

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 cts. net.

← BOSTON →

Published by **HENRY PRENTISS 33 Court Street.**

Where may be had (Just Published) by the same Composer

THE OLD WATERMILL. THE OLD SEXTON. NATHAN'S FINE OLD GENTLEMAN. TOTAL SIXTY & C.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1846 by Henry Russell in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

OLD NIGHT LAMP.

3

The musical score is written on five systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines, with some measures marked with 'x' and '4'.

Oh scorn me not as a

fame - - less thing, Nor turn with con.tempt from the song I sing, 'Tis

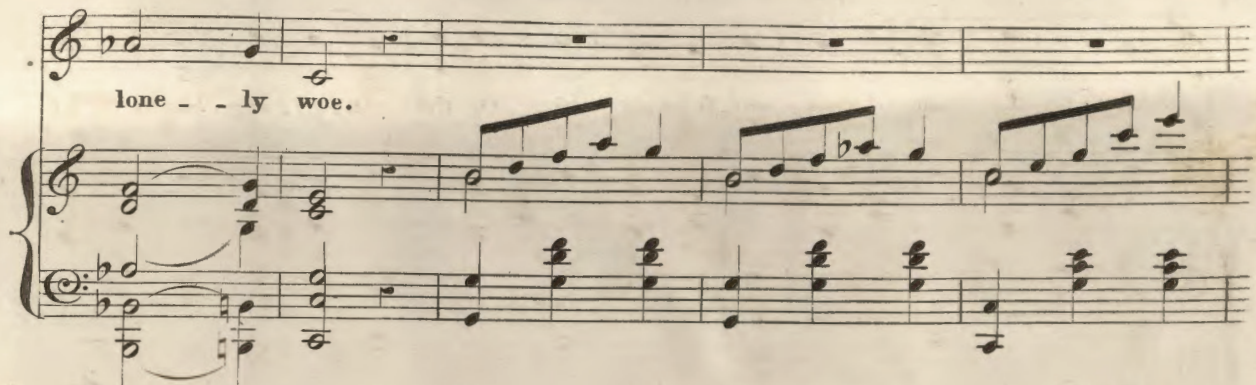
true, I am not suf-fer'd to be On the ring - - ing board of

was - - sail glee; My pal - - - lid gleam must ne - - - ver

fall, In the gay sa - - loon or lord - - ly hall; But

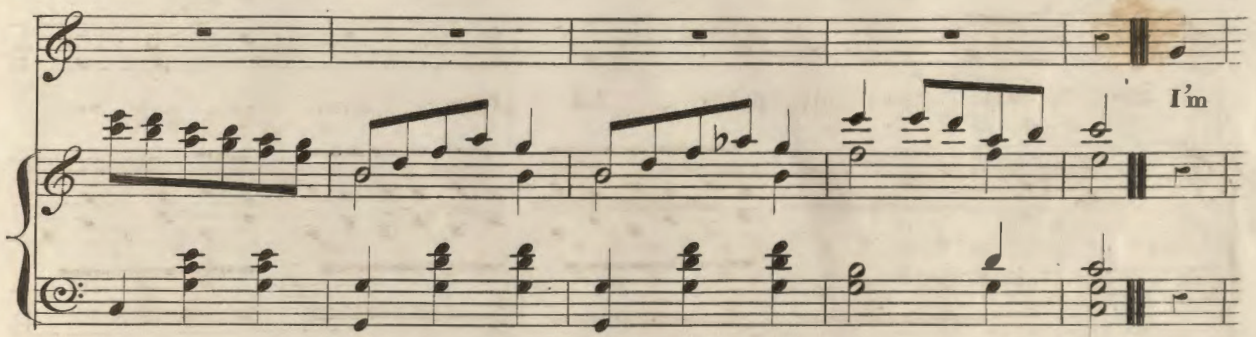
many a tale does the Night-lamp know Of se - - cret sorrow and

lone - - ly woe.

