

Run down, run down, you tiny sand,
I wish to join my Oscar's band,
My Oscar waits.

"Oh! will this tiresome sand stand still!
And will that lower glass ne'er fill!
And must I linger here, when more
Than two long hours have passed, I'm sure!
Oh! if Count Conrad saw the light,
And found me dressed for instant flight,
And if this signal caught his eye,
What should I do? I'm sure I'd die."

Wink, taper, wink, my love
Is waiting for me now,
Fond passion in his eye,
And care upon his brow;
In harness bound he stands beside
His gallant charger's heaving side.
He waits the hour! he waits the hour!

Wink, taper, wink, your light
Must tell my Oscar's band,
Who, hidden by the night,
Are waiting close at hand,
That Ella is prepared to flee
From these wild knights of Normandy.
She waits the hour! she waits the hour!

Wink, taper, wink, the bride
Must seek her warmest hood,
And hasten to the side
Of Oscar, brave and good;
Then, wink, my taper, wink and tell
My Oscar that it all goes well.
And 'tis the hour! and 'tis the hour!

"Right glad am I at length the last
Small grain of sand the bridge has past;
And now, my Oscar, come and free
Your Ella from the misery
Of cruel Norman tyranny.
There stand the three long tapers now,
They will the right room plainly show.
Come, Oscar, come. Your Ella waits,
And opens wide her arms, the gates
To love, so strong and deep and wild.
Who's that? the Count! I see 'tis will'd
I never shall escape from him.
What made him come the very time
I was preparing for my flight?
I hope he won't perceive the light!"