"Tears, idle tears."

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

Tears, idle tears—I know not what they mean—
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

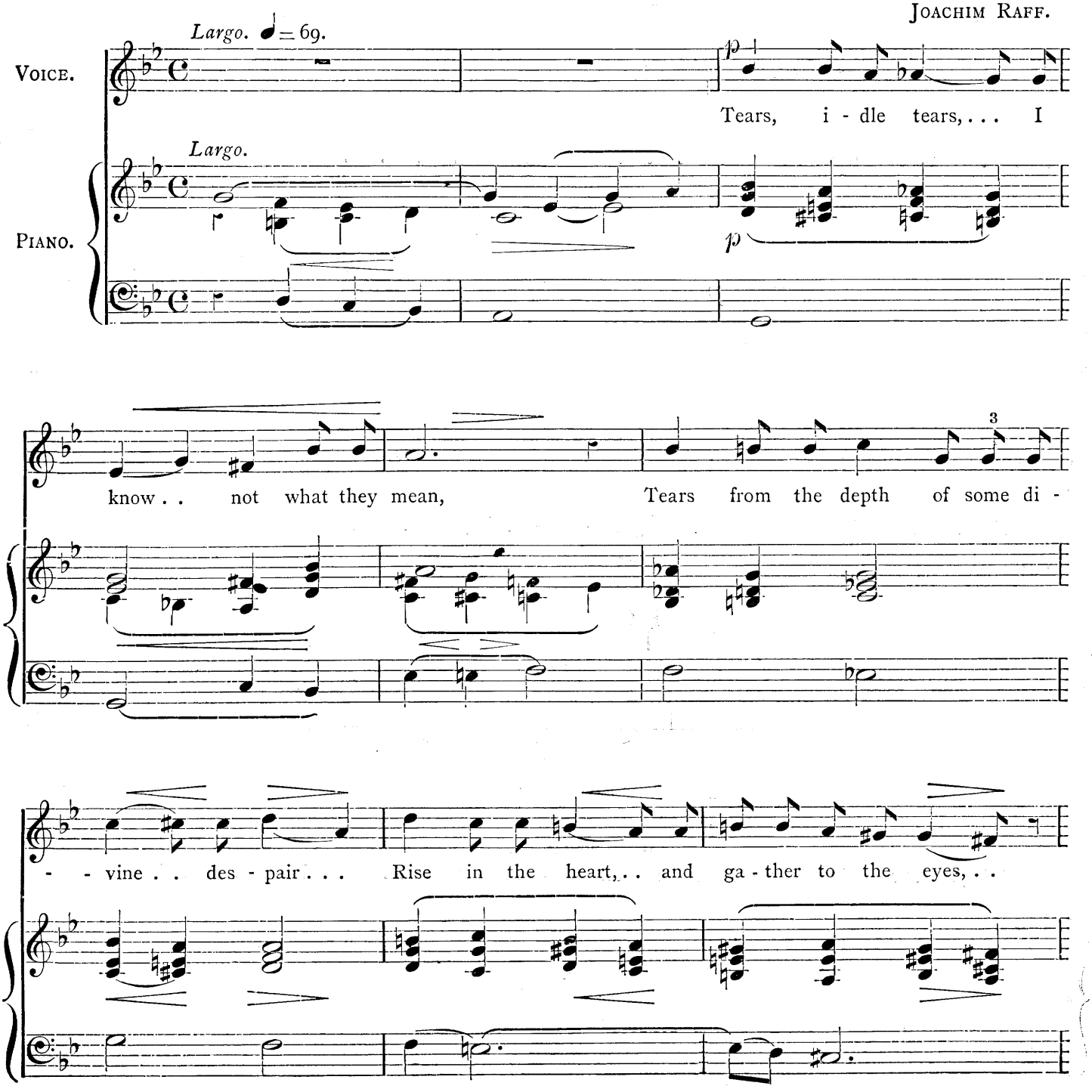
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

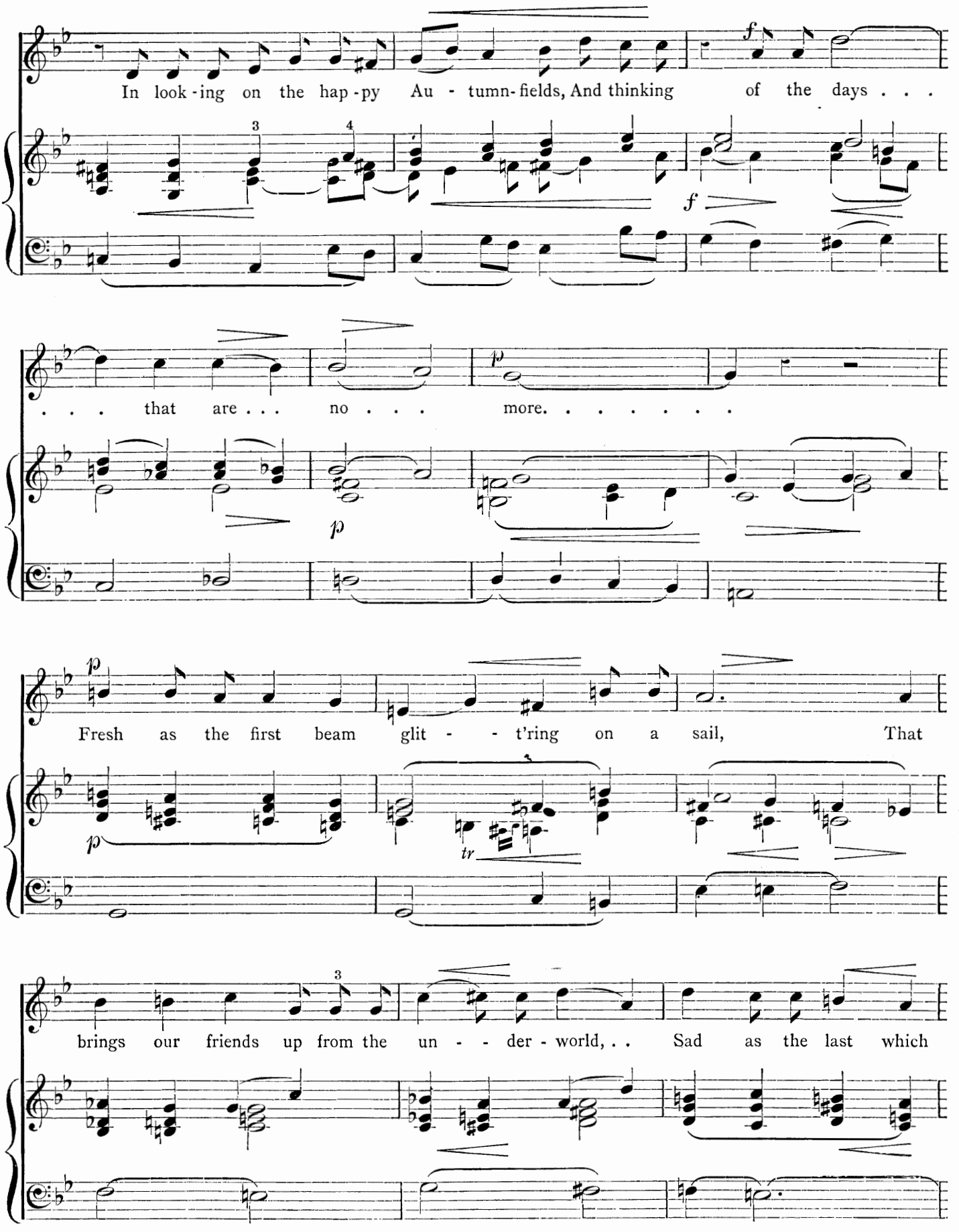
Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

