

# My Favorite Songs

MARIA  
VON TRAPP'S  
CHILDHOOD FOLK SONGS



Austrian Folk Songs Translated by Maria von Trapp  
with Photos and Stories from Her Life

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The scenic picture on the front cover  
is the view Maria had each day as a child  
while she and her siblings lived with their grandmother  
in Zell am See, Salzburg. The photograph is courtesy  
of Dietmar Sochor ([www.zellamsee-kaprun.com](http://www.zellamsee-kaprun.com)).

*Most of the members of the von Trapp family  
were not only endowed with the gift of music but were also talented in the arts.  
The family's creativity runs the gamut from sculpting, painting, weaving, illuminated  
manuscripts and photography to book illustration, as is demonstrated  
by the drawings in this book by Maria's niece, Georgia von Trapp.*



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## *Dedication*

*To "God from whom all Blessings flow"*

*To our Father, our two Mothers,  
all of my Sisters and Brothers,  
and our Teachers*



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## *Prelude*

*"A song is not a song until you sing it."*

*—Rogers and Hammerstein*

Our father, Baron von Trapp, once wrote to his cousin in America, "My children sing all day long!" That was certainly true. We loved to sing simple Austrian folk songs and add second parts to them.

Folk songs usually began with one person inventing a verse, then another person would pick up the story. Austrian folksongs are very melodious. Some of the songs are silly and some are soothing. I hope you and your family enjoy these tunes and stories from my life.





A, A, A, THE CAT  
WENT ON HER WAY

The text of this song is designed to teach young children their vowels—A, E, I, O, U and sometimes Y! Singing always helps us remember, and for this purpose I chose a very mischievous cat.

You can see from this photograph that we loved to wear our hair in braids. When we became eighteen years of age, we had to wear our braids up. This was a sign that we were no longer young, mischievous girls but were now young ladies.

# *A, A, A, the Cat Went on Her Way*

C G7

A, a, a, the cat went on her way, But then re - turned with -  
 E, e, e, oh, cat where is my key? May - be you took it

out de - lay, Where she went she could nev - er say, O,  
 se - cret - ly and put it where I can - not see? Oh,

F C/E F C F G C

what a day, oh what a day, the cat went on her way.  
 what will be, oh what will be, Oh, cat where is my key?

I, i, i, the cat never asks why  
 On you alone she will rely  
 On window sills she loves to lie  
 Oh, that is why, oh, that is why  
 The cat never asks why!

U, u, u, the cat loves you.  
 Sometimes she'll sleep inside your shoe  
 To tell you how much she loves you  
 Oh, this she'll do, Oh, this she'll do  
 Because the cat loves you!

O, o, o, the cat fell through the snow.  
 And when she came out she felt cold  
 In deep snow she had rolled and rolled  
 Oh, don't you know, oh, don't you know,  
 The cat fell through the snow.

Y, y, y, the cat is never shy  
 Yes, she insists where she will sleep  
 Quite near my head or on my feet  
 You can rely, you can rely  
 The cat is never shy!




## BLUE JEANS

This photo of us was taken on the day my father's submarine sank the *Leon Gambetta*—making him a famous war hero. This song is from that time when Austria was still a monarchy and had a navy. Back then the men of our country wore *lederhosen* (leather shorts), and it seems that the creator of this song wanted pants like the sailors wore. In this picture we tried to look like U-boat sailors—even down to the scowls on our faces and the cigarettes. Of course, we weren't really smoking them.

Originally the song says: "I have to have myself made some blue pants, too." In those days you had to go to a tailor to have trousers and shirts made. I changed the idea of sailor trousers to "blue jeans" because everyone nowadays wants to have blue jeans.


# Blue Jeans

C



I want to have, I've got to have, I must have

G G7 C G7



blue jeans like ev-'ryone else. Fad-ed blue jeans, they look

C G7 C



real-ly cool and when wet from rain al-so feel cool. I want to

G G7 C



have, I've got to have, I must have blue jeans like ev-'ry-one else.





## GOOD OLD STORK

This photo was taken in Klosterneuburg in 1922. In the back from left to right are Rupert, myself, Agathe, and Werner. Sitting in the front are Johanna, Martina, and Hedwig. When our mother expected a new baby, she told us, "Children, the Stork will bring us another baby soon, and we are all looking forward to it." Can you imagine how busy the Stork was in our family, since we eventually had ten children in it? He must have earned a lot of "frequent flier" mileage! We never questioned the fact that the Stork brings babies to families. We loved to sing the "Good Old Stork" song about the Stork bringing a new baby to a waiting mother.

# Good Old Stork

*E♭* *B♭7* *F min* *B♭7* *F min*

The good old stork on one long leg looks in the meadow

*E♭* *F min*

for a babe and when at last he finds one, he

*B♭7* *E♭*

takes it quick - ly to a wait - ing mom.

Detailed description: The image shows three staves of musical notation for the song 'Good Old Stork'. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chord symbols E♭, B♭7, F min, B♭7, and F min are placed above the staff. The lyrics 'The good old stork on one long leg looks in the meadow' are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. Chord symbols E♭ and F min are placed above the staff. The lyrics 'for a babe and when at last he finds one, he' are written below. The third staff concludes the melody with a double bar line. Chord symbols B♭7 and E♭ are placed above the staff. The lyrics 'takes it quick - ly to a wait - ing mom.' are written below.



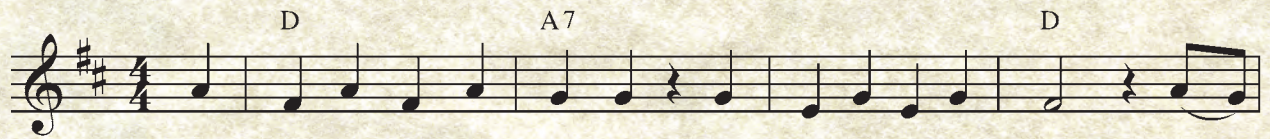


### THE CUCKOO AND THE DONKEY

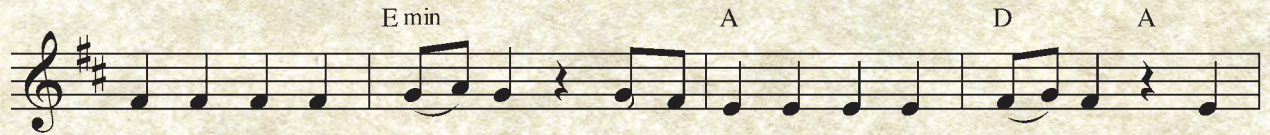
This is a teasing song. Everyone knows that a donkey cannot sing. He has his own peculiar way of making noise. In this song the cuckoo and the donkey must have been friends, otherwise the donkey would have chased the cuckoo away!

Instead, they challenge one another to find out who is the better singer. The cuckoo knows that he is the better singer and starts in right away. The donkey realizes he cannot compete, but being proud he says, "But I can do much better." He then submits to the cuckoo, the fight is over and they end up singing each in his own way in perfect harmony. I'm sure God told his angels to be very quiet that moment so He could hear them sing in perfect harmony!

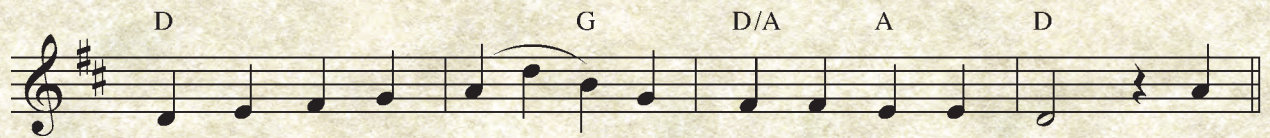
# The Cuckoo and the Donkey



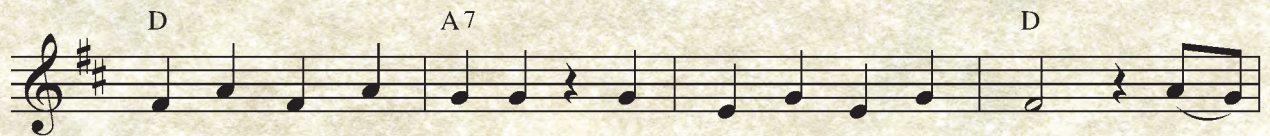
The cuck-oo and the don-key, they had a bit-ter fight. Who



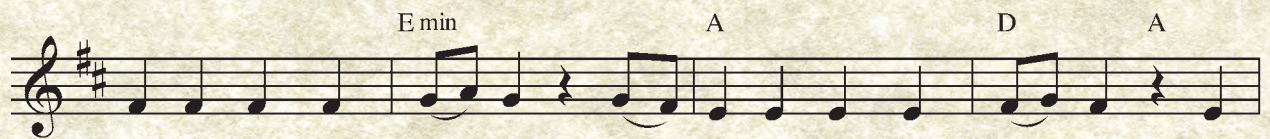
is the bet-ter sing - er, who is the bet-ter sing - er: cuc -



cuck, cuc-cuck - i - a, cuc - cuck, cuc-cuck - i - a. The



cuck-oo says, "I'll try it," and starts to sing his song. "But



I can do much bet - ter, but I can do much bet - ter," the



don-key says and sings with the cuck-oo right a - long. Their



# *The Cuckoo and the Donkey* CONTINUED

The musical score is written on three staves in the key of D major (two sharps). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody consists of quarter notes and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, A7, and D. The lyrics are: "sing-ing was so love-ly, it sound-ed heav-en - ly. To -".

