

# Green Bushes

As I was a walk-ing one mor-ning in May To  
hear the sweet birds sing a loud from the spray I  
heard a young dam-sel, so sweet ly sang she Down  
by the green bush-es where he thinks to meet me

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'