

# By the Willow



1. By the wil-low i whist-led and I met my true love there our  
2. by the wil-low we whis-pered by the wil-low we sighed by the  
3. by the wil-low no whist-ling save the wind o-ver-head for its



swing-ing and sing-ing left the flow-ers a-bove by the wil-low that morn-  
wil-low i asked her if she'd be my bride she an-swered so soft-  
once vib-rant flow-ers now to earth all fall dead since un-heard goes my sing-



ing I knew all at once that my heart had been ta-ken  
ly with each word like a knife i can-not marr-y you dear  
ing i will swing in the night all a-lone on the wil-low