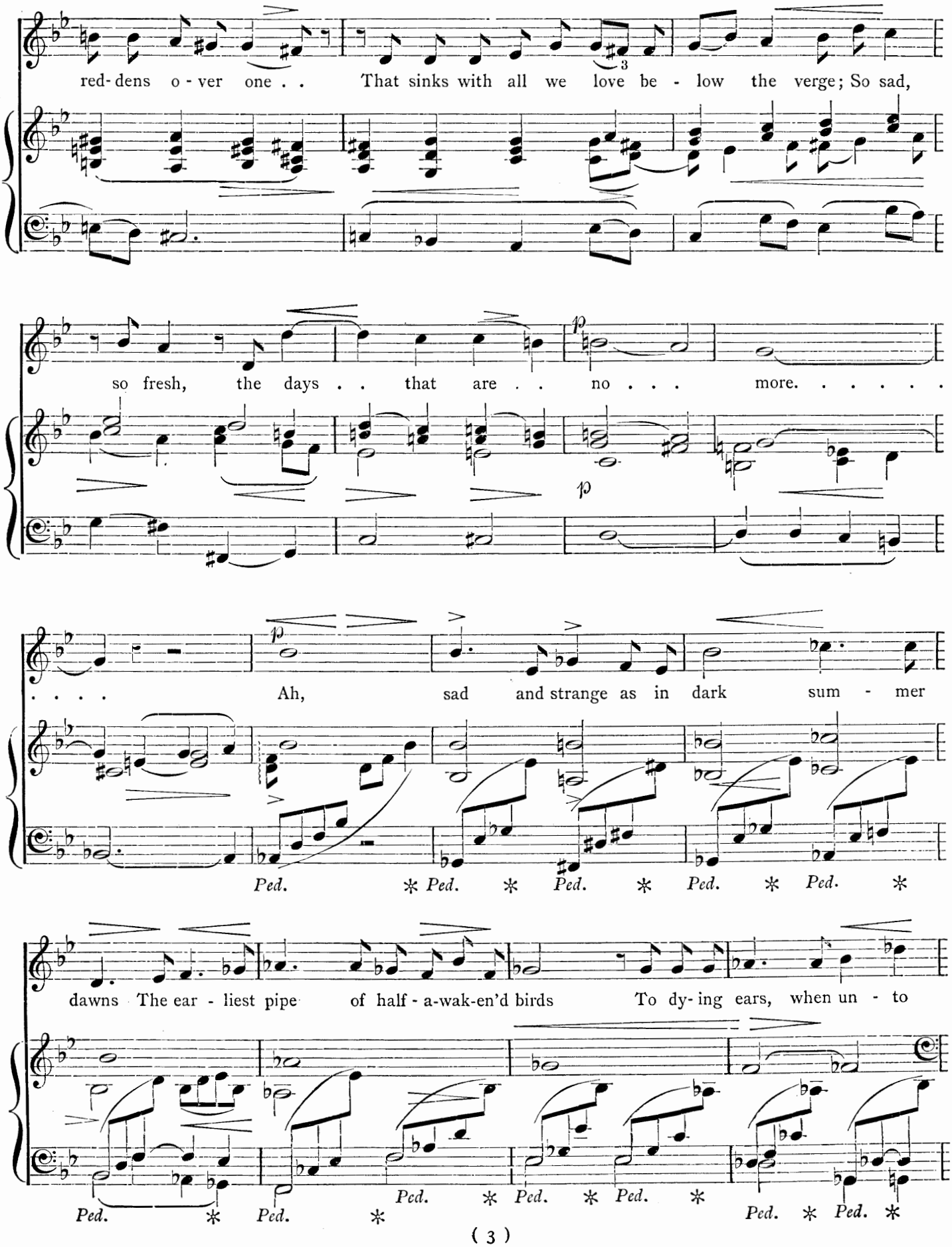
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

