

## The Greenwood Laddie

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If you had seen my dearest, and his eyes shone the clearest  
His cheeks like the red blood that's new-dropped in snow  
He is neat, tall and slender, and his hands soft and tender  
He'll be my greenwood laddie wherever he go.

My parents, my darling, they slight you with scorn  
Because you have no riches wrapped up in store.  
But the more that they slight you, the more I'll invite you  
To be my greenwood laddie, till time is no more.

For if I had the wealth of the East or West Indies  
Or I had the gold of the African shore,  
Or if I could gain thousands I'd lie on your bosom  
You'd be my greenwood laddie whom I'll always adore.

It's down yonder bower I've spent many's the long hour  
A-pulling the flowers by you clear winding shore;  
It was his stolen kisses caused my fondest wishes  
He'll be my greenwood laddie and the boy I adore.

From Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, Kennedy

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