

## I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree

Words: Thomas Haynes Bayley (1795-1839)

Music: William Guernsey (1817-1885)

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
I'll off to the wars again  
My peaceful home holds no charms for me  
The battle field no pain  
The lady I love will soon be a bride  
With a diadem on her brow  
Oh why did she flatter my boyish pride  
She's going to leave me now

She took me away from my warlike lot  
And gave me a silken suit  
I thought no more of my master's sword  
When I played my master's loot  
She seemed to think me a boy above  
The pages of low degree  
Oh had I loved with a boyish love  
It would have been better for me

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care  
And flush my pale cheeks with wine  
When smiles awaken the bridal pair  
I'll haste to give them mine  
I'll laugh and I'll sing through my heart may bleed  
And I'll walk in a festive strain  
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed  
And I'll off to the wars again

Oh one golden trace of her hair I'll wind  
In my helmet's sable plume  
And then on the field of Palestine  
I'll seek an early doom  
And if by a Saracen's hand I fall  
By the noble and the brave  
A tear from my lady's love is all I ask for a warrior's grave  
A tear from my lady's love is all I ask for a warrior's grave