

Second Edition

# The Minstrel's returned from the war

AS SUNG BY

Mr. C. W. Taylor.

Written & Composed by

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**ANIMATO**

Cres. *f* *p* *f* Dolce.

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

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics 'sings in the bow'r of his fair, He sings in the bow'r of his fair, The'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'f' is present at the end of the system.

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

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'noise of the battle is o- - - ver, The bugle no more calls to arms; A'. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and a steady bass line. A dynamic marking 'f' is visible at the end of the system.

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

The third system has the vocal line with lyrics 'soldier no more, but a lo- - - ver, I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms! Sweet'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking 'f' is present at the end of the system, and the word 'Dolce.' is written above the vocal line.

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

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'lady, dear lady! I'm thine I bend to the ma-gic of beauty; Tho' the'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent chordal texture in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

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.  
 "Oht 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!"