

# Lorena

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J. P. Webster

G C

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

3 D7 G C

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

7 D7 G Em B

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

11 B7 Em D7 G

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 - do - wy forms; I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep

14 C D7 G

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.