

TWENTIETH EDITION.

# THE OLD ARM CHAIR, A Ballad,

The Music composed and respectfully dedicated to  
**HOLTON OLMSTEAD, ESQUIRE.**



Price 50 cts. nett.

BY

**HENRY RUSSELL.**

BOSTON.

Published by **GEO. P. REED**, 17 Tremont Row.

B.W. Thayer & Co's Lithog<sup>y</sup> Boston.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1840 by Baker & Swan,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

# The Old Arm Chair.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

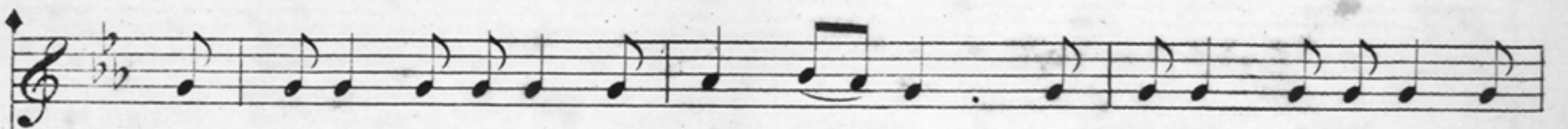
*Andante con Espressione.*



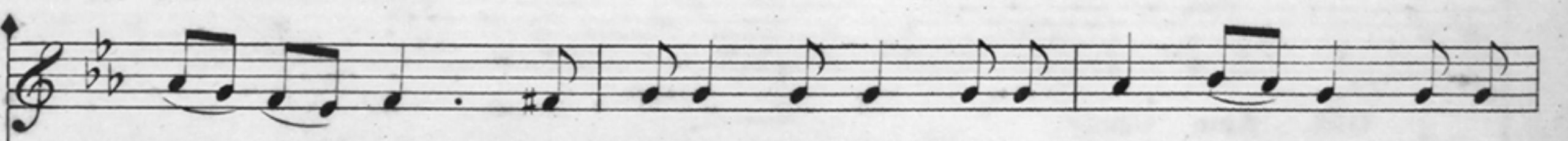
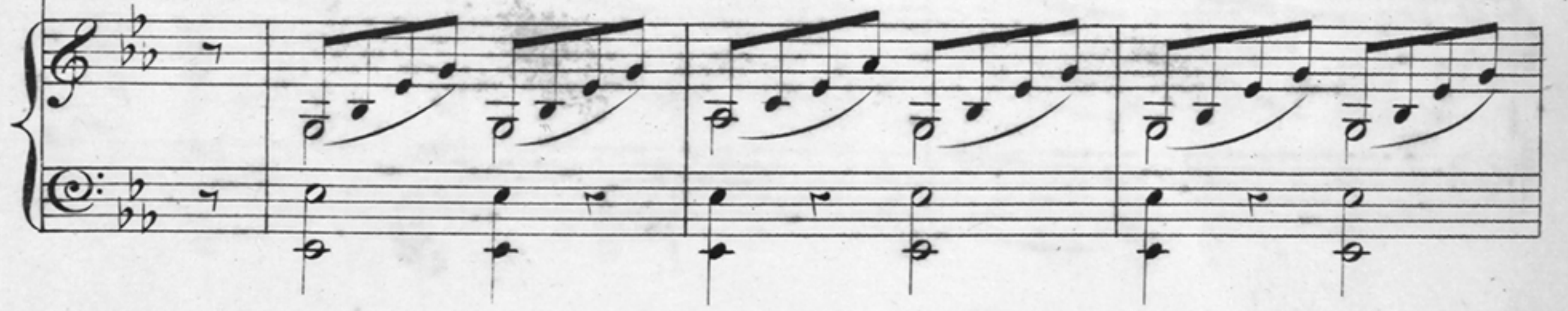
pp



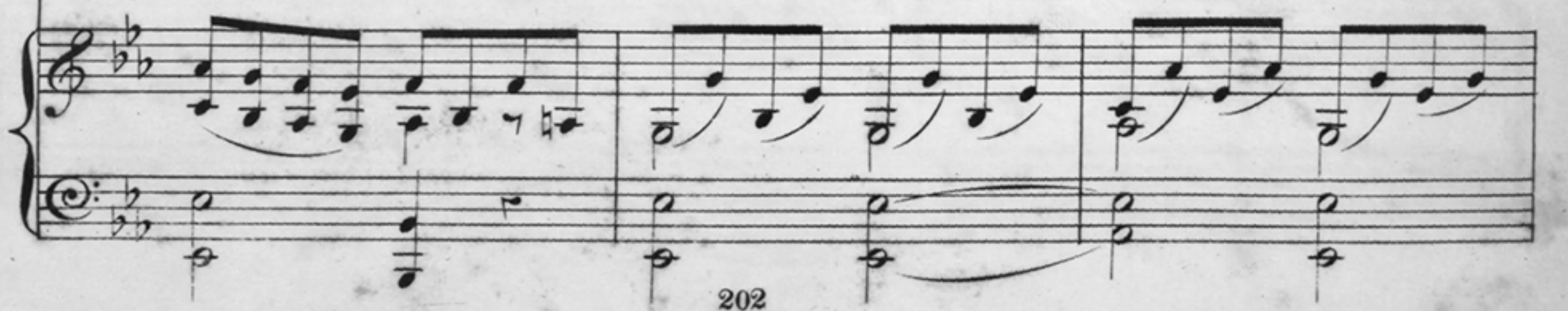
mf pp



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 em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand

bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye

learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that

Old Arm Chair.

I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eyes grew dim, and her

locks were grey, And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd, And

turn'd from her bi-ble to bless her child. Years roll'd on but the

last one sped, My i-dol was shatter'd 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 quiver - ing breath, and

throb - ing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And

mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide. Say it is folly, and

deem me weak, While the scalding drops start down my cheek; But I

love it, I love it, and can - not tear My *f* soul from a mo - ther's

Old Arm Chair.