The Gypsy Davey
As sung by Milt Okun

Brightly \( \frac{d}{\text{tempo}} = 90 \)

1. O, he came walking through the field,
   Sing-ing out_ and gai-ly; Be-
   neath the aisles_ of the green-wood spring
   To charm the heart of a la-dy.

2. So har-ness up the old grey mare,
   The bay is_ not so speed-y; I
   ride all_ day and I ride all night
   Til I o-ver-take my_ la-dy.

3. Last night she slept on a warm feath-er bed,
   And in her_ arms, a ba-by;
   night she_ sleeps on the cold, cold ground
   Beside the Gyp-sy_ Da-vey.

C G7 C
Rat-tle-at-ta-ling-o ling-o-ling, Rat-tle-at-ta-ling-o day-dee,

C C
Rat-tle-at-ta-ling-o ling-o-ling, She's gone with the Gyp-sy Da-vey!