

Green grow the lilacs

"Old Irish Song"

The musical notation consists of four staves of music. The first staff starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The second staff begins with a dotted half note. The third staff starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. Below the music, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font, corresponding to the notes above them.

Green grow the li-lacs, all spark-ling with dew, I'm
lone-ly, my dar-ling, since par-ting with you. But
by our next mee-ting I'll hope to prove true, and
change the green li-lacs to the Red, White and Blue.

- 2 I used to have a sweetheart, but now I have none,
since she's gone and left me, I care not for one.
Since she's gone and left me, contented I'll be,
for she loves another one better than me.
- 3 I passed my love's window, both early and late,
the look that she gave me, it made my heart ache.
O, the look that she gave me was painful to see,
for she loves another one better than me.
- 4 I wrote my love letters in rosy red lines,
she sent me an answer all twisted in twines,
saying: "Keep your love letters and I will keep mine,
just you write to your love and I'll write to mine."
- 5 Green grow the lilacs, ...

Green grow the lilacs

Old Irish Song

1

Green grow the lilacs,
all sparkling with dew,
I'm lonely, my/darling,
since parting with you.
But by our next meeting
I'll hope to prove true,
and change the green lilacs
to the Red, White and Blue.

2

I used to have a sweetheart,
but now I have none,
since she's gone and left me,
I care not for one.
Since she's gone and left me,
contented I'll be,
for she loves another one
better than me.

3

I passed my love's window,
both early and late,
the look that she gave me,
it made my heart ache.
O, the look that she gave me
was painful to see,
for she loves another one
better than me.

4

I wrote my love letters
in rosy red lines,
she sent me an answer
all twisted in twines,
saying: "Keep your love letters
and I will keep mine,
just you write to your love
and I'll write to mine."

5 = 1

Altes irisches Lied

Grün wachsen die Fliederbüsche,
ganz glitzernd im Tau,
ich bin einsam, mein Liebling,
seit der Trennung von dir.
Aber bis wir uns wieder treffen,
hoffe ich, mich als treu zu erweisen
und den grünen Flieder einzutauschen
für rot, weiß und blau.

Ich hatte einst ein Herzliebchen,
aber jetzt habe ich keines (mehr).
Seit sie mich verlassen hat,
mag ich keine (mehr haben).
Seit sie mich verlassen hat,
will ich mich begnügen,
denn sie liebt einen anderen
mehr als mich.

Ich ging vorbei am Fenster meiner Liebsten,
sowohl früh als auch spät,
der Blick, den sie mir zuwarf,
der tat meinem Herzen weh.
O, der Blick, den sie mir zuwarf,
war schmerzlich zu sehen,
denn sie liebt einen anderen
mehr als mich.

Ich schrieb meiner Liebsten Briefe
in rosaroten Zeilen,
sie schickte mir eine Antwort,
ganz verdreht und verschnörkelt.
Darin stand: „Behalte deine Liebesbriefe
und ich behalte meine,
schreib du nur an deinen Schatz
und ich schreibe an meinen.“

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