

## 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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