

Sandy Denny, Gypsy Davey

There was a gypsy came over the land,
He sang so sweet and gaily.
He sang beneath the wild wood tree
And charmed the great lord's lady.

The lord he did come home
Enquiring for his lady
"She's gone, she's gone," said the serving man,
"She's gone with the gypsy Davey."

"Go saddle me my black mare,
The grey is ne'er so speedy.
And I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day
Till I overtake my lady."

He rode all by the riverside
On the grass so wet and dewy.
And seated with her gipsy lad
It's there he spied his lady.

"Would you forsake your house and home,
Would you forsake your baby?
Would you forsake your own true love
And the promises you gave me?"

"What care I for my house and home
Or even my wee baby?
What care I for my own true love
For I love the gypsy Davey."

"Well it's fare thee well my dearest dear,
It's fare thee well forever.
And if you don't return with me
I swear you'll see me never."

And the lord he did go homeward
And kissed his own wee baby.
And ere six months had passed away
He'd married another lady.