

GREENSLEEVES-Traditional

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro:

3 3 2 1 3

A-las, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off dis-courteously

And I have loved thee so long, de-lighting in your com - pan - y

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight

Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my lady, Green - sleeves

GREENSTAMPS-w. Harvey Geller

I found my love in a grocery shop, selling pickles and egg-plants and bottles of pop;

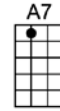
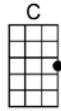
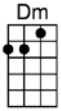
She asked me to try her as-paragus tips, and I fell for the smile on her ruby red lips.

CHORUS:

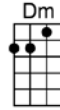
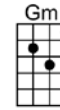
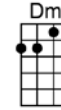
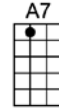
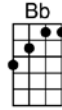
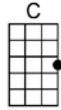
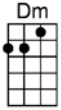
Green stamps were all she gave, green stamps were all I took,

Green stamps were all I saved, so I pasted them all in my green stamp book. (CODA)

p.2. Greensleeves/Greenstamps

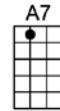
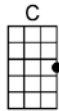
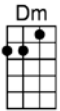


I'd go every day just to gaze at her face, and in no time at all I had bought out the place.

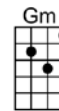
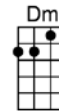
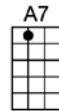
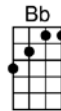
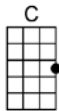
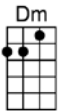


Tho' ne'er did I e'er taste her ruby red lips, I own four thousand cans of as-para - gus tips.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")

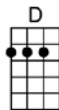
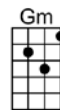
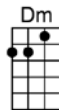
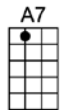
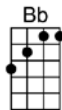


When-ever I'm lonely or tired or blue, I go to my bookshelf and here's what I do:



I reach for that book and then with loving care, I count every green stamp that's pasted in there.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")



CODA: Yes, I pasted them all in my green-stamp book!

GREENSLEEVES-Traditional

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: Bb/A7/Dm Gm/Dm/

Dm C Bb A7
A-las, my love, you do me wrong, to cast me off so dis-courteously,

Dm C Bb A7 Dm Gm Dm
For I have loved you, oh so long, de-lighting in your com-pan-y.

CHORUS:

F C Am Bb A7
Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight

F C Am Bb A7 Dm
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who, but my Lady Greensleeves

GREENSTAMPS-w. Harvey Geller

Dm C Bb A7
I found my love in a grocery shop, selling pickles and egg-plants and bottles of pop;

Dm C Bb A7 Dm Gm Dm
She asked me to try her as-paragus tips, and I fell for the smile on her ruby red lips.

CHORUS:

F C Am Bb A7
Green stamps were all she gave, green stamps were all I took,

F C Am Bb A7 Dm Gm Dm
Green stamps were all I saved, so I pasted them all in my green stamp book. (CODA)

Dm C Bb A7
I'd go every day just to gaze at her face, and in no time at all I had bought out the place.

Dm C Bb A7 Dm Gm Dm
Tho' ne'er did I e'er taste her ruby red lips, I own four thousand cans of as-para - gus tips.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")

Dm C Bb A7
When-ever I'm lonely or tired or blue, I go to my bookshelf and here's what I do:

Dm C Bb A7 Dm Gm Dm
I reach for that book and then with loving care, I count every green stamp that's pasted in there.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")

Bb A7 Dm Gm D
CODA: Yes, I pasted them all in my green-stamp book!