

# Woodland Dove

## MY GYPSY LOVE

Words by  
EARLE C. JONES

Music by  
NEIL MORET

**Marcia.**

*mf* *rall.* *a tempo*

In a sha - dy ev - er - glade, where I strayed, once a  
Now this cun - ning lit - tle dame, she was game, just the

*p* *mf* *rall.* *a tempo*

maid of am - ber shade just stole my heart a - way ——— A Gyp - sy  
same to change her name, and said with blush - es red: ——— "If you want

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maid - en, gay I met one sum - mer's day  
me to wed, just see my Dad in - stead.

— She was sweet and so de - mure, I was sure that my  
— Ev' - ry Gyp - sy in the camp was a scamp on a

poor old heart would have to take a true love cure. Un - til her  
tramp and said to me that I had bet - ter vamp. But when her

gen - tle sighs just put me wise to say.  
Dad - dy cried: "She'll be your bride," I said.

CHORUS.

*mf-f*

Dear-est, queer-est lit - tle Gyp-sy, your brown eyes just make me tip - sy

By the stream, lets dream of love — Thro' the woods and

wa - ter cours - es we'll trade kiss - es, hugs and hors - es, If you'll on - ly

*ad lib.*

be my woodland Dove. <sup>1</sup> Dove. <sup>2</sup>