

I'll Hang My Harp On A Willow Tree

Wellington Guernsey, 1817-1885
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'm off to the wars_a-

6

gain. My peace - ful home has no charm for me, The bat - tle field no

10

pain; The la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - den on her

14

brow. Oh! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me

18

now. Oh! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She'd go - ing to leave me now.

23

She took me a-way from my war-like lord, And give me a silk - en

28

suit. I thought no more of my mas - ter's sword, But played my mas - ter's

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lute; She seemed to think me a boy a-bove, Her pa - ges, of low de -

36

gree. Oh! how I but loved with a boy - ish love, It would have been bet-ter for

40

me. Oh! how I but loved with a boy - ish love, It would have been bet-ter for me.

45

Then I'll hide in my breast ev-ery self - ish care, I'll

49

flush my pale cheeks with wine. When smiles a-wake the brid - al pair, I'll hast-en to give them

54

mine; I'll laugh and I'll sing though my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive

58

train. And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed, And off to the wars a -

62

gain. And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed, And off to the wars a - gain.

67

But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my

71

hel - mets sa - ble plume! And then on the field of Pal - es - tine, I'll seek an ear - ly

76

doom; And if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the

80

brave. A tear from my la - dy love is all, I ask, for the war - ri - or's

84

grave. A tear from my la - dy love is all, I ask, for the war - ri - or's grave.