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MY PRINCESS OF THE WILLOW TREE

Words by
WILL J. HARRIS
Music by
CAREY MORGAN



50¢

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Moderato

Piano *ff*

Voice

mf

A-mong the an-tiques of a shop there stood, A Jap girl carved of wil-low wood, Called the Prin-cess
This pret-ty im-age of a Jap-an-ee, Was captured by his lov-ing plea, And her wood-en

of the Wil-low Tree heart be-gan to beat In-to this shop a love-sick fel-low strayed, And
Then like a mi-ra-cle of old they say, The

when he saw this Gei-sha maid, He sang to her so plead-ing-ly
Prin-cess came to life that day, And then she heard her Prince re-peat

rit.

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Refrain

Love me, lit-tle Princess of the Wil - low, My heart weeps all for

you My la - dy, Come rest on a pus-sy willow pil - low And tell me tru-ly that

you'll be, my pret-ty lit-tle Jap-an - ee, See, my arms greet you like the wil-low branch - es

Come share my love with me, Sweet Jap-an - nee, I will build a wil-low throne for

you, dear, In my bam-boo bungaloo'neath the Willow Tree.