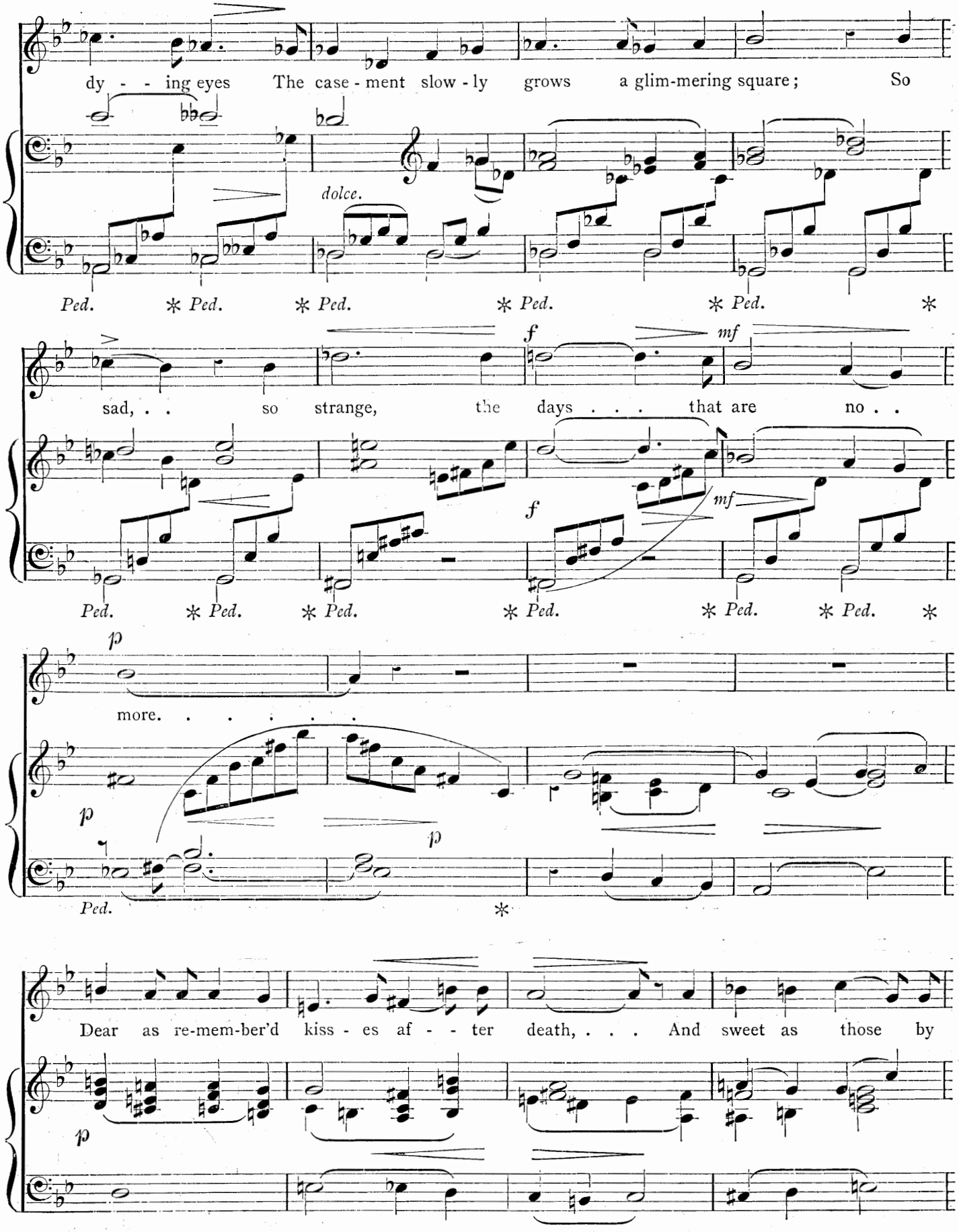
(FIRST SETTING.)

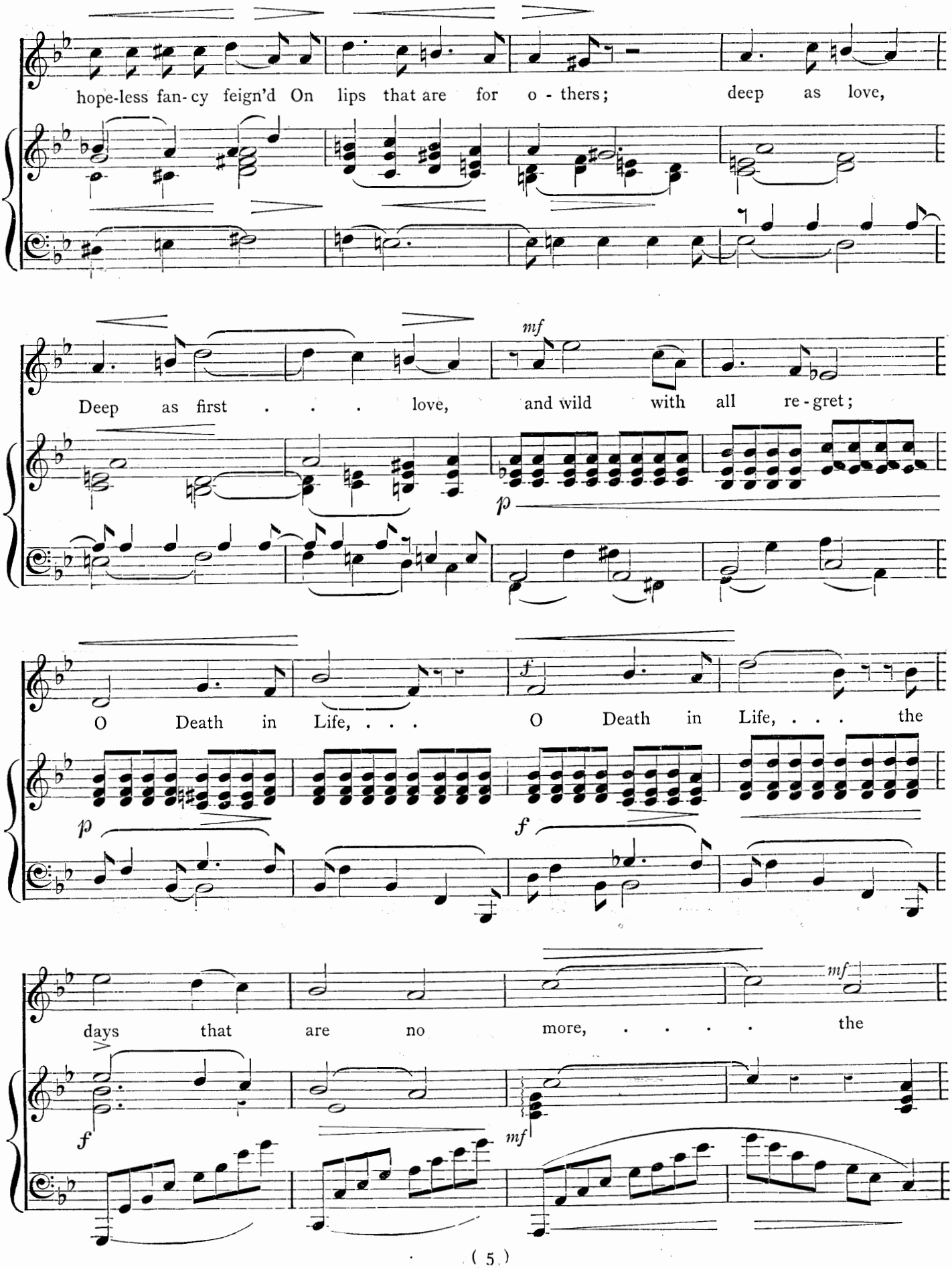
JOACHIM RAFF.

