

# **The Last West and Paolo's Virginia eBook**

## **The Last West and Paolo's Virginia**

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# Page 1

## Above the Clouds

On the shores of a sea of mist  
I chanced to roam,  
Where sunlit the surface gleamed  
Whiter than foam.

But the voice of the restless main  
Was absent there,  
For the billows that rolled along  
Were waves of air;

And the isles of that silent sea  
Were mountain peaks  
That, far from the haunts of man,  
The wild goat seeks.

O, that day above the clouds  
Was bright and fair!  
With pines and the sparkling snow  
Unsullied there;

But, a thousand fathoms down  
A city street  
Was shrouded in sunless gloom  
Where shadows meet;

It knew not the fairer day  
And matchless view;  
That snowfields gleamed above  
And skies were blue:

That the clouds which gloomed below  
Were seas of light  
From another point of view  
At greater height.

## Winter Sunset in the Cascade Range

Picture a world of snowfields  
Aglow in the sunset light,  
Great fir trees snow-flake laden  
And broken clouds piled white;



While bathed in a silver sheen  
The pines on a crest are seen.

Would I could frame the language  
Worthy those sunset tints,  
Hued from saffron to coral,  
Aflame where the sunlight glints;  
And the clear steel blue of the sky  
Where the clouds had drifted by.

The daylight slowly faded.  
Weakly mere words convey  
The ivory white of snowflakes,  
Decking the hills that day;  
And the softening yellow tone  
That fell from the sun god's throne.

Far beyond wooded ridges  
Lit with a twilight ray,  
Sentinel like in the cloudland  
A nameless peak held sway;  
Keeping a silent guard  
O'er valleys by cloud wreaths barred.

'Twas crowned with flaming colours  
Of sunset's fleeting hour;  
Giving its best expression  
To nature's lavish dower  
E're the ebbing tide of day  
Should fade from the world away.

Then light melted softly to shadow  
And the blue of the sky turned grey,  
While a veil of deepening twilight  
Warned us to haste away,  
For the winter nights are bleak  
In the wilds by that lonely peak.

[\*]Beside the Ocstall

I mused one day beside the Ocstall River  
Where trailing mists went drifting softly by;  
And waterfalls in thunderous voices calling,  
Their vaporous breath raised to a burdened sky.

What mystic spell? what strange compelling passion  
Did hold the sons of Britain toiling there?



What charm was there in that great lonely region  
Enticing them from distant lands, more fair?

Fantastic cloud wreaths draped a sea of mountains:  
Forest and muskeg in the vales held sway;  
To win a fortune from those wild surroundings  
Men came, then could not from them break away.



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They tried the lands where everlasting sunshine  
Caressed lush fruits and kissed the waves at play;  
But no place gripped them like this western outpost  
Where men with large ambitions hewed their way.

It was the challenge to the daring spirit  
Of vast resources in their native state.  
It was the lure of gold, romance of action,  
The chances of success where stakes were great.

[\*]Ocstall River—a tributary of the Skeena near its mouth.

### Jansen's Curse

'Twas out upon a gold stampede,  
And Jan had always planned to lead.  
The man who has the greatest might,  
He surely must be in the right,  
Was part of Jansen's creed;  
For very skookum<sup>[1]</sup> was this man,  
Built on a most ambitious plan;  
But with a domineering trait,  
Would have his own, no other way;  
And often had been heard to say:  
"I'll be no 'also ran.'"

The river trip he hoped to make  
With an old-timer nicknamed Jake,  
Who'd hired a canoe;  
And with a bunch of sourdoughs<sup>[2]</sup>  
Intended, e're the river rose  
In flood, to push on through.  
This man soon got himself disliked  
As up the rapid stream they piked  
And oft by rapids lined.  
His overbearing ways were met  
With keen expressions of regret  
He'd not been left behind.  
At length the crew a village saw  
Of Indians who had a store  
In goods where Jan did trade.  
The others knew their chance at last  
They could not get away too fast  
When off ashore he'd strayed.



