

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.