

Gypsy's Warning

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Do not trust him, gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet
Heed not him who kneels before you, gently pleading at thy feet
Now thy life is in its morning; cloud not this thy happy lot
Listen to the gypsy's warning, gentle lady, heed him not
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Do not turn so coldly from me, I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and withering power, I would only tell the truth
I would shield thee from all danger, save thee from tempter's
snare

Lady shun the dark-eyed stranger, I have warned thee, now beware
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Lady, once there lived a maiden, pure and bright, and like thee,
fair

But he wooed and wooed and won her, filled her gentle heart with
care

Then he heeded not her weeping, nor cared he her life to save
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping in the cold and silent grave...

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it. Lady, I have prayed for this
For the hour that I might foil him, rob him of expected bliss
Gentle lady, do not wonder at my words, so cold and wild
Lady, in that green grave yonder lies the gypsy's only child

Lady, do not heed her warning. Trust me, thou shalt find me true
Constant as the light of morning I will ever be to you
Lady, I will not deceive thee, fill thy guileless heart with woe
Trust me, lady, and believe me; sorrow thou shall never know

Stranger, I've been thinking sadly, how you promised, wooed and
won

How her innocent love gladly heard fair words, built hopes
thereon

Now she's in the cold ground sleeping by the river's moaning wave
And the willows now are weeping o'er that maiden's early grave

Warnings from that grave do tell me, and a living voice I hear
Of a wooer who would seek me, pleading by a love sincere
That without me, life is sorrow; take this hand and heart of mine
Promise bliss for every morrow, then forsake me, let me pine

Stranger, I will heed the warning coming from the river's side
Flowers you strew there in the morning, I'll renew at eventide
There we'll walk, but not together, for the gypsy tells me true
Mourns her child in tears that smother every kindly thought of
you

Lady, every joy would perish, pleasures all would wither fast
If no heart could love and cherish in this world of storm and
blast
E'en the stars that gleam above thee shine the brightest in the
night
So would he who fondly loves thee, in the darkness be thy light

Down beside the flowing river where the dark green willow weeps
Where the leafy branches quiver, there a gentle maiden sleeps
In the morn a lonely stranger comes and lingers many hours
Lady, he's no heartless ranger, for he strews her grave with flowers

Lady, heed thee not her warning, lay thy soft white hand in mine
For I seek no fairer laurel than the constant love of thine
When the silver moonlight brightens, thou shalt slumber on my
breast
Tender words thy soul shall lighten, lull thy spirit into rest

Down beside yon flowing river, there bereft where willows weep
There must lie that fair one ever. Stranger, why these vigils
keep?
Why go there alone and early, all those mornings flowers to
strew?
Did you love, in truth, so dearly? Do you grieve as others do?

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