Love came to me, gay and tender, Love came to me, sweet surrender;

Love came to me, In bright romantic splendor.

Fickle was she, faithful never; Fickle was she, and clever,

So will it be forever, forever,

Softly as in a morning sunrise, The light of love comes

stealing Into a new-born day, oh!
Flaming with all the glow of sunrise, A burning kiss is sealing The vow that all betray. For the passions that

thrill love And lift you high to heaven, Are the passions that

kill love And let you fall to hell! So ends each story.

Softly, as in an evening sunset, The light that gave you glory Will take it all away.