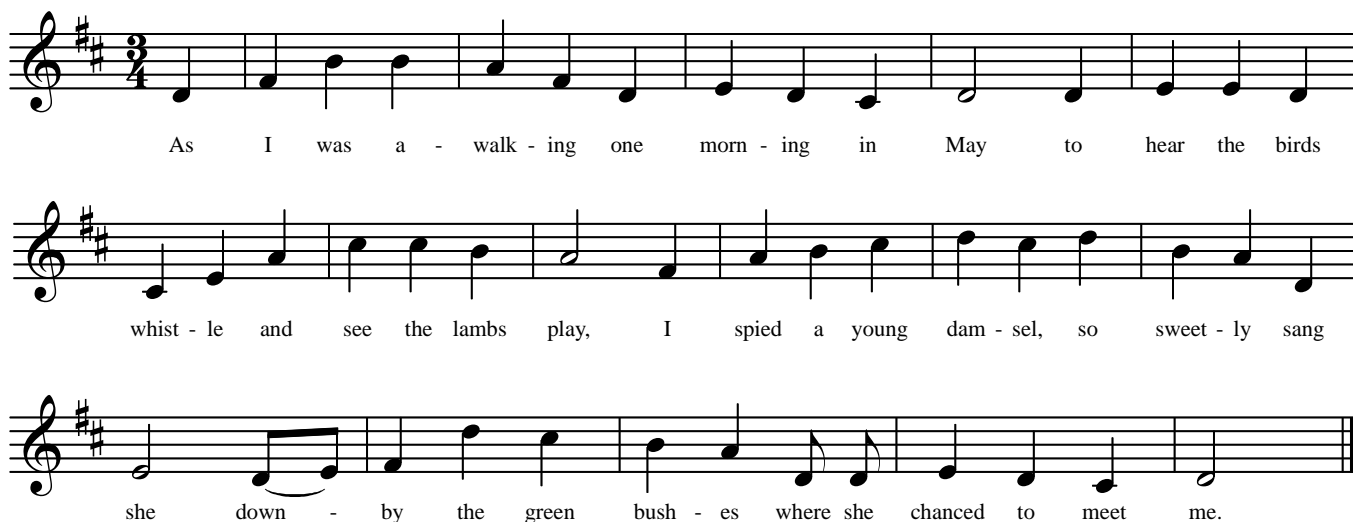


30 Green Bushes - Mr Whitby



As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in May to hear the birds
whist - le and see the lambs play, I spied a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang
she down - by the green bush - es where she chanced to meet me.

1
As I was a-walking one morning in May
to hear the birds whistle and see the lambs play,
I spied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she
down by the green bushes where she chanced to meet me.

2
I steppèd up to her and thus I did say,
'How far are you going to wander this way?'
'I'm in search of my true love,' the damsel, said she,
'down by the green bushes where he vowed to meet me.'

3
'I'll buy you fine beavers and fine silken gowns,
I'll buy you fine petticoats, flounced to the ground;
if you will prove loyal and constant to me
forsake your own true love and marry with me.'

4
'I want none of your beavers, nor none of your hose,
I am not so poor as to marry for clothes.
But if you'll prove constant and true unto me,
I'll forsake my own true love and marry with thee.'

5
'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.'

6
But when he got there and found out she was gone,
he looked like a lambkin that was all forlorn,
'She's gone with some other and forsaken me.
Adieu the green bushes for ever,' said he.

7
'I'll be like other schoolboys, spending my time in play;
I'll never again be led foolish away.
And false-hearted women shall deceive me no more;
adieu the green bushes - it's time to give o'er.'