

Greensleeves

Marianne Faithfull

Alas my love you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously
For 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 ?

Alas my love that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity
So i must laddie think alone
Upon your insincerity.

Greensleeves