

Lilly Dale  
H. S. Thompson 1852

'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.

**[Chorus]**

**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.**

[Verse 2]

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 Lilly Dale.

[Verse 3]

"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 Lilly Dale.

[Verse 4]

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 Lilly Dale.