

Greensleeves

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Alas! My love you do me wrong
To cast me out discourteously
When I have loved you so, so long
Delighting in your company
Your gown was of the grassy green
Your sleeves of satin were hanging by
Which made you be a harvest queen
Yet you would not love me
Green sleeves was my, all my joy
Green sleeves was my delight
Green sleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my lady green sleeves
Alas! My love you do me wrong
To cast me out discourteously
When I have loved you so, so long
Delighting in your company

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