

Enchanted Gypsy, The
by Donovan

A day once dawned
As sleepers yawned
A day of leaves so green-i-o
That a man rode high
In the tinker's sky
And begged me to go running-o
And follow the path of the Gypsy-o

Seaweed clings to ruby rings
On the fingers of my lady-o
And the people in the town
They would not look round
To see me go a-running-o
On the trail of The Enchanted Gypsy-o

I passed the glade
And took near shade
Beneath an oak so twisty-o
And a vision I saw
As the crow did crawl
No more did I go searching-o
One the trail of The Enchanted Gypsy-o

Seaweed clings to ruby rings
On the fingers of my lady-o
And the people in the town
They would not look round
To see me go a-running-o
On the trail of the Enchanted Gypsy-o

His caravan
Was a-painted by hand
That's touched every pebble in the ocean-o
And the pictures there
They move in thin air
There forever a-telling-o
The tails of The Enchanted Gypsy-o

Seaweed clings to ruby rings
On the fingers of my lady-o
And the people in the town
They would not look round
To see me go a-running-o
For to follow the path of the Gypsy-o