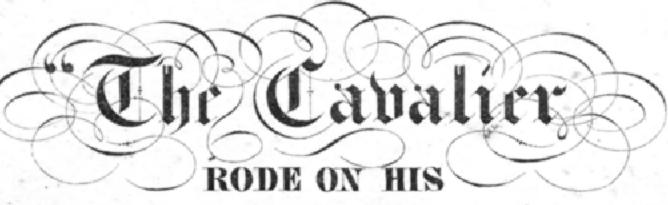


Lithog, of J. Penniman No. 52 Market St. Baket



COAL BLACK STEED."

Mitten, composed of dedicated



OF COMENTAL SHEET OF THE ST.

Published by John Cole, Baltimore.











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!"

1048

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