

THE POOR LITTLE GYPSEY.

Sung by M^{rs} CH.

Allegretto



A Poor little Gypsy I wander forlorn my fortune was



told long before I was born so fortunes I tell as forsaken I stray and in search of my



love I am lost on my way spare a Halfpenny spare a Halfpenny spare a poor little



Gypsy a Gypsy a Halfpenny spare a poor little Gyp-sey a Halfpenny.



I fear from this line, you have been a sad Man,
 And to harm us poor Girls, have form'd many a plan;
 Beware lest repentance too late cause you pain
 And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.

Spare a Halfpenny &c.

3

Thro' Woods and thro' wilds, as o'er wearied I roam,
 Long absent from Friends, from Parent, and Home,
 Tho' sad is my Heart, and tho' sore are my Feet,
 Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet.

Spare a Halfpenny &c.

DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MARCH.

Brillante

