The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies-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 began 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 wraggle taggle 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 treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord, to follow the wraggle taggle gypsies-O?""What care I for my house and land? What care I for my treasures-O?
What care I for my new wedded lord? I'm off with the wraggle taggle 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 wraggle taggle 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 wraggle taggle gypsies-O!"

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