

Lesley Garrett

"The Raggle Taggle Gypsies"

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Three gypsies stood at the castle gate,
They sang so high they sang so low.
The lady sate in her chamber late
Her heart it melted away as snow.

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.

She took it off her high-heeled shoes
A-made of Spanish leather O.
She would in the street in her bare feet
All out in the wind and weather go!

"Saddle to me my milk-white steed
And go fetch me my pony O.
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies 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,
Your golden treasures for to go.
What makes you leave your new wedded lord
To follow the raggles taggle gypsies O"

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

"Last night you slept on a goose-feathered bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely O.
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies O."

"What care I for a goose-feathered bed

With the sheet turned down so bravely O.
Tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies O!"

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