

The Hazards of Love 1 (The Prettiest Whistles Won't Wrestle the Thistles

The Decemberists

My true love went riding out
In white and green and gray
Past the pale of office wall
Where she was want to stray
And there she came upon
A white and wounded fawn

Singing
"Oh, oh
The hazards of love"

She, being full of charity,
A credit to her sex
Sought to right the fawn's hind legs
When here her plans were vexed
The taiga shifted strange
The beast began to change

Singing
"Oh, oh
The hazards of love"
Singing
"Oh, oh oh oh
The hazards of love"
You'll learn soon enough
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone

Fifteen lithesome maidens lay
Along in their bower
Fourteen occupations paid
To pass the idle hour
Margaret heaves a sigh
Her hands clasped to her thigh

Singing
"Oh, oh
The hazards of love"
Singing
"Oh, oh oh oh
The hazards of love"
You'll learn soon enough
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone
Undone
Undone
Undone