Beneath the Weeping Willow,

A SCOTCH SONG.

Sung by

Mrs. Bland

at

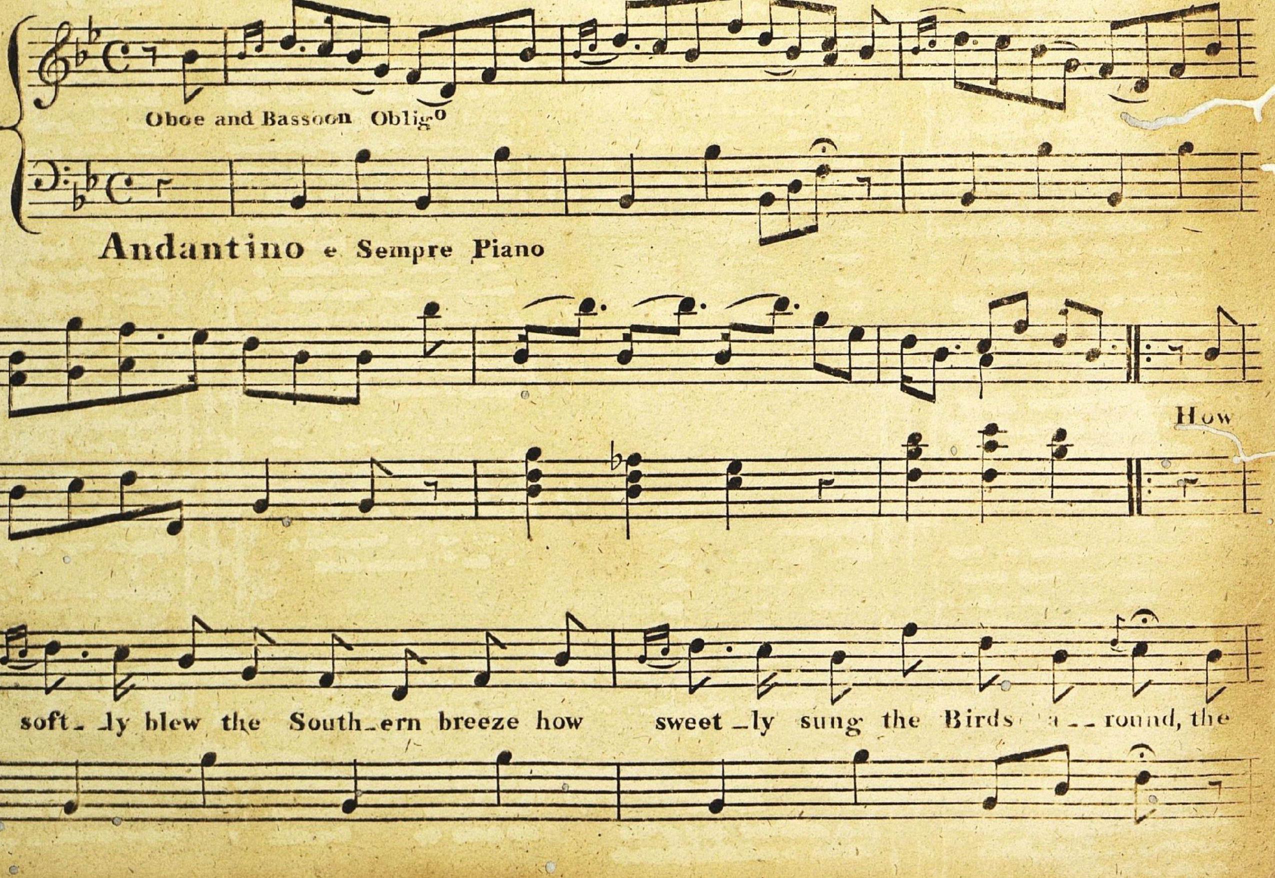
Vauxhall Gardens,

