

# Joan Baez, Queen Of Hearts

To the queen of hearts is the ace of sorrow  
He's here today, he's gone tomorrow  
Young men are plenty but sweethearts few  
If my love leaves me what shall I do?

Had I the store in yonder mountain  
Where gold and silver is there for counting  
I could not count for thought of thee  
My eyes so full I could not see

I love my father, I love my mother  
I love my sister, I love my brother  
I love my friends and relatives too  
I'll forsake them all and go with you

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