"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.

Largo. $d = 69.$

Tears, idle tears... I

know... not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some di-

vine. despair... Rise in the heart... and gather to the eyes...
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

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

(2)
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

red dens o ver 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 ear liest pipe of half a wak en'd birds To dy ing ears, when unto

(3)
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; So

dolce.
sad... so strange, the days... that are no...

more...

Dear as rememb'red kisses after death... And sweet as those by
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

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, O Death in Life, the
days that are no more, the

(5)
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

(SECOND SETTING.)

JOACHIM RAFF.

\[\text{Larghetto.} \quad \frac{d}{=} 92.\]

\text{Voice.}

\text{Larghetto.}

\begin{align*}
\text{Tears, idle tears, I.} & \\
\text{know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine desire.} & \\
\text{pair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In} & \\
\end{align*}

\text{Piano.}

\begin{align*}
\text{Fed.} & \\
\text{Fed.} & \\
\text{Fed.} & \\
\end{align*}
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

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
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

dolce.

o - ver one That sinks . . with all we love be
dolcissimo.

- low . . the verge; So sad . . so fresh, the days . . that

are no more. Ah, sad and strange as in
dark sum-mer dawns The ear-liest pipe of half - a - wak - en’d.
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

birds To dy - ing ears, when un - to dy - ing eyes The
case-ment slow-ly grows . . a glim - m'ring square; So sad, so strange, the
days that are . . . no more.

Dear as re - mem - ber'd kiss - es af - ter death, And
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

sweet... as those by hope-lessness feign'd. On

lips that are for o-thers; deep as love,

Deep as first... love, and wild with all re-gret;

wild with all re-gret; O Death in Life.
TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

O Death in Life, the days... that are no

more, the days... that are no more, ... that

are no more.  

(12)