

The Old Lamplighter

Kay Kyser

He made the night a little brighter, wherever he would go;
The old lamplighter of long, long ago.
His snowy hair was so much whiter beneath the lantern glow,
The old lamplighter of long, long ago.

If there were sweethearts in the park, he'd pass a light and leave it
Dark, His smile would hide a broken heart, you see. For he recalls when
Days were new, he loved someone who loved him too, Who walks along with
Him in memory.
He made the night a little brighter, wherever he would go,
The old lamplighter of long, long ago.