The Gypsy Laddie

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There were three gypsies a' in a row
And O but they were bonnie, O,
They sang so sweet and so complete
That they charmed the heart o' a lady, O

The lady she cam' doon the stair
And her twa maidens cam' wi' her, O;
But when they spied her weel' faured face,
They cast their comprolls o'er her, O.
They've gi'en to her the nutmeg fine,
And they've gi'en to her the ginger, O;
But she's gi'en to them a far better thing,
The gold ring aff her finger O.

"It's ye'll cast aff your silken goun,
And put on this tartan pladie, O;
And ye'll come awa' this lee-lang nicht
And follow the gypsie laddie O."

Laird Castles he cam' hame at e'en,
Enquiring for his lady, O;
"The hounds is run and the hawk is flown,
And the gypsy's awa' wi' your lady, O.'

"Come saddle me to the black, the black.
Mak' haste and soon be ready O;
For it's meat and drink I winna taste,
Till I get back my lady, O."

They've rode east and they've rode west,
Till them cam' to yonder boggie, O;
And there they spied the weel-faured maid,
Wi' the gypsies a' standin' roond her O.

"Will ye gang wi' me, my honey and my heart,
Will ye gang wi' me, my lady O;
And I swear by the sword that hangs by my side,
The black band shall never steal thee O."

"I winna come wi' you, my honey and my heart,
I winna come wi' you, my dearie, O;

Till I hae drunk the breest I brewed,
And that's in the water o' Eerie O."

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