THE RIDDLE SONG

t	A			E			
gave my love a cherry, that had no stone							
B7	E			B7			
I gave my love a chicken, that had no bone							
B7	E		B7				
I told my love a story, that had no end							
F#m	Α	B7	E				
I gave my love a baby, with no cry - in.							

How can there be a cherry, that has no stone?

How can there be a chicken, that has no bone?

How can there be a story, that has no end?

How can there be a baby with no cry - in?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone
The story that I love you, it has no end
A baby when it's sleeping has no cry – in.