

# Heather Alexander, The Whistling Gypsy Rover

The whistling gypsy's come over the hill  
Down by the river so shady,  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,  
'Cause he won the heart of a lady.

CHORUS:

Ow-de-do, ow-de-do-da-day,  
Ow-de-do, ow-de-da-ay  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,  
'Cause he won the heart of a lady.

She left her home by the castle gate  
She left her own true lover  
She left her servants and her estate  
To follow the gypsy rover

Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
Rode through the valleys all over  
Sought his daughter at greatest speed  
And followed the gypsy rover.

At last he came at last to a castle fine,  
Down by the river Claydee  
And there was music and there was wine,  
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my father" says she  
"But lord of these valleys all over,  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
With my whistling gypsy rover."