

# I cannot tell what this love may be

Solo  
Patience

Allegretto grazioso  $\text{♩} = 76$  Patience (L.C.)

1. I can - not tell what this love may  
2. If love is a thorn, they show no

be That com-eth to all but not to me. It can-not be kind as they'd im-  
wit Who fool-ish-ly hug and fos-ter it. If love is a weed, how sim-ple

ply, Or why do these la - dies sigh? It can-not be joy and rap-ture  
they Who gath-er it day by day! If love is a net-tle that makes you

deep, Or why do these gen - tle la - dies weep? It can-not be bliss - ful as 'tis smart, Then why do you wear it next your heart? And if it be none of these, Say

*riten.* said, Or why are their eyes so — won-drous red?  
I, — Ah, why do you sit and — sob and sigh?

*a tempo*

*riten.*

(A)  
(C)

Thoughev - 'ry - where true love I see

*rall.* A-com-ing to all, — but not to me, I can-not tell what this love — may

*rall.*

(B)  
(D)

*a tempo*

be! ——— For I — am blithe and I — am gay, While they sit

*a tempo*

7 1

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. It begins with a circled 'B' and a circled 'D'. The lyrics are 'be! ——— For I — am blithe and I — am gay, While they sit'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in Bb and common time. It features a '7 1' fingering instruction. The tempo marking 'a tempo' appears above the piano staff.

sigh-ing night and day, For I — am blithe and I — am gay, Think of the

**Chorus** *f*

Yes, she is blithe and she is gay,

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with 'sigh-ing night and day, For I — am blithe and I — am gay, Think of the'. The piano accompaniment continues. The 'Chorus' section begins with a forte 'f' dynamic marking. The lyrics 'Yes, she is blithe and she is gay,' are written below the piano staff.

gulf 'twixt them and me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal lala la

*p*

Yes, she is blithe and gay, Yes, she is blithe and gay.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with 'gulf 'twixt them and me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal lala la'. The piano accompaniment continues. A piano 'p' dynamic marking is placed above the piano staff. The lyrics 'Yes, she is blithe and gay, Yes, she is blithe and gay.' are written below the piano staff.

2d time ad lib.

la la lalalalalalalala la la la la la la la lalalalala la, and mis-er-ie!

Ah, mis-er-ie! (She)

*dances across R. and back to R. C.*

**Angela:** Ah, Patience, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! (*All sigh.*)

**Patience:** (*C.*) But the truly happy always seem to have so much on their minds. The truly happy never seem quite well.

**Jane:** (*coming L.C.*) There is a transcendentality of delirium — an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy — which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is *not* indigestion — it is æsthetic transfiguration! (*to the others*) Enough of babble. Come!

**Patience:** (*stopping her as she turns to go up C.*) But stay, I have some news for you. The 35th Dragoon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

**Angela:** The 35th Dragoon Guards!

**Saphir:** They are fleshly men, of full habit!

**Ella:** We care nothing for Dragoon Guards!

**Patience:** But, bless me, you were all engaged to them a year ago!

**Saphir:** A year ago!

**Angela:** My poor child, you don't understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our preceptions exalted. (*to the others*) Come, it is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door!

(*Angela leading, the Ladies go off, two and two, Jane last, over the drawbridge into the castle, singing refrain of "Twenty love-sick maidens", and, as before, accompanying themselves on harps, etc. Patience watches them in surprise, and, with a gesture of complete bafflement, climbs the rock and goes off the way she entered.*)

Bunthorne: Very good. Life is henceforth a blank. I don't care what becomes of me. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though *you* despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young ladies.

Patience: I only ask that you leave me and never renew the subject.

Bunthorne: Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. (*Goes up-stage, suddenly turns and recites.*)

"Oh, to be wafted away,  
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,  
Where the dust of an earthy today  
Is the earth of a dusty tomorrow!"

It is a little thing of my own. I call it "Heart Foam". I shall not publish it. Farewell! Patience, Patience, farewell! (*Exit Bunthorne.*)

Patience: What on earth does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? (*going R.*) He's not a relation! It frightens me!

(*Enter Angela, L.*)

Angela: Why, Patience, what is the matter?

Patience: Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?

Angela: Poor blind child! Oh, forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement! It is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

Patience: Oh, dear, oh! (*beginning to cry*)

Angela: Why are you crying?

Patience: To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn't it?

Angela: Absolutely! Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love! Oh, try, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

Patience: I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

Angela: Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

Patience: Yes, one.

Angela: Ah! Whom?

Patience: My great-aunt—

Angela: Great-aunts don't count.

Patience: Then there's nobody. At least—no, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But *that* doesn't count, I suppose.

Angela: I don't know. Tell me all about it.



*(They go off in low spirits, R.U.E., gazing back*

tract a Sil-ver Churn! *a tempo*

*ff*

*at him from time to time.*

Grosvenor: At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests! *(Goes R.)*

*(Enter Patience, L. Stops L.C. on seeing Grosvenor.)*

Grosvenor: *(Turns and sees her.)* Patience!

Patience: I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?

Grosvenor: Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime—*(seizing her hand)*

Patience: *(indignantly)* Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! *(He releases her.)* If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's! *(very tenderly)* But you *do* love me, don't you?

Grosvenor: Madly, hopelessly, despairingly!

Patience: That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

Grosvenor: And you love this Bunthorne?

Patience: With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings! *(sadly)* It is my duty.

Grosvenor: Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?

Patience: Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

Grosvenor: That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

Patience: But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald; I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

Grosvenor: Ah, if I only dared— *(advancing towards her)*

Patience: Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! *(tenderly)* Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is so unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

Grosvenor: Loving! *(advancing toward her)*

Patience: Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! *(tenderly)* Farewell, Archibald! *(sternly)* Stop there! *(tenderly)* Think of me sometimes! *(angrily)* Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

*(Grosvenor sighs, gazes sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and exits, R. She bursts into tears.)*