

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY MISS LOTTIE CHERRY.

STARLIGHT BELL

OR

THE GIPSY,

WRITTEN & COMPOSED

BY

J. W. CHERRY.

Composer of

WILL O' THE WISP. SHELLS OF OCEAN. &c. &c.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 1/6

LONDON

T BROOME, 15, HOLBORN BARS, OPPOSITE FURNIVALS INN, E.C.

AND AT

103, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.

AUSTRALIA, SOLE AGENT WILLIAM DYMCK 208, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

STARLIGHT NELL.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY J. W. CHERRY.

MODERATO

1. I am the gip-sy, I can tell for-tunes, I know the se-crets of
 2. If theres de-ceiv-ers I can unmask them, La-dies I think there's a
 3. Ba-...che...lors, hear me, for I can an-swer, If you suc-cess-ful will

mf

1. ma-ny, I do; If you would try me, just cross my palm now, All that I
 2. chance now for you, If you've a lo-ver, just cross my left hand, Then I will
 3. be when you woo, I have some charms here, if you possess them, Your la-dy-

mf

slent:

1. pro-...phe-...cy you will find true. I read the stars each
 2. whis-per if he's false or true. If you should wish to
 3. love will think on-ly of you. From this re-mark pray

slent: *ff*

f *mf*

1. cloud less night And study the future by their gentle light; I can un-
 2. learn you may, The date, I can tell you, of your wedding day, Dark man, or
 3. don't be lieve I wish to infer that the ladies de cieve, Oh! dear me,

f *mf*

Rall *a tempo.*

1. lock each mys tic spell, So, if you would learn, why, the gip sy can tell.
 2. fair, or short, or tall, You have but to ask me, for I can tell all.
 3. no, and no a gain, Of course, the de ceiv ers are on ly the men.

colla voce *a tempo.*

CHORUS.

Dolce.

If you want to know where I dwell, And would learn what I can tell, —

Dolce.

There's my home in yonder green dell, Where they know me as Star-light Nell.

f *ff*

4. How many husbands, how many wives too, Each sex may have, I the
 5. Dreams I interpret, and I can tell you Which are the luckiest

mf

4. limit can fix, Some who are present here I could mention As being con-
 5. days in the week; If you will go for a sailor or soldier, For I can find

mf

slent:
 4. dem'd to have not less than six; If you'll be rich then
 5. answer to all you may seek; Yet ere I go I

slent:

4. I can tell . . . If you'll be poor why I know it as well; I could name
 5. must confess, How I may succeed why I can't even guess. For tho' others

f *mf*

Rall *a tempo.*
 4. some too proud to speak Who do the grand swell on ten shillings per week. And
 5. for tunes I make known, The poor little gipsy can not tell her own. Chorus

colla voce. *a tempo.*