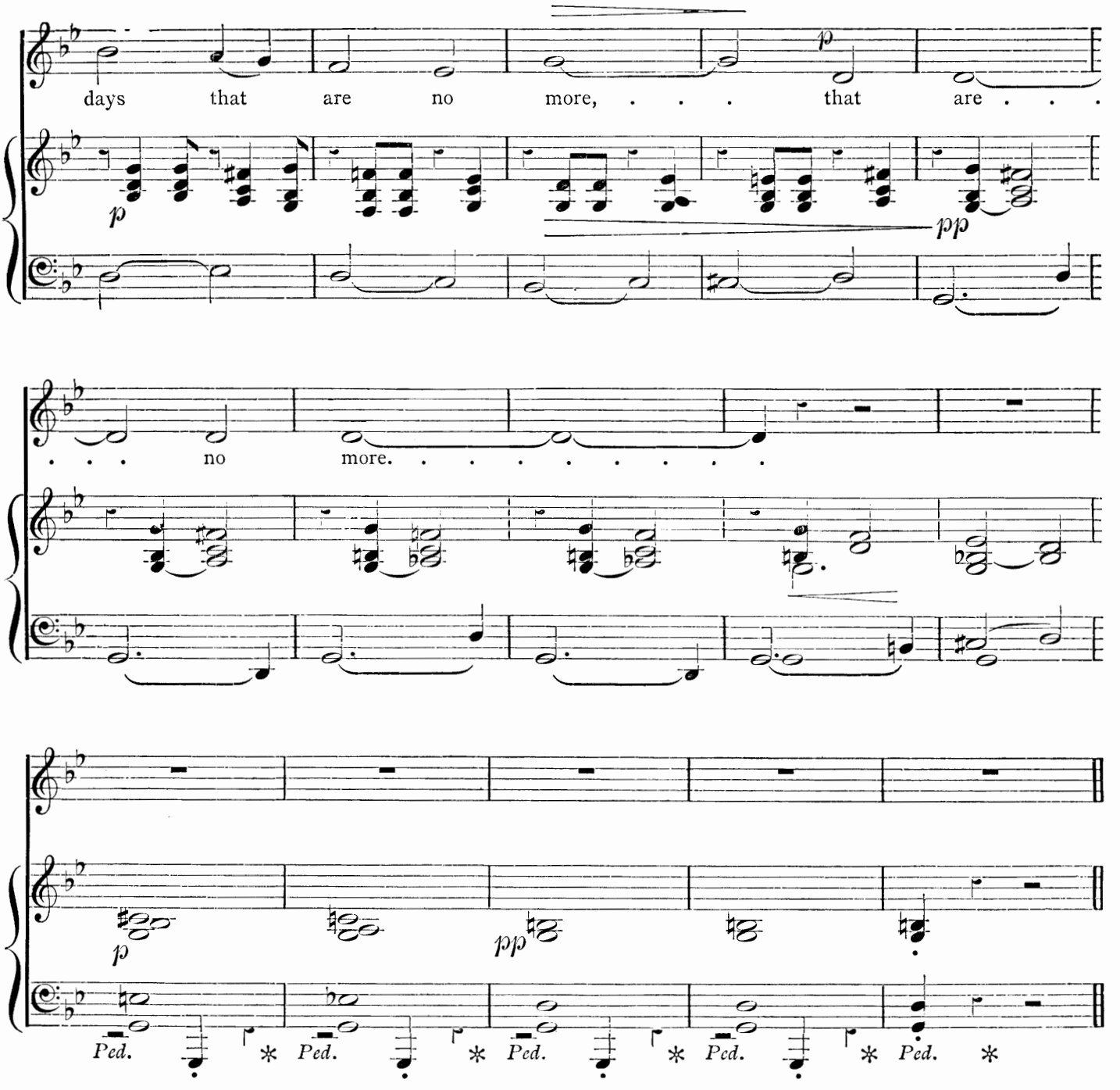



In look-ing on the hap-py Au - tumn-fields, And thinking of the days . . .
. . . that are . . . no . . . more. . . . . .
Fresh as the first beam glit - - t'ring on a sail, That
brings our friends up from the un - - der-world, . . Sad as the last which


red- dens o - ver one . . That sinks with all we love be - low the verge; So sad,
so fresh, the days . . that are . . no . . . more. . . . . .
. . . . Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum - mer
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
dawns The ear - liest pipe of half - a-wak-en'd birds To dy- ing ears, when un - to
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


dy - - ing eyes The case - ment slow - ly grows a glim-mering square; So
dolce.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
sad, . . so strange, the days . . . that are no . .
f
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
more. . . . . .
p
Ped. *
Dear as re-mem-ber'd kiss - es af - - ter death, . . . And sweet as those by

