Chad Mitchell Trio, The Whistling Gypsy

The Gypsy Rover come over the hill
Down to the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady

He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady

She left her father's castle gate
She left her own fond lover
She left her servant and her estate
To follow the Gypsy Rover

A dee do a dee do a day
A dee do a dee day dee
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
He roamed the valleys all over
He sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling Gypsy Rover

A dee do a dee do a day
A dee do a dee day dee
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady

He rode till he came to a mansion 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, she said
But lord of these lands all over
And I will stay till my dying day
With the whistling Gypsy Rover

A dee do a dee do a day
A dee do a dee day dee
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady