Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. Webster

1. The years creep slowly by, Lorena. The snow is on the grass a-
   gain; The sun's low down the sky Lorena. The frost gleams where the flow'r's have
   been. But the heart throbs on as warmly now.

2. A hundreded months have passed, Lorena. Since last I held that hand of
   mine, And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena. Tho' mine beats faster, far than
   thine. A hundreded months tho' re minded, As

3. We loved each other, Lorena. More than we ever dared to
   tell; And what we might have been, Lorena. Had but our loving prospered
   well. There is a future, Oh, thank God, As

4. Gain; The sun's low down the sky Lorena. The frost gleams where the flow'r's have
   begun. The sun's low down the sky Lorena. The frost gleams where the flow'r's have
   been. But the heart throbs on as warmly now.
when the summer days were high; Oh, the sun can never dip so low.,
up the hilly slope we climbed, To watch the dying of the day.
life, this is so small a part; It's dust to dust, beneath the sod,

And And

But But

A A

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down affection cloudless sky.
hear the distant cloudless sky.
there, up there, it's heart to heart.
The sun can never dip so low

A A

D7 D7

down affection cloudless sky.

A A

D7 D7

down affection cloudless sky.