

Beneath the Willow Tree

Cynthia Sutton

dm C G

Sitting still on a tomb

Dsus D am

One day, I met a ghost

dm

And she said to me, "My friend,

G

I am full,

C

dm

Will you be my cup and listen?"

am

C

And she led me not too far

D

To an old willow tree

am

C

And there she told her tale

G

A

Aye, tell her tale did she

G

dm

Beneath the willow tree

"Years ago, I was a lass

Fair as eyes could see

And among my loves was a one

Skilled, and oh, in sorcery

"And he led me soft one night

To an old willow tree

And there he said, 'My love

Will you marry me

Beneath this willow tree?'

"Being young and a fool

I wished for a lad as fair as I

And I said so, and then

Oh, my friend, he

Cursed me, as if to die

"And he put my pale-white hand

To the cold willow tree

'Then to the end of time,

You'll a vampire be

Beneath this willow tree'

"My poor, pale hand grew paler still
As the tree drank, and drank its fill
And as the traitor laughed, I did thirst
And I searched the night for my kill

"And I led him by the hand
To the cold willow tree
And there, we drank his blood
Aye, drink his blood did we
Beneath the willow tree

"When I was done, and saw the lad
Pale as I, but cold in death
The horror filled my heart, and I cried
And my blood tears fell to the earth

"And I laid the poor, pale lad
Neath the old willow tree
And there he slept in peace,
Aye, sleep in peace does he
Beneath this willow tree

"For one-hundred years beyond my will
I feasted on human blood
And I felt for the first, as the last
And for each one, heartrending love

"But I led them all by hand
To the old willow tree
Searching for to die
Of one of purity
Beneath the willow tree

"Then, one day, I met a man
Lion-strong and brave was he
I entranced him with my eyes, then I said
'Take me now, and kill me'

"And still trance-like in my hands, he went
To the willow tree
And the stake put through my heart
Was pure silver come through me
Beneath the willow tree

“He held my hand as I died
Knowing, he would die, too
His second silver stake pierced the bark,
and
Kissing me, he cried ‘I love you!’

“And through my death I saw the old
willow tree
Strangling my love, Aye
Strangled then was he
By the willow tree

“Now I roam, ill at rest
For my bones are unblessed ‘neath this
willow tree
Now my true love lies in yonder sacred
ground, and I
Wish to join him for eternity”

So the phantom’s tale was spun
‘Neath the old willow tree
And I buried her poor bones
And blessed them quietly
Beneath the willow tree