Gypsie Laddie

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An English lord came home one night,
Inquiring for his lady,
The servants said on ev'ry hand,
She's gone with the gypsy laddie.

Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
Go saddle me up my brownie,
And I will ride both night and day,
Till I overtake my bonnie.

Oh he rode East and he rode West,
And at last he found her,
She was lying on the green, green grass,
And the gypsy's arms around her.

Oh, how can you leave your house and land,
How can you leave your money,
How can you leave your rich young lord,
To be a gypsy's bonnie?

How can you leave you house and land,
How can you leave your baby,
How can you leave your rich young lord,
To be a gypsy's lady?

Oh come go home with me, my dear,
Come home and be my lover,
I'll furnish you with a room so neat,
With a silken bed and covers.

I won't go home with you, kind sir,
Nor will I be your lover,
I care not for your rooms so neat,
Or your silken bed or your covers.

It's I can leave my house and land,
And I can leave my baby,
I'm a-goin' to roam this world around,
And be a gypsy's lady.

Oh, soon this lady changed her mind,
Her clothes grew old and faded,

Her hose and shoes came off her feet,
And left them bare and naked.

Just what befell this lady now,
I think it worth relating,
Her gypsy found another lass,
And left her heart a-breaking.

From the singing of Jean Ritchie. Folkways FA 2301.
- Ballad style (This song is best unaccompanied)
Child #200
BPT

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