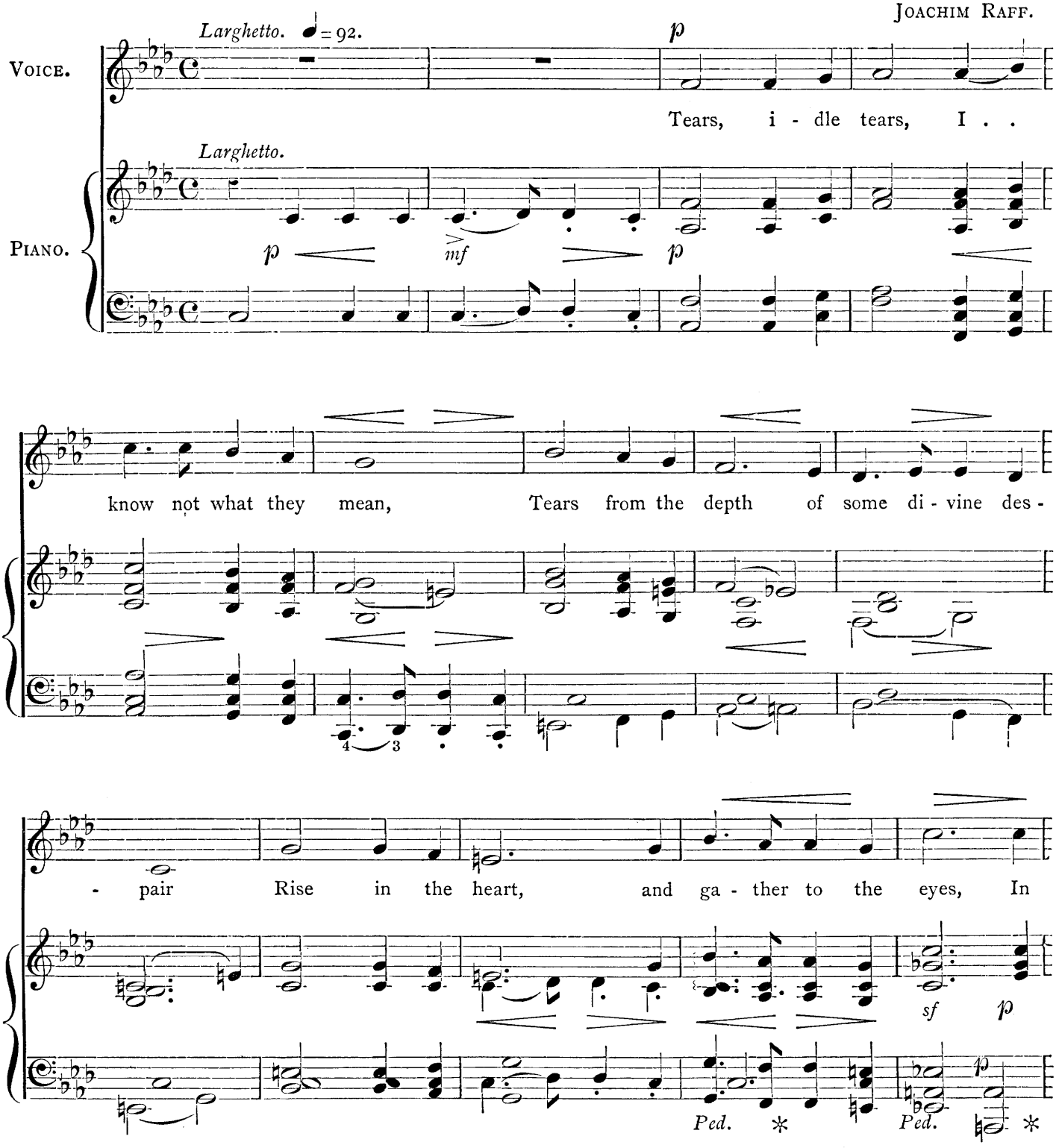

hope-less fan-cy feign'd On lips that are for o-thers; deep as love,
mf
Deep as first . . . love, and wild with all re-gret;
p
O Death in Life, . . . O Death in Life, . . . the
p
f
f
days that are no more, ... the
mf
f
mf

