

Every Night

Amerikanisches Volkslied

Ev 'ry night, when the sun goes in, Ev 'ry night,

when the sun goes in, Ev 'ry night, when the sun goes in,

I hang down my head and mourn-fully cry.

Every night when the sun goes in ...
I hang down my head and mournfully cry.

It's once my apron hung down low ...
He'd follow me
through both sleet and snow.

I wish to the Lord
that train would come ...
To take me back where I come from.
It's now my apron's to my chin ...
He'll face my door and won't come in.