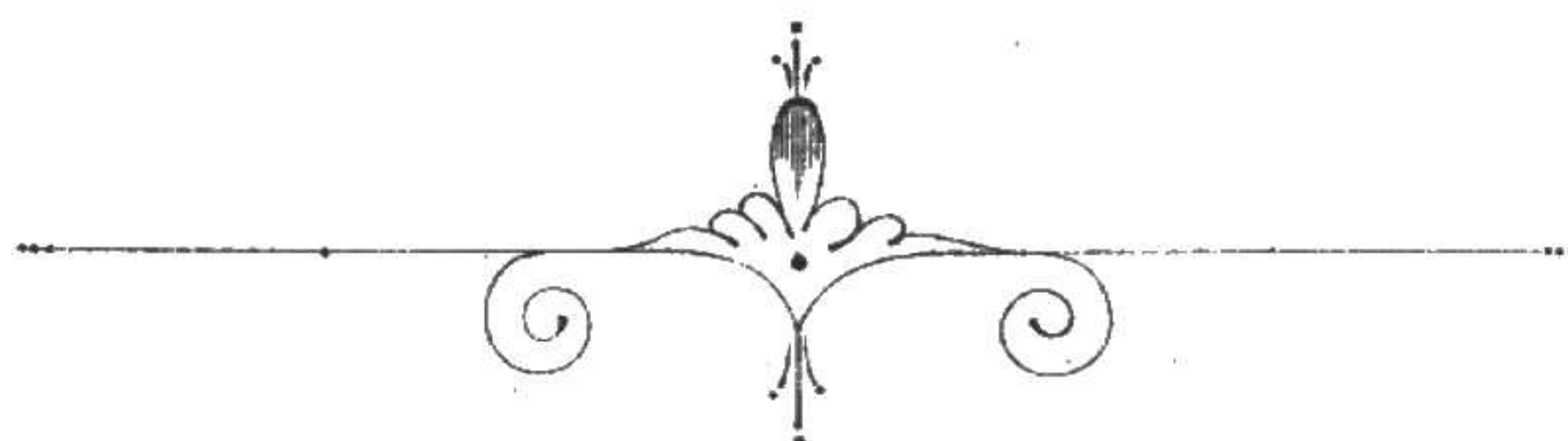
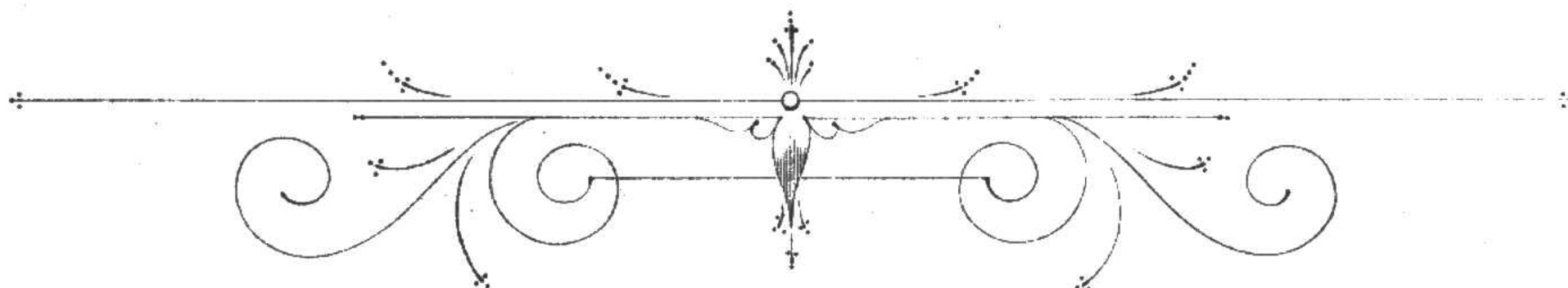


Professional Copy.

