

The Willow

And Also The Trees

Broken are the boughs of the willow
She walks beneath them to me
Up above the sky is rolling
With clouds so gracefully
I'm living in my yellow house
On the hill by the fields of green that sway
I cannot think of anything
She walks to me this way

Broken are the boughs of the willow

Broken are the boughs of the willow
She walks beneath them to me
There amongst the wild roses
That turn against the breeze
The easy smile of her mouth
And the waves in the distance silver grey
The glinting of her golden ring
The dying of the day

Broken are the boughs of the willow