

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 handerchief 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