

CANTO VI.

"Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He, with vine crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best."
 WM. COLLINS—*'The Passions.'*

'Twas midnight, and a taper bright
 Was lighting up the darksome night,
 And Ella sat in great affright,
 Lest something should befall her knight.
 Upon the window brightly shone
 The taper's light, there was but one,
 But two it seemed, the black-robed night
 Reflected back the taper's light.
 Fair Ella eagerly gazed on
 The hour-glass' sand as it ran down,
 And wond'ring, wondered all the more
 At what she'd never watched before—
 The tiny sand run trickling down,
 Without a stop, without a sound.

"How slowly it runs down," she cried,
 This trembling, pretty, eager bride,
 "How slowly it runs down, I'm sure
 The half-hour's past, and yet there's more
 Than half the sand still in the glass!
 When will it end? No hour has past
 So slowly as this hour seems to.
 Whatever should I have to do,
 If Conrad comes to seek me, when
 My Oscar's here and all his men?"

Run down, run down, you tiny sand,
 There's darkness over all the land,
 My Oscar waits.

Run down, and hurry on the hour,
 E'en let old Time so darkly low'r,
 My Oscar waits.

Run down, all eager here to come
 To bear me to a distant home,
 My Oscar waits.

The stars are shining bright o'erhead,
 The moon you see has gone to bed,
 My Oscar waits.