

For see, yon knight is coming !
 He rideth hard and fast,
 And of thy girlish freedom
 This day may be the last !
 Look up, look up, dear Zynthia,
 The glorious stars so bright,
 Are rivalled by the splendor,
 Of your glowing orbs to-night ,
 Your cheeks are like twin roses,
 Whose smiles so sweetly play,
 I fain would be the lover
 To pluck those sweets away ;
 And your laugh so like the ringing
 Of silver bells in June,
 The heart must be a-weary
 It could not keep in tune !
 Awake, awake, dear Zynthia !
 The time for dreaming dreams
 Is past and gone forever,
 In the light of young love's beams ;
 And the flowers of girlish friendship
 Will droop and fade away,
 In the newly dawning glory
 Of love's awakening day ;
 Your soul's best room make ready,
 Love comes—he cannot wait ;
 E'en now—your blushes tell me—
 He's knocking at the gate !
 Ah ! bonny, bonny, Zynthia,
 The breath of orange flowers
 Comes sweetly wafted to thee,
 In love's enchanting hours !