Und dann wer - den Sie mich sa - gen hö - ren:
47
"Alle!" Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sag ich "Hopp - la!" Und das
E
Bredt
3
Schiff mit acht Se - geln und mit fünf - zig Ka - no - nen Wird ent - schwin - den mit mir.

Guitar

Seeräuberjenny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

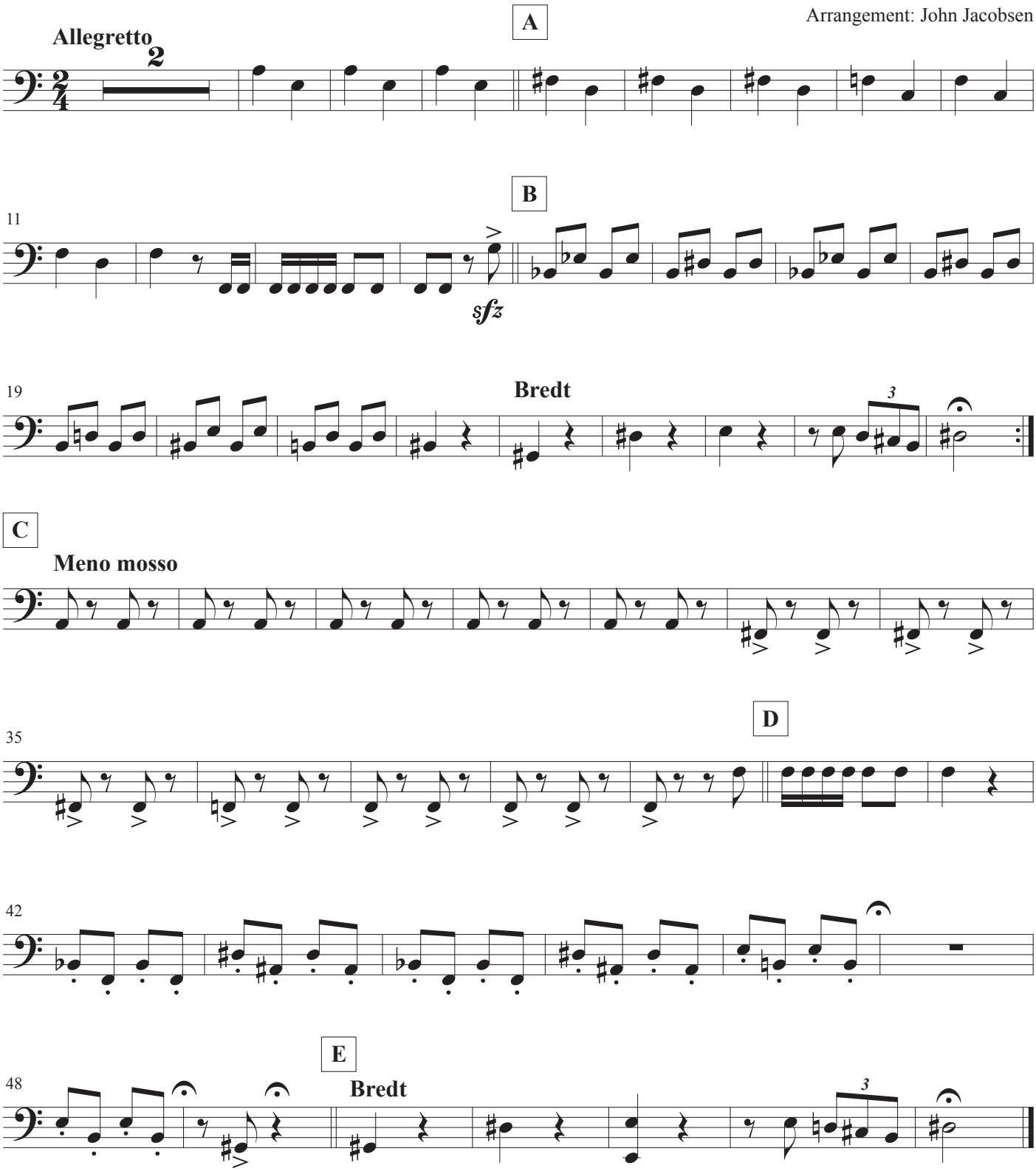



41
tamb.
fp
E
Bredt
48

Kontrabas

Seeräuberjenny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen



Surabaya Johnny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Meget roligt

Stemme
Guitar
Kontrabas

Ich war jung, Gott, erst sech - zehn Jah - re. Du ka - mest von Bir - ma her -

pizz.

6

auf. Du sag - test, ich sol - le mit dir ge - hen, du kä - mest für al - les auf. Ich frag - te nach dei - ner

12

Stel - lung. Du sag - test, so wahr ich hier steh? du hät - test zu tun mit der Ei - sen - bahn und

17

nichts zu tun mit der See. Du sag - test viel, John - ny. Kein Wort war wahr, John - ny. Du hast mich be -

21

tro - gen, John-ny, zur er - sten Stund! Ich has-se dich so, John-ny, wie du da stehst und grinst, John-ny. Nimm doch die

25

Pfei-fe aus dem Maul, du Hund! Su - ra - ba - ya John-ny, wa - rum bist du so roh? Su - ra-

31

talt

ba - ya John-ny, mein Gott, und ich Liebe dich so! Su - ra - ba - ya-John-ny, wa-rum

37

1-2 3

bin ich nicht froh? Du hast kein Herz, John-ny, und ich lie - be dich so.

Surabaya Johnny

Ich war jung, Gott, erst sechzehn Jahre.
Du kamest von Birma herauf.
Du sagtest, ich solle mit dir gehen,
du kämest für alles auf.
Ich fragte nach deiner Stellung.
Du sagtest, so wahr ich hier steh?
du hättest zu tun mit der Eisenbahn
und nichts zu tun mit der See.
Du sagtest viel, Johnny.
Kein Wort war wahr, Johnny.
Du hast mich betrogen, Johnny, zur ersten Stund!
Ich hasse dich so, Johnny,
wie du da stehst und grinst, Johnny.
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!

Surabaya Johnny, warum bist du so roh?
Surabaya Johnny, mein Gott, und ich Liebe dich so!
Surabaya Johnny, warum bin ich nicht froh?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe dich so.

Zuerst war es immer Sonntag
So lang, bis ich mitging mit dir
Aber schon nach zwei Wochen
War dir nicht nichts mehr recht an mir.
Hinauf und hinab durch den Pandschab
Den Fluß entlang bis zur See:
Ich sehe schon aus im Spiegel
Wie eine Vierzigjährige.
Du wolltest nicht Liebe, Johnny
Du wolltest Geld, Johnny
Ich aber sah, Johnny, nur auf deinen Mund.
Du verlangtest alles, Johnny
Ich gab dir mehr, Johnny
Nimm die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Surabaya Johnny, warum bist du so roh ?
Surabaya Johnny, mein Gott, ich liebe dich so.
Surabaya Johnny, warum bin ich nicht froh ?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe dich so.

Ich hatte es nicht beachtet
Warum du den Namen hast
Aber an der ganzen langen Küste
Warst du ein bekannter Gast.
Eines morgens in einem Sixpencebett
Werd ich donnern hören die See
Und du gehst, ohne etwas zu sagen
Und dein Schiff liegt unten am Kai.
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny
Du bist ein Schuft, Johnny
Du gehst jetzt weg, Johnny, sag mir den Grund.
Ich liebe dich doch, Johnny
Wie am ersten Tag, Johnny
Nimm die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

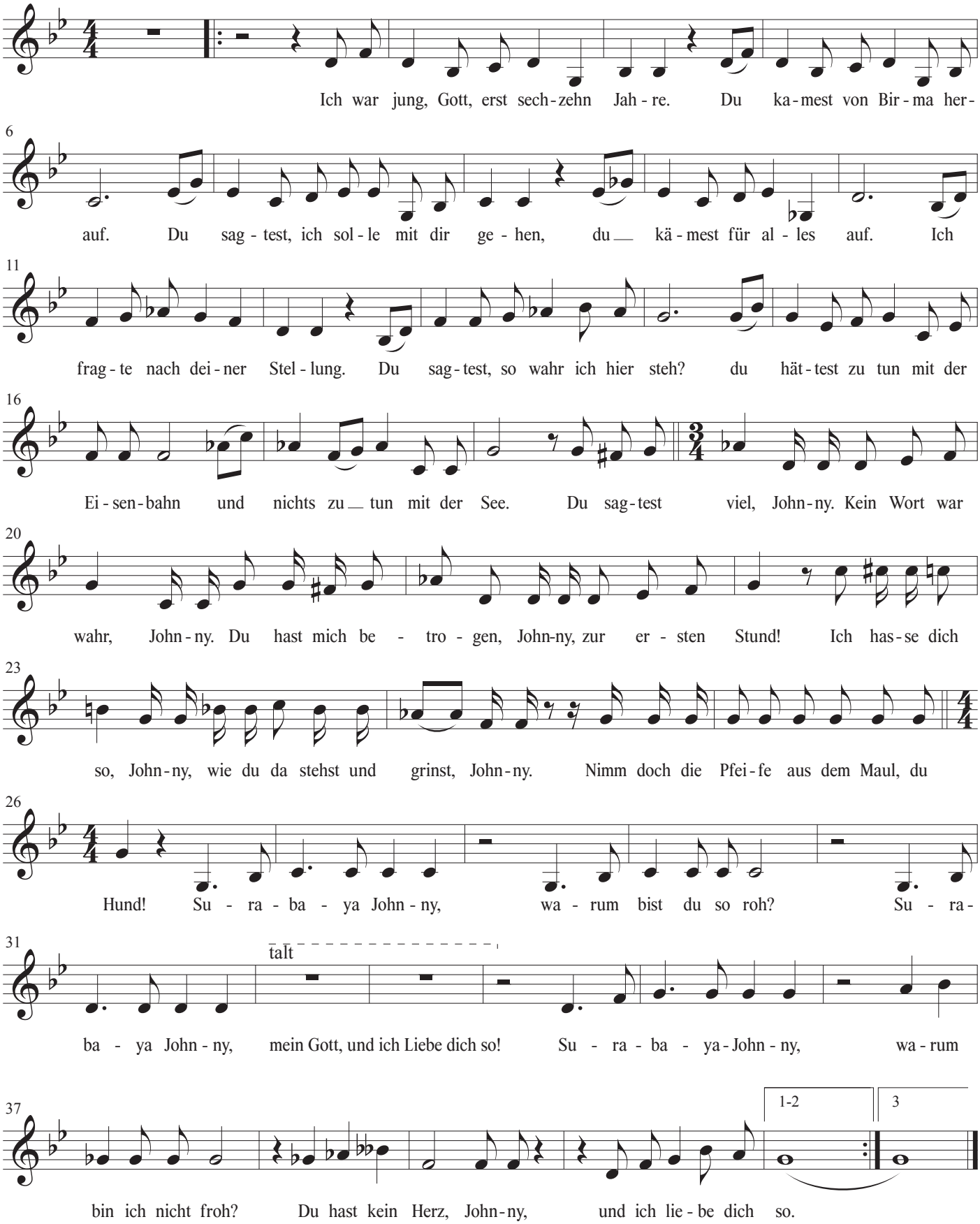
Surabaya Johnny, warum bist du so roh ?
Surabaya Johnny, mein Gott, ich liebe dich so.
Surabaya Johnny, warum bin ich nicht froh ?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe dich so.

Stemme: Lilian

Surabaya Johnny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Meget roligt

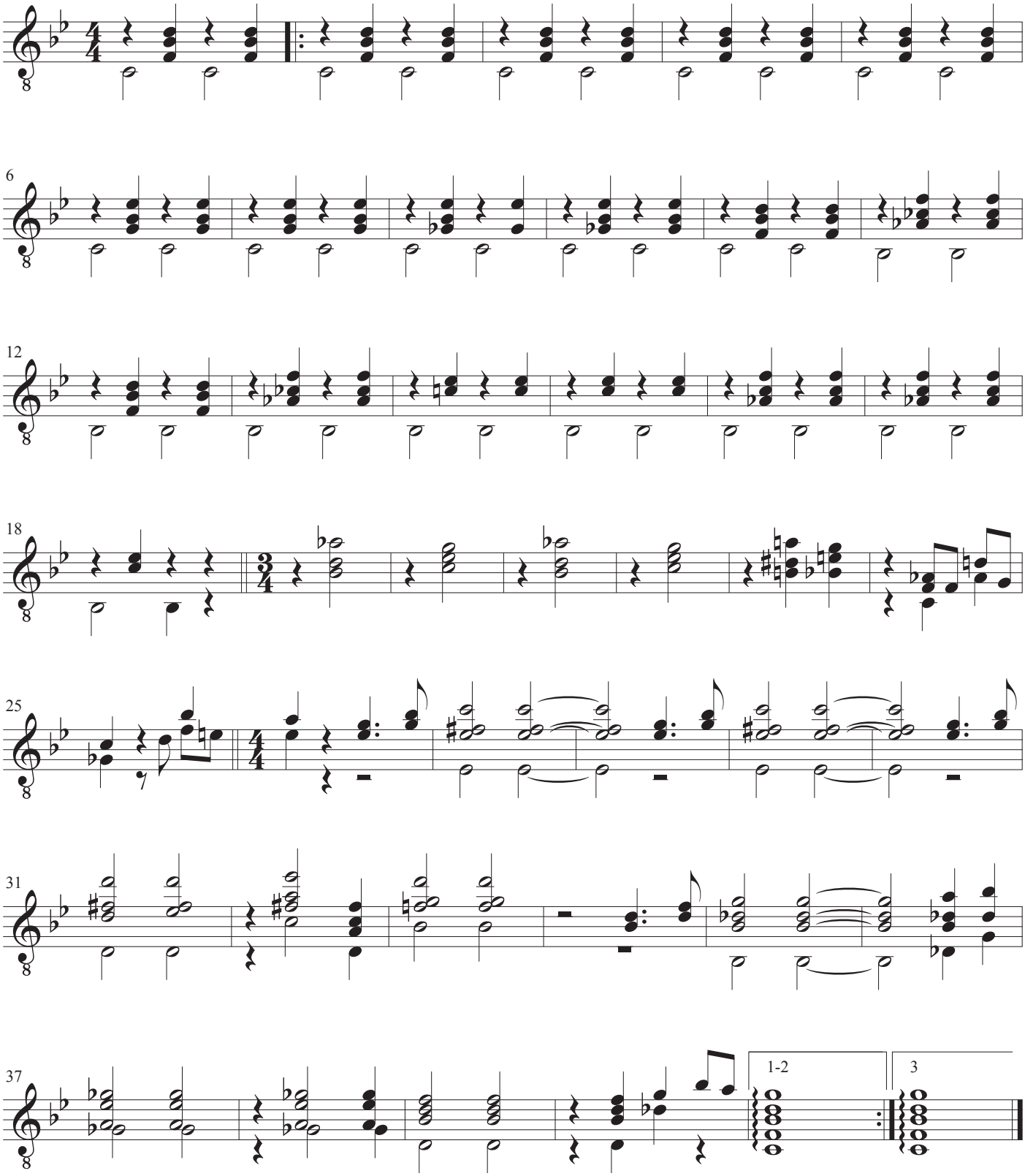


Guitar

Surabaya Johnny

Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Meget roligt

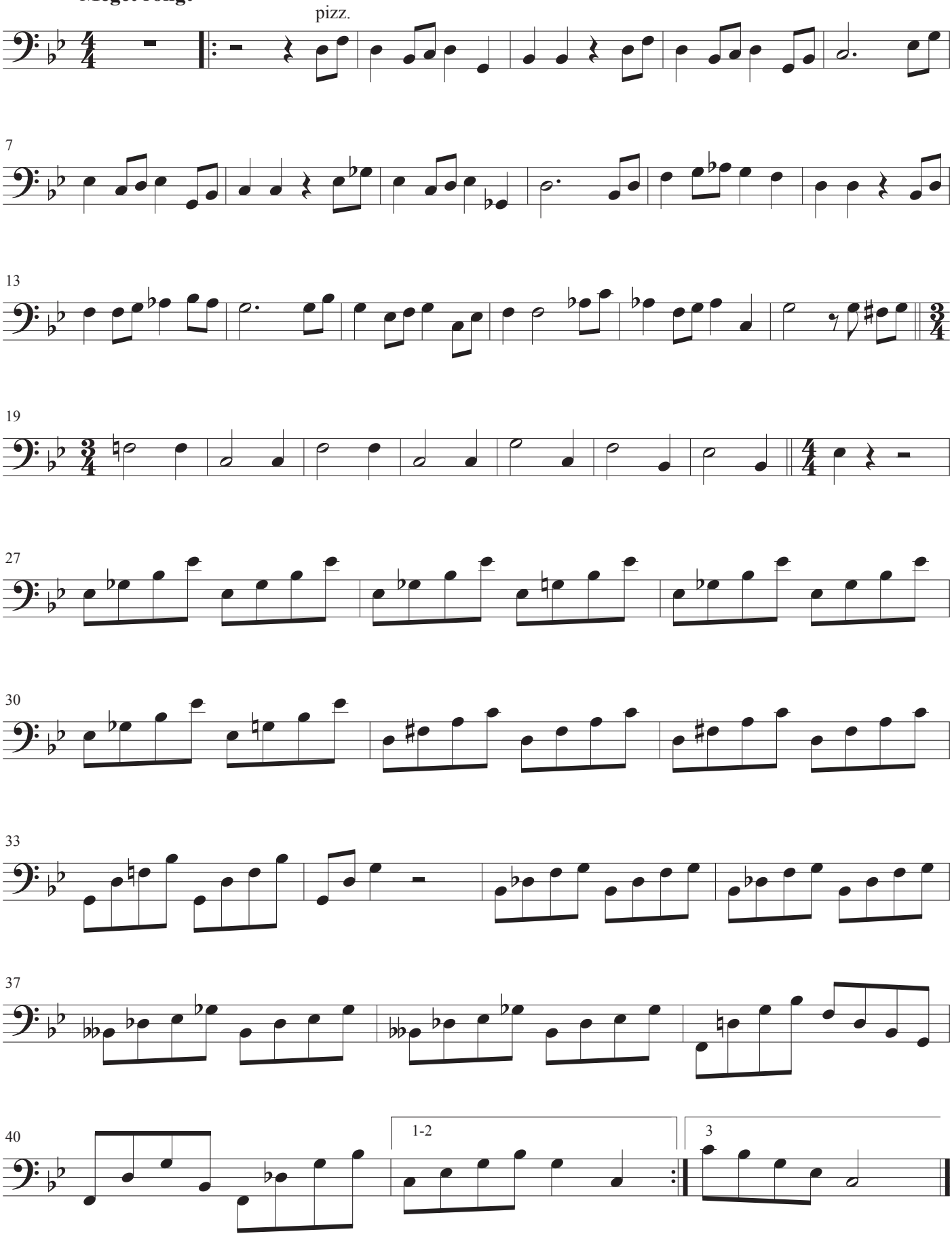


Kontrabas

Surabaya Johnny

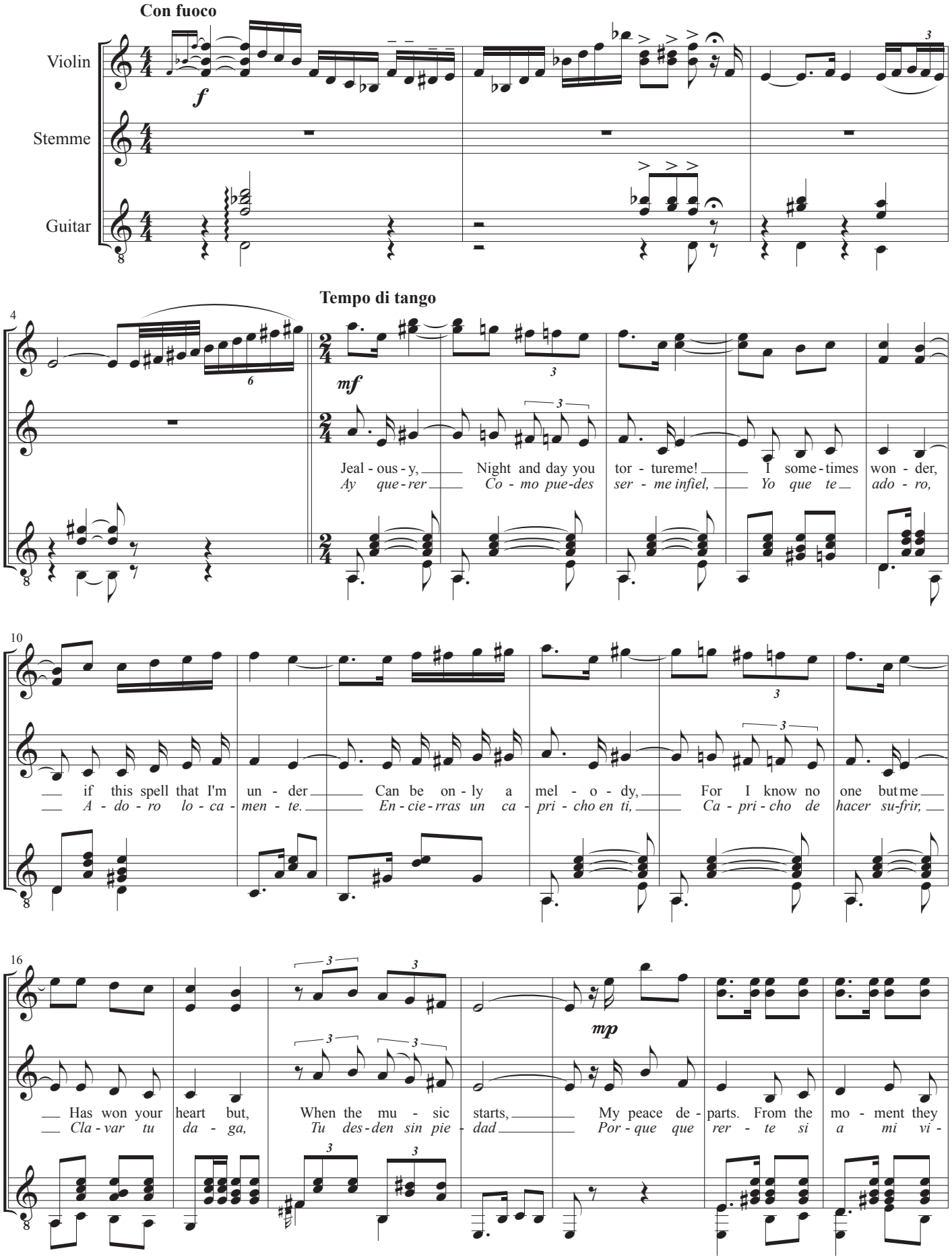
Musik: Kurt Weill
Tekst: Bertolt Brecht
Arrangement: John Jacobsen

Meget roligt



Tango Jalousie

Musik: Jacob Gade
Engelsk tekst: Vera Bloom
Spansk tekst: Belen Ortega
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen



23

play that lan-guor-ous strain, And we sur - ren - der to all its charm once a - gain,
da traes de - lo llan - to Es que no pue - do a-rran - car - me tu en - can - to,

29

This jeal - ous - y That tor - tures me Is ec - sta - cy, Mys-ter - y,
Que me es fa - tal, y you lo se, Pu - die-ra aho - gar mi ce - lo

35

f *p – mf*

pain! We dance to a tan - go of love, Your heart beats with
cruel. Bai - la - mos un tan - go su - til Be - bí de tu a -

42

mine as we sway. Your eyes give the an - swer I'm dream - ing of, That soft word your
lien - to el a - mor. Em - bru - jo y en - sue-ño e-ras pa - ra mi, Per - fu - me y l

50

cruek lips will nev - er say! I fear that the mu - sic will end And chat - ter th

vi - no em - bria - ga - dor! Fué un tan - go su - til na - da mas, De - li - rio y

58

spell it may lend, To make me be - lieve, When your eyes just de - ceive, And it's

sue - ño fu - gaz, A - pren - de a que - rer. Te pi - do, te rue - go tu sal -

65

1 2

harm.

