



THE GIPSEY BOY
(TARANTULA)

Words By

ELIZA COOK

MUSIC

COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

F. Whitman Esq.

BY

FRANCIS H. BROWN.

25 ct. net.

G. P. REED 17 Tremont Row BOSTON.

For Sale

THE GIBBY BOY.

By FRANCIS H. BROWN.

Fieramente

crescendo

He sprung to life..... in a cra-zy

tent..... Where the cold wind whistled thro' many a rent..... Rude was the

teno

p con duolo. *p*

voice..... And rough were the hands.... That sooth'd his wail - lugs and swath'd his

dolce:

ad lib:

bands. No tissue of gold no lawn was there No snowy robe for the new born

f *p*

con duolo.

heir But the Mother wept..... and the fa - ther smiled.... With heart-felt

fz *p* *cris -*

con duolo.

joy..... O'er his gip-sey child.... But the moth-er wept..... and the fa - ther

cen - do

cres - - cen - - do *a tempo.*

smiled..... With heart-felt joy..... O'er their gip-sey child..... *a tempo*

2. He grows like the young oak healthy and broad..... With no

ff *Fieramente.*

home but the forest, no bed but the sward; Half naked he wades... in the lim-pid

teno

stream.... Or dances a - - bout..... in the scorching beam..... The dazzling

P *P* *f*

dolce.

glare..... of the ban-quet sheen..... Hath nev - er fal - len on him I

f *P* *ad lib.*

ween..... But fragments are spread and the wood fire piled..... And sweet is the

f *P* *a tempo.*

meal..... of the gip-sey child..... But fragments are spread and the wood fire

delicato. a tempo.

piled.... And sweet is the meal..... of the gip - sey child. a tempo.

3

He wanders at large, while maidens admire,
 His raven hair, and his eyes of fire;
 They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
 With the deep carnation rushing through;
 He laughs aloud, and they envy his teeth
 All pure and white as their own pearl wreath;
 And the courtly dame, and damsel mild
 Will turn to gaze on the gipsey child.

And the courtly dame, &c.

4

Up with the sun he is roving along,
 Whistling to mimic the blackbirds song;
 He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
 And is baying again to the watch dogs howl;
 His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
 He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
 His dower is scant and his life is wild,
 But kings might envy the gipsey child.

His dower is scant &c

