

The willow song

Robert Johnson

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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-

3

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 -

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

| | | | |
 a r d b a r r b a r r e b a a a
 a r r r a a

20

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

| | | | | | |
 a e a a b a a b a d a r a d a a r a
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

25

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

| | | | | |
 b a d a a r a a b a a a e a a r a
 d r a r a a a a a a a a