

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Lilydale"

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Come as we go far away
From the noise of the street
Walk a path so narrow
To a place where we feel at ease

Some think it is haunting
To be drawn to the cemetery ground
As we
There's a stillness here
Thankful found

Child's pose angelic
A stone lamb at her feet
Part the matted overgrowth
To read the carven elegy

Some think it so haunting
To be drawn to the cemetery ground
As we
There's a stillness here
Thankful found

Born in New Albion
Of Rice family elite
Wed to Myron Bilowe
Thrice with sons
Blessed was she
Some think it so haunting
To be drawn to the cemetery ground
As we
God's acre is a fenced in
Hollow ground

Here soon to rise up
Amelia tender and sweet
Her last words spoke
All is well
All is peace

Some think it so haunting
To be drawn to the cemetery ground

As we
God's acre is a fenced in
Hollow ground

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