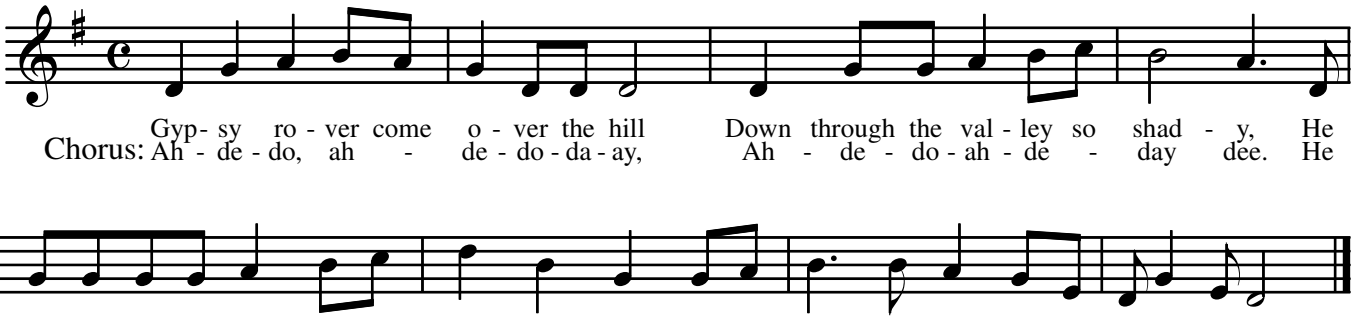


# GYPSY ROVER

Irish

Whistle



Gyp- sy ro - ver come o - ver the hill Down through the val - ley so shad - y, He  
Chorus: Ah - de - do, ah - de - do - da - ay, Ah - de - do - ah - de - day dee. He

5  
whis-tled and he sang 'til the green-woods rang And he won the heart of a lad-y.  
whis-tled and he sang 'til the green-woods rang And he won the heart of a lad-y.

She left her father's castle gates  
She left her own fine lover  
She left her servants and her state  
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
And roamed the valleys all over  
Sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,  
Down by the river Claydee  
And there was music and there was wine,  
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my father" she said  
"But lord of these lands all over,  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
With my whistling gypsy rover."

Arranged for Tinwhistle by the Hardworking Elves at [www.fullbodyburn.com](http://www.fullbodyburn.com) who think it's okay for a gypsy to be a gypsy without having to be the lord of the vley all over. And we really appreciate the whistling and the singing. Especially the whistling. You gypsies are pretty cool, really. But we do have a problem with carnies.