

and the piece of music finished about one and the same time."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*.

FISCHER THE OBOE PLAYER.

This celebrated performer, who flourished about the year 1775, was a man of great professional pride. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying, that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord would, however, take

no denial, and assured Fischer that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went; he had not, however, been many minutes in the house of this consistent nobleman, before his lordship approached him, and said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your oboe in your pocket." "No, mylord," said Fischer, "my oboe never sups." He turned on his heel, and instantly left the house, and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.—*Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*.

THE GYPSIES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Wm. Reeve.

O! who has seen the miller's wife? I, I, I, And kindled up new

strife, And kindled up new strife,
strife, And kindled up new strife,
A shilling from her palm I took, Ere on the

Who, who the tanner's daughter seen, I, I, I, In
cross lines I could look,

quest of her have been, In quest of her have been,

But as the tan - ner

But as the tanner was within, 'Twas

was within, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin,

hard to 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin - -

Andante.

From .ev' - ry place con - demn'd to roam, In ev' - ry place we seek a home, These

branches form our sum-mer roof, By thick grown leaves made wea-ther proof. In

branches form our sum-mer roof, By thick grown leaves made wea-ther proof. In

shelt'ring nooks and hol-low ways, We cheer'ly pass our win-ter days, Come circle round the

shelt'ring nooks and hol-low ways, We cheer'ly pass our win-ter days,

gypsies' fire, Come circle round the gypsies' fire, Come circle round the gypsies' fire,

Come circle round the gypsies' fire, Come circle round the gypsies' fire,

p Our songs our sto-ries ne-ver tire, *f* Our songs our sto-ries ne-ver tire,

p Our songs our sto-ries ne-ver tire, *f* Our songs our sto-ries ne-ver tire,

p

lento. *Allegro con spirito.*

ne - ver tire. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry, Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,

ne - ver tire. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,

Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry,

Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry.

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

p

You'll find the gypsies' life is merry. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,

You'll find the gypsies' life is merry. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,

cres. *dim*

Come - - - -

f

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

You'll find the gyp-sies life is mer-ry!

cres. *dim.*

Come

Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

f

Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry!

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry!