When The Sun Goes Down In Sleepy Hollow

(That's The Time I Think of Home Sweet Home)

Words by BENNY DAVIS

Music by JOE BURKE

Marcia moderato

A lone-some boy was pining for the ones that he loved
I just received a letter from this boy across the
best, His thoughts were all of those he left behind
The evening sun was sinking in the sea, He writes: "Don't worry, ev'-thing is fine
I've met all my pals, we're like a
far off gold-en west, Which brought fond recollec-tions to his mind
happ-y fam-i-ly, We treat each oth-er, oh, so good and kind
And as he sat and
Put ev'-day just
dreamed of days gone by, I heard him soft-ly whis-ter with a sigh,
as the sun goes down, I can't help but think of my home town.
a tempo

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Chorus

When the sun goes down in sleepy hollow, I feel all alone so far away from home
Thinking of happy days gone by I can hear the old folks praying there for me, I can see my sweet-heart waiting

Roll.

for me patiently, Oh, When the sun goes down in sleepy hollow, That's the time I think of home sweet home.

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