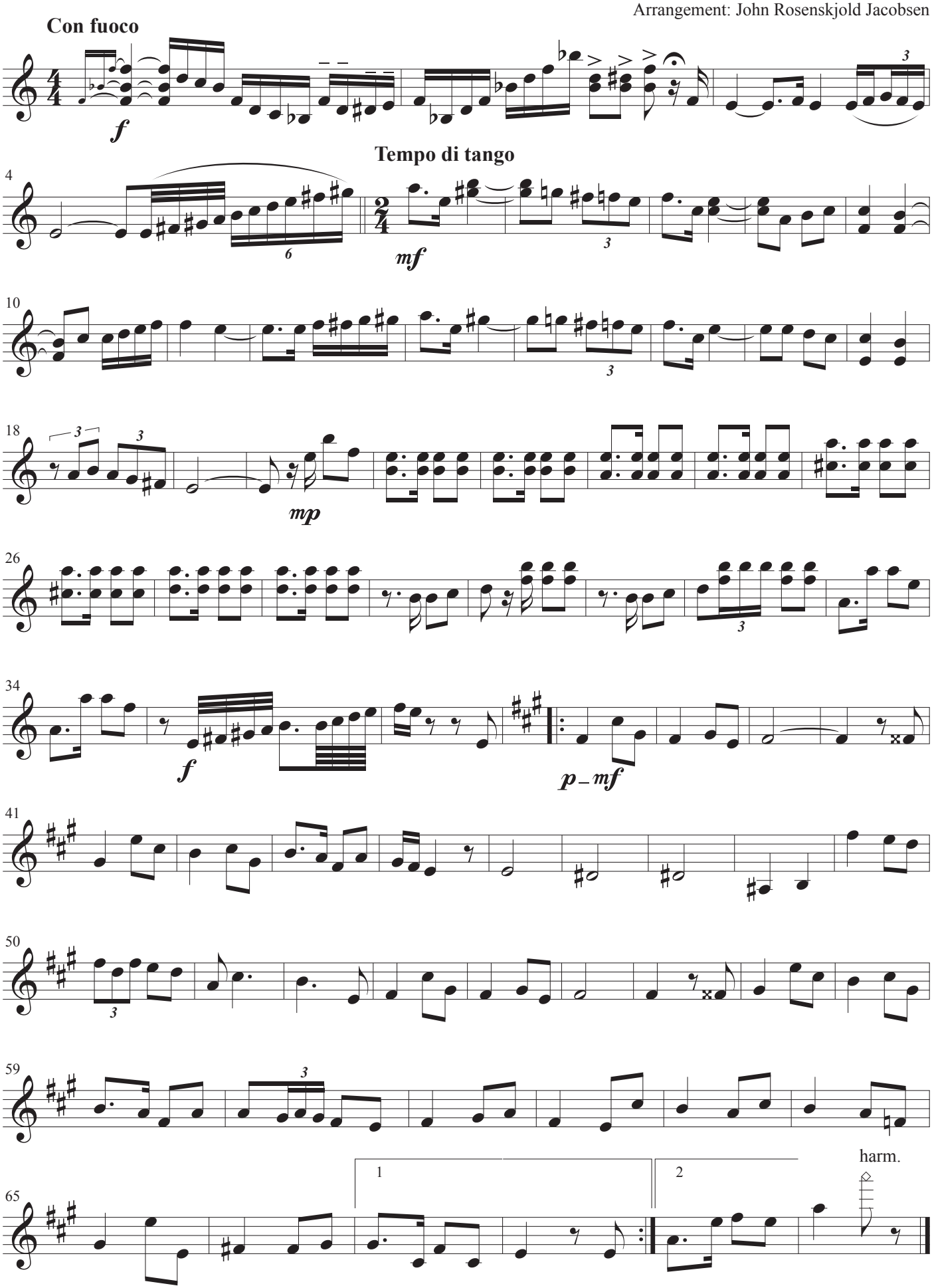
on - ly the tan - go you love. We love.

ves nues - tro tan - go de a - mor. Bai - mor.

Violin

Tango Jalousie

Musik: Jacob Gade
Engelsk tekst: Vera Bloom
Spansk tekst: Belen Ortega
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen



Stemme

Tango Jalousie

Musik: Jacob Gade
Engelsk tekst: Vera Bloom
Spansk tekst: Belen Ortega
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

Con fuoco **Tempo di tango**

mf

Jeal - ous - y, Night and day you tor - ture me! I some - times
Ay que - rer Co - mo pue - des ser - me infiel, Yo que te

9

won - der, if this spell that I'm un - der Can be on - ly a mel - o - dy,
ado - ro, A - do - ro lo - ca - men - te. En - cie - rras un ca - pri - cho en ti,

14

For I know no one but me Has won your heart but, When the mu - sic
Ca - pri - cho de hacer su - frir, Cla - var tu da - ga, Tu des - den sin pie -

19

mp

starts, My peace de - parts. From the mo - ment they play that lan - guor - ous strain,
dad Por - que que rer - te si a mi vi - da traes de - lo llan - to

25

And we sur - ren - der to all its charm once a - gain, This jeal - ous - y
Es que no pue - do a - rran - car - me tu en - can - to, Que me es fa - tal,

31

That tor - tures me Is ec - sta - cy, Mys - ter - y, pain! We
y you lo se, Pu - die - ra aho - gar mi ce - lo cruel. Bai -

37

p – mf

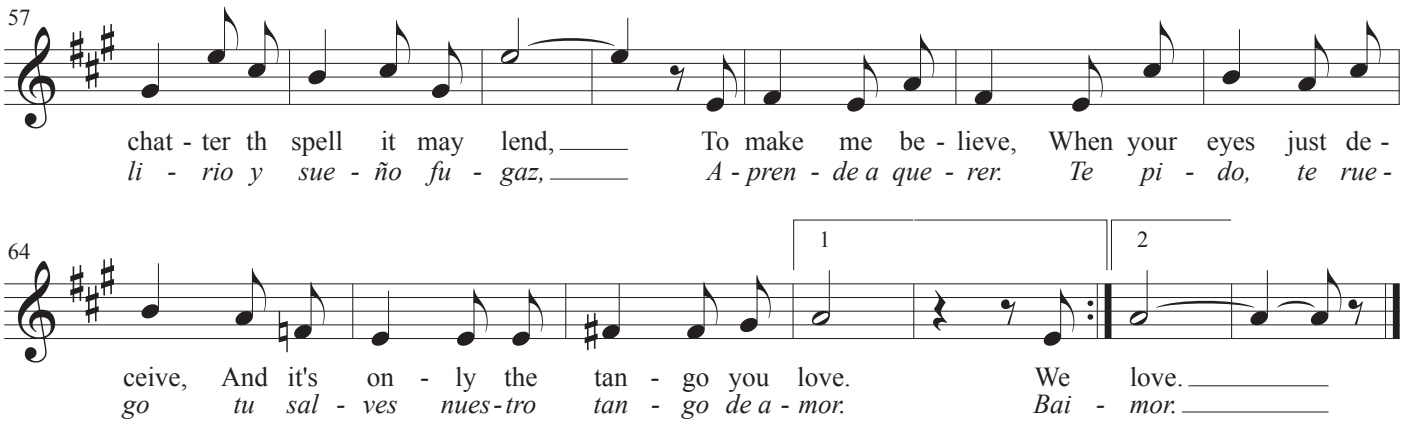
dance to a tan - go of love, Your heart beats with mine as we sway. Your
la - mos un tan - go su - til Be - bí de tu a - lien - to el a - mor. Em -

45

eyes give the an - swer I'm dream - ing of, That soft word your cruek lips will nev - er
bru - jo y en - sue - ño e - ras pa - ra mi, Per - fu - me y l vi - no em - bria - ga -

51

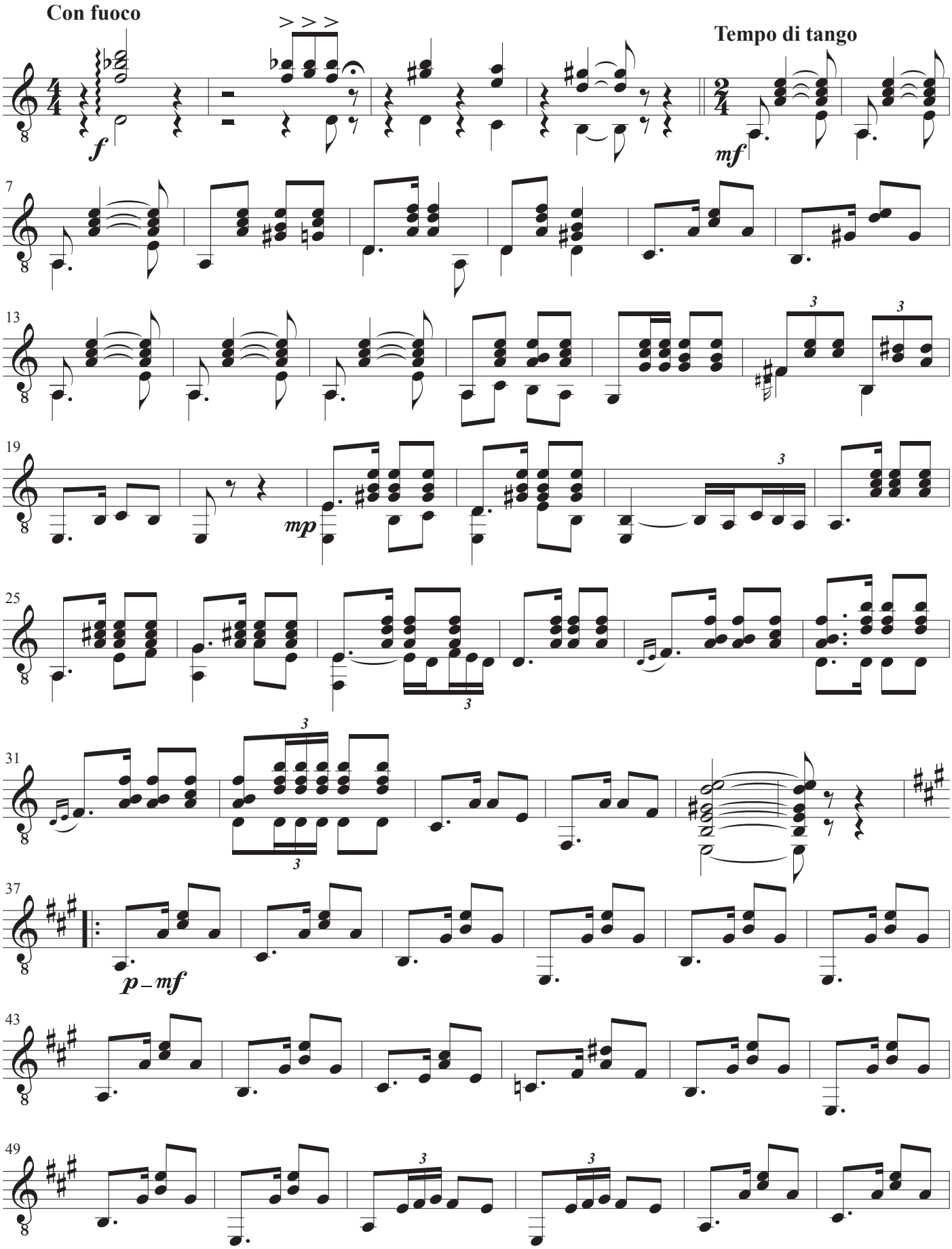
say! I fear that the mu - sic will end And
dor! Fué un tan - go su - til na - da mas, De -

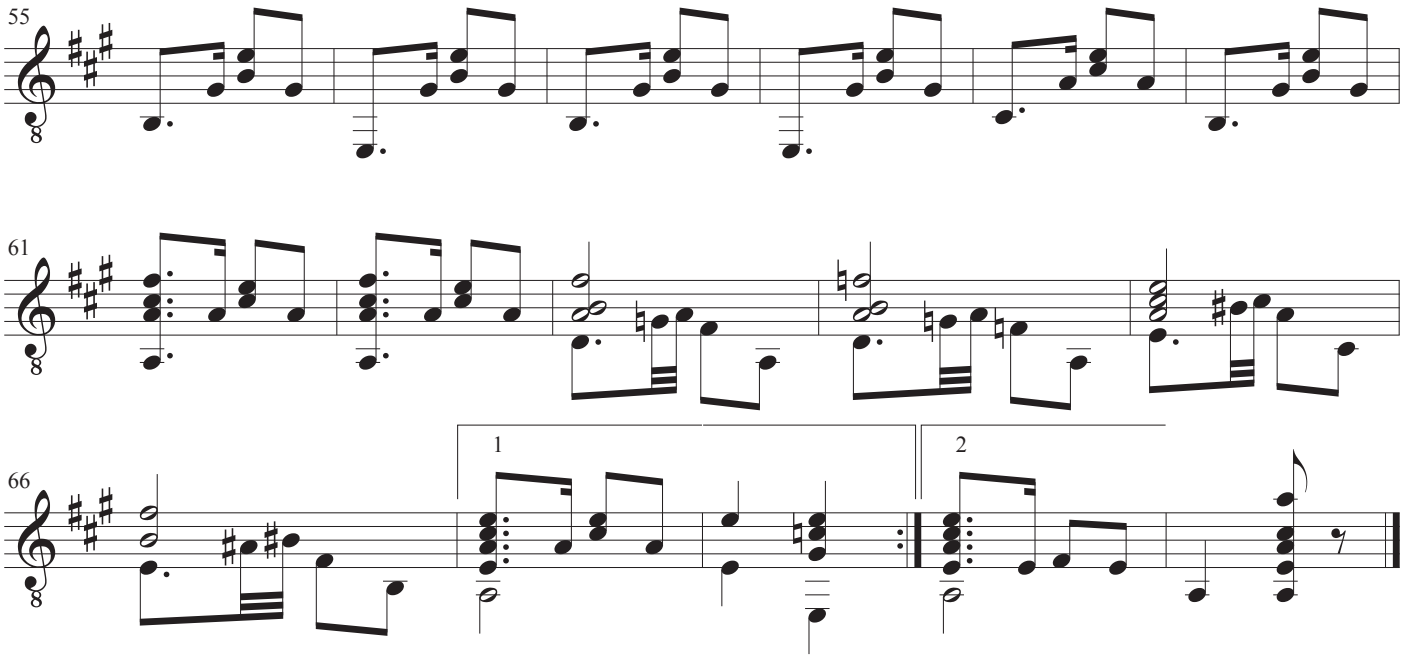

57
chat - ter th spell it may lend, To make me be - lieve, When your eyes just de -
li - rio y sue - ño fu - gaz, A - pren - de a que - rer. Te pi - do, te rue -
64
1
2
ceive, And it's on - ly the tan - go you love. We love.
go tu sal - ves nues - tro tan - go de a - mor. Bai - mor.

Guitar

Tango Jalousie

Musik: Jacob Gade
Engelsk tekst: Vera Bloom
Spansk tekst: Belen Ortega
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

