

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