



The birds that in the orchard
Were wont to build and sing,
Will come with the earliest whisper
Of the zephyrs of the spring;
But Green Sleeves! in the orchard
I shall not hear her sing.

I shall hear the pleasant murmur
Of the brook 'twixt banks of fern,
And the tinkle, tinkle of the bells
As home the cattle turn;
But Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!
She never will return.