

THE ENCHANTED GYPSY

Donovan

A DAY ONCE DAWNED, AS SLEEPERS YAWNED
A DAY OF LEAVES SO GREENY - O
THAT A MAN RODE HIGH
IN A TINKER SKY
AND BADE ME TO GO A-RUNNING - O
AND FOLLOW THE PATH OF A GYPSY - O

SEAWEED CLINGS TO RUBY RINGS
ON THE FINGERS OF MY LADY - O
AND THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN
THEY WOULD NOT LOOK ROUND
TO SEE ME GO A-RUNNING - O
ON THE TRAIL OF THE ENCHANTED GYPSY - O

I PASSED A GLADE, AND TOOK ME SHADE
BENEATH AN OAK SO TWISTY - O
A VISION I SAW
AS A CROW DID "CRAW"
NO MORE NEED I GO A-SEARCHING - O
ON THE TRAIL OF THE ENCHANTED GYPSY - O

HIS CARAVAN IS A-PAINTED BY A HAND
THAT'S TOUCHED EVERY PEBBLE IN THE OCEAN - O
AND THE PICTURES THERE
THEY MOVE IN THIN AIR
FOR THEY'RE FOREVER A-TELLING - O
THE TALES OF THE ENCHANTED GYPSY - O

AND THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN
THEY WOULD NOT LOOK AROUND
TO HEAR ME GO A PREACHIN - O
THE TALES OF AN ENCHANTED GYPSY - O