

## Raggle Taggle Gypsy

Fiddler's Green

There were three gypsies coming to my hall door  
Down the stairs ran his lady-o  
One sang high and the other sang low  
And the other sang a Bonny, Bonny, Biscayo

It was up the stairs that the lady went  
Put on her silk and leather-o  
There was a cry from around the door  
She's away with the raggle-taggle gypsy-o

It was late that night when the lord came in  
Enquiring for his lady-o  
The servants said on every hand  
She's away with the raggle-taggle- gypsy-o

O saddle for me my milk white steed  
To go fetch me my bonny-o  
That I may go and seek my bride  
Who's away with the raggle-taggle gypsy-o

O he rode east and he rode west  
He rode through-the copses-o  
Until he came to a wide open field  
It was there that he spied his lady-o

O what made you leave your house and your land  
What made you leave your money-o  
What made you leave your new-wedded lord  
To be off with the raggle-taggle gypsy-o

O what do I care for my house and my land  
What do I care I for money-o  
What do I care for my new-wedded lord  
I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsy-o