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Music Department

LILLY DALE

— C A —

BALLAD;

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

H. S. THOMPSON.

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LILLY DALE.

H. S. THOMPSON.

ANDANTE-SIMPLICE.

p *pp*

tr *loco.*

ANDANTE.

'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 Lil - ly Dale.

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1st. Soprano. *Ad lib.* Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the *A tempo.*

2d. Soprano. Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the

Tenor. Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the

Bass. *Ad lib.* Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the *A tempo.*

Piano Forte. *Ad lib.*

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

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

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

sva ~~~~~ *loco.*

SECOND VERSE.

Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose-tint of health, By the hand of di-sease had turned
pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow, Of my poor lost Lil - ly 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 Lil - ly Dale.

FOURTH VERSE.

Neath the chestnut tree; where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip - ples forth thro' the
vale, Where the birds shall war-ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly Dale.