

# Begyndersange i mol på to akkorder



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## Tonal mol (Am og E7)

### Joshua fit the battle of Jericho

*Gospelsang*

4/4-takt

*Refræn:*

Am

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho

E7 Am

Jericho Jericho;

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho

E7 Am

and the walls came tumbling down.

Am

you may talk about your kings of Gideon,

You may talk about your men of Saul

But there's none like good old Joshua

E7 Am

At the battle of Jericho that morning.

*Refræn:*

Now the Lord commanded Joshua;

"I command you and obey you must;

you just march straight to those city walls

and the walls will turn to dust that morning."

*Refræn:*

Straight up to the walls of Jericho

He marched with spear in hand,

"Go blow that ram's horn," Joshua cried,

"For the battle is in my hand that morning."

*Refræn:*

The lamb ram sheep horns began to blow,

and the trumpets began to sound,

And Joshua commanded, "Now children, shout!"

And the walls came tumbling down that morning.

*Refræn:*

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | E7 | Am | Am | Am | E7 | Am |

| Am | Am | Am | Am | Am | Am | E7 | Am ||

## Wade in the water.

*Gospelsang*

4/4-takt

*Refræn*

Am

Wade in the water.

E7 Am

Wade in the water, children.

Wade in the water.

E7 Am

God's gonna trouble the water.

Am

Well, who are these children all dressed in red?

E7 Am

God's a-gonna trouble the water

Must be the children that Moses led

E7 Am

God's a-gonna trouble the water.

*Refræn*

Who's that young girl dressed in white

Wade in the Water

Must be the Children of Israelites

God's gonna trouble the Water.

*Refræn*

Jordan's water is chilly and cold.

God's gonna trouble the water.

It chills the body, but not the soul.

God's gonna trouble the water.

*Refræn*

If you get there before I do.

God's gonna trouble the water.

Tell all of my friends I'm coming too.

God's gonna trouble the water.

*Refræn*

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | E7 | E7 | Am | Am | Am | Am | E7 Am |

| Am | Am | E7 Am | Am ||

## Hullabaloo belay

*Sea shanty*

6/8-takt

Am

My mother kept a boarding house,  
Hullabaloo belay, Hullabaloo belah belay,  
and all the boarders were out to sea

E7                    Am

Hullabaloo belay.

A fresh young fellow named Shallo Brown  
followed my mother all round the town.

One day when father was on the crown  
my mother ran off with Shallo Brown.

My father says, Young man, my boy,  
to which I quickly made reply.

My father slowly pined away  
because my mother came back the next day.

My mother kept a boarding house

And all the boarders were out to sea.

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | E7 | Am | Am | Am | E7 | Am |

| Am | Am | Am | Am | Am | Am | E7 | Am ||

## Jeg gik mig ud en sommerdag at høre

*Tekst: N. F. S. Grundtvig, 1847 Melodi: Svensk folkemelodi, 1600-tallet*  
3/4-takt

Am E7 Am E7Am E7  
Jeg gik mig ud en sommerdag at hø- re  
Am  
fuglesang, som hjertet kunne røre,  
E7 Am E7  
i de dybe da- le,  
Am E7 Am E7  
mellem natter-ga- le  
Am  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Der sad en lille fugl i bøgelunden,  
sødt den sang i sommer-aftenstunden,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Den sang så sødt om dejligst vang og  
vænge,  
hvor kærminster gro, som græs i enge,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Den sang og sødt om bølger blå og hvide  
under ø, hvor danske snekker skride,  
mellem grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Den sang om alt, hvad det er lyst at høre,  
allerhelst, hvad hjertet dybt kan røre,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Den sang, som ingen andre fugle sjunge,  
leged' liflig med min moders tunge,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Den sang som talt ud af mit eget hjerte,  
toner gav den al min fryd og smerte,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Da nynned' jeg så småt i aftenstunden:  
Flyv, Guldtop! flyv rundt i bøgelunden,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

O, flyv fra Øresund til Dannevirke!  
syng til dans, til skole og til kirke,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

På folkets modersmål, med Danmarks  
tunge,  
syng, som ingen andre fugle sjunge,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale!

Da mærke alle, som har mødre kære,  
det er godt i Danmark at være,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Da gløder alt, hvad solen har bestrålet,  
som det røde guld på modersmålet,  
i de grønne sale,  
mellem nattergale  
og de andre fugle små, som tale.

