

The Wraggle-taggle Gipsies

Three gipsies came to the castle gate,
And downstairs 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 –
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gipsies, 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 gipsies, 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 gipsies, O!

O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses, O!
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 gipsies, 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 gipsies, 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 gipsies, 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 gipsies, O!

Anon

