

## (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!