LILLY DALE

A BALLAD;

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

H. S. THOMPSON.

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'Twas a calm still night, And the moon's pale light, Shone soft o'er hill and vale When friends mute with grief, Stood around the death bed, Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly, Dale, Now the

wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

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SECOND VERSE.

Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turn'd pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow, Of my poor lost Lily Dale.

THIRD VERSE.

"I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lily Dale.

FOURTH VERSE.

Neath the chestnut tree; where the wild flowers grow, And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale, Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lily Dale.