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, boy she is longing to see. When its lamp lighting time in the valley, then in the dreams, I go of back to my gently fall; I can see that old lamp in the win-dow. It will guide me where ev-er 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

Final chorus

So she lights up the lamp and sits waiting, For she knows not the crime I have done; But I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her Up in heaven, when life's race is done.