


Seasons In The Sun

(Le Moribond)

Music by Jacques Brel
English Lyric by Rod McKuen

Folk ballad style (moderato)

Guitar → D
(Capo up 3 frets)

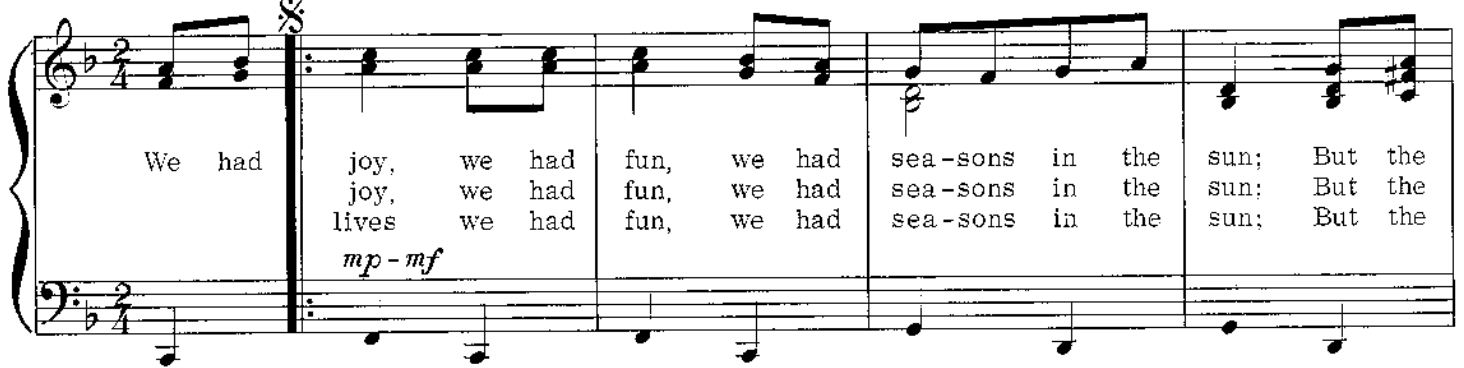


Em



Chorus Piano → F

Gm



We had joy, we had fun, we had sea-sons in the sun; But the
joy, we had fun, we had sea-sons in the sun; But the
lives we had fun, we had sea-sons in the sun; But the

mp - mf

Em7-5

A7



D

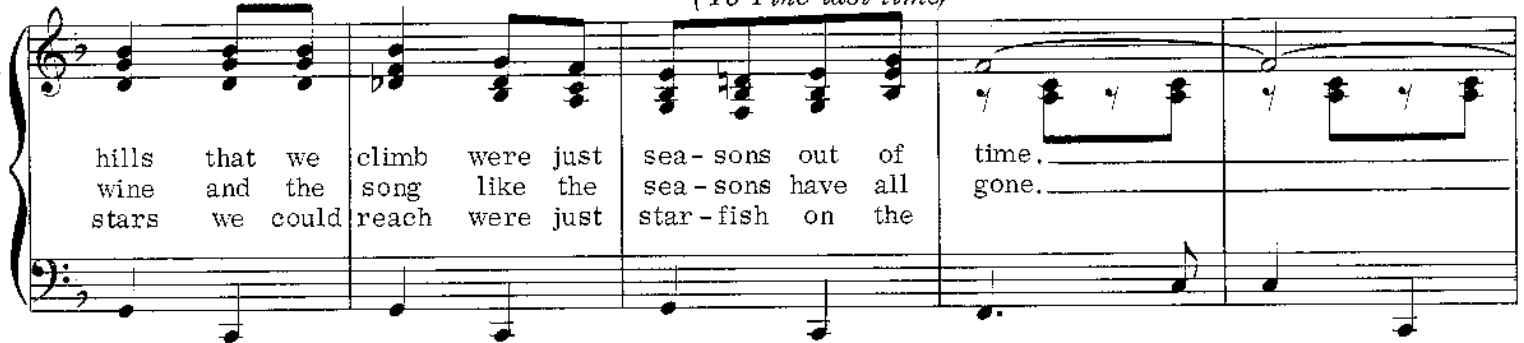


Gm7-5

C7

F

(To Fine last time)



hills that we climb were just sea-sons out of time,
wine and the song like the sea-sons have all
stars we could reach were just star-fish on the gone.

