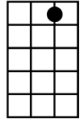

























SING C














# THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER (BAR)-Leo Maguire

4/4 1...2...1234









**Intro: (Whistle)** |   |    |   |   |   |












The Gypsy Rover come over the hill, down through the valley so sha - dy.









He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.












Ah-di-do, ah-di-do da-dey, ah-di-do, ah-di dey - di,

He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.











       

She left her father's castle gate, she left her own fond lov - er,












          

She left her servants and her e - state, to follow the Gypsy Ro - ver.

## CHORUS

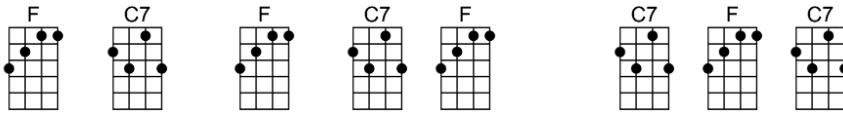
Her father saddled up his fastest steed, roamed the valleys all o - ver;

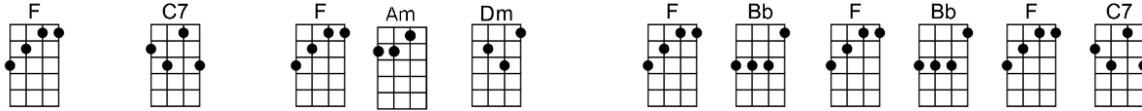
Sought his daughter at great speed, and the whistling Gypsy Ro - ver.

## CHORUS

p.2. The Whistling Gypsy Rover

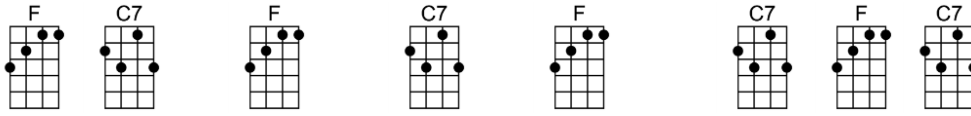


He came at last to a mansion fine, down by the river Cla - dy,

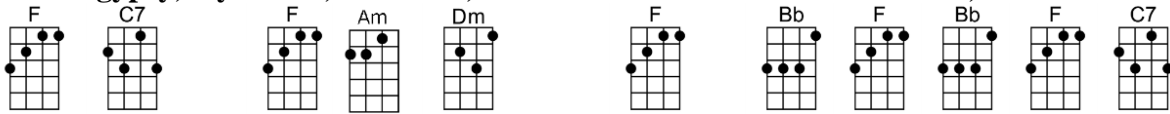


And there was music and there was wine for the Gypsy and his la - dy.

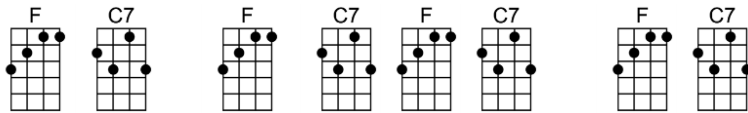
CHORUS



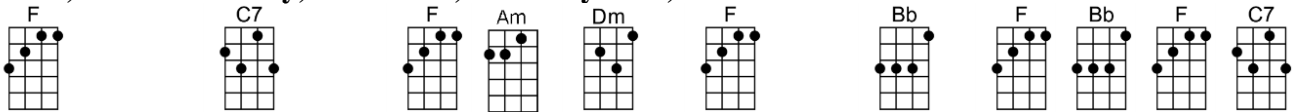
"He is no gypsy, my father," she said, "But lord of these lands all o - ver,



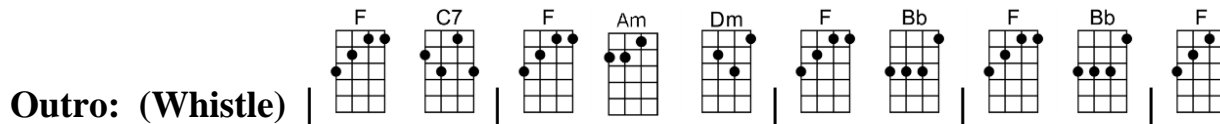
And I will stay 'till my dy - ing day with my whistling Gypsy Ro - ver."



Ah-di-do, ah-di-do da-dey, ah-di-do, ah-di dey - di,



He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.



# THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER-Leo Maguire

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: (Whistle)| F C7 | F Am Dm | F Bb | F Bb | F C7 |

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
The Gypsy Rover come over the hill, down through the valley so sha-dy.  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
Ah-di-do, ah-di-do da-dey, ah-di-do, ah-di dey-di,  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
She left her father's castle gate, she left her own fond lov-er,  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
She left her servants and her e - state, to follow the Gypsy Ro - ver.

## CHORUS

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
Her father saddled up his fastest steed, roamed the valleys all o - ver;  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
Sought his daughter at great speed, and the whistling Gypsy Ro - ver.

## CHORUS

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
He came at last to a mansion fine, down by the river Cla-dy,  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
And there was music and there was wine for the Gypsy and his la - dy.

## CHORUS

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
"He is no gypsy, my father," she said, "But lord of these lands all o - ver,  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
And I will stay 'till my dy - ing day with my whistling Gypsy Ro - ver."

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7  
Ah-di-do, ah-di-do da-dey, ah-di-do, ah-di dey-di,  
F C7 F Am Dm F Bb F Bb F C7  
He whistled and he sang 'till the green-woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.

Outro: (Whistle)| F C7 | F Am Dm | F Bb | F Bb | F