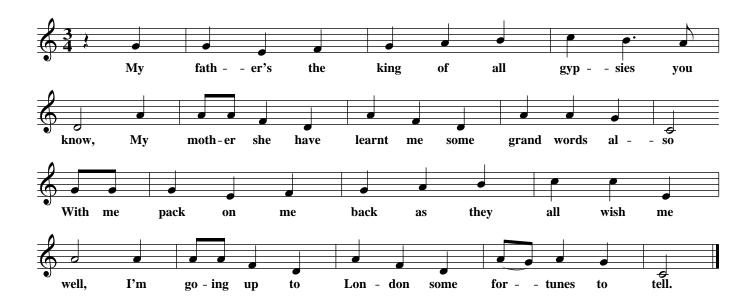
My Father is the King of the Gypsies



- 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 countery my gypsy girl shall roam.

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

© Gloucestershire Traditions