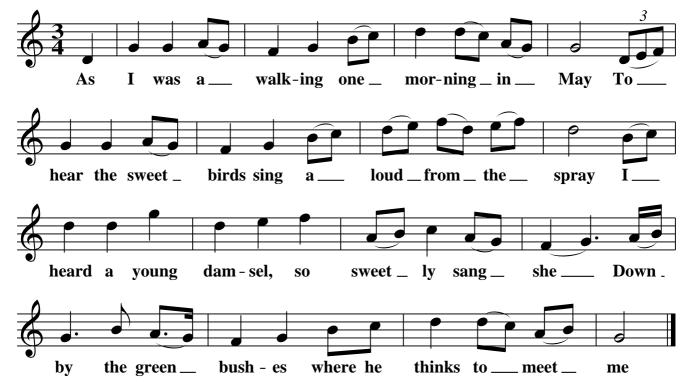
## Green Bushes



As I was a walking one morning in May To hear the sweet birds sing aloud from the spray I heard a young damsel, so sweetly sang she 'Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me'

'I'll buy you fine beavers and a fine silken gown
I'll buy you fine petticoats with the flounced to the ground,
If you'll but prove loyal and constant to me
And forsake your own true love, and marry with me'

'I want none of your beavers nor fine silken hose For I never was so poor as to marry for clothes But if you will 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 these trees For yonder he's coming, my true love I see Down by the green bushes where he thinks to meet me' Oh, when he came there and he found she was gone He stood like some lambkin, that was quite forlorn 'She is gone with another and forsaken me So adieu the green bushes for ever', said he

'Now I'll be like a schoolboy and spend my time in play For I never was so foolishly deluded away There is ne'er a false woman shall serve me more so So adieu the green bushes, 'tis time to give o'er'