

"What do you mean? and who are you?
 And what is it I have to do?"
 Fair Ella cried, but all she heard
 Was one soft spoken little word—
 '*To-night.*'

"A wand'ring minstrel I,
 Who happened to be passing by,
 And hearing that your heart was sad,
 And that you once a true love had,
 I sought admission, that I might
 Attempt to make your heart more light."
 Then, taking her soft hand in his,
 And, as he knelt to give a kiss,
 He placed therein a tablet small,
 Unseen by all within the hall.
 And bidding her farewell once more
 He hurried through the open door.
 Upon the tablet there was writ—
 'At midnight, near the window sit,
 And place therein a taper tall,
 And, when the hour-glass' sand doth fall,
 Place there two more, for have no fear,
 Sir Oscar and his men are near.
 Make ready then to seek retreat
 Where honeysuckles bloom so sweet,
 Where noble oaks fair shadows make,
 For to the woods our way we take,
 And over hill and over dale,
 Until we gain that pleasant vale,
 Where Ulf will be well pleased to see
 His niece once more at liberty.'

