

The fair one loved the flatterer best,
She lightly turned away :
" Sir Knight, my choice is wisely made,
I cannot bid you stay."

He met his haughty rival's smile
Of triumph and delight ;
Then from the morning presence dear,
He passed into the night.

Where swords flashed high on battle field
He won a glorious name ;
The valiant theme of countless lips,
The trumpet sound of fame.

Supported on a soldier's breast,
He breathed away his life ;
While happy visions of the past
Rose 'mid the war's wild strife.

He saw again his native home.
The cottage and the vine ;
And all the merry vintage cheer—
His home upon the Rhine.