

Chiquitita

Words & Music by Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Moderato

Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me what's wrong,
truth,
down,



you're en-chained by your own sor-row,
I'm a shoul-der you can cry on,
and your love's a blown out candle,



in your all your best is your eyes friend, gone there is no hope for tomorrow...
I'm the one you must re-ly on, and it seems too hard to handle, — How I hate to see you like
You were always sure of your- Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me the



this,
self,
truth,

there is no way
now I see you've
there is no way





you can de - ny it, —
bro - ken a feath - er, —
you can de - ny it, —

Do #m9



I can see that you're, oh, so
I hope we can patch it
I see see that you're, oh, so

Mi Re Mi Mi11



sad, so qui - et. —
up to - geth - er. —
sad, so qui - et. —



1. Chi - qui - ti - ta, tell me the



2. 3. Chi - qui - ti - ta, you and I

La (Re La) La La



know

how the heart - aches come and they go and the scars they're leav - in'. —



Re La



You'll be dan - in' once a - gain — and the pain will end, you will have no time for griev - in'. —

Mi Re Mi Mi11 La

Chi-qui-ti-ta, you and I — cry

but the sun is still in the sky and

Re

shinin' a-bove you, — let me hear — you sing once more like you did be-fore, sing a new song,

La Mi Re Mi Mi ll

Chi-qui-ti-ta. — Try once more like you did be-

La Mi Re

fore, sing a new song. Chi-qui-ti-ta. — So the walls came tumb - lin' —

Mi Mi ll La (Re) La

Dal S al C poi segue

Chi - qui - ti - ta, — try once

La

more like you did be-fore, sing a new song, Chi-qui-ti-ta. —

rit. Mi Re Mi Mi ll La

(Strum. ad lib.)