

Gypsy Maiden

D G D
She was young; she was fair and her long flowing hair,
A
With the wild tints of autumn was laden,
D A G
And the joy of her tribe is how I would describe,
D A D
This beautiful gypsy maiden,
G D
Now the fine country squire, found his heart all a-fire,
A
On the day that he met her in the Boreen.
D A G
I will give you command of my riches and my lands,
D A D
If you'll wed me my pretty as-tor-e

D G D
Oh, I don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A
Or your mansion with gold truly laden.
D G D
Oh, I don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A D
Said the beautiful gypsy maiden.

D G D
Still he showed her his lands and the wedding was planned
A
And he showed her his mansion all over,
D A G
But this young gypsy maid was nervous and dismayed,
D A D
For at heart she was still a gypsy rover.

D G D
Oh, I don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A
Or your mansion with gold truly laden.
D G D
Oh, I don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A D
But to wed said the gypsy mai-den.

D G D
On this wonderful day, she was lovely and gay,
A
To the church came the tribes all par-adin'.
D A G
Our fair prize you can't win, for she's not your kith or kin.
D A D
Stay away from the gypsy mai-den.

D G D
Oh, we don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A
Or your mansion with gold truly laden.
D G D
Oh, we don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A D
And you'll ne'er wed the gypsy mai-den.

D G D
Oh, we don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A
Or your mansion with gold truly laden.
D G D
Oh, we don't care a straw for your lands, my good sir,
A D
And you'll ne'er wed the gypsy mai-den.