run, run for your life, the piper is coming soon. Run, better run, run, a

time we de la transference and an money, bring them back, let them live latigh again¹⁴ Limentation all around, darkness took their hearts

e se e piper is calling vo

And he whispered in their ear: "Come with mond have been fear, you re so small you re so fine and you come!" the beau one one one one of the leads you the dune, and the way

Run, better russ actory or life, the piper is comen back win. Run, better ru run for constant the piper is coming soon. Run, better run, which the piper is calling you.

ast week he was seen in Grozny, yesterday in Gorazde. Find him, get him, send l back to the year where he belongs. Maybe you may say: "Can't find him, he's part of you and me." Let the rats go on forever, save us all from hell.

A nd he whisperd in their ear: "Come with me and have no fear, you 're so small, you 're so fine and you are mine!" and he plays a lovely time, and he leads you he dune, and the waves rinse the tunes and lifes away.

Return Of The Piper" Songbook

A you 're so fine and you are mine!" and he plays a lovely tune, and he leads you he dune, and the waves rinse the tunes and lifes away.

) un, better run, run for your life, the piper is coming back again. Run, better ru



"The Return Of The Piper"

SONGBOOK

Impressum:

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Inhaltsverzeichnis / Contens:

The Lady Of Corvic	lyrics music	4 5
Who's Blind	lyrics music	10 11
Experience	music	16
The Ring	lyrics music	20 21
Friday Night At Home	lyrics music	32 33
The Return Of The Piper	lyrics music	38 39
God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen / By The Way	music	45
The Smile	lyrics music	50 51
Master Of Puppets	lyrics music	56 57
Evening Song	lyrics music	65 66

GALAHAD - Die Band	69
	00

THE LADY OF CORVIC

'TWAS EARLY IN THE MORNING LIGHT, SIR LANCELOT LAY ASLEEP. THE VERY FINE LADY AT HIS SIDE SAT UP AND BEGAN TO WEEP. SIR LANCELOT THE LADY KISSED, HE SAID: "I HAVE TO GO, THE NIGHT WAS DARK, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU'RE NOT GUINEVERE, I LOVE HER SO."

SIR LANCELOT, SIR LANCELOT TELL ME WHAT HAVE I DONE, YOU KISSED ME AND I LOVE YOU SO, BUT TOMORROW YOU ARE GONE. SIR LANCELOT, SIR LANCELOT TELL ME WHAT HAVE I DONE, YOU SLEPT WITH ME 'TIL MORNING LIGHT, BUT TOMORROW YOU ARE GONE.

THE FAMOUS KNIGHT HE SAID GOOD-BYE TOOK WEAPON, HORSE AND SWORD. HE DIDN'T LOOK BACK AND HE HE DIDN'T TRY TO FIND A LOVELY WORD. THE OTHER YEAR A BOY WAS BORN, THE LADY WAS SO GLAD. "IF YOU NEVER COME BACK, DEAR LANCELOT, I CALL HIM GALAHAD"

SIR LANCELOT, SIR LANCELOT...

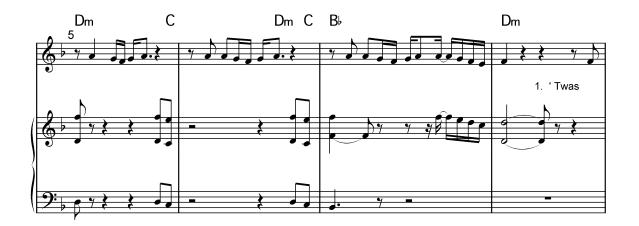
"MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND YEARS LATER THE MONKS OF TINTERN ABBEY DISCOVERED THE LADY'S GRAVE. BENEATH THE COFFIN THEY FOUND THE LATIN INSCRIPTION:"HERE LIES THE LADY OF CORVIC, WHO HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE. SHE DIED IN SADNESS. MAY SHE REST IN PEACE."

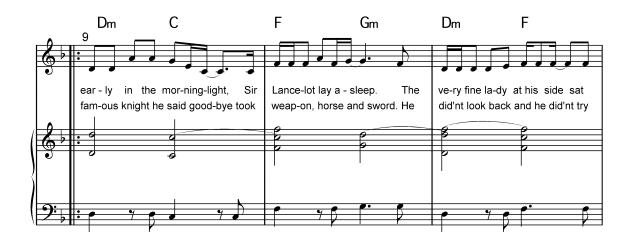
SIR LANCELOT, SIR LANCELOT...

The Lady of Corvic

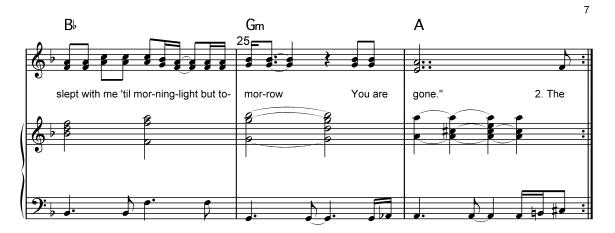
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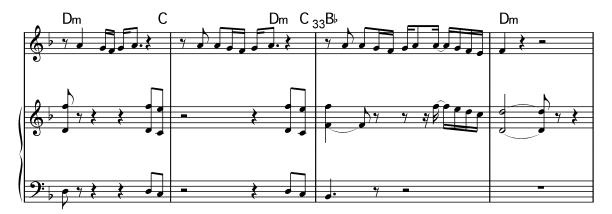


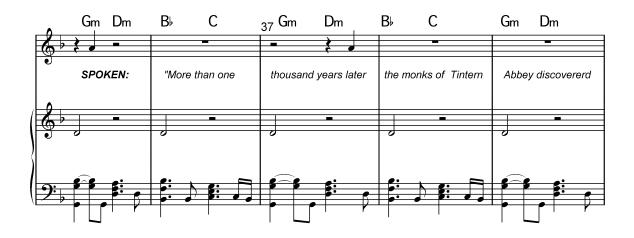


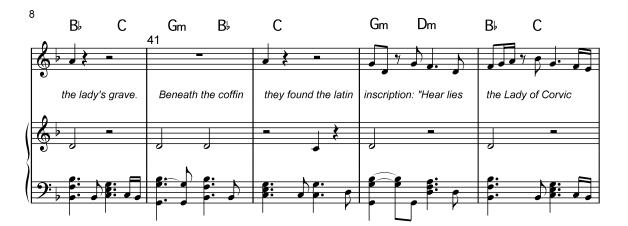


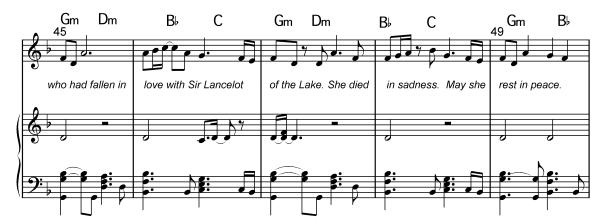






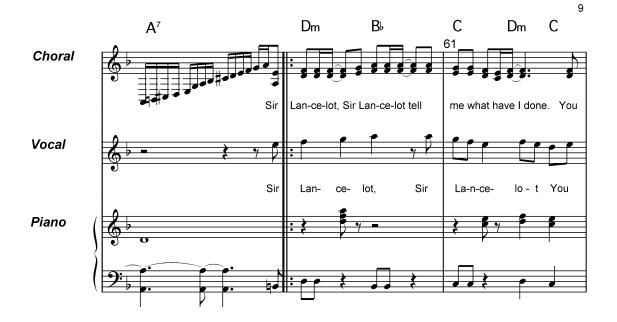




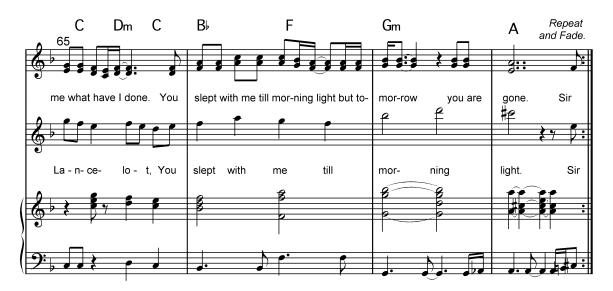












WHO'S BLIND

A COLD AND DREARY WINTER'S DAY IN DECEMBER FIFTY-TWO TEN FRIARS MET THE GAME TO PLAY THEY CALL "ACADEMIC DISPUTE". "THE SUBJECT WE WILL TALK ABOUT IN WINTER FIFTY-TWO IS: HOW MANY TEETH WE ALL CAN COUNT IN THE MOUTH OF A HORSE OR TWO".

THESE WORDS THE ELDEST FRIAR SAID IN WINTER FIFTY-TWO AND WITH A SIGN OF GRACIOUSNESS HE STARTED THE DISPUTE. THESE WORDS...

"WHAT YOU CAN SEE", ONE FRIAR TOLD,"IS NOT AS WHAT CAN BE". "IT'S GOD'S INTENTION", IT WAS HEARD, "DON'T GRUMBLE AND AGREE THAT HE IN ALL HIS GLORY DID WELL IN SEVEN DAYS. STOP, STOP, WE KNOW THE STORY, DISCUSS AND FIND A WAY!"

