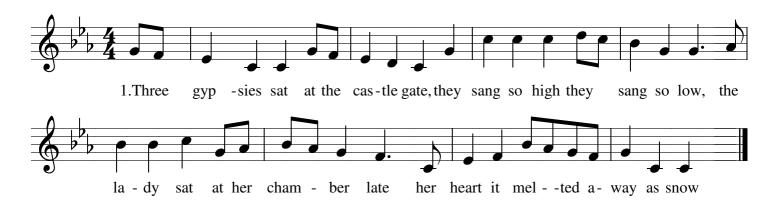
The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies, O!

Trad



- 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!