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