

Raggle Taggle Gypsies

D A D CAPO 1

Three gyp - sies stood at the cas - tle gate, They

	0		0	2	0
	0		0	0	0
5 4	3	0	0	5 4	3 2 0 5

sang so high, they sang so low The la - dy sat in her

0	5	5	5	5
0	6	5	5	6
8 8 8 9 8	7 5 5 5	7 7 8 5 5		

cham - ber late, Her heart it mel - - ted a - way like snow.

5	4	0	5	0	3
6	4	0	5	0	3 0
7 6 5 4 0	3 5 7 6 5 4	5	0		

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

Oh, he rode high and he rode low
He rode through the woods and the copses too
Until he came to an open field
and there he spied his lady, O!

She plucke-ed off her high-heeled shoes
All made of Spanish leather-o
She walked in the streets in her bare, bare feet,
And followed the raggle taggle gypsies, O

Last night you slept in a goose-feather bed
With the sheets all turned down so lovely O
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O

It was late that night when her Lord came home
Enquiring for his lady, o
The servants said on every hand
She's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my house and land??
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my newly wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

Go saddle up my milk white steed
Go and fetch my pony, O
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies O!

Dulcimer Arr. S. Stevens '07