

Holger Saarmann & Vivien Zeller:

Lieder, so deutsch wie der Wilde Westen ... or: How the West was Dutched

Around 1790, if being asked for his origin, one out of ten North Americans would have answered "German". Between 1848 and World War I, another six million Germans crossed the Atlantic for the New World. Like any other ethnic group, they spoke their ancestors' language over generations. And the song collector believes that, at that time, those who spoke German also *sang* German.

So, what did they sing? It seems very improbable that it was only the old tunes and ballads of their forefathers. Those Germans in the New World of the 17th, 18th and 19th century must have had their very peculiar songs! Were there poets who wrote them? Singers who brought them into public? Did songs just arise by themselves, at work or in sociable occasions? Were they borrowed from the musical funds of neighbor cultures?

Besides the creative input and energetic support by Vivien Zeller, it was such questions that fashioned a musical and literary show which first saw the light of (the Old World's) day in June 2005, titled *Winnetou ist ein Christ ...* (quoting the last words by a famous, yet fictive Apachee chief whose inventor you'll meet later). This album contains the musical essence of that program. In some moments you may notice that it could have turned out completely different, for, in spite of all the love we feel for the old Folk Songs, we neither can nor will deny our musical and cineatic influences of the 20th century.

We haven't been to America ourselves, so far. Like anybody else, a musician needs a plane or ship ticket and a visa for this journey. Unless (s)he travelled as a blind passenger on an emigrant ship, hidden behind two or three centuries, and listened to the "Dutch" songs in a strange land.

We are happy that you join us: Welcome on board!

1. Auswanderlied (Trad./ Samuel F. Sautter)

Emigrant Song – The lyrics by Samuel Friedrich Sautter (first published under the title that would be *Collected Poems by a poor school master*. Karlsruhe 1845) were sung with numerous melodies on both sides of the Atlantic. In Pennsylvania, they preferred a student song's tune, popular in the Old World. In the 18th century, the German emigrant's passage to America was via Rotterdam and England; our interlude reminds of the emigrant port of Liverpool.

(1) And now, the time has come: We are travelling to America! The carriage stands ready in front of the door; with wife and children we are singing!
(2) The horses are already harnessed, and so are all of my relatives (!). Oh friends, do not cry so much! We will never see again!
(3) And when the ship moves out of the harbour, we will begin singing songs. We do not fear any waterfall, thinking: God is everywhere!
(4) And when we reach Baltimore, we'll stretch out our hands and call out: "Victoria! Now we are in Amerika!"

2. Wu ich in des Land bin kumme (Pennsylvania Dutch Trad.)

When once I came to this country – A country where women could be bought like roosters, cows and mares? This assertion may rather have arisen from a farmer's wantonness than from the intention to lure further German settlers from the Old World into the New. Pennsylvania, the home of this song, lured as the center of Euro-American civilization. According to the visions of the English quaker William Penn (1644-1718) who named the former colony after his father, an admiral, Pennsylvania was supposed to become a refuge for the victims of persecution from all over the world, a model state, stamped by ideological pluralism and tolerance. Slave trade, as practised in the southern states, was taboo here! And the Wild West was actually somewhere else.

(1) When once I came to this country, I was a poor man. So I bought myself a cock, and now I was a rich man. All the people around asked me for my cock's name: *Gickerrigie* is my little cock's name!
(2) When once ... So I bought myself a cow, and now I was a rich man. All the people around asked me for my cow's name: *Open'n'shut* is my cow's name! *Gickerrigie* is my little cock's name!
(3) ... So I bought myself a workhorse, and now I was a rich man. All the people around asked me for my workhorse's name: *Oat's Mouth* is my workhorse's name! ...
(4) ... So I bought myself a wife, and now I was a rich man. All the people around asked me for my wife's name: *Red Mouth* is my wife's name! ...

