

Green Grows the Laurel

The Irish Rovers

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

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 other to see,
I'll soon find another far better than he.

He passes my window both early and late,
And the looks that he gives me would make my heart break,
The looks that he gives 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'll keep mine,
You write to your love and I'll write to mine.

Now often I wonder why maidens love men,
And often I wonder why young men love them,
But from my own knowledge I will have you know,
The men are deceivers wherever they go.

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