Words by HATTIE ANDERSON.

Allegretto

Music by FRANK M. WITMARK.

Tempo di Valse

Songs are sung, praises rung, of the Knights of old,

How they sighed, how they died, Poets oft

have told, One we know, long ago, Who, with

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hon – or bright, Saved the crown and bride of

Zenda's King, Imprisoned on his coro – na – tion night, Tall and slight, was this Knight, both in form and

face, Strangely like to Zenda's King, Was
crowned in that monarch's place, The Knught's bride, woe be-

-tide, Loved the Knight as her rightful lord,

While he, in turn, the King's fiancée madly a-

dored.
Princess Flavia, Queen of my heart,

Tell me not that we two must part,

Say you love me, bid me abide,

Princess Flavia, be my bride!
You I love, all above, To the

King I belong! You are the ruler of my heart, and

that King can do no wrong, So go! I command you straightway depart!

Fare thee well! King of my heart, King of my heart! Far went
he o'er the sea, To a foreign land, Left his love, blight-ed dove, In that palace, grand, This brave Knight, strong in right, Saved the crown and bride, Of Zenda's King, imprisoned on his coronation night, Zenda! Zenda! King!