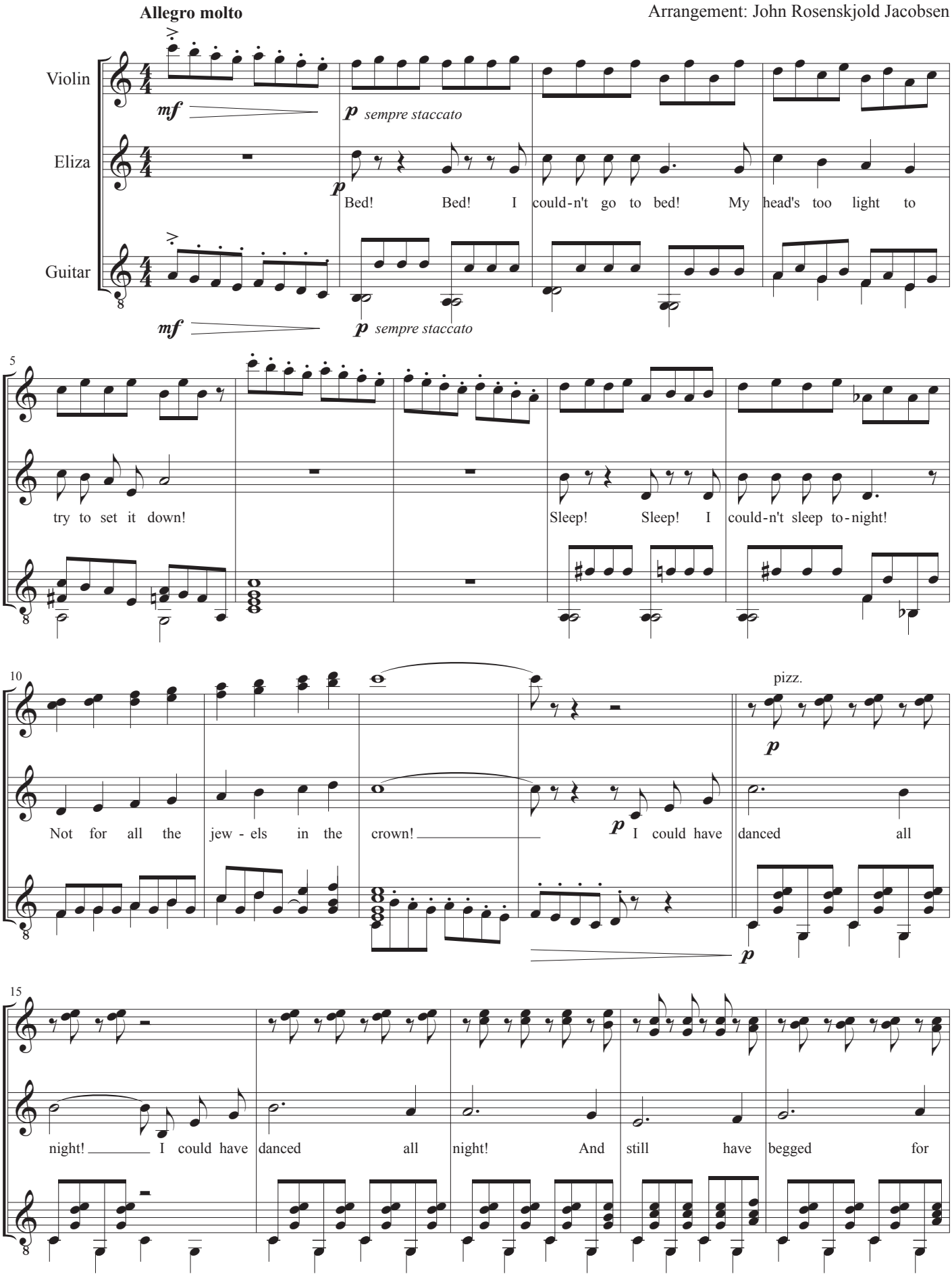


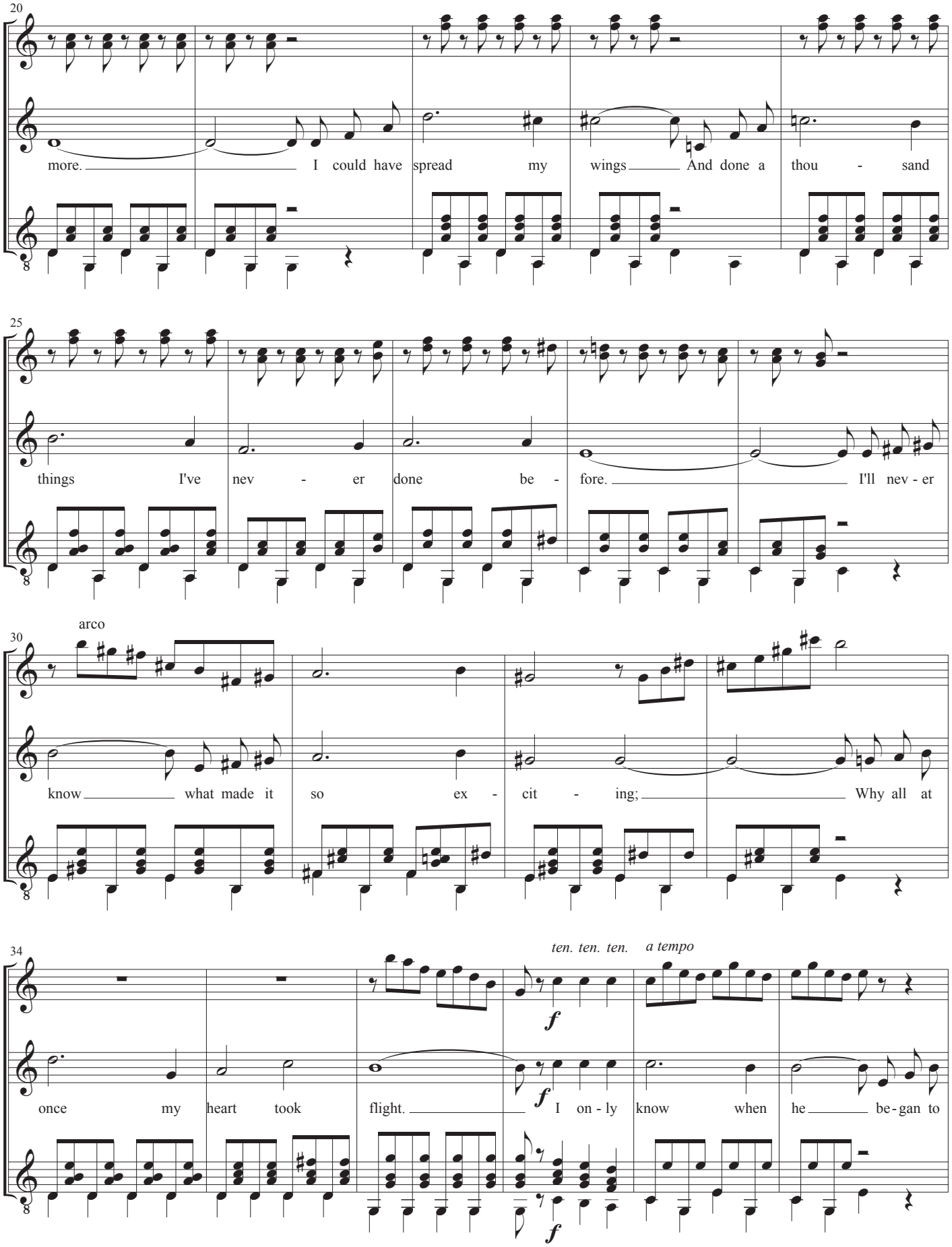

55
61
66
1
2

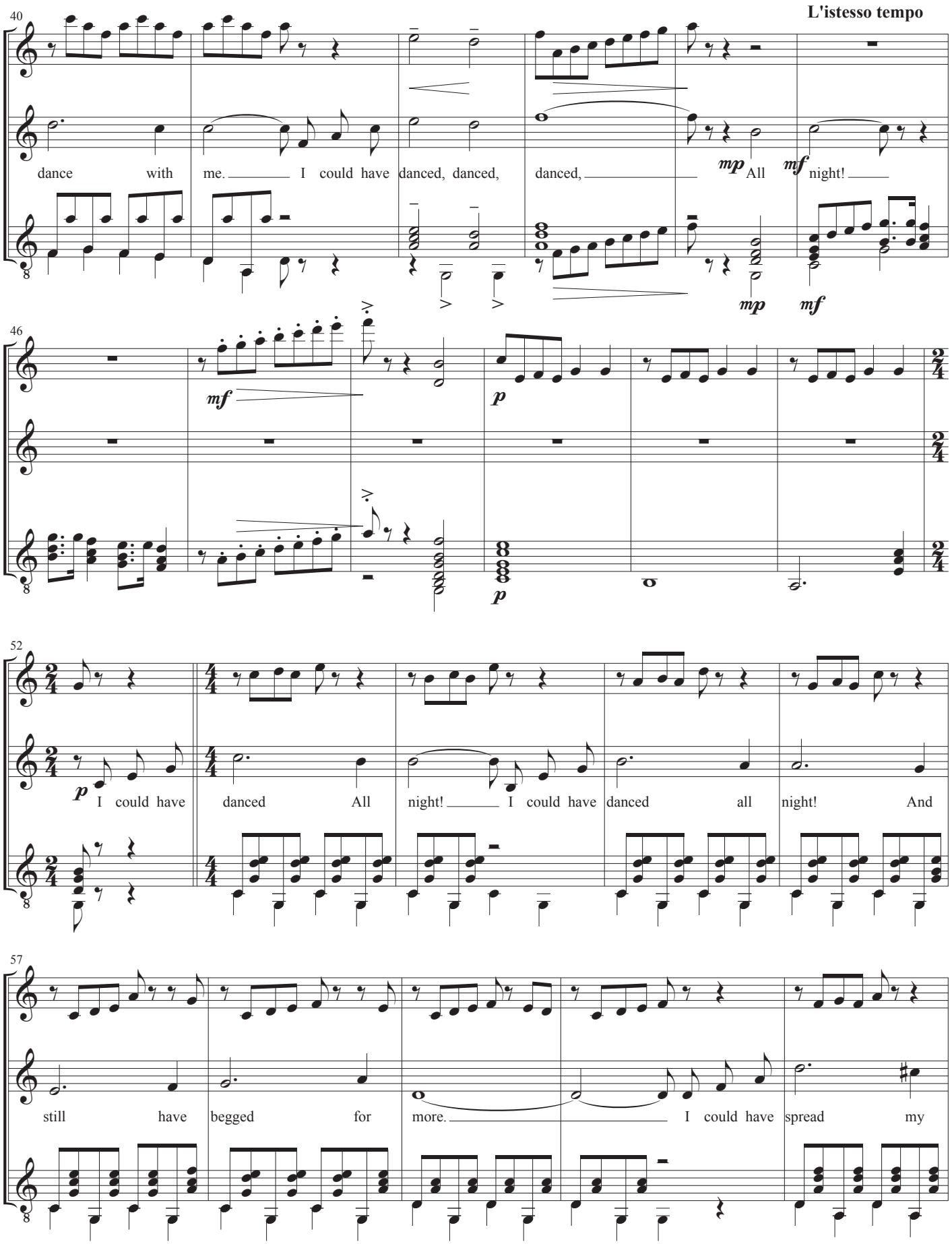
I Could Have Danced All Night

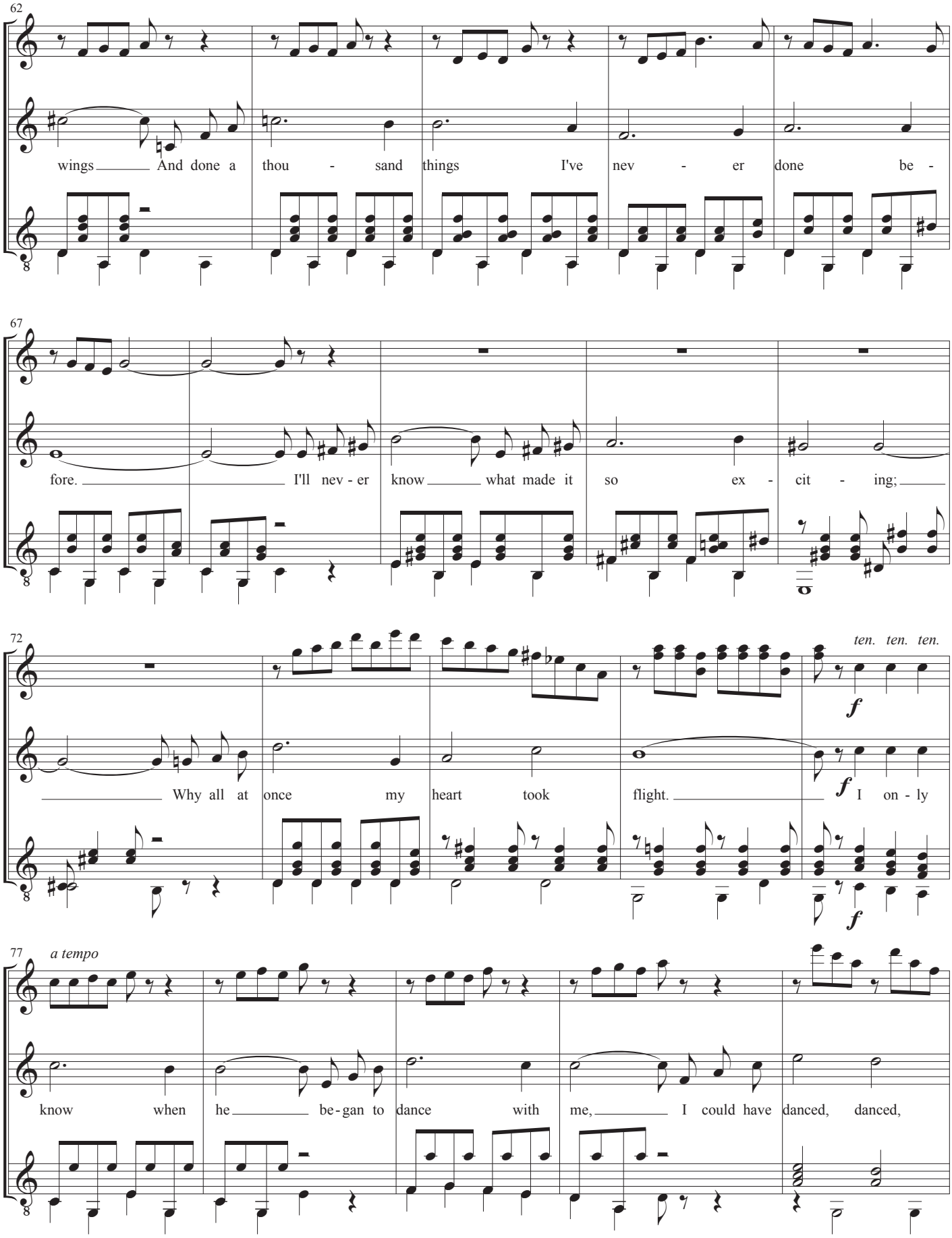
My Fair Lady

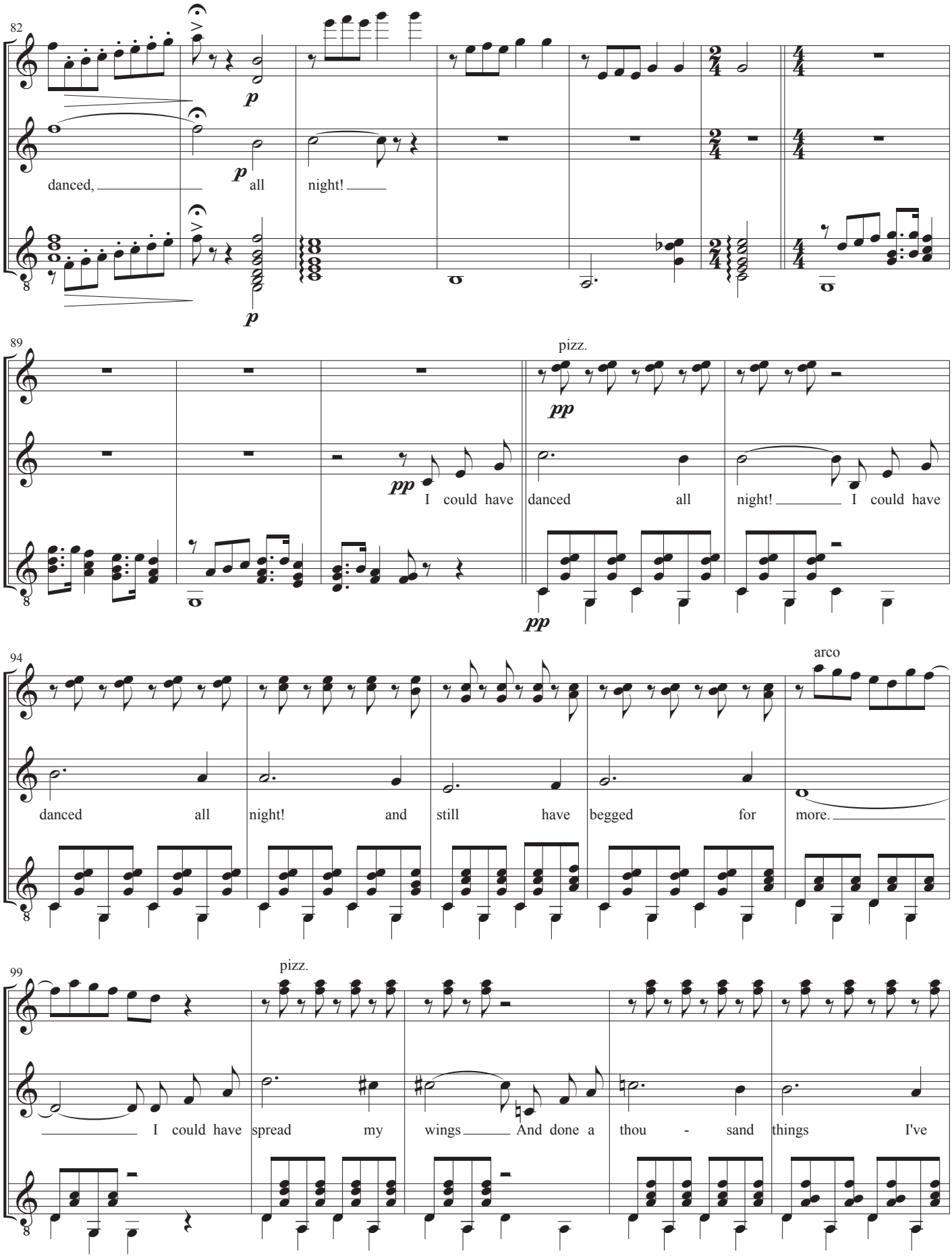
Musik: Frederick Loewe
Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

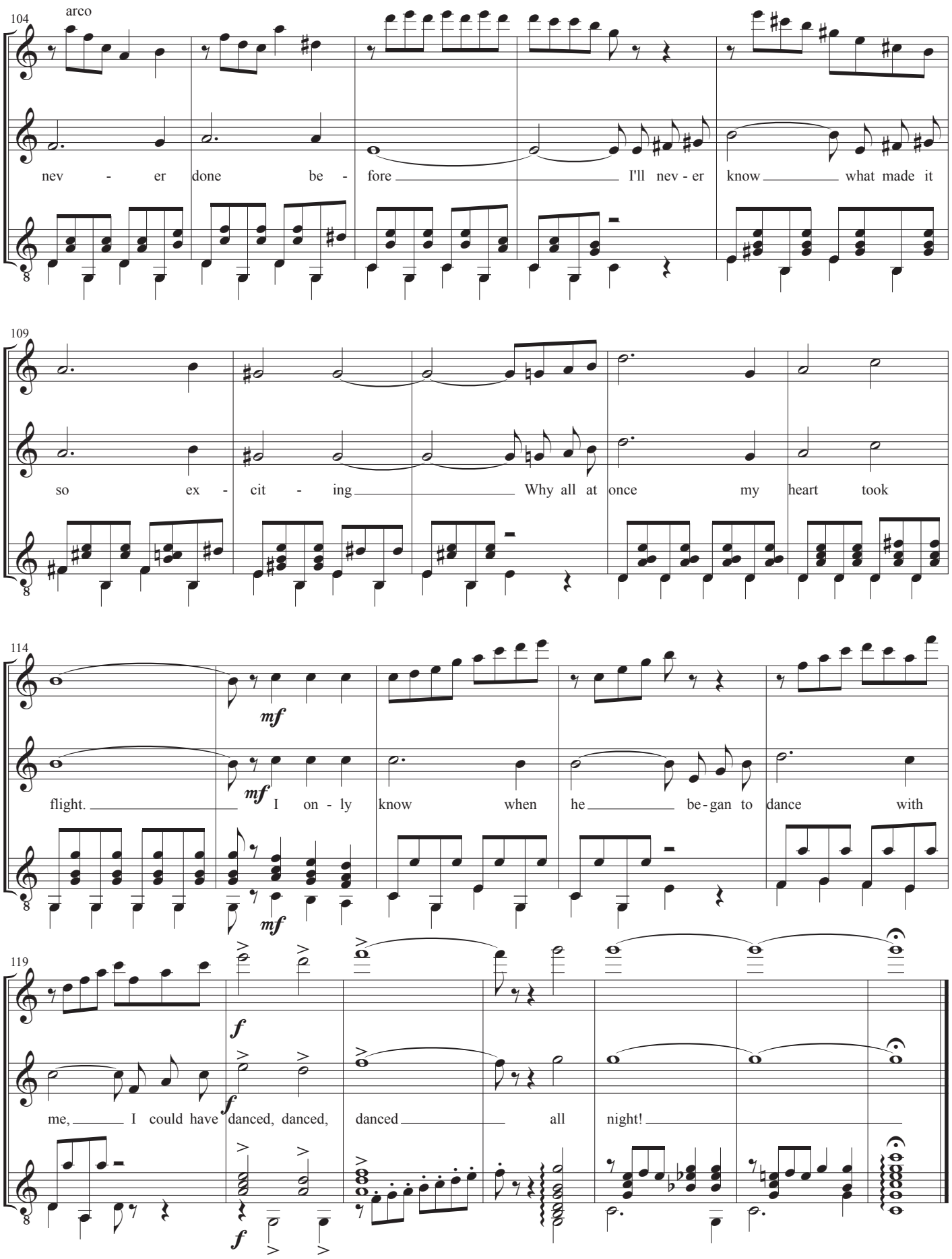



20
more. I could have spread my wings And done a thou - sand
25
things I've nev - er done be - fore. I'll nev - er
arco
30
know what made it so ex - cit - ing; Why all at
34
ten. ten. ten.
a tempo
f
once my heart took flight. I on - ly know when he be - gan to
f


L'istesso tempo
40
dance with me. I could have danced, danced, danced, All night!
mp
mf
46
mf
p
52
I could have danced All night! I could have danced all night! And
57
still have begged for more. I could have spread my


62
wings And done a thou - sand things I've nev - er done be -
67
fore. I'll nev - er know what made it so ex - cit - ing;
72
ten. ten. ten.
f
Why all at once my heart took flight. f I on - ly
f
77
a tempo
know when he be - gan to dance with me, I could have danced, danced,


82
p
danced, all night!
89
pizz.
pp
I could have danced all night! I could have
94
arco
danced all night! and still have begged for more.
99
pizz.
I could have spread my wings And done a thou - sand things I've

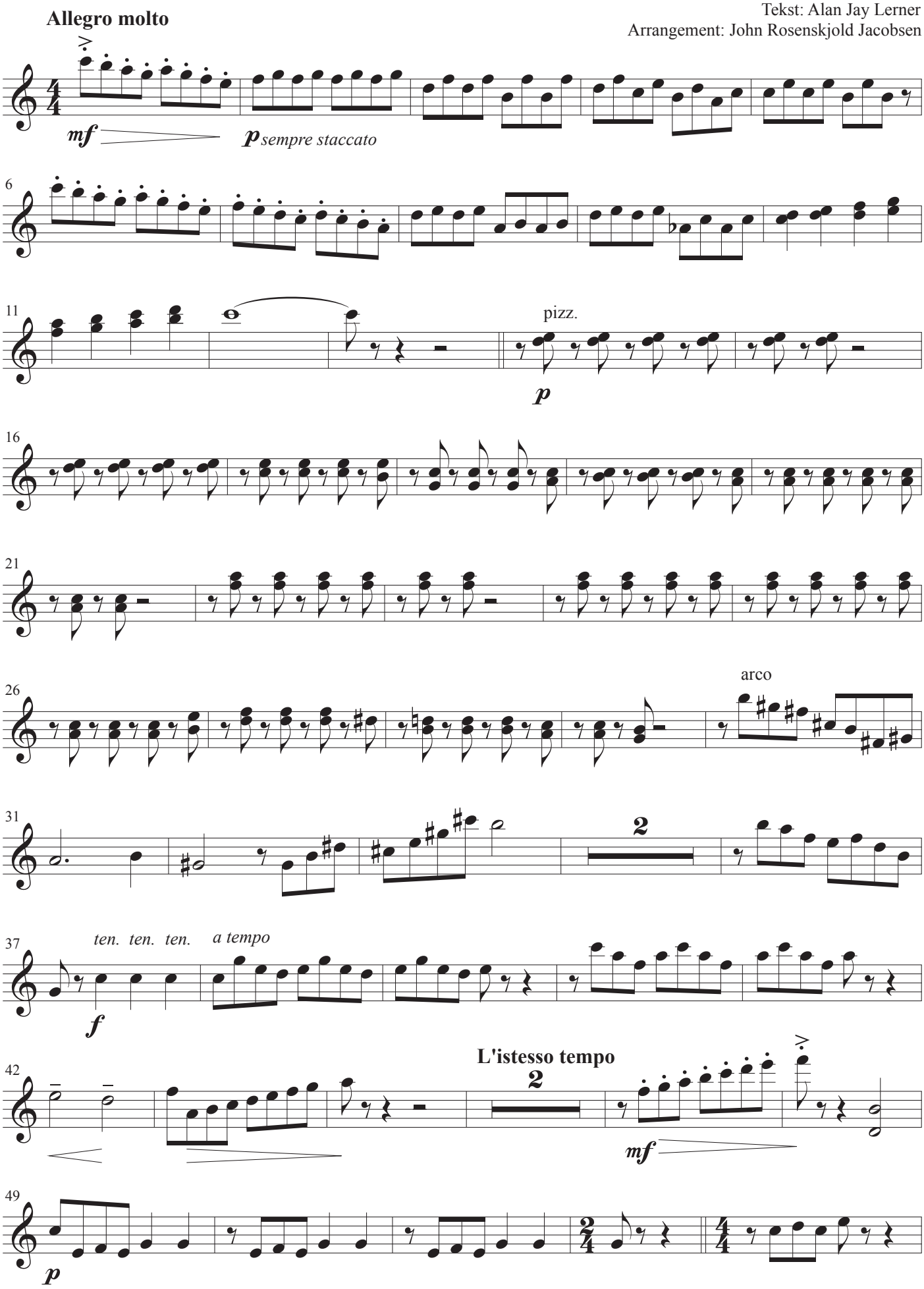

104
arco
nev - er done be - fore I'll nev - er know what made it
109
so ex - cit - ing Why all at once my heart took
114
mf
flight. I on - ly know when he be - gan to dance with
119
f
me, I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

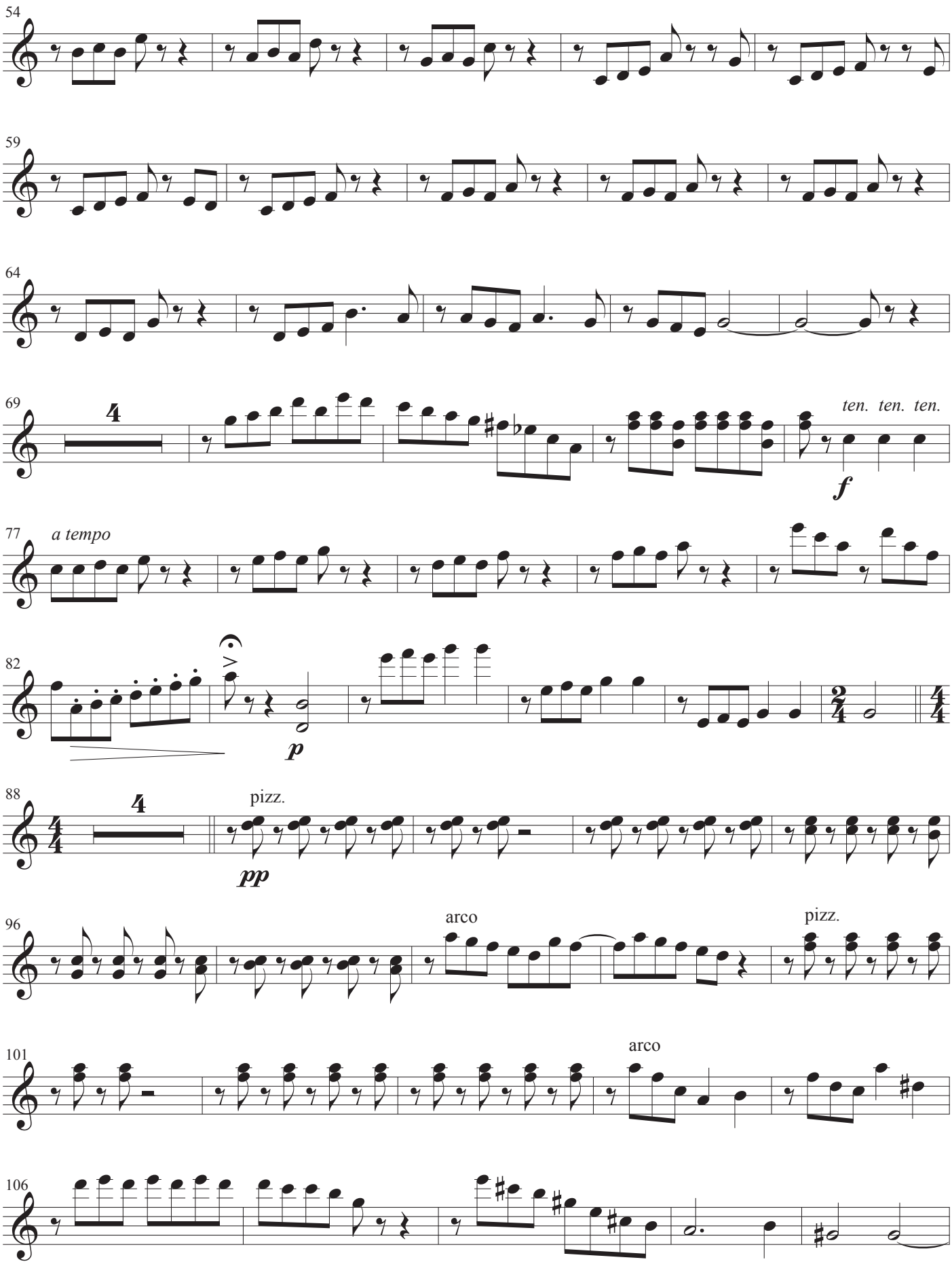
Violin

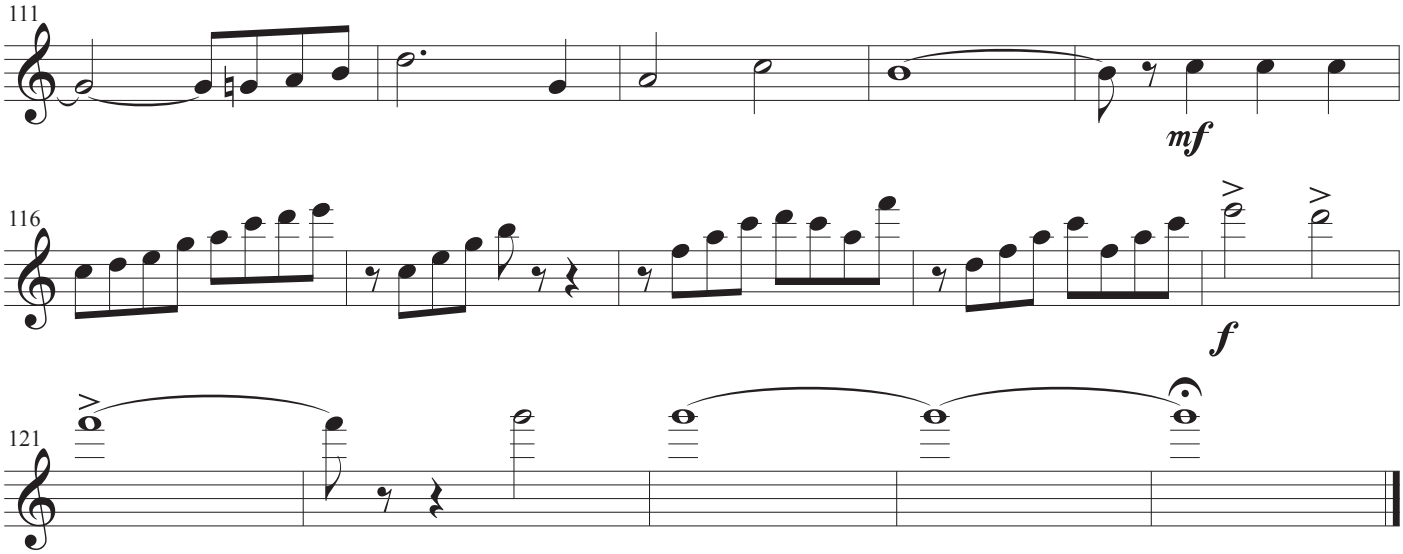
I Could Have Danced All Night

My Fair Lady

Musik: Frederick Loewe
Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen




54
59
64
69
4
ten. ten. ten.
f
77
a tempo
82
p
88
4
pizz.
pp
96
arco
pizz.
101
arco
106

