

The Raggle Taggle Gypsies

Bm

Three gyp - sies stood at the cas - tle gate, They
 sang so high, they sang so low, The la - dy sat in her
 cham - ber late, Her heart it mel - ted a - way as snow.

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

She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes,
 A-made of Spanish leather, O
 She went in the street with her bare, bare feet;
 All out in the wind and weather, O.

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
 And go and fetch my pony, O
 That I may ride and seek my bride,
 Who is gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

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 lady, O.

What makes you leave your house and land
 Your golden treasures for to go
 What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
 To follow the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

What care I for my house and my land
 What care I for my treasure, O
 What care I for my newly-wedded lord,
 I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
 With the sheets turned down so bravely, O
 For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field,
 Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

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 raggle taggle gypsies, O.



ALTERNATIVE CHORDSHAPES:

Capo in second box

Bm = Am, F#m = Em, G = F