

Composed for the ICYC by Robert Hanson, 2016

## Romany Life

A Gypsy man whose wife had long been gone,  
Lived in a caravan with his daughter.  
And she was beautiful and loved adventure.  
And longed to meet a boy who'd join her Gypsy family.

Fortune Teller sing me a song,  
Tell me how my life will be  
And will it be long?  
Will my daughter find a boy? Will her life be filled with joy?  
Will she meet the boy who'll truly love her?

The Gypsy girl,  
Who loved to wander  
Over the hills and thru the woods.  
One day she met a boy,  
But then he disappeared,  
And she would wander every day to try and find him.

Roma Teller, sing me a song,  
Tell me where my boy can be and where he has gone.  
Will I find him in the wood? Can our lives be filled with good?  
Will I find the boy I met, then lost him?

This Gypsy boy, he loved to wander  
Over the hills and thru the woods.  
One day he met the girl who was so beautiful  
And he was so afraid that she would never love him.

O Fortuna, sing me a song.  
Tell me of the girl I met and do not be wrong.  
Will she fall in love with me? Can our lives be ever free?  
Can we live the Gypsy life together?

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## The Gypsy Wagons

The Gypsy wagons,  
Oh, the Gypsy wagons,  
they carry color'd flagons  
on the Gypsy wagons!

The Fortune Teller,  
Oh, The Roma Teller,  
When will she find her feller?  
Tell Roma Teller!

The Gypsy horses,  
Oh, the Gypsy horses,  
Take Gypsies on their courses,  
Oh, They Gypsy horses.

The Gypsy fiddle,  
Oh, my Gypsy fiddle,  
The rhythm's in the middle  
Of my Gypsy fiddle!

The Gypsies wander,  
How the Gypsies wander,  
On freedom do the ponder,  
So the Gypsies wander.

The Gypsy caravan,  
Oh, the Gypsy caravan,  
They travel on through  
Khazakstan with the Gypsy caravan!  
Hey!