

Greensleeves

Druhá tráva

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.

Ref: Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my Lady Greensleeves

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

R: Greensleeves ...

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Well i have wished with many a sigh
That thou my constancy mayst see
And that yet once before I die
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me