

Old Funeral "Haunted"

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When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line in the pale of moonshine

He walks from all to hall
His form you may trace, but not his face
'tis shadowed by his cowl
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between
And they seem of a parted soul

Say nought to thim as he walks the hall
And he'll say nought to you

He sweeps along in his dusky pall

As o'er the grass the dew
Then gramercy for the black friar
Heaven sain him, fair no foul

And whatsoe'er may be his prayer
Let ours be for his soul

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