

Lorena

J. P. Webster
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5⁷ 1 1⁷ 4 5⁷ 1

D7 G G7 C D7 G

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

1⁷ 4 5⁷ 1

G7 C D7 G

5

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 fived 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

6m 2m(6) 3⁷ 3⁷ 6m 5⁷

Em Am(6) B7 B7 Em D7

9

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, Thy heart was al - ways true to me; A
not thy wo - man's heart that spoke; Of life this is so small a part! 'Tis
is a Fu - ture! O, thank God!

1 1⁷ 4 5⁷ 1

G G7 C D7 G

13

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, stem and pres - sing broke The words tie which linked my soul with - go.
dust to dust be - neath the sod; But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.