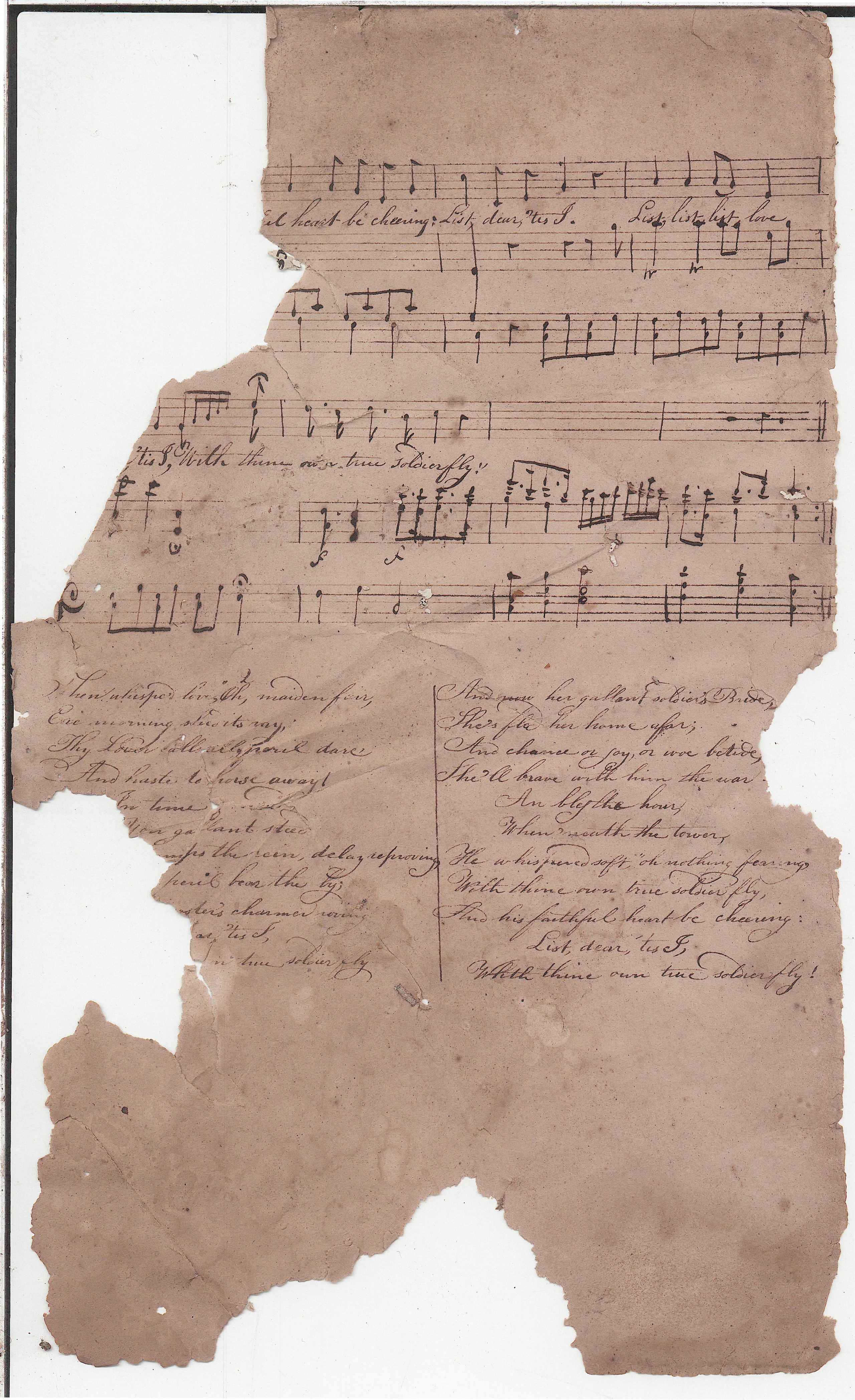
Then whispered low, "Oh, maiden fair,
Ere morning dawn its ray,
Thy Lover all alone shall dare
And haste to bear away!
In time
Your gallant steed
Leaps the rein, delay reproving
Shall bear the fly;
Lover's charmer roving
Dear, 'tis I,
With thine own true soldier fly
And now her gallant soldier's Bride,
She's fled her home afar;
And chance or joy, or woe betide,
She'll brave with him the war.
An blythe hour,
When beneath the tower,
He whispered soft, "oh nothing fearing,
With thine own true soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering:
List, dear, 'tis I,
With thine own true soldier fly!