

Lilly Dale

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Andante

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and
 2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned
 3. "I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall
 4. 'Neath the chest - nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-ples forth thro' the

vale ; When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
 pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
 sail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
 vale, Where the birds shall war - ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly Dale.

Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her

lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.