

Greensleeves

Engelsk sang fra 16. århundrede, 6/8-takt

Am G
Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
Am E7
To cast me off discourteously.
Am G
For I have loved you well and long,
Am E7 Am
Delighting in your company.

Omkvæd:

C G
Greensleeves was all my joy
Am E7
Greensleeves was my delight,
C G
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
Am E7 Am
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
Now I remain in a world apart
But my heart remains in captivity.

Omkvæd:

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both wagered life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.

Omkvæd:

If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

Omkvæd:

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Omkvæd:

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
but still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music still to play and sing;

Omkvæd:

Omkvæd:

Omkvæd:

	Am		Am		G		G		Am		Am		E7		E7	
	Am		Am		G		G		Am		E7		Am			
	C		C		G		G		Am		Am		E7		E7	
	C		C		G		G		Am		E7		Am			

Engelsk folkesang, 6/8-takt.

	Em		Em		D		Em		G		Em		A		Em	
	Em		G		G		D		Em		D		D		Em	

House of the Rising Sun

Am. Folkesang, 6/8-takt.

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans
Am C E7
they call the Rising Sun
Am C D F
it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
Am E7 Am E7
and me, Oh Lord! was one

My mother was a tailor;
she sewed them new blue jeans.
My lover he was a gambler, Oh Lord,
Gambled down in New Orleans.

If I only listened when my dear mother said:
Beware, my child, when you roam,
Keep away from drunkards and all those gambling men,
It's best by far to come home.

Go and tell my baby sister
never do like I have done,
But to shun that house in New Orleans
that they call the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform,
and one foot on the train
I'm going' back to New Orleans
to wear the ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run;
I'm going back to spend the rest of my life
beneath that Rising Sun.

Efterspil (ad libitum): | Dm | Am | Dm | Am |

| Am | C | D | F | Am | C | E7 | E7 |
| Am | C | D | F | Am | E7 | Am | E7 |