

# Druha Trava, Greensleaves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously  
And I have loved you oh 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

I have been ready at your hand  
To grant whatever thou wouldst crave  
I have waged both life and land  
Your love and goodwill for to have

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Greensleeves was my delight  
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Well, I will pray to God on high  
that thou my constant sea may see  
and that yet once before I die  
thou will doth say to love me!