

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE WHITE WITH DAISIES

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*Boy Peterson
J. K.*



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MUSIC BY
WALTER J POND



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Words by
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Music by
WALTER J. POND

Moderato

Piano *mf*

Voice

As the gol-den sun is set-ting I am think-ing, sweet-heart mine, — Of the
Birds were sing-ing in the wood-land As we pledged our fond good-bye; — Flee-cy

sum-mer day we par-ted, And you prom-ised to be mine; — There we
cloud-lets 'o'er us float-ed, Gen-tle zeph-yrs seemed to sigh, — Nat-ure's

pledged our love to- geth-er As we prom-ised to be true, — And I
kind-ly ben-e-dic-tion On us that day seemed to smile, — As we

left you, sweet-heart, wait - ing Un - til I came back to you. —
par - ted from each oth - er Till the gol - den af - ter - while. —

Chorus

When the fields are white with dai - sies, Sweet-heart mine; —

In the air the per - fume Of the jess - a - mine; 'Neath the

south-ern sky so blue I am com - ing back to you, When the

fields are white with dai - sies, Sweet-heart mine. When the mine.

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