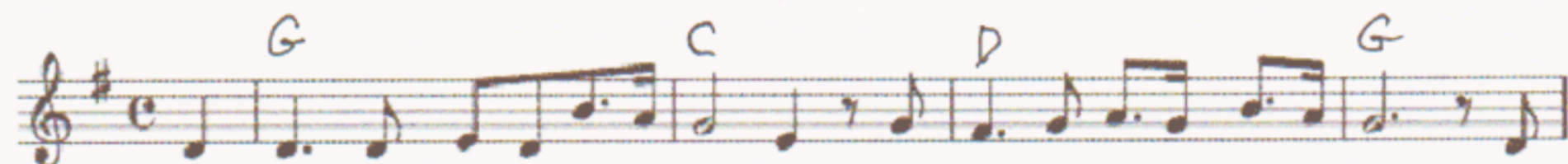
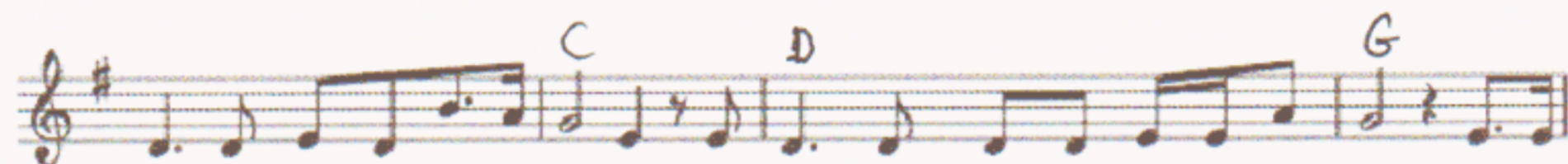


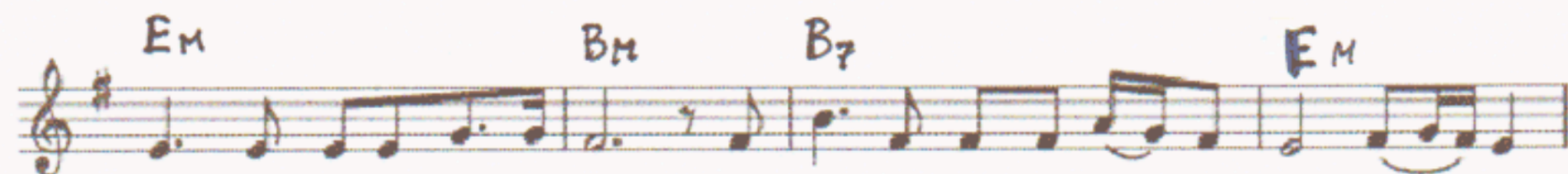
LORENA



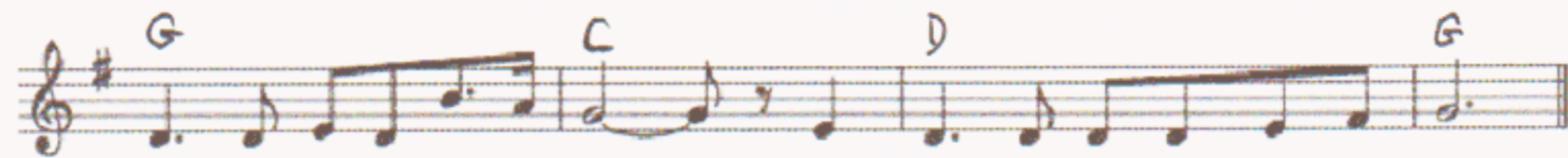
The years creep slow-ly by, Lo-re-na; The snow is on the grass a-gain; The



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.