

Raggle Taggle Gypies

Dm
C
Am

Voice

There were three gyp-sies came to our hall door, and down-stairs ran this la-dy - o, There was

C
Dm
Am
F
Dm
C
DmAnDm

Vo.

one sing high and the oth-er sang low and the oth-er sang Bon-ny Bon-ny Bis-cay-o.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

She plucked off her high heel shoes,
All made of spanish leather-O,
She went into the street in her bare, bare feet,
All out in the wind and weather-O.

Come saddle to me my milk white steed,
Go and fetch my pony-O,
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the Raggle Taggle Gypsies-O.

Oh, he rode high, he rode low,
He rode thorough woods and copses-O,
Until he came to a wide open field,
And there he spied his Lady-O.

What makes you leave your house and your lands,
Your golden treasures to forego,
What makes you leave your newly-wedded lord,
To run with the Raggle Taggle Gypsies-O?

O what care I for my house and my lands,
What care I for treasure-O,
What care I for my newly-wedded lord,
For I'm off with the Raggle Taggle Gypsies-O.

Last night you slept on a goose feather bed,
With the sheets turned down so bravely-O,
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle Taggle Gypsies-O.

Oh what care I for a goose feather bed,
With the sheets turned down so bravely-O,
Tonight I'll sleep in a cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle Taggle Gypsy-O.