



The poor soul sat sigh- ing by a syc- a- more tree Sing all a green



wil- low; Her hand on her bos- om, her head on her knee, Sing wil- low, wil- low, wil- low



wil- low! Sing wil- low, wil- low, wil- low wil- low! My gar- land shall be; Sing all a green



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