

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies, O!

Trad



1. Three gyp -sies sat at the cas -tle gate, they sang so high they sang so low, the



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1. Three gypsies stood at the castle gate, They sang so high they sang so low,
The lady sat in her chamber late, Her heart it melted away as snow.
2. 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.
3. She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes, A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet, All out in the wind and weather, O.
4. 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!
5. O he rode high, and he rode low, He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to a cold open field, And there he espied his lady, O!
6. What makes you leave your house and land? Your golden treasure to forgo?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord, To follow the wraggle taggle gypsies O?
7. O what care I for my house and land, And what care I for my treasure O?
And what care I for my new-wedded lord, I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies O!
8. Last night you slept in a goose-feather 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!
9. O what care I for a goose-feather bed, with the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
Tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field, Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies O!