

At The Setting Of The Sun - song lyrics

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AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

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Words and Music by Matthews and Bulger.

You know the story', it's oft been told, the same old way,
Good tales repeated do not grow old, so wise men say.
John was a rustic, in love with May, the village belle;
Not wisely, folks say, did this rustic love May, but, alas! too well.

Chorus.

Oft at sunrise life looks bright, oft it changes ere the night; [sun.
Some hearts are breaking, while others are light, at the setting of the

Bright was the morning: John greets with smile the same old lane.
Dreaming of May at the same old stile, he waits in vain.
"Farewell, dear John," so the letter read, "I've left for town;
Forgive me," It said-John with grief bows his head, as the sun goes down. -Chor.

Seeing her folly, although a year had since passed by.
Seeking forgiveness, she waits in fear for John's reply.
"You are forgiven, dear May," he said -no cross, no crown.
That eve he was wed another Instead, as the sun went down.- Chorus.