

## 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; . . .

*rall.*

*Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \**

*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.*