

Fair And Tender Ladies

Unknown

♩ = 100



Come all ye fair and tender ladies, Take warn- ing how
 They'll tell to you some lov - ing sto - ry, And they'll make you think
 I wish I was a lit - tle spar - row, And I had wings
 I wish I was on some tall moun - tain, Where the i - vy rocks
 Oh love is hand - some, love is charm - ing, And love is pret -

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— you court your men. They're like a star on a sum - mer
 — that they love you well. And away they'll go and court some
 — to fly so high. I'd fly to the arms of my false true
 — were black as ink. I'd write a letter to my false true
 — ty while it's new. But love grows cold as love grows

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morn - ing. They first ap - pear and then they're gone.
 o - ther. And leave you there in grief to dwell.
 lov - er. And when he'd ask I would de - ny.
 lov - er. Whose cheeks are like the morn - ing pink.
 — old. And fades a - way like morn - ing dew.

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