

## Love Is Pleasing

Tim O'Brien

Oh love is pleasin, love is teasin  
And love's a pleasure when first it's new  
But as love grows older, at length grows colder  
And fades away like the mornin dew

I left my father, I left my mother  
I left my brother and sister too  
I left my home and kind relations  
I left them all for the love of you

If I had known before I courted  
That love was such a killin crime  
I'd have wrapped my heart in a box of gold  
And tied it up with a piece of twine