The Spanish Cavalier

W.D. Hendrickson

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat. And
I'm off to the war, to the war I must go. To
And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return. A-

on his guitar played a tune, dear; The music so sweet, would
fight for my country and you, dear; But if I should fall, In
gain to my country and you, dear; But if I be slain, you may

oft times repeat the blessing of my country and you, dear. Oh,
vain I would call, the blessing of my country and you, dear.
seek me in vain, upon the battlefield you will find me.

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say, darling, say, when I'm far away, sometimes you may think of me dear;

Bright sunny days will soon fade away, remember what I say, and be true dear.