

71.
From Webster's Western Gems.

PAUL VANE;

OR,

LORENA'S REPLY.

SONG.

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER.

WORDS BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

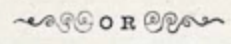
CHICAGO:

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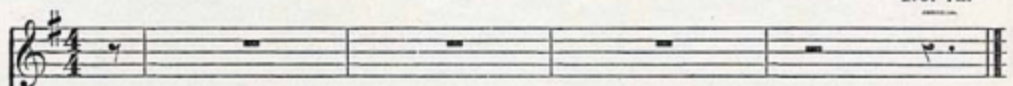
PAUL VANE,



LORENA'S REPLY.

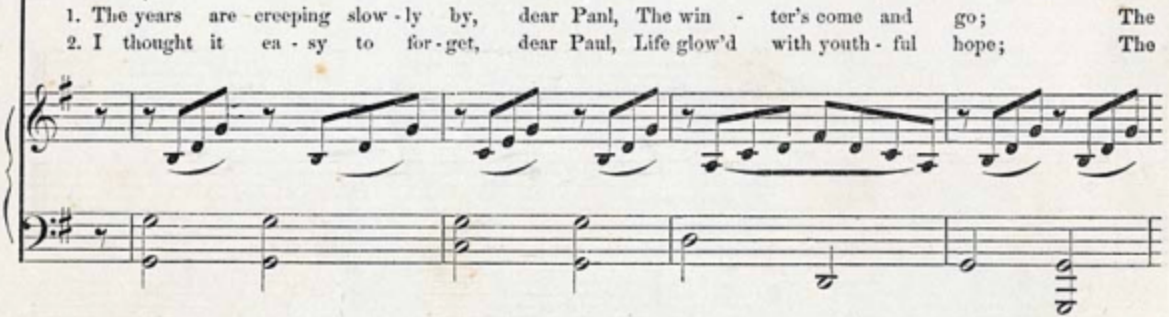
Poetry by H. D. L. WEBSTER.

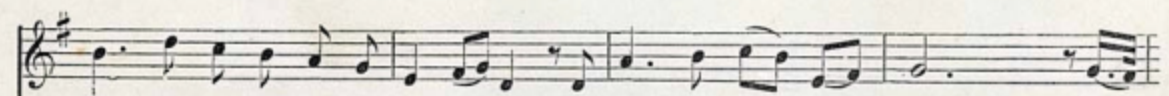
Music by J. P. WEBSTER.
No. 72.

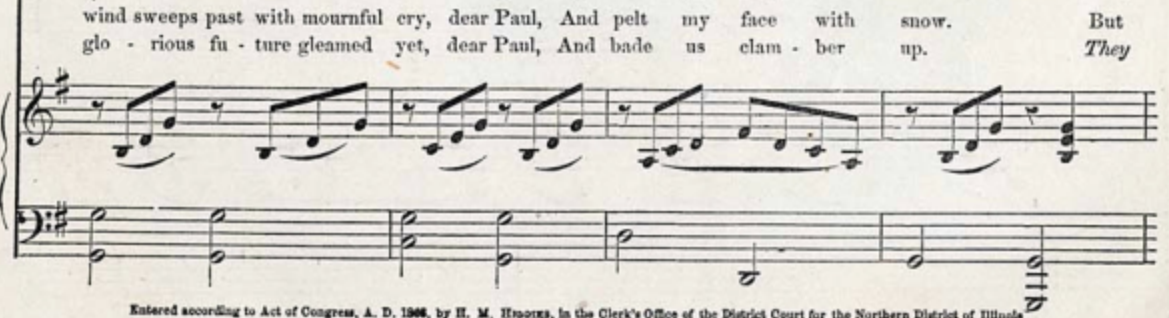
VOICE. 

PIANO. 


1. The years are - creeping slow - ly by, dear Paul, The win - ter's come and go; The
2. I thought it ea - sy to for - get, dear Paul, Life glow'd with youth - ful hope; The




wind sweeps past with mournful cry, dear Paul, And pelt my face with snow. But
glo - rious fu - ture gleamed yet, dear Paul, And bade us clam - ber up. They



there's no snow up - on the heart, dear Paul, 'Tis sum - mer al - ways there; Those
frown - ing said, "it must not—can - not be; Break now, the hope - less bands!" And,

ear - ly loves throw sunshine o - - - ver all And sweet - en mem' - ries dear.
Paul, you know how well that bit - - - ter day I bent to their com - mands.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

3. I've kept you ev - er in my heart, dear Paul, Thro' years of good and ill; Our
4. Per - haps we'll nev - er, nev - er meet, dear Paul, Up - on this earth a - gain; But

souls could not be torn a - part, dear Paul, They're bound to - geth - er still. I
 there—where hap - py an - gels greet, dear Paul, You'll meet Lo - re - na there. To -

nev - er knew how dear you were to me, 'Till I was left a - lone: I
 ge - ther up the ev - er shin - ing way We'll press with hop - ing heart— To -

thought my poor, poor heart would break, the day They told me you was gone.
 ge - ther thro' the bright e - ter - - nal day, And nev - er more to part.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *