

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.