

DCC at home Session 11

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Chorus:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee at both board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favouredly.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as it might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

42nd Street

In the heart of little old New York,
You'll find a thoroughfare.
It's the part of little old New York
That runs into Times Square.
A crazy quilt that "Wall Street Jack" built,
If you've got a little time to spare,
I want to take you there.

Come and meet
Those dancing feet
On the avenue I'm taking you to
Forty-Second Street

Hear the beat
Of dancing feet
It's the song I love the melody of
Forty-Second Street

Little nifties from the fifties
Innocent and sweet
Sexy ladies from the eighties
Who are indiscreet

Side by side, they're glorified
Where the underworld
Can meet the elite
Forty-Second Street

Come and meet
Those dancing feet
On the avenue I'm taking you to
Forty-Second Street

Hear the beat
Of dancing feet
It's the song I love the melody of
Forty-Second Street

Little nifties from the fifties
Innocent and sweet
Sexy ladies from the eighties
Who are indiscreet

Side by side, they're glorified
Where the underworld
Can meet the elite
Naughty, bawdy, gaudy, sporty
Forty-Second Street

It was a maid of my country

It was a maid of my country
As she came by a hawthorn tree,
As full of flow'rs as might be seen
She marvel'd to see the tree so green.

The tree made answer by and by,
I've cause to grow triumphantly,
The sweetest dew that e'er be seen
Doth fall on me to keep me green.

Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow
You stand at hand for ev'ry bow,
Of ev'ry man for to be seen,
I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many a one take flow'rs from me,
And many a branch out of my tree,
I have such store they'll not be seen
For more and more my twigs grow green.

And you, fair maid, can not do so,
For when your beauty once does go
Then will it never more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green.

But after this I ne'er could hear
Of this fair maiden any where,
That e'er she was in the forest seen
To talk again with the hawthorn green.