

## ONLY A WORD!

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A parting in angry haste,  
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,  
The loving look and the tender kiss,  
Has set on barren waste,  
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet  
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A moment that blots out years,  
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,  
Where billows of passion surge and roar  
To break in a spray of tears—  
Tears shed to blind the severed pair  
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A flash from a passing cloud,  
Two hearts are scathed to their innermost core,  
Are ashes and dust for evermore.  
Two faces turn to the crowd,  
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,  
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
An arrow at random sped,  
It has cut in twain the mystic tie  
That had bound two souls in harmony,  
Now let Love lies bleeding or dead,  
A poisoned shaft, with scarce an aim,  
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

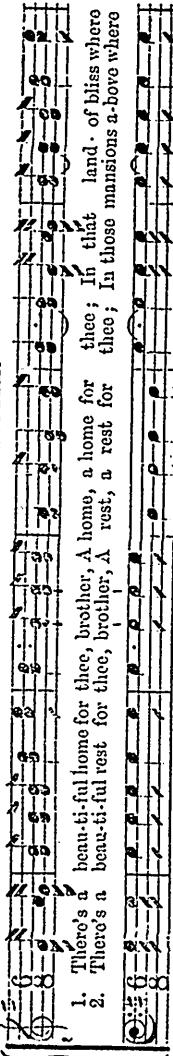
A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
Alas! for the loves and lives  
So little a cause has rent apart;  
Tearing the fondest heart from heart  
As a whirlwind rends and rives,  
Never to reunite again,  
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
Alas that it should be so!  
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,  
Have wrought more evil and done more wrong,  
Have brought to the world more woe  
Than all the armies, age to age,  
Records on history's blood-stained page.

## Music.

## A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

SILVER FOUNTAIN.



CHORUS.

