

The Oregon Gypsy Girl - song lyrics

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THE OREGON GYPSY GIRL.

My father was the king of the gypsy true,
My mother died and left me some traveling for to do;
With my pack upon my back my friends all bid me well,
I went traveling off to London some fortunes for to tell;
Some fortunes for to tell, some fortunes for to tell,
I went traveling off to London some fortunes for to tell.

I went walking through fair London,
A handsome stranger I chanced to meet
With my brown eyes, and he likes my looks so well;
Said he: You, the Oregon gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?
Will you my fortune tell? will you my fortune tell?
Said he: You, the Oregon gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?

Yes, kind sir, pray, give me your hands,
You have houses and ladies at your command.
You have servants to wait and open every door.
And for the kind ladies leave them aside;
I am the Oregon gypsy girl that is to be your bride,
That is to be your bride, that is to be your bride;
I am the Oregon gypsy girl that is to be your bride.

He took me to his home, a palace high and pure,
He had servants to wait on him and open every door:
And the bells they ring so merrily,
As through the streets we roam.
She was once the Oregon gypsy girl,
But now a squire's bride;
She was once the Oregon gypsy girl,
But now a squire's bride.