

plight - ed her young troth, and scoff'd at his fears, Singing,

"Love is a coward that swims not in tears. Bold Trou - ba - dour—

Of this be sure, Our saint se - cure, is ..... Saint A - mour!"

*Colla Voce.*

*Repeat the Symphony.*

They met at the altar, one wan winter night,  
 And his cheek, like its snow-wreaths, was smileless and  
 white;  
 But she flung him her mantle, and scoff'd at the cold,  
 Singing, "Love is bright heritage, won by the bold.  
 Young Troubadour, be all secure:  
 Our Patron sure, is Saint Amour!"

The sire vow'd a feud; but the lover, more sage,  
 Left his bride and his viol, for far pilgrimage.  
 But the lady laugh'd gaily, "No husband for me,  
 That can woo like the fox,—like the leveret, flee.  
 Go, Troubadour; for thee, be sure,  
 No other lure, hath young Amour!"