

Ways and Means

WHITE KNIGHT
(possibly to his own guitar)

tune by Smetana

s

1. I'll tell thee ev' - ry - thing I know, there's lit - tle to re - late,

I saw an a - ged. a - ged man a sit - ting on a gate.

"Who are you, a - ged man," I said, "And how is it you live?"

And his an - swer trick - led through my head like wa - ter through a sieve.

C G/B D⁷/A D⁷ G
He said "I look for but - ter-flies that sleep a-mong the wheat;

Am Em/G B⁷ Em
I make them in - to mut - ton pies, and sell them in the street;

C⁶ B C⁶ B
I sell them un - to men", he said, "That sail on stor - my seas;

C⁶ B C⁶ B [*repeat for v2 & 3*]
And that's the way | I get my bread, a tri - fle, if you please."

[at the end of v.3]

C⁶ B C⁶ B
And that's the way | I get my bread, a tri - fle, if you please."

...whose look was mild, whose speech was slow, whose hair was whi - ter than the snow,
whose face was ve - ry like a crow, with eyes like cin - ders, all a - glow,
who seemed dis - trac - ted with his woe, who roked his bo - dy to and fro,
and mut - tered mum bling high and low, as if his mouth were full of dough,
who snor - ted like a buf - fa - lo, that sum - mer eve - ning long a - go

Am B⁷ Em
a sit - ting on a gate.