

# GREENSLEEVES

from the opera

'SIR JOHN IN LOVE'

Words Traditional



Folk-tune arranged by  
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

**Andante moderato** (2 slow beats)

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *pp*

'A - las, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off dis-  
- cour - teous - ly, And I have lov - éd you so long, de - light - ing in your  
com - pan - y. Green - sleeves was all my joy, — Green - sleeves was my de - light,

Also published in F minor (medium key)

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my la - dy Green - sleeves.

1 2

pp

pp

ff

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand. The score includes a first ending (1) and a second ending (2) for the piano part. Dynamics include piano (pp) and fortissimo (ff).

2 I have been ready at your hand,  
to grant what ever you would crave;  
I have both waged life and land,  
your love and good will for to have.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

3 I bought thee kerchers to thy head,  
that were wrought fine and gallantly;  
I kept thee both at board and bed,  
which cost my purse well favouredly.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

4 I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
the cloth so fine as fine might be;  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;  
and all this cost I spent on thee.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

5 Thy girdle of gold so red,  
with pearls bedecked sumptuously;  
The like no other lasses had,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

6 Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,  
with gold all wrought above the knee;  
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk;  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

7 Thy gown was of the grassy green,  
thy sleeves of satin hanging by,  
Which made thee be our harvest queen;  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

8 Thy garters fringed with the gold,  
and silver aglets hanging by,  
Which made thee blithe for to behold;  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

9 Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,  
but still thou hadst it readily:  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

10 And who did pay for all this gear,  
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?  
Even I that am rejected here;  
and thou disdainest to love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

11 Well, I will pray to God on high,  
that thou my constancy may'st see;  
For I am still thy lover true;  
come once again, and love me.  
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Version from Clement Robinson's *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*. 1584. (The spelling modernized.)