

# The Gypsies

Dalida

Whence come you Tzigane?  
I'm from old Bohemia  
Whence come you Tzigane?  
From the Pyrenees  
Did you travel far?  
From the bay of Napoli  
Tell me Greybeard what that sigh is for  
I am from a land that exists no more

Where the caravans rest giant shadows are leaping  
While the forest is sleeping  
Gypsy songs fill the night

Weary horses turn wondering eyes to the fire  
As the white flames expire gypsy hearts into flight

Touching the stars all alone in their sorrow  
Mellow guitars promise hope for tomorrow

From the gypsies who follow the winds everywhere  
Comes the Romany prayer to be free as the sky

Where go you Tzigane?  
Home to old Bohemia  
Where go you Tzigane?  
To the Pyrenees  
Will you travel far?  
To the bay of Napoli  
Dost thou Greybeard see some distant shore?  
Many are my years I can row no more

When the morning is young gypsy hearts will be glowing  
There's a thrill never knowing what the journey may bring  
As the heavens reveal nature's wonderful story  
In his own gypsy glory every man is a king

Sing gypsy sing of the moon in her splendour  
Dream gypsy dream of your love in surrender  
From the gypsies who follow the winds everywhere  
Comes the Romany prayer to be free as the sky