Hyde Park Angels

Capo 2nd fret. The first chord is a form of Dm7, and the strumming might be a bit tricky. The open strings are left to ring on the downstroke, and the fretted strings are damped by slightly releasing fingerboard pressure on the upstroke. Hope this makes sense... There is also a slight query attached to the first C chord in the "I sat upon the grass" section.

		J		•			
Dm7			G		Bb7		
There's a park	c full of	angels at the	e botto	m of r	ny road	d	
Dm7		G	ŀ	Bb7			
How they eve	r got the	ere no-one's	ever k	known			
Dm7				G		Bb7	7
If you do dow	n to the	woods toda	y you'ı	re sure	e of a b	oig surp	orise
Dm7	G		Bb			Dm7	
Got a park full	of ange	els dancing	right b	efore :	your ey	/es	
And there are Only one in a And there is n Only one in a	thousar o mista	nd young wo king her the	man's mome	got fe ent she	eather of the contract of the	on her ealed	toes
C Cma	ıj7	F		С	F	С	
Saint Dionysiu	ıs won't	you help m	e to m	y feet			
		Cmaj7	F		C	;	F C
There's no pla	ace for a	a man in my	condit	ion on	the st	reet	
	Em	Bb		Α			
They told me	to call fo	or you when	I was	alone			
С		F					

Saint Dionysius won't you help me home

My story is a short one so I guess I'll tell you how I first became the homeless wayfaring man that I am now It all goes back to '68 when first I came to town And went into this park to have a walk and a look around

It was a dark and gloomy day in spring I do recall When passing 'neath some tall trees a child's voice did softly call And springing out from behind a trunk came a girl of beauty rare Saying "I'll play for you some music on my lyre if you should care."

Gm Bb C?

I sat upon the grass as she did oh so sweetly play

Gm Bb C

It cast me in a spell and carried me away.....

I woke up cold and shaking, my enchantress she was gone The park was bare and silent now and night was rolling on I leaned my back against a tree and wept without control For I knew that maiden's lyre had laid a passion in my soul

All my life now I must give in searching every day
To see again her beauty and to hear her softly play
And sit upon the grass with her wherever trees grow high
You see she is my lifeblood now, without her I must die

Saint Dionysius won't you help me to my feet There's no place for a man in my condition on the street They told me to call for you when I was alone Saint Dionysius won't you help me home

There's a park full of angels at the bottom of my road How they ever got there well no-one's ever known A warning to you young men: all angels you must shun Or else you'll be a wanderer until your day is done