

# How Shall a Sparrow Fly

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Oh how shall a sparrow fly,  
Or have the heart to sing?  
If all she can do is cry,  
About her broken wings?

Oh how shall a sparrow fly,  
If weather sleeps in vain?  
Or keep her feathers dry,  
Under clouds of death and rain?

Oh how shall a sparrow fly,  
And find her one true love?  
If all she can do is lie around,  
And dream of white tail doves?

Oh how shall a sparrow fly,  
Or have the heart to sing?  
If all she can do is cry,  
About her broken wings?