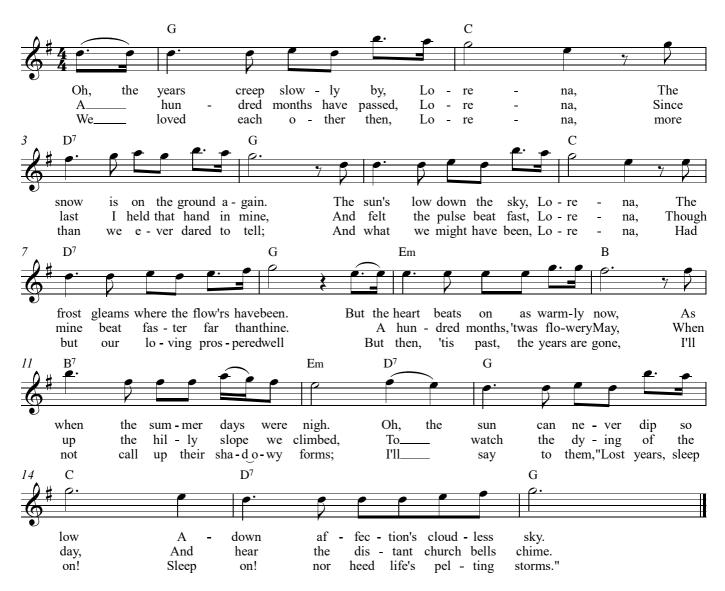
Lorena www.franzdorfer.com

J. P. Webster



4.Alas! I care not to repeat,The hopes that could not last, Lorena,They lived, but only lived to cheat.I would not cause e'en one regretTo rankle in your bosom now;For "if we try we may forget,"

Were words of thine long years ago.

5.Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena, They burn within my memory yet;They touched some tender chords, Lorena,Which thrill and tremble with regret.'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;Thy heart was always true to me:A duty, stern and pressing, brokeThe tie which linked my soul with thee.

6.It matters little now, Lorena,The past is in the eternal past;Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.There is a Future! O, thank God!Of life this is so small a part!'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.