

610V

THE GIPSY COUNTESS, Duet.

WRITTEN BY

MRS CRAWFORD,

Music by

STEPHEN GLOVER.

COMPOSER OF "WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?" &c. &c. &c.

A tradition is current in the North of England, that a young Earl of one of the Border Counties, in the course of his rambles, met with a beautiful Gipsy girl, whose charms at once made a deep and lasting impression on his heart. On entering into conversation with her, he found to his surprise that the artless grace of her manners, and the intelligence and purity of her mind, were quite equal to the beauty of her face and person; and in spite of the great disparity of rank, he soon became deeply enamoured of her. It may be supposed that the struggle between affection and pride was long and severe before the Earl could make up his mind to ally himself to the humble object of his disinterested regard, but love finally triumphed. To increase however the romance of the story, it is added, that the Gipsy girl had been stolen in her infancy by one of the roving band with which she thus became associated; and that she was afterwards discovered to be the daughter of a wealthy Baronet. The pride of her lover was thus spared the intended sacrifice in raising the beautiful Gipsy to the rank of a Countess.

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THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

DUETT.

WORDS BY
MRS. CRAWFORD.

MUSIC BY
STEPHEN GLOVER.

**Allegro
moderato.**

Oh! how can a poor Gip-sy maiden like

me, Ever hope the proud bride of a no-ble to be? To some

The Gipsy Countess. STEPHEN GLOVER.

8851.

bright jewell'd beauty thy vows will be paid And thou wilt for-

- get her the poor Gip-sy maid. And thou wilt for-get her the

poor Gipsy maid. A-way with that thought! I am free, I am

EARL. *con anima.*

sf

free, To de-vote all the love of my spirit to thee; Young

dim:

The Gipsy Countess. STEPHEN GLOVER.

8851.

rose of the wil- derness, blushing and sweet! All my heart, all my

cres:

for- tune, I lay at thy feet All my heart, all my for- tune, I

lay at thy feet By yon bright moon a - bove

That can change, like man's

sf

love!

That night's tears chase a - way Oh!

By the sun's constant ray!

Oh!

a tempo.

a tempo.

never by thee will my trust be be-tray'd Thou wilt love me for
never by me shall thy trust be be-tray'd I will love thee for

e-ver, thine own Gip-sy maid. Thou wilt love me for
e-ver, mine own Gip-sy maid. I will love thee for

e-ver, thine own Gipsy maid.
e-ver, mine own Gipsy maid.

cres:
ff

The Gipsy Courtess. STEPHEN GLOVER.

8851.

GIPSY.

5

Go, flat-ter-er go! I'll not trust to thine art; Go,

leave me, and tri-ble no more with my heart! Go, leave me to

die in my own na-tive shade And be-tray not the heart of the

poor Gip-sy maid. And be-tray not the heart of the poor Gipsy

EARL. *con anima.*
maid. I have lands and proud dwellings and all shall be thine, A

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coronet, Zillah! that brow shall en-twine; Thou shalt never have

cres:

rea-son my faith to up-braid, For a countess I'll make thee, my

own Gip-sy maid. For a countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy maid. Then

sf

Shall I trust to thy vow

fly with me now! Oh, yes! come a-

a tempo.

Wilt thou ne-ver be-tray? No, ne-ver by thee will my
 way No, ne-ver by me shall thy

a tempo.

trust be be-tray'd, And to-morrow thou'lt wed me, thine own Gip-sy
 trust be be-tray'd, And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gip-sy

maid. And to-morrow thou'lt wed me, thine own Gipsy maid.
 maid. And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gipsy maid.

sf *f*

p *cres:* *ff*

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