

THE COAL BLACK STEED.

AN ORIGINAL GLEE—WORDS BY

JOHN MOORE.

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The Knight is on his steed again,
To fields of war he's going,
The bride is at the castle gate,
And fast her tears are flowing ;
Well may they fall, the sudden call
To arms has surely tried her ;
She cries oh speed ! thou coal-black steed,
Bring safely home thy rider.

Then, after many tedious days,
She hears the fight is over,
She leaves her lonely bower again,
In hopes to meet her lover.
He comes ! he comes ! prepare his home,
And ope the portals wider ;
And speed ! oh speed ! thou coal-black steed,
Bring safely home thy rider.

She hears the tramp of horses feet ;
Along the path she glances ;
And nearer still, upon the hill,
The trampling sound advances.
She rushes forth, but fainting falls,
The page kneels down beside her ;
She saw, indeed, the coal-black steed,
But he came without his rider.

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