The Willow Song

Lento

Bb  F  C7  F  A7  Dm

1. The

Am  F  C7  F

poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree Sing

Dm

fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans; Sing

F

all a green willow; her hand on her bosom, her

Dm  C7  F

willow, willow willow; her salt tears fell from her, and
head upon her knee;
soft en'd the stones;
Oh, willow, willow, willow, willow! Oh,

willow, willow, willow, willow! my garland shall be;
Sing

all a green willow! willow, willow, willow! Sing

all a green willow, my garland shall be.