GYPSY LOVE SONG.
(Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.)
Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano in C.

Words by Harry B. Smith.
Music by Victor Herbert.

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Molto tranquillo.

The birds of the forest are calling for thee,
And the fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes,
That doth shades and the glades are lonely,
Summer is there with her blossoms
fair,
And you are absent only,
No old,
Are not now, as they were, light hearted.

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

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

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

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

Gypsy Love Song. 1403-3
grovew, Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland,

Where your fancies rove? Slumber 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?

Gypsy Love Song. 1923-3
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_