

Fair And Tender Ladies

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Come all ye fair and tender ladies

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Take warning how you court your men

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They're like a star a summer morning

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They first appear and then they're gone

They'll tell to you some loving story

And they'll make you think that they love you well

And away they'll go and court some other

And leave you there in grief to dwell

I wish I was on some tall mountain

Where the ivy rocks were black as ink

I'd write a letter to my false true lover

Whose cheeks are like the morning pink

I wish I was a little sparrow

And I had wings to fly so high

I'd fly to the arms of my false true lover

And when he'd ask, I would deny

Oh love is handsome, love is charming

And love is pretty while it's new

But love grows cold as love grows old

And fades away like morning dew