

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