The second staff continues the melody. Chords are indicated above the staff: E min, A, D, and A. The lyrics are: "geth-er they were sing - ing, to - geth-er they were sing - ing, in".

The third staff concludes the piece. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, G, D/A, A, and D. The lyrics are: "per-fect har-mo - ny, cuc - cuck, cuc-cuck i - a." The piece ends with a double bar line.

# Hi, Hi, Lullaby

B $\flat$  F F7



Hi, hi, "tell me why you can't make an ap-ple pie."

F E $\flat$  F B $\flat$



"Have no flo-ur, lard is so-ur and my pot is bro-ken.

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  F B $\flat$



To the pot-ter I must run for to buy an-oth-er one."



*This photo was taken in 1927. We named the picture "The Organ Pipe." Can you guess why we named it this?*



## RIDDLE

My mother's youngest sister, our beloved Aunt Joan, as a young girl was very interested in what one could eat if she got lost in the woods. So she learned which mushrooms were good to eat and which ones were poisonous. My sister-in-law, Erika, thought she knew all about mushrooms and picked some for our supper one day when she, my brother and I were on holiday at a house surrounded by a mushroom-filled meadow. Aunt Joan had taught us that most edible mushrooms have a poisonous counterfeit. It wasn't long after supper before we realized we had eaten a counterfeit, and rushed to the porch to quickly return the mushrooms to the meadow below!

# Riddle



A lit-tle man is stand-ing in the woods. He can-not walk like



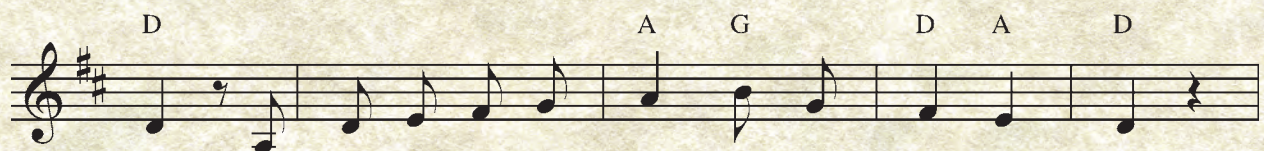
oth-ers, he stands on roots. Say, who is this lit-tle man who



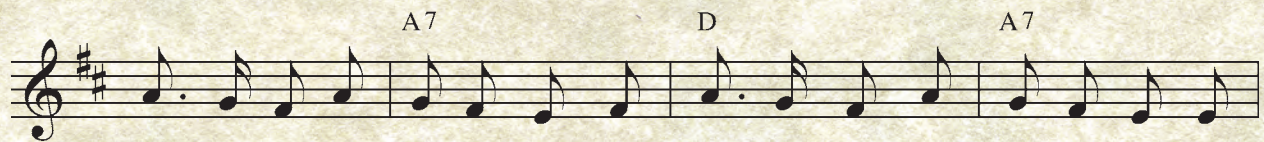
can-not walk like oth-ers can in the deep, dark woods stand-ing



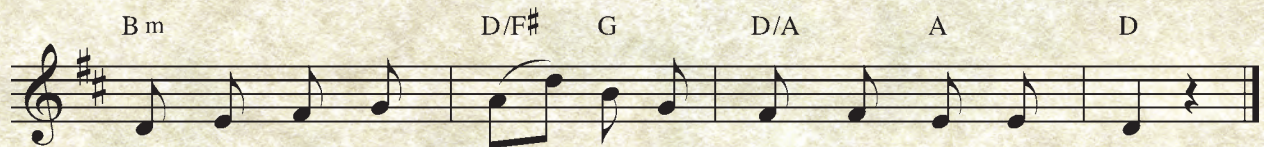
on his roots. This lit-tle man is stand-ing on one white



leg; he wears a scar-let cape - let down from his head.



Say, who is this lit-tle man who can-not walk like oth-ers can and



by and by might land up in some one's fry-ing pan!



### VIVA LA MUSICA

This photo is of a concert we gave in Boston where so many people attended that they had to seat some of the audience on the stage. Our concerts consisted mostly of *a cappella* music from the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—what is now called “Early Music.” We also performed chamber music, using recorders, viola da gamba, and spinet. The second half of our programs featured folk songs from around the world. Once, when we were in Sweden, we learned some of their folks songs to add to our repertoire while in that country. But we must have learned them too well, because after the concert the audience tried to talk to us in Swedish!

## *Viva la Musica*

1.



Vi - va, vi - va la mu - si - ca.

2.



Vi - va, Vi - va la mu - si - ca.

3.



Vi - va la mu - si - ca.



*When our family decided to settle down in America, we chose Stowe, Vermont, because it reminded us of our first home, Austria. This photograph is from one of the many summer music camps we hosted there between tours. My father is on violin, Werner is on clarinet, I'm on accordion and a guest is on the other violin. At the camps I taught our guests to play the recorder, and in the evenings we all gathered in the chapel to sing hymns.*



O, WHAT A LIFE IS  
THE GYPSY'S LIFE

I think that I must have a special spot in my heart for gypsies because my father would tease that they had bought me from the gypsies. I had good reason to believe him because my older two siblings had fair skin and light-colored hair while my complexion was darker and my hair was brown. One night, I saw real gypsies camping next to my uncle's fence. That evening I could hear them play and was enchanted by their talent in music. They teach each other to play and never attend a music school, wandering from place to place in wagons pulled by horses. I lived a little like a gypsy when we toured the United States in the old bus—shown above with my family and our conductor, Dr. Franz Wasner.

# O, What a Life is the Gypsy's Life

B $\flat$  G min C min F B $\flat$

O what a life is the gyp - sy's life we live, va - ri - a.

G min C min F

Nev - er a pen - ny for tax to kings we give, va - ri -

B $\flat$  G min E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$

a. Hap - py are we in the for - est a - round, we hunt and

C min G min B $\flat$  B $\flat$ Maj7/A G min

lis - ten to birds' love - ly sound. Va - ri - a, va - ri - a, va - ri - a,

F C min F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$

va - ri - a, va - ri - a! When we feel dried out and

G min C min F B $\flat$

thirst gets un - bear - a - ble, va - ri - a. we look for

G min C min F B $\flat$

brook - wa - ter al - ways a - vail - a - ble, va - ri - a.



# Gypsy's Life CONTINUED

Chords: G min, E $\flat$ , B $\flat$ /D, E $\flat$

Drink the wa-ter as if Mo-sel wine; i - mag-ine it

Chords: C min, G min, B $\flat$ , B $\flat$ Maj7/A

must be cham - pagne from the Rhine. Va - ri-a, va - ri - a,

Chords: G min, F, C min, F7, B $\flat$

va - ri-a, va - ri - a, va - ri - a!

Chords: B $\flat$ , G min, C min, F

Ev-en if we don't have soft beds to sleep in them, va - ri -

Chords: B $\flat$ , G min

a. We dig a hole for each man and each wo - man,

# Gypsy's Life CONTINUED

C min      F      B $\flat$                       G min                      E $\flat$   
 va - ri - a.                      We fill it with moss and soft branch-es in-  
 B $\flat$ /D      E $\flat$                       C min                      G min                      B $\flat$   
 stead,                      this then will be our feath - er bed.                      Va - ri-a,  
 B $\flat$ Maj7/A      G min                      F                      C min                      F7                      B $\flat$   
 va - ri - a,      va - ri-a,      va - ri - a,      va - ri - a!



