

Peter, Paul & Mary, Tiny Sparrow

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

If I had known before I courted
what all his lyin' would have done
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden
and never would have courted none.

I wish I were a tiny sparrow
and I had wings and I could fly.
I'd fly away to my own true lover
and all he'd ask I would deny.

Alas I'm not a tiny sparrow
I have not wings nor can I fly
And on this earth in grief and sorrow
I am bound until I die.

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