OH, HO ! MY AIRY, FAIRY MAID !- THE COMMANDANT.

Oh, ho ! My airy, fairy maid, So winsome and so pretty ; You must not be by this dismayed, But listen to my ditty. The lad you love is but a boy Who worships cards and wine ; His only hope's the moment's joy—

Forget him, and—be mine !

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CHORUS.

I am the Commandant, while he Is but a raw recruit,— A general, and K. G. to-be, So listen to my suit.

COM. AND MAIDENS. I am He is} the Commandant, while he Is but a raw recruit,— A general and K. G. to-be, So listen to {my his} suit.

I cannot bring my youth again From out the buried Past, With all its joy and sin and pain, Nor hold the Present fast; But I can give you better far Than youth or regal throne— A heart that glows, in peace or war, With love that's all your own !

CHO. COM. AND MAIDENS. I am, etc.

THOUGH THOU COULD'ST OFFER.-NELLIE.

Ah ! Love comes not at our desire, Nor turn's his ear to Wisdom's word :
He fills the trembling breast with fire And naught but Passion's tones are heard.
He bends the will, he thrills the heart, He gives the dying spirit breath ;
Though harshest Fate may tear apart The twain that love—Love conquers death.

I would not wound thee for a throne, Nor cause thine honest eye to weep; But, ah ! my heart is not mine own— Is not mine own to give or keep. Though thou could'st offer name and fame, Were half the world at thy command, My answer still should be the same,— My heart is in another's hand.