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 longing to see.
When its lamp lighting time in the valley,
It will guide me where ever I roam.

Then in dreams, I go back to my home;
I can see that old lamp in the window.
It will guide me where ever I roam.

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 to see her
Yet, I know that I never can go

So she lights up the lamp and sits waiting,
For she knows of the time I have done;
But I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her
Up in heaven, when life's race is done.