Cavalier's Song.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGELANDER.

Allegro.

Voice.

Princess.

I've a
to a

name that's known at Court, in both rumor and report, As a
de-moi-selle or Dame, Who for beauty has a name, I lay

Chorus

man who has a touchy disposition, I ad
siege and she is certain to surrender; surrender! I have

mit, I'm rather savage. And my enemies I ravage, Re
yet to see the coldness, That will never yield to Boldness, The

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Chorus.

venge I seek with greatest expedition; pedi- tion! O'er
proudest hus for me a smile that's ten-der, that's ten-der! So

all the British na-tion, I have made a re-pu-ta-tion As a
morn-ing, noon and night, I'm able To sit gen-tee-ly at the ta-bie, To

Chorus.

cava-lier who's fond of a du-elo; du- elo! With the
call for wine when comrades all are mel-low; are mel-low! At

slight-est cause for ac-tion, I de-mand full sa-tis-fac-tion, In
cards, I love a bat-tle, I a-dore the die-e's cat-tle, In
fact I am a dangerous sort of fellow; Such fellow! such fellow! a dangerous sort of man. Oh! with my cloak and sword and plumèd hat, They all may see I'm an aristocrat; I am always flirting,
All girls deserting, knowing neither care nor fear.
I'm full of swagger, fire and reckless dash.

I'm ever fond of all adventure rash. A desperado, full of bravado,
I am a typical
ca - va - lier,  Oh! with his cloak and sword and

plumed hat. They all may see he's an a - ris - to - crat,

he is al - ways flirt - ing, All girls de - sert - ing,

knowing neither care nor fear. He's full of
swag-ger, fire and reck-less dash; He's ev-er
fond of all ad-ven-ture rash, A des-per-
a-do Full of bra-van-do, he is a
ty-pi-cal Cava-lier.