

(III.)

IDLE TEARS.

Shadow now, dear Heart, in the little room,
Shadow now, dear Heart, and the Autumn's cool,
While the days grow short, and no roses bloom!

*Ah, the days that were, the dear dead days,
Now past, nor ever again to be!
Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,
They shall never come back to me.*

Snow now, dear Heart, on the window panes,
Snow now, dear Heart, and the cold winds blow,
While the days grow dark, and Winter gains.

*Ah, the days that were, the dear dead days,
Now past, nor ever again to be!
Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,
They shall never come back to me.*

Rain now, dear Heart, falling warm and fast,
Rain now, dear Heart, and the breath of life,
While April days herald Spring at last!