My Horses Ain't Hungry

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   G                          C              G
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay.
                             C    G
So fare you well Polly, I'm going away.
                    Em           G          Em
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor.
     G                         C      G
They say I'm not worthy to ent er your door.
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My parents don't like you, you're poor I am told,
But it's your love I'm wanting, not silver or gold.
Then come with me Polly, we'll ride till we come
To some little cabin, we'll call it our home.

Sparking is pleasure, but parting is grief,
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
A thief will just rob you and take what you have,
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.