



 The blue-bird is sing-ing his lay, To all the sweetflow'rs of the
 'Twas here where the li-ly bells grow, I last saw his no-ble young




 dale, The wild bee is roam-ing at play, And soft is the sigh of the
 face, And now while he's gone to the foe, Oh! dear-ly I love the old



 gale; I stray by the brook-side a-lone, Where oft we have wan-dered be-
 place; The whis-per-ing wa-ters re-peat The name that I love o'er and




 fore, And weep for my loved one, my own, My Wil-lie has gone to the
 o'er, And

Chorus



 war! Wil-lie has gone_ to the war, Wil-lie, Wil-lie my loved one, my



 own; Wil-lie has gone_ to the war, Wil-lie, Wil-lie my loved_ one is



 gone. Wil-lie has gone_ to the war, Wil-lie, Wil-lie my loved one, my



 own; Wil-lie has gone_ to the war, Wil-lie, Wil-lie my loved_ one is gone.