The Willow Song

Time of Elizabeth

Slowly and sadly

poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green

wil-low; Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee; Sing
wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low! Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low,
wil-low my gar-land shall be; Sing all a green wil-low,
wil-low, wil-low, wil-low! Sing all a green wil-low my gar-land shall be.