

Paolo—

And now when days seem dreary,
And hope begins to wane,
My thoughts run back and I wonder—
Will we ever meet again.

Ever my heart is yearning
For a voice that is far away:
For a smile that is bright and cheering
As sunshine and waves at play.

Enter Cupid.

Paolo—

Good morrow, Cupid. (C.) I salute thee too.

Paolo—

What errand brings you out amid the snow?
Perchance you've lost your way, rash Cupid.
(C.) No.

The harbinger of spring to lovers true,
I started out while yet the snowflakes flew.

Paolo—

You're late I fear, my hopes have sunk too low.

Cupid—

Let not your drooping spirits fail, faint heart
Did never yet assume that valiant part
That finds a way in spite of what befall
And wins at length to beauty's citadel.

Paolo—

Thanks, Cupid, for your words of lofty cheer;
My heart responds, I see my pathway clear.

My Darling

I'll take Virginia in my arms and kiss her
On lips and cheek and brow;