Green Grow the Laurels

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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
But I'll soon find another, far better than he

cho: Green grows the laurel, soft falls the dew
Sorry was I, love, 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.

He passes my window both early and late
And the looks he gives at me would me my heart break;
The looks he gives at me a thousand would kill
Though he 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 will keep mine,
You write to your love and I'll write to mine.

Now I oft'times do wonder why maidens love men
And oft'times I wonder why young men love them
But from my own knowledge I will have you to know
That the men are deceivers wherever they go.

From Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, Kennedy
Collected from Robert Cinnamond, N. Ireland, 1955