

THE GIPSEY GIRL
OR
Charlotte Stanley.
A TRUE STORY.

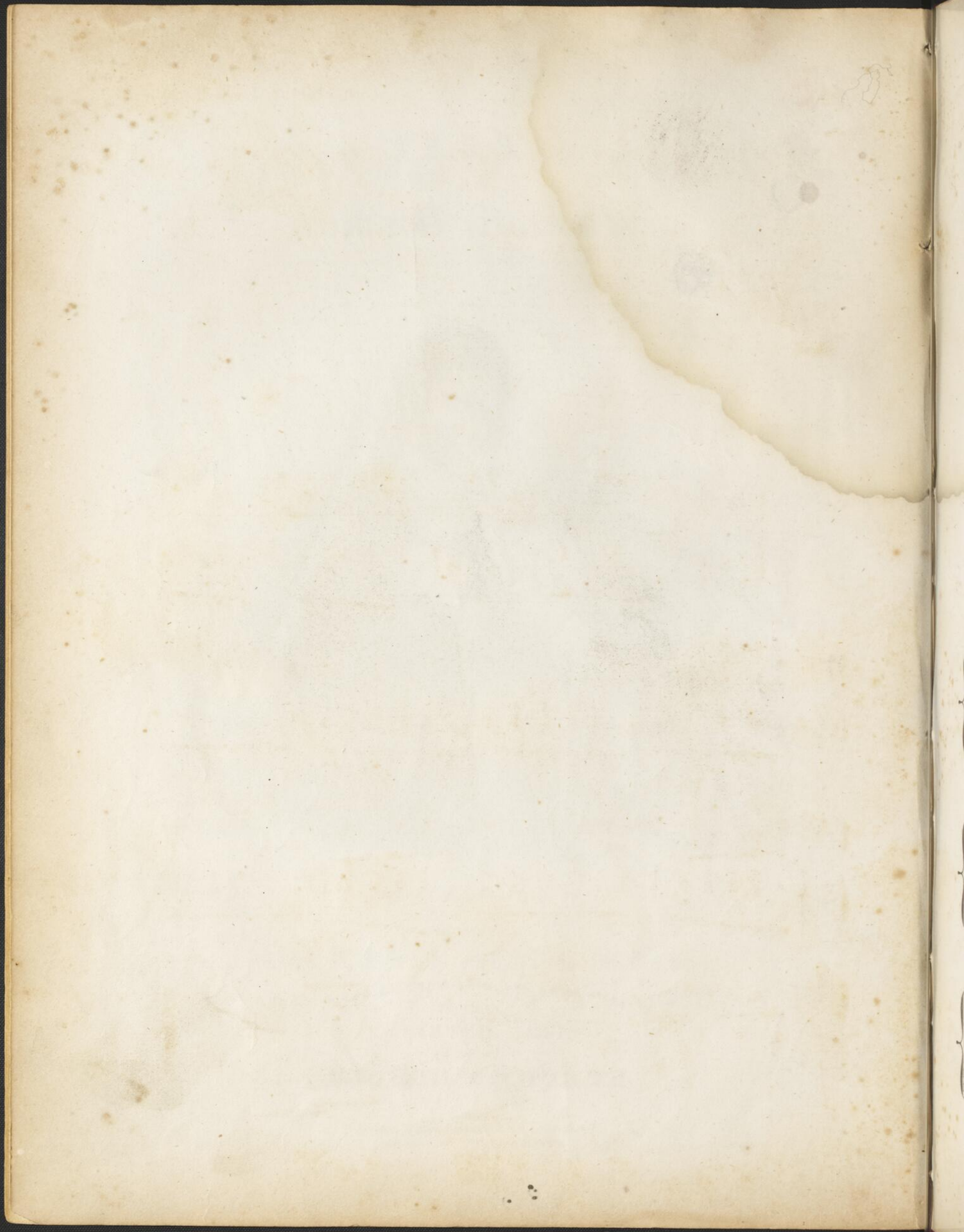


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CHARLOTTE STANLEY or the GIPSY GIRL'S STORY.

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 it 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 melancholly became the young Hindostanee bride; and one day, to the terror of her foster mother and her 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 them, 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.

Moderato
con
Espressione

p

con anima

fp *f* *fp* *f*

8va

cres *f* cres *f* dim

They wíld me from my greenwood home, They won me from the tent, And

p

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

dazzled me with halls of light, But tears would sometimes 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 in their spell; The



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



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



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





2

They gave me gems to bind my hair,
 I long'd the while for flow'rs;
 Fresh gather'd by my gipsy freres,
 From natures 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 natures melodies:
 I never heard a captive bird,
 But panting to be free;
 I long'd to burst his prison door,
 And share his liberty.

3

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts,
 Were theirs who bade roam;
 From nature and her forests free,
 To share the citys 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 Gipsy Girl,
 O, call me not unkind;
 I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend,
 As her I leave behind.