

# Greensleeves

*poss. Henry VIII of England, 1500's. From 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites', 1584, from the collection of Israel G. Young. The tune first appears in 1652.*

Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,  
And who but my Lady  
Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously;  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company!

I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave;  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and good-will for to have.

I bought three kerchers to thy head,  
That were wrought fine and  
gallantly;  
I kept them both at board and bed,  
Which cost my purse well-  
favour'dly.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
The cloth so fine as fine might be:  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;  
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk both fair and  
white,  
With gold embroidered gorgeously;  
Thy petticoat of sendall right;  
And this I bought thee gladly.

Thy girdle of gold so red,  
With pearls bedecked sumptously,

The like no other lasses had;  
And yet you do not love me!

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt  
knives,  
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye;  
No better wore the burgess' wives;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Thy gown was of the grassy green,  
The sleeves of satin hanging by;  
Which made thee be our harvest  
queen;

And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
Thy garters fringed with the gold,  
And silver aglets hanging by;  
Which made thee blithe for to  
behold;

And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
My gayest gelding thee I gave,  
To ride wherever liked thee;  
No lady ever was so brave;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

They set thee up, they took thee  
down,  
They served thee with humility;  
Thy foot might not once touch the

ground;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

For every morning, when thou rose,  
I sent thee dainties, orderly,  
To cheer thy stomach from all woes;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,  
But still thou hadst it readily,  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

And who did pay for all this gear,  
That thou didst spend when pleased  
thee?

Even I that am rejected here,  
And thou disdainst to love me!

Well! I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that, yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!

Greensleeves, now farewell! Adieu!  
God I pray to prosper thee!  
For I am still thy lover true;  
Come once again and love me!

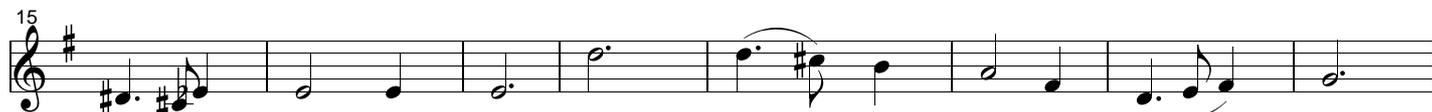
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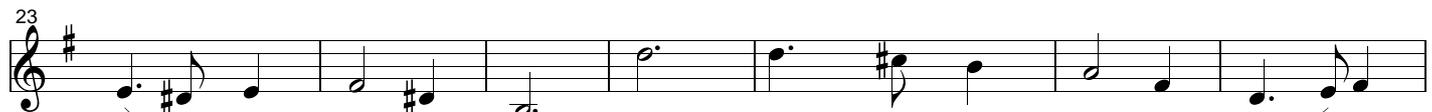
A-las, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off-dis



-cour-teous ly; And I have loved you so long, De light-ing



in-your com-pa ny! Green sleeves was all my joy, Green



sleeves was my de light; Green sleeves was my hart of gold, And



who-but La-dy Green sleeves.

# Three Country Dances

Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 74

Canon for 4 voices

$\text{♩} = 165$

Bass (1)  
Tenor (2)  
Soprano (3)  
Alto (4)

Sing af - ter fel - lows, as you hear me, a toy that sel - dom  
Robin Hood, Rob-in Hood, said Lit-tle John, come dance be - fore the  
Now foot it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now foot it as I do  
The cramp is in my purse full - sore, no mo - ney will bide there  
is seen a Sing af - ter fel - lows, as you hear me, a  
Queen a, Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, said Lit - tle John, come  
Swi - then a Now foot it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now  
-in a And if I had some salve there - fore, o  
toy that sel - dom is seen a Three coun - try dan - ces in one to be, a  
dance be - fore the Queen a, In a red pet - ti - coat and a green jacket, a  
foot it as I do Swi - then a And Hick thou must trick it all a - lone Til  
light-ly then would I sing a Hey  
pret - ty con - ceit, as I ween a, Three coun - try dan - ces in  
white hose and - a green a, In a red pet - ti - coat  
Ro - bin come leap - ing in be - tween a, And Hick thou must trick it  
ho, the cramp - a, Hey ho, the cramp -  
one to be, a pret - ty con - ceit, as I ween a  
and a green jack - et, a white hose and - a green a  
all a - lone Til Ro - bin come leap - ing in be - tween a  
-a Hey ho, the cramp - a the cramp - a