

LYRICS.

THE MINSTREL.

Gentle hearts, O come and listen
To the wandering minstrel's strain,
Lend to him an ear that's willing,
Or he sings to you in vain.

He has built, by hope invited,
Found her promises untrue,
'Mid the ruins of her temple
Sat him down and wept like you.

Life to him was once an Eden
Filled with lovely, laughing flowers,
But like you he has been driven
Far away from her green bowers.