

To those who weep some distant lord  
 I sing of Constancy's reward,  
 And show them how the brave will come,  
 And bring his hard-won laurels home;  
 To those whom Grief, that tyrant grim,  
 Has caused their eyes in tears to swim,  
 I sing of love, and rest at last  
 To all, when Life's rough journey's past.  
 So therefore let me see, fair maid,  
 This charming bride. Be not afraid!  
 I'll only seek to cheer her heart,  
 And that I'll do e'er I depart."

His suasive manner was so strong,  
 That Clotilde did not hold out long,  
 But led him by a devious stair  
 To where the bower maidens were;  
 And in their midst fair Ella sat,  
 Unmindful of their girlish chat,  
 Their laughter gay, their smiling eyes,  
 But wrapped her soul in tears and sighs.  
 The minstrel bent upon his knee,  
 And as he kissed the lady's hand,  
 "Sore grieved am I," he said, "to see  
 The fairest flow'ret in the land  
 Thus bowed down with misery."  
 And then he struck his harp and sung  
 These stirring words, which round her flung  
 A halo of delight, for she  
 Knew well the soothing melody.

Weep on, weep on, for well you know,  
 Your Oscar would not treat you so;  
 But he will come with all his band,  
 And save you from a tyrant's hand.

Weep on, weep on, fair Beauty's bride,  
 What if from you a wall divide  
 Your liberty! for Oscar's sword  
 Knows how to strike as well as ward.

Weep on, weep on, for in the wood,  
 Where lovely Ella often stood,  
 Who knows but that Sir Oscar's band  
 Are hiding? and are near at hand?

Weep on, weep on, and see you do  
 What I shall soon have told to you;  
 For know that then no more you'll see  
 Sad grieving sorrow's misery.