# Little Chickadee

D A D



A lit-tle chick-a-dee came fly-ing, and sat down near my ear; had a

A A7 D



let-ter in his lit-tle beak from my mo-ther so dear. Please re-

A D

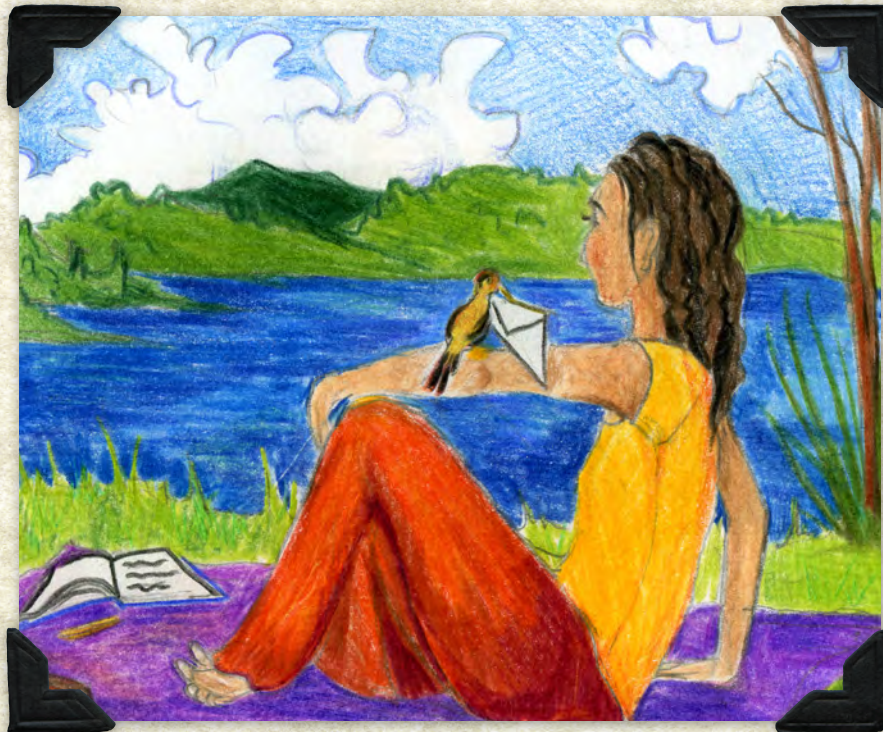


turn to my mo-ther, bring my kiss-es and love; can't go

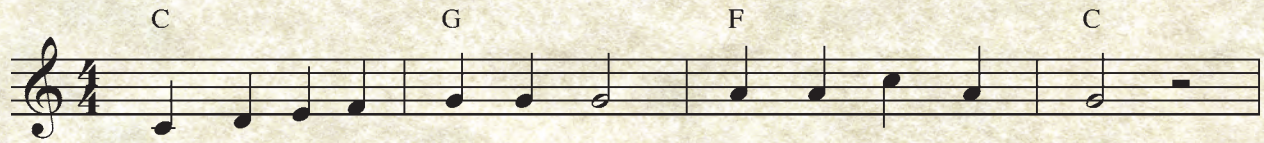
A A7 D



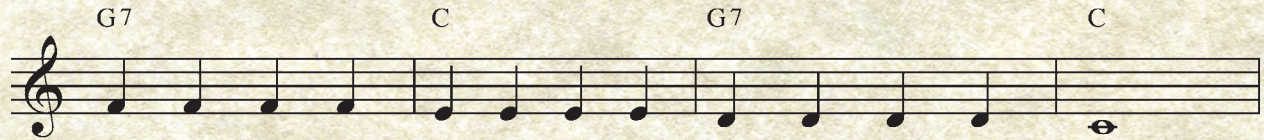
with you lit-tle bird-y, can-not fly like a dove.



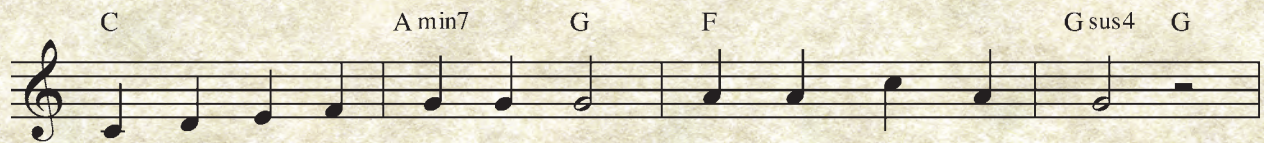
# Watch My Little Flock



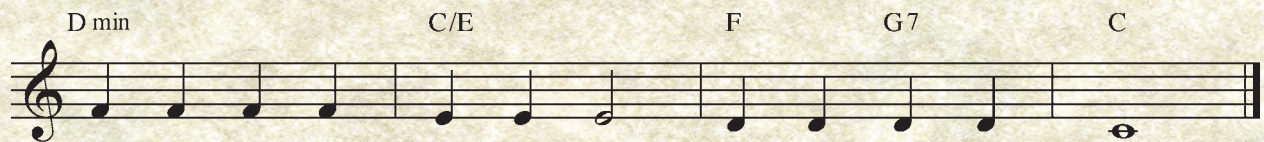
Watch my lit-tle flock of geese, some are big, some small,  
 Watch my lit-tle flock of ducks, some are big, some small,



quick-ly run-ning to the wa-ter in the pond they fall.  
 quick-ly run-ning to the wa-ter in the pond they fall.



Have you seen my flock of geese? All of them are white.  
 Have you seen my lit - tle ducks swim-ming round and round,



Yel - low are their beak and feet, is - n't that a sight?  
 tail high up and head way down 'til some food they found?



*Agathe, Hedwig on my mama's lap, Werner, me on my papa's lap, and Rupert*



## LITTLE HANS

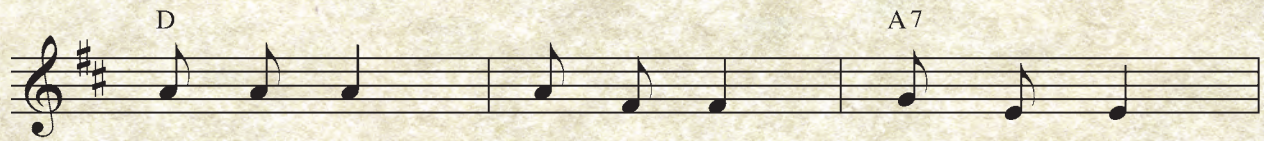
While he was growing up, we affectionately called my brother Johannes (who is twenty-five years my junior) "Hannie." One day my sister took Johannes into a store, and the sales clerk talked to my brother, calling him "Honey." This shocked and mystified my little brother, compelling him to ask his older sister, "How does she know my name?"

Our little brother has "grown into a man" and is now in charge of the beautiful Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, Vermont.

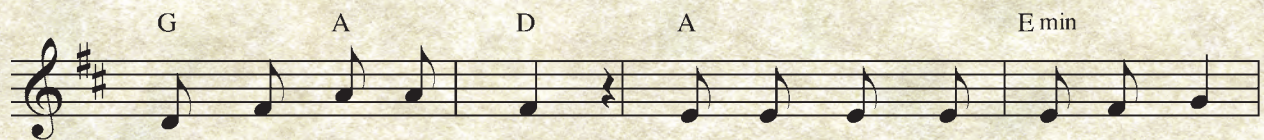
# Little Hans



Lit - tle Hans, off he runs, look - ing for a  
 Sev - en years, full of tears, Hans wants to leave his  
 One, two, three, pass and see: this strange man, who



bet - ter chance with his hat round and flat  
 life of fears. Now he wants, home to glance  
 could he be? Sis - ter says, "Who's that face?"



hap - py is the lad. Moth - er cries, her eyes are sore,  
 where he'll find his chance. But he's grown in - to a man,  
 Seems to be dis - placed." Moth - er sees the man and blinks,




when her son walks out the door, "'Don't stay long,'  
 from the sun he has a tan. Will they know  
 in his op - en arms she sinks. And she calls,



'Don't do wrong,' that's your moth - er's song!"  
 who he is; greet him with a kiss?  
 "Hans, my son. Wel - come home, my son."


# All the Birds

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  C $m$  B $\flat$



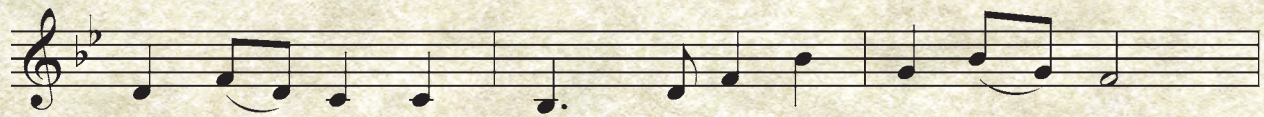
All the birds are back a - gain, we hear them

F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  E $\flat$



sing - ing, whist-ling, chirp-ing, twit-ter - ing, this all win-ter

B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$



we were mis-sing. What a hap-py, hap-py sound,

C $m$  B $\flat$  F B $\flat$



now we know that spring's a-round. Oh, how hap-py

E $\flat$  B $\flat$  C $m$  B $\flat$  F B $\flat$



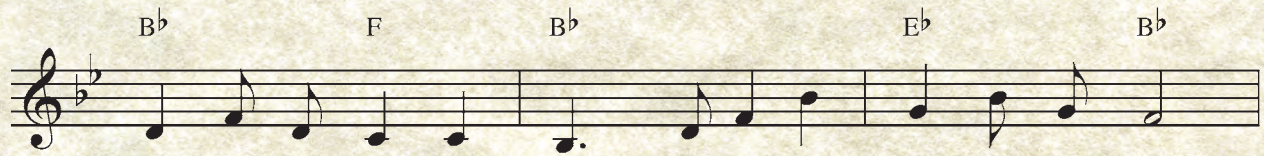
now they are back from South A - mer-i - ca,

E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  E $\flat$

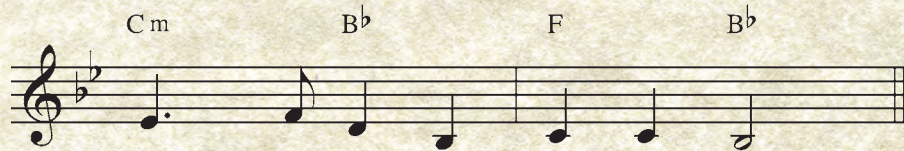


Rob - in, spar-row, finch and star - ling, all these birds a -

*All the Birds* CONTINUED



gain we hear sing-ing, wish - ing us a "Hap-py New Year"



full of bless-ings and good cheer.







BE TRUE AND PRACTICE  
RIGHTEOUSNESS

This song says to “. . . *trust in God despite what other people do.*” For me, trusting God took me around the world to serve as a missionary under the shadow of a dormant volcano.

