

Greensleeves Songtext

1. Alas, my love you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously;
and I have loved you so long, delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight.
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my lady Greensleeves?

2. If you intend thus to disdain, it does the more enrapture me,
and even so, I still remain a lover in captivity.
Greensleeves ...

3. Alas, my love, that you should own, a heart of wanton vanity,
so must I meditate alone upon your insincerity.
Greensleeves ...

4. Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu, to God I pray to prosper
thee,
for I am still thy lover true, come once again and love me!
Greensleeves ...

Melody and Text: England, 16. Century