

My Gypsy Girl (Charlie Poole)

Oncest I was a gypsy girl but now I'm a rich man's bride
With servants to wait on me while in my carriage ride
While in my carriage ride, while in my carriage ride
With servants to wait on me while in my carriage ride

When I was strolling one day down London Street
A handsome young squire was the first I chanced to meet
He viewed my pretty brown cheeks which now he
loves so well
He says, "You, my gypsy gal, will you my fortune tell?
Will you my fortune tell? Will you my fortune tell?"
He says, "My little gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?"

Yes, sir, kind sir, please hold to me your hand
You have many fine mansions in a many foreign land
But all those fine young ladies, you'll cast them all aside
I am the gypsy girl who is to be your bride
Who is to be your bride, who is to be your bride
I am the gypsy girl who is to be your bride

He took me, he led me to a pleasant quiet shore
With servants to wait on me and open my own door
And open my own door, and open my own door
With servants to wait on me and open my own door

file from: www.traditionalmusic.co.uk