

# I Hung My Harp Upon the Willows

## Trashcan Sinatras

I hung my harp upon the willows  
When I first made this harbor town  
My broken heart by fair Eliza  
Still fresh and raw when I came to town

I learned a trade from Alexander  
A scoundrel of the first degree  
And within the year I was so despondent  
That doctor Fleeming, well knew me

Oh Eglinton, floating on the water  
Oh Eglinton, the rose was there for me  
I hung my harp high upon the willows  
Of Irvine town by the sea

On Hogmanay I burned the work down  
I found myself without a crown  
Oh, but I had more than any silver  
'Cause I had a friend in Richard Brown

In Eglinton wood we'd wander  
On the drunken steps I would recite  
Take your harp down from the willows  
Said Richard Brown and he was right

Oh Eglinton, floating on the water  
Oh Eglinton, the road was there for me  
I took my harp down from the willows

Richard Brown, I bow to thee  
Richard Brown, I bow to thee  
Richard Brown, I bow to thee

