

The Green Bushes



As I was a walking one morning in spring
To hear the birds whistle and the nightingale sing
I spied a fair maiden so sweetly sang she
Down by the green bushes where she chanced to meet me.

I'll buy you fine beavers and fine silken gowns
I'll buy you fine petticoats all flounced to the ground
If you will prove loyal and constant to me
And forsake your own true love and get married to me.

I don't want your beavers nor your fine silken hose
I was never so poor to get married for clothes
But if you'll prove loyal and constant to me
I'll forsake my own true love and get married to thee.

Come let us be going kind sir if you please
Come let us be going from under the trees
My true love is coming across the green lea
Down among the green bushes where he thinks to meet me.

O when that he came there and found she was gone
He stood like a lambkin that was all forlorn
She's gone with some other, she's quite forsaken me
Down among the green bushes where she said she'd meet me.

Now I'll be like a schoolboy and spend time in play.
I'll not be so foolish to throw myself away.
She's gone with some other which grieves me full sore
Adieu to green bushes adieu evermore