

((Lyrics 1))

On the Reeperbahn

Lyrics: Bruno Balz

I have silver coins jangling in my pocket
Today I'll play the cool dude.
Today, I can afford anything,
Tomorrow I'm off on my travels again.
I saunter along all alone
Along the Reeperbahn in search of freedom,
And if I meet an elegant blonde,
I'll pick her up.

Come on, my little darling, be mine,
Don't say no!
You're going to be my sweetheart
Until nine o'clock tomorrow morning.
And if you like, then I'll stay
True until ten.
Come, give me your arm and together
We'll go for a stroll.

On the Reeperbahn at half past midnight,
Whether you've got a girl or not,
You have a good time,
Because that's the thing to do,
On the Reeperbahn at half past midnight.
If you've never spent a nice evening
strolling down the Reeperbahn,
Then you're a poor wretch, after all,
Who doesn't know you,
My St.Pauli, St.Pauli by night.

If I return here next year,
Brown as a berry,
You may have coloured your blonde hair
Black, or maybe red.
And if a stranger greets you,
And you cross the street but don't recognize him,
Maybe then you'll remember,
When he speaks softly to you.

Come on, my little darling, be mine,
Don't say no!
You're going to be my sweetheart
Until nine o'clock tomorrow morning.
And if you like, then I'll stay
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strolling down the Reeperbahn,
Then you're a poor wretch, after all,
Who doesn't know you,
My St.Pauli, St.Pauli by night.

My little Elbe lock
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

My little Elbe lock
Sends a little boat on its travels,
Out into the big, wide world.
Where other people live,
Where there's no rain
And people can go outside.

How peaceful and carefree, I wonder,
Does the world lie there in the sunshine?
Would it be worth it? The plants and flowers
And the birds twittering happily.

The midges would delight me,
If I were to start a new life there,
A colourful pageant on the beach.
Mother Nature would let me dream
All I want in the waves
While the roses would wilt here on land.

Ah, how quickly all your energy seeps away,
The energy that arrived one lovely day in May,
A cold storm, in grey foggy hours
Destroyed all that joy in a single night.

Yet the birds have not all fallen silent on their branches,
And the butterflies continue their dances.
But the old trees roar in the cold, and bend
Towards the flowers that bow their heads in sorrow.

Then slowly, ever so slowly,
My little Elbe lock begins to move
Until the gates open up
And make me so happy, and then in a fever
I begin to dream again of travelling
And that makes me forget the cold night.

Be glad, for life to continue

We must have the rain
Even if it means bad weather in May.
See the beauty of the fog,
from Farmsen in the east across to Wedel in the west,
And the stiff breeze will soon pass.

Blonde or brunette

Lyrics: Ernst Marischka

Every woman, every man has their ideal image.
And every man has his romantic novel.
But I, yes I have ten or twelve
Or even more.
That's because for me, for me the girls are just there to kiss.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la

Blonde or brunette, I'm a ladies' man and my heart is big.
And yet, in all I do, I can think of only one.
And that one little lady, she has such lovely legs!
And what a mouth she has too; yes, it's clear as daylight:

Blonde or brunette, I'm a ladies' man and my heart is big.
And yet my heart belongs to one alone, it seems!
Because the one I mean; her kisses are heavenly.

That's my type, may say any woman, any man.
Whether in real life or in a novel.
If he's blond then he loves brunette;
If he has brown hair, then only blonde will do for him.
But in confidence, I'm colourblind when it comes to hair.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la
Blonde or brunette, I'm a ladies' man and my heart is big.
And yet, in all I do, I can think of only one.

And that one little lady, she has such lovely legs!
And what a mouth she has too; yes, it's clear as daylight:

Blonde or brunette, I'm a ladies' man and my heart is big.
And yet my heart belongs to one alone, it seems!
Because the one I mean; her kisses are heavenly.

Down by the waterfront

Lyrics: Daniel Behle

At the foot of Vesuvius there's a gay mood,
Courting couples are out, all charming.
Men wooing their ladies, watching the talent,
Up here in the north we just shake hands.

Yippee – in order to please

A lovely young lady
Yippee – to woo her
Up in the north here we take our time,
Up here in the north we take our time.