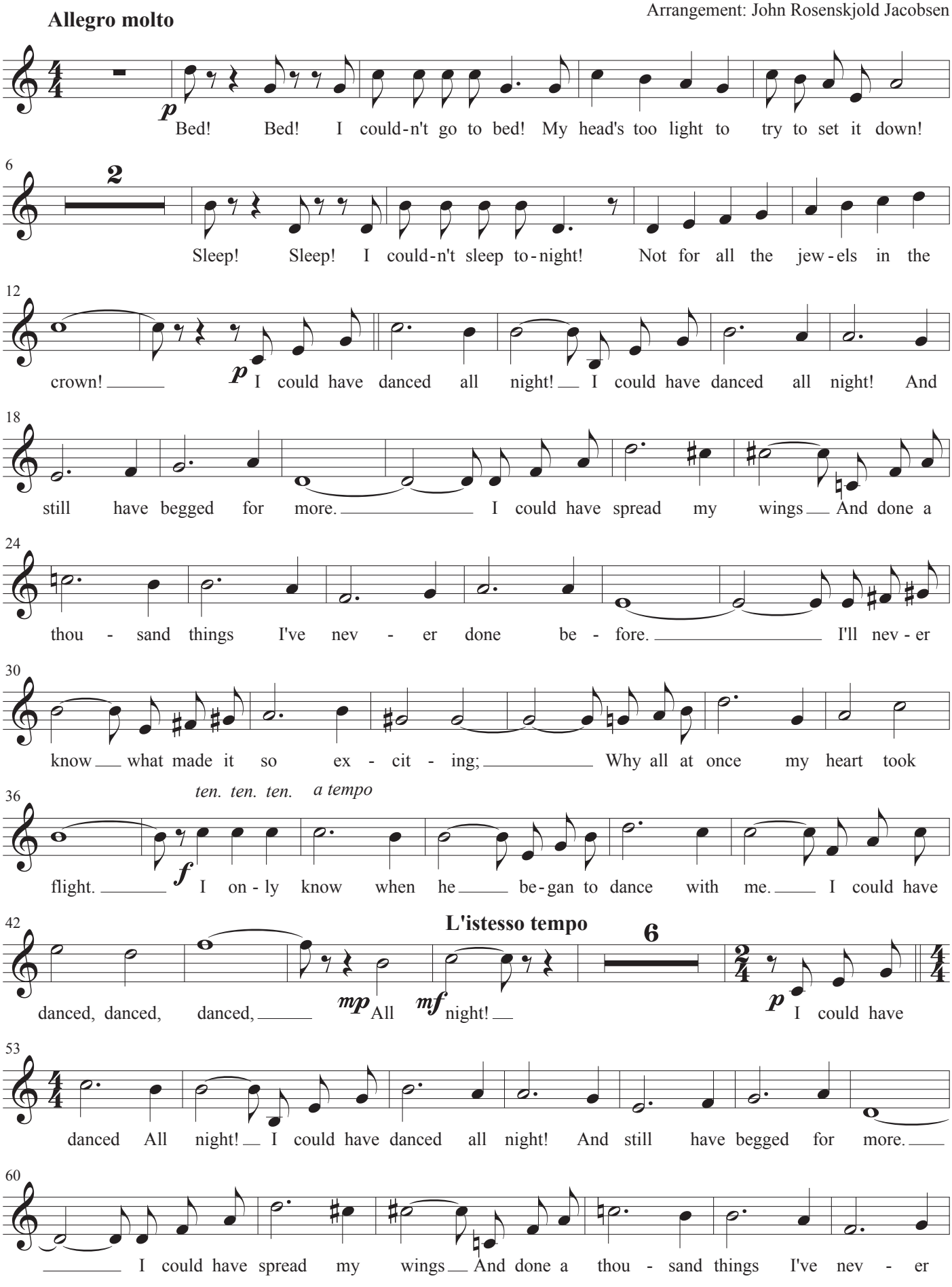

111
mf
116
f
121

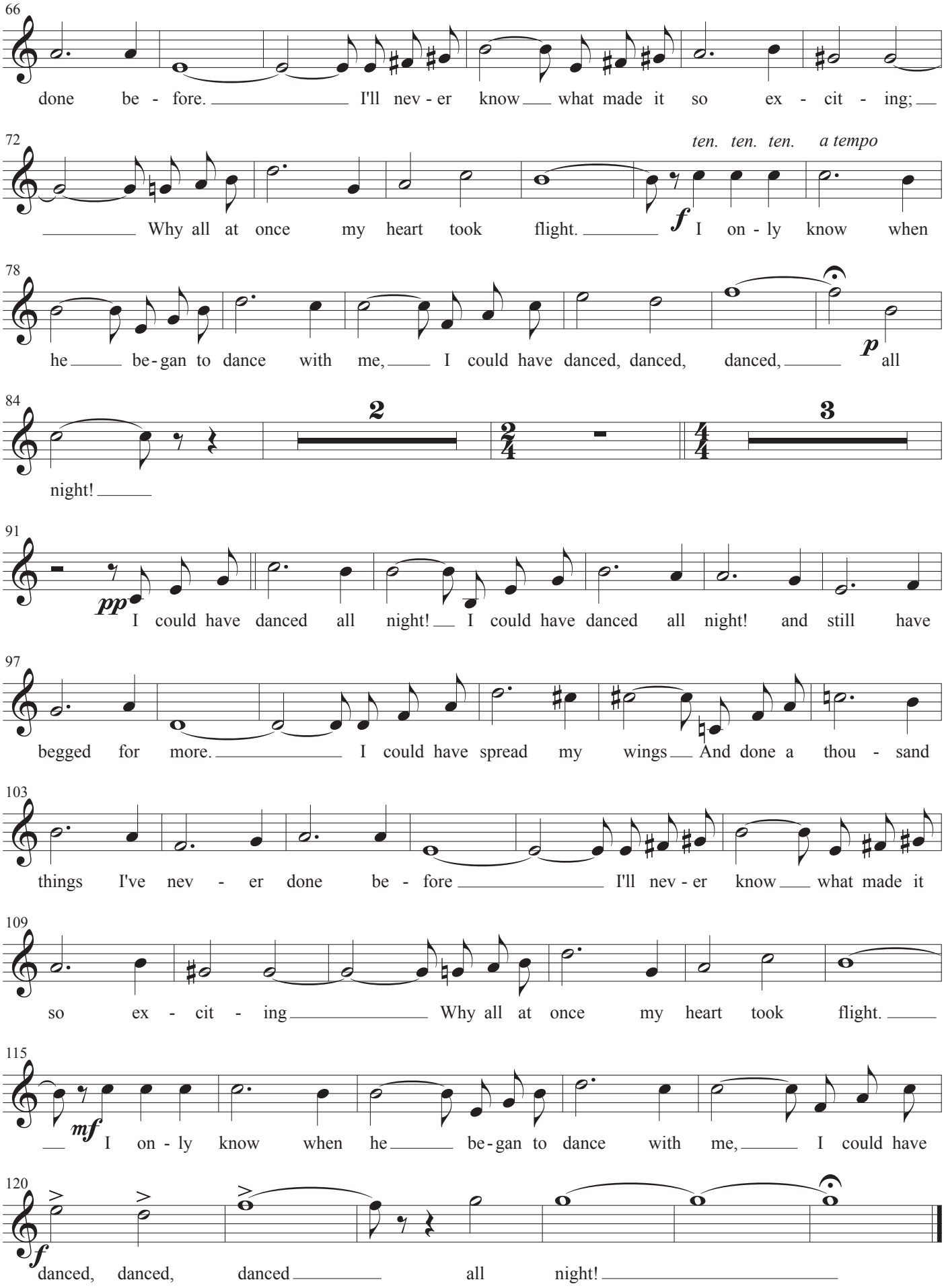
Eliza

I Could Have Danced All Night

My Fair Lady

Musik: Frederick Loewe
Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen




66
done be - fore. I'll nev - er know what made it so ex - cit - ing;
72
ten. ten. ten. a tempo
Why all at once my heart took flight. f I on - ly know when
78
he be - gan to dance with me, I could have danced, danced, danced, p all
84
2
3
night!
91
pp I could have danced all night! I could have danced all night! and still have
97
begged for more. I could have spread my wings And done a thou - sand
103
things I've nev - er done be - fore I'll nev - er know what made it
109
so ex - cit - ing Why all at once my heart took flight.
115
mf I on - ly know when he be - gan to dance with me, I could have
120
f
danced, danced, danced all night!

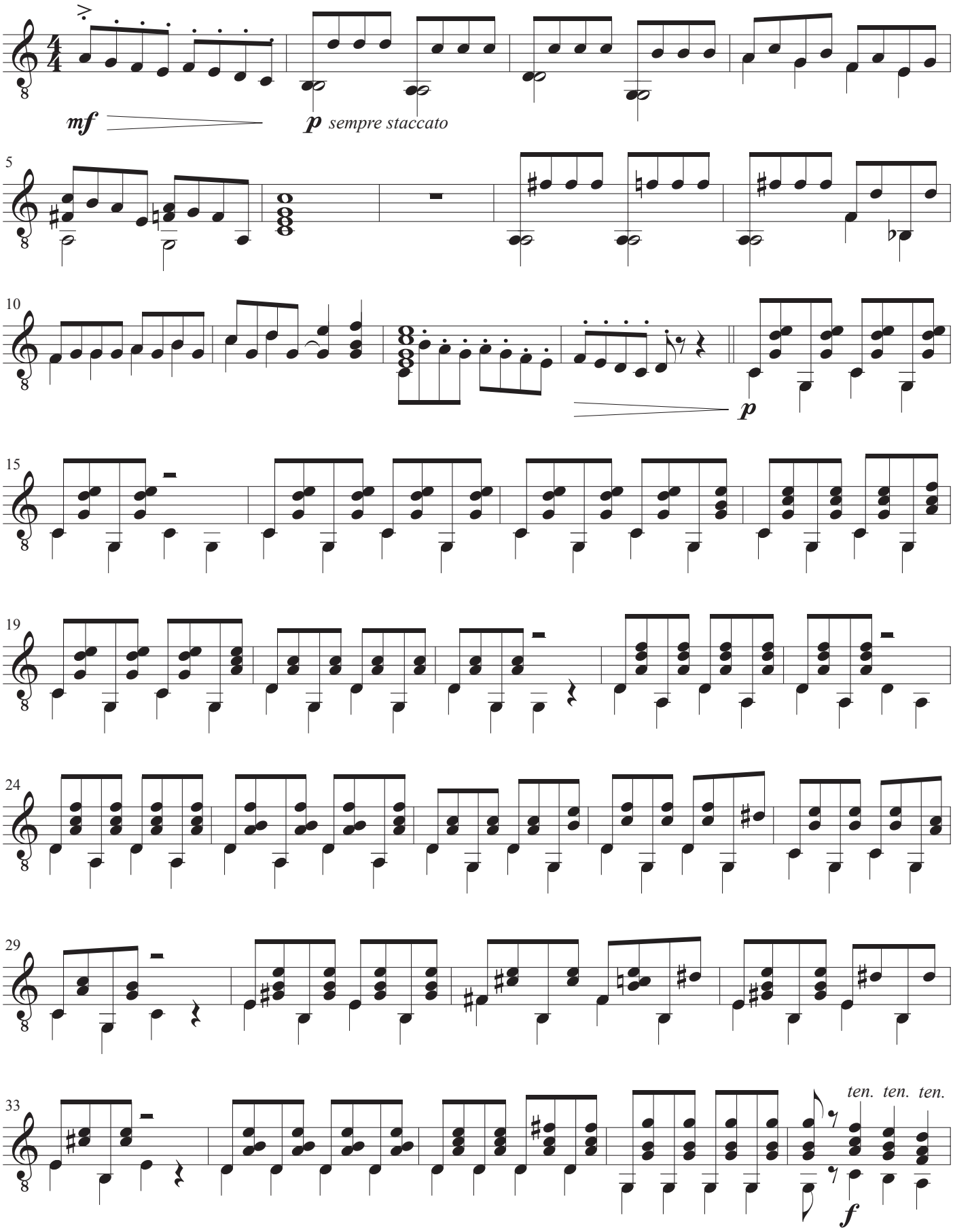
Guitar

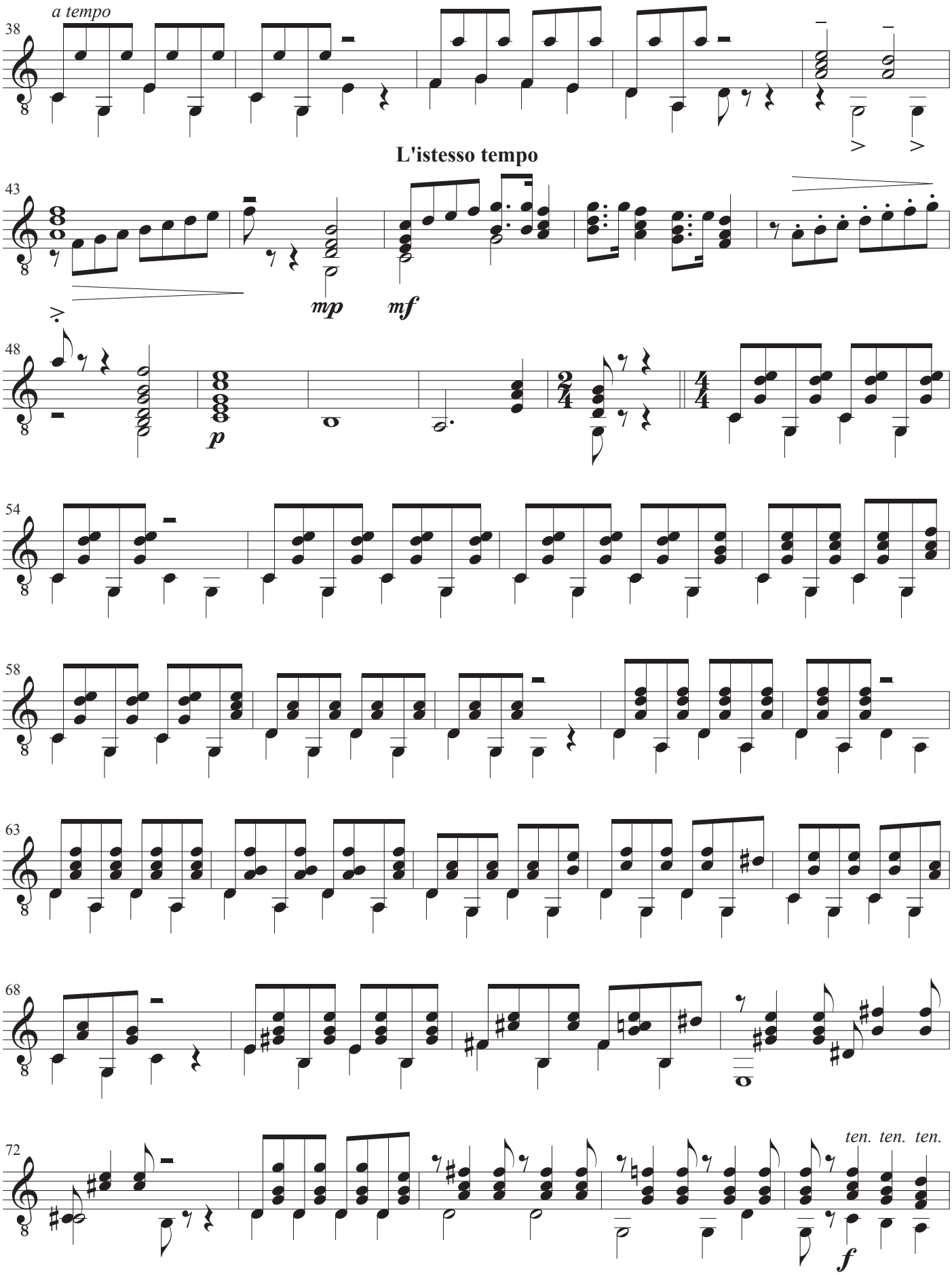
I Could Have Danced All Night

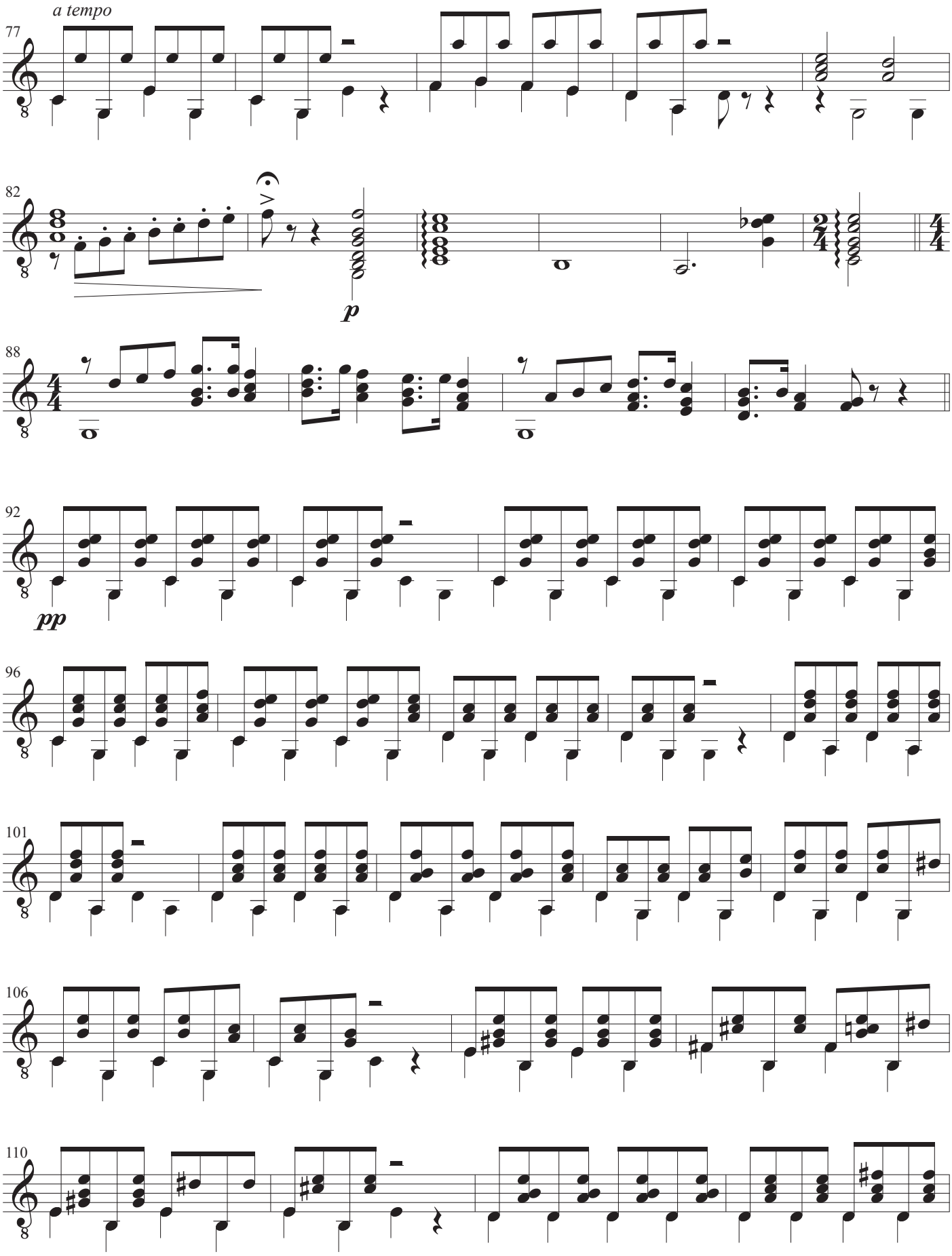
My Fair Lady

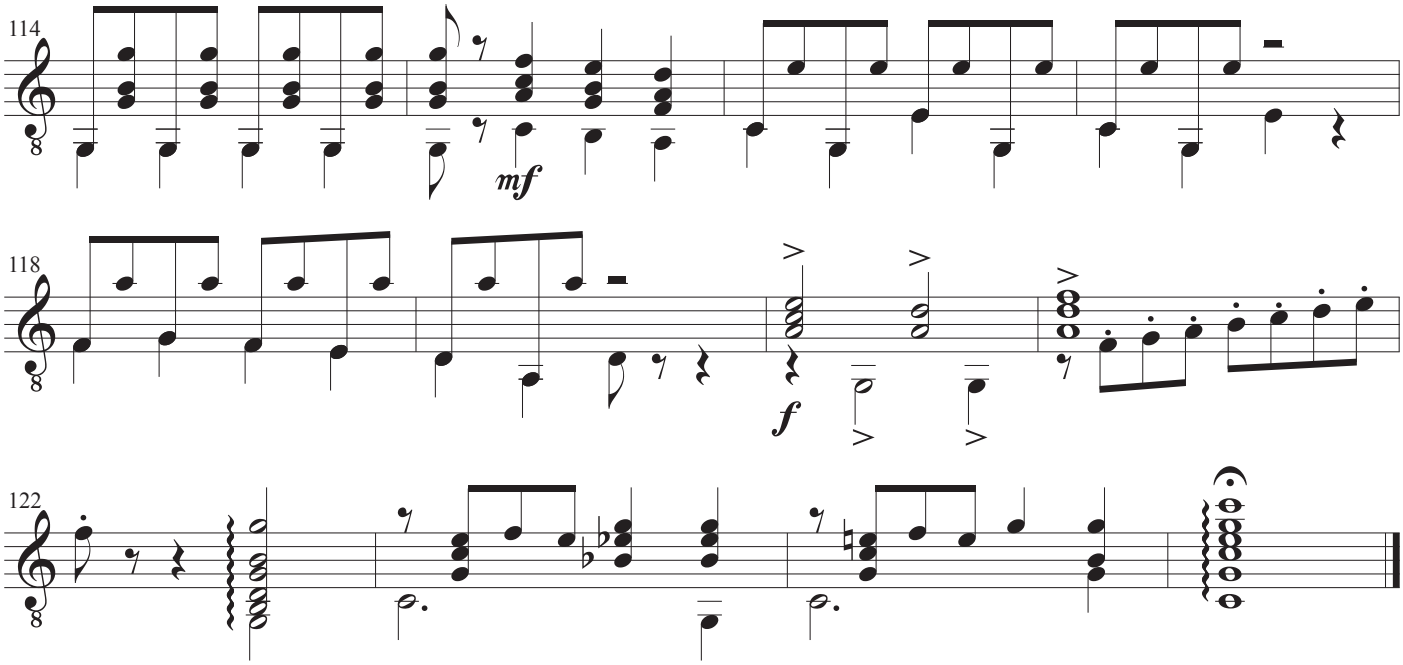
Musik: Frederick Loewe
Tekst: Alan Jay Lerner
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

