

## Love Is Pleasing

### The Dubliners

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish I was a youth again  
But a youth again I can never be  
Till apples grow on an ivy tree

I left me father, I left me mother  
I left all my sisters and brothers too  
I left all my friends and my own religion  
I left them all for to follow you

But the sweetest apple is the soonest rotten  
And the hottest love is the soonest cold  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
And now I am bound for Americay

And love is pleasin' and love is teasin'  
And love is a pleasure when first it's new  
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder  
And it fades away like the morning dew

For love and porter makes a young man older  
And love and whiskey makes him old and grey  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
And now I am bound for Americay