

The basket makers child

1 Where the green willows ^{waved} by the brook
And the sweet waters danced and smiled
In a cottage nestled in a quiet nook
Dwelt the basket makers child.
Twas the holy sabbath eve.
And the stars glittered bright in the sky
The winds reced, the night birds sang
When they told me she must die.

Chorus

Where the green willows waved by the brook
And the stars glittered bright in the sky
The winds low ~~murmured~~ the dry leaves shook
On that still night by that murmuring
brook, When they told me she must die

2 O weep not for me she said,
Tho the death stamp has dimmed my eye
The saviors hand is beneath my head
I do not fear to die
I go to my happy home
My earths work is all must done
Then the gentle saviors words
Let little children come

Chorus

3 Where the green willows waved by the brook
And the sweet waters danced and smiled
And not carve on the oak where we used to play
The basket makers child
Where the green willows waved by the brook
And the sweet waters dance so mild
We laid her to rest and carve on the oak
The basket makers child.

Chorus

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