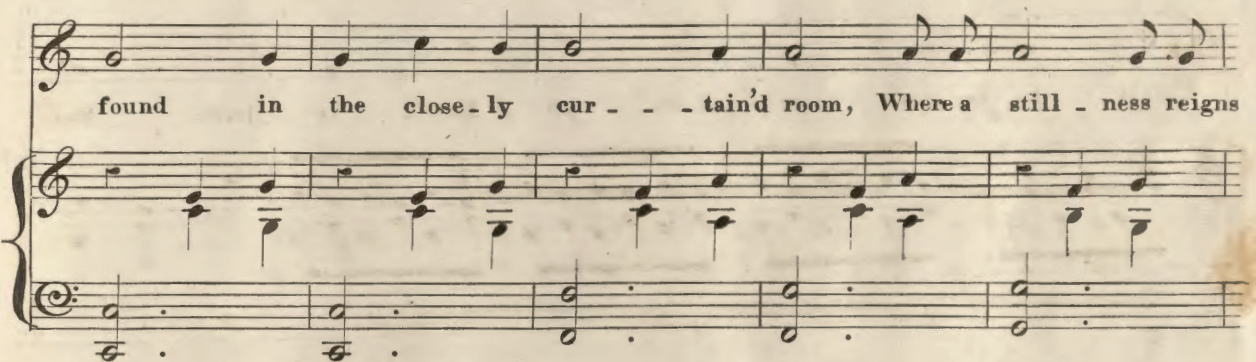


2d Verse.

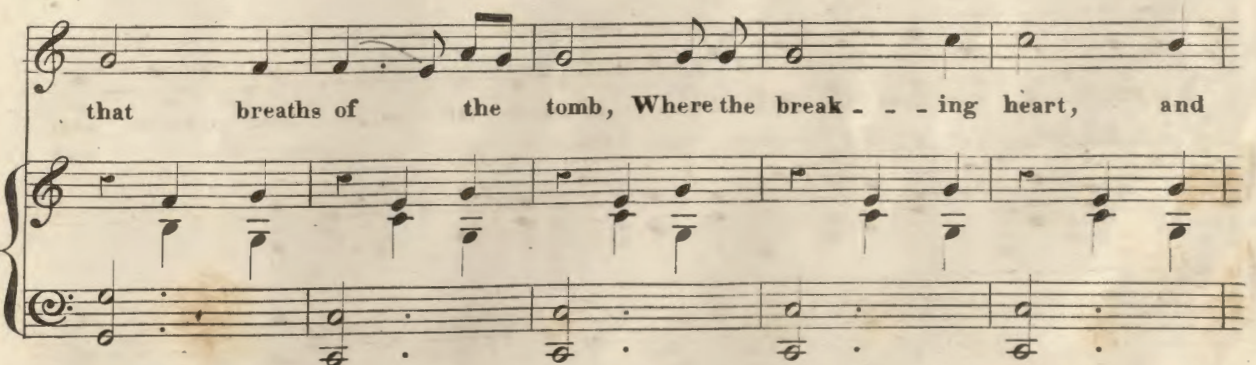
I'm



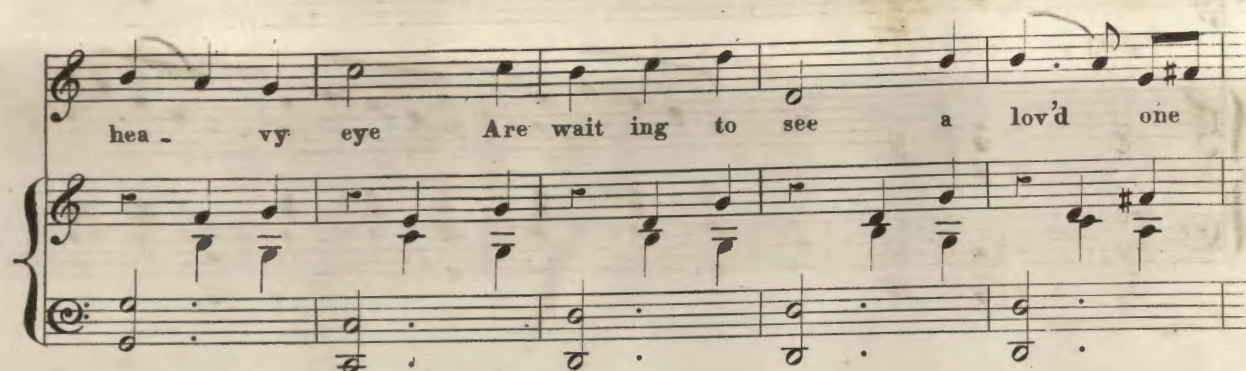
found in the close-ly cur - - tain'd room, Where a still - ness reigns