3. Unser deutsche Brieder (Pennsylvania Dutch Traditional)

Our German Brothers – A counting poem as the Pennsylvania Dutch apparently enjoyed to sing, for instance while waiting for food being served. *Dutch* actually meant *deutsch*, the word is older than the historical split of the Netherlands from the Holy Roman Empire of German Nation in the 15th century. The dialect has certainly nothing in common with the Netherlands' Dutch, but is a mixture of southern German dialects, such as *Pfälzisch* (Palatine), *Schwäbisch* (Swabian) and *Fränkisch-Bayerisch* (Frankonian Bavarian) – plus lots of loan-words: *Peedag* (= pay day) was presumably one of the most important words in America for every newcomer. We know this

from a popular German epistolary novel: *Jürnjakob Swehn, der Amerikafahrer* by Johannes Gillhoff (1917).

Our German brothers, they live just like me and you, they live just like we do: Stand up and lie down, sit down and booze beer. Our German brothers, they live like we do.
(1) Today's Monday, Mondays hangover! Monday hangover and warmed-up food. Then we can eat!
(2) Today is Tuesday, Tuesdays green beans! Mondays hangover and warmed-up food. Then we can eat!
(3) Today is Wednesday, Wednesdays sauerkraut! ...
(4) Today is Thursday, Thursdays Turnip Day!
(5) Today is Friday, Fridays Fish Day!
(6) Today is Saturday, Saturdays Pay day!
(7) Today is Sunday, Sundays Church Day/ Drinking Day!

4. Der Guckguu (Pennsylvania Dutch Traditional)

The Cuckoo – ... But a cuckoo with fourteen women? We suspect that this song is rather about a cock. Variants of this song from Alsace and Transsylvania exist, but in those regions, certainly, none of the women sat in the Gentleman's House. Our Cuckoo tune was widely known (and often varied, like in the Irish *The Guns and Drums*) and used also in the 1920s pop song *The Runaway Train*.

(1) The cock, he was a rich man, Goo-coo, who could support fourteen wives!
(2) The first is carrying the wood into the house, Goo-coo! The second is lighting a fire with it.
(3) The third is carrying the water into the house, Goo-coo! The fourth is cooking the soup from it.
(4) The fifth is setting a white table, Goo-coo! The sixth is carrying in the fried fish.
(5) The seventh is helping to carry the beer in, Goo-coo! The eighth says: It cannot be!
(6) The ninth sits in the Gentleman's House, Goo-coo! The tenth looks out of the window.
(7) The eleventh is making Johnny's bed, Goo-coo! The twelfth already lies in it, stretched out.
(8) The thirteenth, he holds in his arm, Goo-coo! The fourteenth ... God, for that, I thank you! Goo-coo, Goo-gocady-goo!

5. Sie gleicht der Schwalbe (Trad./ German lyrics: H.Saarmann)

She's like the Swallow – a sad and beautiful ballad from Newfoundland, Canada, which I have faithfully translated to surprise my lovely colleague Anya who had helped me collecting stanzas. Here is (my adaption of) the original text:

(1) She's like the swallow that flies so high. She's like the river that never runs dry. She's like the sunshine upon the lee shore. She loves her love but she'll love no more.
(2) 'Twas down in the meadow this fair maid bent, a-picking the primroses just as she went. The more she picked and the more she pulled, until she gathered her apron full.
(3) She climbed on yonder hill above to give a rose unto her love. She gave him one, she gave him three, she gave her heart for company.
(4) And as they were sitting on yonder hill, his heart grew hard, so harder still. This fellow has two hearts instead of one. She says: "Young man, oh what have you done?"
(5) When once I carried my apron low, my love, he followed me through frost and snow. But now my apron is to my chin, my love passes by and won't come in."
(6) "How foolish, how foolish you only must be to think I love no one, my sweetheart, but thee? The world's not made to love one maid alone: I take delight in everyone."
(7) She took her roses and made a bed, a stony pillow for her sorrowful head. She lay her down, no more did she say, but let her roses fade away.

