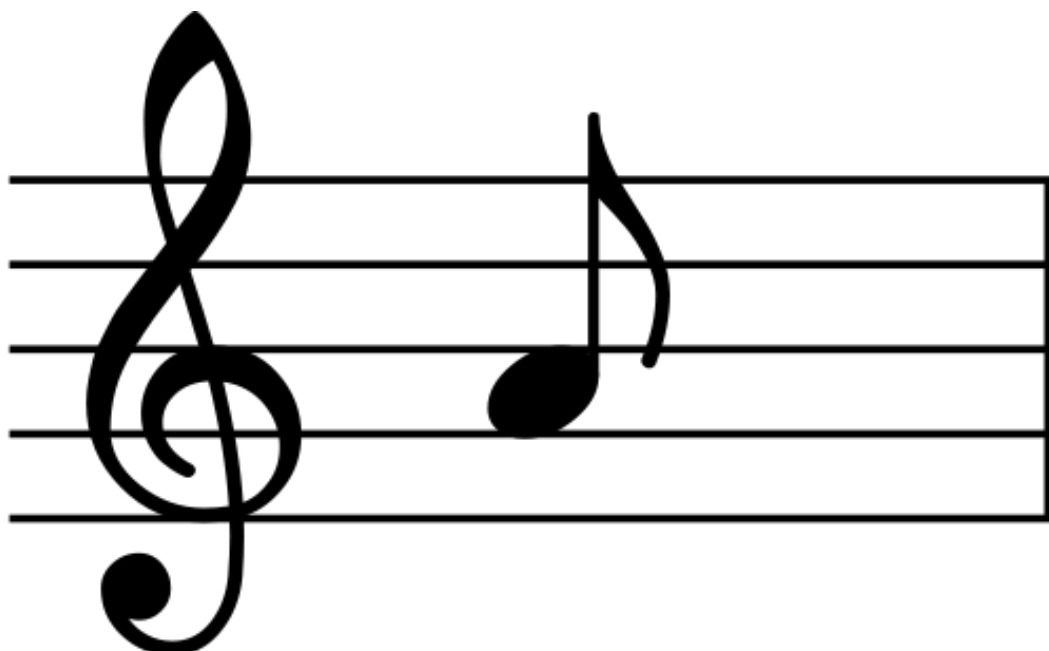

Recueil de chansons pour guitare

Date : 1^{er} octobre 2014
Auteurs : L'ĂŠquipe Patacrep
Web : <http://www.patacrep.com>
Mail : crep@team-on-fire.com



Dbolton <http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/User:Dbolton>

Index des chansons

Chevaliers de la table ronde	1
Greensleeves	2
Sad robot	1, 2
Vent frais	3

Index des auteurs

Pornophonique 1, 2
Traditionnel 1, 2, 3

Accords de guitare

Do	<i>Do7M</i> 	<i>Do4</i> 	<i>Do7</i> 	<i>Do6</i>
Do # = Ré ^b	<i>Do#7M</i> 	<i>Do#4</i> 	<i>Do#7</i> 	<i>Do#6</i>
Ré	<i>Ré7M</i> 	<i>Ré4</i> 	<i>Ré7</i> 	<i>Ré6</i>
Ré # = Mi ^b	<i>Ré#7M</i> 	<i>Ré#4</i> 	<i>Ré#7</i> 	<i>Ré#6</i>
Mi	<i>Mi7M</i> 	<i>Mi4</i> 	<i>Mi7</i> 	<i>Mi6</i>
Fa	<i>Fa7M</i> 	<i>Fa4</i> 	<i>Fa7</i> 	<i>Fa6</i>
Fa # = Sol ^b	<i>Fa#7M</i> 	<i>Fa#4</i> 	<i>Fa#7</i> 	<i>Fa#6</i>
Sol	<i>Sol7M</i> 	<i>Sol4</i> 	<i>Sol7</i> 	<i>Sol6</i>
Sol # = La ^b	<i>Sol#7M</i> 	<i>Sol#4</i> 	<i>Sol#7</i> 	<i>Sol#6</i>
La	<i>La7M</i> 	<i>La4</i> 	<i>La7</i> 	<i>La6</i>
La # = Si ^b	<i>La#7M</i> 	<i>La#4</i> 	<i>La#7</i> 	<i>La#6</i>
Si	<i>Si7M</i> 	<i>Si4</i> 	<i>Si7</i> 	<i>Si6</i>

Accordage standard : *Mi La Ré Sol Si Mi*

3 Traditional

1 Chevaliers de la table ronde

Traditionnel
France



1. Chevaliers de la Table Ronde
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon
(×2)

Fa
Goûtons voir, (oui, oui, oui)
Do
Goûtons voir, (non, non, non)
Sol7
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon
(×2)

2. S'il est bon, s'il est agréable
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon plaisir
3. J'en boirai cinq à six bouteilles
Et encore, ce n'est pas beaucoup
4. Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans une cave où il y a du bon vin
5. Les deux pieds contre la muraille
Et la tête sous le robinet
6. Et les quatre plus grands ivrognes
Porteront les quatre coins du drapeau
7. Pour donner le discours d'usage
On prendra le bistrot du coin
8. Et si le tonneau se débouche
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon plaisir
9. Et s'il en reste quelques gouttes
Ce sera pour nous rafraîchir
10. Sur ma tombe, je veux qu'on inscrive
Ici gît le roi des buveurs