Testosterone remains hidden
Here in the north people are more passive.
But when the mood takes us,
Then things can change big-time.

When north Germans are out in the meadow
And fall head over heels in love,
Then they build a wooden house on the dike
To provide a little nest for their beloved.

Yippee – in order to please
A lovely young lady
Yippee – to woo her
Up in the north here we take our time,
Up here in the north we take our time.

When hormones get in the way
And the man becomes too passionate,
Then that north German is in crisis
And needs to seek pleasure elsewhere.

Yippee – in order to please
Another young lady
Then that naughty north German
Becomes over-active.

But then his sweetheart swears revenge and sharpens the ax,
And goes too far.
Yippee – and so “in order to please”
Is the inscription on his gravestone.

So there you have it; what a stupid
Thing to do. Not clever.
Now he has time and rest to ponder,
He’s had enough of that now.

Yippee – in order to please
In this lovely flat region
Yippee – the men up here
Up here in the north,
They just go down to the waterfront.

Störtebeker
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

Friends, hear my story,

One well known here in the north.
Of a pirate I shall tell,
Who steals on water, not on land.

With dread across the waves
They saw his flag waving in the wind
This fiend of our ancestors
No one wanted him near.

Ho Ho Ho Ho – was the hearty laugh of,
Yeah, the pirate; beware of him.

Ho ho ho ho – he'll make you poorer
Yeah, he'll make you poorer
Beware of that pirate
Beware of that pirate.

Klaus Störtebeker was his name,
Which just means “he drinks a lot”.
And if you disturbed him when he'd had a skinful,
You'd soon regret it.

Merchants all feared him,
Transporting goods was a dangerous business,
Because often as not they would lose their cargo
Thanks to his crew.

Ho Ho Ho Ho – was the hearty laugh of,
Yeah, the pirate; beware of him.

Ho ho ho ho – he'll make you poorer
Yeah, he'll make you poorer
Beware of that pirate
Beware of that pirate.

But thanks to a cunning plan
They did capture Störtebeker
On his pirate ship, where he resisted
But was then placed in irons.
So then fear gave way to joy,
That that scoundrel was now
No longer a threat.
Today the story is history
From the old days round Helgoland.

Ho Ho Ho Ho - and the coastguard
Yeah, here in Hamburg he cried good riddance.
Ho ho ho ho - and he laughed a grisly laugh
Yes, he laughed a grisly laugh
When the axman made Klaus a head shorter,
When the axman made him a head shorter.

Greetings from the Breakwater
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

The red rose grows on the path
A little bird flies on the wind
And seems to waver, making a racket
Perhaps he has lost his senses.

In the dewy dawn light
That little bird flies just for me
Twittering his little song
In a high voice, that feathered friend.

I send you greetings from the breakwater
And I say "Morning, morning!
Cheers, your good health."
My sweetheart loves me
And so I sing my song here.

I send you greetings from the breakwater
And I'm sitting here by a buoy.
Little bird, do stop
Your cries here by the water.

That man builds ships for Blohm & Voss
And at work, on his high horse,
His daily toil lacks a lighter side,
It lacks all joy and merriment.

The waves lap and all alone
He seeks a world in the sun's rays.
Just like the little bird he has worries
That do not go unnoticed.

I send you greetings from the breakwater
And I say "Morning, morning!
Cheers, your good health."
My sweetheart is good to me
And so I'm cheerful.

I send you greetings from the breakwater
And I'm sitting here by a buoy.
Come laugh with me on the reef,
You don't start building ships till Monday.

The peace and quiet here on the Elbe beach
Takes people by the hand.
That bird has flown,
With a worm from the the soil here.

He flies by the fishermen's traps
And past the many, many Elbe locks
Till we can no longer hear his chirping,
And we sit here, mouth to mouth.

I send you greetings from the breakwater
And I say "Morning, morning!
Cheers, your good health."
My sweetheart said yes
And so we're sitting here now.

I send you greetings from the buoy
And we're lying on the breakwater.
The kiss is followed by night,
That's how God made us.

The Whale catcher
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

In all oceans,
Seldom on land,
We strive to decimate
Their entire population.