TO
MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

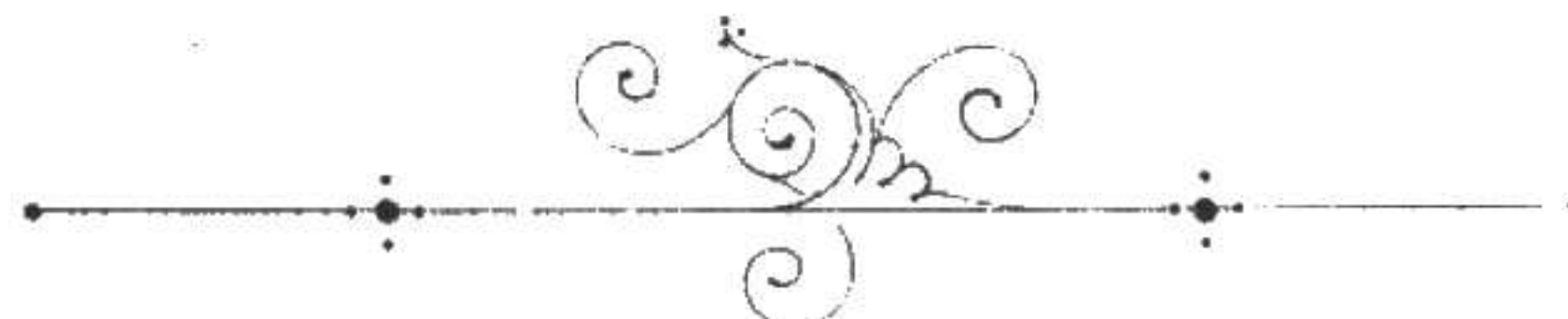


THE WILLOW SONG



WORDS FROM

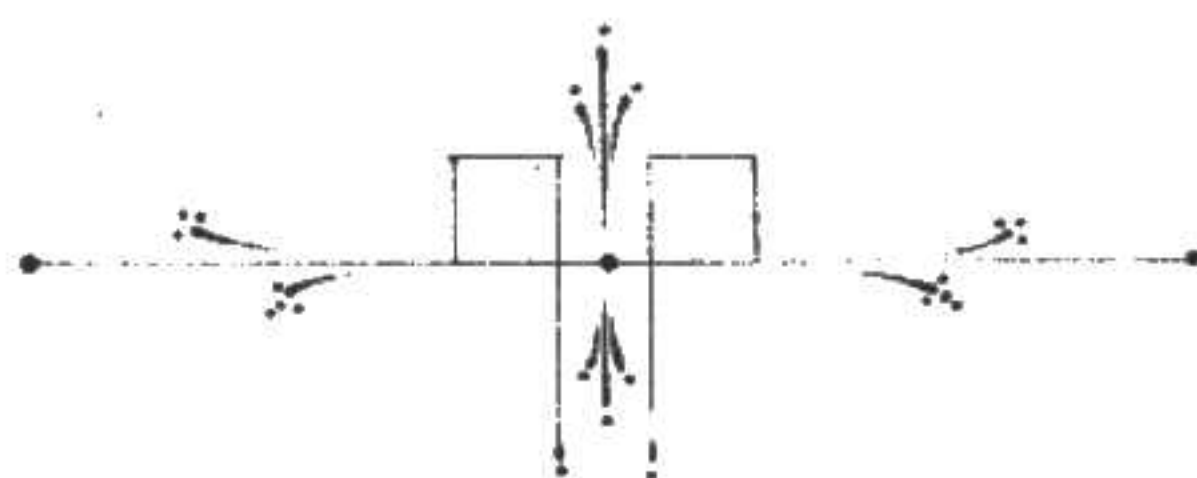
SHAKESPEARE'S "OTHELLO"



MUSIC BY

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

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THE WILLOW SONG.



The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
stones;-
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,-
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Shakespeare.

(OTHELLO)

Act IV, Scene III.

To Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

1

THE WILLOW SONG.

(OTHELLO.)

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. *mp* The poor soul sat

PIANO. *mp*

sigh-ing by a syc-a-more tree, Sing all a green

dim e rit. wil-low, wil-low, wil-low; Her

pp rit.

a tempo *poco rit.*

hand on her bos - om, her head on her knee, Sing

semp p. *poco rit.*

a tempo

wil - low, wil - low, wil - - -

a tempo *pp*

poco rit. *a tempo*

- low: -

poco rit. *a tempo*

f *dim.* *A rit.*

The

a tempo

fresh streams ran by her, and

a tempo

mur - mur'd her moans; Sing

wil - low, wil - low, wil - low: Her

salt tears fell from her, and soft - end the stones;- Sing

rit.

a tempo

4

wil - low, wil - low, wil -

low: Sing

rit. *pp*

Piu mosso.

all a green wil - low must be my

mf

f *mp* (*Slower*)

gar - land. Let no - bo - dy blame him, his

f *mp*

(Still slower)

scorn I ap - prove, I call'd my love

pp

false love; but what said he then? Sing wil - low,

pp *rall.* *poco* *a* *poco.*

wil - low, wil -

rall. *poco* *a* *poco.*

- low.

pp