THESE WORDS...

"WHEN HORSE ARE EATING GRASS OR HAY", ANOTHER MONK BEGAN, "THERE ARE FOURTEEN TEETH, BUT I DARE TO SAY THERE ARE MORE WHEN A HORSE DOES NEIGH." AND THE NEXT OF THE BROTHERS, GIGANTIC AND STOUT, HE LAUGHED AND SAID: "DON'T BOTHER, THERE'S NO TOOTH IN HIS MOUTH."

THESE WORDS...

A SOFTLY VOICE CAME FROM BEHIND: "THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW", (HE WAS THE YOUNGEST, HE WAS BLIND), "WHY CAN'T WE SIMPLY GO INTO THE STABLE, HAVE A LOOK INTO THE MOUTH OF A HORSE, LET'S SEE!" A VOICE LIKE ROARING THUNDER CRIED: "TAKE HIM, THAT'S HERESY!"

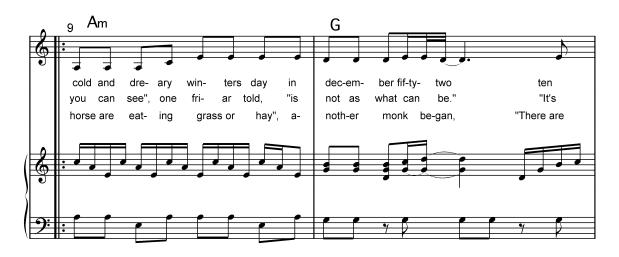
THESE WORDS THE ANGRY FRIARS CRIED IN WINTER FIFTY-TWO AND WITHOUT ANY GRACIOUSNESS THEY ENDED THE DISPUTE. THESE WORDS...

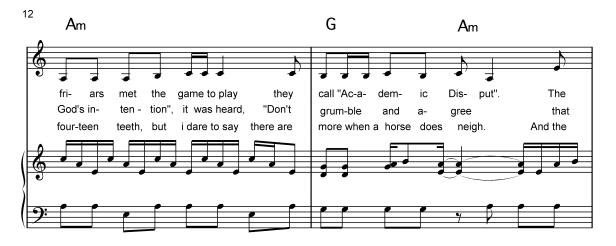
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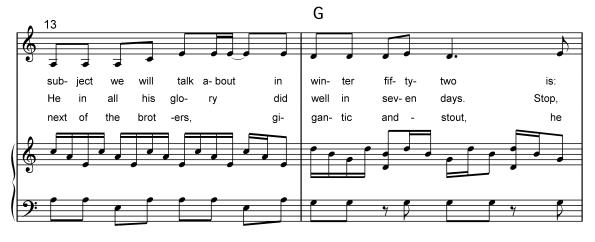


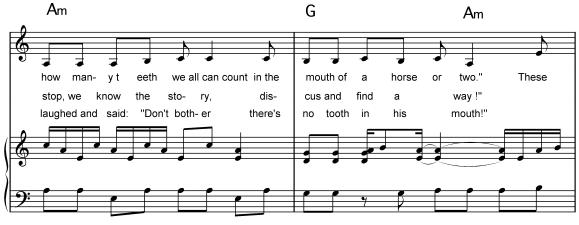


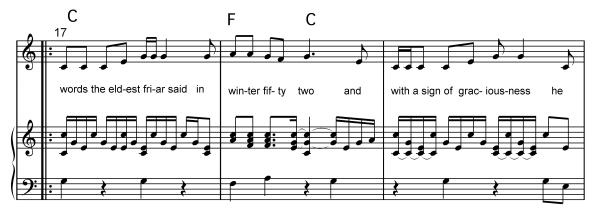


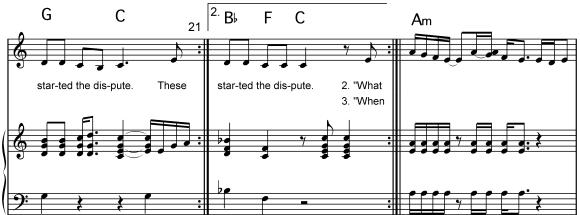


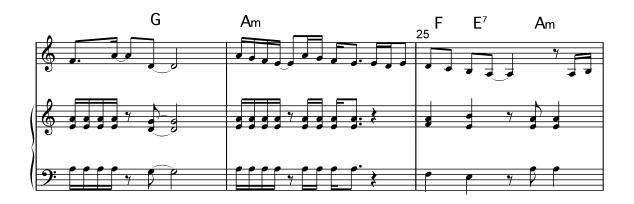




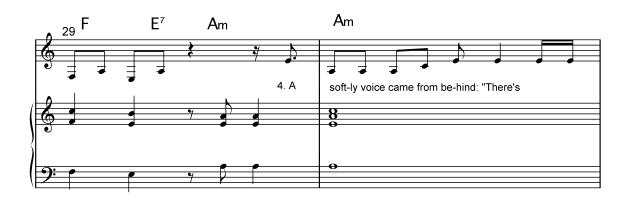


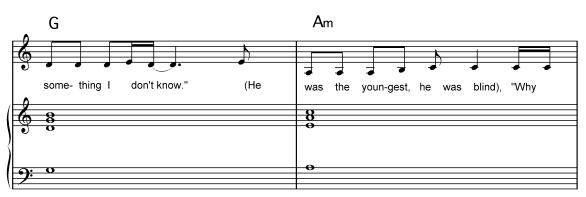


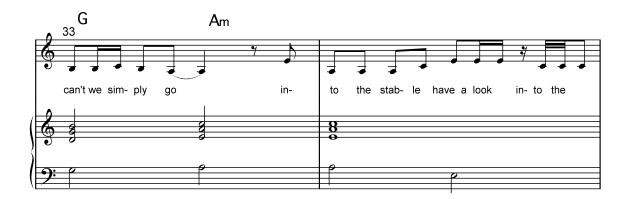


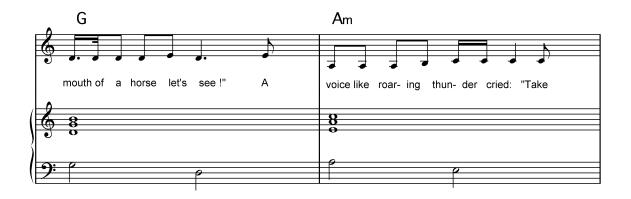


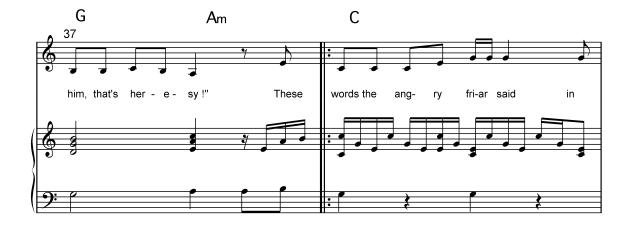


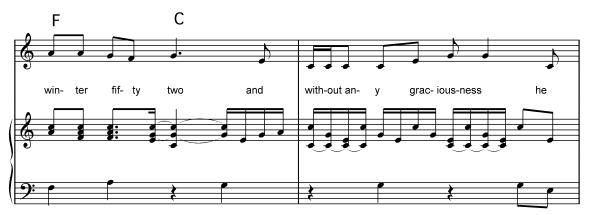


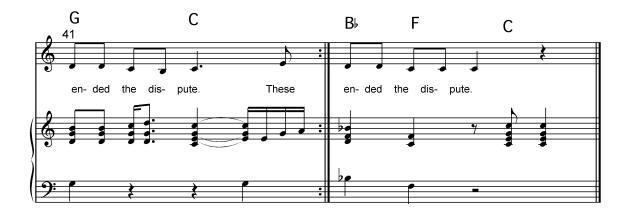






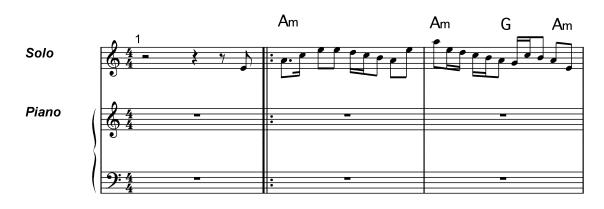




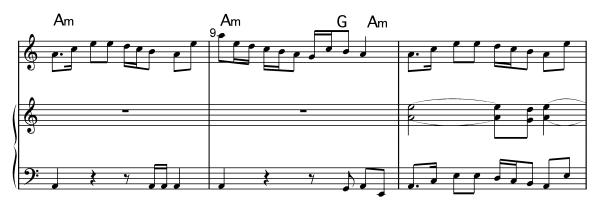


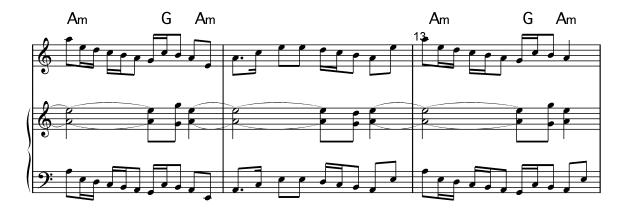
Experience

Music: Peter Huntenburg Ralf Veith







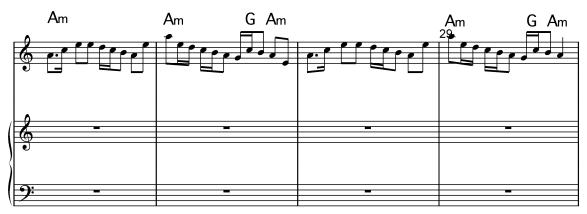


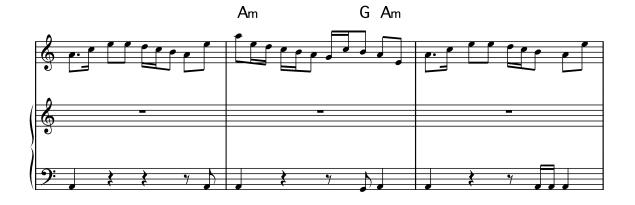
























THE RING

SEE THE RING THERE IN HER HAIR, SEE THE SUN THE LIGHTNING.

