

Lorena

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Violin

The years creep slow - ly by Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain; The
 A hun - dred months have passed Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And
 We loved each oth - er then Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
 the sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
 Yes, these were words of thine, Lo - re - na, They burn with - in my mem - 'ry yet; They
 It mat - ters lit - tle now, Lo - re - na, The past is in the e - ter - nal past; Our

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sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flowers have been But the
 felt the pulse beat fast Lo - re - na, Though mine beat fast - er far than thine. A hun -
 what we might have been Lo - re - na, Had but our lov - ings pros - pered well. But
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived; but on - ly lived to cheat. I
 touched some ten - der chords, Lo - re - na, Which thrill and trem - ble with re - gret. 'Twas
 heads will soon lie low, Lo - re - na, Life's tide is eb - bing out so fast. There

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heart throbs on as warm - ly now, As when the sum - mer days were nigh; Oh! the
 dred months, 'twas flow - er - y May, When up the hil - ly slope we climbed, to
 then, 'tis past, the years are gone, I'll not call up their sha - dow - y forms; I'll
 would not cause e'en one re - gret, To rank - le in your bos - som now; For
 not thy wo - man's heart that spoke; Thy heart was al - ways true to me; A
 is a Fu - ture! O, thank God! Of life this is so small a part! 'Tis

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sun watch can nev - er dip so low, A - down af - fec - tion's cloud - less sky.
 say the dy - ing of the day, And hear the dis - tant church bells chime.
 "if we try, we may for - get," Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt - ing storms."
 du - ty, stern and pres - sing broke, The words of thine long years a - go.
 dust to dust be - neath the sod; But there, which linked my soul with thee.
 heart to heart.