The Gypsy

A Tale Of A Honey Bee

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS

Allegretto

When My

I was just a little lass, From care and heart-aches free,

mother dear, who saw my plight, Was very much perplexed,

She

a tempo

romped up on the violet grass, And laughed in childish glee!

kept me in the house, for fear Of what might happen next.

One

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day, while chasing butterflies, a bee I would caress
have n't seen a bee since then, but that eventful day
Still

stung! a yell! my lips swelled up! all I could say was "yes."
oft reminds me, now and then, of what I'd like to say.

REFRAIN Con espression

Would you like to be my honey bee, am I just the girl you seek? Any
That's true, it will flash to you. A message the soul would speak. So, if

You're the one I'm looking for, all our future years to bless. Never

Mind the slips of care-less lips, my "No" means "Yes." Would you "Yes."