

Gypsy Rover

Leo Maquire 195X

Gypsy rover come over the hill,
down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang.
And he won the heart of a Lady.

*Ha dee doo, ha dee doo, ha dee day.
Ha dee doo, ha dee da-ay.
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang.
And he won the heart of a Lady.*

She left her father's castle gate;
She left her own true lover;
She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed
And roamed the valley over.
He sought his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the River Clayde;
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He's no gypsy, my father," said she,
"He's lord of freelands all over;
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover."

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