Gypsy Davey



It was late last night when the squire came home And asking for his lady. The only answer that he got, "She's gone with the Gypsy Davey, She's gone with the Gypsy Davey."

"Go saddle for me my buckskin horse And a hundred dollar saddle Point out to me their wagon tracks And after them I'll travel."

Well he had not rode to the midnight moon When he saw the campfire gleaming He heard the notes of the big guitar And the noise of the gypsies singing.

"Have you forsaken your house and home? Have you forsaken your baby? Have you forsaken your husband dear To go with the Gypsy Davey?" "Yes, I've forsaken my husband dear To go with the Gypsy Davey, And I've forsaken my mansion high But not my blue-eyed baby."

"Take off, take off your buckskin gloves Made of Spanish leather, Give to me your lilywhite hand And we''ll ride home together."

"No, I won't take off my buckskin gloves Made of Spanish leather. I'll go my way from day to day And sing with the Gypsy Davey."