

The Willow Song

Anonymous (1616 or earlier)

Transcribed and edited by Christopher Baum

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British Museum
Add. MS 15117

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The poor soul sat sigh - ing by a
He sighed in his sing - ing, and ____
The mute bird sat by him was made
Come all you for - sak - en and ____

5

sy - ca - more tree, with his hand in his
made a great moan, I am dead to all
tame by his moans, sing wil - low, wil-low, wil-low; The ____ true tears fell
mourn you with me, Who ____ speaks of a

(1)

(1) Time sign missing

Note values halved. Dashed barlines editorial. Where the source has been emended, the original reading is given in a footnote. Modernized text from F.W. Sternfeld, *Music in Shakespearean Tragedy* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963), pp. 32-33.

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The Willow Song

3

11

bo - som and his head u - pon his knee,
 plea - sure, my true love she is gone, O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low; O
 from him, would have melt - ed the stones,
 false love, mine's fals - er than she,

(2)

d	d	d	a	a	a	a	a
b	b	a	a	a	b	d	a
		a	c	b	a	c	b
d	d		c	c	a	c	c
			d				a

16

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

(4) (5) (6)

a	a	a	a	e	a	a	b	d	d
a	b	c	a	a	c	a	b	a	b
c	e	c	c	c	c	c	a		
c	c	a	c	c	a	d	d	d	

(2) Time sign missing (3) First two notes both e' (4) Time sign missing (5) a on 3 (6) Time sign missing

The Willow Song

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

a d a c d d d c a a e a
a b a a b a d a a c c c a
a d d d d c a d c a c a

(7)

5

Let love no more boast in her palace nor bower, sing willow *etc.*
 It buds, but it blasteth ere it be a flower, O willow *etc.*

6

Though fair and more false, I die with thy wound, sing willow *etc.*
 Thou hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground, O willow *etc.*

7

Let nobody chide her, her scorns I approve, sing willow *etc.*
 She was born to be false, and I to die for her love, O willow *etc.*

8

Take this for my farewell and latest adieu, sing willow *etc.*
 Write this on my tomb, that in love I was true, O willow *etc.*