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.

Published by HENRY PRENTISS, 33 Court Street.

Price 50 cts. each.

BOSTON

The Old Watermill, The Old Veston, Nature's First Old Gentleman, Total Fifty &c.
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
2d Verse.

found in the closely curtain'd room, Where a stillness reigns

that breaths of the tomb, Where the breaking heart, and
loved

Are waiting to see a loved one.
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 Engl.