

## Roger Whittaker

### "Greensleeves"

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Roger Whittaker - Greensleeves

Alas, my love you do me wrong to cast me off  
discourteously  
for I have loved you so long delighting in your  
company.  
I have been ready at your hand to grant whatever your  
would crave and  
I have waged both life and land, your love and good  
will for to have.  
Greensleeves was all my joy. Greensleeves was my  
delight.  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold and who but my  
lady Greensleeves.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing but still thou hast it  
readily.  
Thy music for to play and sing and yet thou would not  
love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy. Greensleeves was my  
delight.  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold and who but my  
lady Greensleeves.

I would my love entreat you still that thou my constancy  
may see.  
For I remain thy lover true come once again and love  
me

Greensleeves was all my joy. Greensleeves was my  
delight.  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold and who but my  
lady Greensleeves.

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