

Gregory J. Hutter

Tears, idle tears

for SATB chorus

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52 *f* *mp* *p* *rit.*

lips that are for oth - ers; Deep as love, first love, and wild with all re -

lips that are for oth - ers; Deep as love, first love, and wild with all re -

lips that are for oth - ers; Deep as first love, and wild with all re -

lips that are for oth - ers; Deep as first love, and wild with all re -

f *mp* *p* *rit.*

57 *p* *mp* *cresc.* *rit.* *dim.* *p* *a niente*

gret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *a niente*

gret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *a niente*

gret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *a niente*

gret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *a niente*

p *mp* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *a niente*

gret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *a niente*

Tempo I *rit.*

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-awakened 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 remembered 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;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)