

No. 14. Love is a plaintive song

Solo

Patience

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 66$

Patience

1. Love is a plain-tive song, Sung by a suf-fring
2. Ren-der-ing good for ill, Smil-ing at ev-'ry

maid, Tell-ing a tale of wrong, Tell-ing of hope be-trayed;
frown, Yield-ing your own self-will, Laugh-ing your tear-drops down,

Tuned to each changing note, Sor-ry when *he* is sad, Blind to his ev-'ry
Nev-er a self-ish whim, Trou-ble, or pain to stir; Ev-e-ry-thing for

rall.

mote, Mer - ry when he_ is glad! Mer - ry when he_ is glad!_
 him, Noth - ing at all_ for her! Noth - ing at all_ for her!_

a tempo

Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is al - ways new,
 Love that will aye en - dure, Though the re - wards be few,

a tempo

p

That is the love that's pure, — That is the love_ that's true! —
 That is the love that's pure, — That is the love_ that's true! —

Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is al - ways new,
 Love that will aye en - dure, Though the re - wards be few,

cre *scen* *do*

That is the love_ that's pure, That _____ is_ the love,___ the

ad lib.
love_ that's true! ____

colla voce *f* *a tempo*

(At the end of the Ballad exit Patience, L., weeping. Enter Bunthorne, R., Jane following.)

Bunthorne: Everything has gone wrong with me since that smug-faced idiot came here. Before that I was admired – I may say, loved.

Jane: Too mild – adored!

Bunthorne: Do let a poet soliloquize! The damozels used to follow me wherever I went; now they all follow him!

Jane: Not all! *I* am still faithful to you.

Bunthorne: Yes, and a pretty damozel *you* are!

Jane: No, not pretty. Massive. Cheer up! I will never leave you, I swear it!

Bunthorne: Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it's his confounded mildness. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And no doubt I *am* highly spiced.

Jane: Not for my taste!

Bunthorne: (*savagely*) No, but I am for theirs. But I will show the world I can be as mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I'll meet this fellow on his own ground and beat him on it.

Jane: You shall. And I will help you.

Bunthorne: You will? Jane, there's a good deal of good in you, after all!