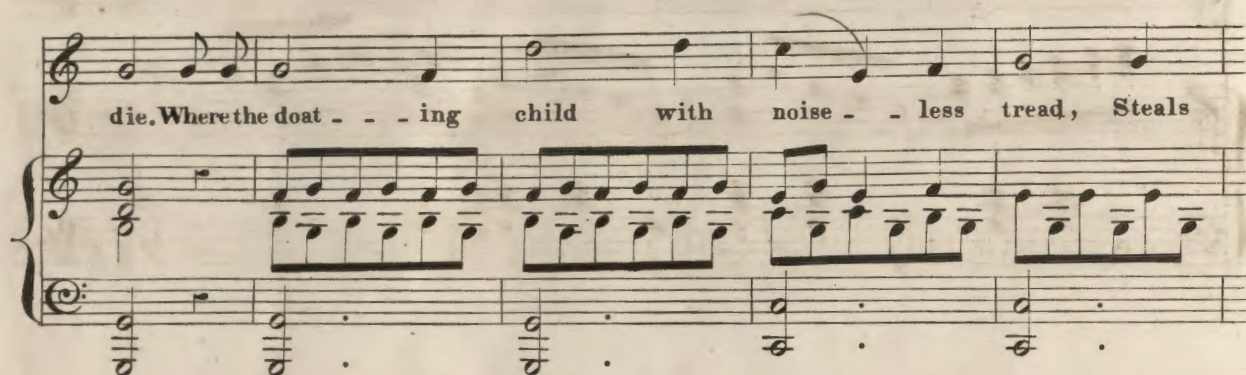
that breaths of the tomb, Where the break - - ing heart, and



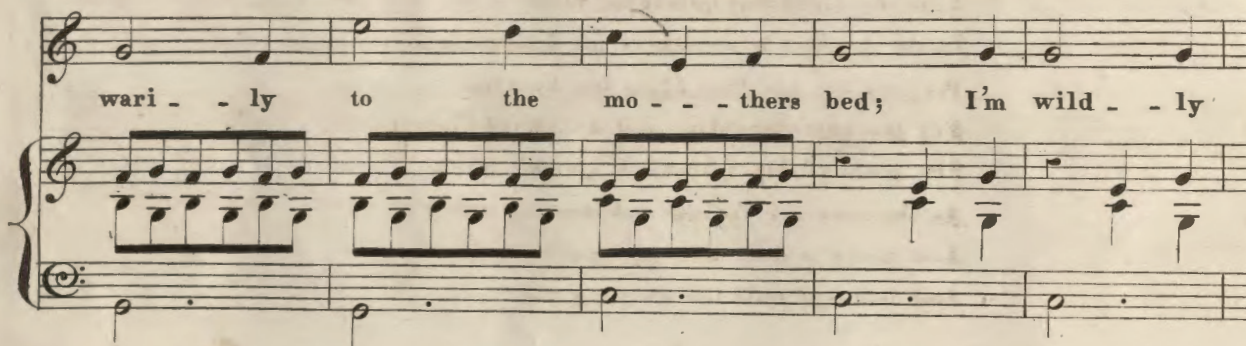
hea - vy eye Are wait ing to see a lov'd one



