

The Old Musician And His Harp - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Old Musician and His Harp.
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Words by Wm. & Pitts. Music by H. M. Higgins.

Years have come and pass'd away,
Golden locks have turn'd to gray;
Golden ringlets, once so fair,
Time has changed to silvery hair.
Yes, I've neared the river side,
Soon I'll launch upon its tide;
Soon my boat, with noiseless oar,
Safe will pass to yonder shore.

Chorus.
Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain;
Let me hear its chords once more
Ere I puss to yon bright shore.

Oh, those chords with magic power
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To that cot beside the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee;
But that mother she has gone,
Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,
While I wander here alone
Sighing for a brighter home.-Chorus.'

Soon I'll be among the blest
Where the weary are at rest;
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praises evermore.
Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam;
Soon I'll be where angels roam,
Dear old harp, I'm going home.-Chorus.