SEE THE RING THERE IN HER HAIR, TASTE THE FLOWERS - ROSES.

The Ring

Lyrics and Music: R. Veith Arrangment: P.A. Jost

















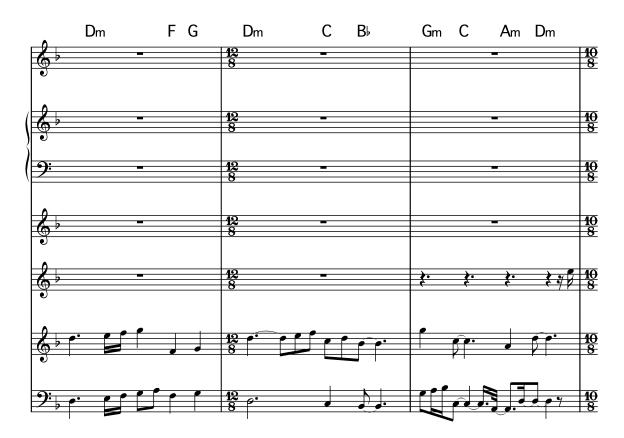


















FRIDAY NIGHT AT HOME

FRIDAY NIGHT AT HOME, THINKING WHAT IS GOING ON? CAN'T BELIEVE THAT RACE RUNS WITHOUT ME. BUT I'VE ALREADY WON, AND I KNOW MY WORK IS DONE 'CAUSE I WRITE DOWN THE TALES YOU'LL NEVER SEE.

I'LL BRING YOU ALL THE STORIES, TALES OF LOVE AND PAIN, ADVENTURES OF MY HEART AND MY BRAIN.

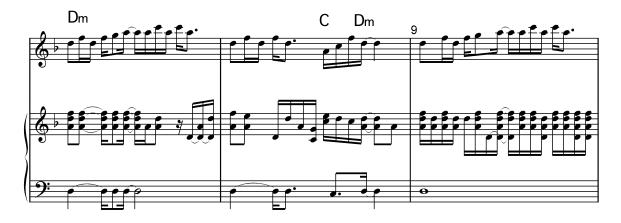
FRIDAY NIGHT AT HOME THINKING WHAT IS GOING ON? KNIGHTS ARE FIGHTING ON MY WINDOW-SILL. THE MINSTREL LOVES HIS MAID, YOUR EYES HAVE FOUND THEIR FATE. REMEMBER MR. S., HE WANTS TO KILL.

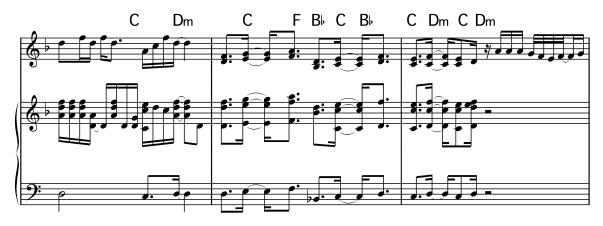
I'LL BRING YOU ALL THE STORIES THAT HAPPEN IN MY BRAIN TALES OF LOVE AND HATE, LIFE AND PAIN. Friday Night At Home

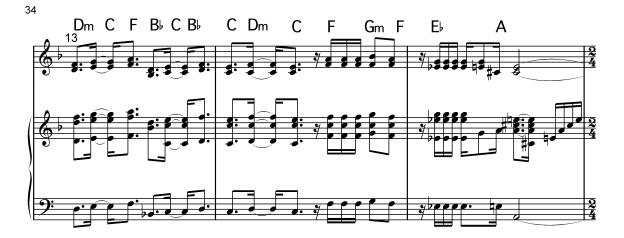
Lyrics and Music: P. A. Jost

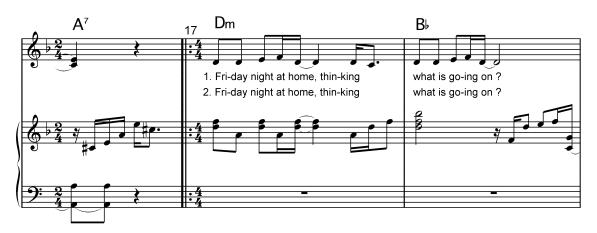


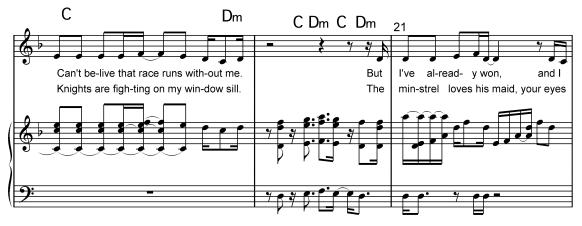


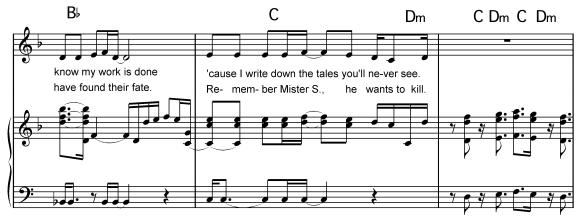


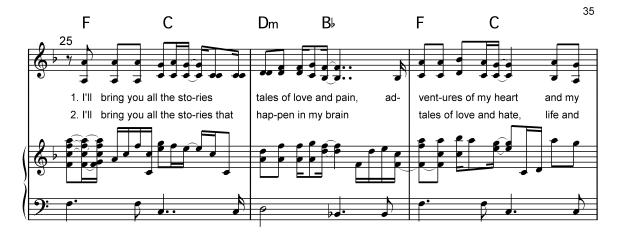




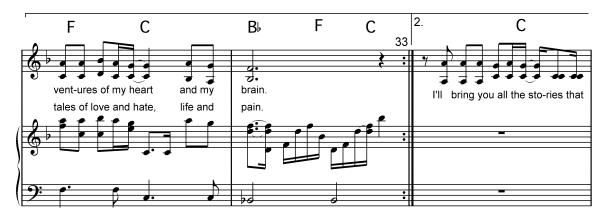


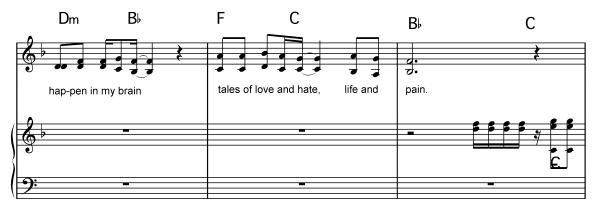


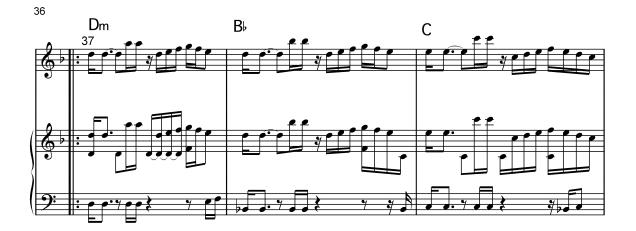




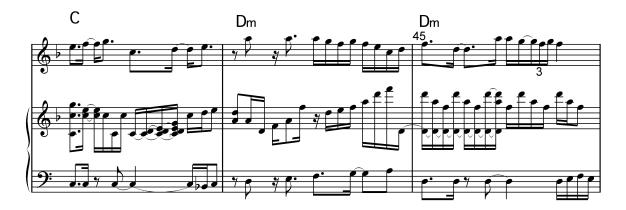




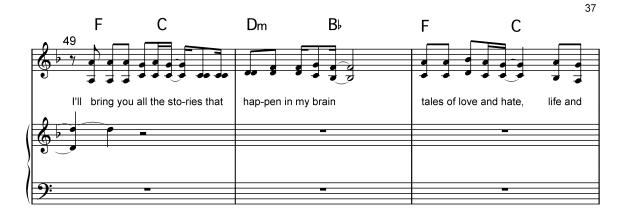




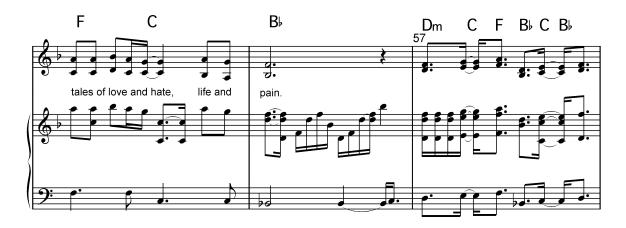














THE RETURN OF THE PIPER

RUN, BETTER RUN, RUN, FOR YOUR LIFE, THE PIPER IS COMING BACK AGAIN. RUN, BETTER RUN, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, THE PIPER IS COMING SOON. RUN, BETTER RUN,RUN...THE PIPER IS CALLING YOU.

