

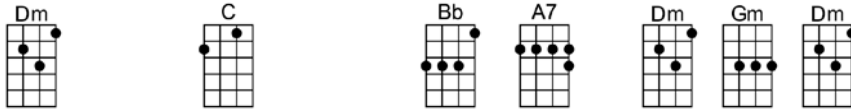
# GREENSLEEVES<sup>(BAR)</sup>-Traditional

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

**Intro:**



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:**

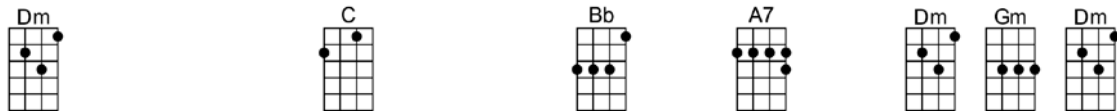
Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight

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;



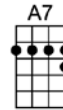
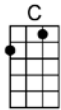
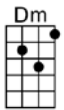
She asked me to try her as-paragus tips, and I fell for the smile on her ruby red lips.

**CHORUS:**

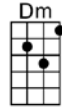
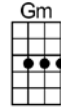
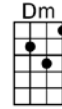
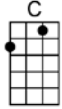
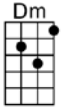
Green stamps were all she gave, green stamps were all I took,

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

**p.2. Greensleeves/Greenstamps**

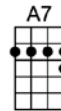
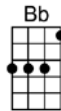
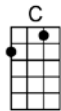
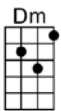


**I'd go every day just to gaze at her face, and in no time at all I had bought out the place.**

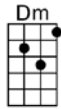
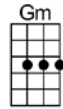
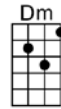
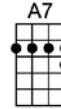
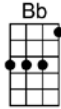
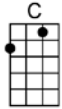
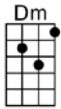


**Tho' ne'er did I e'er taste her ruby red lips, I own four thousand cans of as-para - gus tips.**

**CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")**

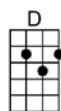
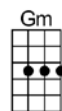
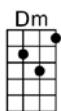
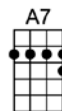
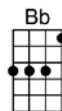


**When-ever I'm lonely or tired or blue, I go to my bookshelf and here's what I do:**



**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!**