Allegro molto



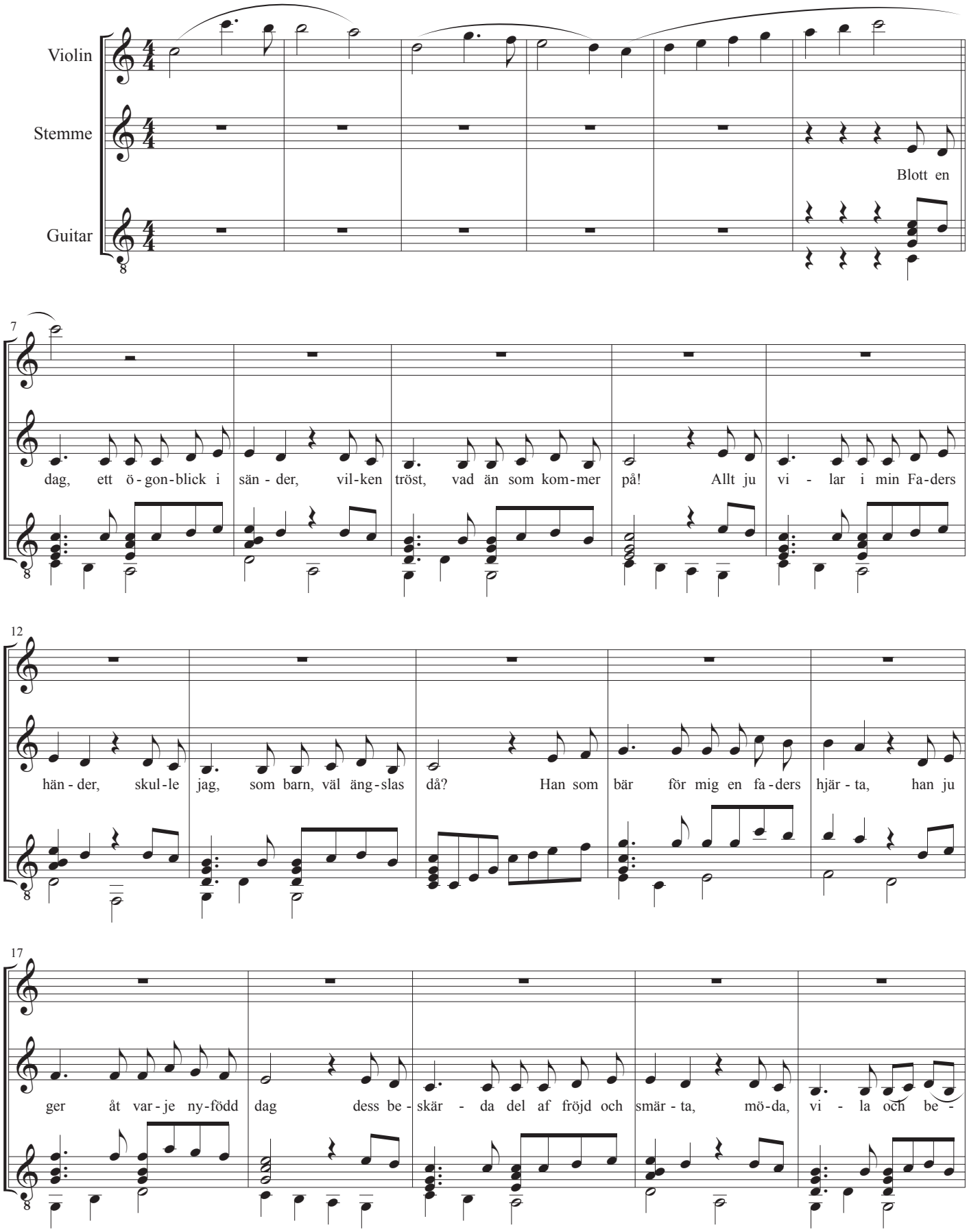

a tempo
38
L'istesso tempo
43
mp
mf
48
p
54
58
63
68
72
ten. ten. ten.
f


a tempo
77
82
p
88
92
pp
96
101
106
110


114
mf
118
f
122

Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder

Musik: Oskar Ahnfelt
Tekst: Lina Sandell
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen



22

hag. Själv han är mig al-la da-gar nä-ra, för var sär - skild tid med sär-skild nåd. Var-je

27

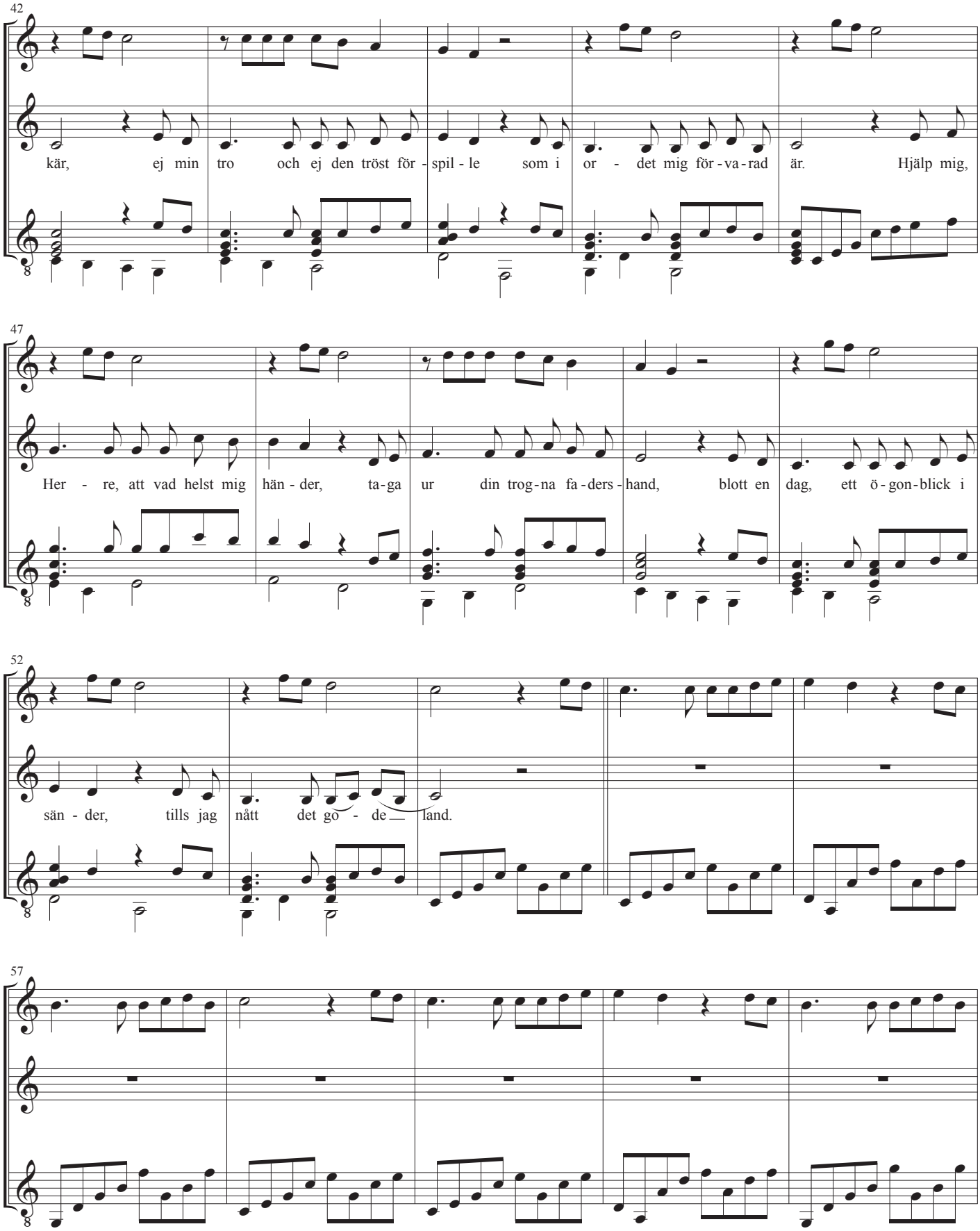
dags be-kym-mer vill han bä-ra, han som he - ter bå-de Kraft och Råd. Mor-gon - da - gens om-sorg får jag

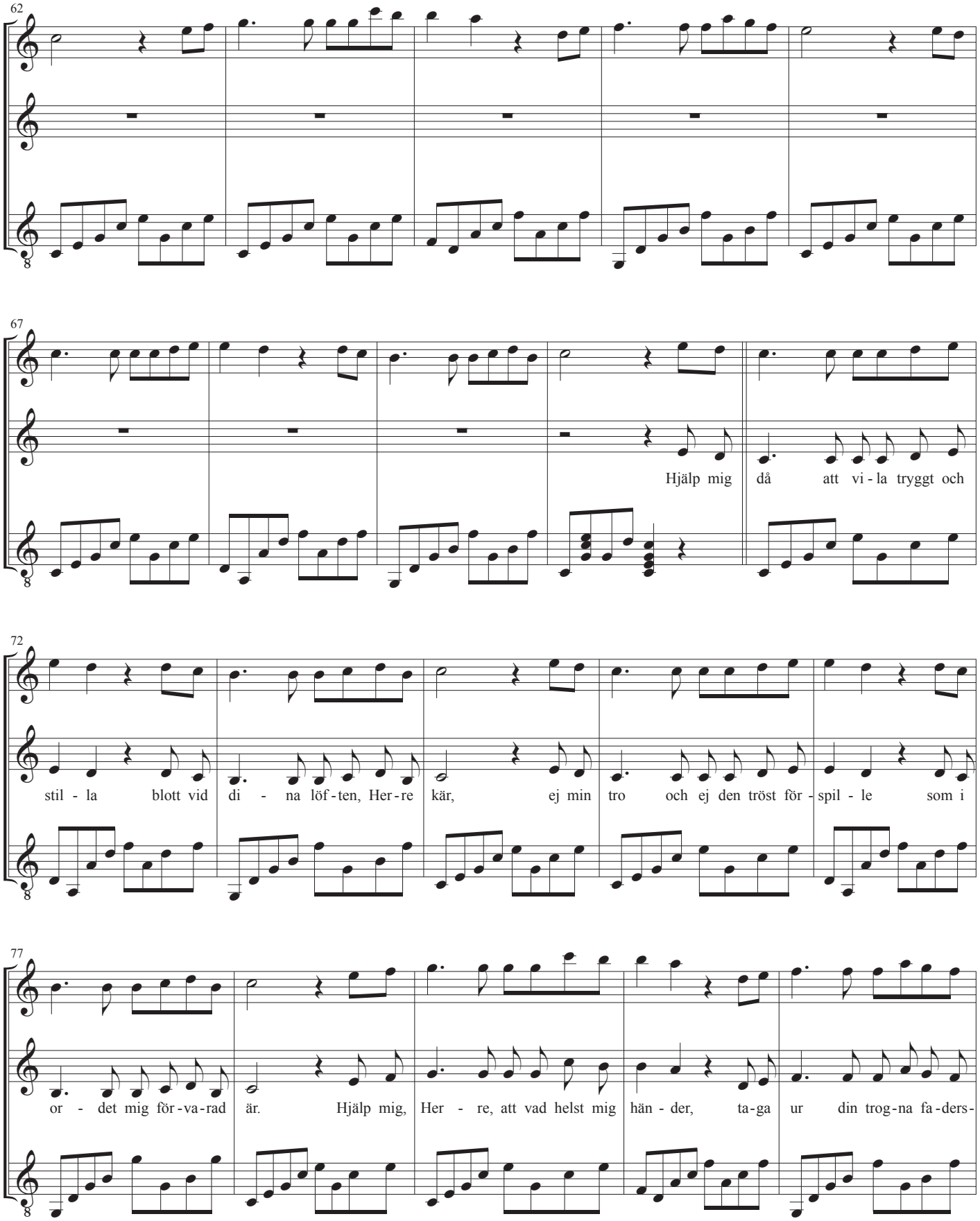
32

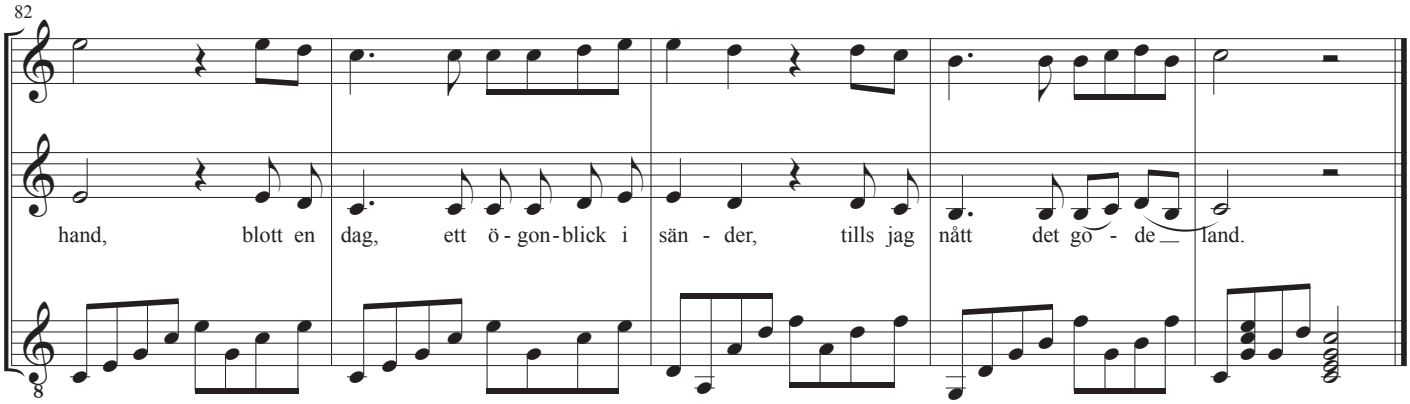
spa-ra, om än o - viss syns min van-drings stig. "Som din dag, så skall din kraft och va-ra", det-ta

37

löf - te gav han mig. Hjälp mig då att vi-la tryggt och stil-la blott vid di - na löf-ten, Her-re


42
kär, ej min tro och ej den tröst för - spil - le som i or - det mig för - va - rad är. Hjälp mig,
47
Her - re, att vad helst mig hän - der, ta - ga ur din trog - na fa - ders - hand, blott en dag, ett ö - gon - blick i
52
sän - der, tills jag nått det go - de land.
57


62
67
Hjälp mig då att vi - la tryggt och
72
stil - la blott vid di - na löf - ten, Her - re kär, ej min tro och ej den tröst för - spil - le som i
77
or - det mig för - va - rad är. Hjälp mig, Her - re, att vad helst mig hän - der, ta - ga ur din trog - na fa - ders-



Kun en dag, et øjeblik ad gangen
Dansk tekst: Ukendt

Kun en dag, et øjeblik ad gangen!
Hvilken trøst for den forsagte ånd!
Hvorfor skal mig uro holde fangen?
Alting hviler i min faders hånd.
Han, som har for mig en faders hjerte,
hver en dag jo også sende vil
mig den lille del af fryd og smerte,
som jeg netop trænger til.

Nær hos mig han vil mig altid lære
særlig nåde for hver enkelt tid:
Hver en dags bekymring han vil bære,
"kraft" og "råd" han kalder sig med flid.
Han vil vogte sine får så kære,
mætte sjælen ved sit nådebord.
"Som din dag er, skal din styrke være!"
det er løftet i hans ord.

Hjælp mig da at hvile trygt og stille
kun på dine løfter, Herre kær,
og ej troens dybe fred forspilde,
som i ordet kom mit hjerte nær!
Når mit sind er af bekymring fangen,
lær mig tage af din faderhånd
kun en dag, et øjeblik ad gangen
med en stille, ydmyg ånd!

Day by Day, and with Each Passing Moment
Engelsk tekst: Andrew L. Skoog

Day by day, and with each passing moment,
Strength I find, to meet my trials here;
Trusting in my Father's wisse bestowment,
I've no cause for worry or for fear.
He Whose heart is kind beyond all measure
Give unto each day what He deems best.
Lovingly, its part of pain and pleasure,
Mingling toil with peace and rest.

Every day, the Lord Himself is near me
With a special mercy for each hour;
All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me,
He Whos Name is Counselor and Pow'r.
The protection of His child and treasure
Is a charge that on Himself He laid;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be in measure,"
This the pledge to me He made.

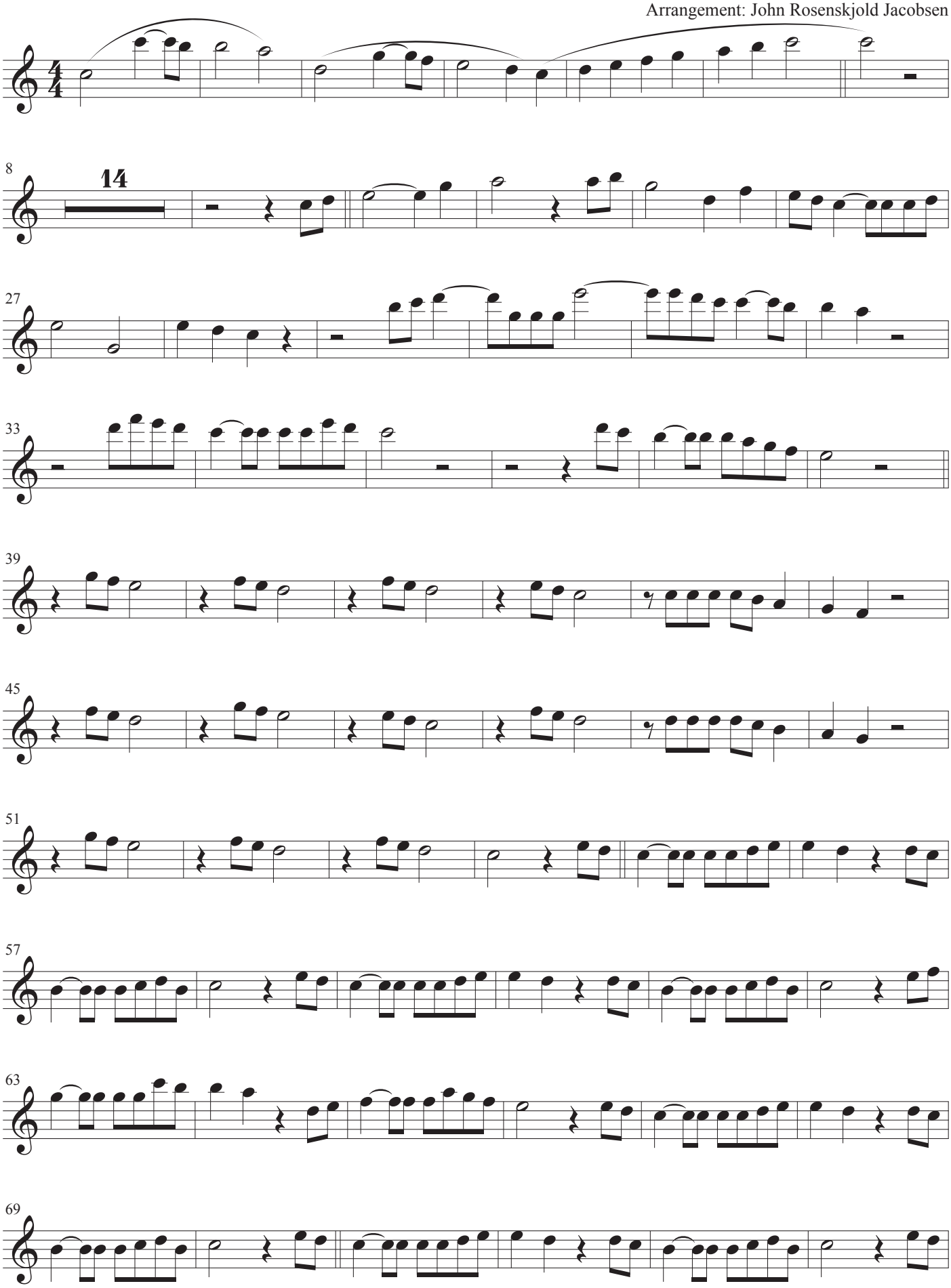
Help me then in every tribulation
So to trust Thy Promises, O Lord.
That I lose not faith's sweet consolation
Offered me within Thy holy Word.
Help me, Lord, when toil and trouble meeting,
E'er to take, as from a father's hand,
One by one, the days, the moments fleeting,
Till I reach the promised land.

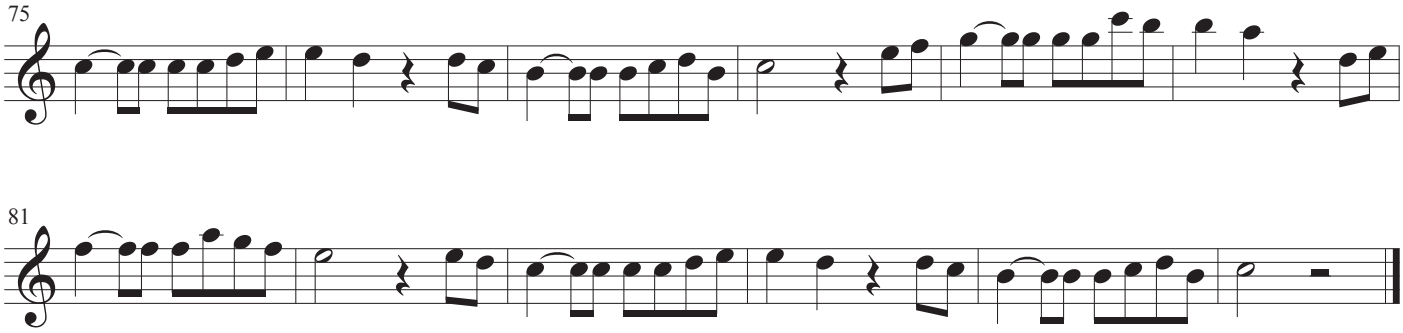
Blott en dag er fra 1865. Den fik en lettere tekstbearbejdelse i 1872.
I begyndelsen havde hver linje en stavelse mindre ("en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder"),
men dette blev ændret av forfatteren selv for at teksten skulle harmonere med melodien af Oscar Ahnfelt.