6. Vergiss mich nicht (Karl May)

Forget me not – Karl May (1842-1912) is a classic of trivial German (youth) literature. He wrote more than 70 (mostly serialized) adventure novels. Regardless of age, it will be hard to find a German who is not familiar with at least some of May's exotic characters, such as Winnetou (the Apache chief whose last words we quoted as a title), Old Shatterhand, Sam Hawkins, Kara Ben Nemsî and Hadschi Halef Omar. Karl May pretended most of his works to be authentic travel reports, although he had neither been to the Wild West nor to the Orient. (In fact, he came as far as the Niagara Falls when he was 66 – and was incapable to write any more adventure novels after his return to his *Villa Shatterhand* in Dresden-Radebeul.)

The greatest America dreamer in German literature must certainly be included in this song collage, considering that he also wrote some music: As a boy, he had been a highly talented violin and organ player. He learned the basics of composing at the teachers college. Unemployed at the age of 22, he composed about a dozen songs for the male-voice choir of his hometown Ernstthal. However, *Vergiss mich nicht* (for mixed choir), published in 1897, marked his comeback as a composer, though with no reference to the Wild West. But sometimes, High Noon is only a drum beat away from the German late Romantic period. This recording is a little handicraft work without Vivien, a bow to Dimitri Tiomkin, the Russian composer with Hollywood's greatest Wild West feeling.

(1) Forget me not! I stand in the dark country. At your hand, Lord, lead me to clarity! I long for your light: Forget me not, oh Lord, forget me not! (2) Forget me not! Lord, listen to my plea! My eye looks over to Canaan. Give me what your prophet promises! Forget me not, oh Lord, forget me not! (3) Forget me not! Zion already beckons me. I see the sky gleam around your throne. If, thus, in death my eye will break, Forget me not, oh Lord, forget me not!

7. Ballade des armen Webersohnes Karl May

(Trad./ German lyrics: H. Saarmann)

Ballad of the poor Weaver's Son Karl May – You may ask why Karl May chose fantasy action in exotic settings for his novels, after learning about his tempestuous youth – which was exclusively set in Saxony! This ballad assembles the best episodes and tries to give answers.

May would never have spoken about his youth the way that I let him speak here. He even skipped the piquant details in his autobiography *Mein Leben und Streben* (1911), because, to his greatest embarrassment, some gutter journalists had already published his catalogue of misdeeds in a long-standing character assassination campaign.

I partly grew up with Tennessee Ernie Ford's version of *16 Tons*, which I loved to sing at parties for years. The idea to use the American miner's tune, telling the life of a German best seller author, literary occurred to me in a dream. Though the American Country singer Merle Travis (the official composer) and George Davis (who blamed Travis for plagiarism) each claimed the authorship of the song, *16 Tons*, in truth, is probably a Traditional of the late 19th century from Cumberland, Maryland, USA. (Source: Albert Gamse: *First Omnibus Of Folk Songs – The Best Of Folk Music. Book One*. Lewis Music: New York 1968.)

In the violin solos, Vivien Zeller (who is a much-requested fiddle player in northern Germany) quotes one of her own dance compositions: The *p.M.S. Schottish*.

The photograph (1896) shows Karl May, posing as one of his favorite novel characters and *alter egos*: Old Shatterhand, the unbeatable westman.

(1) As a boy, I lost my eyesight. Father's money wouldn't have paid the doctor. He was only a weaver, therefore we starved: Of my thirteen brothers and sisters, only four would survive. (2) Saxony was gloomy and so was my world, only illuminated by my grandma's fairytales. When my mother found work, doctors cured my disease. Yet, I can still feel the pain of my father's rod. (3) "For a career", thus he spoke, "school is not enough! Go and earn some money as a ninepin boy, for private tuition!" But the organ lessons didn't cost me a cent, because the choirmaster next-door said I was well-talented. (4) The novels that I read transfigured foreign countries; I was only twelve when I ran off, hoping to find help and happiness in Spain. But only the next day, my father brought me back. (5) A teacher's career appeared the right path out of poverty, but the seminar was ruled by compulsion and ban. Soon, I was dismissed, because for my parents' Christmas tree, I had stolen seven candles. (6) Thanks to a plea for clemency, I purchased my examination, but a fiendish curse lay on the work which I began: My lessor deprived me of my first job, outraged that his wife made eyes at me. (7) A colleague in Chemnitz lent me his watch. I kept it when I drove home to my parents. He called the police, I was arrested as a thief and sued and sentenced for six weeks in the can. (8) An ex-jailbird can be a teacher no more! On top, they also forbid me to teach privately. Instead, I composed for the Ernstthal male-voice choir, turned my poverty to prose and read it in public.