IN THE YEAR TWELVE-EIGHTYFOUR CHILDREN LOUDLESS DISAPPEARED. PARENTS CRYING, PIPER'S TUNE WAS THE LAST THEY HEARD. "GIVE HIM MONEY, BRING THEM BACK, LET THEM LIVE AND LAUGH AGAIN!" LAMEN-TATION ALL AROUND, DARKNESS TOOK THEIR HEARTS.

AND HE WHISPERED IN THEIR EAR: "COME WITH ME AND HAVE NO FEAR, YOU'RE SO SMALL, YOU'RE SO FINE AND YOU ARE MINE!" AND HE PLAYS A LOVELY TUNE AND HE LEADS THEM TO THE DUNE, AND THE WAVES RINSE THE TUNES AND LIFES AWAY.

THROUGH THE AGES, THROUGH THE YEARS CHILDREN'S PAIN WAS HEARD AROUND. COULD IT BE THE PIPER'S BACK? HEAR HIS LOVELY SOUND. DEMON'S GRINNING, TURNING ROUND, HIS WORN OUT CAPE IS WHIRLING. WHISTLE THREATENS IN HIS FIST, FASCINATING SOUND.

AND HE WHISPERS IN YOUR EAR:"COME WITH ME AND HAVE NO FEAR, YOU'RE SO SMALL, YOU'RE SO FINE AND YOU ARE MINE!" AND HE PLAYS A LOVELY TUNE, AND HE LEADS YOU TO THE DUNE, AND THE WAVES RINSE THE TUNES AND LIFES AWAY.

RUN, BETTER RUN, RUN, FOR YOUR LIFE ...

LAST WEEK HE WAS SEEN IN GROSNY, YESTERDAY IN GORAZDE. FIND HIM, GET HIM, SEND HIM BACK TO THE YEAR WHERE HE BELONGS. MAYBE YOU MAY SAY: "CAN'T FIND HIM, HE'S A PART OF YOU AND ME." LET THE RATS GO ON FOREVER, SAVE US ALL FROM HELL.

AND HE WHISPERS.. , AND HE WHISPERS..

The Return Of The Piper

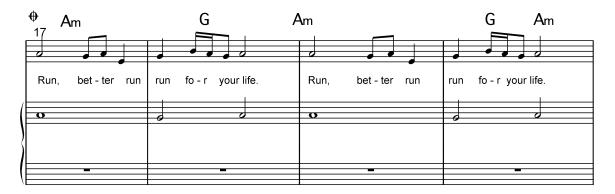
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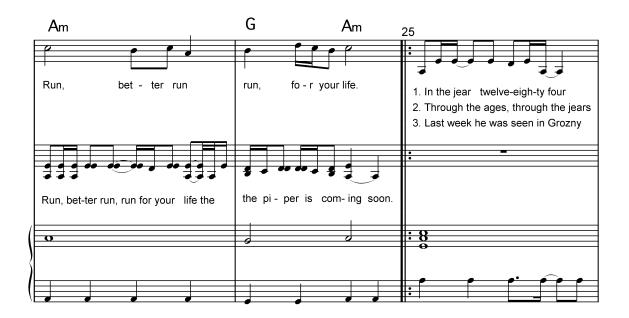


