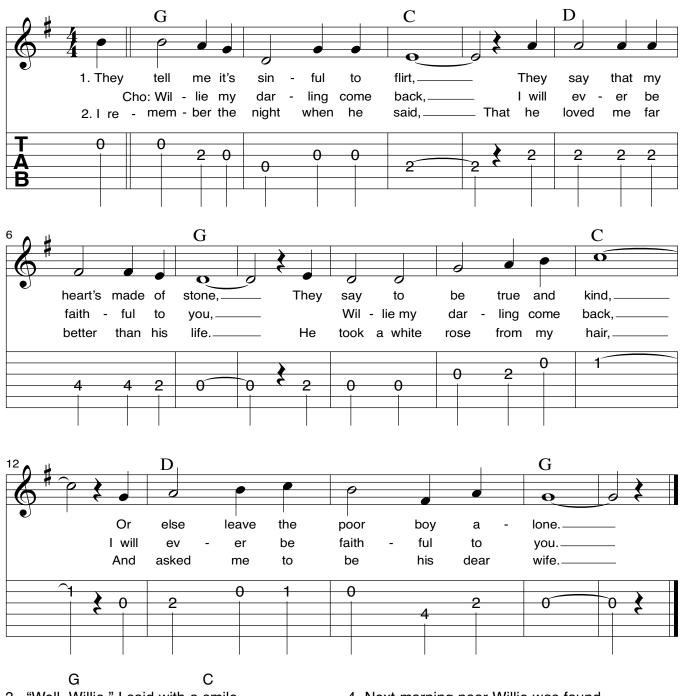
Willie My Darling

M: *G*; *F*: *C* or *D*, capo 5 or 7 *CD* 2-*Track* 96 Traditional



3. "Well, Willie," I said with a smile, D G "I'm afraid that I'll have to say no, C 'Cause Papa and Mama aren't willing," D G Then he said, "Goodbye, I must go."

4. Next morning poor Willie was found, He was drowned in the pond by the mill.In the cold, icy waters so deep, That flowed from the brink of the hill.

5. His blue eyes forever were closed,And damp were his curls so fair.And close to his pale lips he held,The white rose that he took from my hair.