



GYPSY JAN

(BASS SONG)

FROM

THE FORTUNE TELLER



LYRIC BY

HARRY B. SMITH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT

Price 60¢ net



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MOLLY

An Irish Love Song

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Solo Two Keys - F, (c to f) Ab, (eb to ab)

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Rather slowly

Oh, Mol - ly dear, the

Spring is here, And birds their mates are call - ing; They're nest - ing now and

so should we, For shel - tered close we too must be, When dark is fall - ing.

Oh, Mol - ly dear, the hon - ey bee The blush - ing rose is

mf *p* *p a tempo* *ten.* *poco rit.* *p a tempo*

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CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON PARIS

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SM 113

Gypsy Jan.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro Moderato e con maestà.

Oh he

give ye the tale of the Gyp - sy Jan As was giv - en the tale to
lay in wait did the Gyp - sy Jan Till a tru - ant dwarf there passed

me. Ver - y few would fare to the hills up there; But -
by; Then he cried: "Come show me the mines be - low, Or -

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there in the night went he. And there in the dark he'd
here by my hand you die?" So the dwarf in his fright with

crouch and hark, With his ear to the ground so cold; And he'd
torch a - light Led him down to the dark do - mains, Where he

hear the clam - or of pick and ham - mer As the dwarf men mine their
drank and slept, but he woke and wept there For the dwarfs had Jan in

gold, their gold! Ho ho! But
chains, in chains. Ho ho! The

ff
sf

Jan was a gyp - sy bold.
dwarf - men had Jan in chains.

ff *poco rit.*

cling clang, cling clang, cling clang, cling clang, Down, down, down in the
cling clang, cling clang, cling clang, cling clang, Down, down, down in the

ff *molto marcato.* *molto pesante.*

moun - tain's heart, Where a mor - tal has en - tered nev - er,
moun - tain's heart, Gyp - sy Jan he toils on for - ev - er,

Down in the mines where the red gold shines, The dwarf-men toil for -
He hews the rock while the dwarf-men mock, His claims he nev - er can

ev - er. And the clat - ter and clang of their ham - mers rang, Till the
sev - er: And it's there he'll stay till the judge - ment day, As the

bold Jan's heart grew cold; Yet he swore he would creep To the
slave of dwarf - men old, When the nights they are still You may

molto pesante.
cav - ern's deep To rob the dwarfs of their gold. Ho ho! For
hear on the hill Poor Jan who mines his gold. Ho ho! For

molto pesante.
Jan was a gyp - sy bold, Ay, Jan was a gyp - - sy bold.
Jan was a gyp - sy bold, Ay, Jan was a gyp - - sy bold.

VOCAL GEMS FROM "THE ONLY GIRL"

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

When You're Away!

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

Very softly
pp

When you're a-way, dear, how wear-ry the lone-some hours! — Sun - shine seems gray, dear! The

pp

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

"Personality"

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

REFRAIN *Meno mosso*

There's ev'ry thing in per-son-al ap-pear - ance! — With per-se - ver - ance — and prop-er press-work, You may

p - f

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

"When You're Wearing The Ball And Chain"

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

REFRAIN

For when you've got the ball and chain a-round your an-kle And the stone - y heart - ed jail - er is your

f rit. *p a tempo*

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

Here's To The Land We Love Boys!

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo di Marcia

Here's to the land we love, boys, Home of the brave and free! — While our flag is proud-ly

ff

You're The Only Girl For Me

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

Andante espressivo

Promise me, love, that we ne'er shall part! Here in your fond embrace

p molto espressivo

Tell It All Over Again

Lyric by HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by VICTOR HERBERT

REFRAIN

You swear to love me for - ev - er! Just as you

pp - f

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GYPSY LOVE SONG
SLUMBER ON MY LITTLE GYPSY SWEETHEART!
THE FORTUNE TELLER
LYRICS BY **HARRY B. SMITH**
MUSIC BY **VICTOR HERBERT**
M. WITMARK & SONS, CHICAGO, LONDON

THE birds of the forest are calling for thee,
And the shades and the glades are lonely;
Summer is there with her blossoms fair,
And you are absent only.
No bird that nests in the green-wood tree,
But sighs to greet you and kiss you,
All the violets yearn for your safe return,
But most of all I miss you.

The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes,
That doth say: "We are too long parted;"
Songs that are trolled by our comrades old
Are not now, as they were, light-hearted.
The wild rose fades in the leafy shades,
Its ghost will find you and haunt you,
All the friends say:
"Come to your woodland home,"
And most of all I want you.

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Slum - ber on, my lit - tle gyp - sy sweet - heart, Dream of the field and the grove,
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland,
Where your fan - cies rove?
Slum - ber on, my

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- THE HEART CALL SONG
- THE LAMPLIGHT HOUR SONG
- 100-RA-100-RA-100-RA! THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY