

# Lynyrd Skynyrd, Greensleeves

Alas my love you do me wrong  
To cast me out discourteously  
When I have loved you so so long  
Delighting in your company

Your gown was of the grassy green  
Your sleeves of satin were hanging by  
Which made you be a harvest queen  
Yet you would not love me

Green sleeves was my all my joy  
Green sleeves was my delight  
Green sleeves was my heart of gold  
And who but my lady green sleeves

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