

THE GIPSEY GIRL  
OR  
Charlotte Stanley



WORDS BY  
CHA<sup>S</sup> JEFFREYS,  
Music by  
STEPHEN CLOVER

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*THE GIPSY CHAIR,*  
 OR  
*CHARLOTTE STANLEY*  
 (Written by)  
*Chas. Jeffreys Esq.*  
 Composed by  
*STEPHEN CLOVER.*

*G. Willig J. Baltimore.*

A Lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English Lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostance bride; and one day to the terror of her foster mother and betrothed husband, she could no where be found. It was known there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a gipsy, the Chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the Castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life, nor could she, although suffering many cruelties from her gipsy husband, ever be induced to abandon the roving life to which she had returned.

I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by a friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Precioso, and might make an interesting romance.

Kohl's England.

*Published by G. Willig J. Baltimore.*

Moderato con espressione.

PIANO.

1968

They wiled me from my greenwood home, They won me from the tent, And.

slightly they spake of scenes Where my young days were spent, They

dazzled me with halls of light, But tears would some times start, They

thought'twas but to charm the eye, And they might win the heart. They

Rall. a tempo.

little knew what ties of love Had bound me to their spell, The

*P*

greenwood was my happiest home, And there I long'd to dwell, The

*Dim.*

*A tempo con anima.*

greenwood was my happiest home, And there I long'd to dwell, The

*A tempo con anima.*

greenwood was my happiest home, And there I long'd to dwell.

*Rall.* *A tempo.*

*f* *Rall.* *fp*

2.

3.

They gave me gems to bind my hair,  
 I long'd the while for flow'rs  
 Fresh gather'd by my gypsy freres  
 From Nature's wildest bow'rs.  
 They gave me books,— I lov'd alone  
 To read the starry skies;  
 They taught me songs, the songs I lov'd  
 Were Nature's melodies.  
 I never heard a Captive bird,  
 But panting to be free,  
 I long'd to burst his prison door,  
 And share his liberty.

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts  
 Were theirs who bade me roam  
 From Nature and her forests free,  
 To share the city's home.  
 The woods are green, the hedges white  
 With leaves and blossoms fair;  
 There's music in the forest now  
 And I too must be there:  
 O do not chide the Gypsy girl,  
 O call me not unkind;  
 I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend,  
 As her I leave behind.