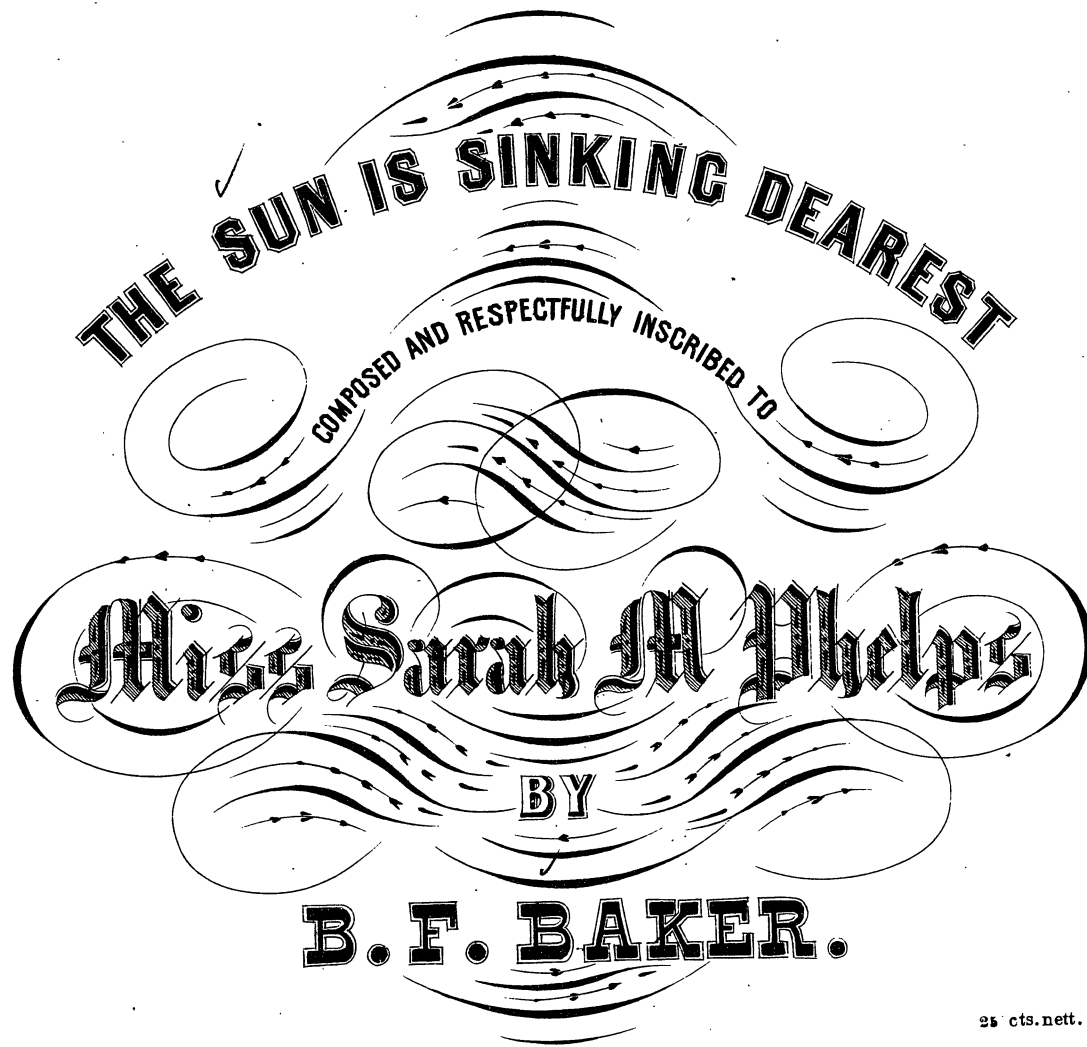


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THE SUN IS SINKING DEAREST.

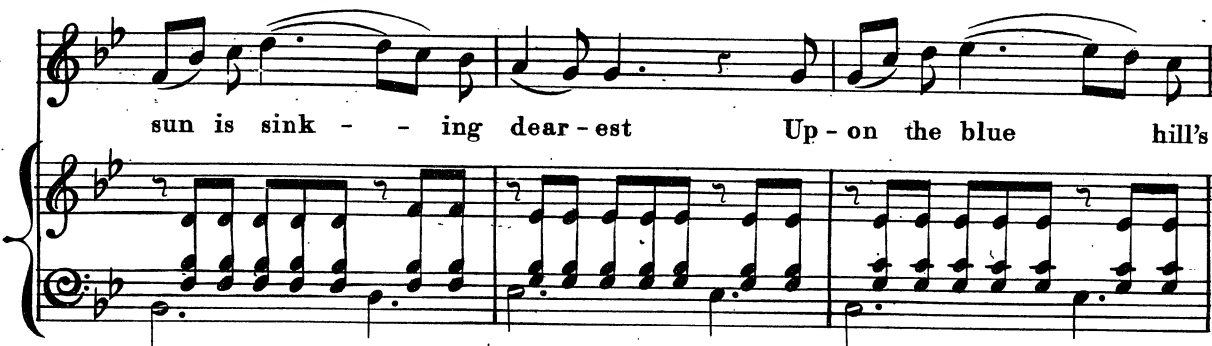
Words by E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Music by B. F. BAKER.

ANDANTE



The



sun is sink - - ing dear - est Up - on the blue hill's



breast; The wand'ring breeze thou hear - est En -

quire for place of rest— The list'ning trees a—

bove thee, Whose brows are wreathed in green Shall

hear me say I love thee, My own bright For-est

Cad: a tempo.
Queen. The sun is sink - - ing dear-est Up-

Agguato pella voce.

on the blue hill's breast The wand'ring breeze thou

hear - est, In - quire for place of rest.

2

Away to the laughing wild-wood
 For far in its deep green shade
 The joyous hopes of childhood
 Will never never fade.
 Away from haunts of folly
 Cold hearts and anguish keen;
 Away from melancholy
 We'll fly my Forest Queen.

3

We'll live and love together
 We'll brave the cold world's scorn,
 Nor heed life's stormy weather,
 But brisk as the early morn
 We'll roam the wilds contented
 Nor seek for change of scene;—
 Our path with hope is scented
 My own bright Forest Queen.