

Dubaldo Marie Claire

"Gypsy Rover"

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A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang
As they rode off together

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover

Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
With my whistlin' gypsy rover."

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