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THE RIVAL CAVALIERS

SUNG BY

MISS POOL

WORDS BY

W. H. Bellamy

Composed by

CHARLES W. GLOVER

Cop. Sc.

25¢ net

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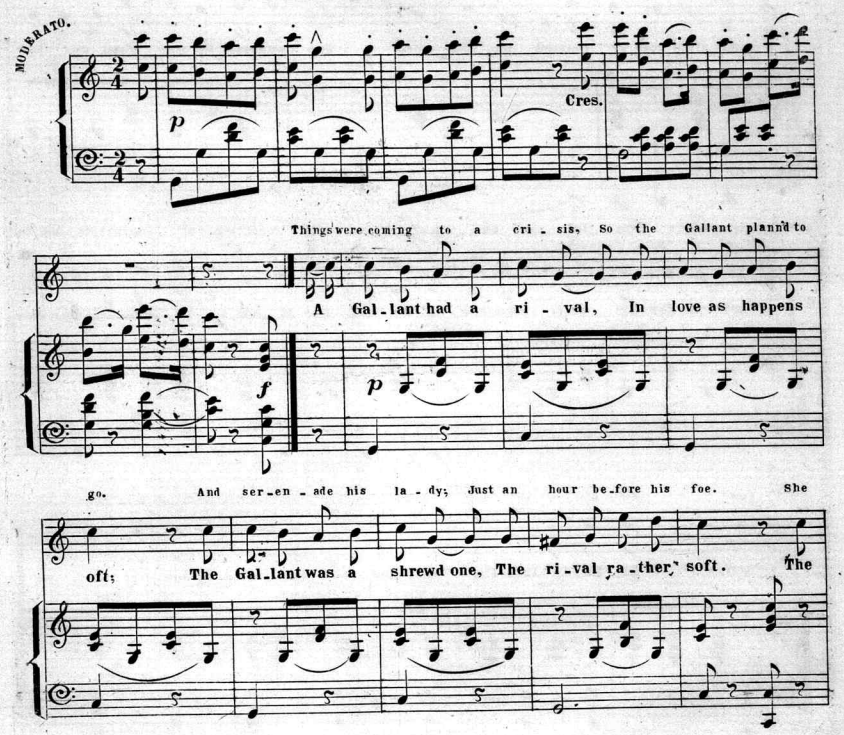
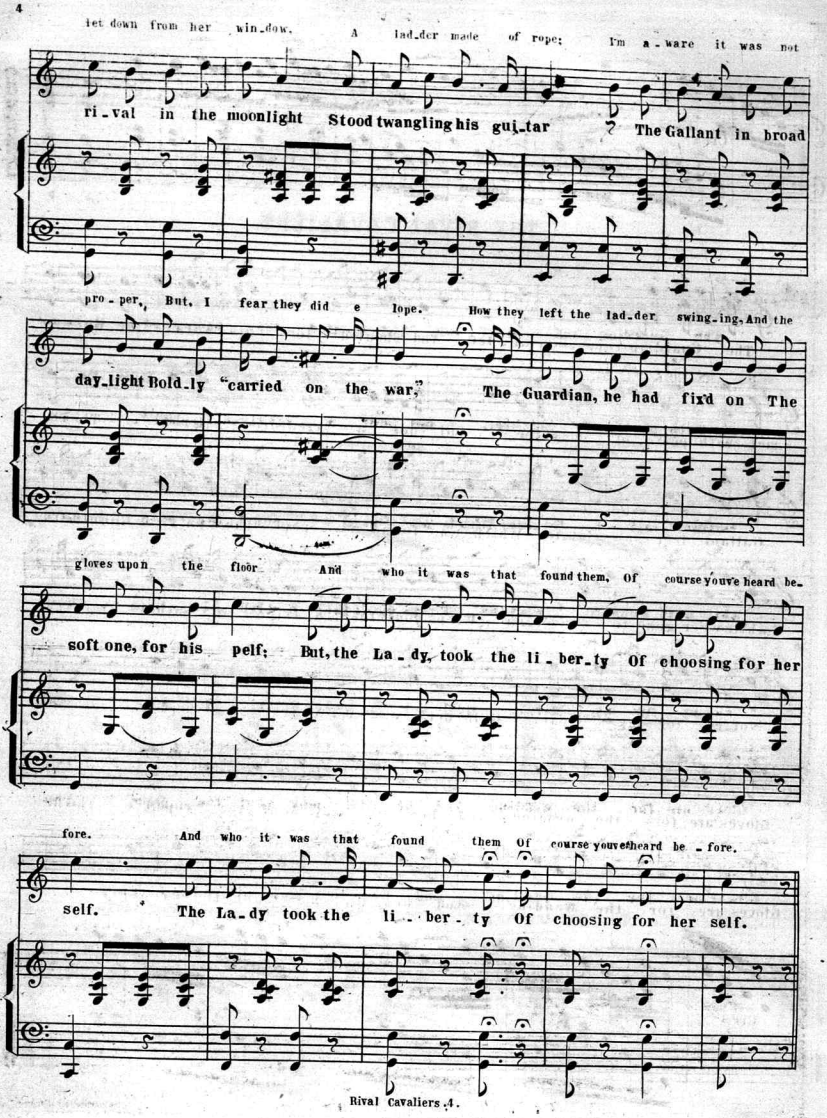
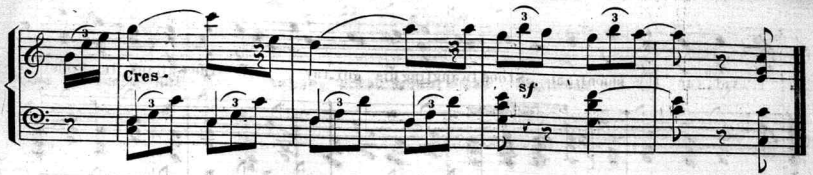
Words by W.H.Bellamy. Music by C.W.Glover.




let down from her win-dow. A lad-der made of rope; I'm a-ware it was not
ri-val in the moonlight Stood twangling his gui-tar The Gallant in broad
pro-per, But, I fear they did e lope. How they left the lad-der swing-ing, And the
day-light Bold-ly "carried on the war," The Guardian, he had fix'd on The
gloves upon the floor And who it was that found them, Of course you've heard be-
soft one, for his pelf; But, the La-dy, took the li-ber-ty Of choosing for her
fore. And who it was that found them Of course you've heard be-fore.
self. The La-dy took the li-ber-ty Of choosing for her self.



3rd Verse.

The Guardian came soon af - ter, And shouted for his ward, He was

met with peals of laughter, But not a creature stirr'd; The

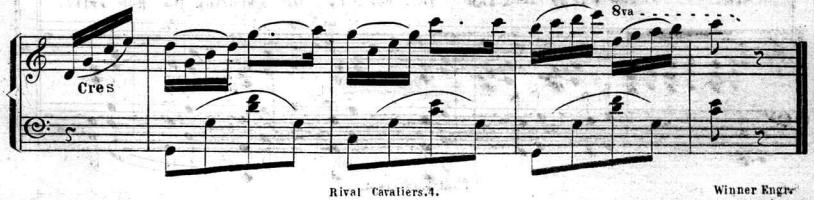
Gallant left a let-ter, Which was found u - - pon the path, Running

"while we'er gone to Gret-na P'raps you'll take a trip to Bath ps. Very

sor-ry for my rival, He'll get o - ver it I hope, The

'Gloves' are for the wedding, And he to may want the rope," The

Gloves are for the wedding, And he to may want the rope.



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