

Gypsy Davey

Gypsy Davey
Arlo Guthrie (Gypsy Laddie
English Traditional Folk Music 1720)

E A E A E 2x

It was late last night when the boss come home,
asking about his lady

The only answer that he got was,
she's gone with the Gypsy Davey,
gone with the Gypsy Dave

Go saddle me up my buckskin home,
and my hundred dollar saddle
Point out to me their wagon tracks,
and after them I'll travel, and after them I'll ride

Well, I had not rode 'till the midnight moon,
I saw their campfire gleaming
I heard the notes of the big guitar,
and the voice of the Gypsies singing,
that song of the Gypsy Dave

It was there in the light of the camping fire,
I saw her fair face beaming
Her heart in tune to the big guitar,
and the song of the gypsies singing,
that song of the Gypsy Dave

Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear?
To go with the Gypsy Davey
And sing with the Gypsy Davey
that song of the Gypsy Dave?

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,
not my blue eyed babe

She smiled to leave her husband dear,
to go with the Gypsy Davey

But the tears come a-trickling down her cheeks,
to think about her blue eyed baby,
to think about her blue eyed babe

Take off take off those buckskin gloves,
made of Spanish leather

Come give to me your lily-white hand,
and we'll ride home together,
and home again we'll ride

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,
the song of the Gypsy Davey,
the song of the Gypsy Dave,
the song of the Gypsy Davey,
the song of the Gypsy Dave

E A 4x