WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY.

Words by C. H. SCOGGINS.

Moderato.

Music by CHARLES AVRIL.

The twilight softly gathers 'round my home among the hills, And all
The silvery snow is gleaming on you distant mountain side, Where we

nature soon will settle down to rest, While I
often used to wander, Neil and I. And the

sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills, As I
birds are gaily singing in the valley far below, Where I
Oft'en think of one that I loved best; We were long some day to lay me down and die; Then our

Wedded in the June-time, and our hearts then knew no pain, Fair lives were gay and happy, in the shadow of the hills, My

Nature seemed to smile on us that day; Now she heart beat fonder for her day by day; And I

Sleeps beneath the lilacs and she'll never come back again, Where the feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight, Where the

Rit.  

A tempo.
REFRAIN.

There's a sob on ev'ry breeze, And a sigh comes from the trees, And the meadow-lark now croons a sadder lay, For the sun-light plays no more 'round my cheer-less cabin door, Where the silv'ry Colorado wends its way.

Where the Silv'ry Colorado Wends Its Way. 3–8.