

Lorena

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J. P. Webster



Oh, the years creep slowly by, Lorena, The
 A hundred months have passed, Lorena, Since
 We loved each other then, Lorena, more
 snow is on the ground a-gain. The sun's low down the sky, Lorena, The
 last I held that hand in mine, And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena, Though
 than we ever dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lorena, Had
 frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the heart beats on as warmly now, As
 mine beat faster far than thine. A hundred months, 'twas flowery May, When
 but our loving prospered well But then, 'tis past, the years are gone, I'll
 when the summer days were nigh. Oh, the sun can never dip so
 up the hilly slope we climbed, To watch the dying of the
 not call up their shadowy forms; I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep
 low And down affection's cloudless sky.
 day, And hear the distant church bells chime.
 on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting 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.