

GYPSY FLOWER GIRL

or

WILD ZINGARELLA



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Buy my roses, Senorita,--you Senor--
You, fair Inglees maiden--
Not like the mountain rose with perfume laden,
Only tame roses with the morning blush gone,
Like wild Zingarella whose lover has flown.

What is my name? Wild Zingarella,
Daughter of the Nevadas am I called,
Where was I born? Aloft and beyond the eagle's nest,
Far up in yon Sierra Nevadas.

My childhood was a wild-cat life.
From early morn until the stars
Shone o'er the Mediterranean,
I nothing did but laugh, and sing, and dance with
My wild gypsy bell'd tambourine, and fling
Defiance in the jaws of death, and swing
Far out from cliff and mountain peak
Where sea gulls build and wild-cats shriek,--
Shrieks that my wild heart lov'd to hear,
Nor dreamed of such a thing as fear.
Fear? Climbing to where the Sierras lift
Their snow-draped foreheads against the skies
Then swing off and down on a swift snowdrift,
To where the summer queen reigns and the ice king dies.

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