

Minstrels Of Mayhem

"Raggle Taggle Gypsy"

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There were three old gypsies by the ale house door,
picking brave and boldy-o.
One sang high and another sang low,
and the other sang a wraggle taggle gypsy-o.

It was late that night when my lord came in,
inquiring for his lady-o.
The servant girl, she said to the lord,
"She's away with a wraggle taggle gypsy-o."

"Well, saddle for me my big white steed.
My black horse is not speedy-o.
Tonight I ride 'till I see my bride.
She's away with a wraggle taggle gypsy-o."

He rode east, he rode west,
he rode north and south, or so,
until he came to a wide open plain.
It was there that he spied his lady-o.

"How can you leave your goose-feather bed,
blankets strewn so comfy-o?
How can you leave your newly-wedded lord,
all for a wraggle taggle gypsy-o?"

"What care I for my goose-feather bed,
blankets strewn so comfy-o?
Tonight I lie in a wide open field
in the arms of a wraggle taggle gypsy-o?"

"How can you leave you house and your lands?
How can you leave you money-o?
How can you leave your newly-wedded lord,
all for a wraggle taggle gypsy-o?"

"What care I for my house and my lands?
What care I for my money-o?
I'd rather have a kiss from the yellow gypsy's lips,
and away with a wraggle taggle gypsy-o."

(Adding Speech At A Later Time)

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