

Gypsy Love Song

(Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart)

Soprano or Tenor

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

The birds of the for - est are call - ing for thee, — And the
The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes, — That doth

fp pp fp pp p

shades and the glades are lone - ly; — Sum - mer is there with her blos - soms
say: "We are too long part - ed;" — Songs that are trolled by our com - rades

fair, — And you — are ab - sent on - ly. — No
bid — Are not now, as they were, — light heart - ed. — The

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bird — that nests in the green-wood tree, — But sighs — to greet you and
wild rose fades in the leaf - y shades, Its ghost — will find you and

kiss you, All the vi - o - lets yearn, yearn for your safe re - turn, But
haunt you, All the friends say: "Come, come to your wood-land home," And

most of all — I miss you. most of all — I want you.

ten. *rit.*

rit.

Slum - ber on, my lit - tle gyp - sy sweet-heart, Dream of the field and the

a tempo

dolcissimo

grove, Can you hear me, hear me in that dream-land,

Where your fan - cies rove? Slum - ber on, my

lit - tle gyp - sy sweet - heart, Wild lit - tle wood - land dove,

rit.

Can you hear the song that tells you All my heart's true love?

a tempo *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *molto rit.*

GYPSY LOVE SONG

(Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.)

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.

Chorus

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove;
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland
Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove!
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my heart's true love?

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.

Harry B. Smith