GYPSY LOVE SONG.

(Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.)

Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano in C.

Words by Harry B. Smith.

Music by Victor Herbert.

Molto tranquillo.

The birds of the forest are calling for thee,
And the
The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes,
That doth

shades and the glades are lonely;
Sum-mer 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
old, Are not now, as they were, light hearted.
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 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.

CHORUS.
a tempo.
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart, Dream of the field and the
doceissimo.
I r
I
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?

Gypsy Love Song.