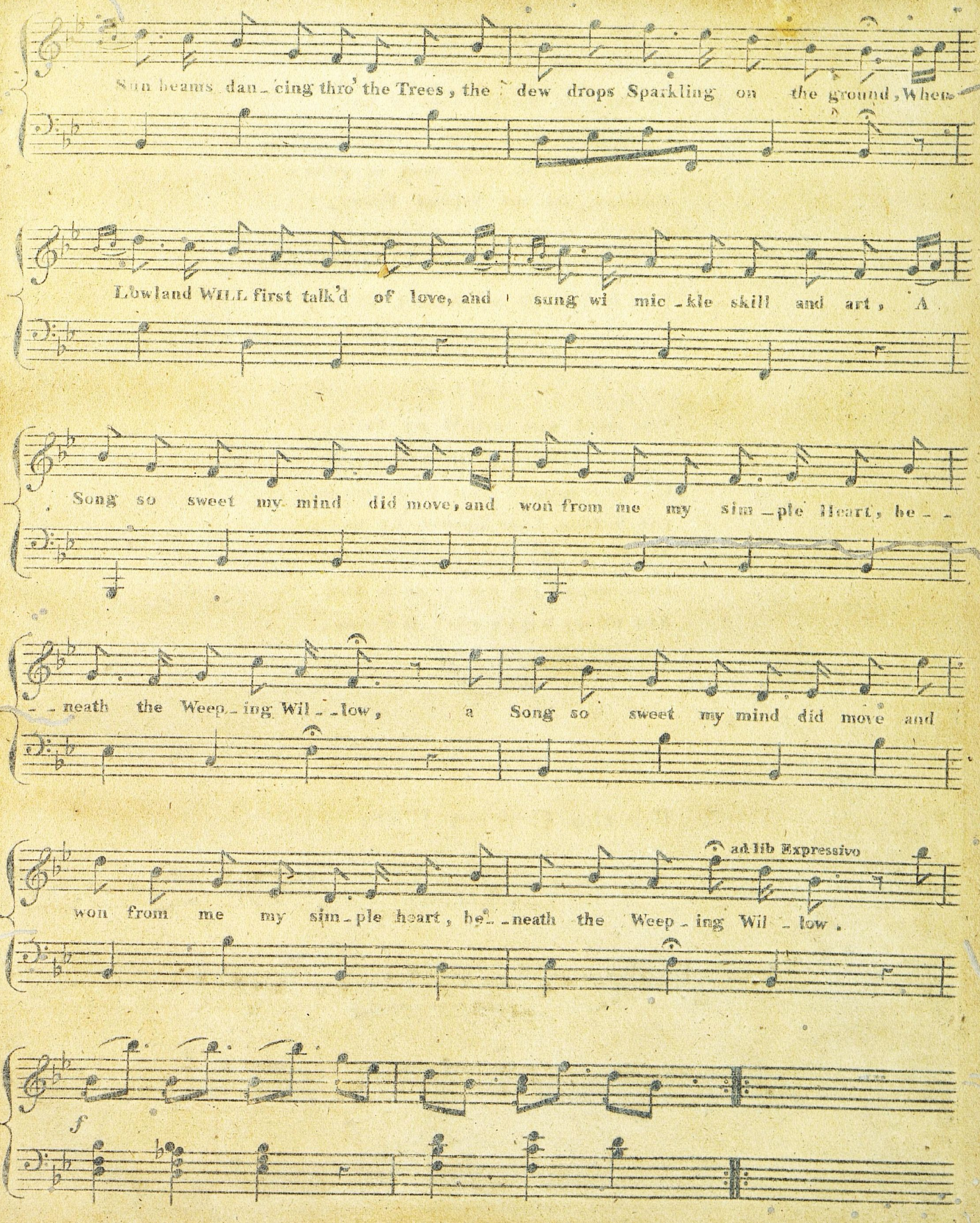
Composed by

Mr. HOOK,

Pr. 1/

London Printed at PURDAY & BUTTON'S, Music Warehouse, No. 75 St. Paul's Church Yard.

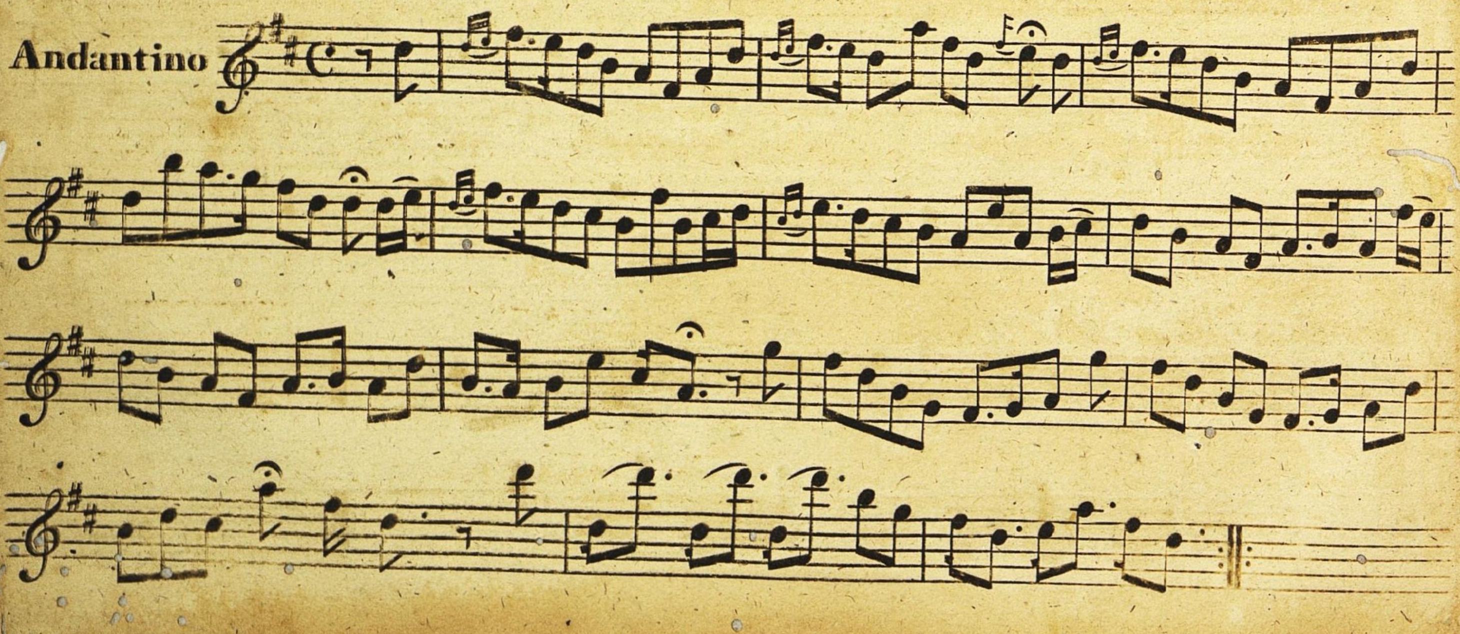



Sun beams dan_cing thro' the Trees, the dew drops Sparkling on the ground, When
Lbwland WILL first talk'd of love, and sung wi mic_kle skill and art, A
Song so sweet my mind did move, and won from me my sim_ple Heart, be_
_neath the Weep_ing Wil_low, a Song so sweet my mind did move and
won from me my sim_ple heart, be_neath the Weep_ing Wil_low.
ad lib Expressivo
f

(2)

Ill fated was the willow Shade,
To hear sic tender vows of love;
Ill fated is the Constant maid,
The falshood of those vows to prove,
Forsaken are our Verdant Plains,
Forsaken is the Silver Stream,
By WILL the pride of lowland Swains,
Who still is all my fondest Theme,
Beneath the Weeping Willow.

(3)

The cruel wars entic'd my Swain,
And he more cruel far than they;
His love resign'd — nor heeds my pain,
But seeking Fame — gangs far away,
Ah! woe is me since he went hence,
From me all joy and peace is fled,
And till my WILLY pluck it thence,
I'll wear upon my drooping head,
A wreath of Weeping Willow.

For the German Flute