

# Headington Willow Tree

A2(AB)4

♩. = 120

A



B



Oh, once they said my lips were red and now they're scarlet pale  
Oh, I was a silly girl to believe his flatterinf tale  
He vowed he'd never deceive me; I like a silly believed he  
The moon and the stars they shone so bright  
Over the willow tree.  
Quarry Men, ca 1950

Oh, once they said my cheeks were red, but now they are drawn and pale  
When I like a silly girl believed his flattering tale  
He said he'd never deceive me, and I like a silly believed he  
When the moon and the stars so brightly shone  
Over the willow tree.  
Jour EFDSS