

THE CAVALIER,



S O N G,

SUNG BY

M I S S P O O L E,

WRITTEN BY

W. H. BELLAMY,

COMPOSED BY

C H A S W. G L O V E R.

Guitar, 25 Cents, Nett.

Piano, 25 Cents, Nett.

"'T WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT."

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(THE CAVALIER.)

WORDS BY W.H. BELLAMY ESQ.

MUSIC BY CHARLES W. GLOVER.

In Moderate Time.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 6/8 time, marked 'In Moderate Time.' The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand, with dynamics ranging from *p* to *cres.*

The vocal melody enters in the second system, with the lyrics: "'Twas a beautiful night, the stars shone bright, And the

The piano accompaniment continues, with dynamics *sf*, *f*, and *ff* in the first part, and *p* in the second part.

The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "moon o'er the waters play'd, When a Cavalier to a bower drew near, A Lady to se - re -

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "- nade To tenderest words he swept the chords, And many a sigh breath'd he! While

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

o'er and o'er he fondly swore Sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet

maid! . . . sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet maid! . . . sweet

maid I love but thee.

cres.

He rais'd his eye to her lattice high While he softly breath'd his hopes, With a-

FASTER.

-mazement, he sees swing a - bout with the breeze, All ready, a ladder of ropes! Up

LENTO.

up he has gone, the Bird is flown! "What is this on the grownd?" quoth he! — "Oh it's

plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's gloves, She's off; and it's not with me?" For these

gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd to me. For these gloves, these

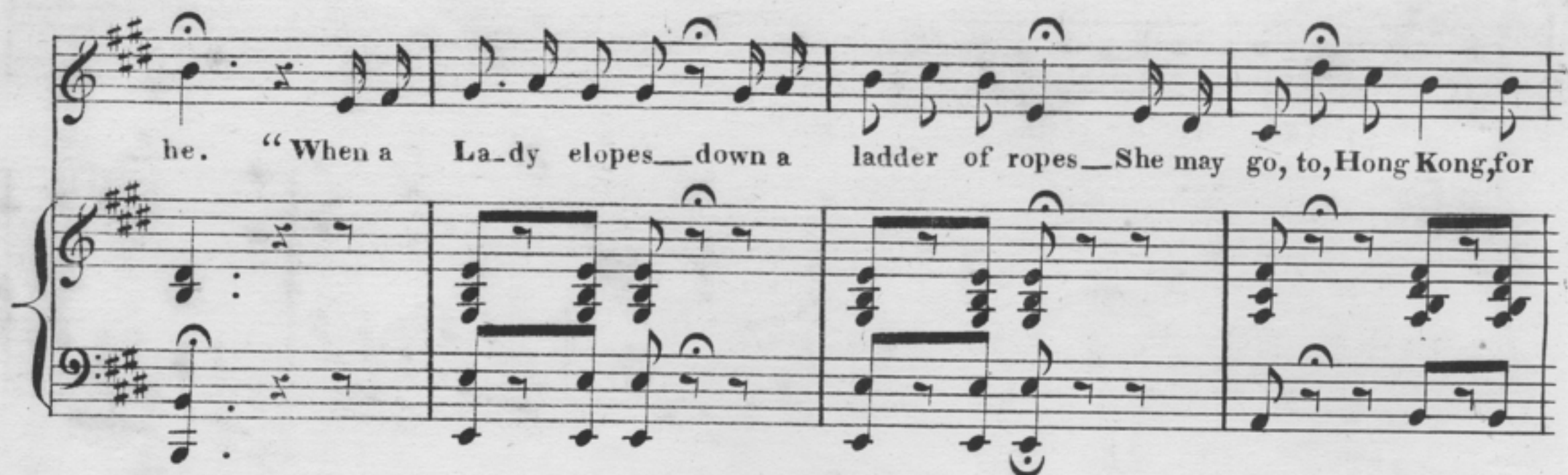
gloves, they never belong'd to me.

