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Hark! Hark! at length he's coming,
I am not weary. let me stay,
I hear his laugh distinctly now,
'Twill chase the gloom away.
Oh! would that I were near him,
He sees me not amid the crowd,
He hears me not... Ah would I dared,
'To breathe his name aloud.
Oh! when they &c.

2

He leaves that group of triflers, And with the smile I love to see,

3

2

- He seems to seek for some one______ O! it is not for me!
- No, no! 'tis for that dark eyed girl, I see her now return his glance,
- He passes me__ he takes her hand___ He leads her to the dance! Oh! when they &c.