

This Old Chair

Jan Harmon - 1982

Freely ♩ = c. 120

Cho.

This old chair the wide west win-dow seems to suit her best. Wick-er bones rubbed
 — shi-ny thru the years, beg for a rest. — And she's rocked more chil-dren in her arms than just my
 own, — af-ter all, with am-ber sun-light strewn a-cross her like a shawl.
 1. There was a time — more sim-ple and free when af-ter-noon — lay
 warm a-cross my knee and I would sit and sing my child — to
 sleep. — In this old chair we had the time to keep.

2. And through the years of summers and of snows ..
 she held the tender hopes that children know.
 From out her limbs .. first wings of love took flight.
 Her comfort .. kept us through the night.

CHO.

3. Now, in repose .. with children spun away ..
 she bears the nicks and badges of their play ..
 their laughter buried deep .. within the wood.
 When I hear .. I remember .. it was good.

CHO.