

Lora Vale  
by Philip Paul Bliss

1.  
Calmly fell the silver moonlight,  
Over hill and over dale,  
As with mournful hearts we lingered  
By the couch of Lora Vale.  
She was dying, gentle Lora,  
She was passing like a sigh,  
From a world of love and beauty  
To a brighter world on high.

CHORUS  
Lora, Lora, still we love thee,  
Though we see thy form no more;  
And we know thou'lt come to meet us  
When we reach the mystic shore.

2.  
Brightly dawned the morrow's morning,  
Over hill and over dale,  
Still with mournful hearts we lingered  
By the side of Lora Vale.  
She was almost at the river  
When the light broke from the sky,  
And she smiled and whispered faintly,  
"I am not afraid to die."

CHORUS  
Lora, Lora, still we love thee,  
Though we see thy form no more;  
And we know thou'lt come to meet us  
When we reach the mystic shore.

3.  
Softly through the trellised window,  
Came the west wind's gentler breath,  
But she heeded not its mildness;  
For she slept the sleep of death.  
And beyond the silver moonbeams,  
Aye, beyond the stars of night,  
Now she dwells, our darling Lora,  
In the house of angels bright.

CHORUS  
Lora, Lora, still we love thee,  
Though we see thy form no more;  
And we know thou'lt come to meet us  
When we reach the mystic shore.