

The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies

There were three gyp-sies come to my door, & down-stairs ran this a -

la - dy O! One sang high, & the o-ther sang low, and the

o-ther sang bon-ny bon-ny Bis-cay, O! Then

Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown, and put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door, She's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

It was late last night, when my lord came home, enquiring of his lady O!
The servants said on ev'ry hand, She's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

O, saddle to me my milk-white steed. Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride, who is gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

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 lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land? What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord, to go with the raggle taggle gypsies, O?

What care I for my house and my land? What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord? I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goosefeather bed, with the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field, along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for a goosefeather bed with the sheet turned down so bravely, O?
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field, along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!