

# TIT-WILLOW

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit Sang, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -  
 2. He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, Singing, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -  
 3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't Wil-low, tit-willow, tit -

wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick - y - bird, why do you sit Sing-ing,  
 wil-low!" And a cold per-spi - ra - tion be - span - gled his brow, Oh,  
 wil-low, That 'twas blight-ed af - fec - tion that made him ex - claim, "Oh,

'Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low?' "Is it weak - ness of in - tel - lect,  
 wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low! He sobbed and he sighed, and a  
 wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low! And if you re-main cal - lous and

bird-ie?" I cried, "Or a ra - ther tough worm in your lit - tle in - side?" With a  
 gur-gle he gave, Then he plunged him - self in - to the bil-low - y wave, And an  
 ob-du-rate, I Shall per - ish as he did, and you will know why, Though I

shake of his poor lit - tle head, he re - plied, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"  
 ech - o a - rose from the su - icide's grave: "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"  
 prob - ab - ly shall not ex - claim as I die, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"