

Gaelic Storm, Go Home, Girl!

Dont say that youre in love with me
Listen to what I say
Youre too young to come with me
I must be on me way
And stop your silly crying, love
How can I make you see
That Im a gypsy rover, love
And youll not come with me
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

And I met you at the market
When your mam was not with you
You liked me long brown ringlets
And me handkerchief of blue
And although Im very fond of you
You asked me home to tea
But Im a gypsy rover, love
And youll not come with me
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

And your brother is a peeler
And would lock me up in the jail
If he knew I was a poacher
And I hunt your lords best quail
Well your daddy is a gentleman
Your mammy just as grand
But Im a gypsy rover, love
And Ill not be your man
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

Well the hours drawing long, my love
Your mams expecting thee
Dont tell her that you met me here
Or Im a gypsy free
And lets get off me jacket now
Your love will have to wait
For I am twenty-two years old
And you, youre only eight
Go home, girl, go home
Go home