

SM 5881

# SYLVIA

FROM "THE MERRY WIDOW."

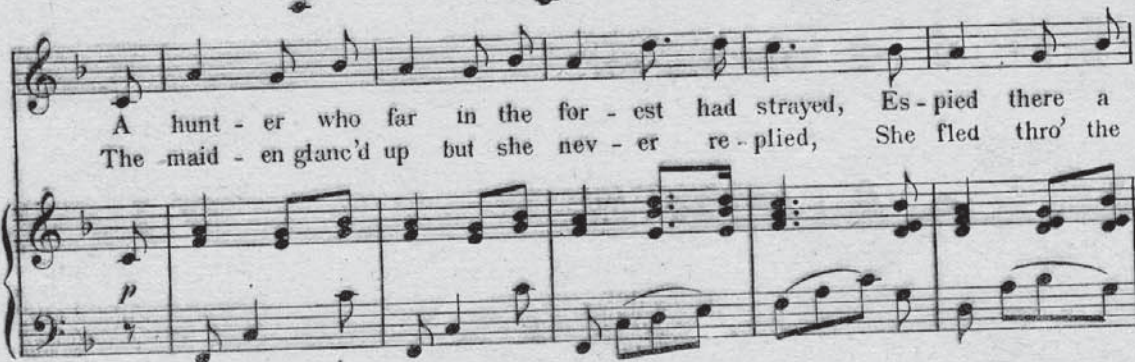
On Melody by FRANZ LEHAR,  
Arr. by THEODORE MORSE.

Words by HENRY RUTGERS

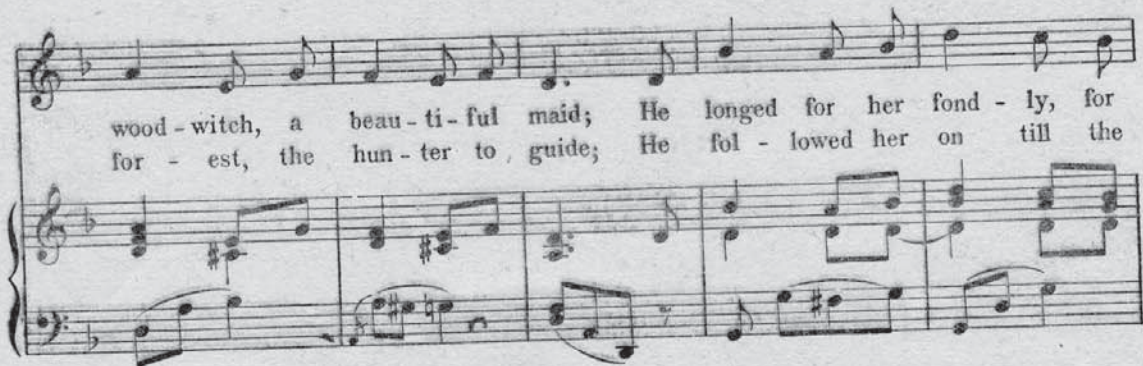
Moderato



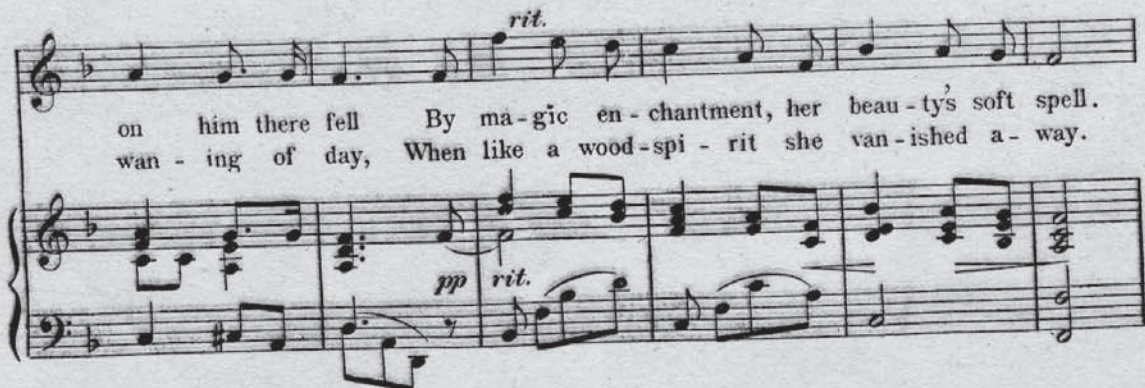
A hunt - er who far in the for - est had strayed, Es - pied there a  
The maid - en glanc'd up but she nev - er re - plied, She fled thro' the



wood - witch, a beau - ti - ful maid; He longed for her fond - ly, for  
for - est, the hun - ter to, guide; He fol - lowed her on till the



on him there fell By ma - gic en - chantment, her beau - ty's soft spell.  
wan - ing of day, When like a wood - spi - rit she van - ished a - way.



*pp a tempo*

As his eyes met hers a - gain, He croond a ten - der, sweet re - frain,  
 As he thought of her a - gain, He soft - ly croond the old re - frain,

*pp a tempo*

*mf*

Crooned a ten - der,..... sweet re - frain. Syl - via, my  
 Soft - ly croond the..... old re - frain.

REFRAIN

*p*

Syl - via, O fair, for - est maid, Come with me, love, from your dark lonely

glade; Syl - via, O Syl - via, why lin - ger a - lone? Syl - via, my

love and my own. . . . . Syl - via, my Syl - via, O fair for - est

*mf* *f*

maid, Come with me, love, from your dark, lone - ly glade. Syl - via, O

*pp poco lento* *s* *pp*

Syl - via, why lin - ger a - lone? Syl - via, my love and my

*rit.* *rit.*

own, My love my own, Syl - via!

*mf* *p* *pp*