

# The Old Street Lamp - song lyrics

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THE OLD STREET LAMP.

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By the quaint old flower market, where the winding crossways meet.  
An old street lamp was shining for the last time in the street;  
It thought of all the faces that had loved its kindly ray,  
Oh, some were changed with passing years, and some were gone away:  
The young, the old, the happy, and the far-off quiet dead,  
The old street lamp remembered all, and this is what it said:

Chorus.

It was shining for the last time as it shone in days of yore,  
And the faces and the tender dreams came back, came back once more;  
It was shining for the last time as it shone in days of yore,  
And the faces and the tender dreams came back, came back once more.

Long ago, one night in Winter, I was chining down the street.  
A lover came beneath me and perused a letter sweet;  
I shone upon his fair head, and I heard the words he said:  
"My love, my love, the golden days when we at last are wed!"  
I saw him puss away, and his face was blithe and gay,  
But all his words are in my heart forever And for aye.-Chorus.

That other night in Winter I was shining down the street,  
I saw a bier with lilies. And a maiden while and sweet;  
I saw a low bent head, and I heard the words he said:  
"My love, my love, I am alone, my love, my heart is dead!"  
I saw him pass away, and his head was bowed and gray.  
But all his words are in my heart forever And for aye.-Chorus.