THE OLD ARM CHAIR.
A Ballad.
The music composed and respectfully dedicated to
HOLTON CLAYTON ESQUIRE.

BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

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THE OLD ARM CHAIR

Words by E. Cook.

Music by H. Russell.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that

Old Arm Chair. I've treasured it long as a ho---ly prize, I've be---
dew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thousand hands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye learn the spell; a mother sat there. And a sacred thing is that.

Old Arm Chair.
I sat and watch'd her many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I almost worship'd her when she smiled, And turn'd from her bible to bless her child. Years roll'd on but the last one sped, My idol was shattered, my earth star fled: I
learnt how much the heart can bear; When I saw her die in that

Old Arm Chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quivering breath, and

throb...ing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me; 'twas there she died; And
Memory flows with lava tide. Say it is folly, and
dee me weak, while the scalding drops start down my cheek, but I
love it, I love it, and cannot tear my soul from a mother's

Old Arm Chair.