

THE MONKS OF OLD.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

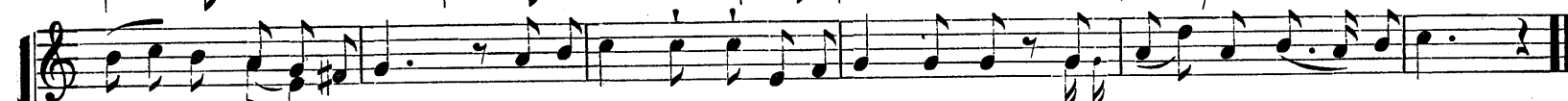
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1. Ma-ny have told of the monks of old, What a saint - ly race they were, But 'tis more true that a
 2. And then they would jest at the love con - fess'd By ma - ny an art - less maid, And what hopes and fears they had
 3. And the Ab-bot meek, with his . . form so sleek, Was the hearti-est of them all; And would take his place with a
 4. Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still, For a jo - vial band they were! And 'tis most true that a



mer - ri - er crew Could scarce be found else-where! For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And
 breath'd in the ears Of those who had sought their aid! And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, As they
 smi - ling face, When re - fec - tion bell would call! When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, Till they
 mer - ri - er crew Could not be found else-where! For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And



liv'd on the dain-ti - est cheer! For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer!
 told of each love - sick jade! And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! As they told of each love - sick jade!
 shook the old - en wall! And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! Till they shook the old - en wall!
 liv'd on the dain-ti - est cheer! For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer!