Akkordskema: | Am E7| Am E7 | Am E7 |  
E7 | E7 | Am | Am E7| Am E7 | Am E7 | Am  
E7 | E7 | E7 Am ||

## Modal mol (Am og G)

### The drunken sailor

*Sea shanty*

*4/4-takt*

Am

What shall we do with the drunken sailor

G

What shall we do with the drunken sailor

Am

What shall we do with the drunken sailor

G            Am

Early in the morning

*Omkvæd:*

Am

Hooray and up she rises

G

Hooray and up she rises

Am

Hooray and up she rises

G            Am

Early in the morning

Put him in the long boat until he's sober

Pull out the plug and wet him all over

Put him in the scrappers with a hosepipe on him

Heave him by the leg in a running bowling

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | G | G | Am | Am | G | Am |

| Am | Am | G | G | Am | Am | G | Am ||

|

## Pastures of Plenty

Woody Guthrie

4/4-takt

Am G Am  
It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed  
G G  
my poor feet have travelled a hot dusty road  
G G  
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled  
G Am  
and your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes  
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon.  
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then  
we come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
Well its North up to Oregon to gather your hops  
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine  
To set on your table your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down  
every state in the Union us migrants have been.  
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we rambled, that river and I  
All along your green valley, I will work till I die  
My land I'll defend with my life if it be  
Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | G | Am | Am | Am | G | Am |

| Am | Am | G | Am | Am | Am | G | Am |



## Gallows pole

*Leadbelly*

4/4-takt

Am G  
Father, did you bring me the silver,

Am G  
Father, did you bring me the gold?

Am  
What did you bring me, dear father,

G Am  
Keep me from the gallows pole?

*Refræn:*

Am  
Yeah, what did you?

Yeah, what did you?

G Am  
what did you bring me, keep me from the gallows pole?

Mother, did you bring me the silver,  
Mother, did you bring me the gold?  
What did you bring me, dear mother;  
Keep me from the gallows pole?

*Refræn:*

Son, I brought you some silver,  
Son, I brought you some gold.  
Son, I brought you a little of everything,  
Keep you from the gallows pole.

*Refræn:*

Wife, did you bring me the silver,  
Wife, did you bring me the gold?  
What did you bring me, dear wifey,  
save me from the gallows pole?

*Refræn:*

Friends, did you bring me the silver,  
Friends, did you bring me the gold?  
What did you bring me, my dear friends;  
Keep me from the gallows pole?

*Refræn:*

Akkordskema:

| Am | G | Am | G | Am | G | G | Am | Am | Am | | Am | Am | G | Am ||

## Oh Sinner Man

*Vestindisk gospel sang*

4/4-takt

Am

Oh Sinner Man, where you're gonna run too

G

Oh Sinner Man, where you're gonna run too

Am

Oh Sinner Man, where you're gonna run too

G Am

All on that day.

Run to the rock, rock was a-melting...

Run to the sea, the sea was a-boiling

Run to the moon, the moon was a-bleeding

Run to the Devil, the Devil was a-waiting

Run to the Lord, Lord, won't you hide me?

Oh Sinner Man, you ought to be a-praying  
prepare for that day

Akkordskema:

| Am | Am | G | G | Am | Am | Am G | Am ||

## Shady Grove

*Folksong fra Sydstaterne*

4/4-takt

*Refræn*

Am G  
Shady Grove, my little love  
Am G Am  
Shady Grove I say  
G  
Shady Grove, my little love  
Am G Am  
I'm bound to go away

Am G  
Cheeks as red a a blooming rose  
Am G Am  
eyes are the prettiest brown  
Am G Am  
She's the darling of my heart  
Am G Am  
Sweetest girl in town

*Refræn*

Went to see my Shady Grove  
She was standing in the door  
her shoes and stocking's in her hand  
and her little bare feet on the floor

*Refræn*

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a Barlow knife  
and now I want little Shady Grove  
to say she'll be my wife

*Refræn*

A kiss from pretty little Shady Grove  
is sweet as brandy wine  
and there ain't no girl in this old world  
that's prettier than mine

*Refræn*

Akkordskema:

| Am | G | Am G | An | Am | G | Am G | Am ||

## **Slutbemærkning**

I tidligere filer, som jeg har lagt ud til download for begyndere var der her en liste over yderligere sange. Desværre findes der ikke så mange sange i mol med kun to eller tre akkorder. Dem, som jeg kom i tanke om, er her. Det skyldes især, at mol er en mere sammensat toneart end dur og derfor ofte må have flere akkorder for at det passer. Men øv da disse sange, så vil du have en god forøvelse i at spille andre molsange med flere akkorder.