

# THE WANDERING GIPSY,

## A BALLAD,

*Sung by a Young Lady in the Character  
of a GIPSY, at the Ranelagh Masquerade,  
and by M.<sup>rs</sup> Clendining,*

*At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,*

*The Words and Melody by*

**PETER PINDAR, ESQ.**

*The Accompaniments by*

**M.<sup>R</sup> S. HIELD.**

*Ent.<sup>d</sup> at Stationers Hall*

*Pr. 1<sup>s</sup>*

*London. Sold by T. Skillern, No 17, St. Martins Lane.*

The musical score is written for voice, flute, and piano. It begins with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Siciliano'. The piano part includes a 'Sym' (Symphony) section. The vocal line is marked 'do' at the beginning. The lyrics are: 'A wandring GIPSY, Sir, am I, From NORWOOD, where we oft complain, With many a tear and many a figh, Of'. The score is signed 'C. R.' at the bottom right.



3

blustering winds and rushing rain.

Sym

2  
No rooms so fine, nor gay attire  
Amid our humble huts appear;  
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,  
At night our shiv'ring limbs to cheer.

3  
Alas! no friends come near our cot,  
The red breasts only find the way,  
Who give their all, a simple note,  
At peep of morn and parting day.

But fortune here I come to tell, Then yield me, gentle SIR, your hand. Amid those lines what

for pia

Allegro

thousands dwell And blest me what a heap of land.

Sym

5  
This, surely, Sir must pleasing be,  
To hold such wealth in every line!  
Now try, pray try, if you can see  
A little treasure lodg'd in MINE.

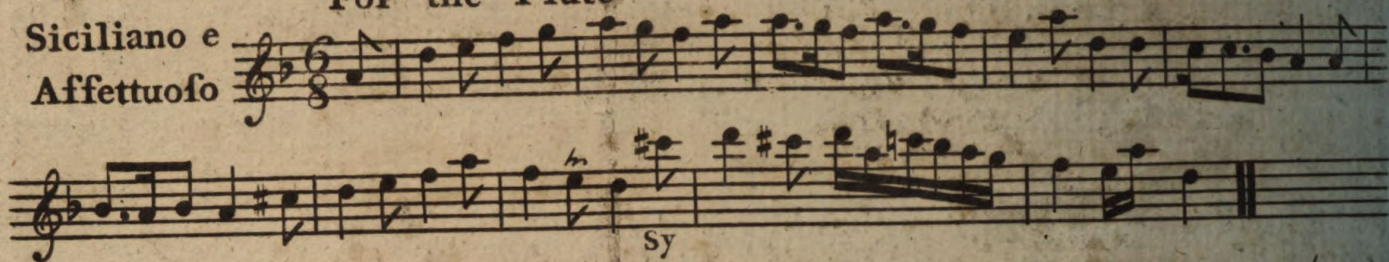


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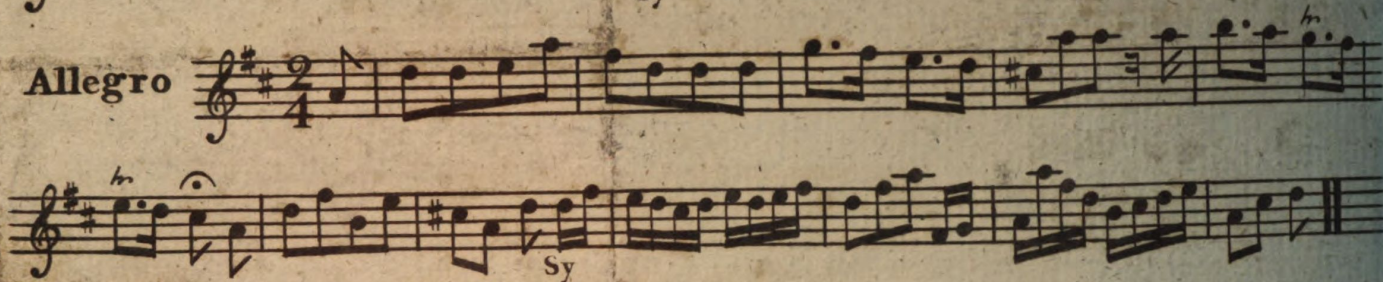
4

