Willow, willow.

William Shakespeare: from "Othello"

Music: William Armiger
No 4 from "Five Songs from Shakespeare"

Dolente (feeling a slow 1 in a bar)

S.

A.

T.

always gentle and without emphasis

B.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her

Sing willow, willow, willow. Sing willow, willow, willow.

Sing willow, willow, willow. Sing willow, willow, willow.

Sing willow, willow, willow. Sing willow, willow, willow.
knee. Sing wil-low, wil-low wil-low, sing wil-low, sing wil-low, sing wil-low wil-low

wil-low, my gar-land shall be. Wil-low, wil-low, The fresh streams ran by her and wil-low, wil-low, wil-low.

wil-low. Her soft tears fell from her and soft'n'd the stones. mur-mur'd her mosans. Wil-low, Wil-low, Wil-low.

wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low. Sing
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.

Wil low, willow.

Wil low, willow.

(Solo voice) (murmuring)

wil low, willow, willow. Sing willow, willow.

molto rit.

He was born to be fair, I to die for his love.

Wil low, willow, willow.

Sing willow, willow.

molto rit.

I to die for his love.

wil low.

wil low.