**An Examination of Lyrics from *The Willow Song***

**As Desdemona prepares for bed in Act IV, scene 3, she sings:**

*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

*Sing all a green willow;*

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;*

*Lay by these*

*Sing willow, willow, willow*

*Prithee hie thee; he'll come anon.*

*Sing all green willow must be my garland.*

*Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve*

*I called my love false love; but what said he then?*

*Sing willow, willow, willow*

*If I court more women, you'll couch with more men...*