

# A Whiter Shade of Pale

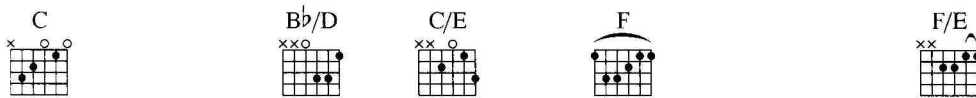
As recorded by Sarah Brightman

Words and Music by  
Keith Reid and Gary Brooker

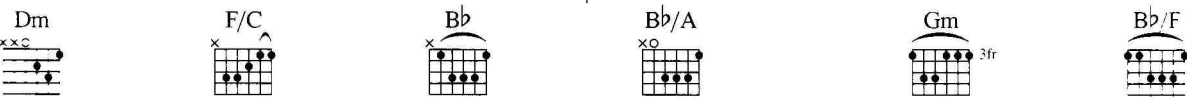
Moderately



mp



We skipped the light - fan - dan -



go. — turned cart - wheels 'cross the floor. —

I was feel - ing — kind — of sea - sick.

F F/E Dm Am C

but the crowd called — out for more.

Bb Bb/A Gm Bb/F

The room — was hum - ming hard - er —

C C B7 Am C7/G

as the ceil - ing — flew — a - way. —

When we called out for another drink.

3

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ /A Gm7 3fr C

the waiter brought a tray. And so it

F C/E Dm F/C

was that later,

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ /A Gm7 3fr B $\flat$ /F

as the miller told his tale,

that her face, at first — just ghost - ly. turned

To Coda

er shade of pale.

See how she

*mp*

son, and the truth is plain to see

But I wandered through my play

ing cards and would not let her be

one of six - teen ves - tal vir - gins

who were leav - ing for the coast. — And al - though my eyes were

o - per. — they might just as well've been closed. — And so

o - per. — they might just as well've been closed. — And so

o - per. — they might just as well've been closed. — And so

o - per. — they might just as well've been closed. — And so

Coda

F Csus4 F

F Csus4 F