2 Greensleeves

Traditionnel
Angleterre



1. *Lam* *Sol*
Alas, my love, ye do me wrong
Lam *Mi*
To cast me oft discourteously
Lam *Sol*
And I have loved you so long
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
Delighting in your companie
- Do* *Sol*
Greensleeves was all my joy
Lam *Mi*
Greensleeves was my delight
Do *Sol*
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
And who but Ladie Greensleeves
- Lam* *Sol*
2. I have been readie at your hand
Lam *Mi*
To grant what ever you would crave
Lam *Sol*
I have both waged life and land
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
Your love and good will for to have
- Lam* *Sol*
3. I bought thee kerchers to thy head
Lam *Mi*
That were wrought fine and gallantly
Lam *Sol*
I kept thee both at boord and bed
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
Which cost my purse well favouredly
- Lam* *Sol*
4. I bought thee petticoates of the best
Lam *Mi*
The cloth so fine as fine might be
Lam *Sol*
I gave thee jewels for thy chest
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
And all this cost I spent on thee
- Lam* *Sol*
5. Thy smock of silke, both faire and white
Lam *Mi*
With gold embrodered gorgeously
Lam *Sol*
Thy petticoate of sendall right
Lam *Mi* *Lam*
And this I bought thee gladly

6. Thy ^{Lam}girdle of gold so ^{Sol}red
 With ^{Lam}pearles bedecked ^{Mi}sumtuously
 The ^{Lam}like no other ^{Sol}lasses had
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
7. Thy ^{Lam}purse, and eke thy ^{Sol}gay guilt knives
 Thy ^{Lam}pincase, gallant to ^{Mi}the eie
 No better wore the ^{Lam}burgesse ^{Sol}wives
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
8. Thy ^{Lam}crimson stockings, all ^{Sol}of silk
 With ^{Lam}golde all wrought ^{Mi}above the knee
 Thy ^{Lam}pumps, as white as was the ^{Sol}milk
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
9. Thy ^{Lam}gown was of the ^{Sol}grassie green
 Thy ^{Lam}sleeves of satten hanging by
 Which ^{Lam}made thee be our ^{Sol}harvest queen
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
10. Thy ^{Lam}garters fringed with the ^{Sol}golde
 And ^{Lam}silver aglets ^{Mi}hanging by
 Which ^{Lam}made thee blithe for to ^{Sol}beholde
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
11. My gayest gelding I thee gave
 To ride where ever liked thee
 No ladie ever was so brave
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
 And yet thou wouldst not love me
12. My ^{Lam}men were clothed all ^{Sol}in green
 And they did ever wait on thee
 All this ^{Lam}was gallant to ^{Sol}be seen
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
13. They ^{Lam}set thee up, they ^{Sol}took thee downe
 They ^{Lam}served thee with ^{Mi}humilitie
 Thy ^{Lam}foote might not once ^{Sol}touch the ground
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
14. For ^{Lam}everie morning, when thou ^{Sol}rose
 I ^{Lam}sent thee dainties, ^{Mi}orderly
 To ^{Lam}cheare thy stomach from all ^{Sol}woes
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me

15. Thou couldst desire no ^{Lam}earthly thing
 But ^{Lam}stil thou hadst it ^{Mi}readily
 Thy ^{Lam}musicke still to ^{Sol}play and sing
 And yet ^{Lam}thou wouldst not ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
16. And who ^{Lam}did pay for all ^{Sol}this geare
 That ^{Lam}thou didst spend when ^{Mi}pleased thee?
 Even I that am ^{Lam}rejected here
 And ^{Lam}thou disdainst to ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
17. Wei, ^{Lam}I wil pray to ^{Sol}God on hie
 That ^{Lam}thou my constancie ^{Mi}maist see
 And that ^{Lam}yet once before ^{Sol}I die
 Thou ^{Lam}will vouchsafe to ^{Mi}love ^{Lam}me
-
- Do* ^{Sol}
Greensleeves, now farewel, adue!
Lam ^{Mi}
God I pray to prosper thee
Do ^{Sol}
For I am stil thy lover true
Lam ^{Mi} ^{Lam}
Come once againe, and love me!
-

3

Vent frais

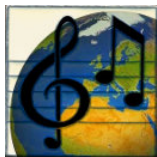
Traditionnel
France



1. ^{Rém}Vent ^{Lam}frais
^{Rém}Vent ^{Lam}du matin
^{Rém}Vent ^{Lam}qui souffle
^{Rém}Au ^{Lam}sommet des grands ^{Lam}pins
^{Rém}Joie ^{Lam}du vent ^{Rém}qui souffle
^{Lam}Allons dans le grand ...
-

4 Example

1 Sad robot Pornophonique *8 bit lagerfeuer*



Rém
1. His steely skin is covered
Fa
By centuries of dust
Do
Once he was a great one
Rém
Now he's dull and rust

Rém
An oily tear he's crying
Fa
Can you feel the pain
Do
Of the sad, sad robot
Rém
And it's driving him insane

Rém
He can't turn back time nor history
Fa
So his life became a misery
Do
He has to face the destiny
Rém
Nobody cares anymore

| *Sad, sad robot (×3)*
| *All alone*

2 Sad robot Pornophonique *8 bit lagerfeuer*



Rém
1. His steely skin is covered
Fa
By centuries of dust
Do
Once he was a great one
Rém
Now he's dull and rust

Rém
An oily tear he's crying
Fa
Can you feel the pain
Do
Of the sad, sad robot
Rém
And it's driving him insane

Rém
He can't turn back time nor history
Fa
So his life became a misery
Do
He has to face the destiny
Rém
Nobody cares anymore

| *Sad, sad robot (×3)*
| *All alone*