Come All Ye Fair And Tender Ladies

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Traditional



- 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.
- 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.