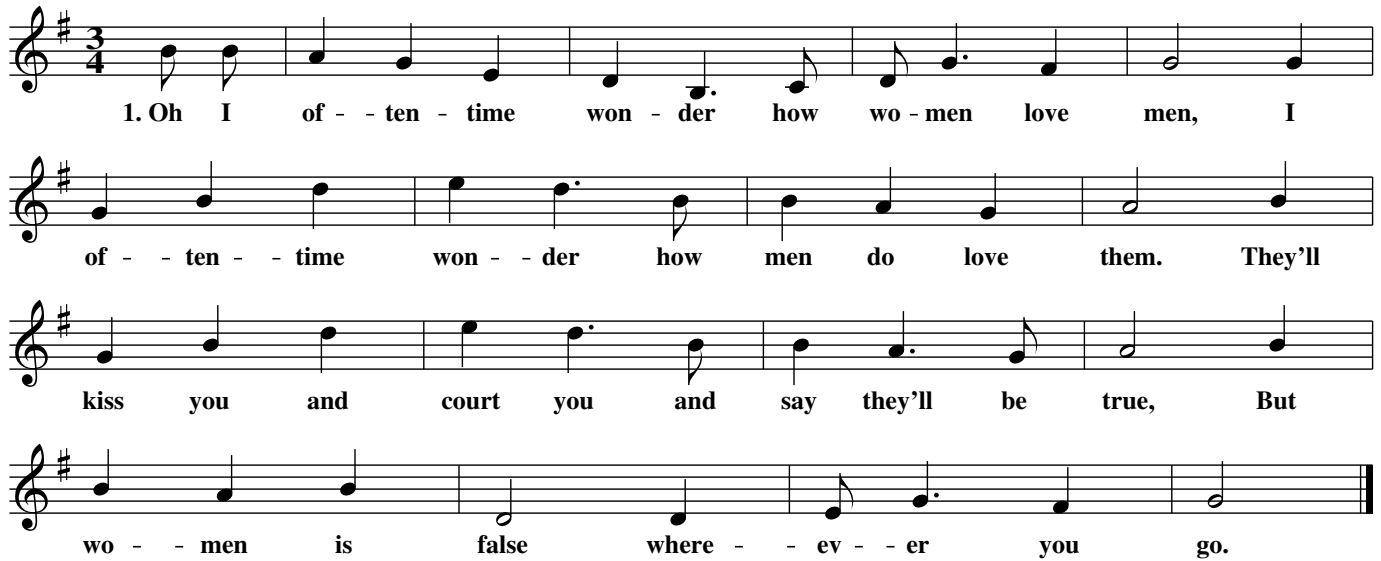


Green Grow the Laurels



1. Oh I of - - ten - time won - der how wo - men love men, I
of - - ten - - time won - - der how men do love them. They'll
kiss you and court you and say they'll be true, But
wo - - men is false where - - ev - - er you go.

Chorus:

Oh green grow the laurels and so did the rue,
Sorry was I when I parted from you.
The next time we'll meet love we'll join hands anew,
And we'll change the green laurels for red, white and blue.

2. Now I pass my love's window both early and late,
I pass my love's window as I go by the gate.
Don't you think that it caused my heart to break
For to think that she's tied to another.

Source: Sung by Harry Brazil, Gloucester. Collected by Gwilym Davies, Gloucester
February 1978 and Mike Yates 1978.