

## The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies

There were three gypsies a come to my door,  
And down stairs ran this a-lady, O.  
One sang high and another sang low.  
And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscay O  
Then she pulled off her silk finished gown  
And put on hose of leather, O  
The ragged, ragged rags about our door  
And she's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O  
It was late last night when my lord came home,  
Inquiring for his a-lady O  
The servants said on every hand  
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O  
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's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O  
O he rode high, and he rode low  
He rode through wood and copses too,  
Until he came to a wide open field,  
And there he espied his a-lady O  
What makes you leave you house and land?  
What makes you leave you money, O?  
What makes you leave you new-wedded lord,  
To follow the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O.  
What care I for my house and land?  
What care I for my money, O?  
What care I for my new-wedded lord,  
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!  
"Last night you slept on a goose feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O.  
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field,  
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O."  
"What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O.  
For tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field,

Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O.