Old Wooden Rocker

Nostalgically \( \text{\textit{j} = 96} \)
as sung by Ermina Pincombe

There's an old wooden rocker so straight and so tall, That stands in the parlor with its back to the wall, With nothing to disturb it but duster or broom, 'Cause no one now uses that back parlor room.

Ms. Pincombe sings this song an octave lower than written. From verse to verse, the rhythm varies considerably from that which is transcribed here. Listen to the audio file as a reference.

2. If that old chair could speak, oh, what tales it could tell,
Of how poor ancient granddad in fierce battle fell.
He fought for his country so staunch and so true,
And cherished for freedom the Red, White and Blue.

3. It could tell of some dark days, some bright ones beside,
Of the day when dear old Grandma stepped forth as a bride.
Eighty years had she rocked in that old chair so grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stands in the hall.

4. Nevermore will we hide her gold specks and her cap;
Nevermore will we tease her while taking her nap;
Nevermore will she rock in that old chair so grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker in the back parlor hall.

5. As she sat by the fire, she'd rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of that old brass clock.
Nevermore will she rock in that old chair so grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stands in the hall.