(9) If you expect this to be the turning point of my life, you're wrong: Since my release from custody, I heard voices in my head. Though, these were not the choirs of beautiful fantasies, but a thousand devils, crying for retribution. (10) They drove me into towns where nobody knew me: As a medic called Dr. Heilig, I got me a patient. I had learnt some Latin, so I wrote him a prescription. I would have loved to see what the pharmacist gave him! (11) As a primary school teacher called Lohse, I ordered some furs: I let the supplier wait for me, getting the money. I received it from a pawnbroker, whom I let the furs, though I had already changed my name from Lohse to Hermes. (12) I pushed off on a nicked nag, but between Zwickau and Plauen, the nag became too slow. I took it to the butcher, but apparently, I aroused his suspicion: The following night, I was arrested in my sleep. (13) For three years, I was prisoner number 171, isolated behind the walls of "Schloss Osterstein", manufacturing leather purses for the bourgeoisie's cash: A punishment for never being allowed to make a living myself! (14) Church choir and library kept me alive; I was privileged to learn the trombone. But when they let me go, they also released those devils who were now pressing me to revenge myself for all the lost years of my life. (15) A police lieutenant entered a grocery: They were searching for counterfeit money, so, by duty, he had to confiscate the register. In truth, the money was genuine – the policeman was not ... (16) Although, without uniform, I escaped to the south, they apprehended me in a barn in Bohemia. They'd have believed me to be the vagabond Albin Wadenbach if he had not claimed to own plantations in West India.

(17) Four years later, dismissed from Waldheim prison, I was grateful not to be expelled by my family. For this, I gave my native town a rose: A rose, set in prose, and the book became popular. (18) A publisher in Dresden exclaimed: "You are my man! Your sequel stories will attract readers!" But for one little magazine, I was far too productive, so, without further ado, I founded two new ones. (19) My heroes didn't properly suit into Saxon country: No such bravery and loyalty had ever been heard of here. But far away, in the Wild West, another spirit reigns: From prison, I had often travelled there – by atlas. (20) Experienced as a teacher, a lieutenant, a doctor and a thief, I could just as well be a westman, especially in my writing. It is said that he who fails his life at home may often show his undreamt side abroad. (21) That's the advantage of a self-built world: You show your heart to the noble and your fist to the villain. Usually, it requires long journeys, merely to forget that the so-called reality often works the other way. (22) Soon, everybody in the States had heard of Old Shatterhand. When I was asked if I had really been there, I said: Yes. But, Mr Publisher, please let my readers know: Mr May is presently in the wild Kurdistan!

8. 900 Miles (Trad. USA)

An old railroad song. I adapted the tune to write a campaign song against nuclear power stations and the rail transports of nuclear waste by *Castor* train. (You find that version on my 2009 album *So küsste mich meine Friseurin*.) However, these are the original lyrics. It is a variant of *500 Miles (If you miss the train I'm on)*, a Traditional that was adapted by Hedy West, and *I was young when I left home* by Bob Dylan, both recorded in the early 1960s.

