

# Waylon Jennings, Lorena

The years creep slowly by, Lorena  
The snow is on the grass again  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena  
The frost gleams where the flowers have been  
But the heart throbs on as warmly now  
As when the summer days were nigh  
Oh, the sun can never dip so low  
A-down affection's cloudless 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...'twas 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 loving prospered well  
But then, 'tis past, the years have 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 the 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 are within my memory yet  
They touched some tender chords, Lorena  
Which thrill and tremble with regret  
'Twas not the woman's heart which spoke  
Thy heart was always true to me  
A duty stern and piercing broke  
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena  
The past is in the eternal past  
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena  
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast  
There is a future, oh, 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.