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"THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY."



A True Cavalier.

Music by Harry Hood. Words by Captain Charles Eddie.

When troubles arise
Empty scabbards shall ring
For the love of bright eyes
Or the cause of the King.
Our silken purse strings
In the winds may blow free.
Gad! our "Angels" take wings,
For no niggards are we!
From the tip of my plume
To the spur on my heel
My honor I pledge
By this gauntlet of steel.
My blade, for the King,
I will draw with a cheer,
Then follow the lead
Of a true Cavalier.
And rumple the kerchiefs
Of Nellie and Sue.
Far beyond the blue main
Where the sun goes to rest
Their are homes for the brave
In the new Golden West.
We'll wreath with the Maple,
Our fair emblem's tree,
And weave a fair chaplet
To sweet Liberty!