Gypsy Love Song
(Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart)

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

The birds of the forest are calling for thee,
And the fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes.
That doth make the shades and the glades all the more lonely.
Summer is there with her blossoms, say: "We are too long parted!"
Songs that are trolled by our comrades fair,
And you are absent only. No bid
Are not now, as they were, light-hearted.

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

kiss you,
All the violets yearn, yearn for your safe return,
But haunt you,
All the friends say: "Come, come to your woodland home," And

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

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweet-heart,
Dream of the field and the
gove,  
Can you hear me, hear me in that dream-land,  

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?  

a tempo

M.W.&SONS 15008-3
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