

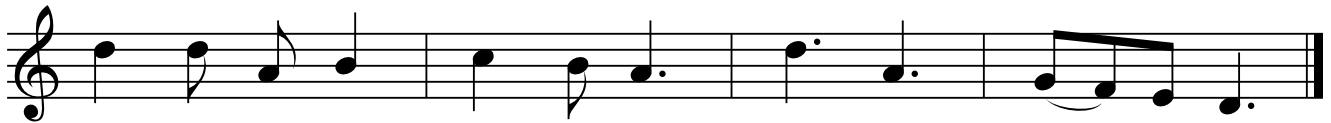
# The Gipsy



I'm the gip-sy of the vale, Car-a-van a-mong the moun-tains,



Ev-'ry day a new en-camp-ment, On the banks be-side the stream.



Win-ter, sum-mer what care I, Heigh ho, heigh-de-ho.

I'm the gipsy of the vale,  
Caravan a-mong the mountains,  
Ev'ry day a new encampment,  
On the banks beside the stream.  
Winter, summer what care I,  
Heigh ho, heigh-de-ho.

if the wind turns from the south,  
Easy 'tis to change our lair.  
Clap my rested mare in harness,  
Journey on to warmer quarters.  
There find Paradise for three,  
Romany and Ruth and me.  
Heigh-ho, heigh-de-ho.

Lean the purse in which we share,  
But a better time will come,  
To old maids I'll tell good fortunes,  
And my basket full I'll sell them,  
Then again to Romany,  
The caravan so dear to me.  
Heigh-ho, heigh-de-ho.