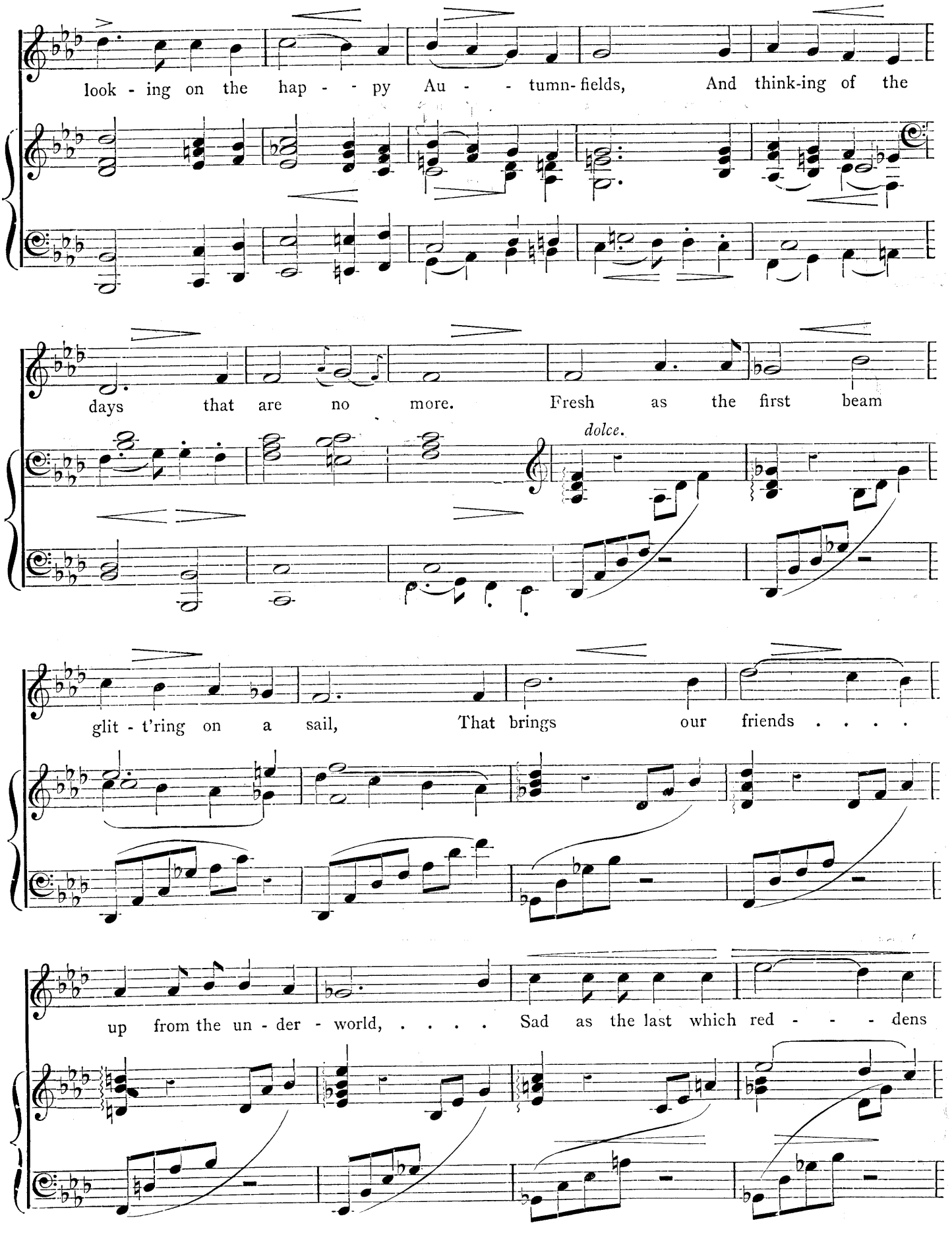

days that are no more, . . . that are . . .
p
pp
. . . no more. . . . . .
p
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

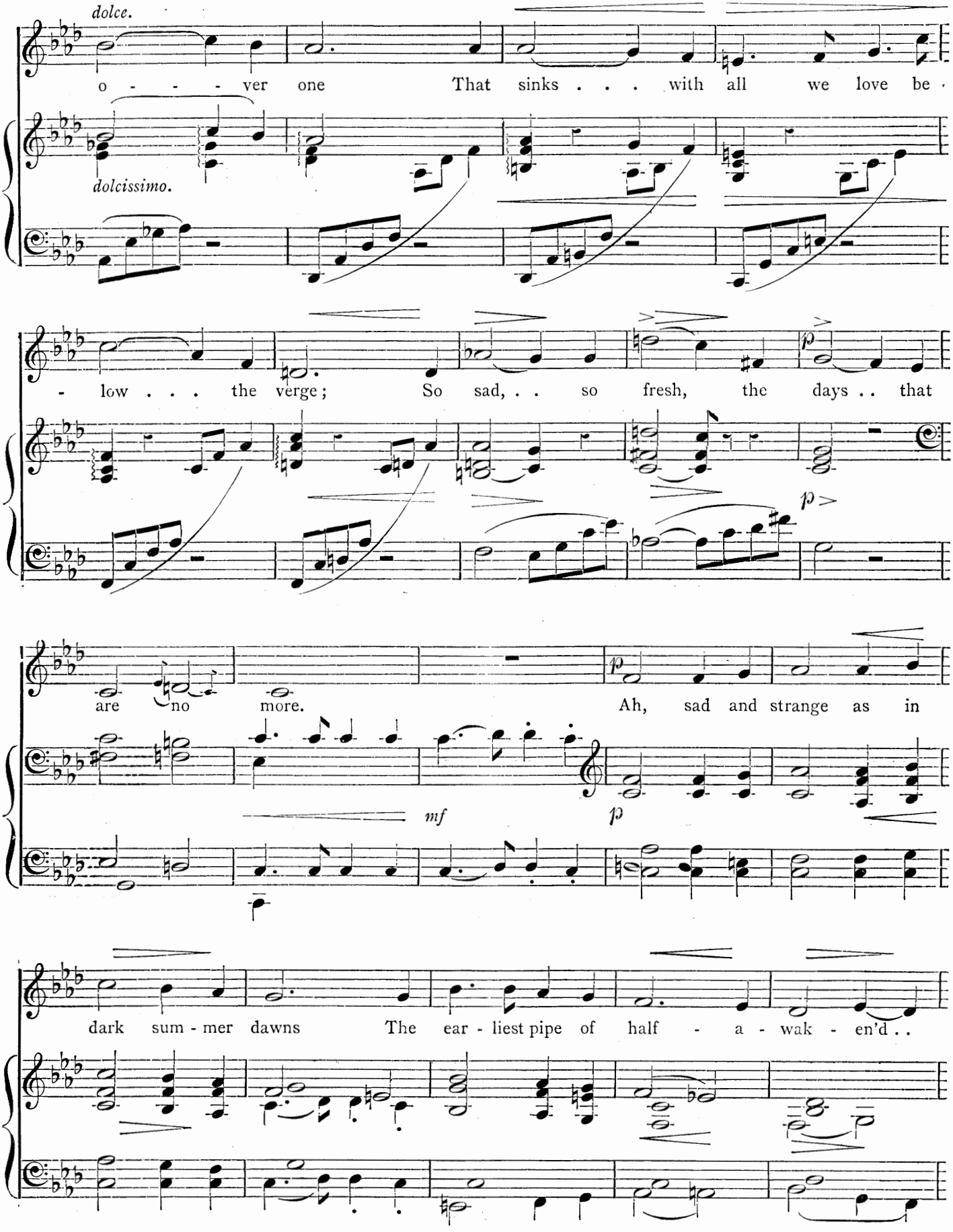
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