When I was a child I dreamed of going to Africa as a missionary. I imagined the work involved sleeping in a hammock, hanging my clothes on trees and wearing sandals. I was intrigued by sandals! But I thought that my dream would never be, when I found myself seemingly touring forever with my family’s choir. Then in 1957, while singing in Australia, we met a missionary priest who inspired me with stories of his work in New Guinea. And before I knew it, I was a missionary—teaching children, helping with minor medical work, and of course, teaching them to sing! Sunday mornings before the worship service, we would sit everyone on the ground in groups according to their voices and teach them songs for praising God in four-part harmony.

I learned that missions work isn’t all sandals and hammocks. At one point I prayed, “Lord, I’m going home now, and if I don’t find out what makes a person obey you because they love you, I’m not coming back!” Mercifully, God had been active in my family in America. When I got home they shared with me how their lives had changed. They were swept up in God’s work. For example, Werner would host prayer meetings that had so many people in attendance they had to go to the barn and sit on hay bales! So I ended up returning to New Guinea, eager to see God change lives.

# Be True and Practice Righteousness

D A D G D

Be true and prac-tice right-eous-ness as you go on your

A Emin A D G A A7

way; be firm and trust in God des-pite what oth - er peo - ple

D D A D G D

say. Your chores and la-bors will be light, there won't be need to

A Emin A D G

fight, and when you trust in God, know ev' - ry-thing will

A A7 D D A D

al-ways turn out right. Be true and prac-tice right-eous-ness un-

G D A Emin A

til your days are through; be firm and trust in

D G A A7 D

God des-pite what oth - er peo - ple do.



## BILL AND KITTY

This song was first sung to my siblings and me by a maid. But it had only two verses, so Werner and I made up the rest of the song. Folk songs change over time as they pass from one person to another, one generation to another, and one culture to another. In the original form of this song, the boy's companion is a spider. For this English version of the song, I changed the spider into a cat.

# Bill and Kitty

F C

Bill and Kit - ty, Bill and Kit - ty went in - to the  
 The kit - ty then, the kit - ty then to make him feel  
 She al - so cooks, she al - so cooks some scram-bled  
 Bill - y thinks, Bill - y thinks, it's not too  
 Bill and Kit - ty, Bill and Kit - ty left from  
 Here ends the sto - ry, ends the sto - ry, what a

G min C F

woods, Bill's feet got cold, his feet got cold, he had no  
 good, She builds a fire, builds a fire with kin - dle -  
 eggs, To quick - ly warm, to quick - ly warm his ice cold  
 bad, And he for - gets, and he for - gets that he was  
 there, Went quick - ly home, went quick - ly home to Moth - er's  
 tale. The bot - tom line, the bot - tom line is to pre -

B $\flat$  F C F

boots. Ho - la - ri - a, ho - la - ri - a - ho, ho - la - ri - a - ri - a, ho - la - ri - a -  
 wood.  
 legs.  
 sad.  
 care.  
 vail!

B $\flat$  F C C7 F

ho, Ho - la - ri - a, ho - la - ri - a - ho, ho - la - ri - a - ri - a - ho.



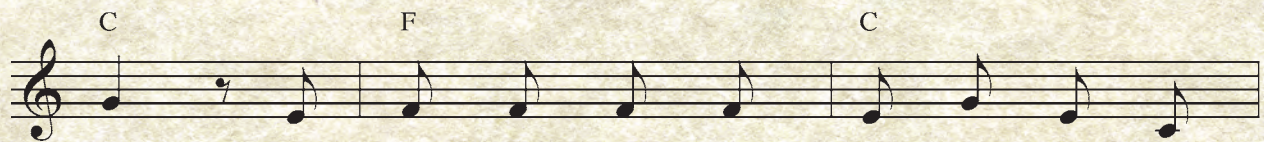
### WHEN OUR PUG A PUPPY WAS

Unlike the children in this song, we did not have a small dog as a pet—we had a very large dog. When we lived in Salzburg our family had a big black Newfoundland named Gombo. Our dog was so big that we would put a wagon in back of him with Hedwig, Werner and Martina in it, and Gombo would pull them around.

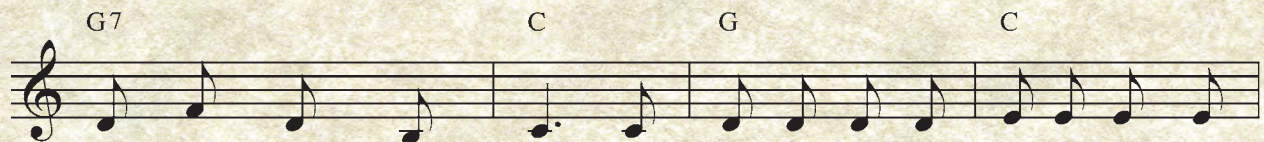
# When Our Pug a Puppy Was



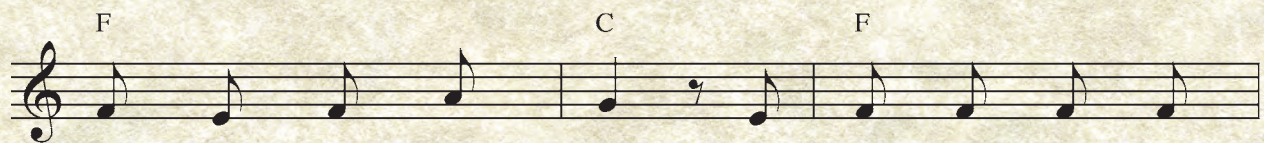
When our pug a pup - py was, how friend - ly he could  
 Be care - ful when you en - ter here, he might be in a bad  
 Dear pug, we ask you change your ways back to your hap - py



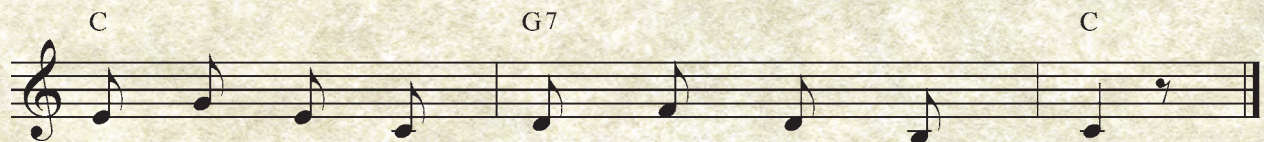
be, but now he's crank - y all day long and  
 mood. He thinks you bet - ter not come near and  
 days. Re - mem - ber how much fun we had be -



barks and barks at me. Hei - du, hei-du, hei - da-la - la and  
 take a - way his food. Hei - du, hei-du, hei - da-la - la and  
 fore your mood turned bad. Hei - du, hei-du, hei - da-la - la be -



barks and barks at me, but now he's crank - y  
 take a - way his food. He thinks you bet - ter  
 fore your mood turned bad. Re - mem - ber how much



all day long and barks and barks at me.  
 not come near and take a - way his food.  
 fun we had be - fore your mood turned bad.



## C O F F E E

When my father was stationed in Turkey while he was in the navy, he bought beautiful carpets and also a very special table. The table was made of engraved brass with legs that folded up, a burner, and little metal cups. After lunch and dinner we would all sit together as a family and have Turkish coffee. Father had a special way he would prepare the coffee. He'd boil the water, add three spoons of coffee, then bring it to a boil three times by taking it on and off the fire. A little cold water would finish it off, along with some sugar. In spite of the advice this song gives, we loved drinking coffee!

# Coffee

1. F C7 F

C O F F E E, don't drink so much cof - fee.

2. F C7

Not for chil - dren is the Tur - kish drink,

F

weak - ens nerves and brings your health to the brink.

3. F C7 F

Don't be a fool - ish man; don't be a cof - fee fan!





## C U C K O O

*“There’s a sad sort of clanging from the clock in the hall and the bells in the steeple too . . .”* In *The Sound of Music*, Gretl is carried off to bed at the end of a cuckoo song. But if you look through this book, you will not find a Gretl—because my sister Martina (and the rest of us) were *renamed* for the movie. In fact, they changed much of our life in the film. For example, Maria Kutschera came to our family not to be our governess, but to homeschool me. Our Papa was not cold and detached—he was warm and devoted to us. He also thoroughly enjoyed making music with his family. And we did not secretly escape at night over the Alps to freedom in Switzerland, carrying our suitcases and instruments. We left for Italy in the afternoon by train!

# Cuckoo

*E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>*

Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, we hear his call. Let us re-joice with

*E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>*

singing and dancing. Spring-time, springtime is here after all.

*B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>*

Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, we hear his plea: "Come to the fields and

*E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>*

meadows and woodlands, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, springtime is here."

*B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>*

Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, how did you know? Win-ter is gone now

*E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>*

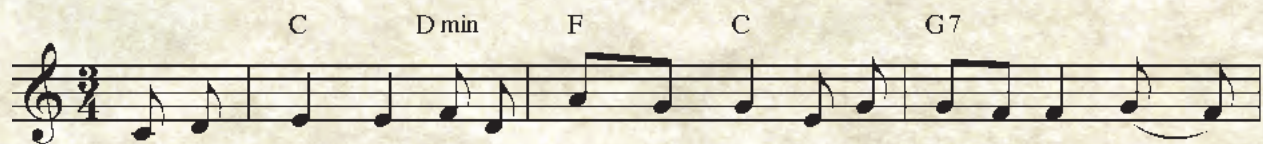
and out of sight, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, yes, you were right.



