

# Peter Hollens, Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously  
For I have loved you well and 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

Your vows you've broken, like my heart  
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?  
Now I remain in a world apart  
But my heart remains in captivity

I have been ready at your hand  
To grant whatever you would crave  
I have both waded life and land  
Your love and good-will for to have

If you intend thus to disdain  
It does the more enrapture me  
And even so, I still remain  
A lover in captivity

My men were clothed all in green  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen  
And yet thou wouldst not love me

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing  
But still thou hadst it readily  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me

Well, I will pray to God on high  
That thou my constancy mayst see  
And that yet once before I die  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me

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