

G Am D7 G  
Come all ye fair and tender ladies,  
Am D7 Em  
Take warning how you court young men.  
D7 G D7 G  
They're like the stars of a summer's morning;  
C Bm D  
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

If I'd ha' known before I courted,  
I never would have courted none.  
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden  
And fastened it up with a silver pin.

I wish I were a little swallow,  
And I had wings and I could fly.  
I would fly away to my false-true lover  
And when he would speak I would deny.

But I am not a little swallow,  
I have no wings neither can I fly.  
So I'll sit down here to weep in sorrow  
And try to pass my troubles by.

Oh don't you remember our days of courting,  
When your head lay upon my breast?  
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm,  
That the sun rose in the west.