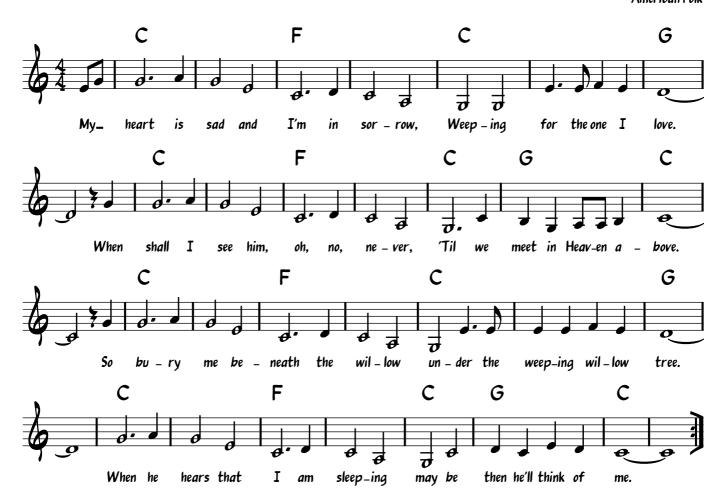
Bury Me Beneath the Willow

American Folk



Tomorrow was to be our wedding, But Lord, oh Lord, where can he be? He's gone, he's gone to find another, He no longer cares for me.

He told me that he did not love me, I could not believe this true, Until an angel softly whispered, "He no longer cares for you."

Place on my grave a snow white lilly
To prove my love for him was true,
To show the world I died of grieving,
For his love I couold not win.