Gypsy Davy

Emily Smith

It was late last night when the boss come home
Askin' about his lady
The only answer he received, "she's gone with the
Gypsy Davy, gone with the gypsy Davy.""Go saddle for me my buskin' horse
And a hundred dollars saddle
Point out to me their wagon tracks
And after them I'll travel, after them I'll ride"Well, I had not rode 'til the midnight moon
When I saw the campfire gleaming
I heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsy singin'That song of the gypsy Dave
There in the light of the camping fire
I saw her fair face beaming
Her heart in tune with the big guitarAnd the voice of the gypsy singing
That song of the gypsy Dave
Have you forsaken your house and home
Have you forsaken your babyHave you forsaken your husband dear
To go to the gypsy Dave
And sing with the gypsy Dave
That song of the gypsy DaveYes, I've forsaken my husband dear
To go with the gypsy Davy
And I've forsaken my mansion high
But not my blue-eyed babyNot my blue-eyed babe.
Take off take off your buskin'gloves
Made of spanish leather
Give to me your lily-white handWe'll ride back home together
And we'll ride home again
No, I won't take off my buskin' gloves
They're made of Spanish leatherI'll go my way from day to day
And sing with the gypsy Davy
That song of the gypsy Dave
That song of the gypsy Dave

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