

SONG

(Written for music.)

O LOVE, come love, sighs and tears are folly!
 Why should you and I repine?
 Brighter skies will never shine,
 I am yours and you are mine,
 Then, my love, why mope with melancholy?
 Love that sulks can breed no hero,
 Come and join the gay bolero;
 Trip and play,
 Make holiday,
 Clap the castanets with me and sing alway,

Love is mirth and music, love is laughter,
 Love will bless to-day and bless hereafter,
 Happy, then, thrice happy are the hearts that love!

Then love, dear love, what's the use ■ repining?
 Let me kiss those tears away,
 Take you to my arms and say
 "Sweet, I'll love but you for aye"—