





By FRANCIS H. BROWN.









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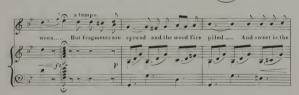














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3

He wanders at large, while maidens admire, His raven hair, and his eyes of fire; They mark his check'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 ovtl, 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

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