They threw his pack out on the bank,  
Their late companion's health they drank  
With hopes they'd never meet;  
But Jan, their move when he realized,  
Came hurrying greatly surprised,  
And flushed with angry heat.  
Some most profane remarks he made  
And said that he was not afraid  
To thrash the blooming crew,  
Their ancestors were not forgot,  
He hoped old Nick would make it hot  
For any that he knew.  
One parting curse did Jan call down,  
He hoped they all would surely drown  
Before they reached their goal;  
The waters be their winding sheet,  
That Hell would raise a double heat  
To welcome every soul.  
Then taking up his pack he set  
His face towards the trail that yet  
Along the river ran.  
But soon the blazes were no more,  
His path was barred by creeks, a score,  
Which now no bridges span.  
He felled the towering cottonwood,  
That graceful by the river stood,  
To bridge each torrent wide.  
But longest spans were swept away,  
By the wild waters in their play  
At the last creek he tried.  
So plunging in the torrent wild  
Which swept him helpless as a child,  
He braved its swollen tide.  
While raced along a branch he caught,  
That, waving from the shore long sought,

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Was like an arm outstretched.  
He pulled himself hand over hand  
Until his feet could feel the sand  
By eddying currents fetched.  
His pack was soaked with water through,  
There was no trail ahead he knew,  
But still kept on his way;  
And with determination strong  
Struggled the beach and cliffs along  
While held the light each day.  
At length he reached the little creek,  
The which he had set out to seek,  
And found some partners there.  
They had begun to pan the sand  
Which proved to be a golden strand  
At last to them laid bare.  
One day in camp the word went round  
That Jake and all his crew had drowned  
Between the canyon walls.  
Their staunch canoe was seen upturned  
Where white the boiling rapids churned  
Below the waterfalls.

\* \* \* \*

Small wonder if Jan's conscience woke  
And if that moral guardian spoke  
In accusation strong  
Against the words he had let fall,  
Beyond the power of recall,  
To get revenge for wrong.

[1]Skookum—a Chinook word, meaning strong.

[2]Sourdough—a seasoned prospector.



## The Survey Cook

Deep in the Sunset Valley  
Ill fortune had detained;  
Bacon and beans were finished;  
Of flour, none remained.

But now with tents and blankets,  
Facing the backward track,  
All hands were feeling cheerful  
Save the cook—his looks were black.

They'd packed across the mountains  
Where trails were never known,  
Through leagues of heavy timber  
And rock slides overgrown;

Had bridged the swollen torrents  
By felling trees across;  
And scrambled through the canyons  
That walled the river's course.

The horses of the pack train  
Had died in dark despair  
When brought to face the prospect  
Of using goat trails there;

So man a beast of burden  
Himself was forced to be;  
The crew packed grub and blankets  
And the cook the cutlery,

The dishpans and the kettles,  
The basins and a pot,  
A battered old reflector,  
Cups, bowls and plates, Great Scott!

Cymbals and drums weren't in it  
When cook did have a spill;  
The crash of warlike music  
Echoed from hill to hill

As down his pack came bounding,  
Spurning the canyon walls,  
Scattering pots and dishes,  
Leaping the waterfalls.



The packers looked in terror  
To see the cook come too  
As past their dizzy erie  
The clanging luggage flew;

When anxiously they hailed him,  
The cook, he only swore:  
“If I survive this picnic  
So help me—nevermore.”

### **A Raid on the Seal Rookeries**

The tale was told by a hunter bold  
Of a sealing schooner's crew,  
Of a midnight raid where the breakers played  
On reefs that the offing strew.



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“In Behring Sea they tell,” said he,  
“How Hansen, in the ‘Adele,’  
Waiting for night, with never a light,  
Dared the reefs and ocean swell.

“A rascal bold, in misdeeds grown old,  
He had raided far and wide;  
But never before in the sealers’ lore  
Had the Pribilof<sup>[1]</sup> reefs been tried.

“But an Aleut<sup>[2]</sup>, by his sealskin boot  
And the grave of his father, swore  
For a keg of booze and a pair of shoes  
To sell their secret, and more.

“So Hansen knew to a yard or two  
Where the hidden ledges ran;  
And the breakers’ roar on the reefs and shore  
Were guides to the daring man.

“The trailing kelp and a flash might help  
Where the phosphorus burned bright,  
For the deed was done past set of sun  
When the stars were hid from sight.

“The schooner’s kedge to a rocky ledge,  
By a hempen cable tied,  
With silent stealth, for the raiders’ health,  
Was lowered overside.

“Then with muffled oars they reached the shores  
Near a crowded rookery;  
Where the voice of seals, in loud appeals,  
Drowned the moan of wind and sea.

“There were clubbed ten score and some dozens more  
Of the seals which in panic came  
Like frightened sheep before the sweep  
Of the raiders’ far-flung chain;

“For they took their stand, where the rocky land  
Slopes down to the surf-worn beach,  
To intercept the herd that swept  
Like a torrent, the sea to reach.



