

Kris Drever, Green Grows The Laurel

Green grows the laurel, soft falls the dew
Sorry am I to be parted from you
Sorry am I that you proved untrue
And you changed the green laurel for the violet so blue

You walked past my window both early and late
The looks that you give me they make my heart ache
The looks that you give me they caused me to rue
That you changed the green laurel for the violet so blue

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I wrote her a letter, a few rosy lines
He wrote me letter all twisted and twined
You write to your love and I'll write to mine
You stick with your love and I'll stick with mine

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