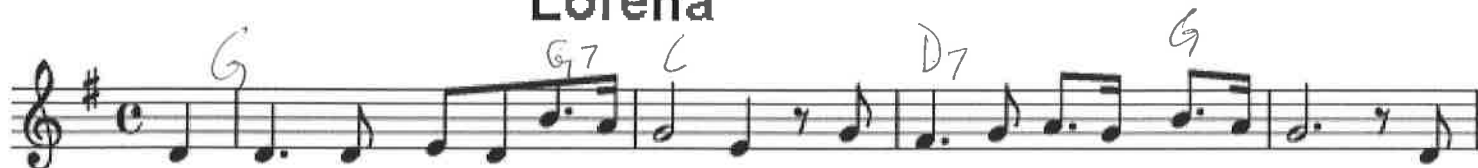


G → C down 2 lines up 1 octave

Lorena



The years creep slow-ly 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- ers 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 A- down af- fec- tion's cloud- less sky.