

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady

Green sleeues

from Richard Jones's A Handefull of
Pleasant Delites, 1584

Anon.

Em Em Em D D Em Em B B Em Em G

Thou couldst de - sire no earth - ly thing. But stil thou hadst it rea - di - ly: Thy mu - sicke still to
Green - sleeues now fare - wel a - due, God I pray to pros - per thee: For I am stil thy

D D Em B Em Em G G D D Em

play and sing, And yet thou wouldst not loue me. Green - sleeues was all my ioy, Green -
lou - er true, come once a - gaine and loue me.

Em B B G G D D Em B E E

sleeues was my de - light: Green - sleeues was my heart of gold, And who but La - die Green - sleeues.