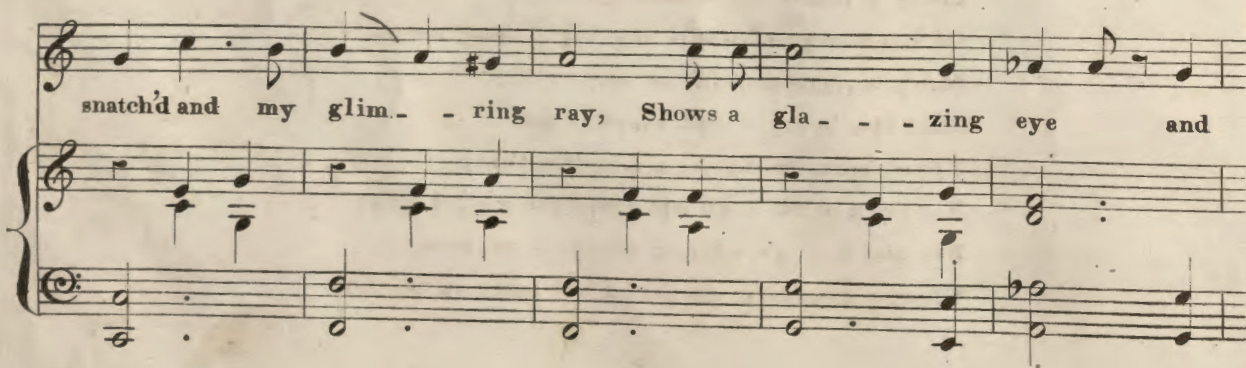
die. Where the doat - - ing child with noise - - less tread, Steals

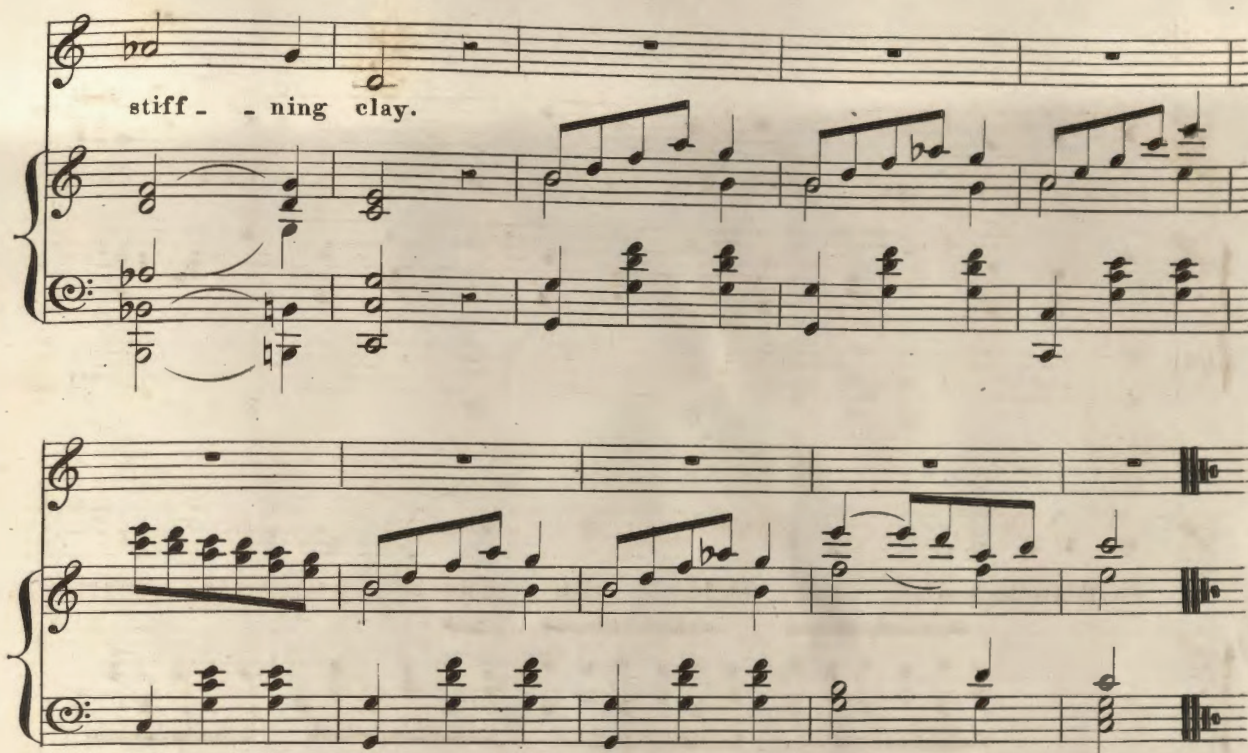


wari - - ly to the mo - - thers bed; I'm wild - - ly



snatch'd and my glim - - ring ray, Shows a gla - - zing eye and





3

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.

4

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 fameless 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