Violin

Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder

Musik: Oskar Ahnfelt
Tekst: Lina Sandell
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

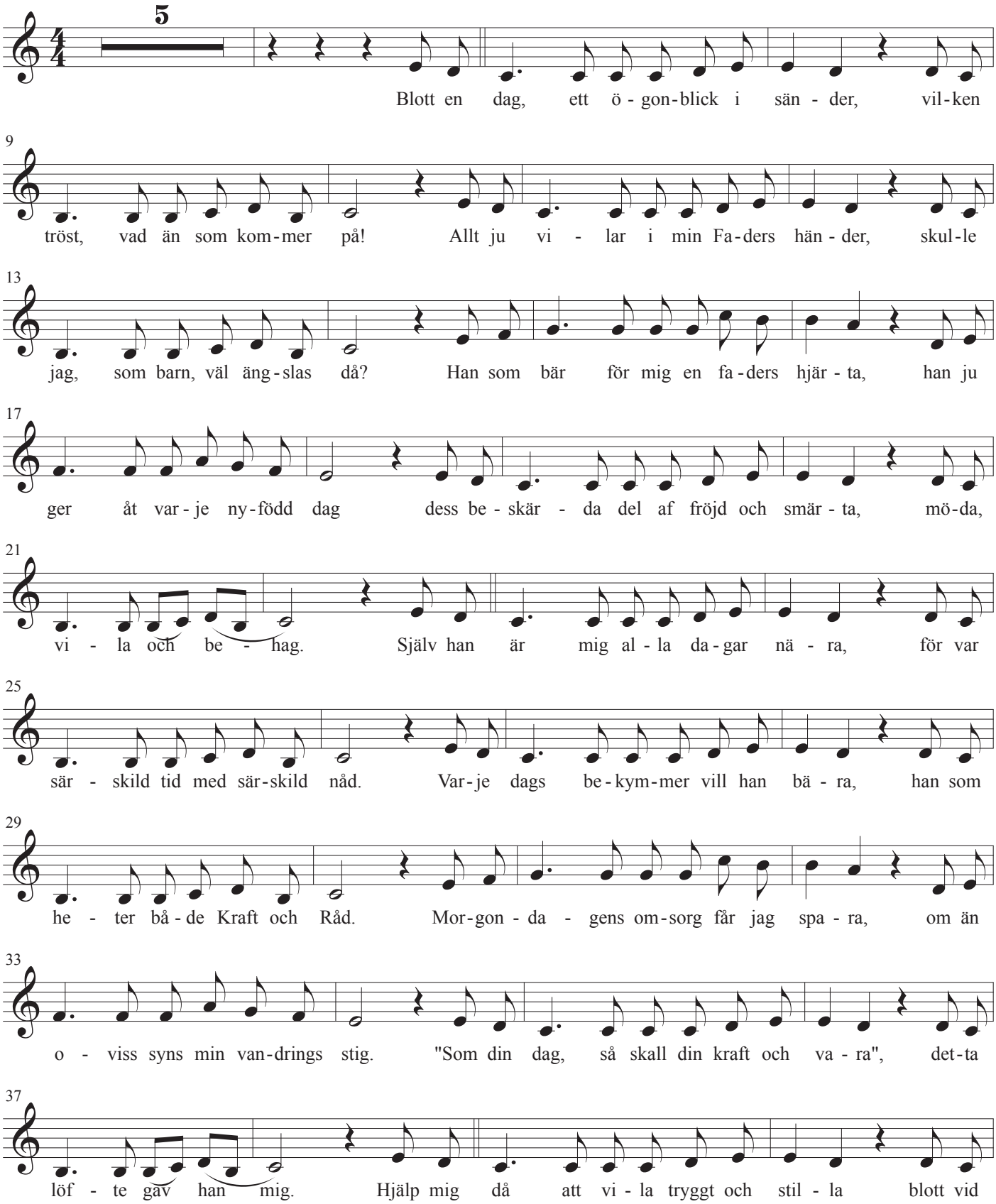


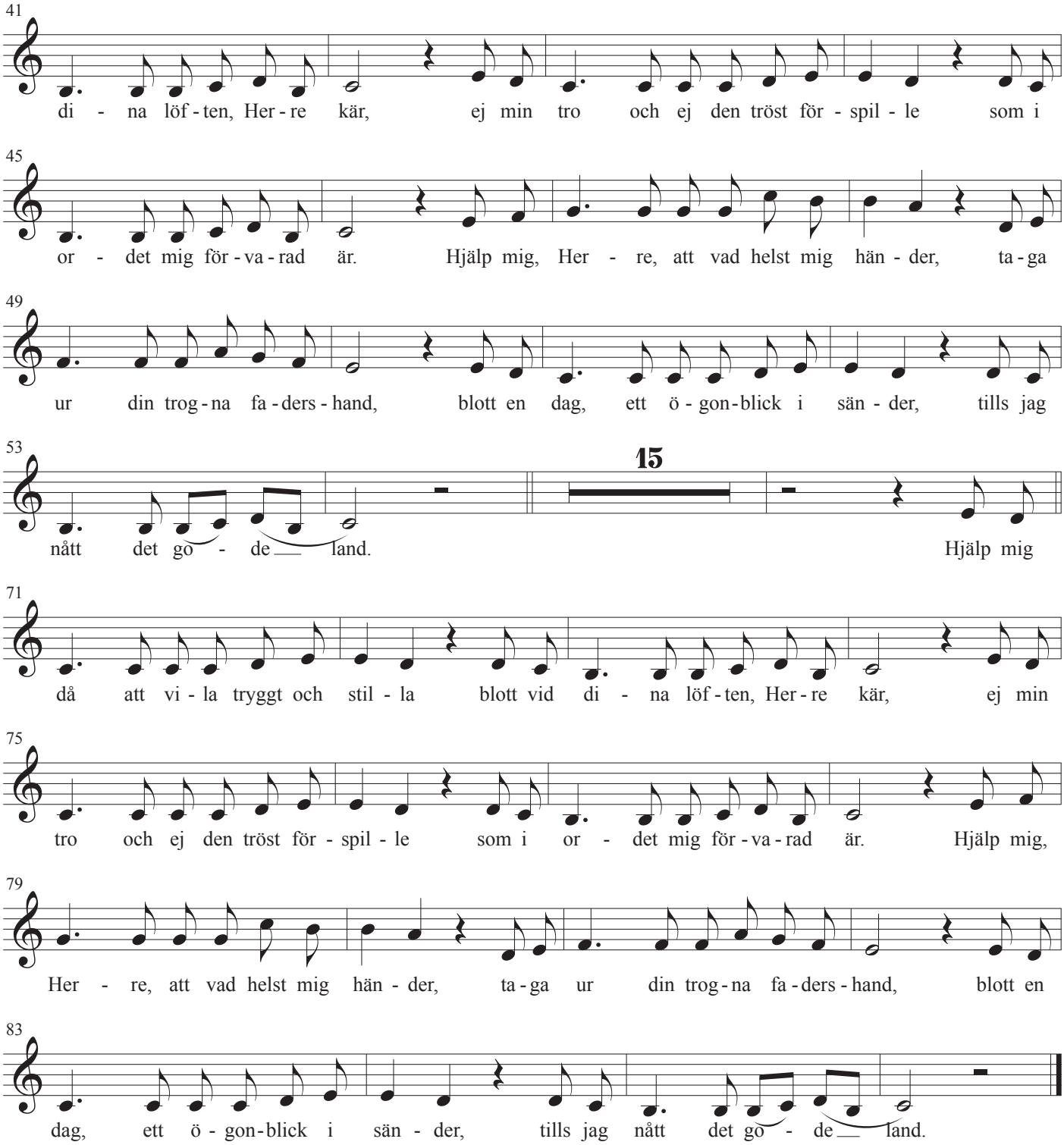

75
81

Stemme

Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder

Musik: Oskar Ahnfelt
Tekst: Lina Sandell
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

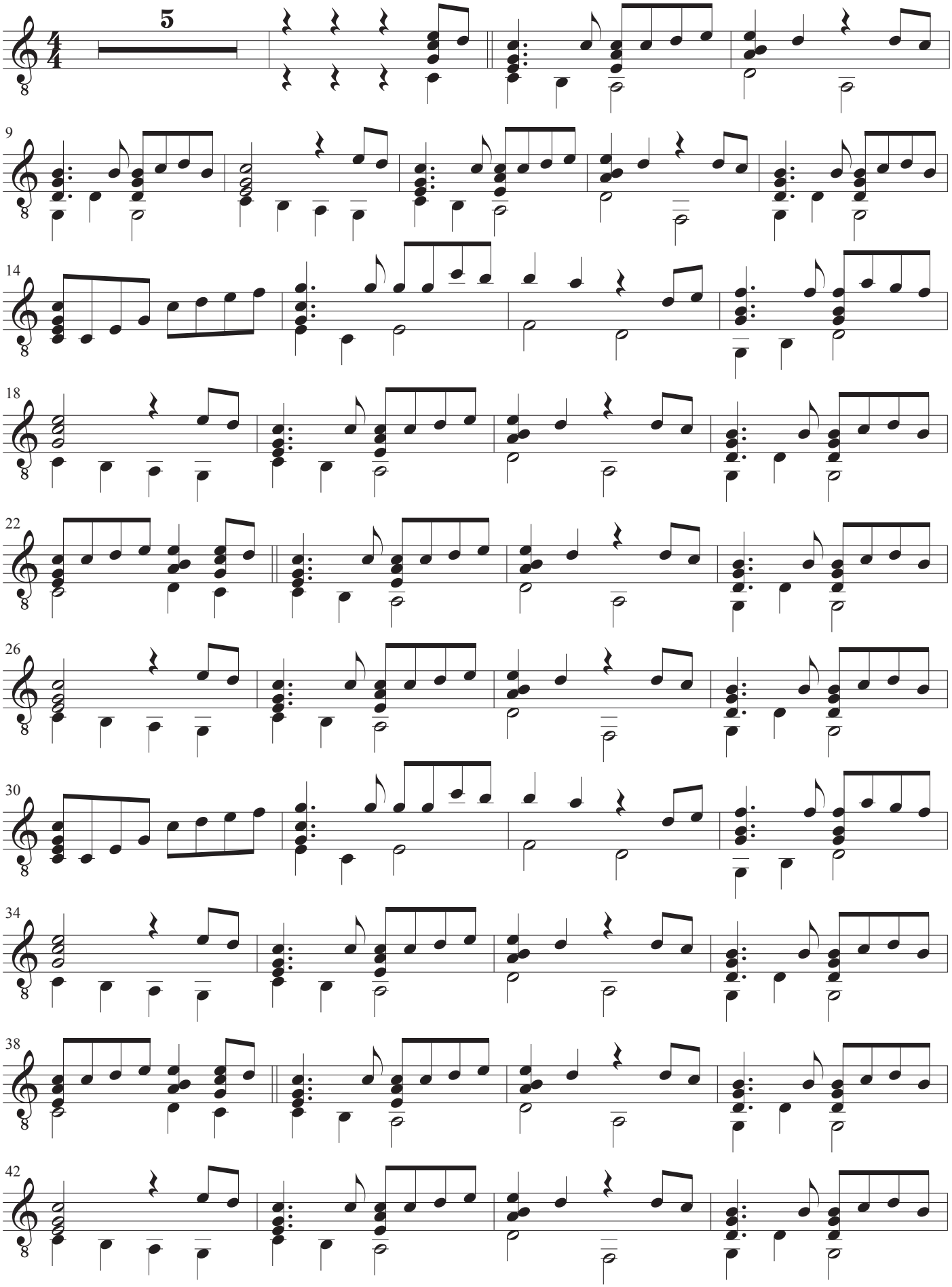


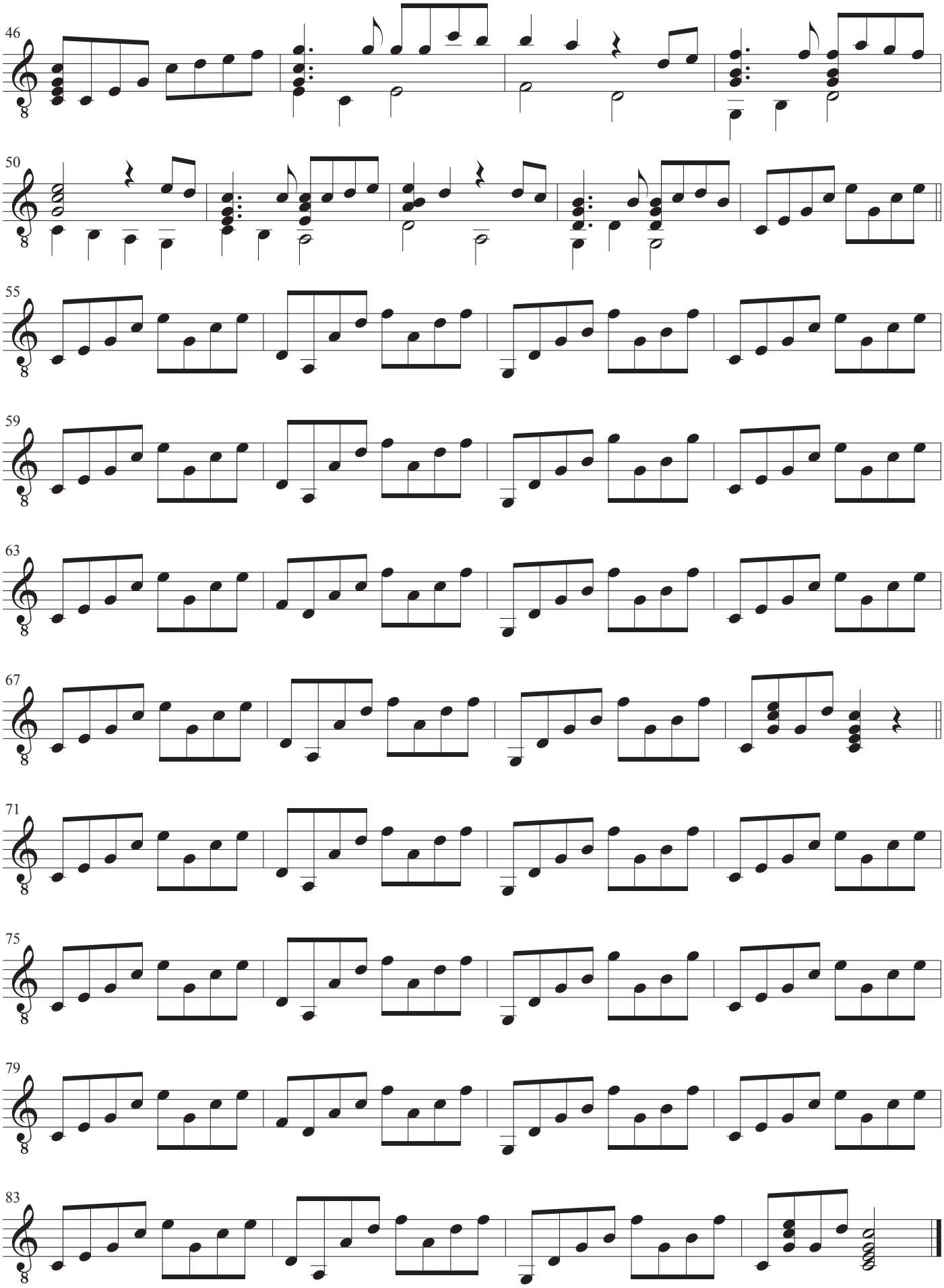

41
di - na löf - ten, Her - re kär, ej min tro och ej den tröst för - spil - le som i
45
or - det mig för - va - rad är. Hjälp mig, Her - re, att vad helst mig hän - der, ta - ga
49
ur din trog - na fa - ders - hand, blott en dag, ett ö - gon - blick i sän - der, tills jag
53
15
nått det go - de land. Hjälp mig
71
då att vi - la tryggt och stil - la blott vid di - na löf - ten, Her - re kär, ej min
75
tro och ej den tröst för - spil - le som i or - det mig för - va - rad är. Hjälp mig,
79
Her - re, att vad helst mig hän - der, ta - ga ur din trog - na fa - ders - hand, blott en
83
dag, ett ö - gon - blick i sän - der, tills jag nått det go - de land.

Guitar

Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder

Musik: Oskar Ahnfelt
Tekst: Lina Sandell
Arrangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen

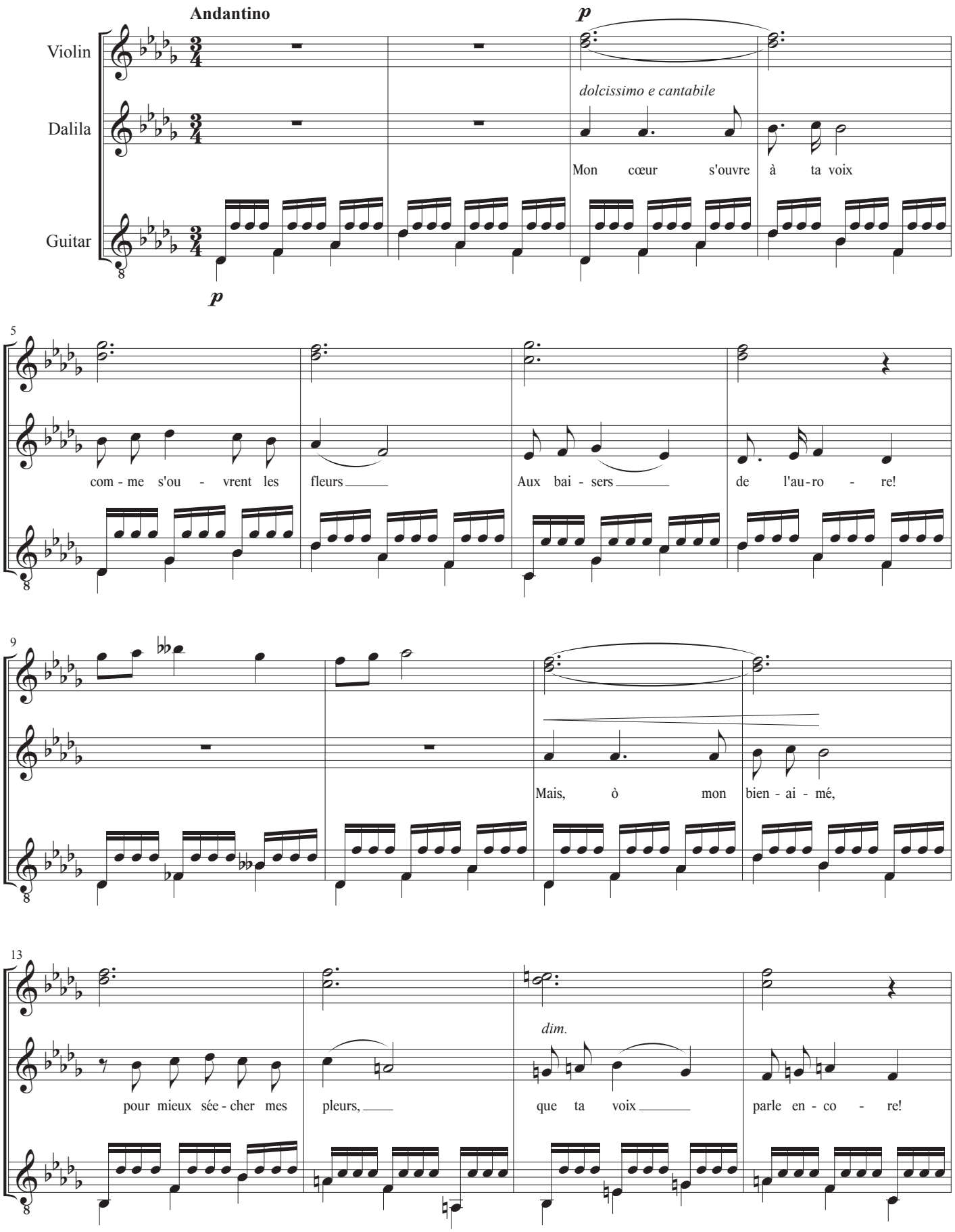



46
50
55
59
63
67
71
75
79
83

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Samson et Dalila, acte II

Musik: Camille Saint-Saëns
Tekst: Ferdinand Lemaire
Arangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen



17

rf.

Dis - moi qu'à Da - li - la tu re -

sf *p*

21

rf.

viens pour ja - mais. Re - dis à ma ten - dres - se Les ser -

sf *p*

25

cresc.

ments d'au - tre - fois, ces ser - ments que j'ai - mais!

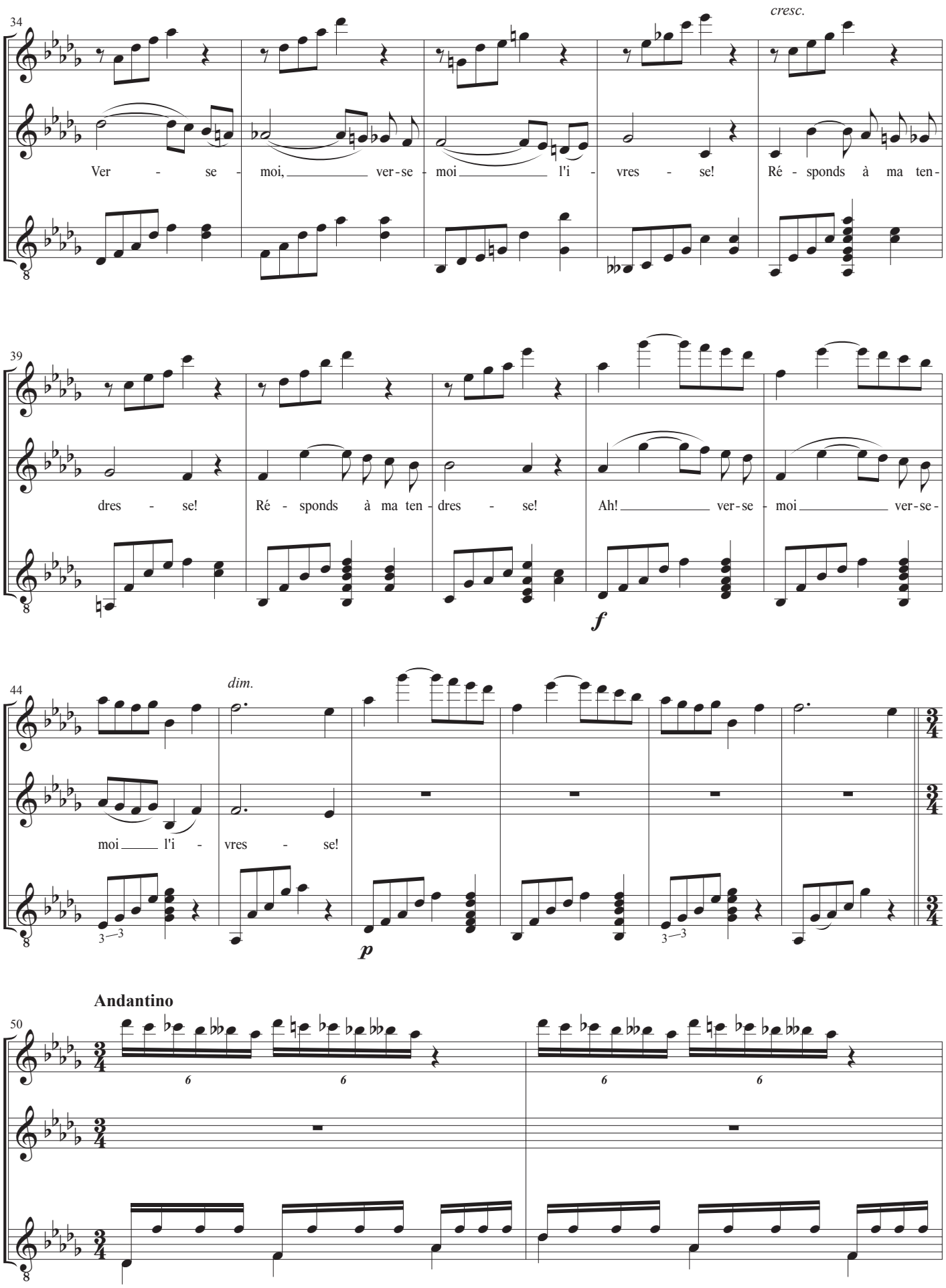
mf

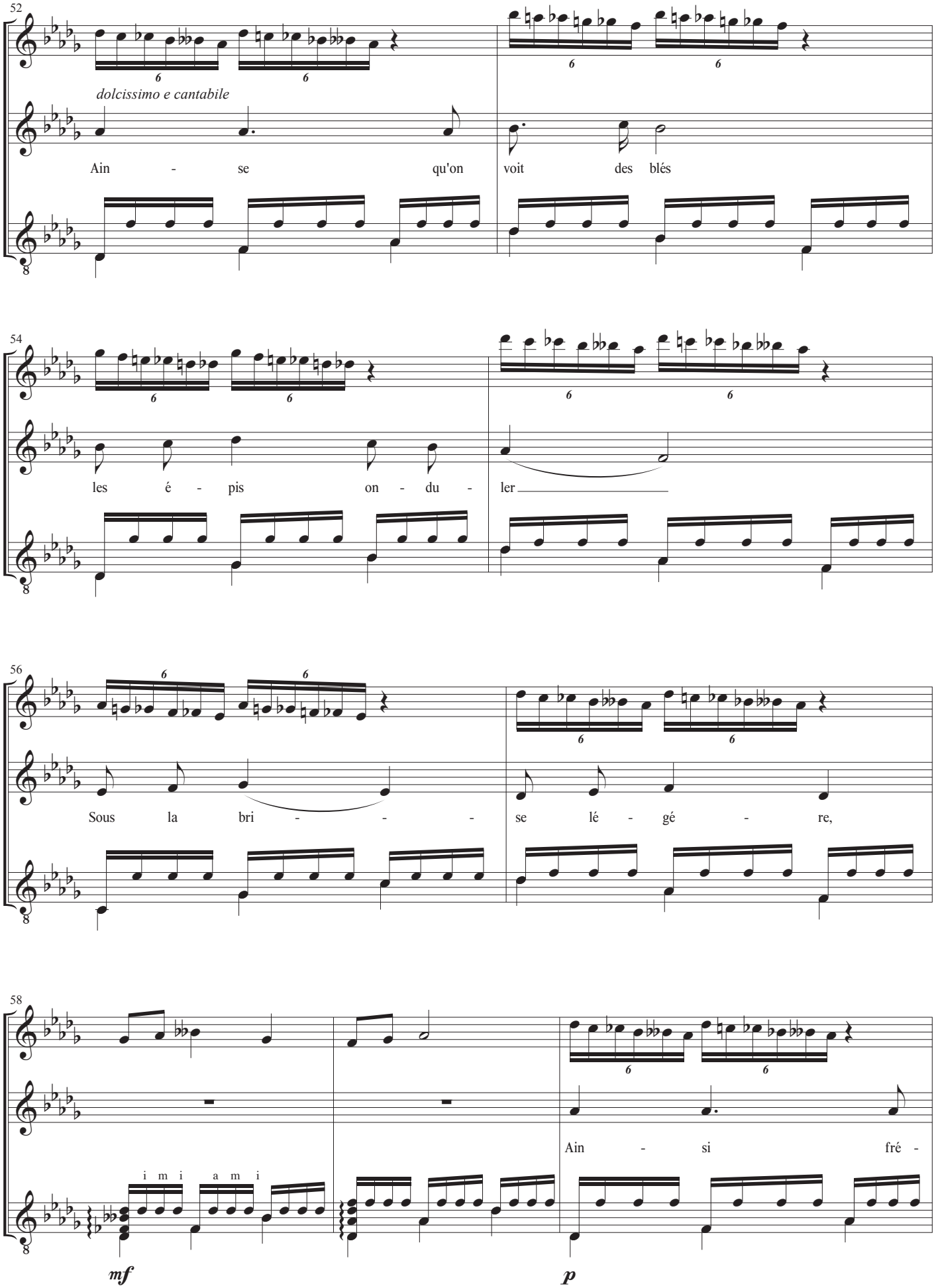
Un poco piu lento

29

Ah! ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se,

p


34
cresc.
Ver - se - moi, ver-se - moi l'i - vres - se! Ré - sponds à ma ten-
39
dres - se! Ré - sponds à ma ten - dres - se! Ah! ver-se - moi ver-se-
f
44
dim.
moi l'i - vres - se!
p
Andantino
50


