The Willow Song

Slowly and sadly

poor soul sat sigh-ing by a syc-a-more tree, Sing all a green

wil- low; Her hand on her bo-som, her head on her knee; Sing

the willow song
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.