Green Groweth the Holly Henry VIII

Green groweth the holly.
So doth the ivy,
Though winter blasts blow neverso high,
Green groweth the holly.

As the holly groweth green,
And never changeth hew,
So I am, ever hath been,
Unto my lady true.

As the holly groweth green
With ivy all alone,
When flowers cannot be seen,
And greenwood leaves be gone.

Now unto my lady,
Promise to her I make,
From all other only,
To her I me betake.

Adieu, mine own lady,
Adieu, my special,
Who hath my heart truly,
Be sure, and ever shall.