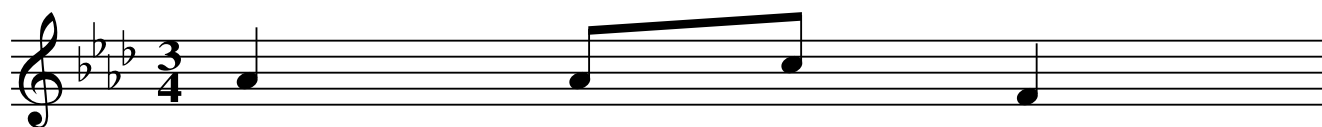


# Black Sir Harry



Black was his plume,



black was his shield, Bra-ver ne'er did faul-chion wield;



Showers of shafts would rat - - tle



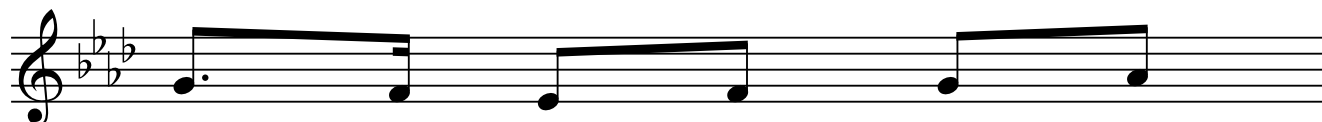
Round him in the bat-tle, Yet he knew not how to yield.



When a gal-lant foe lay con-quer'd on the plain,



Mer-cy from Sir Har-ry he'd ne'er ask in vain;



Con - - stant to his friends, what - -



e'er the cost he proved. None more faith-ful lived and loved.

Black was his plume, black was his shield,  
Braver ne'er did fauchion wield;  
Showers of shafts would rattle  
Round him in the battle,  
Yet he knew not how to yield.  
When a gallant foe lay conquered on the plain,  
Mercy from Sir Harry he'd ne'er ask in vain;  
Constant to his friends,  
Whate'er the cost he proved.  
None more faithful lived and loved.

Ay! though when he proudly went past,  
Sparkled many a lady's eye,  
Through that starry shower,  
To his dear one's bower  
He but made the fonder haste.  
Long the bard shall sing the praises of his fame,  
And in deathless verse preserve his noble name:  
Black Sir Harry, with the dark and sparkling eye,  
Like our song shall never die!