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 laurel and the violet so blueI 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 other to see
I'll soon find another far better than heHe 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 he hates and detests me, I love that lad stillI 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 then
But from my own knowledge I will have you know
That men are deceivers wherever they goGreen 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

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