

Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!
Traditional Scottish

Cm G7 Cm
Once, there were three gypsies a-come to my door,
Ab Gm
And called up to my lady, O!
Eb Cm Eb Fm
Quickly she, very, very merrily,
Gm Cm
Went away with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged, rags about our door,
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

It was late last night, when my lord came home,
Enquiring 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,
Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!
What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord?
To go with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my house and my 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!
And to-night 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 to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!