

The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!

Folk Song

1. Three gip-sies stood at the Cas - tle gate, They
2. They sang so sweet, they — sang so shrill, That
3. She — pluck-ed off her — high-heeled shoes, A -

7
sang so high, they sang so low, The La - dy sate in her cham-ber late, Her
fast her tears be - gan to flow, And she laid down her — silk - en gown, Her
made of Span - ish — leath - er O! She would in the street with her bare, bare feet, All

11
heart it melt - ed a - way as snow.
gold - en rings and — all her show.
out in the wind and — wea - ther 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 is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies O.
5. O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!
6. What makes you leave your home and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
7. What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treassures lord,
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
8. Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'; sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
9. What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!