Time, You Old Gipsy Man

SONG

The Poem by
RALPH HODGSON
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

The Music by
MAURICE BESLY.

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AND

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To my Wife

Time, you old Gipsy Man

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan,
Just for one day?
All things I'll give you,
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet,
Of silver the best.
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing.

Oh—and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?
Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush—
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein,
Only a moment and
Off once again.

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Scherzando ma non troppo vivace
Put up your caravan, Just for one day?

All things I'll give you, Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet, Of silver the best.

poco meno mosso
Goldsmiths shall beat you A great golden ring,
poco a poco in tempo a cresc.

Pea-cocks shall bow to you, Little boys sing.

Oh, and sweet girls will festoon you with may,

Time, you old gipsy

Why hast en away?
Last week in Babylon, Last night in Rome,

Morning, and in the crush Under Paul's dome;

Only a moment, and
Tempo I?

Off, off,

off once again.

accel.

senza tempo

pp ad lib. R.H.
Poco andante

Time, you old gipsy man, Will you not stay,

ad lib.

Put up your caravan, Just for one day?

Tempo I?
OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

Lyric by AUBREY BOWDEN
Musical by MAURICE BESLY

No. 1 in G

Virginius Puerineque
Tempo di Minuet

He fell at once in love with her (at least so Grand-ma said) And that is all about the Ball that I told you

(alla voce)

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THE SECOND MINUET
Sung by Mme. GALLI-CURCI

No. 3 in E♭

The Second Minuet

Dare, Cos Grand-pa-pa and Grand-mama are sleeping over there; But Grand-pa-pa and Grand-mama had never really met When Grand-pa-pa kissed Grand-mama in the Second Minuet.

No. 1 in B♭ minor No. 2 in C minor

SLOW, HORSES, SLOW!

Words by THOMAS WESTWOOD
Music by ROGER JALOWICZ

No. 8 in F minor

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERRENRAITH

Moderato

Slow, horses, slow! As thru' the wood we go We would count the stars in heav'n; Hear the grasses grow;

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No. 4 in C

UPON A GAY MORNING

Words by DENA TEMPEST
Music by VERNON EVILLE

Tempo di Minuet

I stood there to listen In green of the glade, Then to the gay singer This answer was made—

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