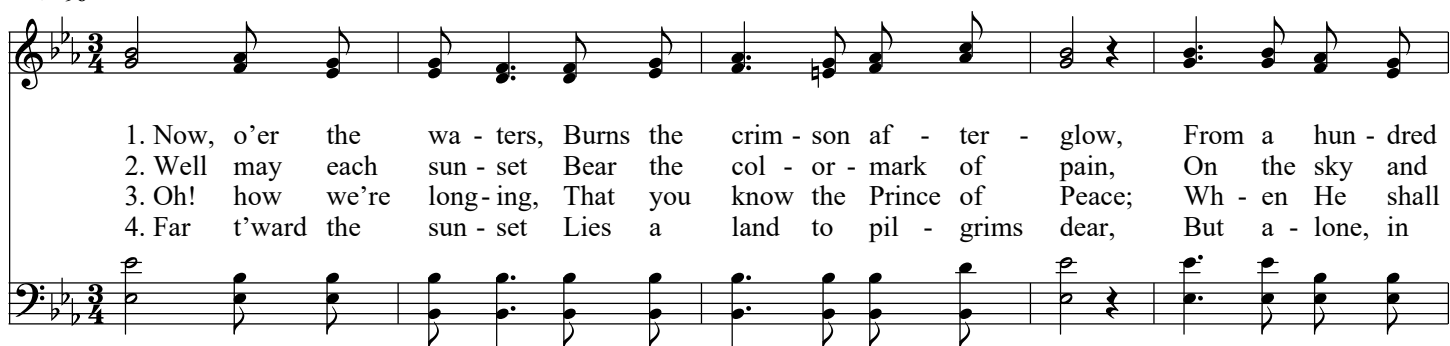


Our Sunset Song

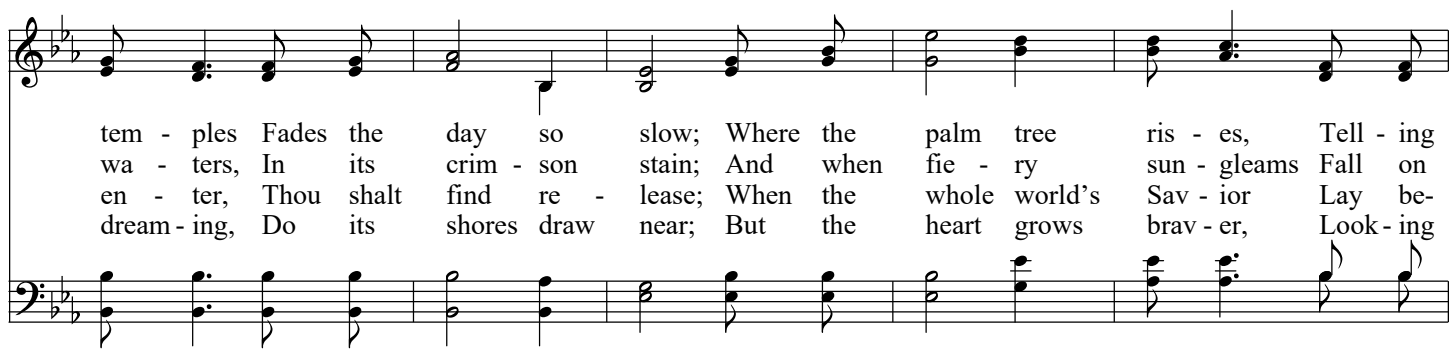
Adelaide Gail Frost (1869–1928)

Arranged by William E. M. Hackleman, 1898

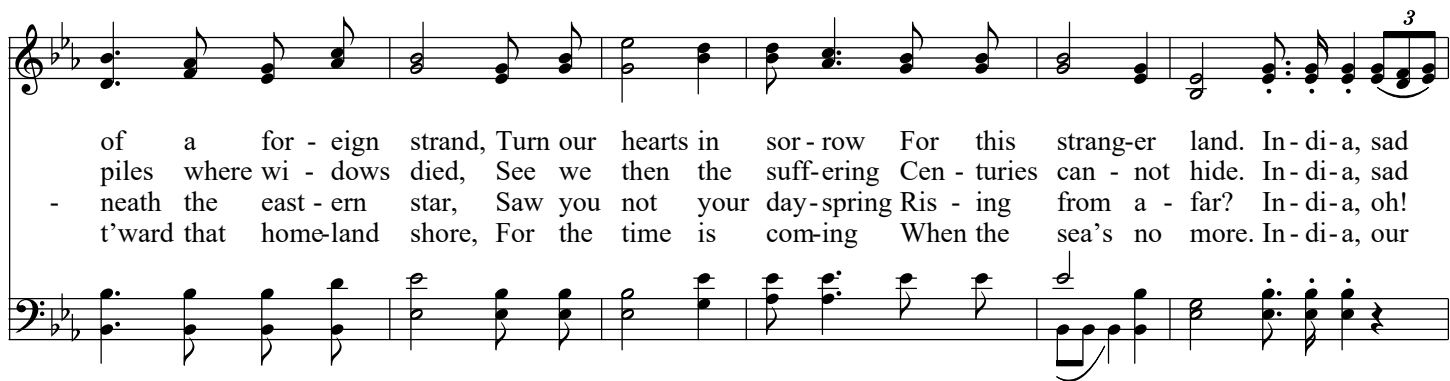
♩ = 96



1. Now, o'er the wa - ters, Burns the crim - son af - ter - glow, From a hun - dred
2. Well may each sun - set Bear the col - or - mark of pain, On the sky and
3. Oh! how we're long - ing, That you know the Prince of Peace; Wh - en He shall
4. Far t'ward the sun - set Lies a land to pil - grims dear, But a - lone, in



tem - ples Fades the day so slow; Where the palm tree ris - es, Tell - ing
wa - ters, In its crim - son stain; And when fie - ry sun - gleams Fall on
en - ter, Thou shalt find re - lease; When the whole world's Sav - ior Lay be -
dream - ing, Do its shores draw near; But the heart grows brav - er, Look - ing



of a for - eign strand, Turn our hearts in sor - row For this strang - er land. In - di - a, sad
piles where wi - dows died, See we then the suff - ering Cen - turies can - not hide. In - di - a, sad
- neath the east - ern star, Saw you not your day - spring Ris - ing from a - far? In - di - a, oh!
t'ward that home - land shore, For the time is com - ing When the sea's no more. In - di - a, our



In - di - a, Let the dead years speak no more; In - di - a, sad In - di - a, O - pen now thy door.
In - di - a, Let the dead years speak no more; In - di - a, sad In - di - a, O - pen now thy door.
In - di - a, Lift your eyes from ru - ins old In - di - a, oh! In - di - a, Now thy light be - hold.
In - di - a, We would still with thee go on, In - di - a, oh! In - di - a, On - ward to the dawn.