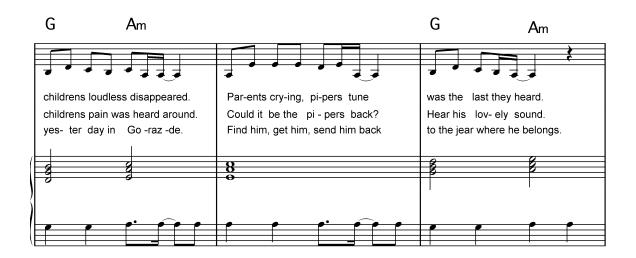




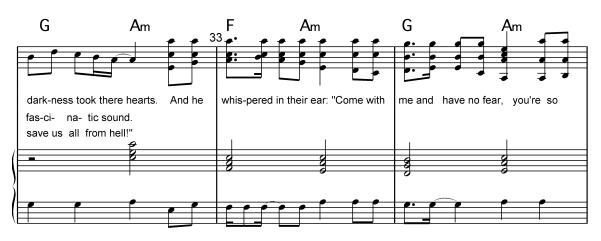


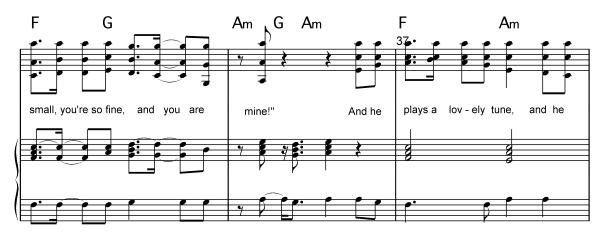


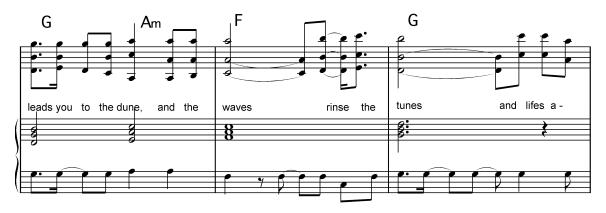




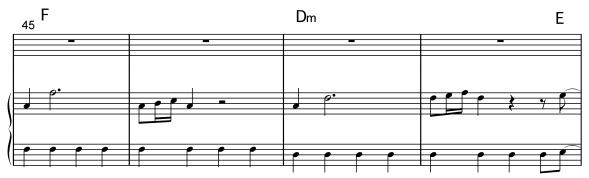






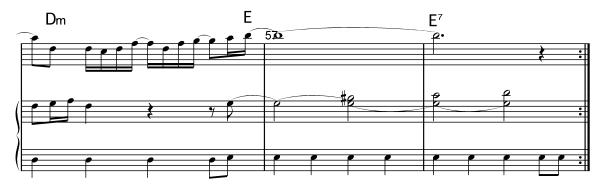


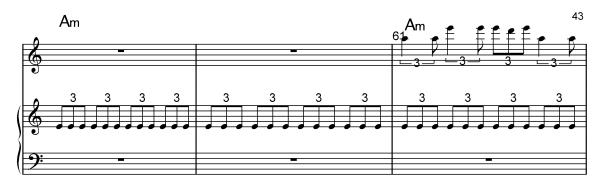


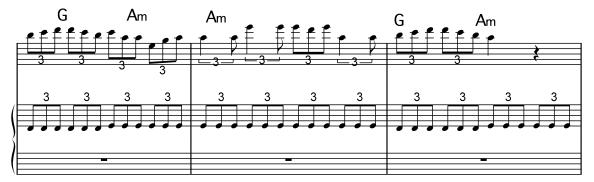


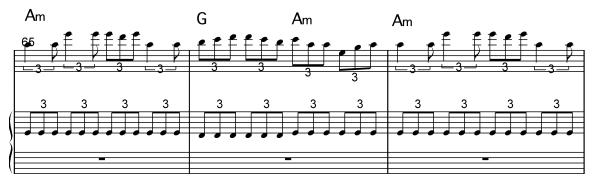


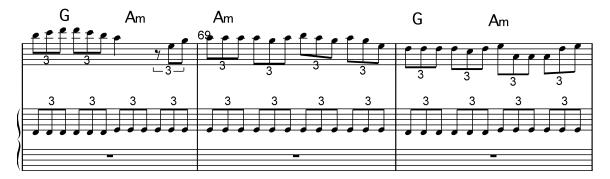


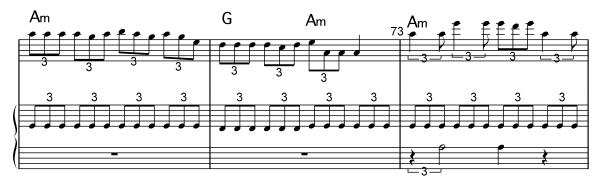


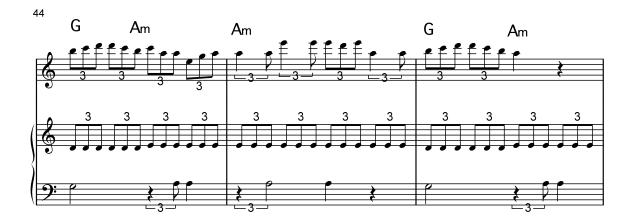


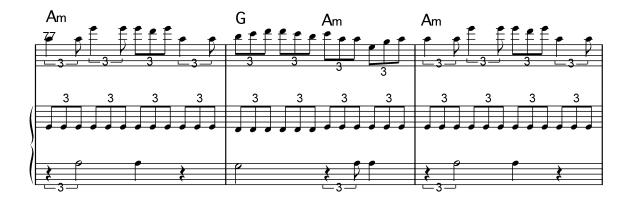


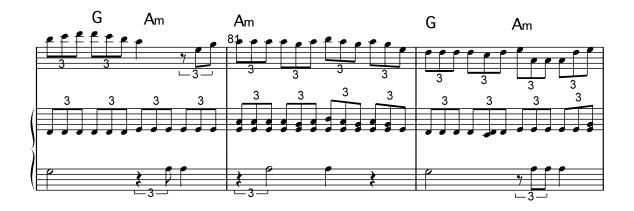


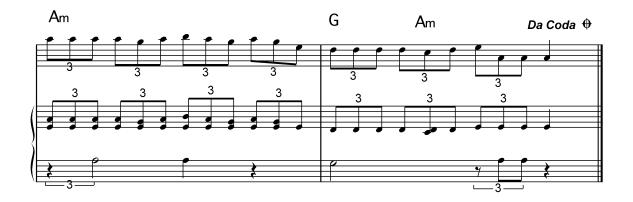






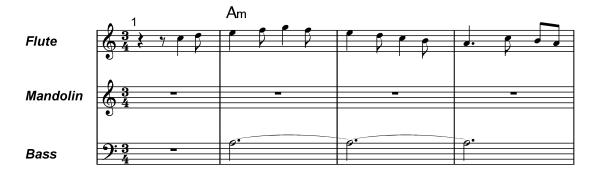






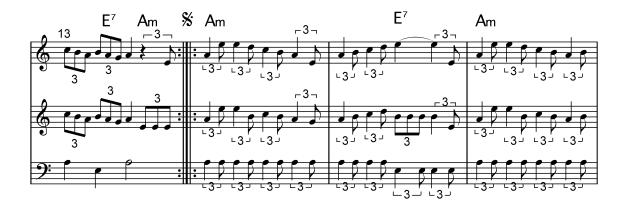
God rest you merry gentlemen / by the way ...

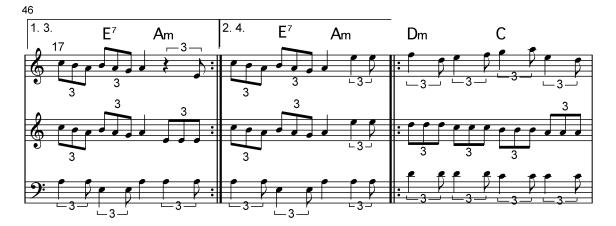
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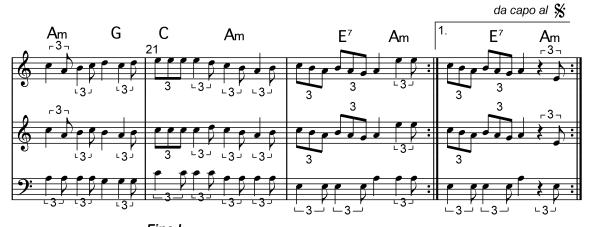


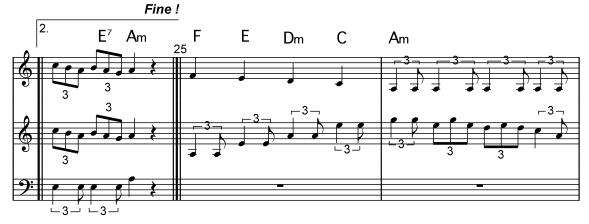


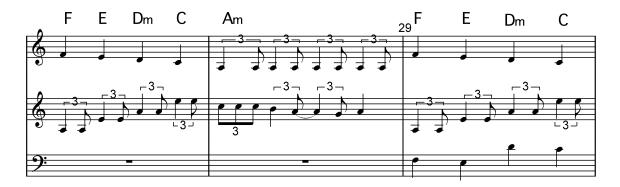


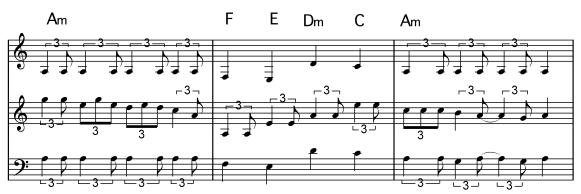


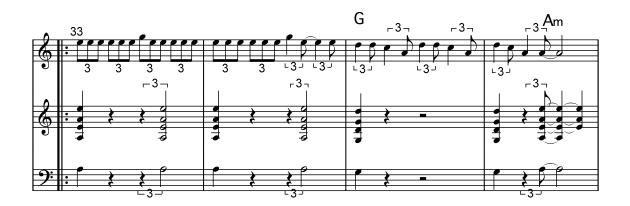




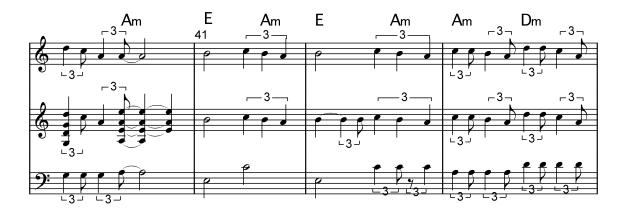


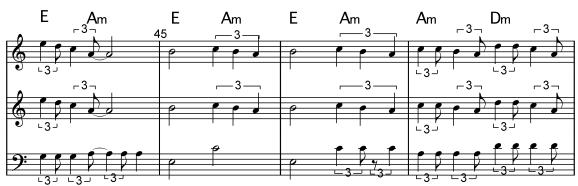


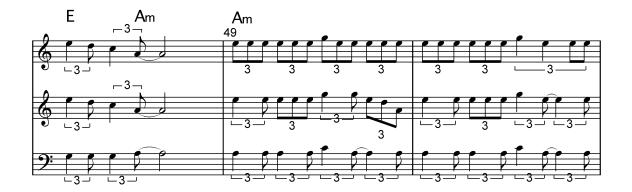


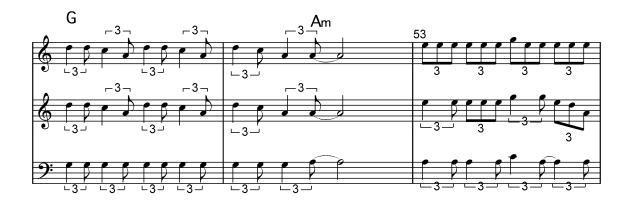


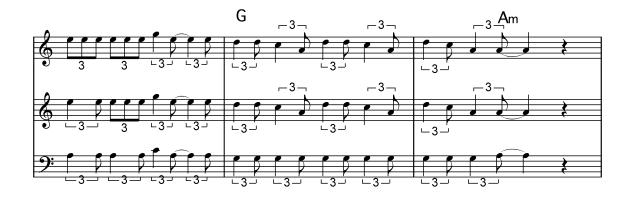


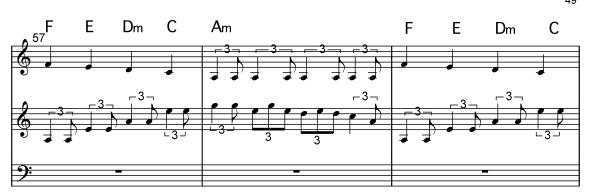


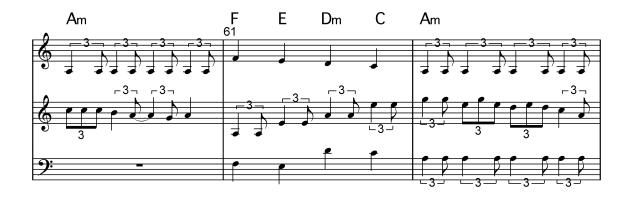


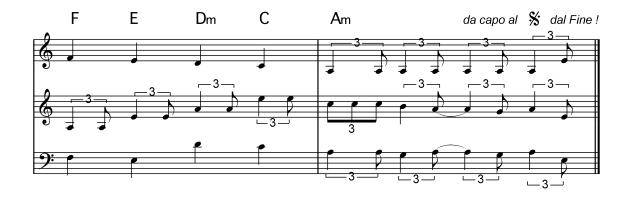












THE SMILE

WHEN THEY FIRST MET THE GREEN WAS HIGH AND SHE PLAYED ON THE GROUND. A DAUGHTER FROM THE EARL OF KENT AND HE A FARMERS SON.

AND IN THE EVENING OF THE DAY HE LAYED THERE FOR A WHILE. HE COULD NOT SLEEP , HE FOUND NO REST, HE EVER SAW HER SMILE.

WHEN THEY MET TWICE SHE LEADS THE HORSE WHERE STONE AND WOOD YOU FOUND. HE SAW THE HORSE THAT BROKE IT'S KNEE AND SHE LAID ON THE GROUND.

HE LAID HIS HEAD BESIDE, WHEN WILL SHE EVER SLEEP? SHE TOUCHED HIS SKIN, HE FELT THE CHILL; HER BREATH IT WAS SO DEEP.

