

## Green Grows The Laurel

Cara Dillon

Green grows the laurel, soft falls the dew  
Sorry was I love when parting from you  
But at our next meeting I hope you'll prove true  
And we'll join the green laurel and the violet so blue

I once had a sweetheart but now I have none  
He's gone and he's left me to weep and to mourn  
He's gone and he's left me for others to see  
I'll soon find another far better than he

He passes my window both early and late  
And the looks that he gives me would make my heart break  
The looks that he gives me a thousand would kill  
Though hates and detests me I love that lad still

I wrote him a letter in red rosy lines  
He wrote back an answer all twisted and twined  
Saying keep your love letters and I'll keep mine  
You write to your love and I'll write to mine

Now often I wonder why maidens love men  
And often I wonder why young men love them  
But from my own knowledge I will have you know  
The men are deceivers wherever they go

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