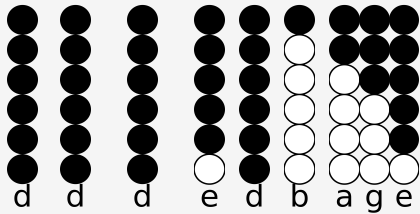
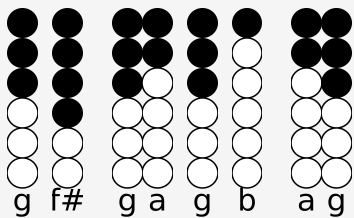


Tin whistle tabs for: Lorena

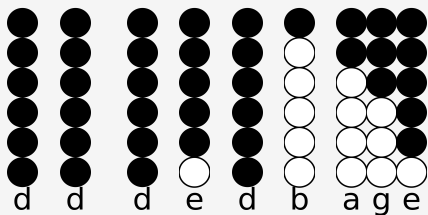
Categories: Folk



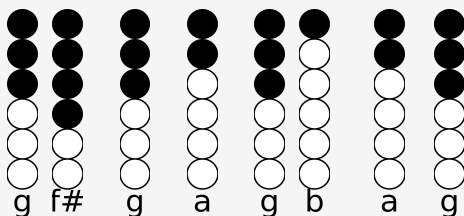
The years creep slowly by, Lore-na,



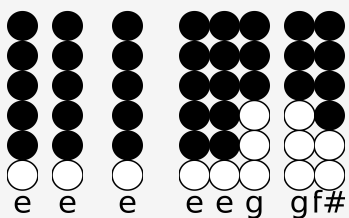
The snow is on the grass a-gain.



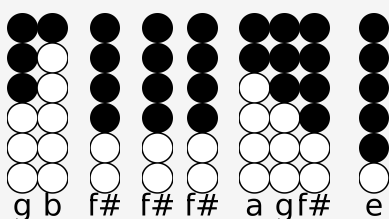
The sun's low down the sky, Lore-na,



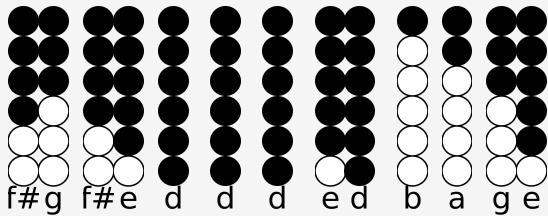
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.



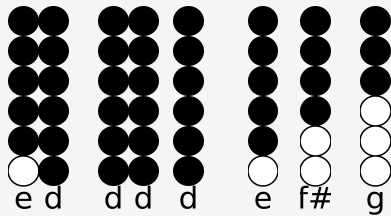
The heart throbs on as warmly now,



As when the summer days were nigh.



O-----h, the sun can ne-ver dip so lo--w,



A--down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held your hand in mine.

And felt your pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.

A hundred months 'twas flow'ry May,
When up the hilly slo-pe we climbed,
O-o-o-h, to watch the dying of the da-y,
And hear the distant church bells chime.

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 sma-ll a part.

O-o-o-h, 'tis dust to dust beneath the so-d,

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