

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON THE WILLOW TREE

ROMANCE.

Arranged for the

GUITAR,

BY

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Andante moderato.

2d VERSE. She

I'll

took me a way from my war - - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit, I

hang my harp on a wil - - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain, My

thought no more of my mas - ter's sword When I play'd on my mas - - ter's lute; She

peace-ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The

seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her Pages of low de - gree , Oh!

La - dy I love will soon be a bride , With a di - a - dem on her brow , Oh!

had I but lov'd with a boy - - ish love , It would have been better for me , Oh!

why did she flatter my boy - ish pride , She's going to leave me now , Oh!

had I but lov'd with a boy - - ish love , It would have been better for me

why did she flatter my boy - - ish pride , She's go - ing to leave me now

3

Then I'll hide in my breast ev'ry selfish care,
 I'll flush my pale cheek with wine;
 When smiles awake the bridal pair
 I'll hasten to give them mine.
 I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed,
 And I'll walk in the festive train;
 And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
 And I'll off to the wars again.

4

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twain
 In my helmet's sable plume;
 And then on the field of Palestine
 I'll seek an early doom;
 And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
 Mid the noble and the brave,
 A tear from my Lady love is all
 I ask for the warrior's grave.