9. Follow the Drinking Gourd (Trad. USA)

The coded description of an escape route that would lead slaves from the southern states to the north. Allegedly, they would reach the state of Illinois within a couple of weeks, following the drinking gourd, a symbol for the Big Dipper in the north, walking along the banks of the Tombigbee and the Tennessee River and finally crossing the Ohio River. As additional help, the legendary Underground Railroad "conductor" *Peg Leg Joe* (who also may have taught this song to slaves) sign-posted the path, carving marks into tree trunks. But can a route of approximately 800 miles be described and coded in three or four verses? According to the original collector, the song had actually been much longer. Our version is an adaption by Lee Hays for the Weavers who were the first ever to issue *Drinking Gourd* on record in 1951. When Vivien and I recorded it, we had no idea how well-known the song was in the USA. For further information on this song, please consult the website www.followthedrinkinggourd.org

10. Stan' still Jordan (Trad. USA)

It was Germans who, in 1688, first protested publicly against slave trade: This was in Germantown, Pennsylvania, the earliest "Dutch" settlement in North America, founded in 1683 by Mennonites from Krefeld, incorporated by Philadelphia in 1854. (Though some say that the first German settlement was already founded by Huguenots in 1678. Being actually French natives, this wouldn't stop them from calling their settlement *New Paltz*.) Pennsylvania is regarded as the cradle of modern democracy: In 1787, the second democratic constitution of modern history was passed here (using the 1780 Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as a model). However, the ban of slavery was not included before 1865, when the southern states were subjected in the civil war.

Stan' still Jordan is a Negro Spiritual from the south; our harmonies reflect Henry T. Burleigh's piano adaption. Burleigh (1866-1949), a slave descendant, composer, Folk Song collector and music scientist from Erie, Pennsylvania, was a friend of Antonin Dvořák and had significant influence on his symphony *From the New World* (1893).

11. Wo sind unsre Brieder (Pennsylvania Dutch Spiritual)

Where are our Brothers – Spirituals were not only sung by slaves and their descendants: Camp meetings were a religious trend of the 19th century that all ethnic groups, including Germans, celebrated.

There is a completely different background to the medieval hymns and martyr ballads, still sung by Anabaptist groups of German stock: Mennonites, Amish or Hutterer, who seek their salvation in strictly ascetic separation from the world. Until this day, together with their ideologies, they kept some German dialects of historical stamp. According to experts, however, those must not be mixed up with Pennsylvania Dutch.

Where are our brothers/ sisters/ fathers/ mothers we loved so much, and why do they leave us? They are up yonder, where all praise the Lord, and will never come back.

12. Geschder waar der Michel do (Pennsylvania Dutch Trad.)

Yesterday, Michel was here – In this counting poem, little Michel learns essential details about a maid's anatomy. The rest of the world learns a new Pennsylvania Dutch loan-word: *Knowledge box*. Outside Pennsylvania, other words introduced here should be used with caution!

Yesterday, Michel was here, Fridd'rich Michel, he was here. ... (1) He makes a grab for the maids foot and asks her: "What is that?" - "That's my dangling foot that I have to bear forever." (2) He makes a grab for the maids knee ... "That's my kneecap, ..." (3) He makes a grab for the maids belly ... "That's my haversack ..." (4) He makes a grab for the maids breast ... "That's my milk tube ..." (5) He makes a grab for the maids chin ... "That's my Brapp-brapp-brapp ..." (6) He makes a grab for the maids mouth ... "That's my Mam-mam-mam ..." (7) He makes a grab for the maids forehead ... "That's my knowledge box ..."

13. Ei, du Zustand! (Pennsylvania Dutch Traditional)

Well I never! (Original: Oh! Susanna) – Stephen Foster (1826-64), the best-known American songwriter before Woody Guthrie, was from Pittsburgh, PA. He took private composing lessons from Henry Kleber, a music shop owner from Germany. Foster's melodies (like *Swanee River* and *My old Kentucky Home*) were irresistible. At least one faithful Pennsylvania Dutch translation from *Oh! Susanna* (1848) was handed down, but we preferred these lyrics:

(1) I had a dream the other night, when everything was still: Till was in bed with me and I was in bed with Till. I wasn't used to do this, how young and stupid I was to be in bed with other people, especially with maids. *Chorus: Well I never! What a pleasure to be in bed with other people, especially with maids.* (2) I turned around in bed, and this is what I said to her: I want to have nothing to do with you, this I tell you straight! I want to sleep now, leave me alone and go to your own bed! I really hate it, I can tell you, to be in bed with the maids. *Chorus* (3) But Till is hanging on and tells me to be quiet: You are already eighteen, why are you so shy? Most boys are already keen to be with the maids when they are not even fifteen, that's why they are not so stupid. *Chorus* (4) Then Till grips my neck and will not let me go. That makes me angry, so I toddle around and grip her leg: If you don't leave, I'll take you and throw you out of the bed! I want to have nothing to do with the common maids! *Chorus* (5) I wake up, the night was black and all around was silence. I grope around in my bed: There was no Till at all! The cover I had in my arms, it was pressed all flat. That was the very first time that I was in bed with the maids. *Chorus*

14. Katy Cruel (Trad. USA)

Vivien believes that Katy Cruel (or rather the tune) was a very early emigrant from the British Isles. We do not know who sent her to France, but I met her when listening to a record by Joe Dassin. After some silly attempts of translation, I decided not to Germanize her.

15. Oi Oi Oi (Pennsylvania Dutch Traditional)

A farmer song which was handed down two-partly. I don't know if green nags and red cows exist in PA, but I suspect *Niejärsäu* (negro sows) to be an old colloquial expression for a black furry pig breed. Don't be angry: The term negro, verified since the 17th century, was originally unbiased, just loaning the Latin word *niger* = black. Less suspicious and a lovely example for dialect

assimilation is the word *Kascheboi*: *Kasche* = *Kirsche* = *cherry*, *Boi* = *Pie* = *Pastete*, makes *cherry pie* = *Kirschpastete*.

(1) In this world, there's no peace at all, so I'll cover myself with horse droppings. And when the devil wants to catch me, he has to grab into the horse droppings! *Oi oi oi! What could be finer?* (2) And if I were just a farmer and had a farm with green nags and red cows and black negroe pigs! *Oi oi oi! ...* (3) I make up a new habit: In winter, I'll make hay! In summer, I'll sit under the trees and eat the cherry pies. *Oi, oi, oi! ...*

16. Ave Maria (Karl May)

The (first person) narrator of Karl May's novels is mostly a German adventure tourist with nearly superhuman capacities and Christian sentiments. His name and reputation, Old Shatterhand, echoes throughout the Wild West. The young Apachean chief Winnetou, his blood-brother, calls him "Charly". The novel trilogy *Winnetou* highlights the progress of an idealistic, warmhearted friendship, starting with the first meeting as deadly enemies, ending sadly with Winnetou's violent death in volume III. One chapter before being shot, Winnetou first considers to convert to Christianity. This is affected by a German settlers' choir, singing *Ave Maria* in the wilderness of Wyoming, a choral written and composed by Karl May (aka Old Shatterhand). It has nothing in common with the music by Martin Böttcher, featured in the Kraut Western soundtracks of the 1960s.

When Winnetou dies in the arms of his friend Charly, his last words are: "Winnetou is a Christian. Farewell." For decades, this passage has been used to illustrate the word *Kitsch* in literature. I used it as an inspiration for a flyer motive which we also put on the CD back. I hope that, just like the famous Monty Python movie *Life of Brian*, it will be regarded with a good sense of humor: We neither intend to mock on Christian belief, nor do we mean to proselytize anybody – and we are proud that no concert visitor ever implied us any atheist or religious intentions.

May, a protestant, dedicated the choral to the catholic prison community in the jailhouse of Waldheim (Saxony) where he served his third and longest sentence. It seems that his friend, the priest and his kind offer to play the organ during prison services, helped May to overcome his schizophrenia.