52
dolcissimo e cantabile
Ain - se qu'on voit des blés
54
les é - pis on - du - ler
56
Sous la bri - - - se lé - gé - re,
58
i m i a m i
Ain - si fré -
mf
p

61

mit mon coeur, prét à se con - so -

63

ler A la voix

65

qui m'est chè - re! *rf.* La

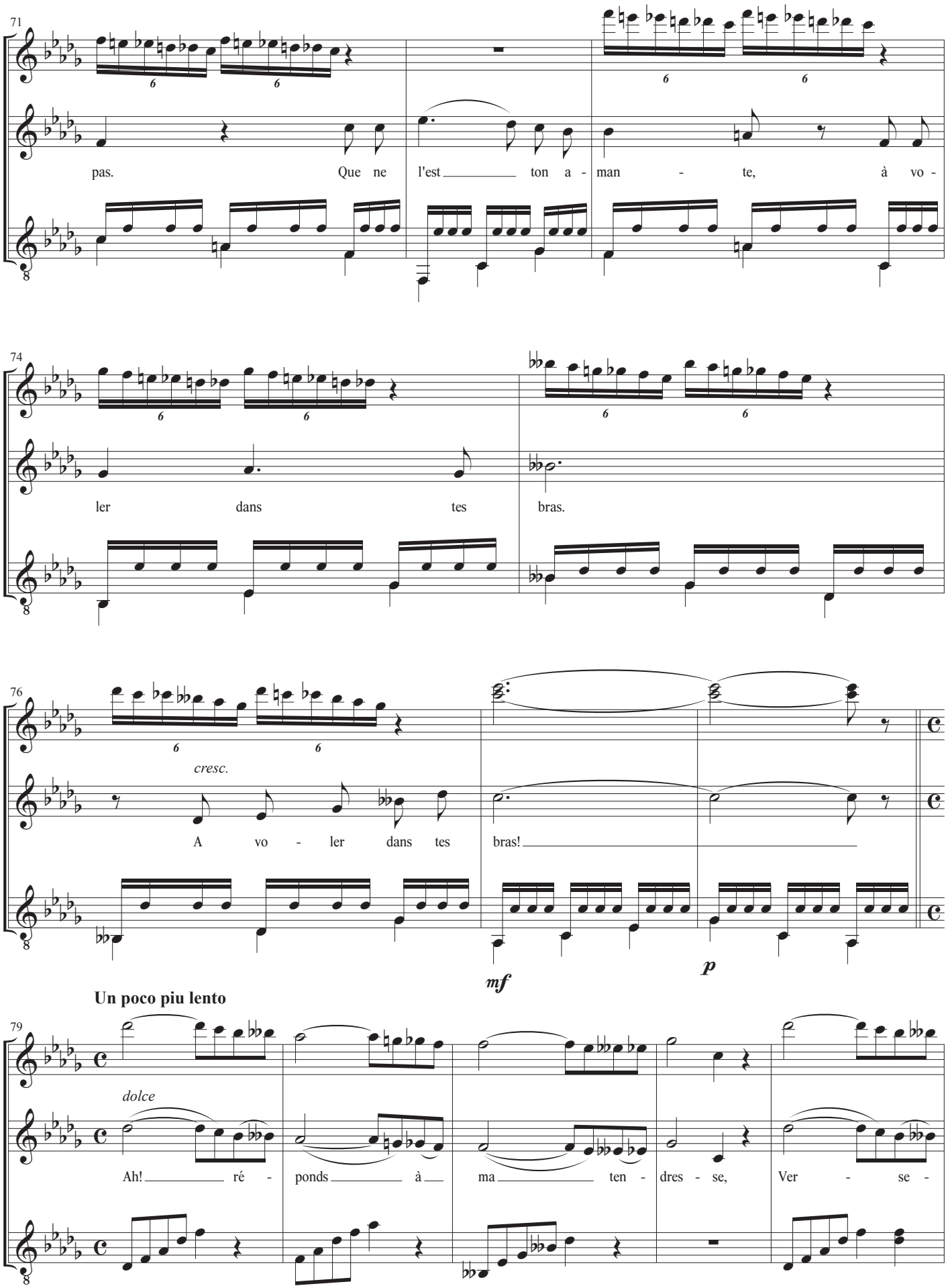
mf

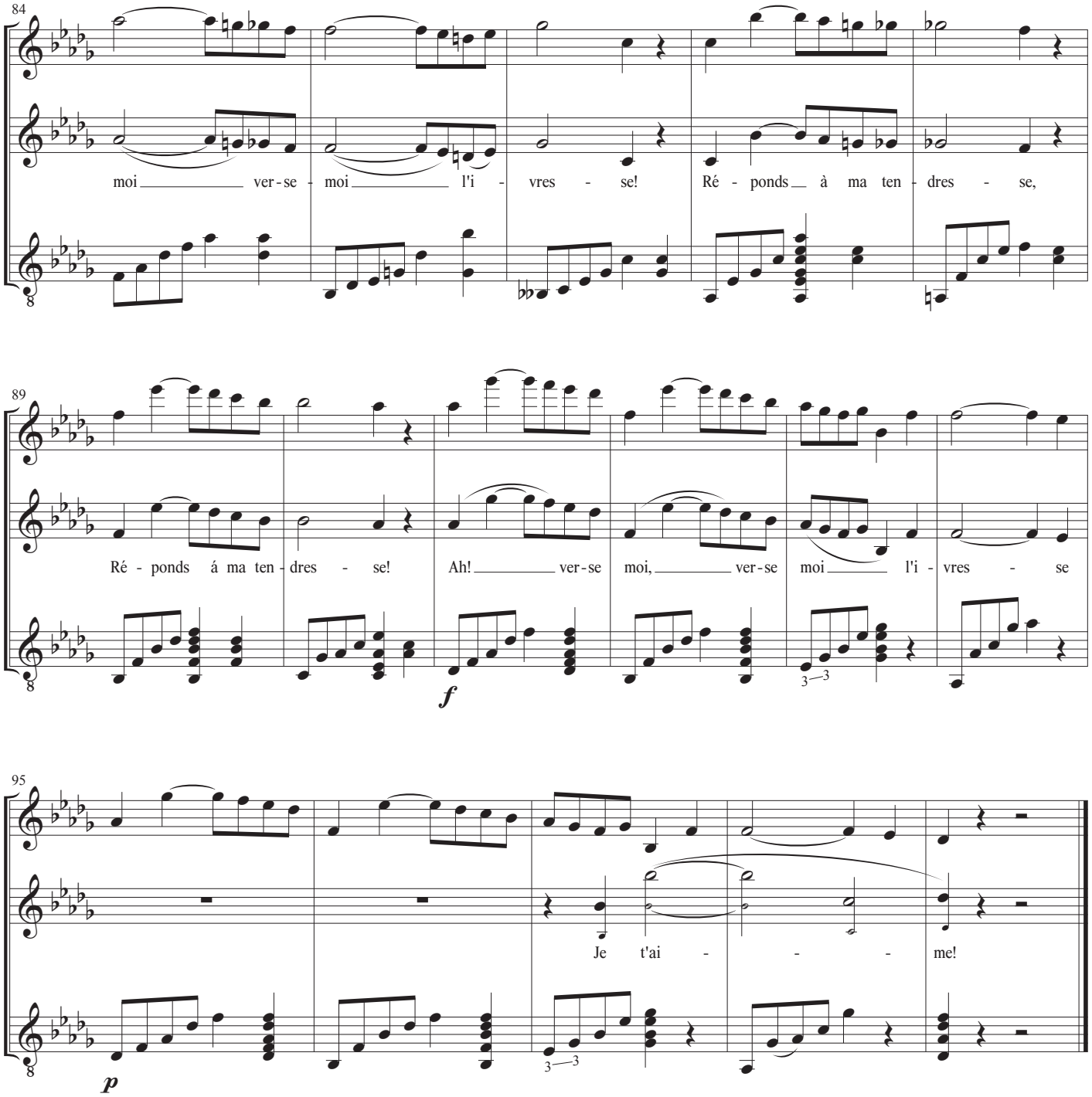
68

cresc.

flèche est moins ra - pide à por - ter le tré -

sf *p*


71
pas. Que ne l'est ton a - man - te, à vo -
74
ler dans tes bras.
76
cresc.
A vo - ler dans tes bras!
mf
p
Un poco piu lento
79
dolce
Ah! ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se, Ver - se -

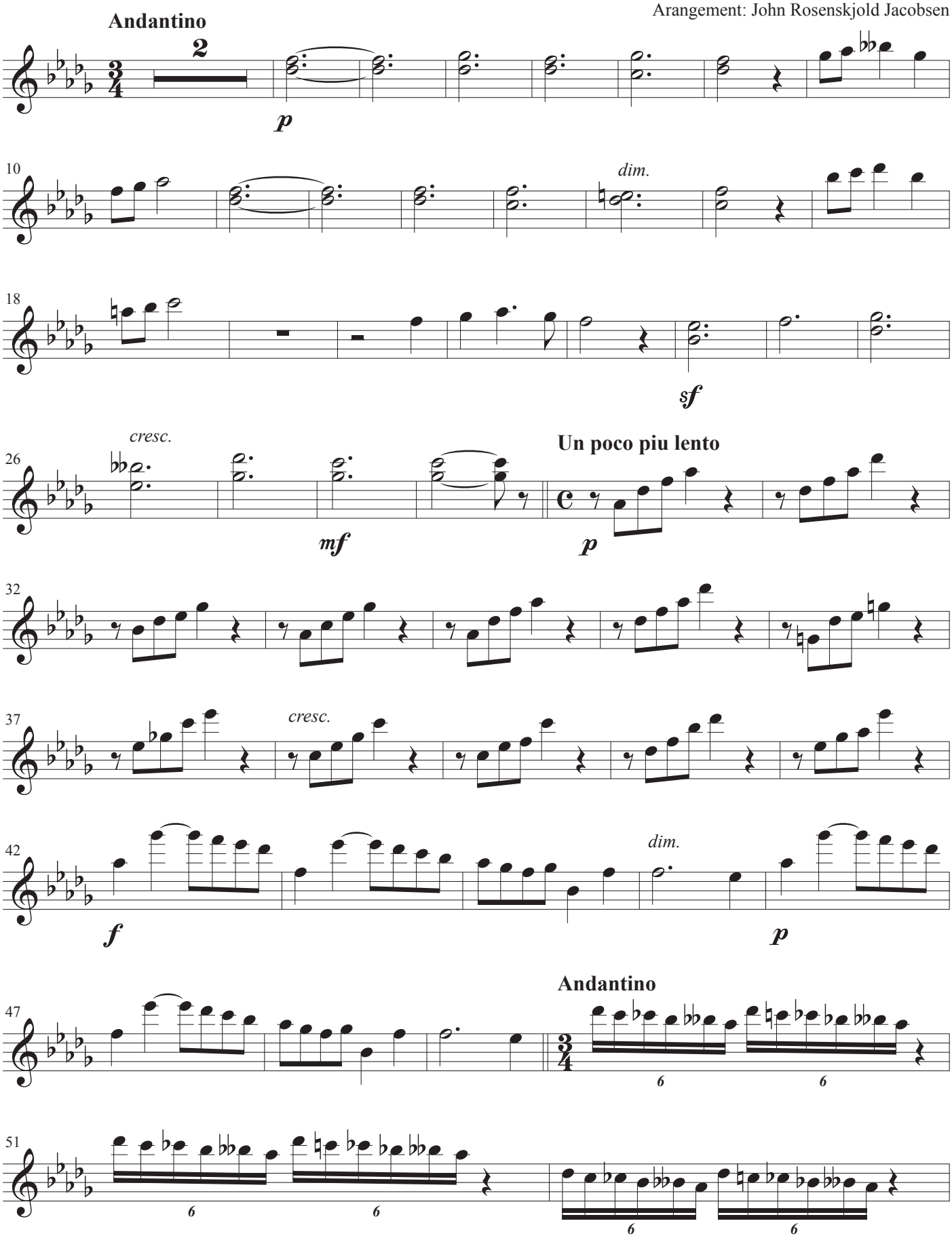

84
moi ver-se - moi l'i - vres - se! Ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se,
89
Ré - ponds á ma ten - dres - se! Ah! ver-se moi, ver-se moi l'i - vres - se
f
95
Je t'ai - - - me!
p

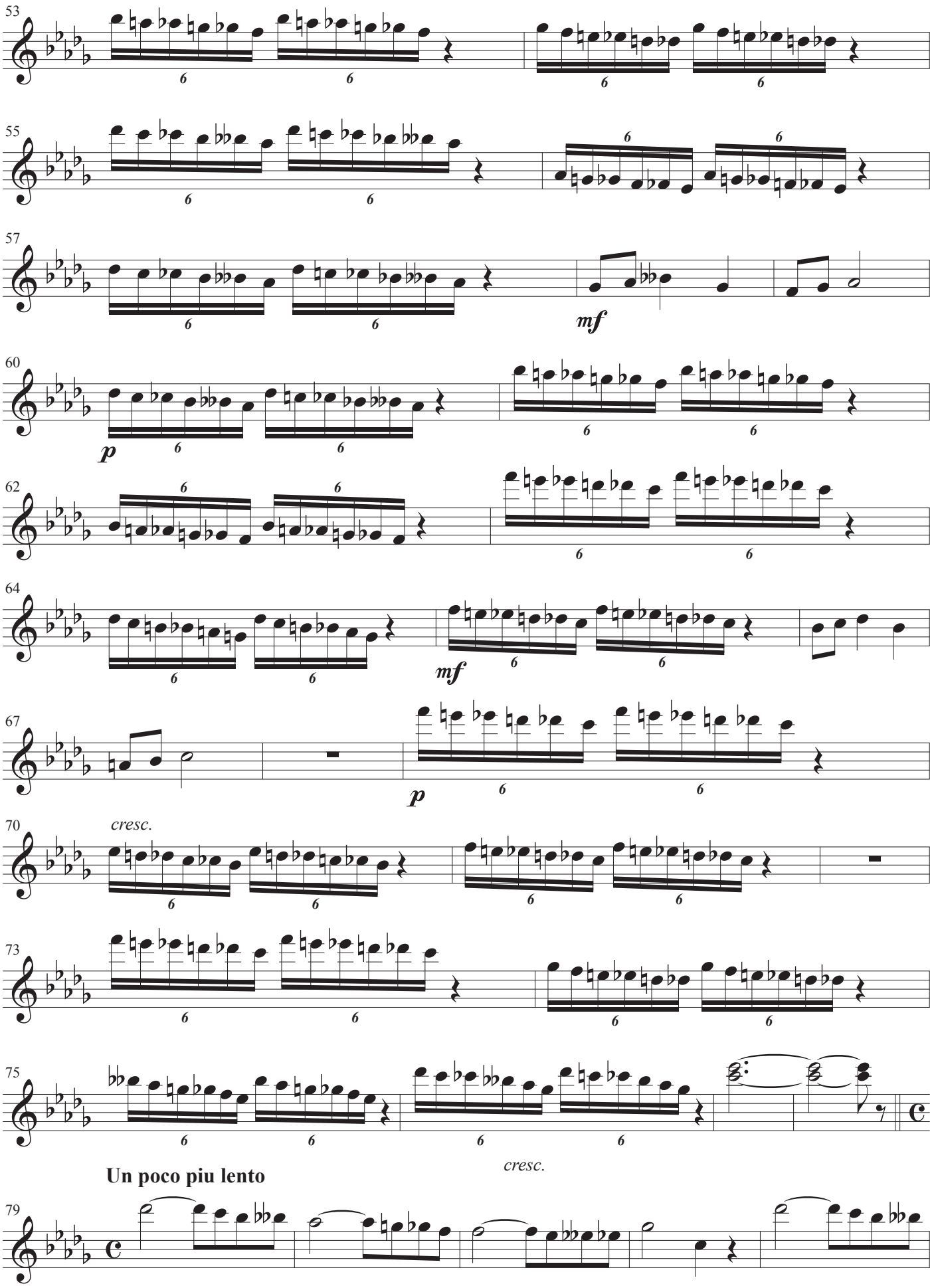
Violin

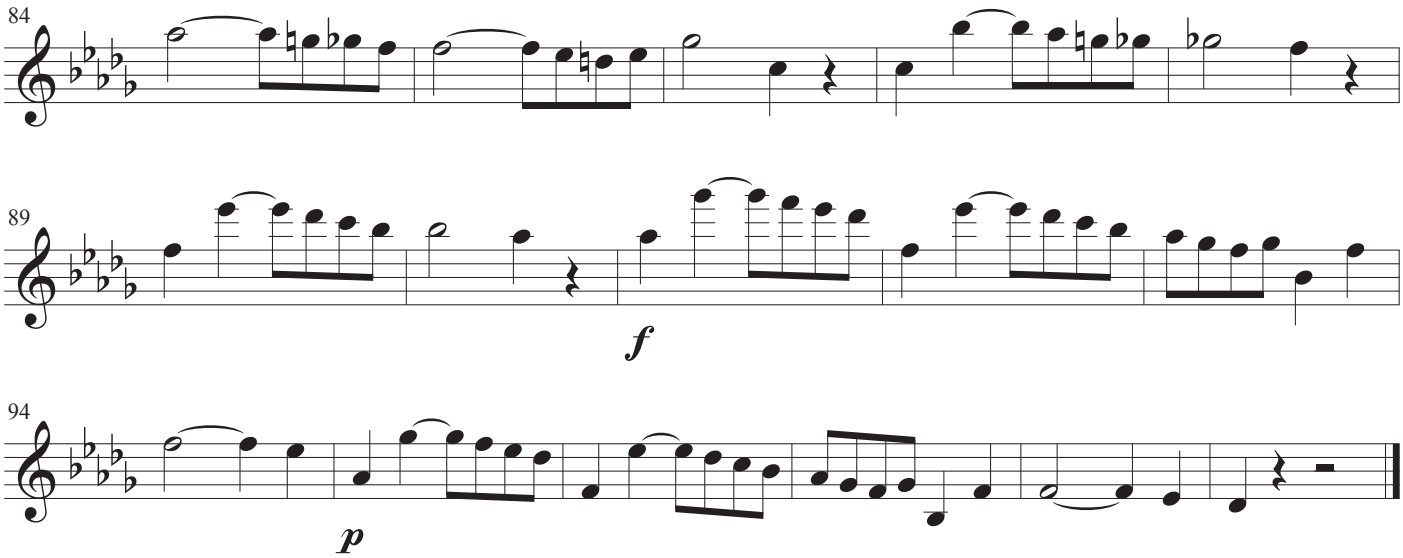
Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Samson et Dalila, acte II

Musik: Camille Saint-Saëns
Tekst: Ferdinand Lemaire
Arangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen




