

GYPSY LOVE SONG.

(Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.)

Words by Harry B. Smith.

Music by Victor Herbert.

Baritone and Mezzo Bass in A.

Molto tranquillo.

1. The birds of the for - est are call - ing for thee — And the
2. 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 trolled by our com - rades

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

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

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

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Slum - ber on my little gypsy sweetheart, Dream of the field and the

a tempo.
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, *rit*

Can you hear the song that tells you All my heart's true love? *rit.* *molto rit.*