Musician and His Harp

As sung by
Hamilton Lobdell
6-24-1941 Mukwonago, WI

Verse 2.

Oh those chords with magic power take me back to childhood ['fore], to that cot beside the sea, where I knelt at mother's knee. But that mother, she is gone, calm she sleeps beneath the storm, when I wandered here alone, sighing for a better home. Bring to me my harp again, let me sing a gentle strain. Let me hear its chords once more ere I pass to yon bright shore.

Verse 1. (Incomplete)

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Golden locks have turned to grey,
Golden ringlets once so fair
Time has changed to silver hair.
Yet I'm near the river side,
Soon I'll launch upon its tide.
Soon my boat with noiseless oar
Safe will pass to yon bright shore.

Chorus

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

(Lyrics continued next Page)
Verse 2.
Oh those chords with magic power
Take me back to childhood ['fore],
To that cot besides the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee.
But that mother, she is gone,
Calm she sleeps beneath the storm,
When I wandered here alone,
Sighing for a better home.

Chorus

Verse 3.
Soon I'll be among the blessed,
Where the weary are at rest.
Soon I'll tread the golden shore,
Sailing traces evermore.
Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam.
Soon I'll tread where angels roam,
Dear old harp, I'm going home.

Chorus

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Critical Commentary

HST notes:
In the Professional Papers series:
Mr. Lobdell learned this song from his mother who came from Erie county, New York.

K.G.