

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

