

King of the Gypsies

1. My fath - - er's the king of the gyp - - sies you know My
moth - er she has lear - ned me a coun - try word or two, with my
pack ___ at my back and I'll wish you all ___ well I'm a - -
go - ing up to Lon - - don my for - tune for to tell ___ To my
fal lal the day, To my fal lal the ral lal fal the did - dle - i - do,
Fal lal the ral i - - day

1. My father's the king of the gypsies, you know
My mother she has learned me a country word or two
With my pack at my back and I'll wish you all well
I'm a-going up to London my fortune for to tell

Chorus:

To my fal lal the day,
To my fal lal the ral lal fal the diddle-i-do
Fal lal the ral -day

2. Now as I was a-walking up fair London street,
A handsome young squire I chanced for to meet;
He viewed my brown cheeks and liked them so well,
He said, "Me little gypsy girl, can you me fortune tell?"
3. "Why yes, kind sir, give me hold of your hand,
Why you have got houses, you've riches and you've land,
But all those pretty ladies, you mun put them to one side.
For I'm the little gypsy girl that is to be your bride.-
4. Now once I was a gypsy girl but now a squire's bride.
I've got servants for to wait on me and in me carriage ride,
The bells they rung so merrily and the sweet music did play,
And a jolly time we had upon the gypsy's wedding day.

Source: Sung by Charles Woodward, Ebrington, noted by Cecil Sharp, 10th September 1909
Mr Woodward only sang the first verse. The remaining verses have been supplied
from the singing of Joseph Taylor of Lincolnshire.

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