Green sleeves









Alas my love you do me wrong To cast me out discourteously; When I have loved you so so long Delighting in your company.

Your gown was of the grassy green Your sleeves of satin were hanging by Which made you be a harvest queen Yet you would not love me Green sleeves was my all my joy Green sleeves was my delight, Green sleeves was my heart of gold And who but my lady green sleeves.

Alas my love you do me wrong To cast me out discourteously; When I have loved you so so long Delighting in your company.