

Fiddler's Green - Raggle -Taggle Gypsy

There were three gypaiea coming to my hall door
Down the stairs ran this 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
Go fetch me my pony-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