For the Flute

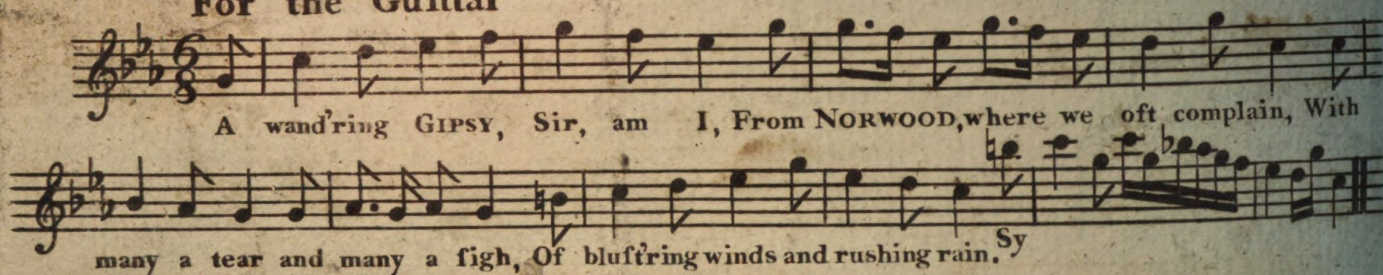
Siciliano e  
Affettuoso



Allegro



For the Guittar



A wand'ring GIPSY, Sir, am I, From NORWOOD, where we oft complain, With

many a tear and many a sigh, Of bluffing winds and rushing rain. Sy

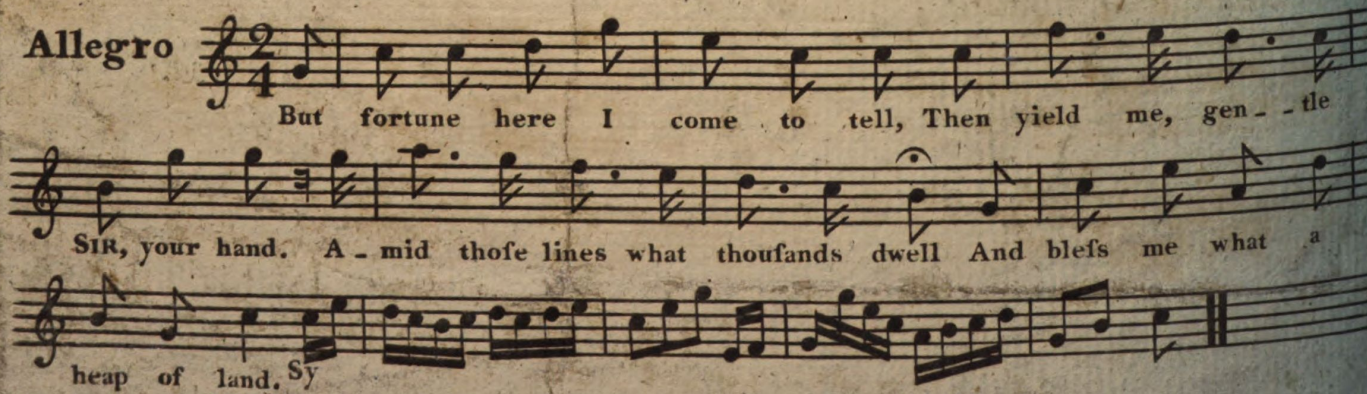
2

No rooms so fine, nor gay attire  
Amid our humble huts appear;  
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,  
At night our shiv'ring limbs to cheer.

3

Alas! no friends come near our cot,  
The red-breasts only find the way,  
Who give their all, a simple note,  
At peep of morn and parting day.

Allegro



But fortune here I come to tell, Then yield me, gen - -tle

SIR, your hand. A - mid those lines what thousands dwell And blefs me what a

heap of land. Sy

5

This, surely, Sir must pleasing be,  
To hold such wealth in every line!  
Now try, pray try, if you can see  
A little treasure lodg'd in MINE.

