

# Tragic Love

[Erynn Marshall & Chris Coole](#)

Come pretty young girls give me your attention  
To these few lines I've tried to write  
About a man who I won't mention  
Who courted of his charming bride  
And when her parents came to know him  
They tried so hard both day and night  
To separate here and her own true lover  
Her and her own true hearts delight  
She turned her back upon the city  
She viewed the fields and meadows round  
She came upon a broad river  
And in the shade of a tree sat down  
Her true love being not far behind  
He heard her make a mournful sound  
And looking on her lifeless body  
As she lay cold upon the ground  
He then took out his silver weapon  
He pierced it through his tender heart  
Sayin let this be a dreadful warning  
For all true lovers that have to part

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