

# 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-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.  
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.