

The Tears I Shed.

Violin

Plaintive

The tears I shed must e - ver fall, I mourn not for an

ab - sent Swain, For thought may past de - lights re - call And par - ted Lo - vers

meet a - gain I weep not for the si - lent dead Their toils are

past, their for - rows o'er, And those they lov'd their steps shall tread, And

death shall join - and death shall join to part no more.

THE TEARS I SHED.

THE tears I shed must ever fall,
 I mourn not for an absent swain,
 For thought my past delights recal,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead,
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
 And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll between,
 If certain that his heart is near,
 A conscious transport glads each scene,
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
 E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
 To think that even in death he lov'd,
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 Of her who flighted love bewails;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
 The pangs to every feeling due:
 Ungen'rous youth! thy boast how poor,
 To steal a heart, and break it too!
 In vain does memory renew
 The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest, and broke my heart!
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
 Neglected, and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.