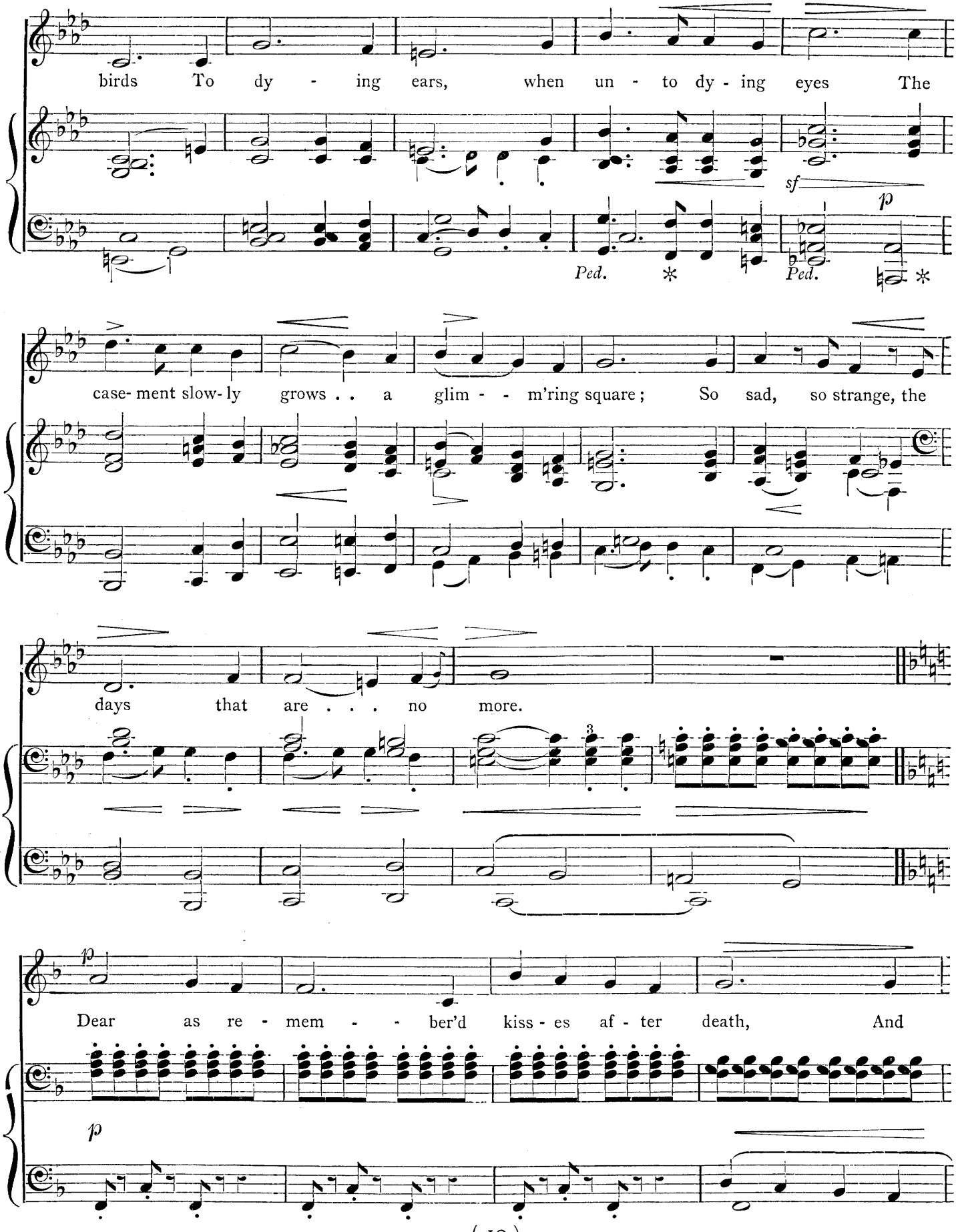
(SECOND SETTING.)

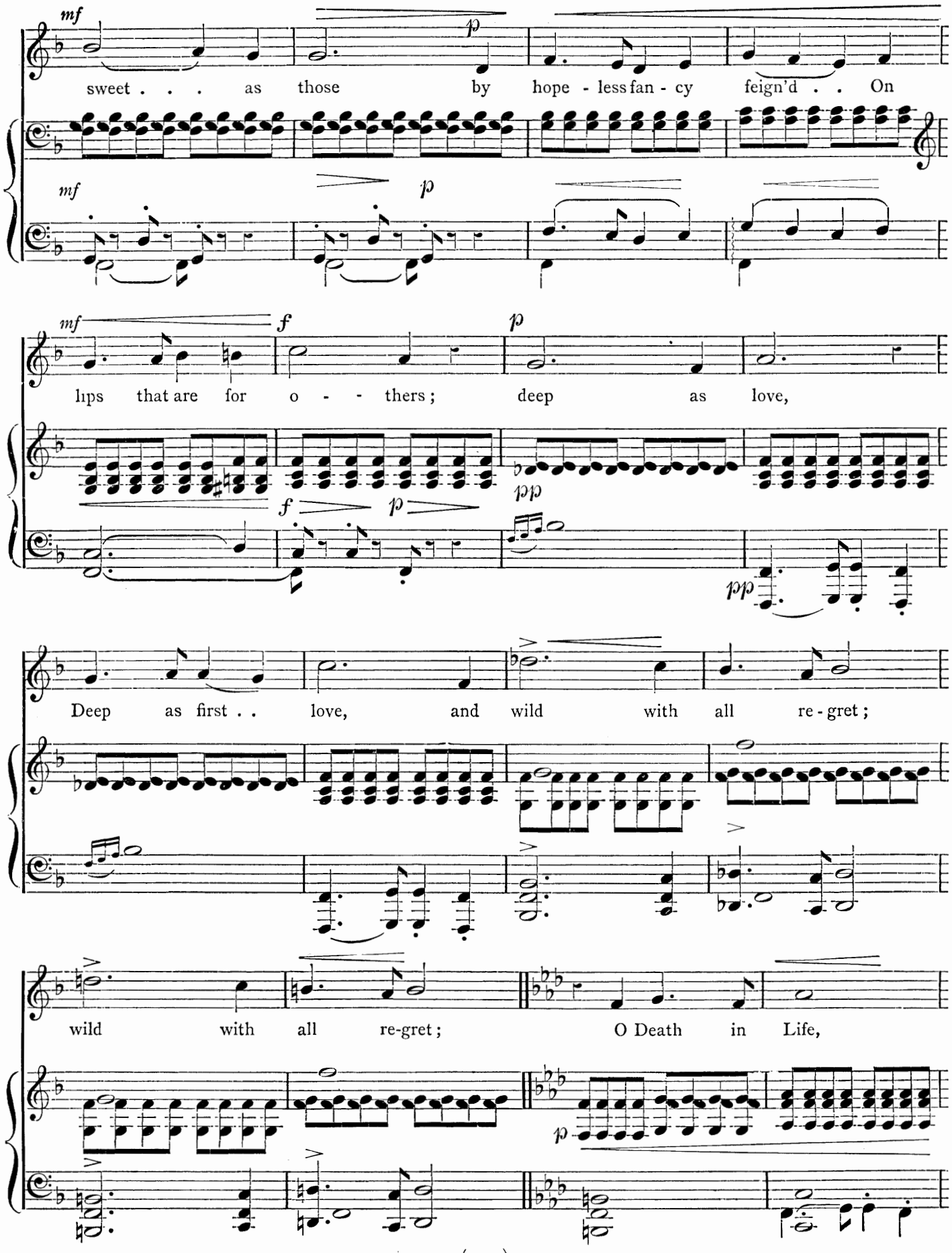
JOACHIM RAFF.

