

Where the Sunset turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold.

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Words by
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Music by
H. W. PETRIE.

Moderato.

When the bus-y day is o'er And the sun is sink-ing low'r, Then I
When a lad to man-hood grown, With my sweet-heart I did roam, Just a
seem to see a dear old soth-ern home;— And the long years roll a-way, Just a
coun-try lass, with heart as pure as snow;— And a - gain I see the dell And the
child a - gain I play, With my play-mates in the woods we used to roam;— And at
nook we loved so well, When I told life's old sweet sto - ry long a - go;— But be-

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I see my moth - er there, List - ens to me say my pray'r, And I
 yond's a grass - y knoll, And I hear the church-bell toll, As it

feel her kiss as in the days of old,..... But now
 sends a mes - sage far a - long the surf,..... For they

moth - er's old and gray, Wait - ing for me far a - way, Where the
 gath - ered far and near, And their hearts were sad and drear, When to -

sun set turns the o - cean's blue to gold.....
 day they laid my sweet-heart 'neath the turf.....

REFRAIN.

Oh the old church-bells are ring-ing, And the mock-ing birds are sing-ing, As they

sang a - round the place in days of old..... And tho'

I am far a - way, All my heart has been to - day, Where the

rall.

sun - set turns the o - cean's blue to gold.....