

# The Wrangle Taggle Gypsies-O!

Alison Moyet

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate. They sang so high, they  
sang so low.  
The lady sate in her chamber late. Her heart it melted away as  
snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill. That fast her tears be  
gan to flow  
And she lay down her silken gown, her golden rings and all her  
show.

She took it off her high-heeled shoes, a-  
made of Spanish leather-O  
She would in the street in her bare, bare feet, all out in the  
wind and weather-O.

Saddle to me my milk white steed and go and fetch me my pony-O  
That I may ride and seek my bride who's gone with the wrangle t  
aggle gypsies-O!

He rode high and he rode low, he rode through woods and copses  
too  
Until he came to an open field and there he espied his a-lady-  
O.

"What makes you leave your house and land, your golden treasure  
s for to go?  
What makes you leave your new wedded lord, to follow the wraggl  
e taggle gypsies-O?"

"What care I for my house and land? What care I for my treasure  
s-O?  
What care I for my new wedded lord? I'm off with the wrangle ta  
ggle gypsies-O!"

"Last night you slept on a goose-  
feathered bed, with the sheet turned down so bravely-O.  
Tonight you sleep in a cold open field along with the wrangle t  
aggle gypsies-O!"

"What care I for the goose-  
feathered bed with the sheet turned down so bravely-O?  
Tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field along with the wragg  
le taggle gypsies-O!"