

Come all you fair and tender ladies.
Be careful how you court young men.
They're like a star on a summer's morning.
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

I wish I was
a little sparrow,
and I had wings
and I could fly.
I'd fly away
to my false true lover
and when he'd speak
I would deny.

If I'd a-known before I met him, of all the lies that he would say, I'd locked my heart in a box of golden, the only key I'd thrown away.

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.