

## Tiny Sparrow

Peter, Paul and Mary

Come all ye fair and tender ladies,  
Take warning how you court your men.  
They're like the stars on a summer's mornin'  
First they'll appear and then they're gone.

If I had known before I courted  
What all his lyin' could have done  
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden  
And never would have courted none.

I wish I were a tiny sparrow  
And I had wings and I could fly.  
I'd fly away to my own true lover  
And all he'd ask I would deny.

Alas I'm not a tiny sparrow  
I have not wings nor can I fly  
And on this earth in grief and sorrow  
I am bound until I die.

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