

Rockin' chair

ton original

Paroles et musique de Hoagy Carmichael. Composé en 1929.

Moderato

mf

This system contains the first four measures of the piano introduction. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The music is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

5 Verse

Moon - light on Swa-nee's mud - dy shore by

mp

This system covers measures 5 through 8 of the song. It includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The dynamic is 'mp'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment pattern to the introduction.

10

my door; Mu - sic

mp

This system covers measures 9 through 12 of the song. It includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The dynamic is 'mp'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment pattern to the introduction.

15

I've of - ten heard be - fore hear't no more. —

20

Years have slipped a - way and left me long in'

25

For the days of hap - pi - ness I'll see no more.

Refrain

30

Old rock in' chair's got me, - cane me my side; fetch me that

mp *mf*

35

gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide. Can't get from this cab-in, -

40

goin' no where; just sit me here grab - bin' at the flies 'round this rock - in'

45

chair. my dear old aunt Har - ri - er in hea - ven she be,

50

send me sweet chari-ot, - for the end of this trou-ble I see. old rock-in'chair's

55

git's it, — judgement day is here, chained to my rock - in'

60

1. chair; 2. chair.

Moonlight on Swanee's muddy shore by my door;
 Music I've often heard before hear't no more.
 Years have slipped away and left me long in'
 for the days of happiness I'll see no more.

Old rockin' chair's got me, cane me my side;
 fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide.
 Can't get from this cabin, goin' no where;
 just sit me here grabbin'
 at the flies 'round this rock-in' chair.
 My dear old Aunt Harrier in heaven she be,
 send me sweet chariot, for the end of this trouble I see.
 Old rockin' chair git's it, judgement day is here,
 Chained to my rockin' chair.

Clair de lune sur le rivage boueux de Swanee près de ma porte ;
 Une musique que j'ai souvent entendue mais que je n'écoute plus.
 Les années se sont écoulées et m'ont laissé en rade
 quant aux jours de bonheur, je n'en connaîtrai plus.

Le vieux rocking-chair me tient, ma canne à mes côtés ;
 va me chercher ce gin, fiston, avant que je ne te tanne la peau.
 Je ne peux pas sortir de cette cabane, je ne vais nulle part ;
 asseyez-moi juste ici pour attraper
 les mouches autour de ce rocking-chair.
 Ma chère vieille tante Harrier, qu'elle soit au paradis,
 envoie-moi un doux chariot, pour que je vois la fin de ces ennuis.
 Vieux rocking-chair, c'est ça, le jour du jugement est là,
 Enchaîné à mon rocking-chair.