Lobster and herrings
I have known,
Pulled them over the railings
With these very hands.

A home and love,
Were alien to me,
I travelled to Flanders,
Always on the go.

I know the north,
And I enjoy catching fish.
The krill in the fjords
Does not last long.

A travelling singer,
Loved and in danger,
I'm a whale catcher,
That's my living.

A whale catcher,
Loved and in danger,
A fisherman, a singer
On his boat.

I often catch flotsam,
All kinds of jetsam,

And the odd mackerel
When I can find them.

Such a little shy one,
Tender and soft,
Is what I like to eat;
That's what I like.

I get a warm feeling,
My heart glows with pride
When I see them swimming
In their shoals.

I enjoy them in peace,
I have no fear.
After all, a little bone
Can only tickle your cheek.

A travelling singer,
Loved and in danger,
I'm a whale catcher,
That's my living.

A whale catcher,
Loved and in danger,
A fisherman, a singer
On his boat.

When one day work ceases,
When my life stops;
I spent it on earth
All alone.

Thanks to lobster and fjords,
I have had a good life;
I will happily go
on my last journey.

The gate of Heaven,
Guarded by St Peter
Will be opened to me
Joyfully by him.

What do you want, sailor?
What is your desire?
Well, I'll tell Peter,
Catching fish in the sea!

A travelling singer,
Loved and in danger,
I'm a whale catcher,
That's my living.

A whale catcher,
Loved and in danger,
A fisherman, a singer
Until my death!

Come on my gondola
Lyrics: Franz Zell & Richard Genée

Come on my gondola,
My sweetheart, do step in;
I have been steering it so long
All sad and alone.

With you on board,
I'll cast off from land happy,
And gladly take you over
To the nicer beach on the other side.

It beckons to us,
Twinkling in the moonlight,
The silent night will cover us,
Where no prying eyes are watching us.

There speak to me
Sweet words of encouragement;
Sorrowful yearnings
Will find a sympathetic ear.

Ho a ho ho a ho

Hardly has my sweetheart
Taken over the swaying gondola;
Than she is overtaken so soon
By sweet slumber.

Swaying waves that lull you
To sleep so gently,
And may my song echo sweet
In your dreams:

May a soothing, cool
Evening wind fan you,
Little fishes smile upon you in your slumber,
And waves lap imperturbably round you:

Sleep tight, sweet child,
Rest peacefully in the gondola,
Until you are awoken to a new day
With a kiss.

Ho a ho ho a ho

((Lyrics 2))

F.C. St.Pauli

Lyrics: Daniel Behle

It's in the human genes: men one and all
From Potsdam to Herne like to kick a ball.
When they want some competition,
They go to eat in Bayern.

In the stadium, on TV, it's everywhere,
And everyone knows the players by their first names.
All cheer when a fast boot kicks the ball.
Until the champion is crowned, then it's all over.

F.C. St.Pauli, my St.Pauli,
You're basically just like the woman who,
I can state here and now,
Is mine for a lifetime.

My St.Pauli, F.C. St.Pauli,
With you I have fun, such fun.
And when I feel lonely,
I know you're my mate,
My St. Pauli.

Cheering and celebrating are our rituals
And when a player's not good, it's the fault of the coach.
You shout it in anger at the pitch
And next week he may be out on his ear.

Millions of Euros for one transfer,
That's money you need, otherwise they'll stop coming.
But even here in Hamburg not all is as should be,
Some square pegs in round holes.

F.C. St.Pauli, my St.Pauli,
You're basically just like the woman who,
I can state here and now,
Is mine for a lifetime.

My St.Pauli, F.C. St.Pauli,
With you I have fun, such fun.
And even if it's just make-believe,
I'll shoot goals just for you,
My St. Pauli.

The winner who beat the world champion is fast
And when the floodlights shine on Millerntor at night,
Then we locals show the other fans

How to flick that leather into goal.

David is strong and Goliath is stupid;
We've proved that on our pitch.
We've been playing up and down the leagues for years
And we're the moral victors.

F.C. St.Pauli, my St.Pauli,
You're basically just like the woman who,
I can state here and now,
Is mine for a lifetime.

