A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar play'd a tune, dear;
The music so sweet they'd oft-times repeat.
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

Chorus.
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.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall in vain, I would call
The blessing of my country and you, dear.-Chorus.

When the war is o'er to you I'll return.
Back to my country and you, dear;
But if I be slain, you may seek me in vain,
Upon the battle-field you will find me.-Chorus.