

# Musician and His Harp

As sung by  
**Hamilton Lobdell**

Originally in Ab  
6-24-1941 Mukwonago, WI

## Verse 2.



Oh those chords with mag-ic power \_\_\_ take me back \_\_\_ to child-hood ['fore], \_\_\_ to that



cot \_\_\_ be-side the sea, \_\_\_ where I knelt \_\_\_ at mo-ther's knee. \_\_\_ But that



mo-ther, \_\_\_ she is gone, \_\_\_ calm she sleeps \_\_\_ be-neath the storm, \_\_\_ when I



## Chorus

wan - dered here a - lone, \_\_\_ sigh - ing for \_\_\_ a bet - ter home. \_\_\_ Bring to



me \_\_\_ my harp a - gain, \_\_\_ let me sing \_\_\_ a gen - tle 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.