

# BARON FRITZ

## ROMANCE



SHOWING HOW THE BARON CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Written by  
**W. H. BELLAMY.**

Music by  
**C. W. GLOVER.**

Boston  
C. C. CLAPP & CO.

BOSTON.  
Published by OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.  
Louisville, Ky.  
G. W. BRAINARD & CO.

N. York.  
GOULD & BERRY.



# BARON FRITZ.

Written by W. H. Bellamy.

Composed by Chas. W. Glover.

*In moderate time.*

The piano introduction consists of three systems of music. The first system is in 6/8 time and features a melody in the right hand with dynamic markings of *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, and *mf*. The second and third systems provide harmonic accompaniment for the melody, with the third system ending with a *pp* marking.

2.—Baron Fritz his good for-tune could hard-ly be-lieve, All her pow'rs of at-trac-tion she

1.—Baron Fritz fell in love, rather late in his life, He was up-wards of three score and

The vocal melody is presented in two parts. The first part, labeled '2.', corresponds to the lyrics 'Baron Fritz his good for-tune could hard-ly be-lieve, All her pow'rs of at-trac-tion she'. The second part, labeled '1.', corresponds to the lyrics 'Baron Fritz fell in love, rather late in his life, He was up-wards of three score and'. The melody is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

tasked; Till he promis'd, as sweet-ly she smil'd in her sleeve, He would grant her whatever she

ten, But the dam-sel he want-ed to have for a wife, Re-fus'd him, again and a-

ask'd. All she ask'd for was this, not to take it a-miss, If she begg'd lest her nerves they should

gain. It was all of no use he would take no excuse, Poor girl! she was sorely per-

fail, That she might be al-low'd, on ac-count of the crowd, Her

plex'd, So, a scheme she re-volv'd, and at last she re-solv'd, To say

blushes to hide with a veil..... Her blushes to hide with a veil.

"yes," when he offer'd her next, To say "yes," when he offer'd her next.

Of

course it was granted, At Church stood the Bride, She was all of a tremble poor

thing! So that scarcely a word that she said could be heard; But she

rallied! and on went the ring! Safe at home, the coy Bride, her white



veil laid aside, *A piacere.* When down went poor Fritz on the floor! For he

found that the wife he was tied to for life, Was a widow of sev-en-ty

four! *A piacere.* Was a wid-ow of sev-en-ty four. *Cres. Agitato.*