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

Words by
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Music by
H. W. PETRIE.

Moderato.

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There, listens to me say my prayer, And I
Yond's a grassy knoll, And I hear the church-bell toll, As it

Feel her kiss as in the days of old, But now
Sends a message far along the surf, For they

Mother's old and gray, Waiting for me far away, Where the
gathered far and near, And their hearts were sad and dear, When to-

Sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold,
Day they laid my sweetheart 'neath the turf,

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REFRAIN.

Oh the old church-bells are ring-If, And the mock-ing birds are sing-If, As they
sang a-round the place in days of old............. And tho' I am far away. All my heart has been to-day, Where the
sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold....................

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