## DO YOU KNOW

This photo shows us singing in the backyard of our house in Aigen bei Salzburg. We moved here when I was ten years old and lived there until I was 24. The house was huge, which was why Papa used a boat whistle to contact us. When we left there in 1938, we rented the house to a group of priests. Sadly, they were kicked out by the Nazis, but after the war we were able to sell it to the priests. It was a beautiful house—and we made many wonderful memories while we lived there—but I always knew it wasn't my final home. It wasn't until I was on the mission field in New Guinea that I felt like I was really home.

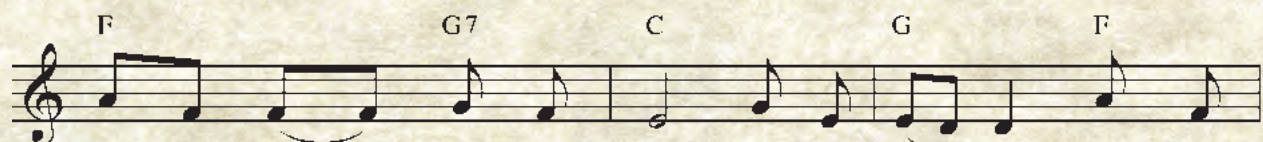
## Do You Know



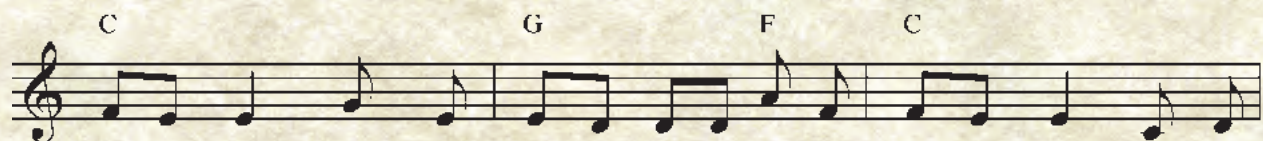
Do you know how many stars there are in the heaven-ly night  
Do you know how many lamb - kins fro-lic o - ver hills and



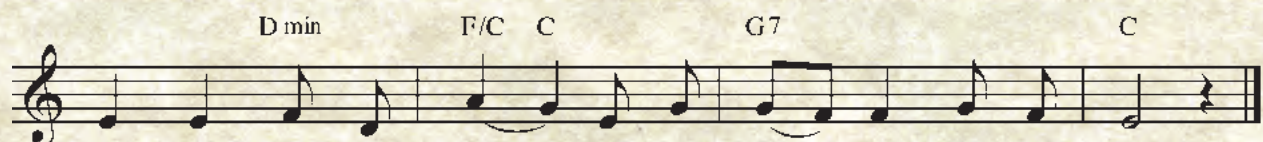
sky? Do you know how ma-ny clouds there are o - ver  
vales? Do you know how ma-ny fish - es play in the



hills and vales float - ing by? God the Fa - ther called them  
o - cean where ships do sail? God the Fa - ther knows their



all by name, count - ed ev - ery one as He cre - a - ted them, not to  
num - bers, counts each one and ne-ver slum - bers, loves His



miss a sin - gle one, not to miss a sin - gle one.  
crea - tures great and small, loves His crea - tures one and all.



### EVENING IS DESCENDING

After my mother died, we lived for a time in our uncle's castle in Klosterneuburg. In the evening our father would come to our play room and tell us stories. He invented never-ending tales to entertain us of the escapades of three men: Mino, Muno and Flattermaki. I think my brother Werner must have inherited my father's imagination, because every day when he came home from school, my brother would tell us fantastic stories. In these stories, he and his imaginary friend named Siberer would always be shooting lions and tigers in the woods, be getting attacked by Indians, or other amazing things.

# Evening is Descending

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

Even-ing is de - scend - ing o - ver hills and field;

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

bless - ed peace is bring - ing to a rest-less world.

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

On-ly our moun-tain brook, rest it has not known,

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

gush-es on and on and on, o - ver rock and stone.

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

In thy eag - er striv - ing so art thou, my heart;

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

God a - lone can give thee rest and peace of heart.



## FOX, YOU STOLE MY GOOSE

In Aigen bei Salzburg my sister Agathe raised bees, and my father built a chicken coop so we could raise chickens to sell eggs to hotels in Salzburg. We had to weave a high metal fence to keep the foxes away from our hens.

Father built an ingenious device to keep track of which hens laid eggs. We would have to go in and collect the eggs, making a record of which chicken had produced. We kept them safe and healthy, but if a chicken didn't lay eggs, it wasn't the foxes that they needed to worry about! As you might imagine, we ate a great deal of chicken at that point in my life.

# *Fox, You Stole My Goose*

C G F C F

Fox, you stole my goose last night; give it back to me, give it back to

C G7 C G C

me, or the hun-ter's gun will make a sud-den end of thee,

G7 C G C C

or the hun-ter's gun will make a sud-den end of thee. Lit-tle pel-lets

G F C F C

from his gun will pen-e-trate your hide, pen-e-trate your hide,

G7 C G C

then the pain will knock you down from your hurt-ing side,

G7 C G C

then the pain will knock you down from your hurt-ing side.

C G F C F

Lit-tle fox I tell you some-thing, nev-er steal a - gain; nev-er steal a -



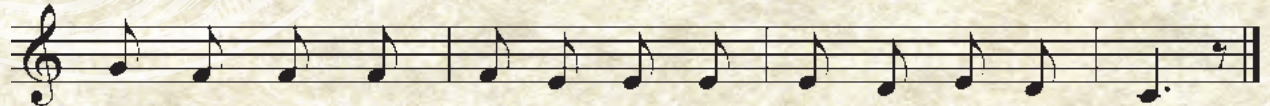
# *Fox, You Stole My Goose* CONTINUED

C      G7                      C                      G                      C



gain; catch a mouse and not a goose, so you won't suffer pain.

G7                      C                      G                      C



Catch a mouse and not a goose, so you won't suffer pain.



# Hush

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ Maj7/A G min B $\flat$ /F C min F

Hush, hush, si - lence keep, my ba - by wants to  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, my dear lit - tle ba - by

B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

sleep. The mo - ther kneels be - side his crib, with  
sleep. The an - gels sing a lul - la - by; they

F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ Maj7/A

ox and don - key and the sheep. Hush, hush, si - lence  
hov - er o - ver you near - by. Sleep, sleep.

G min B $\flat$ /F C min F B $\flat$

keep, my bab - by wants to sleep.  
sleep, my dear lit - tle ba - by sleep.



### HOP, HOP, HOP

This song is about a little stick horse. You might almost imagine my older sister Agathe and myself as shown in the photo above playing with such a toy. My little brother Johannes had a toy horse that my brothers Werner and Rupert made. It was a rocking horse that he called his "hee-hoo."

# Hop, Hop, Hop

D A7 D A

Hop, hop, hop, lit-tle horse don't stop. Gal-lop o-ver

D A D

rock and stone but be care-ful, break no bone.

A7 D D

Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, lit-tle horse, don't stop. Hop, hop,

A7 D A

hop, lit - tle horse, NOW STOP. Rest a while and

D A D

get some food, it will get you in a good mood.

A7 D

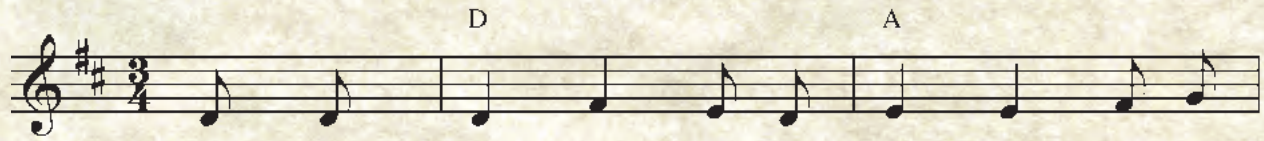
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, lit - tle horse, NOW STOP.



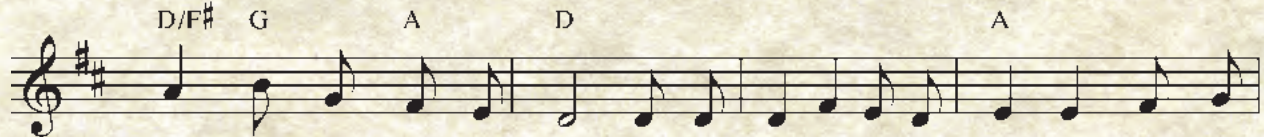
## SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

When I was young we would celebrate Advent differently than is done in America. Saint Nicholas would come on the sixth of December bringing nuts, oranges and apples to put in our shoes if we had been good—and he knew because he carried a big book filled with a list of evil deeds. The devil came with him too, rattling his chains and hoping to find a child who had been bad that he could punish. Then a few days before Christmas the living room was closed so the Christ child could prepare the gifts. We were told if we looked through the keyhole, we would not get any gifts!

