

## 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