

Though most of the songs of the Civil War were patriotic in tone, sentimental songs were not unknown. One of the best liked of the songs of the boys in gray was "Lorena," that pathetically tender ballad of disappointed love:

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.

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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.

Capea + Maynard named me after Lorena