1.

2. segue to Verse

Fine

D

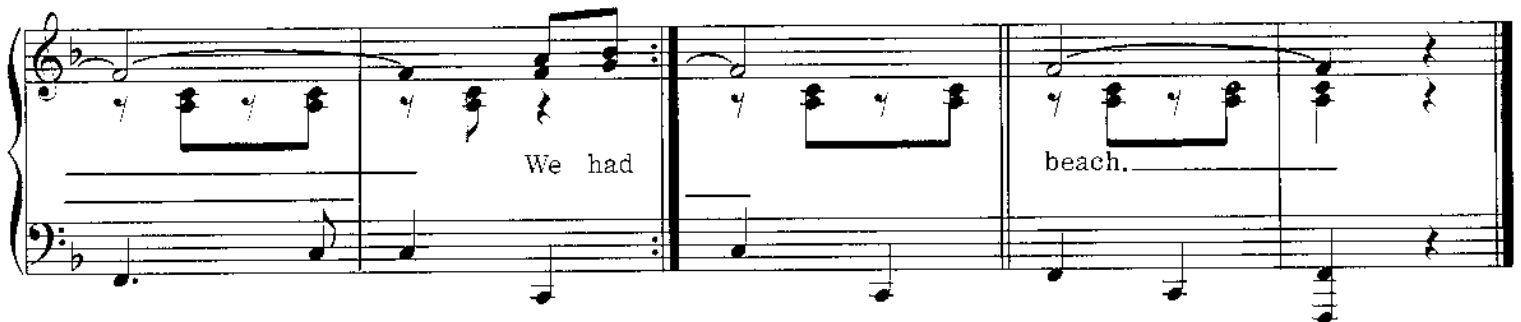


D



F

F



We had beach.

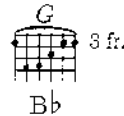
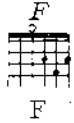


Verse F

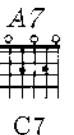
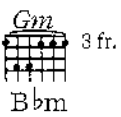
C7

1. Good - bye to you, my trust - ed friend,
 2. Good - bye, Pa - pa, please pray for me,
 3. Good - bye, Mich - elle, my lit - tle one,

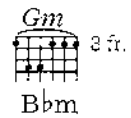
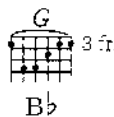
mp



We've known each oth - er since we were nine or ten;
 I was the black sheep of the fam - i - ly;
 You gave me love and helped me find the sun;



To - geth - er we've climbed hills and trees,
 You tried to teach me right from wrong,
 And ev - 'ry time that I was down,



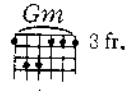
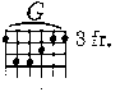
Learned of love and A - B - C's, skinned our hearts and skinned our
 Too much wine and too much song, won - der how I got a -
 You would al - ways come a - round and get my feet back on the



F

C7

knees. Good - bye, my friend, }
 long. Good - bye, Pa - pa, } it's hard to
 ground. Good - bye, Mich - elle, } die,

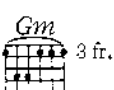


F

Bb

Bbm

When all the birds are sing - ing in the sky; Now that the



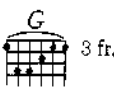
Bbm

F

C7

F

spring is in the air, Pret - ty girls are ev - 'ry -
 Lit - tle chil - dren ev - 'ry -
 With the flow - ers ev - 'ry -



Bb

Bbm

F

*D. S.
(3rd time
al Fine)*

where; Think of me and I'll be there. We had
 where; When you'll see them, I'll be there. We had
 where; I wish that we could both be there. All our