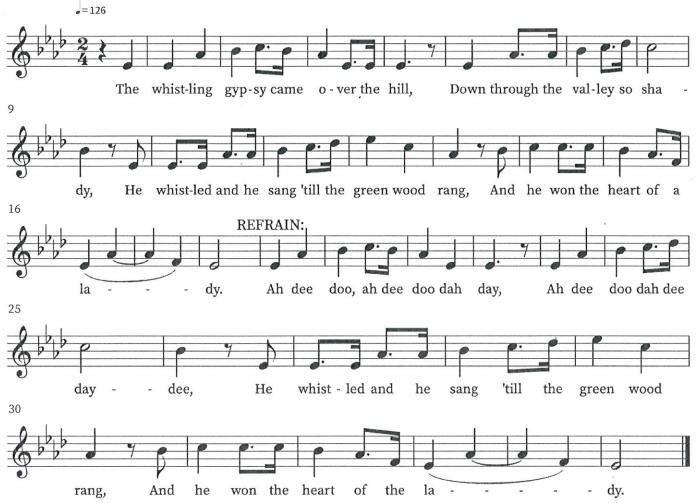
## The Whistling Gypsy



- 2. She left her father's castle gate, She left her own fond lover, She left her servants and her state, To follow the gypsy rover. REFRAIN
- 3. Her father saddled up his fastest steed, Roamed the valleys all over, And sought his daughter at great speed, And the whistling gypsy rover. REFRAIN
- 4. He came at last to a mansion fine, Down by the river Crady, And there was music and there was wine, For the gypsy and his lady. REFRAIN
- 5. "He's no gypsy, my father," said she, "But the lord of these lands all over, And I will stay 'till my dying day, With my whistling gypsy rover." REFRAIN