Dm7 G7 C C COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES, Dm7 G7 TAKE WORNING HOW YOU COURT YOUR MEN C C THEY'RE LIKE THE STARS ON A SUMMER'S MORNING Am F - Em G7 FIRST THEY'LL APPEAR AND THEN THEY'RE GONE G7 Dm7 G7 C C IF I HAD KNOWN BEFORE I COURTED Dm7 G7 WHAT ALL HIS LYING COULD HAVE DONE C C I'D HAVE LOCKED MY HEART IN A BOX OF GOLDEN Am F - Em Dm AND NEVER WOULD HAVE COURTED NONE Dm7 G7 C I WISH I WERE A TINY SPARROW Dm7 G7 Am AND I HAD WINGS AND I COULD FLY Am C C Em I'D FLY AWAY TO MY OWN TRUE LOVER Am F - Em Dm G7 AND ALL HE'D ASK, I WOULD DENY. G7 Dm7 G7 C C ALAS, I'M NOT A TINY SPARROW Dm7 G7 Am I HAVE NOT WINGS, NOR CAN I FLY C C Em Em AND ON THIS EARTH, IN GRIEF AND SORROW Am F-Em Dm G7 I AM BOUND UNTIL I DIE C Dm7 G7 COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES, Dm7 G7 TAKE WORNING HOW YOU COURT YOUR MEN C C THEY'RE LIKE THE STARS ON A SUMMER'S MORNING

FIRST THEY'LL APPEAR AND THEN THEY'RE GONE

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SHALOM, from SPIKE and JAMIE