

"My dearest love! and is that you?
 I thought to find, believe 'tis true,
 You safe and sound asleep in bed.
 What could have put in that fair head
 The thought of sitting up so late,
 As if you waited for your mate?
 Ah! what is that? a signal sure!
 Ho! varlets, guards at ev'ry door;
 No Saxon churl shall enter here
 To carry off my sweet, my dear,
 My pretty songster from her lord,
 So long as I can wield a sword."

"Nay, nay, Sir Count, no signal this;
 And as to Saxon churls, I wis,
 None will attempt to come near here,
 They know too well Count Conrad's cheer."

"It may be so, but still I fear
 It is some signal, Ella dear.....
 The night is dark, the terrace cool,
 Too long have I been made your fool;
 Come, get your hood, to-night you'll find
 It is not well to be unkind
 To Conrad, Count of Epinal.
 For I have sworn by great and small,
 By God and imp, by saint and knave,
 By monk's sad tomb, by Death's cold grave,
 By fondest love, and fiercest hate,
 That I shall now no longer wait
 Upon your whims. Come, let us walk
 Upon the terrace, where to talk
 Beneath pale Cynthia's misty light
 Is sweetest pleasure of the night.
 I too have sworn that, by my head,
 To-night to me you shall be wed."

"Sir Count, you know I said last night
 That never would my troth I plight
 To you, and e'er I share your bed
 I would be numbered with the dead.
 My hood I cannot find beside,
 So here I stay whate'er betide."

"Now come you shall, my pretty hind,
 And, since your hood you cannot find,
 Without one come, for never mind
 A cold chill killing you, ha, ha!
 The grave-yard is not very far."