

Lorena - Henry Delafayette

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pre-civil war song.

Henry DeLafayette Webster & Joseph Philbrick 1857

Key F

(F) THE YEARS CREEP SLOWLY (F7) BY, LO - (Bb) RE - NA,
THE (C7) SNOW IS ON THE GRASS A - (F) GAIN;
THE SUN'S LOW DOWN THE (F7) SKY, LO - (Bb) RE - NA,
THE (C7) FROST GLEAMS WHERE THE FLOWERS HAVE (F) BEEN.
BUT MY (Dm) HEART BEATS ON AS WARMLY (Am) NOW,
AS (A7) WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS WERE (Dm) NIGH; (C7)
THE (F) SUN CAN NEVER (F7) DIP SO (Bb) LOW,
OR (C7) DOWN AFFECTIONS CLOUDLESS (F) SKY.

A HUNDRED MONTHS HAVE PASSED, LORENA,
SINCE LAST I HELD THAT HAND IN MINE,
AND FELT THE PULSE BEAT FAST, LORENA,
THOUGH MINE BEAT FASTER FAR THAN THINE.
A HUNDRED MONTHS, 'T WAS FLOWERY MAY,
WHEN UP THE HILLY SLOPE WE CLIMBED,
TO WATCH THE DYING OF THE DAY,
AND HEAR THE DISTANT CHURCH BELLS CHIME.

WE LOVED EACH OTHER THEN, LORENA,
MORE THAN WE EVER DARED TO TELL;
AND WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN, LORENA,
HAD BUT OUR LOVINGS PROSPERED WELL.
BUT THEN, 'T IS PAST, THE YEARS ARE GONE,
I'LL NOT CALL UP THEIR SHADOWY FORMS;
I'LL SAY TO THEM, "LOST YEARS, SLEEP ON!
SLEEP ON! NOR HEED LIFE'S PELTING STORMS."

THE STORY OF THAT PAST, LORENA,
ALAS! I CARE NOT TO REPEAT,
THE HOPES THAT COULD NOT LAST, LORENA,
THEY LIVED, BUT ONLY LIVED TO CHEAT.
I WOULD NOT CAUSE E'EN ONE REGRET
TO RANKLE IN YOUR BOSOM NOW;
FOR "IF WE TRY, WE MAY FORGET,"
WERE WORDS OF THINE LONG YEARS AGO.

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.
'T WAS 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.

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!
'T IS DUST TO DUST BENEATH THE SOD;
BUT THERE, UP THERE, 'T IS HEART TO HEART.