

## Bing Crosby

### "Gypsy Love Song"

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The birds of the forest are calling for thee,  
And the shades and the glades are lonely.  
Summer is here with her blossoms fair,  
And you are absent only.

No bird that nests in the greenwood tree  
But sighs to greet you and kiss you,  
All the violets yearn, yearn for your safe return,  
But most of all I miss you.

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,  
Dream of the field and the grove.  
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland  
Where your fancies rove?  
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,  
Wild little woodland dove.  
All my heart's true love?  
Can you hear the love song that tells you  
All my heart's true love?

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