

By the Bend of the River

8va-----
music by Clara Edwards • lyrics by Bernhard Haig • 1927

The gold - en
The blush of
moon - light, the gloam, My thoughts re - turn - ing to home; And with their
dawn - ing, the day, The call of birds far a - way; The danc - ing
wing - ing, my heart is sing - ing A song all its own.
sun - beams all prove my day - dreams, That love lives al - way.
By the bend of the riv - er, where rush - es are grow - ing, And wat - ers are flow - ing
far down to the sea, On a soft balm - y June night in the shim - mer - ing moon - light,
I know that my own true love is wait - ing for me. In the cool of the eve - ning,
when shad - ows are fall - ing, I can hear my love call - ing so soft - ly to
me. Through the scent of the heath - er, in fair sum - mer
weath - er, We'll drift down to - geth - er, my true love with me.
Ah! Ah!

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