

Come All Ye Fair And Tender Ladies

Pistol Annies

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

They'll tell to you some loving story
they'll make you think they love you well
Then 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 are black as ink
I'd write a letter to my lost true lover
Whose cheeks are like the morning pink

For love is handsome, love is charming
love is pretty while it's new
But love grows cold as love grows old
And fades away like mornin' dew

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