



ALL IN VAIN.

(BALLAD.)

Words by EDWARD OXFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

VOICE. *p* *cres.*

I. I know not why, long

PIANO. *Andantino.* *p* *p* *cres.*

cres.

years a - go, You pierc'd my heart with need - less pain, And let my hopes to blos - som grow

cres.

p *p*

All in vain, love, all in vain! I know not what or when my crime— I on - ly lov'd, I

sf *p* *p*

love the same; I know not, to the pre-sent time, If you or I should bear the blame!

Allegretto. f
Oh! say the past shall be the past; That vows of old shall

rit.
bloom a-gain; That doubts and fears have sha-dows cast All in vain, love, all in vain!

All in vain, love, all in vain! 2. Ah

cres. me! if you could see the tears That oft and oft be-dew my eyes, I know that you—for

grief en-dears— Would pay them back with sighs and sighs: For hearts that once have throbb'd as one, Must

p

one un-til the end re-main! For when was love's sweet tale be-gun All in vain, love,

f *p*

all in vain? So say the past shall be the past; That vows of old shall

Allegretto. f

mf *poco rit.* *f*

bloom a-gain; That doubts and fears have sha-dows cast All in vain, love, all in vain!

rit. *p*

All in vain, love, all in vain!

mf *p* *pp*