



# WEeping WILLOW

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When I'm lonely missing you  
I gather my memories  
And go down to the stream  
Where lies buried much of my dreams  
I see your face, hear your voice and praise your name  
I sit beside you once again  
Beside the weeping, weeping willow tree  
These eyes are weeping  
Beside the weeping, weeping willow tree  
Where death has cut my whole world into halves  
And transformed my happiness into my past  
Where the river labours only to feed the sea  
Beside the weeping, weeping willow tree  
These eyes are weeping  
Beside the weeping, weeping willow tree