

Bert Jansch

"Courting Blues"

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Green are your eyes
In the morning, when you arise
Don't you be afraid to lie
By me, my love,
Your father will not know.

Love can be broken,
Though no words are spoken,
Don't you be afraid to lie
By me, my love,
Your father will not know.

Love be bold,
We're not so old,
Don't you be afraid to lie
By me, my love,
Your father will not know.

Love don't cry,
I'll not try,
Don't you be afraid to lie
By me, my love,
Your father will not know.

Green are your eyes
In the morning, when you rise
Don't you be afraid to lie
By me, my love
Your father will be told someday
About our wedding day(?)

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