

Turner Songs

1926



Concordia Turnverein

St. Louis, Missouri

1 STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-
lantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there.

Chorus:

Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

2 AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 GUT HEIL BOYS

Gut Heil, boys! Gut Heil, boys!
The field resounds the cry: "We're here to do
or die";
Gut Heil, boys! Gut Heil, boys!
We'll do our stunts or know the reason why.
And when the day is done, we'll turn and dance
in fun.
It's then that we are happy as our Turner
songs we hum.
Good fellowship is found, whenever Turners
meet.
Oh! our good old Turner spirit is the kind that
can't be beat.

4 IF YOU WANT TO BE A TURNER

If you want to be a Turner,
Just come along with me,
By the bright shining light,
By the light of the moon.
If you want to be a Turner,
Just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon,
By the light of the moon,
By the light of the moon,
By the bright shining light,
By the light of the moon,
If you want to be a Turner,
Just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

5 TURNFEST SONG

With heads erect and flashing eyes
We march upon the field;
With hearts so true and courage bold,
We fear not nor shall yield.
Our sports and games, our races, too,
Are more to us than play;
They bring us health and strength and joy,
Lead us the Turner way.
They bring us health and strength and joy,
Lead us the Turner way.

Chorus:

For our great cause we are united,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
And we stand always undivided,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
HOO-RA!
For our great cause we are united,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
And we stands always undivided,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

LOUISVILLE SONG

Tune: Maryland

1.

Think, work and win, that every day
 For a better world you pave the way.
 Then let our Turners' motto be,
 And hand it to posterity:
 ||Don't wait for other Turners' grit,
 Do it yourself; then 'Stick to it'.||

2.

Think of the many happy hours
 And victories that have been ours;
 Right then make up your mind and will
 That we'll do things at Louisville.
 ||Don't wait for other Turners' grit,
 Do it yourself; then 'Stick to it'.||

3.

Your striving will not be in vain,
 CONCORDIA shall lead again;
 At Louisville we'll work to win,
 And show OUR Turner-grit, within
 ||"The Golden Wreath," past deeds got it,
 Now, let us work, and 'Stick to it'.||

A CALL TO ARMS

Tune: Jahn

A call has been sounded
 To all in our land,
 ||Come join in with the Turners
 Be strong and steadfast men.||

The call which we speak of
 Has good for us all.
 ||Strong men with able bodies
 Are ready to answer call.||

For freedom and justice,
 For right opposed to might,
 ||We stand as one great union,
 Shout "Forward, all mankind."||

The A. G. U. Turners
 Make this as their goal.
 ||Be true to our traditions,
 Which we well can uphold.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

(By Stephen C. Foster)

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky
home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in
bloom,

While the birds make music all the day;

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright,

By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the
door,

Then my old Kentucky home good-night.

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady,

Oh, weep no more today;

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,

For the old Kentucky home far away.

9 GUT HEIL TO YOU, CONCORDIA

Gut heil! to you, Concordia,

Gut heil! to you, we say;

We'll stand by you and shout for you,

No matter where we stray;

That we'll be true to you, to you,

There's not the slightest doubt,

For when we leave Concordia,

We're only camping out.

OH, MR. GEVECKER!

OH, MR. GEVECKER!

Tune: Gallagher and Shean

Oh, Mr. Gevecker! Oh, Mr. Gevecker!

What a sunny disposition you possess;

With the radiance of your smile,

You have made our work worth while,

And you've surely made a friend of all of us.

Oh, Mr. Gevecker! Oh, Mr. Gevecker!

With more peppy leaders like you, this would
be

A much brighter place to live in,

And a happier one to work in,

With more smiling, willing workers,

A better C. T. V.

11 **IT'S A GOOD THING TO GET
TOGETHER**

Tune: Tipperary

It's a good thing to get together,
It's a good thing to do;
It's a good thing to get together,
Both for you and me.
Then here's to Concordia Turners,
Its workers staunch and true;
It's a grand good thing to get together,
I think so—don't you?

12 **WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET
TOGETHER**

1.

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a hand-clasp of friendship,
And a good song ringing clear.

2.

And its birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a hand-clasp of friendship,
And a heart without a care.

3 and 4

And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a hand-clasp of friendship,
In the fellowship of spring.

13 **LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG**

Oft in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight's gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

PARTING SONG

Tune: A Perfect Day

We are nearing the end of a Turner day,
 Which will long remain in our thought;
 It should send each member and guest away
 With the joy that the day has brought,
 For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
 With colors that never fade,
 So we grasp at the end of a Turner day
 The hands of the friends we made.

