

SING, SWEET MINSTREL.

Come, sing, sweet minstrel, sing away ;
Come, sing a song at close of day ;
Sing whilst the moon unveils her light,
And stars once more appear to sight.

Come, chant away
The dying day
In one incessant lay.

Take up the red-breast's wooing song,
And wake the slumbering feathered throng ;
Be their sweet notes eclipsed by thee
In volleys of vocal minstrelsy.

Grant them to hear
Their own compeer
In songs of vocal cheer.

Let night-winds waft thy notes along
On airy wings. Thy grateful song
Will cheer the home-bound man of toil,
And heal like draughts of sacred oil ;
And all that hear,
Both far and near,
Thy hallowed praise shall cheer.

The fringed twilight sinks apace,
The evening star is in the chase ;
Distant waterfalls are heard,
Forests hum by night winds stirred.
Then sing, and say,
Farewell to day,
In one enraptured lay.