

Craig Herbertson **"Fair and Tender Ladies"**

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Come all ye fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men,
They're like the stars on a summer's morning,
First they appear and then they're gone.

If I'd a known before I courted,
I never would have courted none,
I'd a locked my heart in a box of golden,
And fastened it up with a silver pin.

I wish I were a little sparrow,
And I had wings and I could fly,
I'd fly away to my own false lover,
And when he's talking I'd draw nigh,
But I am not a little sparrow,
I have no wings, nor can I fly,
I'll sit right here, and weep in sorrow,
And try to pass my troubles by.

Do you recall when we first courted?
You'd lay your head upon my breast
You could make me believe
by he falling of your arm
That the sun rose in the west.

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