

What have I then to fear?
 When hourly do I hear
 All nature praise thee, love;
 And ever shall my song,
 With passion wild and strong,
 Be of thy charms, my love.

"Oh! sir, that is my lady's song.
 Alas; her grief's so wild and strong,
 I fear we will not have her long;
 The kindest mistress o'er us here.
 She is so kind, she is so fair,
 There's no one that you can compare
 Her to, except our Lady dear.
 Count Conrad, cruel brute he is,
 Has stolen her away, I wis,
 From some poor outlaw'd Saxon knight,
 Who's got enough to do to fight,
 To keep his head from conquering foes,
 Without redressing ladies' woes."

"And can I see, my pretty maid,
 This lady fair you talk about?
 For if there's grief to be allayed,
 'Tis music, not the warlike shout
 Of raging lord and he who dares
 To meddle with a knight's affairs,
 'Tis music that alone can bring
 Forth love, and that you hear I sing."

"Nay, nay, old man, the Count has said
 That no man living shall be wed
 To Lady Ella save himself.
 Besides, his orders were, that none
 Should be admitted to her room,
 Except himself and Wolfenspun,
 His ugly ill-bred German groom."

"Count Conrad never knew that I
 Should at this time be passing by.
 A minstrel, as you see, I roam;
 No place call I my cherished home.
 To knights I sing of war's alarms,
 And of their fathers' feats of arms,
 And of the battles they have won.
 But to their dames my rebel tongue
 Will sing of love, that soft sweet spell,
 That ladies only know too well;