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      G
Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows,
            D7                                G
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose
                                          C G
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
       D7                                 G
The pride of the valley the girl that I love.
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Chorus:

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G
Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina,
D7                              G
My love for thee shall never die

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina,

D7                                    G
My love for thee shall never, never die.
```

She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Evelina and I one fine evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon;
The planets all shone for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart tremendously queer.

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Three years have gone by and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler;
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her forever and ever.

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