

Alison Moyet, The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies-O!

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 my 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'll 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!"