

IF I DIE YOUNG

Words and Music by
KIMBERLY PERRY

Slowly

$\text{♩} = 69$



If I die__ young, bur - y me in sat - in, lay__ me down.

mp



__ on a bed of ros - es. Sink_ me in the riv - er at dawn,_ send_ me_ a -



-way_ with the words of a love song. Uh oh,_ uh oh._ Lord, make me a

A E B C#m7

rain - bow; I'll shine down on my moth-er. She'll know I'm safe with you when she stands un-der my col-ors. Oh, — and

mf

A E B C#m7

life ain't al-ways what you think it ought-a be. No, — ain't e - ven gray; but she bur - ies her ba - by. —

A E B C#m7

— The sharp — knife of a short — life, — well,

A E B E/B B7

I've — had just e - nough time. — If I die —

A E B C#m7

young, bur - y me in sat - in, lay - me down - on a bed of ros - es. Sink - me in the

A E B C#m7

riv - er at dawn, - send - me - a - way - with the words of a love song.

A E B C#m7 A E

The sharp - knife of a short - life, _____ well, I've _____ had just e-nough

B E/B B7 A E

time. And I'll be wear-ing white when I come - in - to your king-dom. I'm as

B C#m7 A E

green as the ring on my lit - tle cold fin - ger. I've nev - er known the lov - ing of a man, but it

B C#m7 A E

sure felt nice when he was hold - ing my hand. There's a boy here in town, says he'll love me for - ev - er.

B C#m7 A E

Who would - a thought for - ev - er could be sev - ered by the sharp knife of a short life.

B C#m7 A E B E/B B7

Well, I've had just e - nough time.

A E B C#m7 A E

B C#m7 A E

So put on your best, boys, and I'll wear my pearls.

mp

B

What I nev - er did is done. A pen - ny for my

A E/G# B/F# C#m7

thoughts: oh no, I'll sell 'em for a dol-lar. They're worth so much more af - ter I'm a gon-er. And

A E B

may - be then you'll hear the words - I've been sing - ing. Fun - ny, when you're dead how peo -

C#m A E B E/B B7

- ple start a - lis - t'nin'. - If I die -

A E B C#m7

young, bur - y me in sat - in, lay - me down - on a bed of ros - es. Sink - me in the

A E B C#m7

riv - er at dawn, - send - me a - way - with the words of a love - song. Uh



oh, (Uh oh, the bal - lad of the dove. uh oh.) _ Go with peace _ and love. _



Gath-er up your tears, keep _ 'em in your pock-et. Save 'em for a time when you're real - ly gon-na need 'em. Oh, _



_ the sharp _ knife of a short _ life. _ Well,



I've _ had just e - nough time. _ So _

Freely

A

E

$\text{♩} = 58$



N.C.

put on your best, boys, _____ and I'll wear my pearls. _____

mp