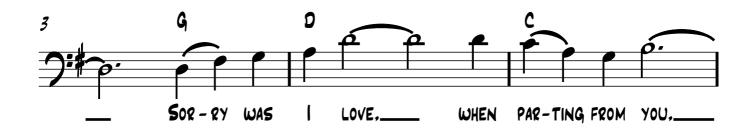
GREEN GROW THE LAURELS

TRAD. SCOTS ARR. B. FARMER











Once I had a sweetheart but now I have none, He's gone and he's left me to weep and to mourn, He's gone and he's left me but contented I'll be For I'll get another far better than he

He wrote me a letter, four sweet rosy lines, I wrote him another all twisted and twined You keep your love letters and I will keep mine You write to your love and I'll write to mine

He passes my window both early and late And the looks that he gives me it makes my heart break The looks that he gives me a thousand times o'er Says you are the sweetheart I once did adore

I oftimes do wonder why young maids love men I oftimes do wonder why young men love them, But by my experience, I now ought to know Young men are deceivers wherever they go