Old Night Lamp

Henry Russell

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THE OLD NIGHT LAMP.
A BALLAD.
As sung with great applause by
HENRY RUSSELL.
Composed and Arranged for the
Piano Forte
& Respectfully dedicated to
MRS. BERRY,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.
Price 50 cents.

Published by HENRY PRENTISS 23 Court Street.
Where may be had (Just Published) by the same Composer
THE OLD WATERMILL. THE OLD RAVON, NATIVE OF OLD GENTLEMAN. TOTAL SIXTY &c.

Paid Aug 15th 1829 and 1829 in the sum of $5 to Henry Russell at the office of the undersigned publisher.
OLD NIGHT LAMP.

Oh scorn me not as a

fame-less thing; Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing, Tis
true, I am not suffer'd to be On the ringing board of

was still glee; My pallid gleam must never

fall, In the gay saloon or lordly hall; But

many a tale does the Night-lamp know Of secret sorrow and
found in the closely curtain'd room, Where a stillness reigns

that breaths of the tomb, Where the breaking heart, and
heavy eye Are waiting to see a lov'd one

die. Where the dozing child with noiseless tread, Steals

warily to the mothers bed; I'm wildly

snatch'd and my gleaming ray, Shows a glazing eye and


I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
For the gamblers dice and drunkards mirth,
She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
And many a time has my spark expired,
And left her still the weeping and tired.

Many a lesson the bosom learns,
Of hapless grief, while the night lamp burns
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart would bleed to see
Then scorn me not as a nameless thing;
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
But smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
There's nought to be found but truth in the lay.

A.F. Winnemore Eng.