

# My Flowers Grow Green

Jonatha Brooke

My flowers grow green  
So pretty to see;  
My true love has promised to come back to me;  
He promised to stay  
For a lifetime through  
And change my sad flowers to the red white and blue.

He held me and kist me  
And swore he'd be mine  
When he came back last trip from the deep salty brine  
It was on that sweet morning  
That I told him I cared;  
And a bouquet of new hope he tied in my hair.

My roses of summer,  
My violets for spring;  
Forgetmenots bloomed round my cheeks like a ring;  
Buttercups and daisies  
Peeping so shy;  
Nobody can love you as dearly as I.

My pinks and my phlox,  
And my four o'clocks all;  
Love vines are climbing my high garden wall;  
My flowers brought you  
From across that sad sea;  
You'll never kiss another one pretty as me.

My flowers brought you  
From across that sad sea  
You'll never kiss another, prettier than me