

Go, Laddie, Go.

Well she never was my true love,
And therein lies my sorrow,
And I pray she finds another,
Gives her joy today and morrow,
Will you go, lassie, go?

Popular Childe Ballad. Also known as The
Whistling Gypsy Rover

KEY G
verse/chorus:
G D G D
G D G D
G D G C
G C G C G D

Gypsy Rover

A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang 'til the green
woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He whistled and he sang 'til the green
woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang 'till the green
woods rang
As they rode off together

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover

Her father saddled up his fastest stead
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music and there was wine

For the gypsy and his lady.

"Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
For a whistling gypsy rover?"

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

KEY G
verse/chorus:
G D G D
G D G D
G D G C
G C G C G D

THE WHISTLING GYPSY

Leo Maguire

The gypsy rover came 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.

Chorus:
Ah dee du, ah dee du da day. Ah dee du, ah
dee day dee.

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

She left her father's castle gate. Left her
own fond lover.
Left her servants and her estate to follow the
gypsy rover.

(Chorus)

Her father saddled his fastest steed.
Searched these valleys all over.
Seeking his daughter at great speed and the
whistlin' gypsy rover.

(Chorus)

At last he came to a castle gate along the
river Claydee,
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 the
whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah dee du, ah dee du da day. Ah dee du, ah
dee day dee.

He whistled and he sang till the green
woods rang, till the green
woods rang, till the green woods rang,

And he won the heart of a lady.

A Stew of Wonder, by Roberta Fiester

Music and Lyrics by
Hugh Prestwood
(c) Hugh Prestwood Musi

Bristlecone Pine

Way up in the mountains on a high
timberline,
there's a twisted old tree called the
Bristlecone Pine.
The wind there is bitter; it cuts like a knife.
It keeps that tree holding on for dear life.

But hold on it does, standing its ground.
Standing as empires rise and fall down.
When Jesus was gathering lambs to his fold,
the tree was already a thousand years old.

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way
to tell,
when I die if I'm going to heaven or hell.
So when I'm laid to rest it would suit me just
fine
to sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine.

And as I would slowly return to this earth
what little this body of mine might be worth
would soon start to nourish the roots of that
tree.
And it would partake of the essence of me.

And who knows what's found as the
centuries turn.
A small spark of me might continue to burn.
As long as the sun does continue to shine
down on the limbs of the Bristlecone
Pine.

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way
to tell,
when I die if I'm going to heaven or hell.
When I'm laid to rest it would suit me just
fine
to sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine....
To sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine.

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there's a twisted old tree called the
Bristlecone Pine.
The wind there is bitter; it cuts like a knife.
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life.

But hold on it does, standing its ground.
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To sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine.
To sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine.