

## My Father is the King of the Gypsies

My fath - - er's the king of all gyp - - sies you  
know, My moth-er she have learnt me some grand words al - - so  
With me pack on me back as they all wish me  
well, I'm go - ing up to Lon - don some for - - tunes to tell.

2. As I was a-walking up great London street  
A saucy little squire boy I chanc-ed for to meet  
He view-ed my brown face and he lik-ed it so well  
Says 'You, my little gypsy girl will you my fortune tell?'
3. He took me to a large house, a palace I'm sure  
Where ladies was waiting to open the door  
There was ladies of all kinds of every degree  
But there wasn't one that he could call but his charming gypsy.
4. He made me a feather bed so soft and so sound  
No more around the country my gypsy girl shall roam.

Source: Danny Brazil at Elmstone, 13th April 1995, collected by Gwilym Davies