

Darling Cora Bell

Words by D. O. Lantz

Music by Philip Paul Bliss

1.

Where the cold west winds are sighing,
Sighing through the mournful trees,
And the wild bird sings her sweetest,
Floating down upon the breeze,
Where the angels watch are keeping,
Through the lonely hours of night,
There our Cora Bell is sleeping,
In her robes of snowy white.

CHORUS

Where the many wild birds warble,
In the greenwoods quiet dell,
Where the willows wave above her,
Sleeps our darling Cora Bell.

2.

Whisper not, oh, dreamy visions,
That our darlings form is near,
Death has robbed us of our loved one,
We her voice no more can hear;
Where the many wild birds warble,
In the greenwoods quiet dell,
Where the willows wave above her,
Sleeps our darling Cora Bell.

3.

Soon beyond the mystic river
Where the crystal fountain flows,
We shall meet our household angel,
Far away from all lifes woes;
Round the great white throne in heaven,
Where the ransomed millions dwell,
We shall tread the golden pathway,
With our darling Cora Bell.