There's a lamp shining bright in the valley,  
In a window, it's shining for me;
And I know that my mother is pining,  
For the boy she is longing to see.

Chorus

When its lamp lighting time in the valley,  
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  
So she lights up the lamp and sits waiting,
As she rocks in her chair, to and fro;  
For she knows of the time I have done;
And she prays that I'll come back to see her  
But I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her.
Yet, I know that I never can go  
Up in heaven, when lifes race is done.