“Their dories lay in a tiny bay  
On a bit of sandy shore;  
And they loaded seals by heads or heels  
Till the boats would hold no more.

“On many a trip to the little ship  
The skiffs went back and fore,  
Till she streamed with blood in a crimson flood  
From the deck to the cabin door.

“The seals were piled in confusion wild  
On deck, by a seaman there;  
While the hold was stored and the cabin floored  
Whenever he’d time to spare,

“For they had to sail before the pale  
Light came of a breaking day;  
Lest the sealing guard should follow hard  
And capture them with their prey.”

\* \* \* \*

“In the dawn’s pale light that followed the night  
The sealing guard went round;  
But the bloody turf, by the edge of the surf,  
Was the only sign they found;

“For a curtain fell on the Behring swell  
And hid the schooner’s flight;  
But they lay the blame on Hansen’s name  
For the lawless deeds that night.”

[1]Pribilofs—a group of islands in Behring Sea, where the fur seal breeds.

[2]Aleut—a native of the Aleutian Islands.

## The Coast of British Columbia

On the far stretching coast of B. C.,  
Where the hills and the seas interlace,  
Is a cruising ground yet unexcelled,  
Where the yachtsman can loiter or race.



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And for those that of danger a spice  
Or variety's pleasures would know,  
There's a limitless sea to the west  
Where the free ocean breezes do blow.

There are harbours and fiords on a coast  
That is thousands of miles in extent;  
And new scenes that its windings unfold  
Fill those that explore with content.

### Vancouver

Vancouver, Vancouver,  
Vancouver we'll sing all the way.  
Far away we may roam, but Vancouver's our home  
We remember, wherever we stray.

Vancouver, Vancouver,  
In summer time all the day long  
To sea we will roam, for afloat we're at home  
So we sway on our halyards with song.

Vancouver, Vancouver,  
The open gateway of the West.  
Her harbour's the port where vessels resort  
Of pleasure or profit in quest.

Vancouver, Vancouver,  
Her mountains a wonderland hold,  
Where the Lions on guard, carved in rock grey and hard,  
Have stood sentry for ages untold.

Vancouver, Vancouver,  
Of seamen intrepid we'll sing:  
Vancouver and Cook, great explorers, who took  
Possession in name of their king.

Victoria, B.C.

Bud of England grafted  
On a western tree,  
Favoured by the breezes  
Of a temperate sea.



Roses in the gardens  
Greet thy Christmastide,  
Broom upon the headlands  
Gilds the ocean side.

In thy dreamy moments  
Thou didst plan to be  
Queen upon the islands  
By the western sea.

## Paolo's Virginia

### A SPRING PHANTASY

## Cast

Kelpies  
Frosties  
Fairies  
Paolo  
Virginia  
Cupid

### SCENE I.

## SEASHORE AT THE MOUTH OF A CREEK

Paolo—

Heart free, care free and free to roam am I  
Wherever fancy leads beneath the sky.  
I'll rest awhile and watch the kelpies play,  
They will be sporting on the sands to-day.  
Perhaps they'll tell me what my heart desires  
To know, and Cupid's dart inspires.

[Kelpies come up from the sea and sing in chorus:]

Join with us, dance with us, prance with us  
Over the sea.  
Roam with us, flee with us, be with us  
Where we may be

Sing with us, walk with us, talk with us  
Carelessly gay.



Come with us, play with us, stray with us  
Where we may stray.

Paolo—

Pray, kelpies, tell me what you find of joy,  
In what of work or play your hours employ.

Kelpies' Chorus—

You can sing of the lakes and mountains  
And the freedom of open plains;  
But for spaces wide and untrammelled  
The ocean alone remains.



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In the cradle of ocean surges  
We rock to heart's content.  
We've played on countless beaches  
And roam the sea's extent.

1st Kelpie—

The sights that we view on our travels  
Are marvels that fill with delight;  
But chief is the phosphorescence  
Of the foaming seas, at night.

Paolo—

I wish you would tell of those flashes  
That are such a wonderful sight.

Phosphorescence

1st Kelpie—

Sparkling and darkling, dust of the milky way,  
Shifting and drifting, firefly legions at play;  
Fading and glowing, lights of a starry maze,  
Coming and going, drift of a luminous haze.

Tangling and spangling the waves with a wealth of light,  
Spraying and straying silently through the night;  
Dusting and flashing a light in our yeasty wake,  
Glowing and splashing wherever the waves we break.

Lacing and tracing the path of the evening breeze,  
Blazing and raising a light on the breaking seas;  
Ebbing and flowing, an ocean of liquid light,  
Finding and showing the reefs in the blackest night.

Paolo—

There's much in what you say appeals to me;  
What else may you have learned along the margin of the sea?

1st Kelpie—

There is a cove, secret from passing eyes,  
Beautiful as a dream of Paradise;  
Where, sheltered from the stormy waves that stray  
Unfettered down the sea's wide open way,  
The seaman oftentimes doth moor his barque  
In shaded bays, peaceful by day or dark.



For there the salty tide finds calm repose,  
Sheltered from every boisterous wind that blows;  
And ripples, like faint shadows on a glass,  
Play lightly where the fitful breezes pass.  
Elsewhere the mirrored shores inverted stand,  
Trees foot to foot, hand clasping hand;  
And all the flitting clouds their faces see,  
Till sea and sky seem one in harmony.  
In that well guarded spot few sounds intrude  
To mar the quiet of its solitude.  
The beat of surges at the entrance seems  
A distant murmur from the land of dreams;  
While crickets chirruping and song birds gay,  
From valley and from hillside sound their lay.

Four miles of coastline do those arms surround  
Of cliff and delta, wood and open ground;  
Where stately fir and cedar trees are seen  
In contrast with the lighter shades of green;  
While on the rocks thick moss and lichen grow,  
And rough arbutus shrubs their shadows throw.

When sunset edges all the clouds with gold,  
And sea and shore with jewelled wealth untold,  
Those rocky cliffs a fitting setting form  
To hold that gem of ocean (safe in storm);  
And changing lights, warm and elusive, wear  
To match the shading of the sea and air.

A maid lives there, who often roams this way;  
We're here to greet her when she comes to-day.



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[Enter Virginia.]

Kelpies—

Virginia, come and play with us awhile;  
Come, be our queen and on our revels smile.  
Or if we may but help you o'er the stream,  
Our labours shall a moment's frolic seem.

Virginia—

Kelpies, too long you've roamed on mischief bent:  
Too long you've made the sky your nightly tent.  
I've oft been warned to shun your careless way  
And from your pranks and revels warned to stay.  
I dare not try to cross the swollen tide  
Unless some stronger arm is close beside.

[Paolo approaches]

Permit my arm to be this guide and stay:  
Pray give me leave to help you on your way.

Virginia—

Kind sir, if you will take me by the hand,  
I'll thank you to assist to that far strand.  
No—Don't you lift me up—I didn't mean—  
Well—if you must—

[Carried over]

How strong your arms have been.

Paolo—

Virginia, did I hear the kelpies say?  
Yes, that's my name. What is your own, I pray?  
Call me Paolo, and if I may be  
Of any further help fair maid to thee,  
Allow me to attend you on your way.

Virginia—

Thank you, I need no further help to-day.

[Exit Virginia.]

Kelpies—

Join with us, dance with us, prance with us



Over the sea.  
Roam with us, flee with us, be with us  
Where we may be.

Paolo, turning from looking after Virginia—  
I'm in no mood to join your frolics now;  
Perhaps some other day you'll show me how  
You ride the combers on the ocean swell.  
I must be going now, Kelpies farewell.

## SCENE II.

### WINTER LANDSCAPE

[Paolo wandering disconsolate on snowshoes—Frosties bobbing up and down behind bushes and snowdrifts.]

Paolo—  
What goblins, what strange forms are these I see?  
I thought the haunts of men and sprites to flee  
And far from every human habitation  
Find solace for my grief mid desolation.

Stand forth yon elf and speak, that I may know  
These are no tricks that on my fancies grow.

[Frosties all dance out on the snow—Master Frosty steps forward with greeting:]

M. F.—  
I'm the master of the Frosties' band,  
On outpost duty from the Arctic land;  
You need not fear,  
'Tis friends are here.  
Your lonely sorrow we can understand,  
And would in sympathy just clasp your hand.  
If for your grief  
You find relief  
In telling us the cause of all your woe,  
Your confidence we will respect, I know;  
And we'll be true  
As skies are blue.

Paolo—  
It is a story of a winsome maid  
That yester eve across my pathway strayed.  
That I was shy I can't deny;  
But if it will not weary you to hear,



I'll try and tell you what I found so dear,  
When o'er a stream  
As in a dream  
I helped Virginia to the further shore,  
And lost my heart to her for evermore.



