Go Home, Girl

Gaelic Storm

 D A

Don't say that you're in love with me, listen to what I say.

 D G A D
You're too young to come with me, I must be on me way.

 G D G A
And stop your silly crying now, how can I make you see

 D G A D
That I'm a gypsy rover, love, and you'll not come with me.
 D A G-A D
Go home, Girl, go home. Go home

And I met you at the market, when your mum was not with you
You like me long blond ringlets and me handkerchief of blue
And although I'm very fond of you, you asked me home for tea
but I'm a gypsy rover, love, and you'll not come with me.

Go home, Girl, go home
Go home

And your brother is a Peeler, and would lock me up in the jail
If he knew I was a poacher and I hunt your lord's best quail
Well your daddy is a gentle man, and your mammy just as grand
But I'm a gypsy rover, love and I'll not be your man

Go home, Girl, go home
Go home

Now the hour's drawing on my love, your mum's expecting thee
Don't tell her that you met me here, or I'm a gypsy free
And let's get off me jacket now, your love will have to wait
For I am twenty-two years old, and you, you're only eight

Go home, Girl, go home
Go home

Go home, Girl, go home
Go home