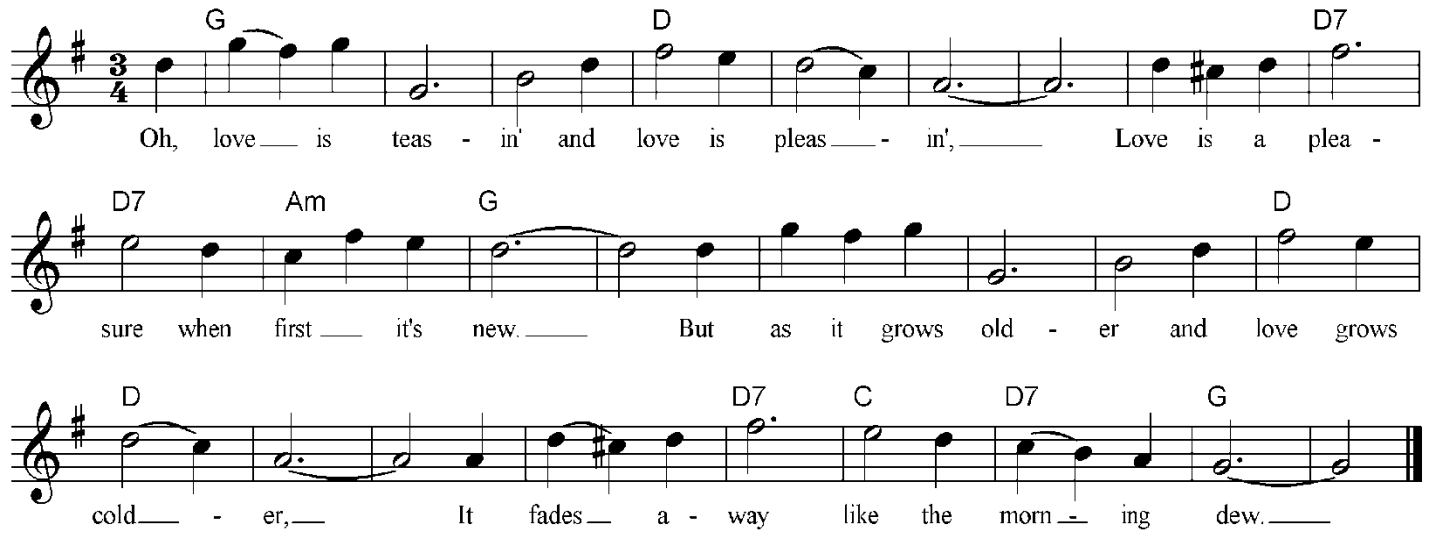


Love is teasin'

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



A folk song of Irish origin about the fragility and fickleness of love. This song comes from one of two maroon notebooks I filled long ago with lyrics and chords whilst at a teacher's training college. There with an enthusiastic bunch of friends we started a folk club; it was at the height of the 1960s folk revival with Joan Baez and Irish groups in ascendance. The traditional songs we learnt there, like this one, remain firmly in my heart today.



Oh, love is a teasin' and love is pleasin',
Love is a pleasure when first it's new;
But as it grows older and love grows colder,
It fades away like the morning dew.

I wish, I wish but I wish in vain,
I wish I were a maid again;
But a maid again I shall never be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.



Oh, once I wore my apron low,
He followed me through the frost and snow,
But now my apron is to my knee
He cares no more what becomes of me.

I wish, I wish that my babe was born
And sitting on his mother's knee
And me poor girl was dead and gone,
With the long green grass growing over me.

