The Lady and the Gypsy

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Last night she slept in a goose-feather bed,
Last night she slept with her baby-o,
But tonight she sleeps on the cold, cold ground,
But she sleeps with the black-jack gypsy-o (x2)

Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
Go blanket up my roan-o,
And I will ride o'er the countryside,
And search for the black-jack gypsy-o. (x2)

He rode twill he come to a village-town
On the side of the River Dee-o,
And oh, how the tears come a rollin' down
When he spied his own fair lady-o.

Come back, come back, come back my miss,
come back, come back my honey-o,
And I'll swear by the sun and the moon and the stars
You never will want for money-o.

Ah no, Ah no, I'll not come back,
And I'll not be your honey-o,
For I'd rather have a kiss from the gypsy's lips
Than all of your lands and money-o.

Pull off, pull off those high-heeled shoes,
Those gloves of snow-white leather-o,
And give me the touch of your lily-white hand,
And id me farewell forever-o.

She pulled off her high-heeled shoes,
Her gloves of Spanish leather-o,
And she handed him down her lily-white hand
And bade him farewell forever-o.

Last night she slept in a goose-feather bed,
His lordship slept beside her-o,
But tonight she sleeps on the cold, cold ground
With the gypsies all around her-o.

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