

The Whistler

Ian Anderson

[capo 1] Gm Fsus2/C Gm Fsus2/C

Gm F Dm C
I'll buy you six bay mares to put in your stable,
Gm Dm F C
Six golden apples bought with my pay.
Gm F Dm C
I am the first piper who calls the sweet tune,
Gm Dm F C A
But I must be gone by the seventh day.

CHORUS:

E G D A E G D A
So, come on, I am the whistler. I have a fife and a drum to play.
E G D F#m D E F#m
Get ready for the whistler. I whistle along on the seventh day
E G#
Whistle along on the seventh day.

G# F# G# F# C# [2x]
G# F# G# F# Gm Fsus2/C Gm Fsus2/C

All kinds of sadness I've left behind me,
Many's the day when I have done wrong.
But I'll be yours forever and ever,
Climb in the saddle and whistle along.

CHORUS:

G# F# G# F# C# [2x]
G# F# G# F# Gm Fsus2/C Gm Fsus2/C

Deep red are the sunsets in mystical places.
Black are the nights on summer day sands.
We'll find the speck of truth in each riddle.
Hold the first grain of love in our hands.

CHORUS: [2x]

G# F# G# F# C# [3x]
B C# B F# C#
B F# C# B C# B

Fsus2/C = x 3 3 0 1 1 or: 1 1 3 3 1 1 [easier, not quite as true]