

# GYPSY LOVE SONG.

(Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.)

Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano in C.

Words by Harry B. Smith.

Music by Victor Herbert.

Public Singing Rights Reserved.

Molto tranquillo.

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

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

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

*fp* *pp* *fp* *pp* *p*

Copyright MDCCCXCVIII by M. WITMARK & SONS.

International Copyright Secured.

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

*ten. rit.*  
most of all— I miss you.  
most of all— I want you.

*rit.*

**CHORUS.**  
*a tempo.*  
Slum - ber on, my lit - tle gyp - sy sweetheart, Dream of the field and the

*dolcissimo.*

grove, \_\_\_\_\_ Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland,

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

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

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

*rit.*

*rit.*

*a tempo.*

*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*