

# 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 guitar And the voice of the gypsy singing  
That song of the gypsy Dave  
Have you forsaken your house and home  
Have you forsaken your baby Have you forsaken your husband dear  
To go to the gypsy Dave  
And sing with the gypsy Dave  
That song of the gypsy Dave Yes, I've forsaken my husband dear  
To go with the gypsy Davy  
And I've forsaken my mansion high  
But not my blue-eyed baby Not my blue-eyed babe.  
Take off take off your buskin' gloves  
Made of spanish leather  
Give to me your lily-white hand We'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 leather I'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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