

THE
GIPSY GIRL
OR

Charlotte Stanley
WRITTEN BY

CHAS. JEFFREYS
Composed by

STEPHEN CLOVER

25. nett

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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 sf fp sf

cres sf cres f dim

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is marked 'Moderato con Espressione' and begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system is marked 'con anima' and features a forte-piano (*fp*) dynamic, with several accents (*sf*) throughout. The fourth system includes markings for crescendo (*cres*), sf, f, and dim, leading to a final chord. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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

sightly 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.



They gave me signs to bind my hair,
I loved the white for I loved
To see gathered by my eyes, for
I had no other without hair,
They gave me books, I loved alone
To read the story when
They taught me songs, I loved
How nature's melody
I never heard a captive bird
But longing to be free
I longed to burst his prison door,
And show his liberty

Those kindly men, and kindly hearts,
Were there when I was born,
From nature and her forests free
To share the city's power
The woods are green, the fields are white,
With flowers 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 never shall meet so dear a friend,
As her I leave behind

THE ME AN ENGLISH SONG

MUSIC COMPOSED

BY

W.T. WRIGHTON

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