

SM 114

Gypsy Love Song

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart
For Contralto Voice in B \flat

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Molto tranquillo *p*

VOICE

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

PIANO

fp pp fp pp p

shades and the glades are lone- ly;— Sum- mer 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

9022
17878-4

Copyright MDCCLXXVIII by M. Witmark & Sons
Copyright Renewed

International Copyright Secured.

Made in U. S. A.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING PUBLIC PERFORMANCE FOR PROFIT
The making of any unauthorized adaptation, arrangement or copy of this publication, or any part thereof,
is an infringement of copyright and subjects the infringer to severe penalties under the Copyright Act.

THESE VOLUMES CONTAIN "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP", and many others
FACE 128
EACH VOLUME

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. *ten.* *rit.*

REFRAIN

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

p dolcissimo

grove, Can you hear me, hear me in that dream-land,

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?

a tempo *rit.* *molto rit.*