

Second Edition

The Minstrel's returned from the war

AS SUNG BY

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Written & Composed by

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ANIMATO

Cres.

f *p* *f* Dolce.

The Minstrel's return'd from the war, With

f *f*

spirits as buoyant as air; And thus on his tune-ful gui-tar, He

sings in the bow'r of his fair, He sings in the bow'r of his fair, The

f

noise of the battle is o - - - ver, The bugle no more calls to arms; A

soldier no more, but a lo - - - ver, I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms! Sweet

Dolce.

f

Dolce.

lady, dear lady! I'm thine I bend to the ma - gic of beauty; Tho' the

helmit and ban - ner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to
duty.

2

The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,
 She blush'd, sigh'd and hung down her head;
 'Till conquered she fell on his breast,
 And thus to the happy youth said;
 "The bugle shall part us, love never,
 My bosom thy pillow shall be;
 'Till death tears thee from me forever,
 Still faithful, I'll perish with thee!"

3 Sweet lady &c.

But fame called the youth to the field,
 His banner wav'd over his head;
 He gave his guitar for a shield,
 But soon he laid low with the dead:
 While she o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu;
 "I die while my country defending,
 With heart to my lady love true.
 "O! death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
 I tear off the roses of beauty;
 For the grave of my hero is mine,
 He died true to love and to duty!"