

# Greensleeves

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England / Schottland 16. Jh.

Arr: Mario Thürig / März 01



A - las, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off dis - cour-teous - ly, and  
If you in - tend thus to dis - dain it does so more en - rap - ture me, so  
A - las, my love, that you should own a heart of wan - ton va - ni - ty, so  
Ah, Green-sleeves, now fare - well, a - dieu, to God I pray to pro - sper thee, for



I have loved you so long de - light - ing in your com - pa - ny.  
e - ven so, I still re - main, a lo - ver in cap - ti - vi - ty.  
must I me - di - tate a - lone u - pon your in - sin - ci - ri - ty.  
I am still thy lo - ver true, come once a - gain and lo - ve me.

Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light,  
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light,  
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light,

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my la - dy Green - sleeves.  
Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my la - dy Green - sleeves.  
Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my la - dy Green - sleeves.