

When the Lights are Low

Moderato

GERALD M. LANE

p

1. When twi-light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we
 2. With dis-tant sounds in the streets a-round, The throng goes surg-ing by; But

sit and dream in the fad-ing gleam, Come mem-'ries one by one. . . .
 far a-way in dreams we stray, Where ver-dant mead-ows lie. . . .

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fan-cy greet us still, And
 There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till

rall.

voi-ces dear, that we long to hear, The si-lence seem to fill.
 o-ver all night's shad-ows fall, And dreamland fades a-way.

rall.

p Allegretto

Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .

pp

*Ped. * Ped. * rall.*

Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

rall.

a tempo

Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch - ing the fire - light gleams; . .

a tempo

Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.

f

p rit.