Of course, you'd have thought He'd have follow'd and fought, As

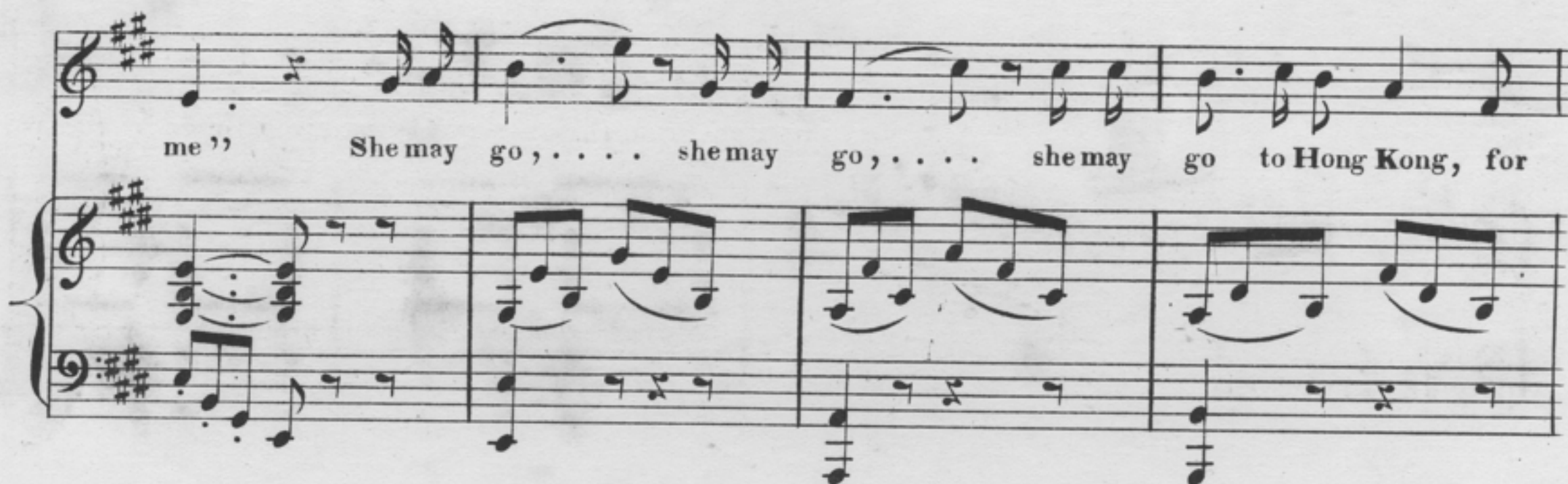
that was "a du-elling age", But this gay Ca-valier he quite scorn'd the i-dea Of

putting himself in a rage. More wise by far, he put up his Guitar; And as homeward he went, sung

he. "When a La-dy elopes—down a ladder of ropes—She may go, to, Hong Kong, for



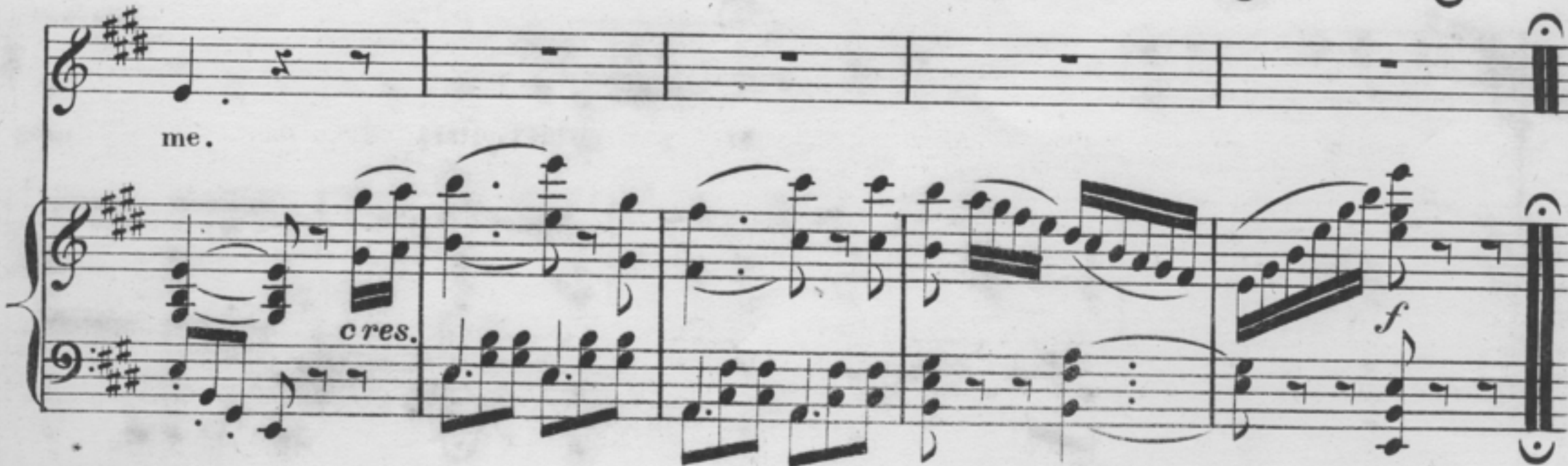
me" She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong, for



me. She may go, she may go, she may go, to Hong Kong for



me.



cres. *f*