

They All Love Jack

can a man be - fall, . . . Why, Jack's the king of all, . . . For they all love Jack!

ad lib.

f *colla voce.*

The musical score for 'They All Love Jack' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'can a man be - fall, . . . Why, Jack's the king of all, . . . For they all love Jack!' and is marked with 'ad lib.' and 'colla voce.' The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'colla voce.'

Lorena

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1. The years creep slow-ly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
 2. A hundred months have pass'd, Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And
 3. We loved each oth - er then, Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
 4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
 5. Yes, these were words of thine, Lo - re - na, They burn with-in my mem-'ry yet; They
 6. It mat - ters lit - tle now, Lo - re - na, The past— is in th' e - ter - nal Past, Our

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
 felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fast - er far than thine. A
 what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had but our lov-ings prosper'd well — But
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I
 touched some tender chords, Lo - re - na, Which thrill and tremble with re - gret. 'Twas
 heads will soon lie low, Lo - re - na, Life's tide is ebb - ing out so fast. There

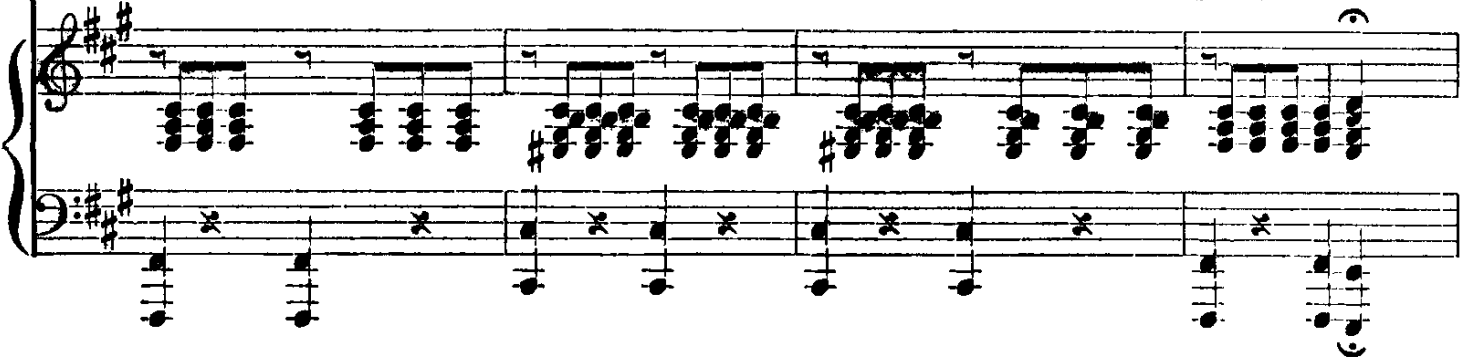
The musical score for 'Lorena' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes six verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'colla voce.'



heart throbs on as warmly now,
hundred months, 'twas flow-'ry May,
then, 'tis past—the years are gone,
would not cause e'en one re-gret
not thy woman's heart that spoke;
is a Fu-ture! O thank God,

As when the summer days were nigh;
When up the hill-y slope we climbed,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
To ran - kle in your bo - som now;
Thy heart was al-ways true to me;
Of life this is so small a part;

Oh! the
To
I'll
For
A
'Tis



sun can nev - er dip so low, . .
watch the dy - ing of the day . .
say to them, "lost years, sleep on!
"if we try, we may for - get" .
du - ty stern and press - ing, broke
dust to dust be - neath the sod; .

A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky;
And hear the dis - tant church - bells chimed;
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt - ing storm;"
Were words of thine long years a - go;
The tie which linked my soul with thee;
But there, up there, tis heart to heart:

The
To
I'll
For
A
'Tis



sun can nev - er dip so low, . . .
watch the dy - ing of the day . . .
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . .
"if we try, we may for - get" . . .
du - ty stern and pressing, broke . .
dust to dust be - neath the sod; . . .

A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky.
And hear the dis - tant church - bells chimed.
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt - ing storm."
Were words of thine long years a - go.
The tie which linked my soul with thee.
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

