



### The Cavalier.

It was a beautiful night,  
 And the stars shone bright,  
 And the moon on the waters played,  
 When a gay cavalier,  
 To a bower drew near,  
 A lady to serenade,  
 To tenderest words  
 He swept the cords,  
 While many a sigh breathed he,  
 And o'er and o'er,  
 He fondly swore,  
 Sweet maid I love but thee,  
 Sweet maid, sweet maid,  
 Sweet maid I love but thee.

He raised his eye,  
 To the lattice high,  
 While fondly he breathed his hopes.  
 With amazement he sees,  
 Swing about, in the breeze,  
 Already, a ladder of ropes,  
 Up, up, he has gone,  
 The bird has flown!  
 "What's this on the ground?" quoth he,  
 It is plain that she loves—  
 Here's some gentlemen's gloves,  
 And they never belonged to me  
 These gloves, these gloves,  
 They never belonged to me.

You all would have thought  
 He'd have followed and fought,  
 That being the duelling age,  
 But this gay cavalier,  
 Quit scorned the idea,  
 Of putting himself in a rage,  
 More wise by far,  
 He put up his guitar,  
 And as homewards he went sung he,  
 When a lady elopes,  
 Down a ladder of ropes,  
 She may go to Hong Kong for me,  
 She may go, she may go,  
 She may go to Hong Kong for me.

(68.)



### Katty Darling.

The flowers are blooming, Katty darling,  
 And the birds are singing on each tree,  
 Never mind your mother's cruel snarling;  
 My love, you know I'm waiting for thee.

The sun is sweetly smiling—  
 With his face so clear and bright,  
 Haste to your lover, Katty darling  
 Ere the morning will change to night.  
 Katty, Katty,

The flowers are blooming, &c.  
 Meet me in the valley, Katty darling,  
 When the moon is shining o'er the sea,  
 Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty darling,  
 And tales of love I'll tell to thee.  
 When the twinkling stars are peeping,  
 Sure, thy eyes shine far from bright,  
 Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty darling,  
 And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night:  
 Katty, Katty,

The flowers are blooming, &c.  
 Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katty darling—  
 Then you say—you ne'er can be mine?  
 I've sworn by heaven, Katty darling,  
 That this heart, love, alone was thine!  
 The sun is sweetly shining—  
 With his face so clear and bright;  
 Oh, come to your lover, Katty darling,  
 Ere the morning change to night.  
 Katty, Katty,  
 The flowers are blooming, &c.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

