The Gondolier.

SONG.

Words by
HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Music by
W. C. POWELL.

Moderato.

There was
Now he

once a noble lover, who would hover 'neath the cover of a bower,
said with much endeavor, maiden clever, will you ever be my wife,

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As each night he went to call upon his love, His sweet Italian Turtle Dove, I will love you as no other lover would, For you I'd do all that I could,

He'd sing a witty little ditty, to his pretty little lady—for an hour, Then from her bow'rs she would shower him a flower, While he sang his serenade so quaint.

At first she tarried but they married, she'll be carried down the happy stream of life, Now they go riding and a-gliding while he's guiding you can hear him sing to her once more.

The Gondolier.
CHORUS.

My sweet Venetian daughter, queen of the streets of water,

by stars that shine above you, I swear that I will love you,

If you will go abouting, through life we'll go a-floating,

And I will be your Gondolier.

The Gondolier.