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Last Night My Heart Was All Aglow

Paolo—

The mist with pearls had beaded  
Each wayward strand of hair;  
And the light in her eyes was like sunshine.  
Would I had asked her there!

*Refrain*— Last night my heart was all aglow, I loved, I loved Virginia so; But wintry dawn  
has brought despair Of ever winning maid so fair.

Frosties' Chorus—

Last night his heart was all aglow,  
Last night he loved Virginia so;  
But wintry dawn has brought despair  
Of ever winning maid so fair.

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;  
I'll tell her how I love her, miss her,  
And when, and why, and how.

I'll draw my darling to my heart and hold her  
In fond and close embrace;  
I'll whisper softly how I've longed to fold her  
In all her girlish grace.

I'll look into her eyes, their love light showing,  
Small need of words we'll know;  
For tender glances sprung from hearts aglowing,  
With meaning overflow.

Cupid—

Such sentiments as these I quite approve:  
I'm hopeful for the outcome of your love.

Cupid (turning to Frosties)—

Who are these furry folk that round us stand?  
They seem like members of the Frosties' band.

Frosties (in chorus)—

We are the elves of the Northern Light,  
Of the ice blink and the snow;  
We deck the moss with a silver floss,  
And make the frost flowers grow.

We place the fetters on stream and rill  
And encase the lakes and seas:  
We spread a carpet o'er vale and hill  
And drape the leafless trees.

Cupid—

Won't you just tell dear Frosties  
In the language of song to-night  
Of those beauties and silent wonders  
That dwell in the Northern Light.



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Sing of some thrilling vision  
Of those beams in endless train,  
Like the bars of a thousand searchlights;  
Sing to us Frosties again.

The Northern Lights

Master Frosty—

Across the starry arches of the heavens  
Like mighty spokes of a revolving wheel;  
Or organ pipes that grouped in stately silence  
Await some master's touch to wake their peal;

The Northern Lights had strayed far down the vistas  
Of mellow air that mark the temperate zone;  
Their searchlight beams above the northern skyline  
A magic arch of changing lights had thrown.

They marched across the sky in long procession:  
From east to west their standards were unfurled,  
Summoning visions of the Arctic winter  
And whalers prisoned in a frozen world.

Then formed a tent, across the starry heavens,  
Woven of interlacing beams of light  
Flung lightly o'er the arches which supported,  
High overhead, the canopy of night.

Once more a wide and undulating archway  
Expressed in quivering jets of frosty flame,  
Against the background of the midnight shadows,  
With play of countless brilliant flashes, came;

While dark below flowed on the silent ocean:  
An anchored barque swayed slowly on the swell.  
And here and there a phosphorescent glimmer  
Showed where the trailing seaweed rose and fell.

Cupid—

I thank you, Frosties, for your song and story  
About the Northern Lights in all their glory;  
But time is hasting on, I must be going.  
The sun through lengthened days is warmly glowing.



Farewell Paolo too: what shall I say  
When I shall meet your maiden on my way?

Paolo—

Haste, Cupid; haste: fly forth on rapid wing  
Bearing your dainty bow and feathered darts;  
And with the graceful practise of your arts  
Whisper into my darling's ear, or sing  
The sweetest messages that love can bring;  
And weave such tender dreams as spring imparts  
Where youth and beauty know each others hearts  
And feel the thrill that from such joy can spring.  
Sweet cherub, when you wing your arrow's flight,  
Speed it away with thoughts of love from me;  
And when it finds the heart that beats with mine,  
Full welcome to that breast I know 'twill be.  
When you reveal my message in love's light  
It's: (Dearest will you be my valentine).

Cupid—

This errand suits me well, I'll not delay;  
But to the land of flowers will wing my way.

Farewell to Cupid

Frosties' Chorus—

We are glad to have made your acquaintance  
And wish you had longer to stay;  
We are glad, we must say, to have met you,  
And wish you good luck on your way.

Farewell, my Cupid,  
Love speed you on your way.  
Farewell, dear Cupid,  
And au-revoir we'll say.



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'Tis the time of the northward migration  
And ahead of the birds we must fly  
To where days are of endless duration;  
So in chorus we bid you good-bye.

Farewell, my Cupid,  
Love speed you on your way.  
Farewell, dear Cupid,  
And au-revoir we'll say.

(All in chorus)

Farewell to you, farewell to all, farewell to-day;  
Paolo, Cupid, Frosties each farewell must say.

