

# The willow song

Robert Johnson

5

The poor soul sat sigh- ing by a sy- ca- more  
 He sighed in his sing- ing, and - made a great  
 The fresh streams ran by him, and - mur- mur'd his  
 Come all you for- sa- ken and - mourn you with  
 Let Love no more boast her in - pa- lace nor  
 Thou fair and more false, - I - died with thy  
 Let no- bo- dy chide her, her - frowns I ap-  
 Take this for my fare- well and - la- test a-

10

tree, moan, moans, me; bow'r, wound, prove, dieu,  
 Sing wil- low, wil- low, wil- low  
 With his I am His - Who - It - Thou hast She was Write -

15

hand in his - bo- som and his head up- on his knee. O  
 dead to all - plea- sure; my - true love she is gone.  
 salt tears fell - from him, and - soft- - 'ned the stones.  
 speaks of a - false love, mine's - fals- - er than she.  
 buds but it - blast- eth, ere - - it be a flower.  
 lost the tru- est lo- ver that - goes up- on the ground.  
 born to be - false - and - I to die for love.  
 this on my - tomb, that in love I - was true.

15

wil- low, wil- low, wil- low, wil- low, O wil- low, wil- low, wil- low, wil- low shall

20

be my gar- land. Sing all a green wil- low, wil- low, wil- low wil- low,

25

Ay me! the green - wil- low must be my gar- land.