

DOWN ON THE GYPSY TRAIL

WORDS & MUSIC BY NAT OSBORNE & SAM. EHRlich



*Barbelle
Vas Pa*

The SENSATION of
ARTHUR HOPKINS' PRODUCTION
"THE GYPSY TRAIL"



DOUGLAS & NEWMAN
MUSIC CO.
1604 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BARBELLE

Down On The Gypsy Trail.

SM3783

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

Till ready

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Why are you sad — my gyp-sy la-dy Lou — Come on and dry your eyes — You
 Since we are wed — my gyp-sy la-dy Lou — The Queen can plain - ly see — A

The first system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

must not doubt that I'm sin - cere For gyp - sy love dear nev - er dies —
 fu - ture in her for - tune cards For no one else but you and me —

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continues the song.

Here in the camp the chief will sure - ly see — Those tears up - on your face — So
 Diamonds she says are for your ten - der eyes — And hearts for hearts so true — She

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continues the song.

let us wan - der arm in arm, To that old fa - mil - iar place. —
 told me that same sto - ry sweet I have of - ten told to you. —

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

Chorus.

Down on the Gyp - sy Trail dear, Right un - der the Gyp - sy

mf

moon I will cud-dle up clos - er to you While the

night birds are sing - ing a tune We'll dream in the vale of

love - land, Where true love can nev - er fail From our quaint old wa-gon train, We will

sing love's sweet re-frain; Down on the Gyp - sy Trail. Trail.

1. 2.

" THESE SONGS CAN BE BOUGHT WHEREVER SHEET MUSIC IS SOLD "

It Must Have Been Some Wonderful Boy
(Who Taught Her How To Love)

By **W.D. TRACEY & JACK STERN**

CHORUS

She got her smile from the sun - shine... She got her love from the rain... The birdies in the trees taught her just by mel - o - dies... And the peacock taught her to be vain... A little owl up on a branch so high... Taught her how to wink her eye... And then a gracie bear, taught her how to hug... She learned to bill and coo... From a tur - tie down, but it

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Havana
(Back to Havana and You)

Words by **CHAS. ALGER** Music by **JACK LONDO**

CHORUS

Ha - van - a, Ha - van - a, You've been - ti - del I know, Ha - van - a, Ha - van - a, I think of you where - er I go... Thank where the sun - shines all the time... Thank where I lost this heart of mine... If still you're yearn - ing then fly - ing Back to Ha - van - a and

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You'd Better Be Nice To Them Now!

Words and Music by **W.D. TRACEY & JACK STERN**

CHORUS

Let her be nice - to them now... Oh! you'd better be nice - to them now... Let her be nice - to them now... Oh! you'd better be nice - to them now... Take your sweetie to a peach or eight a day... She suppose is looking for a nice - y day... If you're married you need not be a fraid... You'll never have to work if you'll learn a trade... All on account of the war... They're more in de - mand - eat each day... Got her in all their own way... Your job is it safe - an - y more for you say... I don't know what may hap - pen in a year or two... My little there would be an - y thing a girl - could do... So be sure you're "top" in time... And if we do, the man will all come some - time... And

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To Think I Cried Over You

Words and Music by **W.D. TRACEY & JACK STERN**

CHORUS

To think that I once cried o - ver you... to think that you once made me feel blue... Be - fore we drift - ed a part... I thought that you had a heart... But love is some - thing that you never know... You never meant what you - used to say... But may be you'll be near - er some day... (Now don't) imagine that your mem - o - ry haunts me... I've got on all my love to some - one who wants me.

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Bonsell