(1) The light of day wants to depart: Now, the quiet night is falling. Oh, if only the heart's suffering could pass just like the day! I put my plea down at your feet: Oh carry it upwards to God's throne and, Madonna, be saluted with a prayer's devout note: *Ave Maria!* (2) The light of faith wants to depart: Now, the night of doubt is falling. Youth's trust in God is to be stolen away from me. In old age, Madonna, please preserve me my youth's happy confidence. Shelter my harp and my psalter, you are my salvation, you are my light! *Ave Maria!* (3) The light of life wants to depart: Now, death's night is falling. The soul wants to spread its wings and die I must. Madonna, into your hands I put my last, hot plea: Please request for me a trusting end and a blissfull rise from the dead! *Ave Maria!*

17. Heim zu gej (Pennsylvania Dutch Spiritual)

Going home – No matter whether secular or religious: Melodies were borrowed to and fro. *John Brown's Body lies mouldring in the grave* was translated: *'S is nur en schmalen Weg, mei Seel is auf der Reis. What a Friend we have in Jesus* became: *Wo ist Jesus, mein Verlangen*, etc. *Heim zu gej* is not a translation but a double invoice: Thus, the popular melody of *Guter Mond, du gehst so stille* was recycled in a Pennsylvania Dutch Spiritual. As the verse *Wann's doch alle Seele wisste ...* was used in several short Spirituals, we turned two songs into one.

Going home, going home to the fatherland - and if we are true until the end, a crown will be ready for us. (1) If all the souls would only know, Jesus, that thou art friendly and the state of true Christians is unspeakably glorious. *Going home ...* (2) O how precious and noble is the true religion! Yes, it comforts me in life and leads me up to Heaven. *Going home ...*

18. Wanderlied (Trad. USA/ German lyrics: Holger Saarmann)

I'm Just A Poor Wayfaring Stranger – A white spiritual that was first sung around 1800 at camp meetings in the Appalachian Mountains, possibly using an old Irish tune (*Come all you fair and tender Ladies ?*). It was first printed in the 1844 issue of the popular Hymn book *Sacred Harp*. I re-secularized the song when translating it in 2003; two verses were dreamt by my friend Thorsten who gave me kind permission to add them. It seems that the tunes from this big, both alien and familiar country that drew so many people across the Atlantic, inspire melancholy thoughts and feelings about what the "Dutch" call *Heimat*, or rather about the search for a place to call so.

(1) In this world I am a stranger which I'm probably bound to remain forever. Not just in other sovereigns' countries, but also between the rivers Oder and Rhein. "Heimat" has always been a foreign word to me, a synonym for "where I reside". So, I will have to be on the road eternally, as I have been for years. (2) I've been a child, don't know whose, don't remember how or when that's been. From where I stem, I forgot, why I grew, I don't know. I seeked for my roots along my route, dug everywhere they would let me, but all I found in the humid ground was rapes and radishes. (3) I had a house in Manhattan, in Rome, in Galway and Shanghai.

I felt captivated in the cities, but on the road, I was free. I drove through sun, through dust and rain, but one day, I noticed: On trampled-out paths, you'll never get to an undiscovered land. (4) Across the lands I will drift as a vagabond and a philosopher. Nowhere I will stay: There is no harbor, no inn for me. And if one day I must cross Jordan River, knocking on Heaven's door, I'll say: I'm only staying for one night, I'll have to leave in the morning and march on forever.

Lieder, so deutsch wie der Wilde Westen were arranged by
Holger Saarmann (guitar, accordion, percussion) & Vivien Zeller (violin)
for the stage program *Winnetou ist ein Christ ...* in spring 2005.
Choir & percussion in tracks 3 & 12: Gerhard Bächer & Joe Budinsky.

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Saarmann & Zeller.

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While most text in this PDF document is simply a translation of the original German booklet of the CD *Lieder, so deutsch wie der Wilde Westen*, the articles about Karl May were rewritten to make his presence in the album comprehensible to people who never came across his name or works before.

Please notice the bibliographical references and the credits in the booklet!

Like all the articles on my website, this translation sheet is a work in progress. Unlike the German CD booklet, printed in 1000 copies, the advantage of this sheet lies in the possibility of correcting things over and over again. I am grateful for your corrections in terms of contents and language!

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