# Dew from Heaven



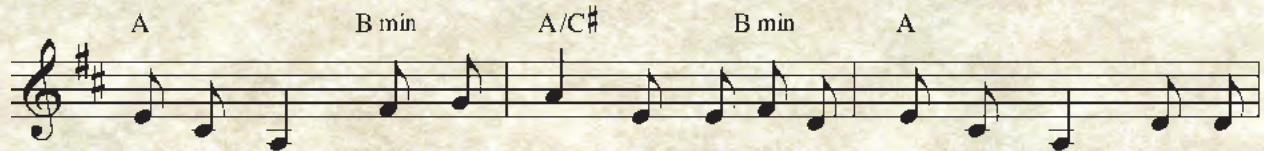
"Dew from hea - ven pour the just one, and ye



clouds rain Him down to save," was the cry in ut-ter darkness from the



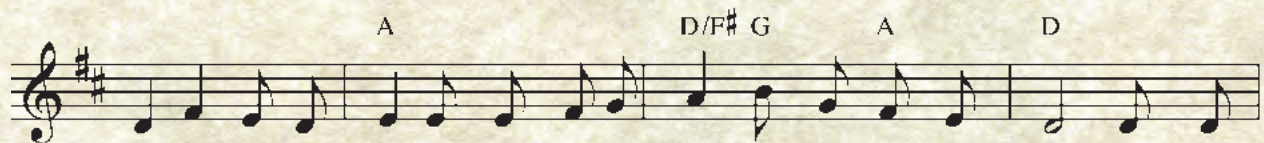
world once a hope-less grave. Sa-tan, death and sin reigned



in the world, cursed by God when His ut-ter wrath un-furled. Tight-ly



shut was hea-ven's door, hea-ven's heir we were no more. But the

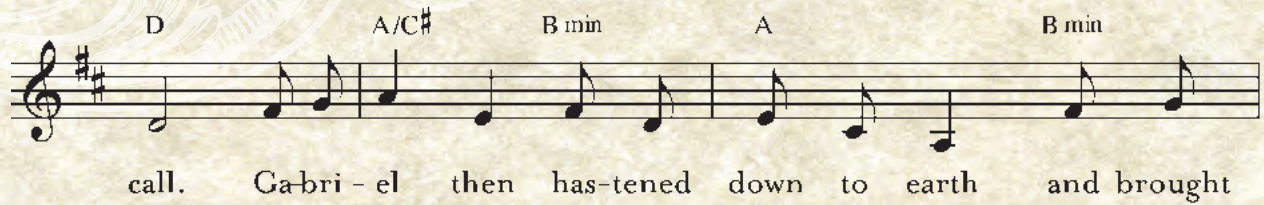


Fa-ther in His mercy willed to re - deem us from A-dam's fall. With great

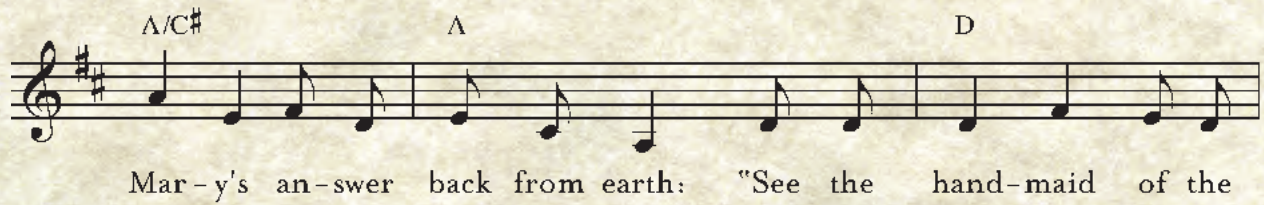
# *Dew from Heaven* CONTINUED



joy His life did of - fer God the Son to ful - fill His



call. Gabri - el then has - tened down to earth and brought



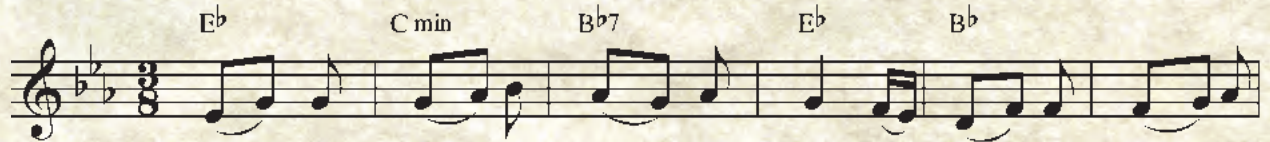
Mar - y's an - swer back from earth: "See the hand - maid of the



Lord, may your will be done my Lord."


# Shepherds Wake Up

*E<sup>b</sup>* *C min* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>*



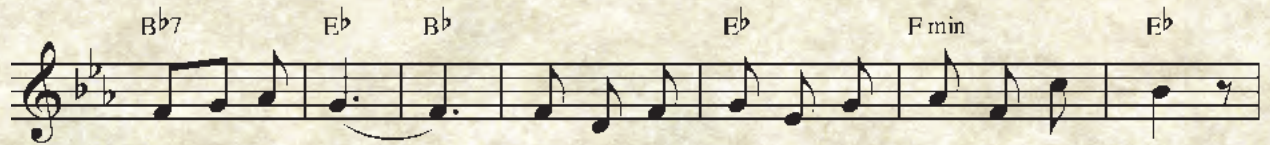
Shep - herds wake up from your sleep. A - rise the hour is

*E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *C min* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>*



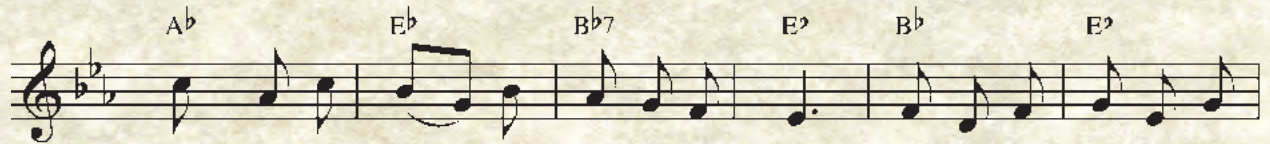
late. Leave your lit - tle flock of sheep. Come see the

*B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *F min* *E<sup>b</sup>*



heaven-ly Ba - by. Hasten to Ma-ry, the mo-ther so mild.

*A<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>2</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>2</sup>*



Come and a - dore her heaven-ly Child. Hasten to Ma-ry, the

*F min* *E<sup>b</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7* *E<sup>b</sup>*



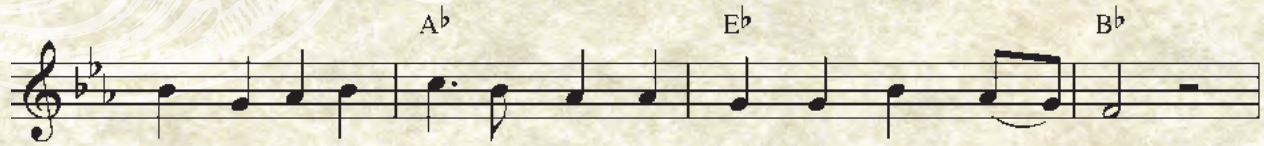
mo-ther so mild. Come and a - dore her hea-ven-ly Child.



# In Bethlehem



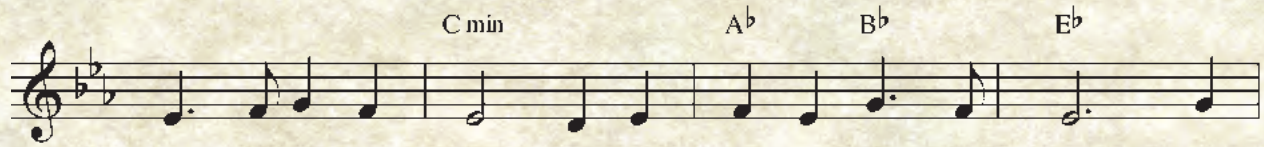
In Beth-le-hem a child was born to us who were for-lorn. I



love thee I have cho-sen thee, my Lord and King you'll be.



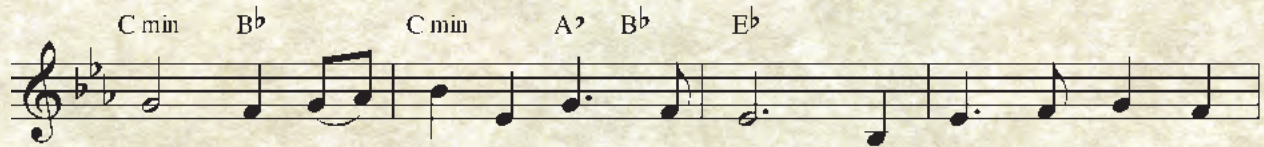
Ay - ya, ay - ya, my Lord and King you'll be. Com-



plete - ly in thy great love I want to be im - mersed. My



heart to thee a - lone I give, for thee a-lone I live. Ay - ya,



ay - ya for thee a-lone I live. O lit - tle Child I

# *In Bethlehem* CONTINUED

C min                      A<sup>b</sup>      B<sup>b</sup>                      E<sup>b</sup>



love thee with all of my heart. In joy and in

A<sup>b</sup>                      E<sup>b</sup>                      B<sup>b</sup>                      E<sup>b</sup>



sor - row from thee I'll nev - er part. Ay - ya,

C min                      B<sup>b</sup>                      C min                      A<sup>b</sup>      B<sup>b</sup>                      E<sup>b</sup>



ay - ya from thee I'll nev - er part.





## SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

Throughout Advent we would give up eating candies and try to do good deeds. For each good deed we did, we were told we would be placing a straw in the crib of Christ for him to lie on.

Then on Christmas Eve we would get dressed up and wait eagerly in front of the door to the living room. The doors would be opened, and we'd see the Christmas tree all decorated with garland, balls, tinsel and real wax candles. Around the tree were piles of gifts for each of us. None of the gifts were wrapped, so father would point out the stack of gifts for each child, and we would immediately get to work enjoying our bounty. Later we'd go to the midnight church service. It was freezing cold—so much so that the priest would have to warm the wine. After the service we would hurry home for frankfurters and hot punch.

Yet as wonderful as all that sounds, for me Christmas in New Guinea was the best kind of Christmas. At the midnight service on Christmas Eve the sanctuary would be lit in candlelight, and all you would see were people in simple clothes sitting on logs for benches. It made me think of the shepherds who came to bow in worship before the Christ child in Bethlehem so many, many years ago. It was beautiful!

# Get Up, Ye Shepherds

F C F D min G min C F  
"Get up, ye shepherds, don't delay," is what the angels say, "To

C F D min G min C F  
save the world a Child was born in Beth-le-hem to - day." There

A min G min F C  
in a sta-ble with the sheep we found the Child a - sleep. His

F C F D min G min C F  
mo-ther knelt be - side the crib, His fa-ther watch did keep.


# O Christmas Tree

D A D Emin A7




Oh, Christ-mas tree, Oh Christ-mas tree, you are a ve - ry  
Oh, Christ-mas tree, Oh, Christ-mas tree, you are a ve - ry

D F#min G Emin



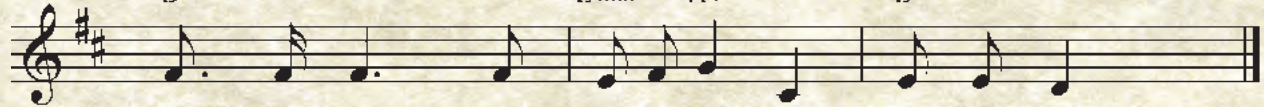
spe - cial tree! When oth - er leaves turn brown or red, your  
diff - rent tree! Not on - ly sum - mer, spring, or fall, you

A7 D A D A



nee - dles will stay green in - stead. Oh, Christ - mas tree, Oh,  
will stay green when snow - flakes fall, Oh, Christ - mas tree, Oh,

D Emin A7 D



Christ - mas tree, you are a ve - ry spe - cial tree!  
Christ - mas tree, you are a ve - ry diff - rent tree!

*\* This song is not included on the CD.*

# O, Come Little Children

C G7 C

O, come lit - tle child - ren, O, come one and all! O,  
Come see here the ba - by on hay and on straw.

G7 C

come to the man - ger in Beth - le - hem's stall! And  
Ma - ry and Jo - seph such beau - ty nev - er saw. The

G7 C F

see how God Fa - ther in this ho - ly night has  
shep - herds kneel down to a - dore heav - en's King, and

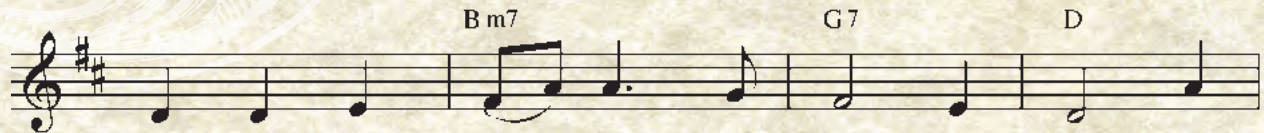
C G7 C

brought such a joy to us peo - ple with - out light.  
"Glo - ry - to the High - est" the an - gels you hear sing.

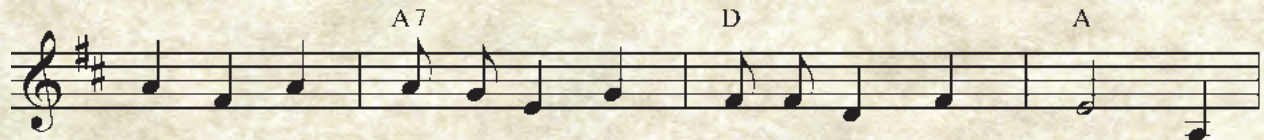
# Now Dusk



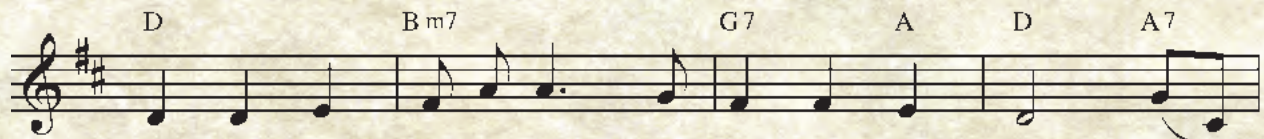
Now dusk is de - scend - ing and soon fol - lows night, some



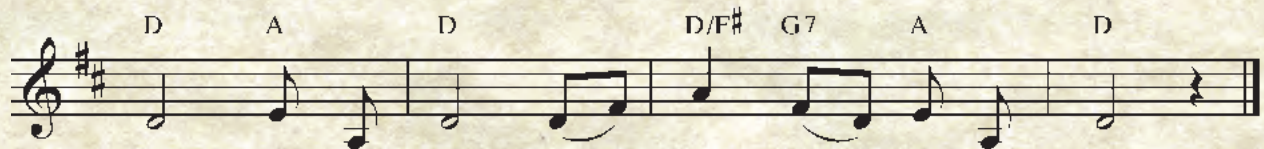
shep - herds have told me some wond - rous sight. The



Sav - ior was born to us in Beth - le - hem to - night. I'll



sing you a lul - la - by, but I hear you cry. Hei



hei, don't you cry, sleep sleep my precious child.



### M U S I D E N N

This is an engagement picture of my parents, Georg von Trapp and Agathe Whitehead from 1910. My father first met my mother at a ball following the launch of the *Unterseeboot V*, a submarine on which he would several years later conduct nine combat patrols. My mother's family was involved with the naval world because her grandfather had developed the first real self-propelled torpedo.

At the ball for the navy lieutenants, my mother played violin and my grandmother piano. When my father saw my mother play, he was attracted to her, particularly by her unpretentiousness. But perhaps even more importantly, my grandmother liked him! They were married in January 1911.



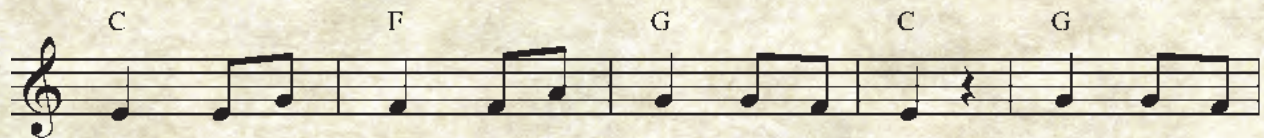
# Mus I Denn



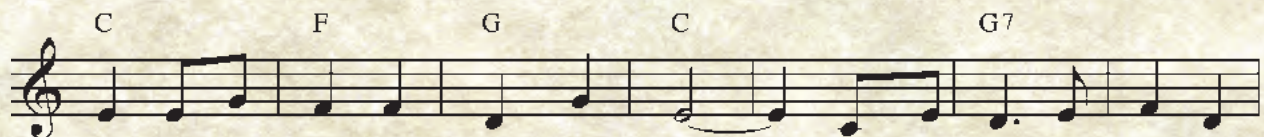
When I leave, when I leave my lit - tle home town,  
In a year, in a year when it's time to cut the grapes,



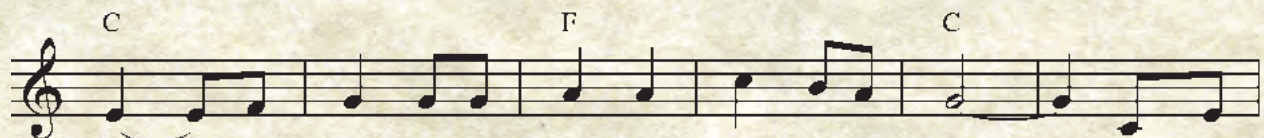
lit - tle home town my dear you'll have to stay. When I  
time to cut the grapes, I'll re - turn to you my dear. If you



come, when I come, when I come back a - gain, come back a -  
then, if you then have the same love for me, same love for



gain I will sure - ly come your way. Though I can - not al - ways  
me, the wed - ding bells shall ring. In a year my trav - els



stay with you in my heart I'll keep you near. When I  
come to an end, I will re - turn to thee. If you



come, when I come, when I come back a - gain, come back a -  
then, if you then, have the same love for me, same love for

*Mus I Denn* CONTINUED

C F G C

gain me, I the will see wed - ding you bells then shall my dear. ring.





