

Greensleeves

Folkemelodi

A - las, my Love_ you do me wrong_ To cast me off_ dis-
 court-ous-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 heart of gold_ , And who but my La_ - dy Green- sleeves.

2. I have been ready at your hand,
 to grant whatever you could crave.
 I have both wagered life and land,
 your love and goodwill for to have.
 Greensleeves...

Elizabethansk sang
 fra det 16. årh.

Scarborough Fair

Trad.

Are you go- ing_ to Scar- bor- ough Fair? Pars- ley,
 sage, rose- mar- y and thyme_ . Re- mem- - ber me to
 one who lives there. She once was a true love of mine_ .
 Without a seam or fine needle work.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

2. Have her make me a cambric shirt,
 Parsley...
 Without a seam or fine needle work.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

3. Have her wash it in yonder dry well,
 Parsley...
 Where ne'er a drop of water e'er fell.
 Then she'll...

4. Have her find me an acre of land,
 Parsley...
 Between the sea and over the sand.
 Then she'll...

5. Plow the land with a horn of a lamb,
 Parsley...
 Then sow some seeds from north of the dam.
 Then she'll...

6. If she tells me she can't, I'll reply,
 Parsley...
 Let med know at least she will try.
 Then she'll...

7. Love imposes impossible tasks,
 Parsley...
 Though nothing more than any heart asks.
 I must know she's true love of mine.

8. Dear, when thou hast finished thy task,
 Parsley...
 Then come to me, my hand for to ask.
 Thou then art a true love of mine.

Folkesang

f: parsley = persille; sage = salvie; rosemary = rosmarin; thyme = timian.

Drink to Me Only

Folkemelodi

Drink to me on - ly with_ thine eyes_ , And I_ will pledge with
 Or leave a kiss with - in_ the cup_ , And I'll_ not ask for
 mine_ ; wine_ ; The thirst_ that from the soul_ doth rise, Doth ask a drink. di-
 vine_ ; But might I of love's nec- - tar sip_ , I would_ not change for thine_ .

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson