

XXVII The way of the soul (Alfred Lord Tennyson) (Poem, cantos) (In Memoriam A.H.H.)

Key: **Am** (Verse) **A** (Chorus)

Temp 4/4, 104 Bpm

A=442 Hz

Verse:

Am Em Am Em C G F B7

Am Em Am Em C G F E7b13 E7

B7 x21202

E7b13 020110

E7 020100

Chorus:

A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A Em7

A x0222x

Bm11/A x0344x

Amaj7 x0566x

Em7 075700 (Bass alternating E und A)

Abgang:

A6/C# Fmja7/C E/B A

A6/C# x442x0

Fmaj7/C x332x0

E/B x221x0

A x0222x

Intro: **Am Em Am Em**

Am **Em**
I envy not in any moods
Am **Em**
The captive void of noble rage,
C **G**
The linnet born within the cage,
F **B7**
That never knew the summer woods:

Am **Em**
I envy not the beast that takes
Am **Em**
His license in the field of time,

C **G**
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
F **E7b13 E7**
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Refr.:

A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A
I hold it true,
Em7
whate'er befall;
A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A
I feel it, when
Em7
I sorrow most;
A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A
'Tis better to
Em7
have loved and lost
A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A
Than never to
Em7
have loved at all.

(Nor), what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
(Nor) any want-begotten rest.

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

Refr.:

I hold it true,
whate'er befall;
I feel it, when
I sorrow most;
'Tis better to
have loved and lost
Than never to
have loved at all.

Instr. **A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A Em7 (2x)**

Refr.:

I hold it true,
whate'er befall;
I feel it, when
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'Tis better to
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Outro: **A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A Em7 (3x)**
 A Bm11/A Amaj7 Bm11/A
 A6/C# Fmja7/C E/B A