

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"Black-Eyed Gypsy"

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Three old gypsies came to our hall door
One sang high and the other sang low
The one sang high and the other sang low
And the third sang the black-eyed-gypsy.

Upstairs and downstairs the lady ran
Put on her shoes of leather
All of the hue and all of the cry
She's away with the black-eyed gypsy.

Late that night the squire came home
Enquiring for his lady
The servant girls replied to him all
She's away with the black-eyed gypsy.

Saddle for me my milk-white steed
The black horse is not speedy
I will ride and seek my bride
She's away with the black-eyed gypsy.

He rode east and he rode west
He rode north and south also
He rode till he came to a woody double field
'Twas there he spied his lady

"Why did you leave your house and land
Why did you leave your money
Why did you leave your new wed lord
All for the black eyed gypsy?"

"What care I for me house and land
What care I for money
What care I for me new wed lord
I'm away with the black eyed gypsy."

"Last night you slept in a goose-feather bed
With the blankets turned so bravely
Tonight you lie in a woody double field
In the arms of your black-eyed gypsy."

"What care I for a goose-feather bed

With the blankets turned so bravely
Tonight I'll lie in a woody double field
In the arms of my black-eyed gypsy.

"For you rode east when I rode west
You rode high when I rode low
I'd rather have a kiss from the yellow gypsy's lips
Than you and all your money."

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