

SM 5844

"The Fortune Teller"

Gypsy Love Song

3

(Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart)

Soprano or Tenor

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

The birds of the for - est are call - ing for thee, — And the
The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes — That doth

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
bld — Are not now as they were, — light heart - ed. — The

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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. —

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

PIANIFFERMI SONG ARIUM

Includes some of his best, such as:
TAMOTIR TOTIOTIRDS T'AMOTIR

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.

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

a tempo *rit.* *molto rit.*