

Gypsy Rover [G]

trad.

G D7 G D7

The gyp - sy ro - ver came o - ver the hill,
 She left her fa - ther's cas - tle gate. She
 Her fa - ther saddled up his fast - est steed, And
 He came at last to a man - sion fine
 "He is no gyp - sy, my fa - ther," she cried "But

4 G D G G D7

Down through the val - ley so sha - dy. He whistled and he sang 'til the
 left her own fine lo - ver. She left her ser - vants and
 roamed the val - ley all o - ver. He sought his daugh - ter
 Down by the ri - ver Cla - dy. And there was mu - sic and
 Lord of these lands all o - ver. And I shall stay 'til my

7 G G7 C G C G C G D7 G D7

green woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy. Ah-de-do, ah-de-
 her es - tate, to fol - low her gyp - sy ro - ver.
 at great speed, and the whist - lin' gyp - sy ro - ver.
 there was wine for the gyp - sy and his la - dy.
 dy - ing day with my whist - lin' gyp - sy ro - ver.

12 G D7 G D G G D7 G G7 C

do-da-day, Ah-de-do, ah-de day-dee; He whis-tled and he sang 'til the green woods rang, And

17 G C G C G (D7)

he won the heart of a la - dy.