

The Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing
By a sycamore tree,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
With his hand in his bosom
And his head upon his knee,
Oh, willow, willow, willow,
Shall be my garland.
Sing all a green willow,
Aye me, the green willow
Must be my garland.

He sighed in his singing
And made a great moan,
Sing, etc.
I am dead to all pleasure,
My true love he is gone, etc.
The mute bird sat by him
Was made tame by his moans, etc.
The true tears fell from him
Would have melted the stones.
Sing etc.

Come all you forsaken
And mourn you with me.
Who speaks of a false love?
Mine's falser than she.
Sing etc.
Let Love no more boast her
In palace nor bower;
It buds but it blasteth
Ere it be a flower.
Sing etc.

Thou fair and more false,
I die with thy wound.
Thou hast lost thy truest lover
That goes upon the ground.
Sing etc.]
Let nobody chide her,
Her scorns I approve.
She was born to be false
And I to die for love.
Sing etc.

Take this for my farewell
And latest adieu;
Write this on my tomb
That in love I was true.
Sing etc.

The original spelling (if I read it correctly) is as follows:

The poore soule sate sighinge by a Sickamore tree,

Singe willo, willo, willo
with his hand in his bosom & his heade upon his knee
O willo willo willo willo
O willo willo willo willo,
shall my garland
Singe all agreene willo, willo, willo willo,
Aye me the greene willo, must be my garland.

He sight in his singinge
and made a greate moane;
singe etc.
I am deade to all pleasure
my trewe love he is gone, etc.
The mute bird sate by hym,
was made tame by his moanes etc.
The trewe teares fell from hym
would have melted the stonnes,
singe etc.

Com all you forsaken
& mourne you with mee
who speakes of a false love;
mynes falses then shee.
singe etc
Let Love no more boast her,
in pallas nor bower
it buds but it blasteth,
ere it be a flowere.
Singe etc.

Thow faire & more false,
I dye wth thy wounde
Thow hast lost thy truest Lover
that goes upon the ground.
singe
Let nobody chyde her,
Her scornes I approve,
shee was borne to be false,
and I to dye for love.
Singe etc.

Take this for my farewell
and latest adewe,
write this on my Tombe,
that in love I was trewe.
Singe etc .

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mis en tablature par A.Chalkley

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The poor soul sat sighing By a sycamore tree. Sing

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Willow, willow, willow With his hand in his bo-ssom, And his head u- pon his

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knee. Oh willow, willow, willow willow, oh willow, willow, willow willow, shall

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be my gard- land sing all a green willow willow, willow, willow

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aye me, the green - wil- low must be my gard- land

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