

There was a time, our elders say,  
 O'er Palestine we held our sway;  
 When 'neath our bright avenging sword,  
 The Lion Tribe of Judah bowed;  
 I know not *that*; my pride is all,  
 That I *am* born a Gypsy Girl.

A Gypsy Girl! o'er moor and moss  
 Cheerily I trace my onward course;  
 I track the wild bees' humming flight,  
 I cull the mountain daisys bright;  
 No dark corroding care I feel,  
 Stranger! I *am* a Gypsy Girl.

Anon! I marked thy sparkling eye  
 As you, fair maiden, glided by;  
 Thy chosen love I knew full well,  
 Those glances left not aught to tell;  
 And I am my Zingaro's pearl,  
 Though but a wandering Gypsy Girl.

Now twilight comes, and soon the star  
 That guides my life will beam afar;  
 I mark its clear, its twinkling ray,  
 It tokens bliss and joy for me;  
 Bright Star of Hope! that shines on all,  
 But brightest on the Gypsy Girl.

And while the moonbeams mark my way,  
 I gaze upon that star's mild ray,  
 Then seek the spot beneath the tree,  
 Where my Zingari waits for me;  
 His soft guitar plays sweetly while  
 He lingers for his Gypsy Girl.