

Hope the Hermit

Once in a blythe green - - wood Lived a
her-mit wise and good Whom the folks from far and near
For his coun - - cil sought, Know - ing
well that what he taught The drear-i - est of hearts would cheer.
Though his hair was white His
eye was clear and bright, And he thus was ev - er wont to say:
"Though to care we are born, Yet the



dull - est morn Of - ten her - alds in the fair - est day!"
Once in a blythe greenwood
Lived a hermit wise and good
Whom the folks from far and near
For his council sought,
Knowing well that what he taught
The dreariest of hearts would cheer.
Though his hair was white
His eye was clear and bright,
And he thus was ever wont to say:
Though to care we are born,
Yet the dullest morn
Often heralds in the fairest day!"

"The very longest lane,
Has a turning, it is plain,
E'en the blackest of clouds will fly:
And what can't be cured
Must with patience be endured:
As cheaply can we laugh as cry."
And people gazed,
At words so deep amazed,
While the Sage went on to say:
"Though to care (etc)

Pray, is the hermit dead?
From the forest has he fled?
No, he lives to counsel all
Who an ear will lend
To their wisest, truest friend,
And Hope the Hermit's name they call.
Still he sits, I ween,
'Mid branches ever green,
And cheerly you may hear him say:
"Though to care (etc)