

## No. 4.

## SONG—Patience.

PATIENCE.

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

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

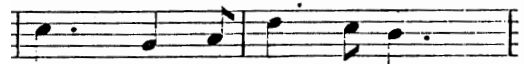
maid,                      Tell - ing a tale of wrong,                      Tell - ing of hope be - tray'd.  
 frown,                      Yield - ing your own self - will,                      Laugh - ing your tear - drops down,

Tun'd to each chang - ing note,                      Sor - ry when he is sad, . . .                      Blind to his ev - 'ry  
 Ne - ver a sel - fish whim,                      Trou - ble or pain to stir; . . .                      E - ve - ry - thing for

mote,                      Mer - - ry when he is glad!                      Mer - - ry when he . . is glad! . . .  
 him,                      No - - thing at all for her!                      No - - thing at all . . for her! . . .

*rall.*

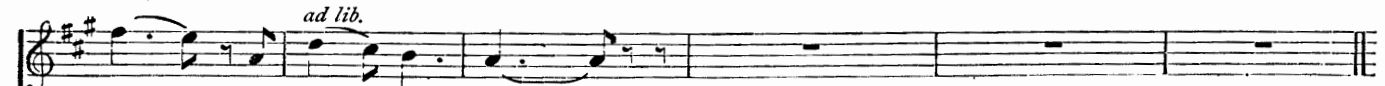
*rall.*



Love that no wrong can cure,  
Love that will aye en-dure,



Love that is al-ways new, } That is the love that's pure, That . . . . . is the  
Though the re-wards be few, }



love, . . . the love . . . that's true! . . . . (Exit PATIENCE, weeping.)

