

Willow, willow

The complaint of a Louer forsaken of his Loue.

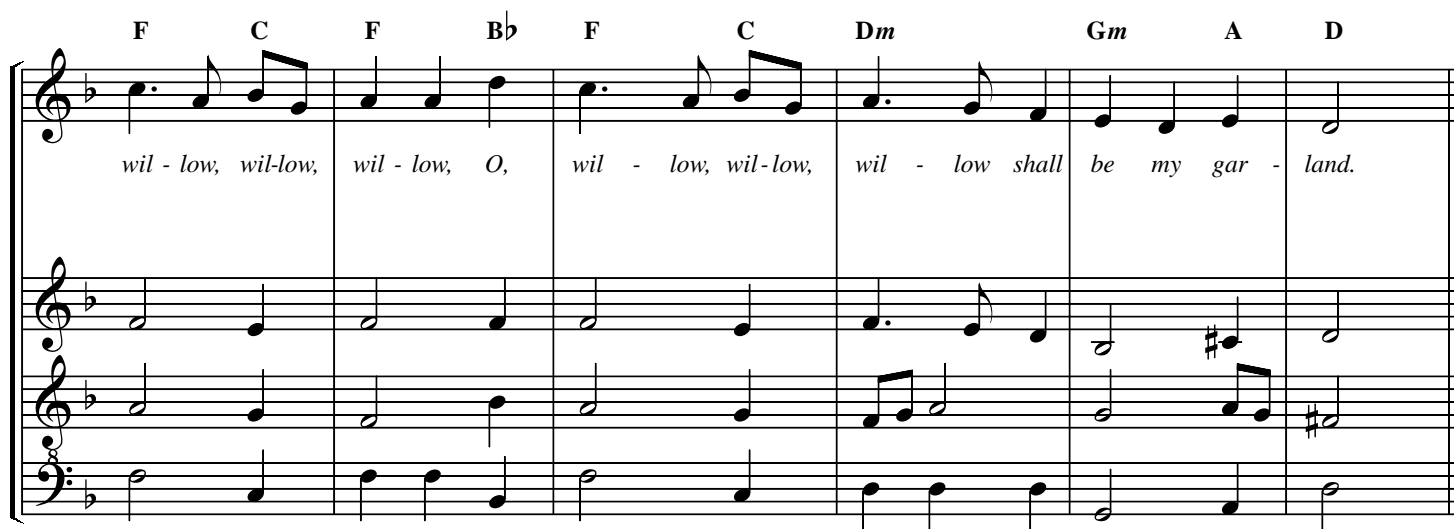
from the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads

Anon.

Chords: Dm Dm A Dm Am C F Dm A

Chords: F C F Gm A Am G C G

Chords: A D Dm Gm A Dm Bb F Gm F



F C F B \flat F C Dm Gm A D

wil - low, wil-low, wil - low, O, wil - low, wil-low, wil - low shall be my gar - land.

The cold streames ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
The salt teares fell from him, which drowned his face;

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his moane,
The salt teares fell from him, which soft'ned the stone.

"Let no body blame me, -- her scornes I doe proue, --
She was borne to be false, and I dye for her loue.

O that beauty that should harbour a heart that's so hard, --
My true loue rejecting without all regard!

Let Loue no more boast him, in pallace or bowre,
For women are trothlesse and fleet in an houre.

But what helps complaining? in vaine I complaine;
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdain.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit downe by me,
He that plaineth of his false loue, mine's falser than she.

The willow wreath weare I since my loue did fleet;
A garland for louers forsaken most meet."

Finis.