There's a lamp shining bright in the valley. In a window, it's shining for me.

And I know that my mother is pinning, For the boy she is waiting for.

For she knows of the time I have done; But I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her

And she prays that I'll come back to see her, Yet I know that I can't do.

When its lamp lighting time in the valley, Then in the lamp light each night I can see her.

As she rocks in her chair, to and fro; And she prays that I'll come back and see her,

For she knows of the time I have done; But I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her.

It will guide me where ever I roam.