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The Monks of Old

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THE MONKS

OF OLD.

Many have told of the monks of old,
 What a saintly race they were ;
 But, 'tis more than true that a merrier crew
 Could not be found elsewhere ;
 For they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaff'd
 And lived on the daintiest fare.

And then they would jest at the love confessed
 By many an artless maid,
 And what hopes and fears they had breathed in the ears
 Of those who had sought their aid :
 And they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
 And they told of each love-sick jade.

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
 Was the heartiest of them all ;
 And would take his place with a smiling face,
 When refecton bell would call ;
 Then they sung and laughed and the rich wine quaffed,
 'Till they shook the olden wall.

Then, say what they will, we'll drink to them still,
 For a jovial band they were ;
 And 'tis most true that a merrier crew
 Could not be found elsewhere ;
 For they sung and laughed and the rich wine quaffed,
 And lived on the daintiest cheer.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.



LOVE'S REVEALING.

(Sung by Madlle. Jenny Lind.)

WOULDST thou know, me gentle maiden ?
 Hark ! my name is uttered low
 At eventide, when, perfume-laden,
 South-winds o'er the gardens blow.
 Hear their accents, soft and low ;
 Listen ! Listen!
 Hear their accents, soft and low.

In every child of Nature here ;
 In every voice of Heaven above ;
 In words of Pity, Friendship dear ;
 In Beauty's soul, I live and move.
 Maiden, my name is Love !
 Listen, Listen,
 Maiden, for my name is Love !