

Filed March 28, 1861
Ms H Bradley
M

N^o 591

21488

LORENA



And hear
The distant Church bells
chimed.

For
"if we try,
we may forget."

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

Piano.

J. P. Webster
CHICAGO,
Published by H. M. HIGGINS, 117 Randolph St.

5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT.
Accession No.
J. P. Webster
Case M 1621
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by H. M. Higgins, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the northern District of Illinois.

M 1642
W

“LORENA.”

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

Music by J. P. WEESTER.

Andante Expressivo.

The
years creep slowly by, Lo .. re .. na, The snow is on the grass a--gain; The
sun's low down the sky, Lo .. re .. na, The frost gleams where the flow'r's have been. But the

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1857 by HIGGINS BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics describe a heart that beats warmly now, comparing it to summer days, and noting that the sun can never dip so low as affection's clouds.

heart throbs on as warm-ly now, As when the summer days were

nigh; Oh! the sun can never dip so low,..... A..down affection's cloudless

sky. The sun can never dip so low,..... A..down affection's cloudles.

sky.

A hun ... dred months have passed Lo... re ... na, Since

last I held that hand in mine, And felt the pulse beat fast, Lo..

... re ... na, Though mine beat faster far than thine. A

Lento.

hundred months,—twas flowery May When up the hilly slope we climbed To.....

watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church bells chimed. To

watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church bells chimed.



3.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loves prospered well—
But then, 'tis 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 storm."

4.

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 wrinkle in your bosom now;
For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

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, *ad there*, 'tis heart to heart.