



Three Elizabethan Part Songs

2.

The willow song

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872-1958)

Lento

S
The poor_ soul sat sigh - ing by a sy - ca - more tree,

A
The poor_ soul sat sigh - ing_ by a sy - ca - more_ tree,

T
The poor_ soul sat sigh - ing by a sy - ca - more_ tree, Sing_

B
The_ poor soul sat sigh - ing by a sy - ca - more_ tree, Sing_

S
Sing all a green wil - low; Her hand_ on her bo - som, her_

A
Sing all a green wil - low; Her hand_ on her bo - som, her_

T
all a green_ wil - low; Her hand_ on her bo - som, her_

B
all a green_ wil - low; Her hand_ on her bo - som, her_

The willow song

9

S head on her knee, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

A head on her knee, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

T head on her knee, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

B head on her knee, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

13

S wil - - - low. *mf* The fresh streams ran by her and

A wil - - - low. *mf* The fresh streams ran by her and

T wil - - - low. *mf* The fresh streams ran by her and

B wil - - - low. *mf* The fresh streams ran by her and

17

S mur - mur'd her moans; Sing wil - low, wil - low, wil - low:

A mur - mur'd her moans; Sing wil - low, wil - low, wil - low:

T mur - mur'd her moans; Sing wil - low, wil - low:

B mur - mur'd her moans; Sing wil - low, wil - low:

The willow song

21

S Her salt tears fell from her, and soft - en'd the stones; Sing

A Her salt tears fell from her, and soft - en'd the stones; Sing

T Her salt tears fell from her, and soft - en'd the stones; Sing

B Her salt tears fell from her, and soft - en'd the stones; Sing

25

S wil - low, wil - low, wil - - - low, Sing

A wil - low, wil - low, wil - - - low, Sing

T wil - low, wil - low, wil - - - low, Sing

B wil - low, wil - low, wil - - - low, Sing

29

S all a green wil - low must be my gar - - - land.

A all a green wil - low must be my gar - - - land.

T all a green wil - low must be my gar - - - land.

B all a green wil - low must be my gar - - - land.

The willow song

The poor soul sat sigh-ing by a sy-ca-more tree,
Sing all a green wil-low;
Her hand on her bo-som, her head on her knee,
Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low.

The fresh streams ran by her and mur-mur'd her moans;
Sing wil-low, wil-low:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soft-en'd the stones;
Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low,
Sing all a green wil-low must be my gar-land.

Othello

Act 4, Scene 3

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

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