

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



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

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

wild-er-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, 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! *dim:*