Lorena

John Hartford

The years creep slowly by, Lorena
The snow is on the grass a gain
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena
The frost gleams where the flowers have been
But my heart beats on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh
The sun can never dip so low
Or down affections cloudless skyA 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, 'twas flowery may
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chimeWe loved each other then, Lorena
More than we ever dared to tell
And what we might have been, Lorena
Had but our loving 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 stormsThe 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 them one regret
To rankle in your bosom now
For if we try, we may forget
Were words of thine long years agoYes, 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 theeIt 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

Songwriters
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