

Celtic Thunder, Raggle Taggle Gypsy

There were three old gypsies came to our hall door
They came brave and boldly-o
One sang high and the other sang low
And the Lady sang the raggle taggle gypsy-o
It was upstairs and downstairs the lady went
Put on her suit of leather-o
Twas a cry all around the door
Shes away wi the raggle taggle gypsy-o
It was late at night when the lord came in
Enquiring for his lady-o
The servant girl replied to her lord
Shes away wi the raggle taggle gypsy-o
Oh then saddle for me and my milk white steed
My big horse is not speedy-o
I will ride and Ill seek my bride
Shes away wi the raggle taggle gypsy-o
Then he rode east and he rode west
He rode north and south also
But when he went to the open fields
It was there that he spied his lady-o