Come all ye fair and tender ladies
Take warning how you court young men
They're like a star on a summer morning
They first appear and then they're gone

They'll tell to you some lovin' story
And make you think they love you well
Then away they'll go and court some other
And leave you there in grief to dwell

If I had known before I courted
That love had been so hard to win
I'd locked my heart with the keys of golden
And pinned it down with a silver pin

I wish I was a little sparrow
And I had wings to fly so high
I'd fly away to my false true lover
And when he'd ask I would deny

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

Love is handsome, love is charming
And love is pretty while it's new
But love grows cold as love grows older
And fades away like morning dew

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