

LADY, TOUCH THY HARP AGAIN.

F.L. Stanton

A.R. Churchill

1. La - dy touch thy harp a - gain, Sing some sweet and sol-ern strain, Not as oft in days more bright, Let the song be sad to - night. Sing and let the mu - sic
 2. Let thy voice be - come a prayer On the si - lent eve - ning air, While I catch its ech - oes sweet, Low - ly kneel - ing at His feet. Sing, but let the mu - sic

3. Lis - ten, la - dy! in the years Seen thru mem - ry's fall - ing tears, There was one who could im - part Sol - ace to my ach - ing heart, And her song would al - ways
 4. Yes, a moth - er now laid low, Where the bend - ing lil - lies grow, With her voice at - tuned to praise Sang that song in oth - er days How can it for - got - ten

be "Rock of A - ges cleft for me."
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