

FEED THE BIRDS

^{Dm} ^{Gm} ^{Bb} ^A
 early each day to the steps of St Paul's
^{Dm} ^A ^{Dm}
 the little old bird woman comes
^{Dm} ^{Gm} ^{Bb} ^A
 in her own special way to the people she calls
^{Dm} ^A ^{Dm}
 come, buy my bags full of crumbs
^C ^F
 come feed the little birds, show them you care
^C ^F ^A
 and you'll be glad if you do
^{Dm} ^{Gm} ^{Bb} ^A
 their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare
^{Dm} ^A ^{Dm} ^C
 all it takes is tuppence from you

^F ^{Am} ^{Bb} ^F ^{Bb} ^F ^{G7} ^C
feed the birds, tuppence a bag, tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag
^F ^{Am} ^{Bb} ^F ^{Bb} ^F ^C ^F
feed the birds, that's what she cries, while overhead, her birds fill the skies

^A ^{Dm} ^A ^{Dm} ^A
 all around the cathedral, the saints & apostles
^{Dm} ^A ^{Dm}
 look down as she sells her wares
^F ^C ^F ^C
 although you can't see it, you know they are smiling
^F ^A ^{Dm} ^C
 each time someone shows that he cares

^F ^{Am} ^{Bb} ^F ^{Bb} ^F ^{G7} ^C
though her words are simple & few, listen, listen, she's calling to you
^F ^{Am} ^{Bb} ^A ^{Bb} ^{Gm} ^{Bb} ^C ^F
feed the birds, tuppence a bag, tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag