

*Edna.*

Just for a luxury I shed not tears.  
Heaven has assigned to each a special office  
In the economy of social life.  
Else how would fare this squeamish dappled world?  
That I should have exuberance of spirits,  
A merry heart, content to smile through tears.  
A sympathetic life, but ever joyous.  
Hopeful and light midst time's oppressive changes,  
Playful—and trustful in its glimpse of Heaven,  
That offskip exquisite for contemplation —  
Is this not treasure lent for me and others,  
Prepared by God's kind providence in fee?  
Is it not sunshine to the sad around me?  
And thus so saucily I rally you.  
Yes, you! sad, moping like some sulky boy! —  
Must there be something still to humble us?  
Must greatness bear the clamor of a lack,  
Something to bump the lofty pate of pride,  
Till it bethink itself and droop those eyes? —  
Now, Harper, cheer us! Music—even sad,  
Bears cheer within it; cheer tho' wearing sables.

*Rayon.*

Edna. I'll note this lecture on my tablets.  
Perhaps your playful railery is lost  
On one enamored with cold loneliness,  
Nevertheless my yearnings seek their solace  
In music as an echo of glad days.