

Joan Baez, Come All Ye Fair

Come all ye fair and tender maidens
Take warning how you court young men
They're like a star of a summer's morning
First they appear and then they're gone.
They'll tell to you some loving story
They'll swear to you their love is true
Straightway they'll go and court another
And that's the love that they had for you.

If I'd a known before I courted
That love it was such a killin' thing
I'd lock my heart in a box of golden
And fastened it up with a silver chain.

O do you remember our days of courtin'
When your head lay upon my breast
You could make me believe with the falling of your eyes
That the sun rose in the west.

I wish I was a little sparrow
And I had wings and I could fly
I'd fly away to my own true lover
And when he speaks I won't deny.

But I am not no little sparrow
I have no wings neither can I fly
I'll sit right down in my grief and sorrow
And let my troubles pass me by.

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