

# Robin Williamson, The Road The Gypsies Go

Words and music Robin Williamsson 1979

Young as I remember  
The scrag end of the war  
Gypsies through the borders  
Came a jingling door to door  
With posies of primroses  
and all the bonny bloom  
But far and near as fool's fire  
They came glittering through the gloom

and their tongues as strong and nimble  
As would bind the looms of luck  
Wame to grave by coin and stave  
The blade's edge and the cup  
As young as I remember  
It's rosined in the bow  
and the tune still rambles rhyming  
To the road the gypsies go