

Voice

# The Wrangle Taggle Gypsies O!

## verse 1



Three gip-sies stood at the cas-tle gate, they sang so high, they sang so low. The la-dy sat in her cham-ber late, Her

## verse 2



heart it mel-ted a-way as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill that fast her tears be-



gan to flow. And she laid down her sil-ken gown, her gol-den rings and all her show.

## verse 3



She pluck-ed off her high-heel'd shoes, a-made of Span-ish lea-ther, Oh. She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet, All

## verse 4



out in the wind and wea-ther, go.

"Oh saddle to me my milk-white steed, and go fetch me my



po-ny, Oh! That I may ride and seek my bride who is gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, Oh!"

2<sub>38</sub>

**verse 5**

Voice



46

**verse 6**

