

Answer to Weeping Willow

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(A.P. Carter)

My love is dead and buried yonder
Beneath the weeping willow tree
What wrecks my life and makes me wonder
Is because she died for me

Then lay me down in death beside her
For she's all this life to me
That I may join and e'er caress her
In a land beyond the sea

Yes, she died before I told her
That I loved her true and kind
And that I did not mean to fool her
But she'd left me to repine

God, shall I ever get forgiveness
For the deeds that I have done
And meet up yonder her sweet charming
For I know she bids me come

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