

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Little Gypsy Girl

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SOURCE:

Bob Pfeffer

SOURCE'S SOURCE: (1) Peter Kennedy: "Folksongs of Britain"

(2) the Carter Family version as sung by Dick Levine

TEXT:

D      A7              D

My father, he's the king of the gypsies, it is true

D      A7              D

My mother, she learn-ed me some camping for to do

D                      G              D

With my pack all on my back my friends all wished me well

D                      A7              D

As I went down to London town some fortunes for to tell

D                      G              D

Some fortunes for to tell, some fortunes for to tell

D                      A7              D

As I went down to London town some fortunes for to tell

As I was a-walking upon a London street

A handsome young squire was the first I chanced to meet

He view-ed my brown cheeks and he lik-ed them so well

He said, "My little gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?" (etc.)

Oh yes sir, oh kind sir, please give to me your hand

It's you that have fine fortune, both houses and good land

The fairer girls are dainty, but you must cast them by

For it is the little gypsy girl who is to be your bride (etc.)

He took me to his castle, there were carpets on the floor

And servants there a-awaiting for to open ev'ry door

There were ladies there of honor and the music it did play

And all were there to celebrate the gypsy's wedding day. (etc.)

So it's farewell to the gypsy life, to campin' on the green

No more with my brothers and my sisters I'll be seen

Oh, once I was a gypsy girl but now I'm a squire's bride

With servants for to wait on me and in my carriage ride. (etc.)

DT #469

Laws O4

RPf