

The Online Academy of Irish Music (OAIM.ie)

Love is Teasing

Love is a teasing and love is pleasing,
And love is a treasure when first it's new;
But as love grows older, love grows colder,
And fades away like the morning dew.

I left my Mother, I left my Father,
I left my brothers and sisters too;
I left my friends and my kind relations,
I left them all for to go with you.

Oh turn around love, your wheel of fortune,
Oh turn around love and smile on me;
Surely there must be a place of torment,
For that young girl who deceiv-ed me.

Oh lads beware of your false true lovers,
And never mind what the young girls say;
They're like the stars on a summer's morning,
You think they're near but they're far away.