

Rudi Kühn

In der Fremde - *Londonderry Air*

Volksweise aus Irland

Deutscher Text: Jakob Bürthel

*Männerchor a cappella*

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MUSIKVERLAG ENGELHART · D-76706 DETTENHEIM

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**ME 1004**



# In der Fremde - Londonderry Air

Deutscher Text: Jakob Bürthel

(Volksweise aus Irland)

Satz: Rudi Kühn

♩ = ca. 66

Höher zu intonieren!

T1 *p* > Oh, oh, oh, oh,

T2 *p* > Oh, oh, oh, oh,

B1 *mf*

B2 *p* > Oh, oh, oh, oh,

1.+3. Wenn ich al - lei - ne un - ter den Men - schen bin, denk ich zu -  
2. Wie un - ter dunk - len Wol - ken lie - ge die grau - e Stadt; kein Vo - gel  
1.+3. Would God I were the ten - der ship - blos - som that floats and  
2. Yeah, would to God I were the ro - ses that lean to

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oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh,

oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh,

Oh, an mei - ne Ju - gend - zeit; mir kom - men leicht ver - gilb - te Bil - der  
singt in die - sem Meer von Stein. Arm und ver - las - sen, wer hier kei - ne  
falls from off the twi - sted bough, to lie and faint with - in your sil - ken  
kiss you as you float bet - ween, while on the lo - west branch a bud un -

oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh,

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oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Doch was einst  
Or would I  
Nay, since you

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Doch einst  
Or would I  
Nay, since you

in den Sinn, er - in - nern mich an Ta - ge vol - ler Se - lig keit Doch was einst  
Freun - de hat, der lebt mit sei - nen Wün - schen na - men - los al - le Or would I  
bos - som, with - in your sil - ken bos - som as that does - now Queen - Nay, since you  
clo - ses, a bud un - clo - ses to touch - you

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Doch was einst  
Or would I  
Nay, since you

10

war, bringt auch die Sehn - sucht nicht zu - rück; ein flücht' - ger Traum er - hellt die Ein - sam -  
were a lit - tle burn - ish' d ap - ple for you to pluck me, gli - ding by so  
will not love would I were gro - wing a hap - py dai - sy in the gar - den

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keit. Die schö - ne Zeit schwand wie ein bun - ter Schmet - ter - ling; und wie im  
cold, while sun and shade your robe of lawn with dap - ple, while sun and  
path, that so your sil - ver foot might press me go - ing, that so your

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Stun - den - glas ver - rin - net un - ser Glück.  
shade your robe, and your hair's spun gold.  
sil - ver foot, e - ven un - to death!

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