A GYMNASTIC RELIEF

Tune: Till We Meet Again

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
 (All smile)
 Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
 (Arms to side)
 Reach your hands up toward the sky,
 (Hands up)
 While you watch them with your eye;
 (Head up)
 Jump awhile, and shake a leg, there, sir!
 (Jump lively)
 Now step forward, backward—as you were,
 (Step back and forth)
 Then reach out to someone near,
 (Shake hands with a neighbor)
 Shake his hand and smile.

ROW, ROW, ROW

(Round)

- 1—Row, row, row your boat,
- 2—Gently down the stream,
- 3—Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
- 4—Life is but a dream.

17 GREETINGS TO LOUISVILLE

Tune: Kommt Herbei Ihr Voelkerschaaren

Hail, fair Louisville, we greet thee;
 We have come from old St. Lou';
 We all sure are glad to meet thee
 As the Turners from Mizzoo';
 Here the Actives and Our Ladies,
 Grizzly Baers and Matrons, too,
 With Festbumblers great in number,
 All salute, "GUT HEIL!" to you.

Glorious Beauty, cozy nestled
 'Midst the green hills of Kentuck',
 You have offered to the Turners
 For to try their skill and pluck.
 This spacious place, the best in town,
 Suiting Games and Sports and Drill,
 Your vast glorious Churchill Down'
 We call "GUT HEIL!" Louisville.

Gracious Hostess, we've accepted
 Your kind bid to call on you;
 Now, as Turners strong and active,
 We'll redeem this pledge so true;
 That in manly feats of valor,
 Activities in Turner style,
 We perform the best within us,
 Seal this promise with "GUT HEIL."

Sweetest entertaining Mistress,
 When with sad thoughts we depart,
 We shall store a fond remembrance
 In a chamber of our heart
 Of your beautiful, fair Ladies,
 And your generous men: Adieu.
 With one shout, you'll heart the echo,
 "GUT HEIL!" Louisville, true blue.

18 FESTIVAL SONG

We are gathered here this hour
 'Midst a gay and festive throng,
 To commemorate and honor
 Concordia in words and song.
 Let us join in true devotion,
 Let us praise its deeds anew,
 Spread its fame o'er land and ocean,
 "Fresh and free and strong and true!"

Ever "fresh" in mind and body,
 "Free" shall our thoughts endure,
 "Strong" in action firm and hearty,
 "True" to the cause, never demur!

Carry forth this Turner slogan:
 Father Jahn gave us the cue;
 We shall keep it as a token—
 Concordia, "Gut Heil!" to you.

YELLS

Eiffel Tower

Eiffel Tower—Ferris Wheel—
 Cycle Boat—Automobile—
 Shoot the Shoot—Loop the Loop—
 Concordia Turners—Root, Root, Root!

Locomotive

Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Rah—Rah—Rah!

Concordia!

Concordia Once

Concordia once, Concordia twice,
 Holy jumping, gee whiz Mike—
 Are we in it? I should smile;
 We've been in it a long, long while.

One-a-Zipa

One-a-zipa—Two-a-zipa—
 Three-a-zipa—Zam!
 Concordia Turners don't give a—
 Hoppa-Koppa—Hoppa-Koppa—
 Riff-Ruff-Ram!
 Con-cor-dia,
 Concordia, Concordia, Concordia.

Rip 'Em Up

Rip 'em up,
 Tear 'em up,
 Give 'em hell,
 Concordia!

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
 A little lamb, a little lamb;
 Mary had a little lamb,
 Whose fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 Mary went, Mary went,
 Her lamb was sure to go.
 Hurrah for Mary—hurrah for the lamb!
 Hurrah for the teacher
 Who doesn't give a —!
 Chi-he—Chi-ha—Chi-ha—Ha-ha—
 Concordia Turners—
 Rah—Rah—Rah!

Team

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!
 Team—Team—Team!
 Who? Team! Who? Team! Who?
 Team—Team—Team!

Alack-a-Ching

Alack-a-ching—Alack-a-chow
Alack-a-ching—Ching-chow—
Sir—Boom—Bah—
Sir—Boom—Bah—
Concordia Turners—
Rah—Rah—Rah!

Horse Laugh

Riff—Raff—Chiff—Chaff—
Chiff—Chaff—Riff—Raff—
Now we'll give a Horse Laugh—
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha—
Concordia-a-a!

