

# LORENA

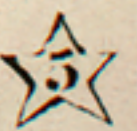


And hear  
the distant Church bells  
chimed.

For  
"if we try,  
we may forget."

But there, up there,  
'tis Heart to Heart.

Guitar.  
Piano.



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# "LORENA."

Poetry by REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

VOICE.

*Andante Espressivo.*

PIANO

3. We  
4. The

1. The  
2. A

loved each oth-er then Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And  
sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The

years creep slowly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The  
hun-dred months have pass'd Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And

what we might have been, Lore - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well— But  
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the  
 felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fas - ter far than thine. A

then, 'tis past—the years are gone,  
 would not cause e'en one re - gret

I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll  
 To wran - kle in your bo - som now; For

heart throbs on as warm-ly now,  
 hundred months,—'twas flow - 'ry May,

As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the  
 When up the hil - ly slope we climbed, To

say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storm." I'll  
 "if we try, we may for - get," . . . . Were words of thine long years a - go. For

sun can never dip so low, . . . . A - down affection's cloudless sky. The  
 watch the dy-ing of the day, . . . . And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To

say to them, lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelt - ing storm."  
 "if we try, we may for - get," Were words of thine long years a - go.

sun can nev - er dip so low, . . . . A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky.  
 watch the dy - ing of the day, . . . . And hear the dis - tant church - bells chimed.

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.