

The Gipsy's Warning - song lyrics

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THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Trust him not, O gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet-
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet;
Now thy life is in its morning:
Cloud not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the gipsy's warning-
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like the fair;
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care-
Then he heeded not her weeping-
He cared not her life to save!
Soon she perished-now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave!

Lady, turn not from me so coldly,
For I have only the truth--
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth;
I would shield thee from all danger-
Shield thee from the tempter's snare-
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger-
I have warned thee, now beware!

Take your gold-I do not want it;
Lady, I have prayed for this-
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder,
At my looks so fierce and wild-
Lady, in the church-yard yonder,
Sleeps the gipsy's only child!