Skyrocket

Whistle—
Bo-o-o-om—
A-a-ah—
Concordia-a-a—Break it up!

Rickety Rax

Rickety—Rickety—Rax—
Concordia is a Kraker Jax—
Are we in it? I should smile—
We were in it all the while.

Railroad Track

Stand Back! Clear the track!
Toot! Toot! Concordia!

Baby in the High Chair

Baby in the high chair,
Who put her there?
I give up—
TEAM, TEAM, TEAM!
Why? BECAUSE
RAH! RAH! RAH!

Concordia

C—C—Con
C—C—Cor
D—D—Dia
Con—cor—dia
St. Louis!
Concordia—Concordia!

Turner, auf zum Streite,
Tretet in die Bahn,
Kraft und Mut geleite
Uns zum Sieg hinan,
Ja, zu hehrem Ziel
Fuehret unser Spiel.

Nicht mit fremden Waffen
Schaffen wir uns Schutz;
Was uns anerschaffen
Ist uns Schutz und Trutz.
Bleibt Natur uns treu,
Stehn wir stark und frei.

Wie zum Turnerspiele
Zieh'n wir in die Welt;
Der gelangt zum Ziele,
Der sich tapfer haelt
Maennern stark und wahr
Strahlt der Himmer klar.

Auf denn, Turner, ringet,
Prueft der Schnen Kraft!
Doch zuvor umschlinget
Euch als Bruederschaft.
Grosses Werk gedeiht
Nur durch Einigkeit.

Der Ruf ist erklungen
Durch Berg und durch Tal:
||Heraus, ihr deutschen Jungen,
Zum gruenen Waffensaal.||

Erwacht sind die Geister
Aus schmaehlichem Tod.
||Als uns der alte Meister
Den deutschen Gruz entbot.||

Da brausten die Flammen
Von tapferem Mut,
||Da schlugen sie zusammen
In einer Seele Glut.||

Und ist auch versunken
Das flammende Wort,
||Es glueht ein guter Funten
Noch in der Asiche fort.||

Uns flammt noch das Auge
Von maennlicher Luft;
||Uns glueht vom Freiheitshauche
Die freie, frohe Brust.||

Frisch, stark, treu,
 Hoch die Turnerie!
 Mag es wohl was Schoen'res geben
 Als solch' frohes Turnerleben?
 Ja, es bleibt dabei,
 Hoch die Turnerie!
 Gut Heil! So heisst das Losungswort,
 Gut Heil! zu jeder Stunde!
 Gut Heil! so zieht's von Ort zu Ort,
 So schallt's aus der Aller Munde
 Gut Heil allen Schoenen im weiten Land;
 Gut Heil allen Maennern uns geistesverwandt,
 Gut Heil so ertoent's beim frohen Rundgesang.
 Im Kampfe auch beim Schwerterklang
 Fuers Vaterland!

23 DER GEMUETLICH FIDELE TURNER

Ich bin ein lustig Turnerblut,
 Stets frisch, drei, stark und treu,
 Am Turnen und Singen
 Ich immer mich erfreu!
 Der Turnplatz ist mein liebster Ort,
 Da weil' ich gar zu gern,
 Ich turn' und sing' durch's Leben fort,
 Dann bleibt die Sorge fern.
 ;: Lalala u. s. w. ;:
 Ein Liebschen soll die Meine sein
 Von Wang' und Lippen rot;
 Nur einer Turnerschwester
 Schwoer Treu ich bis zum Tod!
 Ich kuess' sie auf den ros'gen Mund,
 Druock sie an meine Brust,
 Und sing' mit ihr in sel'ger Stund,
 So recht aus Herzenslust,
 ;: Lalala u. s. w. ;:
 Doch, ach, die Jahre fliegen schnell,
 Bald sieht es anders aus,
 Und plump wird der Turner,
 Ein Baer wird bald daraus,
 Am Reck und Barren geht's nich mehr,
 Nur Stab und Keul' er schwingt;
 Auch beim Marschieren stoehnt er sehr,
 Doch froh er immer singt.
 ;: Lalala u. s. w. ;:
 Und wenn der Sensenmann mich ruft
 Hinweg aus Euren Reih'n,
 Dann moegt Ihr den Koerper
 Der edlen Flamme weih'n;
 Wenn dann im Ofen ich ergluicht,
 Ein still „Gut Heil“ mir weiht,
 Gebt mir ein lotztes Abschiedslied
 Mit in die Ewigkeit.
 ;: Lalala u. s. w. ;: