

Green Grows The Laurel

Cara Dillon

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 others 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 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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