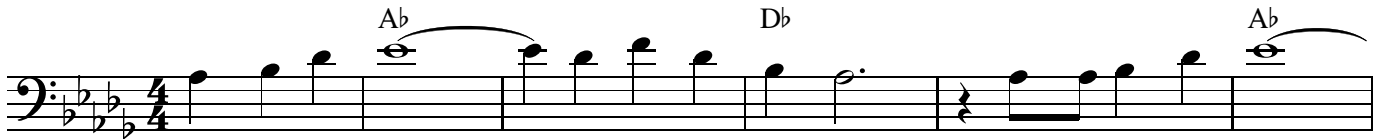


# Come All Ye Fair And Tender Ladies

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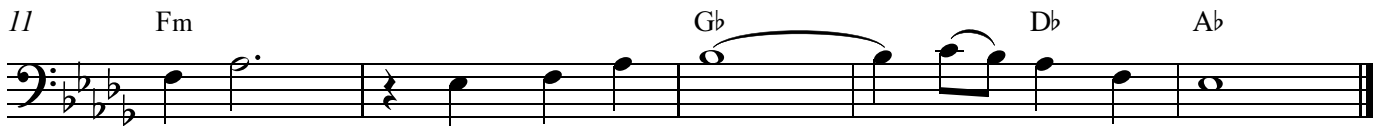
Traditional



Come all ye fair\_\_\_\_\_ and ten - der la - dies Take war - ning how\_\_\_\_  
They'll tell to you\_\_\_\_\_ some lo - ving sto - ry They'll make you think\_\_\_\_  
I wish I was\_\_\_\_\_ on some tall moun - tain Where the i - vy rocks\_\_\_\_



— you court your men They're like a\_\_ star\_\_\_\_\_ on a sum - mer  
— they love you well And a - way they'll\_\_\_\_\_ go and court some  
— are black as ink I'd write a\_\_ let ter\_\_\_\_\_ to my false true



mor - ning They first ap - pear\_\_\_\_\_ and then they're gone.  
o - ther And leave you there\_\_\_\_\_ in\_ grief to dwell  
lo - ver Whose cheeks are like\_\_\_\_\_ the\_ mor - ning pink

4. I wish I was a little sparrow,  
And I had wings with which to fly  
Right over to see my false true-lover,  
And when he's talking I'd be nigh.

5. But I'm not a little sparrow,  
I have no wings with which to fly  
So I sit here in grief and sorrow,  
To weep and pass my troubles by.

6. If I had known before I courted  
that love was such a killing thing  
I'd a-locked my heart in a box of golden  
and fastened it up with a silver pin.