

Green Grows the Laurel

Greg Brown

When first in this country, a stranger, I came,
In fair Dublin city, that place of great fame,
It was my misfortune a fair one to see,
It was the beginning of my misery.

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

If I were a clerk and could handle a pen,
I would write my love a letter, to her I would send,
Saying, Keep your own love, dear, and I will keep mine,
Write to your sweetheart, and I'll write to mine.

Green grow the rushes and the tops of them small,
And love is a thing that can conquer us all.
The tulip may wellow, it may fade and die soon,
But the red rose will flourish in the sweet month of June.

O can't you love little, o can't you love long,
Can't you love a new love till your old one returns,
Can't you say that you love him, his mind for to ease,
And when his back's turned, can't you love who you please ?

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.