THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER - Leo Maguire

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

Intro: (Whistle)

The Gypsy Rover come over the hill, down through the valley so shady.

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

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

She left her father's castle gate, she left her own fond lover,

She left her servants and her estate, to follow the Gypsy Rover.

CHORUS

Her father saddled up his fastest steed, roamed the valleys all over;

Sought his daughter at great speed, and the whistling Gypsy Rover.

CHORUS
He came at last to a mansion fine, down by the river Clady,
And there was music and there was wine for the Gypsy and his lady.

CHORUS
"He is no gypsy, my father," she said, "But lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay 'till my dying day with my whistling Gypsy Rover."

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 lady.

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