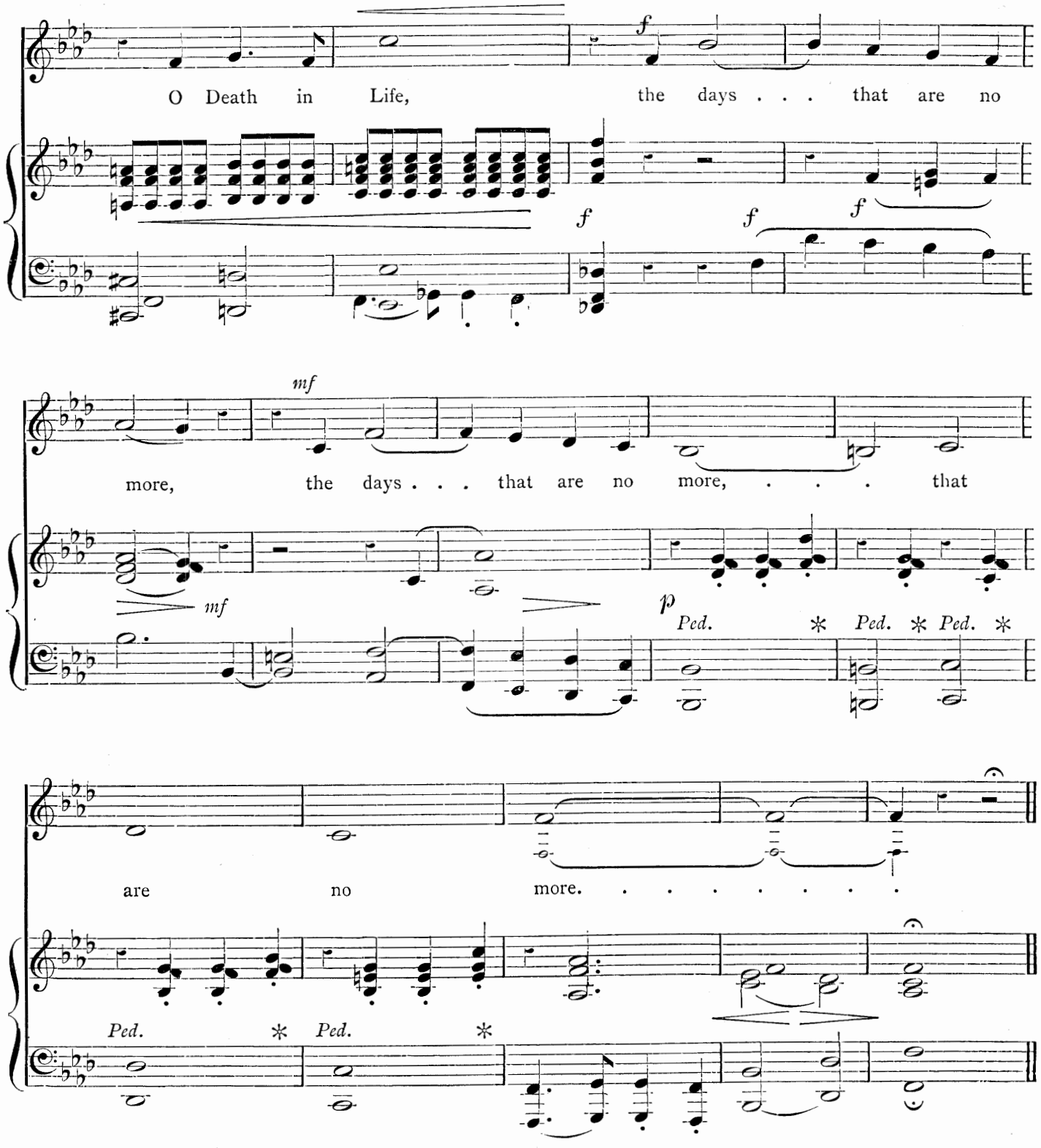



look - ing on the hap - - py Au - - tumn- fields, And think-ing of the
days that are no more. Fresh as the first beam
dolce.
glit - t'ring on a sail, That brings our friends . . . .
up from the un - der - world, ... Sad as the last which red - - - dens


dolce.
o - - - - ver one That sinks . . . with all we love be -
dolcissimo.
- low . . . the verge; So sad, . . so fresh, the days . . that
p
are no more. Ah, sad and strange as in
mf
p
dark sum - mer dawns The ear - liest pipe of half - a - wak - en'd . .


birds To dy - ing ears, when un - to dy - ing eyes The
sf
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
case- ment slow- ly grows . . a glim - - m'ring square; So sad, so strange, the
days that are . . . no more.
3
p
Dear as re - mem - - ber'd kiss - es af - ter death, And
p


mf
p
sweet . . . as those by hope - less fan - cy feign'd . . On
mf
p
mf
f
p
lips that are for o - - thers; deep as love,
f
p
pp
pp
Deep as first . . love, and wild with all re - gret;
wild with all re-gret; O Death in Life,
p


O Death in Life, the days . . . that are no
more, the days . . . that are no more, . . . that
are no more. . . . . .
f
mf
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *