

Colleen Dhas Machree

Fannie Beane

The shad - ows fall, and low the sun is

sink ing, His last rays tinge with gold the wa - ters blue; And of you

Kate A - lan-na, I am think - ing, Tho waves di - vide us, still I know you're

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true. I'll ne'er-for - get, we part-ed, love, in sad - ness; In tears I

left you at your cab - in door; But now your let - ter fills my heart with

glad - ness, In ec - sta - sy I read it o'er and o'er!