

Lorena

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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-weryMay, 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 day, on! A - down af - fec - tion's cloud - less sky.
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 rangle 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.