

Lorena - 1857 - J P Webster, music; Rev. Henry D Webster, lyrics

The years creep slowly by, Lorena, G C
 The snow is on the grass again. D G
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena, G C
 The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. D G
 But the heart throbs on as warmly now, Em Am
 As when the summer days were nigh -. B⁷ Em D
 The sun can never dip so low -. G C
 A-down affection's cloudless sky. D G

A hundred months have passed, Lorena, G C
 Since last I held that hand in mine. D G
 And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena, G C
 Though mine beat faster far than thine. D G
 A hundred months, 'twas flowery May, Em Am
 When up the hilly slope we climbed -. B⁷ Em D
 To watch the dying of the day -. G C
 And hear the distant church bells chime. D G

We loved each other then, Lorena, G C
 Far more than we ever dared to tell. D G
 And what we might have been, Lorena, G C
 Had but our loving prospered well, D G
 But then, 'tis past, the years are gone, Em Am
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms -. B⁷ Em D
 I'll say to them: "Lost years, sleep on -. G C
 Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storms." D G

The story of that past, Lorena, G C
 A-las! I care not to repeat, D G
 The hopes that could not last, Lorena, G C
 They lived, but only lived to cheat. D G
 I would not cause e'en one regret, Em Am
 To rankle in your bosom now -. B⁷ Em D
 For if we try we may forget -. G C
 The words of thine long years ago. D G

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena, G C
 They burn within my memory yet; D G
 They touched some tender chords, Lorena, G C
 which thrill and tremble with regret. D G
 'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke, Em Am
 Thy heart was always true to me -. B⁷ Em D
 A duty, stern and pressing, broke -. G C
 The tie which linked my soul with thee. D G

It matters little now, Lorena, G C
 The past is in the eternal past; D G
 Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena, G C
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast. D G
 There is a Future! O, thank God, Em Am
 Of life this is so small a part -. B⁷ Em D
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod -. G C
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart. D G