

130- Raggle Taggle Gypsy

Folk

Violin

There were three old gyp-sies came to our hall door

They came brave and bold - ly - o And one sang high and the

ot-her sang low And the ot-her sang a rag-gle tag-gle gyp - sy - o

It was upstairs downstairs the lady went
Put on her suit of leather-o
And there was a cry from around the door
She's away wi' the raggle taggle gypsy-o

"How could you leave your goose feather bed
Your blankets strewn so comely-o?
And how could you leave your newly wedded Lord
All for a raggle taggle gypsy-o?"

It was late that night when the Lord came in
Enquiring for his lady-o
And the servant girl she said to the Lord
"She's away wi' the raggle taggle gypsy-o"

*"What care I for my goose feather bed
Wi' blankets strewn so comely-o?
Tonight I lie in a wide open field
In the arms of a raggle taggle gypsy-o"*

"Then saddle for me my milk white steed
- my big horse is not speedy-o
And I will ride till I seek my bride
She's away wi' the raggle taggle gypsy-o"

"How could you leave your house and your land?
How could you leave your money-o?
How could you leave your only wedded Lord
All for a raggle taggle gypsy-o?"

Now he rode East and he rode West
He rode North and South also
Until he came to a wide open plain
It was there that he spied his lady-o

*"What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my money-o?
I'd rather have a kiss from the yellow gypsy's lips
I'm away wi' the raggle taggle gypsy-o!"*

Persons: Story teller **Lord Lady**