### SCENE III.

#### SPRING LANDSCAPE

[Virginia sitting on a bank of grass and spring flowers, with a band of fairies dancing around her in a ring.]

Spring Draweth Near

Fairies (in Chorus)—  
Spring is coming, hear the humming  
Of the bumble bees;  
Life is waking, buds are breaking,  
Love is in the breeze.

*Refrain*—  
Fairies sing for the spring  
Draweth near;  
Mirth and song now belong  
To the year.

Birdies wooing, ring doves cooing  
From each budding bough.  
All things mating, no one waiting,  
Love is calling now.

Larks are singing, swallows winging  
North, their rapid flight.



Winter's ending, spring is sending  
Warmth and love and light.

Virginia—  
What strange emotions fill this breast?  
What flitting shadows of unrest  
Disturb me so?  
I have not ceased to long and dream  
Since I was lifted o'er that stream  
By Paolo.

In strong arms' clasp what can there be  
To thrill the heart in fancy free  
And leave behind  
A joy that is akin to pain,  
A longing to be held again  
By arms entwined?

[Enter Cupid during last words.]

Cupid—  
Good morning to you all, a fairy ring  
Delights my heart; I'll wait and hear you sing.

Virginia—  
We're glad you're back, you should avoid the snows  
Dear careless boy; some day you'll freeze your toes.

[Cupid fitting arrow to his bow—]

Virginia—  
No, don't you shoot your arrow; 't isn't fair!  
You've learned too much already, spare oh spare  
My heart from further pain you cruel boy;  
What balm have you for wounds that peace destroy?

Cupid—  
Forbid the thought of Cupid causing pain;  
Nought else I seek but bringing joy again.  
I have a secret message to unfold  
To you, the sweetest lover ever told.  
I'll whisper softly in your dainty ear,  
So soft that even fairies will not hear.

[Cupid whispers his message.]

Virginia—  
Oh Cupid! (C.) How you blush, your burning cheek



Tells plainer still than even lips can speak  
Of tenderness for Paolo that glows  
Within your heart, and now quite overflows.

Blushing

Fairies—  
Blush of the early morning  
Heralds the coming day,  
Heralds the beam of sunshine  
Chasing the dark away.



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*Refrain—*

Blushing, blushing,  
Roses of deepest dye;  
Flushing, flushing  
Red as the sunlit sky.

Blushes those cheeks suffusing,  
Cupid's enchantments prove;  
Prove that the little archer  
Whispers to you of love.

[Enter Paolo.]

Fairies—

Paolo here at last!  
Where has he been in hiding?  
He ought to be ashamed,  
But we must not be chiding.

Paolo—

I'm glad to find you all so bright and gay,  
Please, fairies, sing before you run away.

Fairy—

We've played so long, the hours of morn will pass  
E're we can sip the dewdrops from the grass  
And glean the jewels from the lily's cup.  
The sunbeams now are gathering them up.

Then we must weave some garments for our queen.  
No lighter gossamer was ever seen  
Than spider web woven by fairy hands  
To wear when dancing on the moonlit sands.

So now good-bye, we all must skip away;  
(We'll take dear Cupid with us, if we may,  
To catch the butterflies and paint their wings.)  
We wish you all the joy that springtime brings,

[Fairies and Cupid Exit]

Paolo, turning to Virginia—

'Tis thoughts of you have sped me on my way;  
Virginia, dear, I seek your hand to-day.



[Paolo, taking Virginia's hands, looks into her eyes.]

Reflections

Paolo—

Deep in your eyes are glowing  
Lights that are soft and true;  
While in their centre mirrored  
Is the love that I feel for you.

*Refrain—*

Though but reflections  
Mirrored in loving eyes,  
Such pretty fancies  
Deepen our glad surprise.

Love lights so true and tender,  
Framing my picture there,  
Rival in warmth and splendour  
Flashes from jewels rare.

Virginia—

My love had wildly fluttered to be free,  
It beat its wings against the prison bars;  
But now I know it yearned but unto thee  
Of all beneath the sun and silent stars.

It sought with passion's ardency to reach  
Some haven wherein it could welcome rest;  
It only needed Cupid's dart to teach,  
The goal it sought for was within your breast.

[Paolo encircles Virginia with his arm]

Love's Confidence

Paolo—

Your lips, for kisses ripe,  
In sweetest lines are laid;  
You lift your face to mine  
Unblushing, unafraid.

For love has confidence  
And nought but love repays  
The sweet confiding trust  
Your nestling touch conveys.