

The Angel

Texte de William Blake
Musique de Thierry Chauve

Chant

Fm Cm Fm

8

I dreamt a dream! What can it mean? And that I was a mai-den

12

Cm Fm Cm Fm Cm

Queen Guar-ded by an An-gel mild: Wit-less woe was ne-ver be - guiled!

17

Bm C Bm C

8

And I wept both night and day, And he wiped my tears a - way;

29

Bm C Bm C Bm C

Solo

And I wept both day and night, And hid from him my heart's de-light.

35

Bm C Bm C Bm C Fm

So he took his wings, and

42

Cm Fm Cm Fm Cm

fled; Then the mor-ning blushed ro-sy red. I dried my tears, and armed my fears

47

Fm Cm G7 C

With ten - thou - sand shields and spears.

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