

# THE OLD MUSICIAN AND HIS HARP

William S. Pitts (1830-1918)

H. M. Higgins (1820-1897)

1. Years have come and pass'd a - way, Gold - en locks have turn'd to gray,  
 2. Oh! those chords with mag - ic pow'r! Take me back to child-hood's hour—  
 3. Soon I'll be\_\_\_ a - mong the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest—

Gold - en ring - lets, once so fair, Time has changed to sil - v'ry hair;  
 To that cot\_\_\_ be - side the sea, Where I knelt at moth - er's knee;  
 Soon I'll tread the gold - en shore, Sing - ing prais - es ev - er - more.

Yes, I've neared the riv - er side, Soon I'll launch up - on its tide—  
 But that moth - er, she has gone— Calm she sleeps be - neath the stone,  
 Now my boat is on the stream, I can see\_\_\_ its wa - ters gleam—

Soon my boat, with noise-less oar, Safe will pass\_\_\_ to yon - der shore.  
 While I wan - der here a - lone, Sigh - ing for\_\_\_ a bright - er home.  
 Soon I'll be\_\_\_ where an - gels roam— Dear old Harp, I'm go - ing home.

Bring my Harp to me a - gain, Let me sing\_\_\_ a gen - tle strain— Let me

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hear\_ its chords once more, Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

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