



Engraving by J. Penniman, No. 152 Market St. Baltimore.

"The Cavalier"
RODE ON HIS
COAL BLACK STEED."

Written, composed & dedicated

TO HIS FRIEND

Mr. Howard,
BY

JOHN H. HEWITT.



Published by John Cole, Baltimore.

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ALLEGRETTO

MAESTOSO.



The Ca—valier rode on his coal-black steed, Nor forests, nor streams could his course impede; Three

long years had pass'd since the blissful hour, He kiss'd a fair hand in yon lordly bow'r. The

war-din was, o'er the trumpet was mute, And no sound could he hear but the notes of a lute; He

rein'd up his steed, and soon was the fall Of his heavy foot heard in the Cas-tle hall.

Dolce
Fair ——— est and fondest! thy soft voice I hear, 'Tis



2.

"Oh! haste ye away!" cried the lady in fear,
 "My bridal feast's o'er and my lord is near;
 "They said that you fell on the field of the slain,
 "That I never, oh! never should see you again?
 "Thou false one! tis done," the cavalier cried,
 And he scornfully look'd on the face of the bride,
 "Fame's laurels I've won — there's honour for me,
 "But my harvest of glory is never for thee.
 "Fairest and falsest! the moment is near,
 "When vengeance shall come from the true Cavalier!"

3.

He sought the proud lord where revelry rung,
 Where nobles pledged high and gray minstrels sung,
 And straight on the floor his gauntlet he threw,
 'Mid the scornful laugh and the loud halloo.
 The gauntlet was seized, and the bridegroom proud
 Found his nuptial garments his funeral shroud —
 The bright morning dawn'd — the Knight was away,
 And his steed prick'd his ears when he chaunted his lay—
 "Fairest and falsest! thou'st nothing to fear,
 "The Camp is the home of the true Cavalier!"