

Love Is Pleasing

The Dubliners

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I was a youth again
But a youth again I can never be
Till apples grow on an ivy tree

I left me father, I left me mother
I left all my sisters and brothers too
I left all my friends and my own religion
I left them all for to follow you

But the sweetest apple is the soonest rotten
And the hottest love is the soonest cold
And what can't be cured love must be endured love
And now I am bound for Americay

And love is pleasin' and love is teasin'
And love is a pleasure when first it's new
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder
And it fades away like the morning dew

For love and porter makes a young man older
And love and whiskey makes him old and grey
And what can't be cured love must be endured love
And now I am bound for Americay