Willow, Willow, Willow

From "English Lyrics" - Set I - Number 4
Words from William Shakespeare's play, "Othello".
Dedicated to Parry's wife.

Editor: John Henry Fowler
(Revision: 6-28-2008)

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry
(1848 - 1918)

Andante.

The

poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing

all a green willow

Her

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hand on her bosom, Her head on her knee, Sing
wil-low, wil-low, The
fresh streams ran by her, And murmur'd her
moans, Sing wil-low, wil-low,
Her salt tears fell from her And soften'd the
stones;
Sing willow, willow
willow, Sing all a green willow must be my
garland.

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