

O YE TEARS! O YE TEARS!

FRANZ ABT.

VOICE.  O ye

PIANO FORTE.  *mf* *dim.* *p*

mf tears! O ye tears! that have long refus'd to flow, Ye are



con espress: wel - come to my heart, thawing thawing like the snow; The

 *p*

ice-bound clod has yield-ed, and the ear-ly snow-drops

spring, And the heal-ing foun-tains gush, and the

wil-der-ness shall sing. O ye tears! *mf*

O ye tears!

mf

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

Con espress:

self-ish in my sor-row; I was stub-born, I was weak. Ye have

giv'n me strength to con-quer, and I stand erect and free, And

p

know that I am hu-man, by the light of sym-pa-thy.

O ye tears! *mf* O ye tears!

There is light up-on my path! there is

sun - - shine in my heart, *con espress:* And the leaf and fruit of

life . . . shall not ut - - - ter - ly de - part. Ye re -

-store to me the fresh-ness and the bloom of long a-

-go O ye tears! O hap-py tears! I am

thank-ful that ye flow, O ye tears! *mf*

hap-py tears!