Under The Evening Star

Words by
SAM EHRLICH

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato.

As the sun is sinking, I believe every evening lately seems to
gin a thinking, Of a spot with creeping vines above, There my please her greatly, She just thinks the sunset is divine. If I

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sweet-heart meets me, tender-ly she greets me, with a pair of eyes that speak of creep behind her, I am sure to find her waiting for the evening star to

love. Cupid strolls beside us, And he seems to guide us shine. When the trees are shedding, There will be a wedding,

To that very spot at close of day. If she's feeling lonely, I'm the groom and she will be the bride. In the fairest weather,

I can cheer her only, When I hold her in my arms and say. We will stroll together, And I'll tell her when she's by my side.

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CHORUS. Very Slow

Under the evening star, Up in the sky so far.

Down where the trees are near us, None but the birds can hear us

And in the shades of night, It guides me where you are,

You'll always find me waiting under the evening star.

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