TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Alfred Tennyson

Arthur Sullivan

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean

Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and

**Voice**

**Piano**

- Vibrato
- Marcato
- Dim.
- F
- P
- *
Gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy autumn fields, And

Thinking, thinking of the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as
in dark summer dawns, The earliest pipe of half a

wakened birds to dying ears, When

unto dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimm'ring
square; So sad, so strange the days that are no

more.

Dear as rememb'red

kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love, deep as

first love, And wild with all regret;

wild with all regret; Oh Death in Life, oh
Death in Life, the days that are no more!

Oh Death in Life, the days that are no more!