Fair And Tender Ladies

G

Come all ye fair and tender ladies.

D

Take warning how you court young men.

Am G

They're like a star on a summer morning.

Am G

They'll first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story

D

And they make you think that they'll love you well

Am G

Then they will go and court some other

Am G

And that's the love they have for you

Do you remember our days of courting

D

When your head lay upon my breast

Am G

You could make me believe with falling of your arm

Am G

That the sun rose in the West

I wish I was a little sparrow,

D

And I had wings with which to fly

Am G

Right over to see my false true-lover,

Am G

And when he's talking I'd be nigh.

But I'm not a little sparrow,

D

I have no wings with which to fly

Am G

So I sit here in grief and sorrow,

Am G

To weep and pass my troubles by.

**Måske slutte med vers 1.**