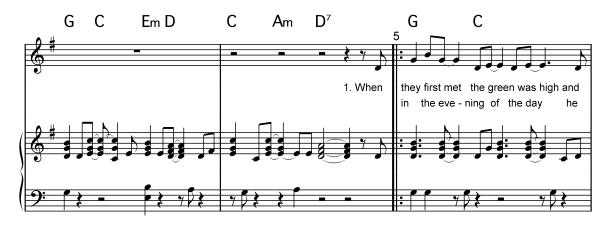
AND THEN SHE TURNED HER HEAD, AND EYE COULD MEET THE EYE. SHE WHISPERED "I", THEN BROKE THE TIE , HER HAND COULD SAY GOOD-BYE.

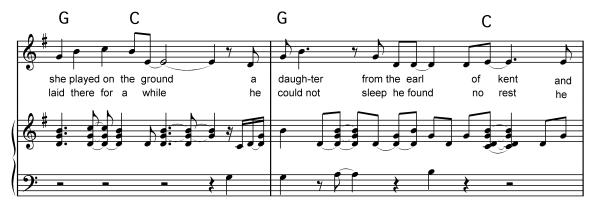
THE MOON LIGHTENED HER HAIR, AND FLOWERS FILLED THE AIR. HE WHISPERED "I", NO OTHER LINE. HER FACE, THERE WAS THE SMILE.

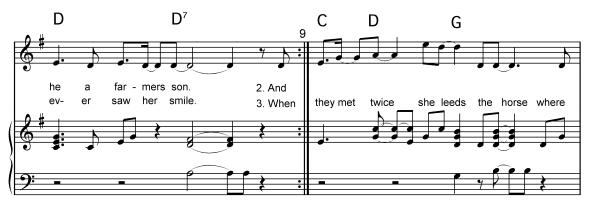
HE LAID HER HEAD BESIDE, FOREVER SHE WILL SLEEP. NO LAST GOOD-BYE, NO TEARS TO CRY REMEMBER JUST THE SMILE. The Smile

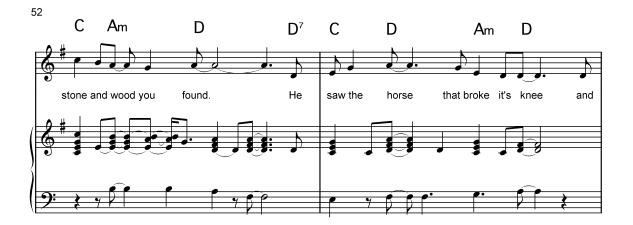
Music and Lyrics: Ralf Veith



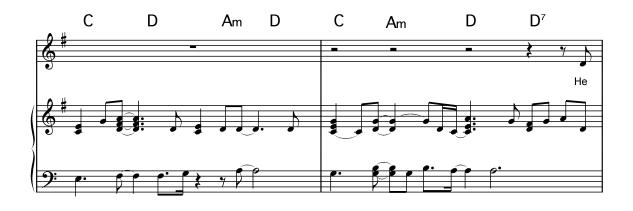


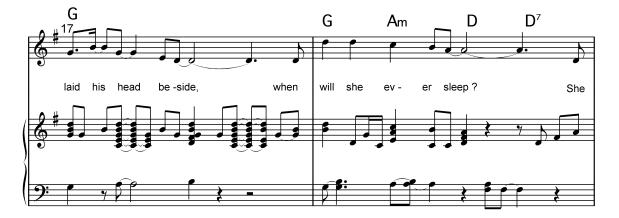




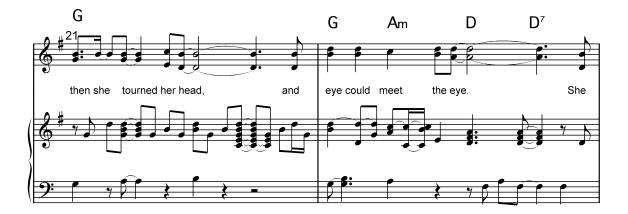


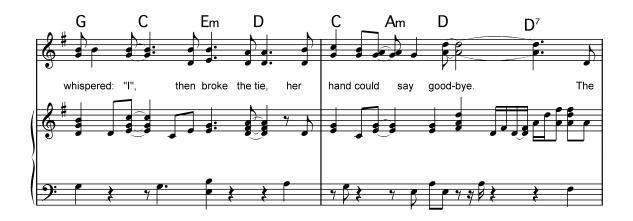


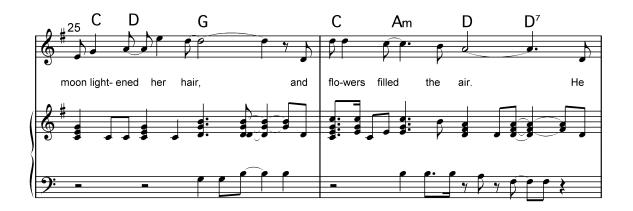


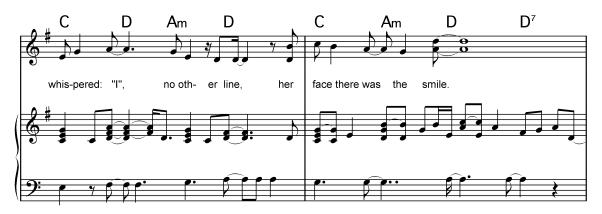


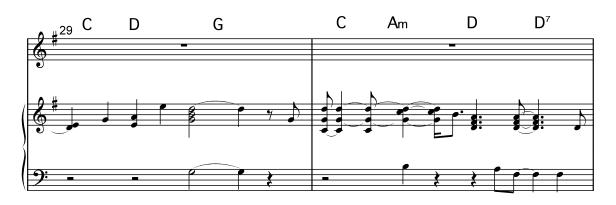


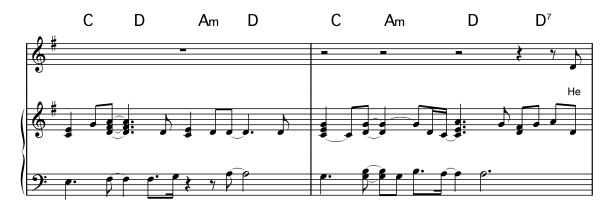


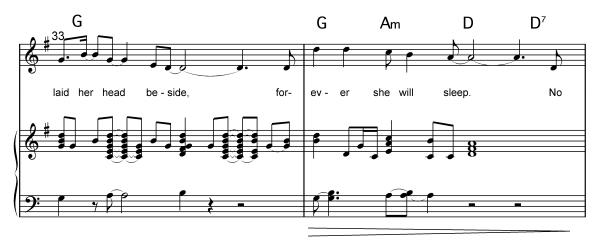


















MASTER OF PUPPETS

WHERE ARE THE KNIGHTS, WHERE THE PRINCESS WITH GOLDEN HAIR? AND WHERE IS THE PLACE THE NEVER-ENDING-STORY TOLD? WHERE IS THE SWORD THAT KILLED OUR LOVE? I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT DAY. CAN YOU SEE THE BLACK EAGLE, FLYING ABOVE AND TAKING ALL QUESTIONS AWAY?

THE MASTER OF PUPPETS CAN'T HELP YOU AND HE JUST WILL GO ON WITH HIS GAME. AFTER DAY WILL BE NIGHT, LOW AND HIGH IS THE TIDE, BUT HIS SCENE WILL BE ALWAYS THE SAME.

WHERE IS THE GOLD THAT MADE THE TEMPLARS SO FREE? AND WHERE IS THE LOVE YOU CAN SEE EVERY DAY ON TV? WHERE IS THE SENSE THAT LEADS MASTERS OF WAR, DID YOU EVER SEE A BREAD-SHOOTING GUN? CAN YOU HEAR THE PIED PIPER WITH FATAL TUNES? AND EVERYBODY GETS ONE.

THE MASTER OF PUPPETS...

WHERE ARE THE KNIGHTS, WHERE THE PRINCESS WITH GOLDEN HAIR? AND WHERE IS THE PLACE THE NEVER-ENDING-STORY TOLD? OH, MASTER OF PUPPETS, THE ANSWERS ARE BLOWN, I CAN'T HELP YOU ON YOUR DUSTY WAY. YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR NOTHING, I'M SEARCHING THE TRUTH, GO AND FIND OUT YOUR QUESTIONS ALONE!

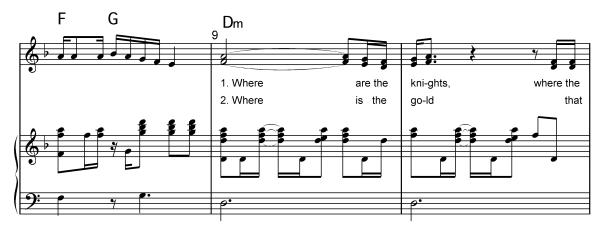
THE MASTER OF PUPPETS...

