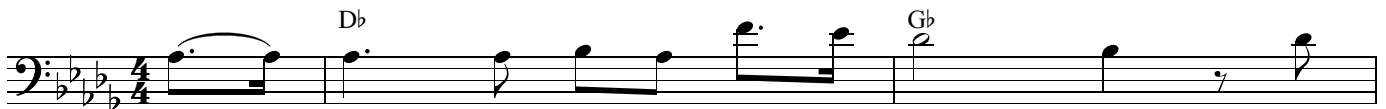


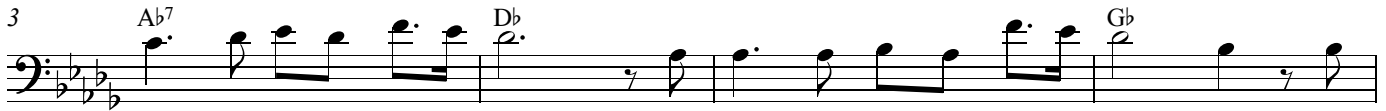
Lorena

www.franzdorfer.com

J. P. Webster



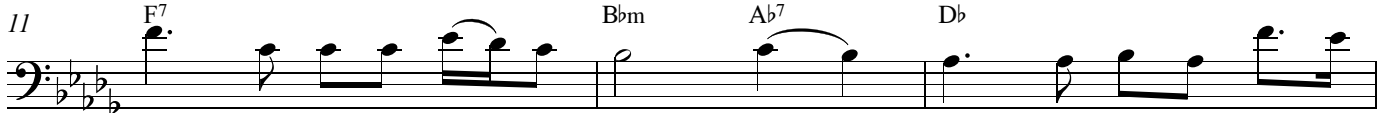
Oh, the years creep slow - ly by, Lo - re - na, The
 A hun - dred months have passed, Lo - re - na, Since
 We loved each o - ther then, Lo - re - na, more



snow is on the ground a - gain. The sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The
 last I held that hand in mine, And felt the pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Though
 than we e - ver dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had



frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the heart beats on as warm-ly now, As
 mine beat fas - ter far than thine. A hun - dred months, 'twas flo-wery May, When
 but our lo - ving pros - pered well But then, 'tis past, the years are gone, I'll



when the sum - mer days were nigh. Oh, the sun can ne - ver dip so
 up the hil - ly slope we climbed, To watch the dy - ing of the
 not call up their sha - d - o - wy forms; I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep



low A - down af - fec - tion's cloud - less sky.
 day, And hear the dis - tant church bells chime.
 on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pel - ting storms."

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 regret
 To 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, broke
 The 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.