

By the Glow of the Kerosene Light

Adaptation – Version originale : Winston Coles

I remember the time when my Grandma and I
Would sit by the fire at night,
And I'd listen to stories of how she once lived,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light.

She said "Mom and Dad sent me off to school,
Where I learned how to read and to write;
And they listened for hours as I read from my books,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light."

"Your Grandpa and I, we were wed at sixteen,
Lord, he was a beautiful sight;
And as proudly I placed the ring on his hand,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light."

"About one year later your Daddy was born,
And your Grandpa held my hand so tight;
Oh I can't tell the joy as I brought forth new life,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light."

"But having my child it did weaken me so,
I just wasn't up to the fight;
But I looked so peaceful as I went to my rest,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light."

"Then, as now, the times they were hard,
To succeed you would try all your might;
And sometimes love bloomed but sometimes dreams died,
By the glow of the kerosene light;
By the glow of the kerosene light."