Tiny Sparrow

Peter, Paul & 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 goneIf 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 noneI 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 denyAlas 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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