

Lorena

w/H.D.L. Webster; m/J.P. Webster

♩=100



The years creep slow - ly by, Lor - en - a, The snow is on the ground a -



- gain; The sun's low down the sky, Lor - en - a, The



frost gleams where the flowers have been. But the heart throbs on as warm - ly



now As when the sum - mer days were nigh; Oh, the sun can ne - ver dip so



low To be down a - ffec - tion's cloud - less sky.