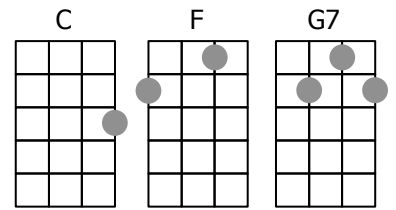


44. I Recall a Gypsy Woman

Don Williams



[C] Silver coins that [F] jingle [C] jangle
Fancy shoes, that dance in [G7] time
Oh the [C] secrets [F] of her [C] dark eyes
They did sing a [G7] gypsy [C] rhyme
Yellow clover [F] in tangled [C] blossoms
In a meadow of silky [G7] green
Where she [C] held me [F] to her [C] bosom
Just a boy of [G7] seven[C]teen.

I re[F]call a gypsy [C] woman,
Silver spangles in her [G7] eyes.
Ivory [C] skin a[F]gainst the [C] moonlight,
And the taste of [G7] life's sweet [C] wine.

Soft breezes blow from [F] fragrant [C] meadows
Stir the darkness in my [G7] mind
Oh gentle [C] woman, you [F] sleep be[C]side me
And little know what [G7] haunts my [C] mind
Gypsy lady, I [F] hear your [C] laughter
And it dances in my [G7] head
While my [C] tender [F] wife and [C] babies
Slumber softly [G7] in their [C] beds.

I re[F]call a gypsy [C] woman,
Silver spangles in her [G7] eyes.
Ivory [C] skin a[F]gainst the [C] moonlight,
And the taste of [G7] life's sweet [C] wine.