My St.Pauli, F.C. St.Pauli
With you I have, I want to, I am rowdy.
And all I ever want
Is to be together with you,
My F.C. St. Pauli!

I am proud of my Steinway
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

I'm a man
of music
And we sing my song here, my voice
And my piano.

And its sound
Turns me on,
Because in my ears
It sounds like a choir,
To me as I sit here
Listening to hear it,
It casts a spell over me.

I am proud of my Steinway,
It has brightened up my life.
Its wood heals heartbreak and
Homesickness better than money.

When I am cold, it warms me,
When I must away, it stays there.
Its treble is galant and
Lies snug in the hand.
And the middle range sounds good too.

At the piano I control the keys,
Whether they race and whether I touch them.
With my foot I plant a kiss
On its harmony
And my knee
I never stretch

Even when I play
For hours on end.

I am proud of my Steinway
And you will know it.
My legs do not ache
Near its wood,
And I am fully relaxed.

When I am cold, it warms me,
When I must away, it stays there.
Its treble is striking and
The bass makes me sweat.
And the middle range sounds good too.

The meaning of life
Is not for me to fathom,
And in my basic faith
The angels would simply declare
That when my hour is come,
The lament of the felt hammers
Would resound on the strings.

I am proud of my Steinway,
It accompanies me through life.
And when I run my fingers over its wood,
it touches your very soul.

And then it all makes sense,
Why we are here on Earth.
It knows the reason for that.
It lives in my heart,
In the joy and the pain,
And it makes everything good.

A gateway to the wide world
Lyrics: Daniel Behle

Every person needs a place
Where the heart of their homeland smiles.
Where even in the dark of night
A light of hope shines.

Yet in us all there is the longing
For distant lands, places we would
So love to see. A long journey!
Today is the day when we understand:
Hamburg, how lovely you are!

A gateway to the wide, wide world!
The city you love!

So, my friends, I'll tell a tale
In song; I'm here to tell it.
Even when the wind bites,
It's a fine day on the dunes and marshes.
Even when the outlook is murky,
I will never tire of singing:
Hamburg, you pearl, my source of bliss!

Clouds appear on the horizon,
Ah, I'm like a small child.
I stand on deck and gaze out from the bows,
The wind billows in the sails.

I gaze at my home, that is like a treasure
In my heart; it always caused me pain
To leave it. First sight, ahoy!
Today we meet again: Ahoy! How wonderful!

A gateway to the wide world!
The city dear to your heart!
So, my friends, I'll tell a tale
In song; I'm here to tell it.
Even when the wind bites,
It's a fine day on the dunes and marshes.
Even when the outlook is murky,
I will never tire of singing:
Hamburg, you pearl, my source of bliss!

Little seagull, fly to Heligoland
Lyrics: Bruno Balz

Little seagull, fly to Heligoland
And bring greetings to the girl I love.
I am lonely and forlorn
And I long for her kiss.

Little seagull, when the south wind blows,
Then homesickness grows
Even within me.
My wishes, my dreams
I send to you from far across the sea.

Homeland, homeland
Nothing is so lovely as you.
Just once, just once,
I would like to see you once more.

Little seagull, fly to Heligoland,
And bring greetings to the girl I love.
I am lonely and forlorn
And I long for her kiss.

In Hamburg we say Tschüss
Lyrics: M. Winterberger

A sailor so young
Journeyed far out to sea,
From Hamburg to Shanghai.
As he left he did not say "Farewell"
nor "Adieu" or "Goodbye".

In Hamburg we say Tschüss,
Which means "See you again."
In Hamburg we say Tschüss
When we go our separate ways.
In Hamburg we say Tschüss,
That sounds familiar and nice
And if ever you've been to Hamburg
You'll understand that.

Back home on land a girl
Waited for him; his sweetheart.
Her "Tschüss" rang in his ears
Wherever he went,
And drove him home again.

In Hamburg we say Tschüss,
Which means "See you again."
In Hamburg we say Tschüss
When we go our separate ways.
In Hamburg we say Tschüss,
That sounds familiar and nice
And if ever you've been to Hamburg
You'll understand that.

Translation: Janet and Michael Berridge