Greensleeves

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

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Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
Am E7

To cast me off discourteously.

Am G

For I have loved you well and long,

G

Am E7 Am

Delighting in your company.

Omkvæd:

C G

Greensleeves was all my joy

Am E7

Greensleeves was my delight,

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;

and yet thou wouldst not love me. Omkvæd:

Well, I will pray to God on high, that thou my constancy mayst see, And that yet once before I die, Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me. Omkvæd:

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu, To God I pray to prosper thee, For I am still thy lover true, Come once again and love me. Omkvæd:

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| Am | Am | G | G | Am | Am | E7 | E7 |
| Am | Am | G | G | Am | E7 | Am |
| C | C | G | G | Am | E7 | E7 |
| C | C | G | G | Am | E7 | Am |
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Scarborough fair?

Engelsk folkesang, 6/8-takt.

Em D Em
Are you going to Scarborough fair?
G Em A Em
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
G D
Remember me to one who lives there
Em D Em
He once was a true love of mine

Tell him to make me a cambric shirt Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme without no seam nor needlework then he'll be a true love of mine

Tell him to find me an acre of land Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme between the salt water and the sea strand then he'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough fair? Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme Remember me to one who lives there He once was a true love of mine

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