

Gypsy Davie

Doc Watson

Oh, the Gypsy Davie came a-
ridin' along, singin' so loud and gaily
With his old guitar and a lusty song, he charmed the heart of a
lady
The heart of a pretty little lady

"How old are you, my pretty little miss? How old are you, my la
dy?"

"Come next week. I'll be sixteen. I've a husband and a baby
A man and a pretty little baby"

"Oh, would you leave your house and land, your husband and your
baby?

Would you leave them all behind to go with the Gypsy Davie
Ride along with the Gypsy Davie?"

She dressed in silks and rings of gold and shoes of Spanish lea
ther

Then she got on a pony fine and they rode off together
And they rode off together

That night when the man of the house came home, asking for his
lady

Well, the only answer that he got: "She's gone with the Gypsy D
avie

Rode away with the Gypsy Davie"

He called for his boots and he called for his hat, his pistol,
and his saddle

Then he sprang on his very best horse and after them did travel
And after them did travel

When he saw the man who'd wronged him so, his wrath was hotly k
indled

Then he thought of his lady's tender love, and his anger slowly
dwindled

His anger slowly dwindled

"Oh, would you leave your house and land, your true love and yo
ur baby?

Oh, would you leave us all behind to go with the Gypsy Davie
With the likes of the Gypsy Davie?"

"I care not for your house and land, and you can have my baby
Yes, I'll leave you all behind to go with the Gypsy Davie
For I love this Gypsy Davie"

When the silks and the gold and the rings were gone, old Davie

would not tarry

He says, "You're not a Gypsy girl and you I cannot marry

You I cannot marry"

As a beggar now she's dressed in rags. In her heart, she's still a lady

Tonight she'll cry herself to sleep thinkin' about her baby

True love and her baby