

## The Gypsy

## The Irish Rovers

So you think that your in love with me  
Would you list to what I say  
You're too young to come with me girl  
I must be on my way  
So stop your silly crying now  
Can't you plainly see  
I'm a gypsy rover love  
And you can't come with me

Go home girl go on home can't you see  
I'm a gypsy rover love  
And you can't come with with me

You met me at the carnival  
When your Ma was not with you  
You like me long brown ringlets  
And me handkerchief of blue  
And though I'm very fond of you  
And you asked me home to tea  
Sure I'm a gypsy rover love  
And you can't come with me

Your Daddy is a gentleman  
And he would throw me in jail  
For he knows that I'm a poacher  
And I've taken his best quail  
Don't tell you Ma we meet sometimes  
Behind me caravan  
She'd never let you talk to me  
I'm a rambling gypsy man

I watched her walk away from me  
With the teardrops in her eye  
A little girl just eight years old  
Can't really understand why  
She's me little daughter and her  
Mammy oh so fine  
Once travelled in my caran  
She was a love of mine