

The Volunteer Organist - song lyrics

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THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill to-day, will some one play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the race of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle, whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

Refrain.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away.
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.- Ref