

ILL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

Romance

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

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Andante moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

2<sup>d</sup> Verse. She took me a way from my war like lord, And gave me a sil ken suit, I

The vocal line for the second verse begins with the lyrics "I'll hang my harp on a willow tree, I'll off to the wars again, My". The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp.

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

The piano accompaniment for the second verse is written on two staves. It features a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand has a melodic line that supports the vocal melody.

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

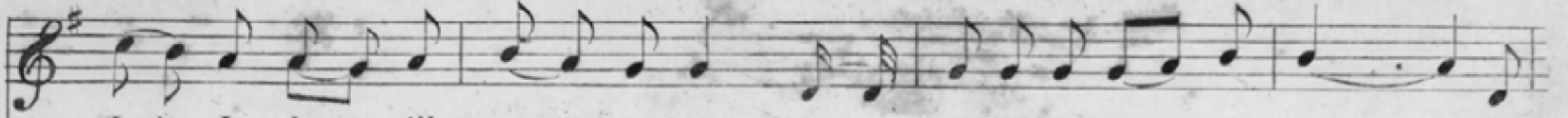
The vocal line for the third verse begins with the lyrics "peaceful home has no charms for me, The battle field no pain; The". The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp.

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

The piano accompaniment for the third verse continues on two staves. It maintains the same accompaniment style as the previous section, with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand has a melodic line that supports the vocal melody.



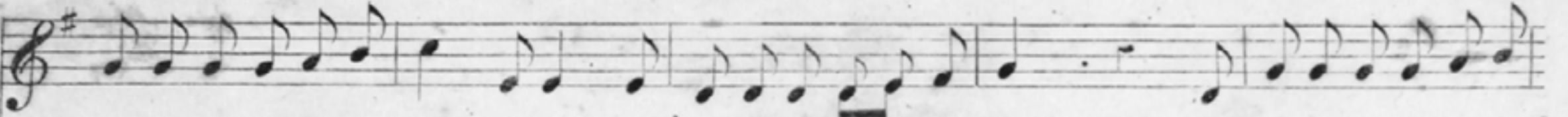
seem'd to think me a boy a\_bove Her Pa\_ges of low de\_gree, Oh!



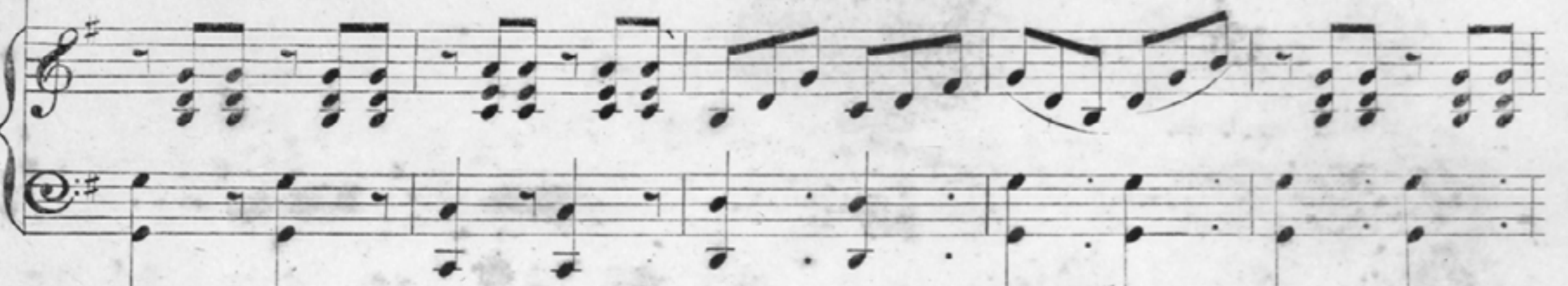
Lady I love will soon be a bride, With a di\_a\_dem on her brow, Oh!



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



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



boy\_ish love It would have been better for me.



boy\_ish pride, She's going to leave me now.



3

4

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.

But one golden stress of her hair I'll twine,  
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.

I'll hang my harp.2.