## PRECIOUS MOON

I loved to look at the moon during the years when I was a missionary in New Guinea. It seemed to me to be twice the size that it was in Austria and twice as bright. We are told that heaven does not need the sun or the moon to shine on it, for the glory of God gives it light, and the Lamb is its lamp. For me, when I imagine heaven, I picture the lush, unbelievable beauty of that dear land in which I served for so many years. When our Lord creates the new heavens and the new earth, I expect He might use New Guinea as His model!

# Precious Moon

C G7  
Pre-cious moon you walk in si-lence through the

C G7 C  
ev'n-ing clouds float-ing by. Your Cre-a-tor's wise de-

G7 C G7 C  
ci-sion leads you on your path in the sky. Smile on

G7 C F Dmin  
hap-py, smile on wea-ry, smile a-way the dark-ness of the

C/G G C G7  
night, and re-mind the peo-ple of this way-ward earth, for your

C G7 C  
broth-er be a shin-ing light.  
sis-ter



SUM, SUM, SUM

O HOW LOVELY

The sound of bells ringing framed and ordered my childhood. The bells would ring in Austria three times a day—6:00 am, Noon, and 6:00 pm—and the people would stop what they were doing to pray a special prayer called *The Angelus*. Nowadays it is hard to imagine what it would be like for a whole culture to be so infused and saturated with prayer. Especially in the country, religion was an integral part of life. For example, when you would meet a priest on a walk, you wouldn't say, "Hi," but instead, "Praise to Jesus," and the priest would reply, "In all eternity."

## Sum, Sum, Sum

D A7 D A7 D

Sum, sum, sum, lit - tle bee, sum, sum.  
Sum, sum, sum, lit - tle bee, sum, sum.

A7 D

Fear no harm, friend, we won't hurt thee, vis - it blos - soms,  
Wax for can - dles you are mak - ing, roy - al jel - ly,

A7 D A7 D A7 D

gath - er hon - ey. Sum, sum, sum, lit - tle bee, sum, sum.  
for our heal - ing. Sum, sum, sum, bu - sy bee, sum, sum.

## O How Lovely

1. D G D G D

O how love - ly is the e - ven - ing, is the e - ven - ing

2. D G D G D

when the even - ing bells are ring - ing, bells are ring - ing,

3. D G D G D

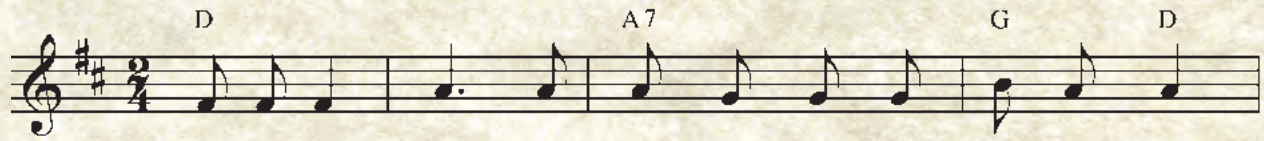
ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding.



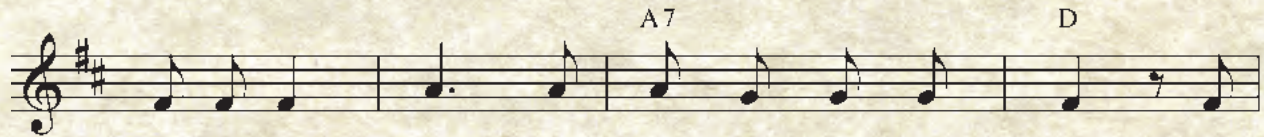
## JOHNNY STAY HOME

This drawing by my aunt is of our grandmother's home, the Erlhof, where we lived from when I was born until my mother died. If you imagine yourself standing on the porch, your view would be what is shown on the front cover of this book. This is what a typical farmhouse of that region looks like, and this was a working farm. I can remember my grandmother giving the farm manager orders every day about what he needed to do. She had several small boats and two elegant English boats which we would use to cross the lake on Sundays to attend worship services at the village church.

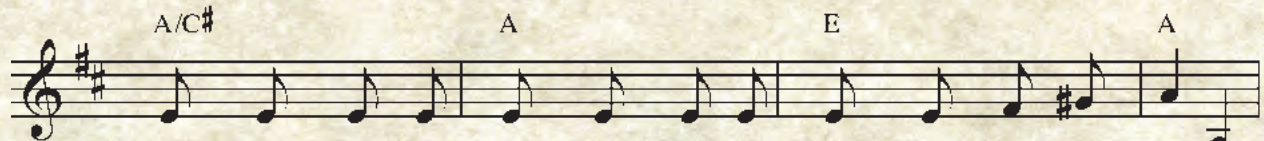
# Johnny Stay Home



John-ny stay home you don't know what the wea-ther brings;



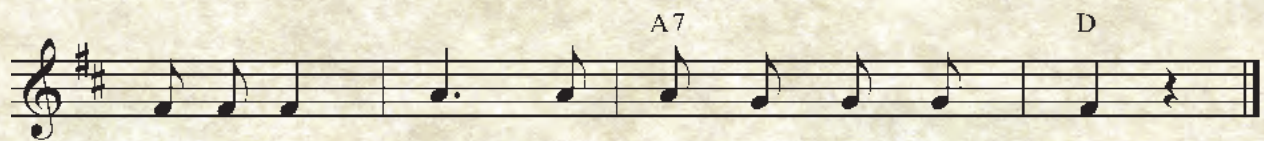
John-ny stay home you don't know what it brings. It



might bring rain, or snow might fall; it might bring sun-shine af-ter



all. John-ny stay home you don't know what the wea-ther brings;



John-ny stay home you don't know what it brings.





## YODEL OF THE BELLS

“Yudl-ay-eee-ooooo!” Yodeling is a way of singing that is made by quick changes in pitch from a person’s “chest voice” to their “head voice.” In Austria yodeling was used to communicate between mountain peaks. Much training is needed for people to yodel well. My brother Werner was the best yodeler in my family.

*\* This song is not included on the CD.*

# *Vodel of the Bells*

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

Hol-la - ri, ho-la - ra, ho-la - ri - a - ri - a -

ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

ho, ho-la - ri, ho-la - ra, ho-la - ri - a - ri - a - ho. Hol-la -

ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

ri, ho-la - ra, ho-la - ri - a - ri - a - ho, ho-la - ri, ho-la -

ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

ra, ho-la - ri - a - ri - a - ho.

ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding.



## *Postlude*

My brother Werner, when he was little—perhaps four or five years old—loved to sing so much that he would gather little audiences together and sing to them until he ran out of songs! Some years ago Werner said to me, “Let’s write down all the songs we sang before we gave any public concerts.” We did, and ended up with eighty songs!

When I was a missionary in New Guinea, we translated these songs into the Dobu language. My school children there in Papua loved to sing these songs. Later I had the urge to translate the songs into English so children around the world could enjoy the same songs that inspired my family to sing as little children.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For actual help with my translation to English, my heartfelt thanks to my oldest sister Agathe, who encouraged me from the beginning of my efforts to venture into translating the songs of our childhood. She translated "Do you know how many stars there are."

To my cousin John Whitehead, who grew up with us in Austria and who, upon hearing my early translations, encouraged me to continue.

To Kikuli, my adopted son from Tanzania, who took interest in my translation and helped with corrections, often suggesting a better way. He encouraged me to keep going.

To my friend Debra Ann Daum, my heartfelt thanks for her help and encouragement.

## *Timeline*

*Following is a brief chronology of my life.*

- 1914 Born in Zell am See
- 1920 Moved to Klosterneuburg  
(near Vienna)
- 1922 Our mother died
- 1924 Moved to Salzburg
- 1927 Maria Augusta Kutschera  
married our father
- 1936 Started giving concerts  
in Europe
- 1938 Left for America
- 1939 Back to Europe in  
the Spring
- 1939 Returned to America in  
the Fall
- 1942 Bought a farm in  
Stowe, Vermont
- 1944–56 Touring and Summer  
Music Camp
- 1956–87 Missionary in Papua,  
New Guinea
- 1988 Returned to Vermont
- 1994 Adopted Kikuli











## THE VON TRAPP CHILDREN

Sofia, Melanie, Amanda, and Justin von Trapp are Maria's grandnieces and grand-nephew. The recording of this CD is an expression of the deep love and respect that they have for Maria. They cherish the heritage she has passed down to them and believe that they are better people because of what they have learned.

They have sung around the globe and have performed with many major symphonies. Musicians and audiences from all over the world recognize the beautiful harmony and pristine tone of these four siblings, earning them a place in the von Trapp family musical legacy. For more information about other recordings and concert schedule, visit [www.VonTrappChildren.com](http://www.VonTrappChildren.com).



Maria Agatha Franzisca Gobertina von Trapp is the third child of Georg Ritter von Trapp and was a member of the Trapp Family Singers, once described by conductor Robert Shaw as "the greatest choral group in the history of recorded sound." Made famous in the movie *The Sound of Music*, Maria has a passion for singing, as she writes: "Sing in the shower, in the car, while washing dishes or even at work! Sing alone or with family and friends, but just sing, sing, sing!" And now you can follow her advice with this collection of old Austrian folk tunes she has translated into English, alongside original artwork, photographs, and stories from Maria's childhood, life in the Trapp Family Singers, and missions work.

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