53
55
57
mf
60
p
62
64
mf
67
p
70
cresc.
73
75
cresc.
Un poco piu lento
79


84
89
f
94
p

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Samson et Dalila, acte II

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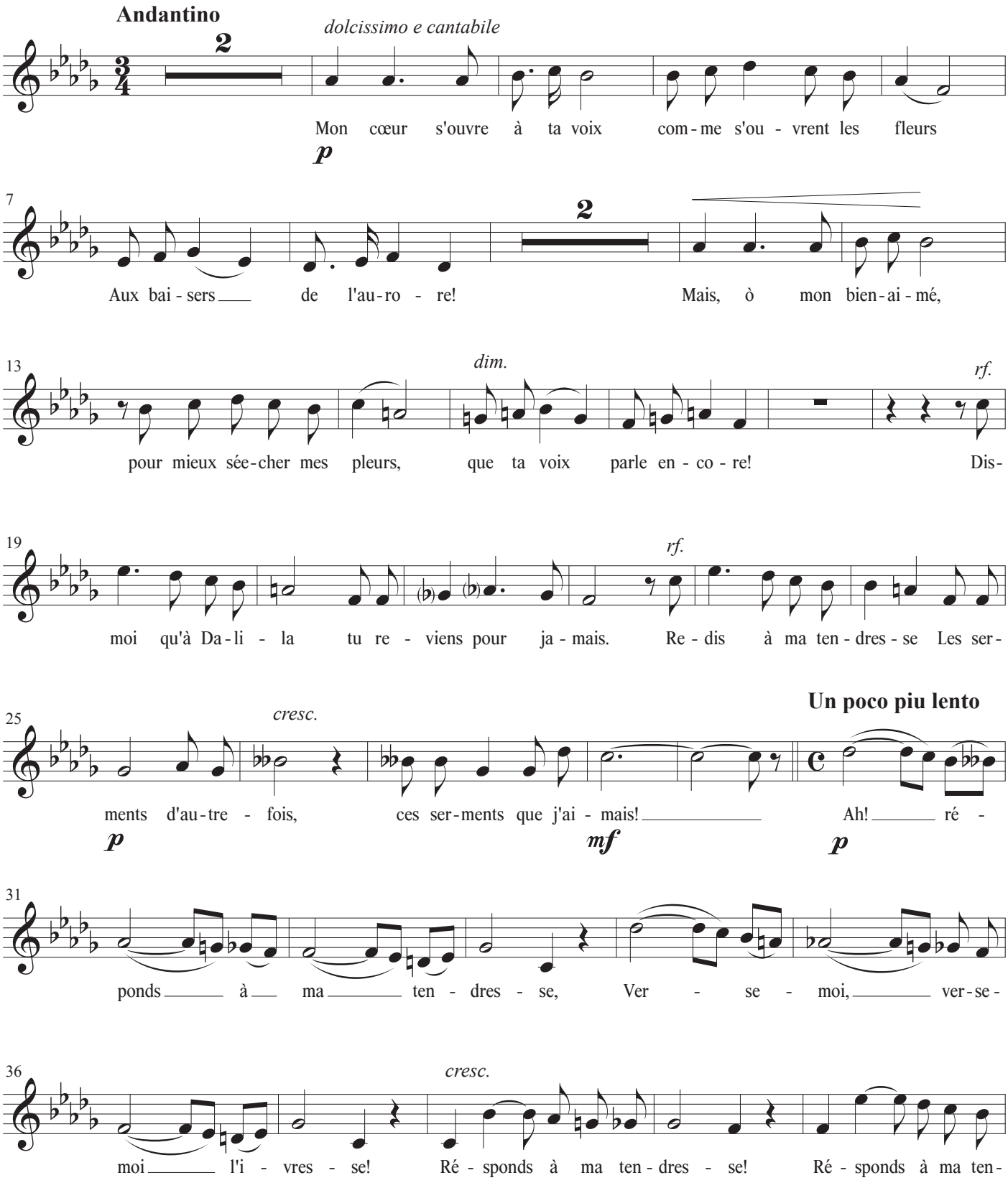
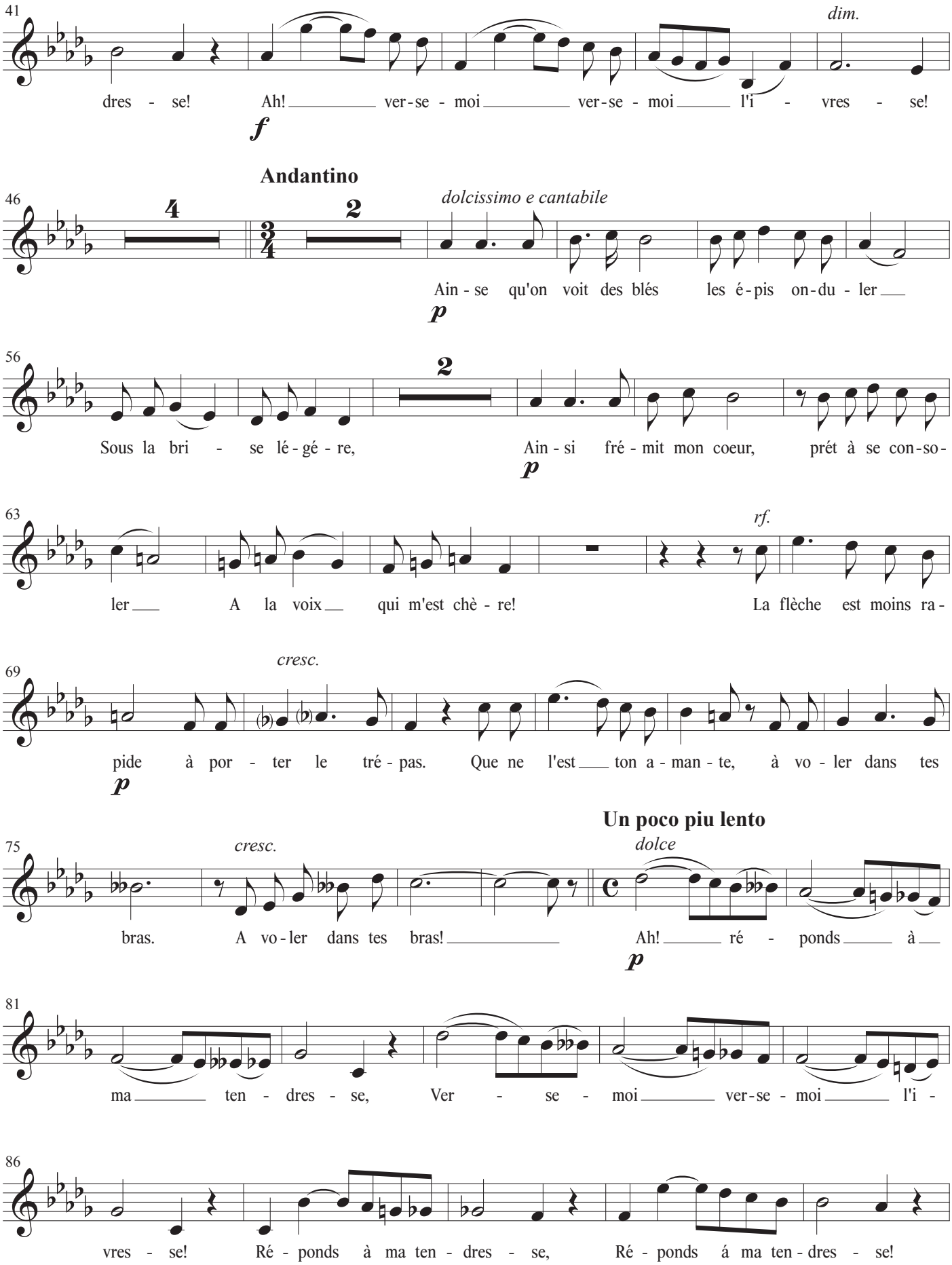
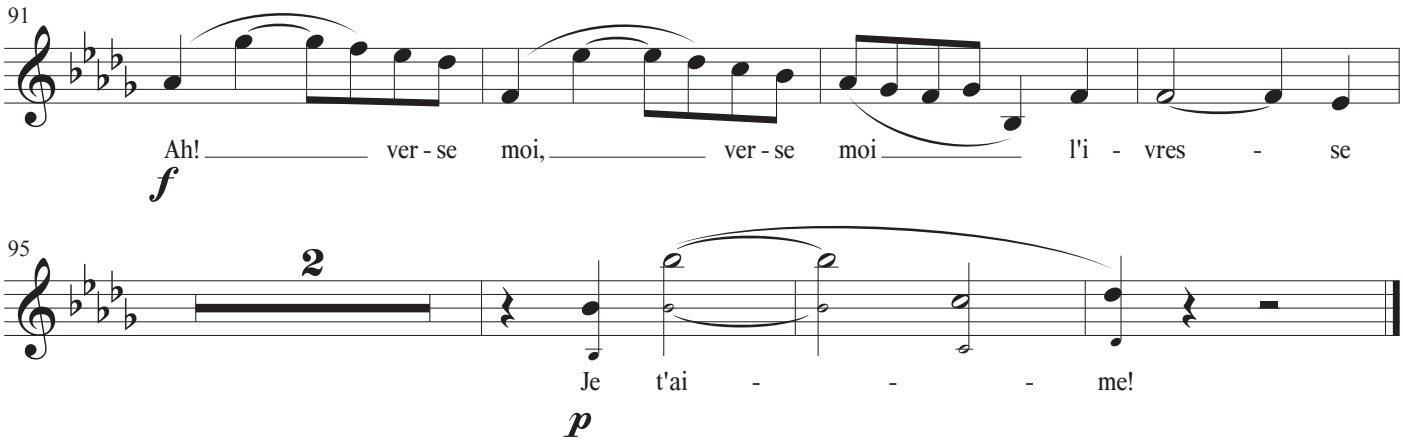



41
dres - se! Ah! ver-se - moi ver-se - moi l'i - vres - se!
f
dim.
Andantino
46
4
2
dolcissimo e cantabile
Ain - se qu'on voit des blés les é - pis on - du - ler
p
56
2
Sous la bri - se lé - gé - re, Ain - si fré - mit mon coeur, prét à se con - so -
p
63
rf.
ler A la voix qui m'est chè - re! La flèche est moins ra -
69
cresc.
pide à por - ter le tré - pas. Que ne l'est ton a - man - te, à vo - ler dans tes
p
Un poco piu lento
75
cresc.
dolce
bras. A vo - ler dans tes bras! Ah! ré - ponds à
p
81
ma ten - dres - se, Ver - se - moi ver-se - moi l'i -
86
vres - se! Ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se, Ré - ponds á ma ten - dres - se!

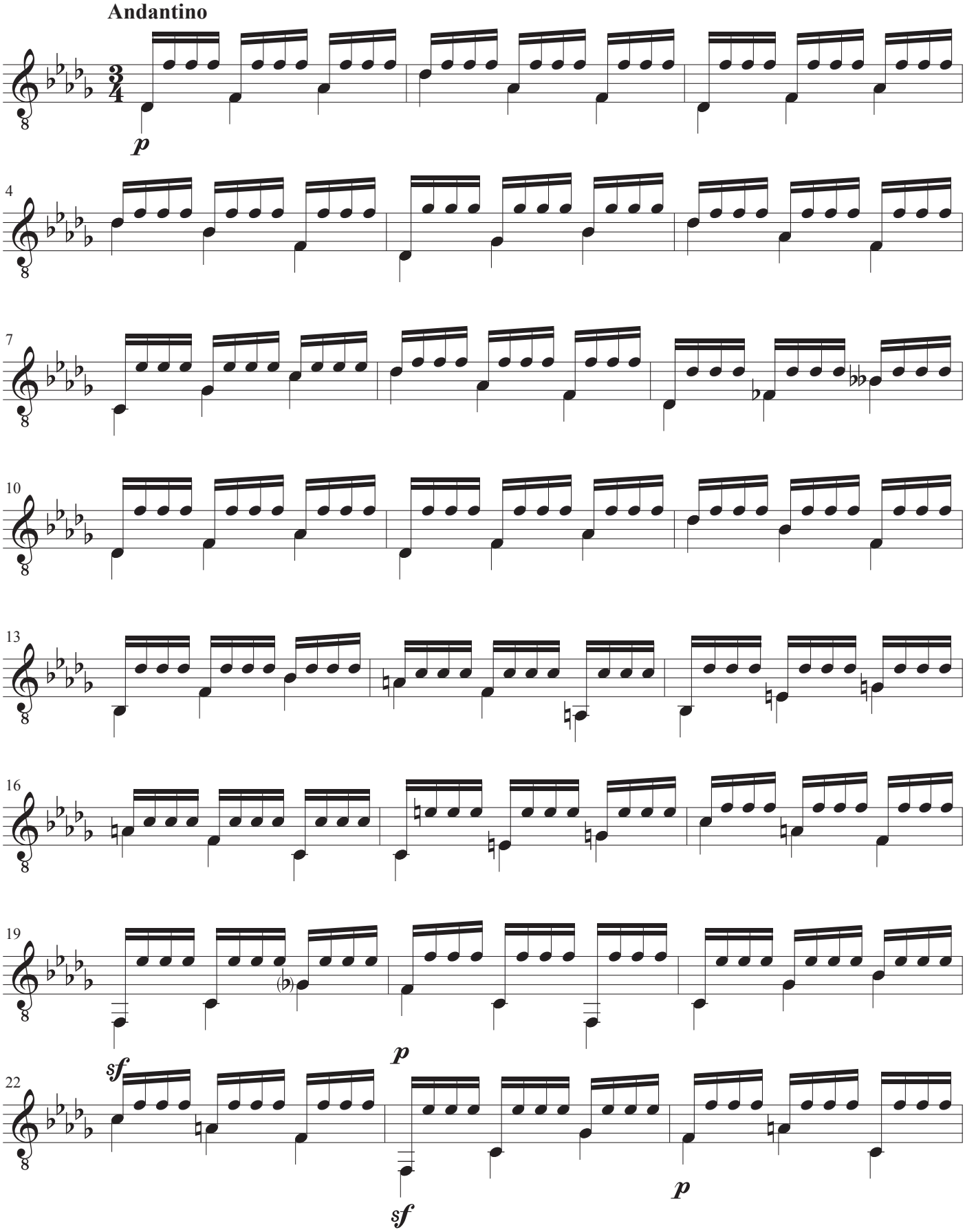

91
Ah! ver - se moi, ver - se moi l'i - vres - se
f
95
2
Je t'ai - - - me!
p

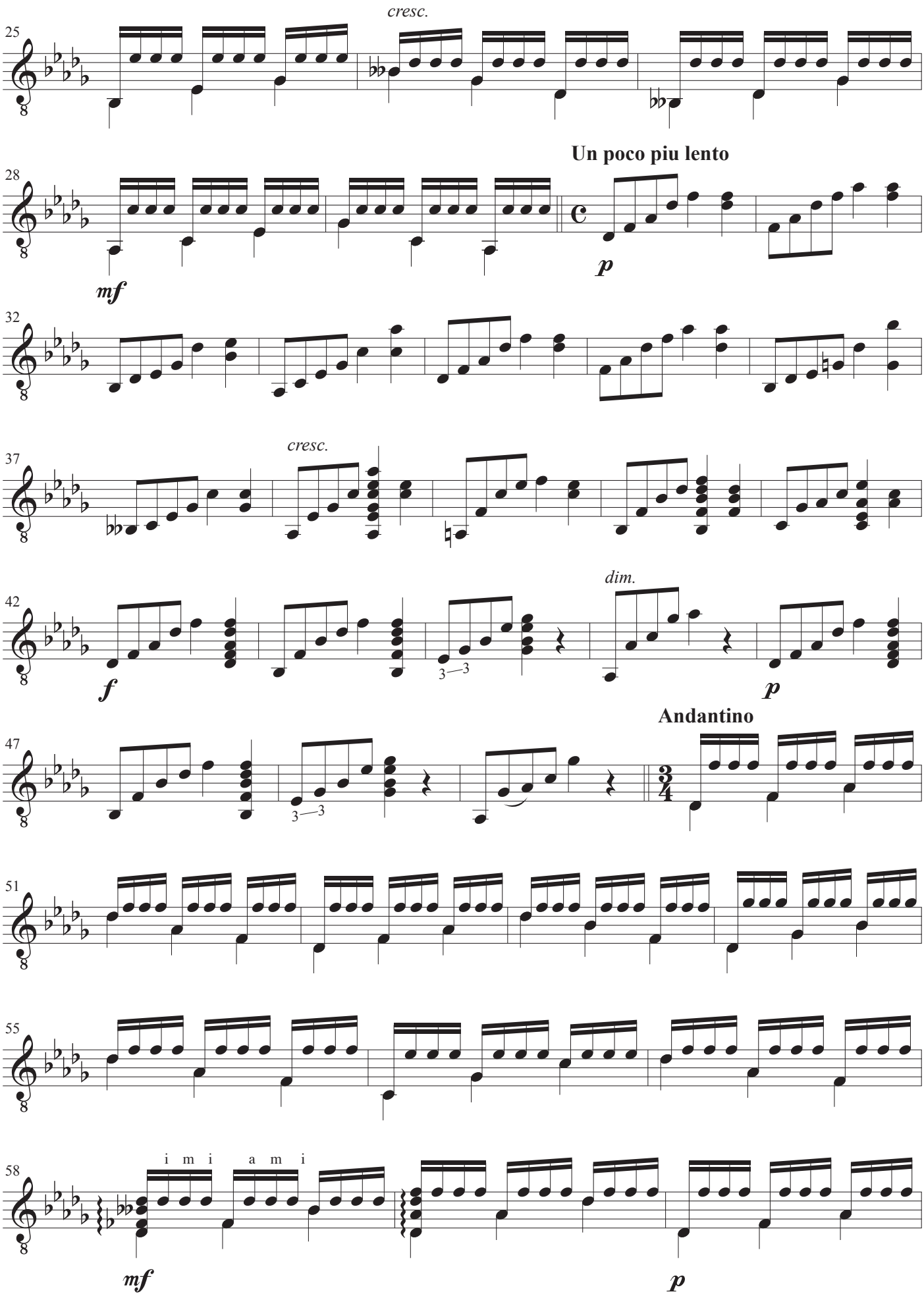
Guitar

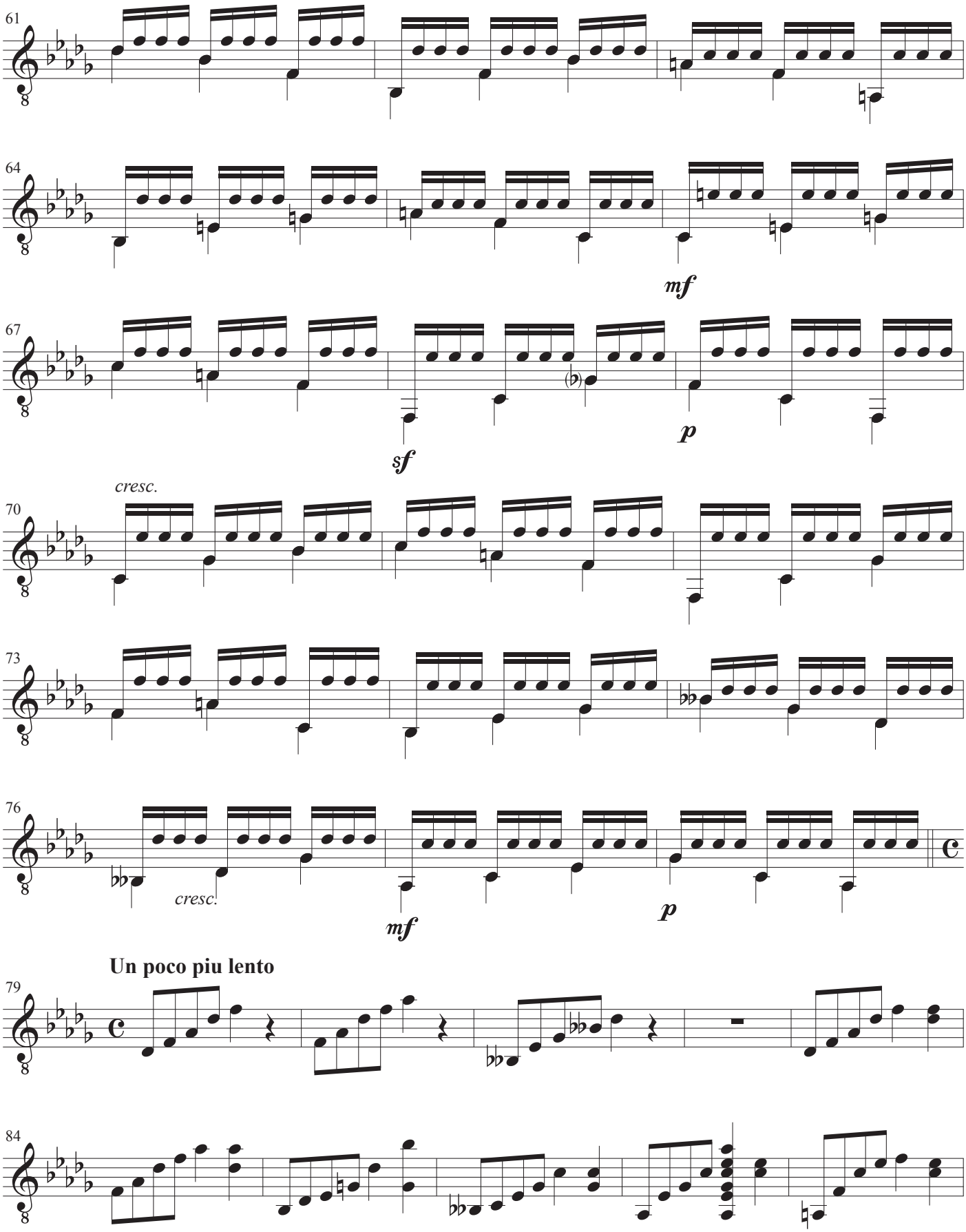
Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

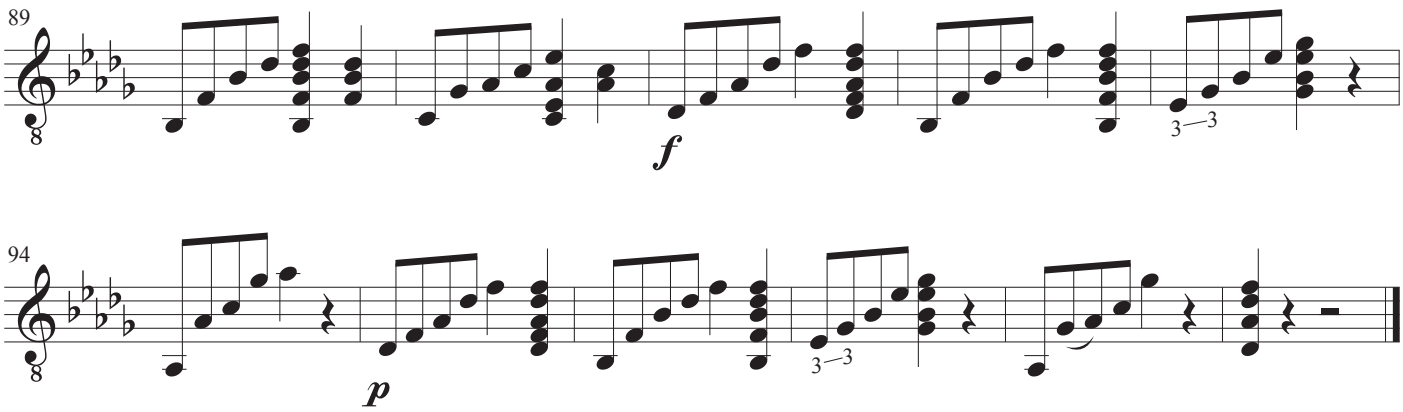
Samson et Dalila, acte II

Musik: Camille Saint-Saëns
Tekst: Ferdinand Lemaire
Arangement: John Rosenskjold Jacobsen




cresc.
Un poco piu lento
mf
p
cresc.
f
dim.
p
Andantino
mf
i m i a m i
p


61
64
mf
67
sf
p
cresc.
70
73
76
cresc.
mf
p
Un poco piu lento
79
84


89
f
3
3
94
p
3
3

Indeks Bog 2 - Stemme, guitar, instrument

An Chloe, Side 2
Della crudele Isotta, Side 12
Habanera, Side 31
Süße Stille, Side 41
Singe, Seele, Side 45
Imvation, Side 50
Italiensk hyrdearie, Opus 54, Side 65
It was a lover and his lass, Side 80
Zasmuconej, Side 90
Najpiękniejsze piosnki, Side 96
Man is for the woman made, Side 107
Soltys, Side 109
Czy Powróci, Side 112
Krakowiak, Side 116
Piesn Wieczorna, Side 118
Przasniczka, Side 120
Nel cor più non mi sento, Side 124
Non temer, amato bene!, Side 132
Pastorale, Side 168
A gdy bedzie slonce i pogoda, Side 180
Chant funéraire, Side 182
La jeune fille et le fleuve, Side 197
Le coup de l'etrier, Side 208
Pour toi seul, Side 213
Tu veux que je t'oublie, Side 218
Ei, wie Scmeckt der Kaffee Süße, Side 226
Séguedille, Side 246
Séguedille et Duo, Side 256
Situationer, Side 279
Wiegenlied, Side 291
Marieke, Side 293
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark, Side 305
Fain would I wed, Side 322
Flow not so fast, ye fountaines, Side 329
What if I seek for love, Side 331
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Side 333
Tutte le feste al tempio, Side 363
Ach, zu ew'gem Leide, Side 372
Möge sich kein Weibchen je beklagen, Side 382
Zur Drossel sprach der Fink, Side 388
Ja, schon morgen, welches Glück, Side 398
An Thyrsis, Side 409
Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter, Side 415
Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte, Side 420
O tuneful voice, Side 425
The mermaids song, Side 439
Die Ballade vom Wasserrad, Side 452
Seeräuberjenny, Side 466

Surabaya Johnny, Side 476
Tango Jalousie, Side 482
I Could Have Danced All Night, Side 490
Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder, Side 505
Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix, Side 516