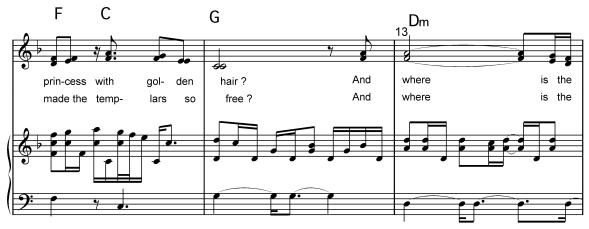
Master Of Puppets

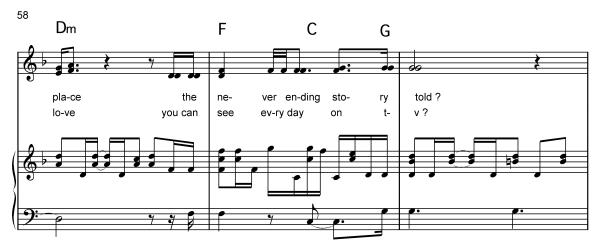
Lyrics and Music: Ralf Veith and P. A. Jost

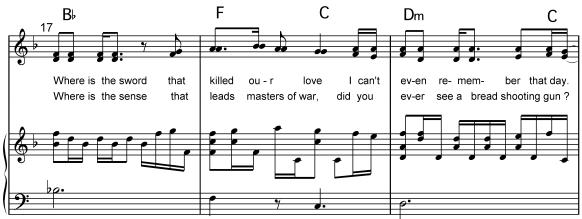


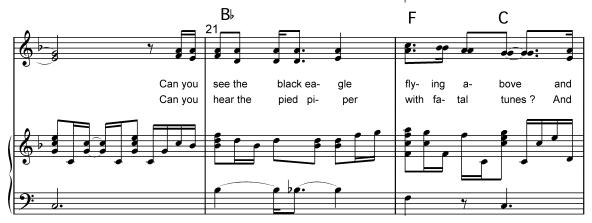


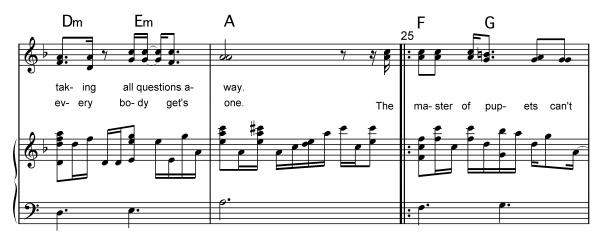


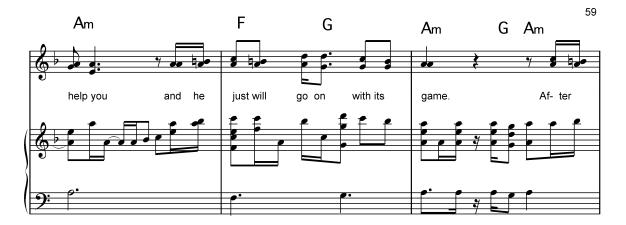


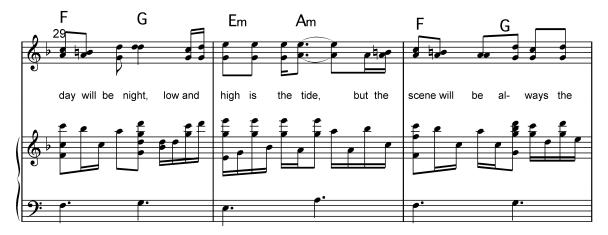


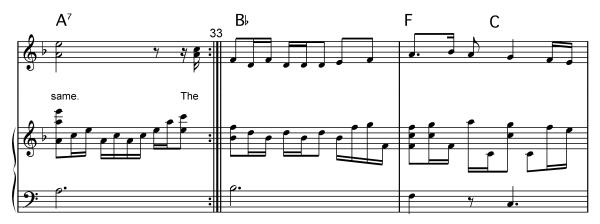


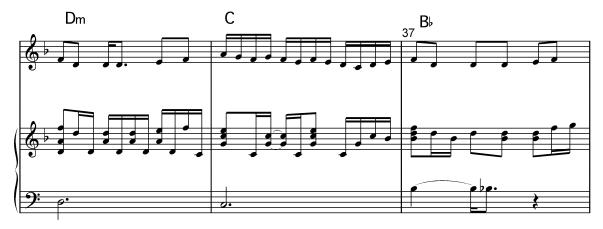




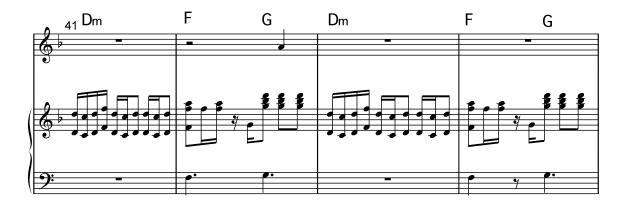


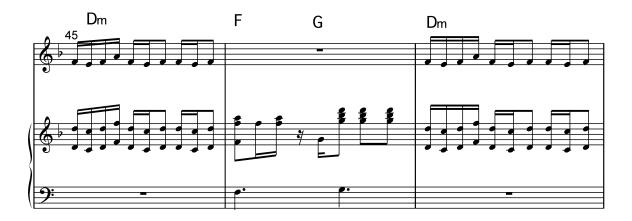


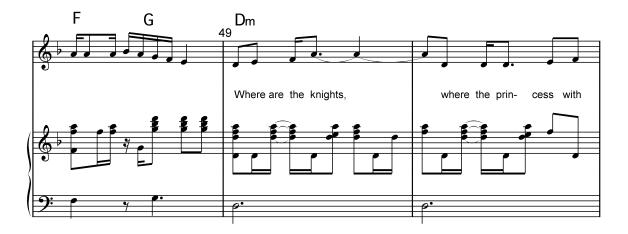


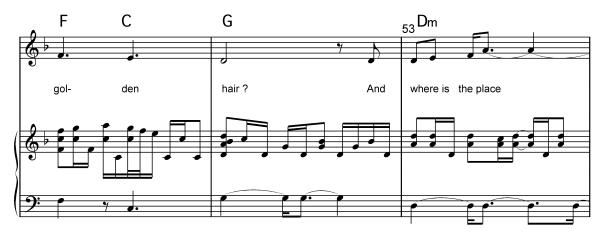


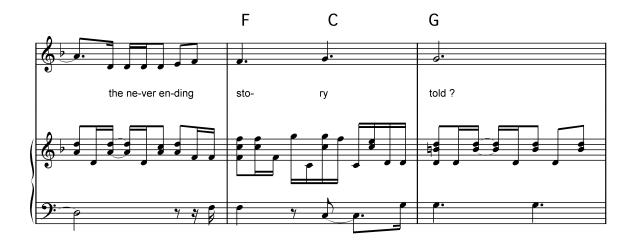






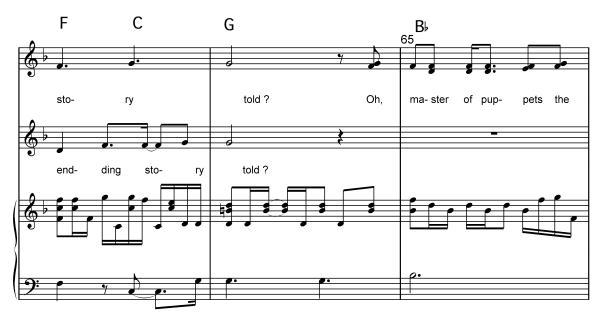


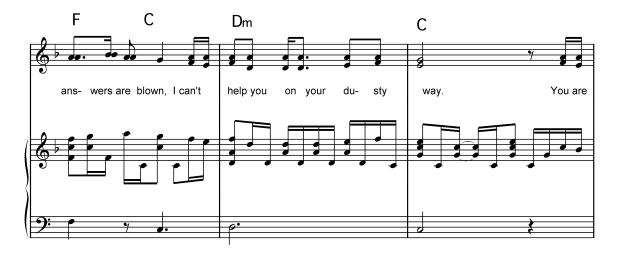


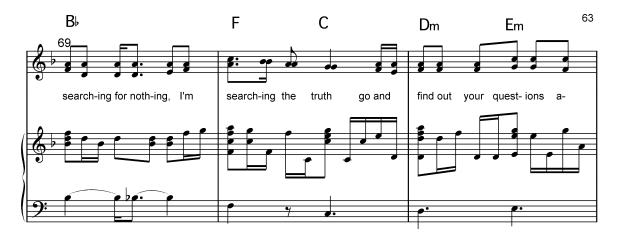


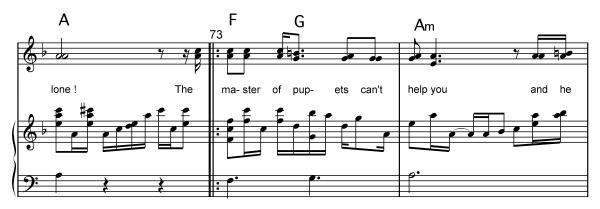


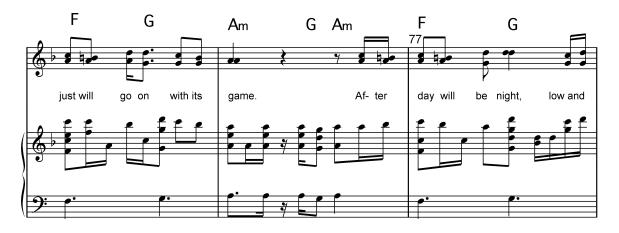


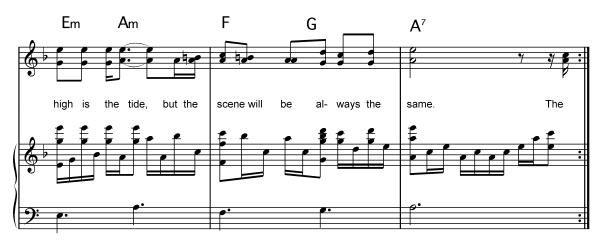












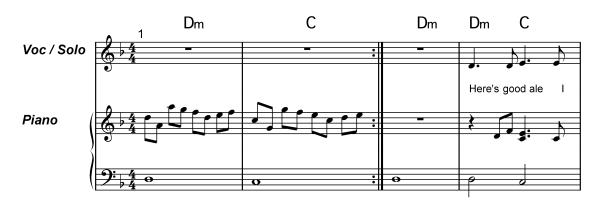
EVENING SONG

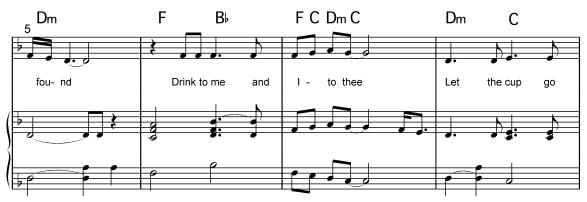
HERE IS GOOD ALE I FOUND. DRYNKE TO ME AND I TO THEE. LET THE CUP GO ROUND, WATCH EVENING-FIRES GLOW.

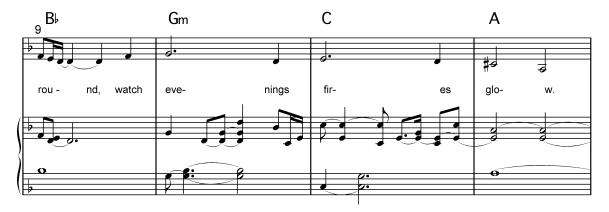
HERE YS GOOD ALE Y FOUNDE. DRYNKE TO ME AND I TO THE AND LETTE THE CUPPE GO ROUNDE.

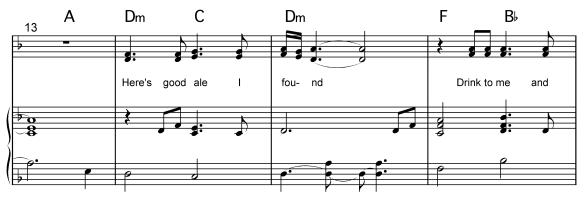
Evening Song

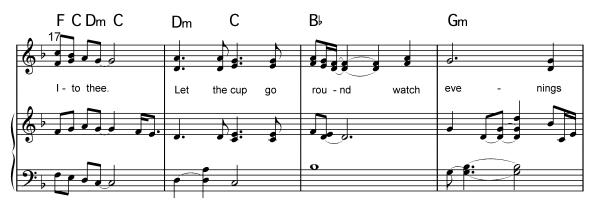
Lyrics: anonym / P. A. Jost Music: Paul Alexander Jost



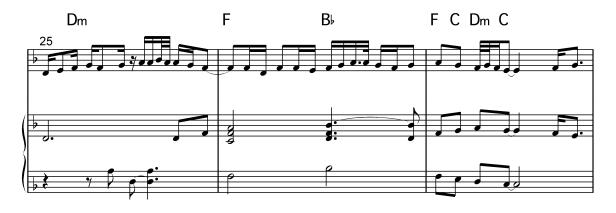


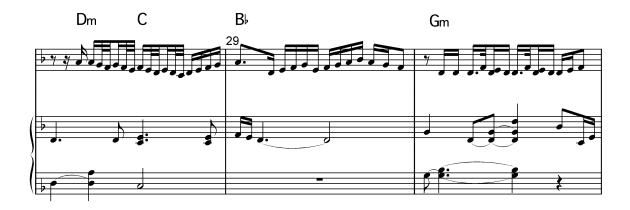


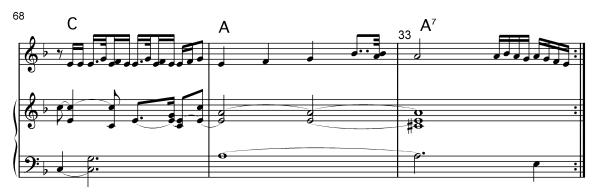






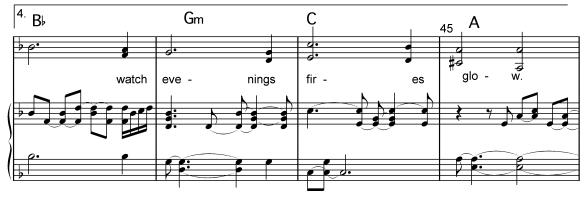


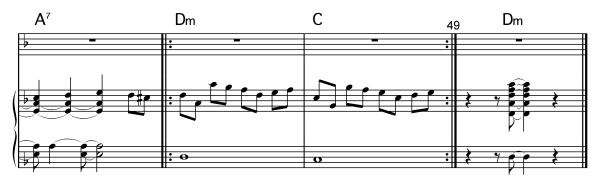












GALAHAD - Die Band:

Es gibt wenig Vergleichbares und schon gar keine Schublade, in die man die Musik von GALAHAD stecken könnte.

Elemente des Rock, der Musik des Mittelalters und der Klassik verschmelzen mit einem Schuß irisch-keltischer Mystik zu einem eigenwilligen, individuellen Stil. Eine abwechslungsreiche Instrumentierung unterstreicht dabei diese musikalische Vielschichtigkeit.

Unzählige Live-Events in Deutschland (ua. Newcomer des Jahres" 1987, WDR-Folkpreis, West 3 Fernsehen) und dem benachbarten Ausland führten GALAHAD auf Folk-Rock-Festivals (u.a. Euro-Folk-Festival Ingelheim, Little Woodstock, Festival auf der Altburg), diverse Stadt- und Burgfeste, Open-Air- und Hallenkonzerte (u.a. mit JETHRO TULL) sowie auf Matineen und Vernissagen, begleitet von zahlreichen Rundfunkportraits und -interviews.

Angefangen als Akustikquartett entwickelte sich im Laufe der Zeit der unverwechselbare GALAHAD-Sound. Dies formte ein abwechslungsreiches Repertoire von "konzertant" bis "äußerst tanzbar" mit vereinzelten Anleihen aus Renaissance, Barock, Klassik, Folk und Rock.

Nach der EP "Sir Galahad", folgte 1995 die CD "Dragons, Knights and Virgins, 1997 die CD "The Return Of The Piper" und im Jahr 2000 die CD "Myrddin".

In der aktuellen Besetzung spielt GALAHAD nunmehr seit 1994. Zu dieser gehören Paul Alexander Jost (Gesang, Querflöte, Mandoline, akustische Gitarre), Ulrike Koberg (Gesang), Peter Huntenburg (Bass, Gesang), Oliver Horlitz (Drums, Perkussion), Ralf Veith (Keyboard, Gesang, akustische Gitarre), Dieter Horlitz (E-Gitarre). Vereinzelt sind bei Live-Events oder CD Aufzeichnungen auch Gastmusiker und -musikerinnen zu hören, die meist selbst in anderen Besetzungen überwiegend Folkmusik spielen.

In den Texten werden häufig alte Problematiken aufgearbeitet und in die Gegenwart projiziert, so z.B. in dem Stück "The Return of the Piper", das von der (fiktiven) Rückkehr des Rattenfängers von Hameln handelt. Häufig läßt sich dabei erkennen, daß sich zwar Äußerlichkeiten verändert haben, die Probleme jedoch, wenn es sich z.B. um Liebe und Leid dreht, doch die Gleichen geblieben sind.





Mit diesem Songbook erscheinen erstmals alle im Eigenverlag verlegten Kompositionen und Texte der GALAHAD-CD "The Return Of The Piper" in Notenform.

In der überwiegenden Bearbeitung für Melodiestimme, Piano und Akkordbegleitung bis zur Orchesterpartitur richtet sich dieses Songbook sowohl an kleine Ensembles und erfahrene Musizierende wie auch an den ambitionierten Laien.

eigene Interpretation und andere Formen der Insrumentierung – eben typisch GALAHAD

calling you

ast week he was seen in Grozny, yesterday in Gorazde. Find him, get him, ser back to the year twhere he belongs. Maybe you may say: "Can't find him part of you and me." Let the rats go on forever, save us all from hell.

And he whisperd in their ear: "Come with me and have no fear, you're so fine and you are mine!" and he plays a lovely time an ie dune, and the waves rinse the tunes and lifes away.

 ${
m R}$ un, better run, run for your life, the piper is coming ${
m R}$ run for your life, the piper is coming soon. Run, bet ${
m R}$

red in the

and he whisperd in their ears "Come with me and he plays you reso fine and you are mine and he plays © 2000 by GALAHAD Alle Rechte vorbehalten /All Rights reserved