

Greensleeves

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References:

Secondary Sources: Simpson B168, Livingston # 200, 223

Words: Robinson, Clement, *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, London, Printed by Richard Jones

Music: in Ballet's MS lute book p. 104 (late 16th c.), *Het Luitboek van Thysius*, c. 1600 # 70, and various Cambridge University manuscripts (see Simpson). See also tune "Millfield". Ward points out that Greensleeves is more of a ground than a melody.

ROBINSON. Handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing New
Sonnets and delectable Histories in divers kindes of Meeters,
by Clement Robinson, and divers others - 1584

<p>A Handefull of pleasant delites, Containing fundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter.</p> <p>Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune.</p> <p>With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore,</p> <p>By Clement Robinson, and diuers others.</p> <p>AT LONDON Printed by Richard Ihones : dwel- ling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, neare Holburne Bridge 1584.</p>	<p>A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green sleeues, To the new tune of Greensleeues.</p> <p>Greensleeues was all my ioy, Greensleeues was my delight: Greensleeues was my hart of gold, And who but Ladie Greensleeues.</p> <p>A Las my loue, ye do me wrong, to cast me off discourteously : And I haue loued you so long, Delighting in your companie. Greensleeues was all my ioy, Greensleeues was my delight : Greensleeues was my heart of gold, And who but Ladie Greensleeues.</p> <p>I haue been readie at your hand, to grant what euer you would craue, I haue both waged life and land, your loue and god will for to haue. Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.</p> <p>I bought the kerchers to thy head, that were wrought fine and gallantly :</p> <p style="text-align: right;">B ii</p>
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Sonets and Histories.

I kept thee both at board and bed,
 Which cost my purse wel favouredly,
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

I bought thee petticoates of the best,
 The cloth so fine as fine might be:
 I gave thee iewels for thy chest,
 and all this cost I spent on thee.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
 with gold embroidered gorgeously:
 Thy petticoate of Wendall right:
 and thus I bought thee glably.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy girle of gold so red,
 with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
 The like no other lasses had,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me,
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay gilt kniues,
 thy pincase gallant to the eie:
 No better wozs the Burgesse wiues,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
 with golde all wrought aboue the knee,
 Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy gown was of the grosse green,
 thy leues of Satten hanging by:
 Which

to sundrie new Tunes.

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
 And siluer aglets hanging by,
 Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
 And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy gayest gelding I thee gave,
 To ride where euer liked thee,
 No Ladie euer was so hzaue,
 And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thy men were clothed all in green,
 And they did euer wait on thee:
 Al this was gallant to be seen,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

They set thee vp, they took thee downe,
 they serued thee with humilitie,
 Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

For euerie morning when thou rose,
 I sent the dainties orderly:
 To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Chæriænes was all my ioy, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
 But still thou hadst it ready:

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Greensleeves.

To the new tune of Greensleeves.

(Chorus):

C G
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Am E
Greensleeves was my delight,
C G
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
Am E Am
And who but Ladie Greensleeves.

(First Verse)

Am G
Alas my love, ye do me wrong,
Am E
to cast me off discourteously:
Am G
And I have loved you so long,
Am E Am
Delighting in your companie.

(Chorus)

I have been readie 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.

(Chorus)

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse wel favouredly,

(Chorus)

I bought thee peticotes of the best,
the cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for they chest,
and all this cost I spent on thee.

(Chorus)

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
with gold embrodered gorgeously:
Thy peticote of Sendall right:
and thus I bought thee gladly.

(Chorus)

Thy girdle of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldst not love me,

(Chorus)

Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt knives,
thy pincase gallant to the eie:
No better wore the Burgesse wives
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy gown was of the grassie green,
thy sleeves of Satten hanging by:
Which made thee be our harvest Queen,
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride where ever liked thee,
No Ladie ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee:
Al this was gallant to be seen,
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

They set thee up, they took thee downe,
they served thee with humilitie,
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

For everie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly:
To cheare thy Stomack from all woes,
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

(Chorus)

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.
But stil thou hadst it readily:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your companie.

(Chorus)

Greensleeves

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Written by Clement Robinson, 1584
In "Handefulle of Pleasant Deities"

Voice

A las, my love you do me wrong to cast me off so dis
courteously And I have lov ed you so long De light ing in your
company Green sleeves was all my joy Green sleeves was
my de light Green sleeves was my hart of gold and who but
I die green sleeves