

The raggle taggle gypsies

Arr: Staffan Isbäck

trad.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef staff has a Dm chord above the first measure, a Bb chord above the fifth measure, and a C chord above the sixth measure. The bass clef staff has a Dm chord above the first measure, a Bb chord above the fifth measure, and a C chord above the sixth measure. The lyrics are: "Three_ gyp - sies stood at the cast - le gate, the sang so high, they_". The second system starts at measure 4. The treble clef staff has an F chord above the first measure, a C chord above the second measure, a Dm chord above the third measure, an Am chord above the fourth measure, a Bb chord above the fifth measure, a Dm chord above the sixth measure, a C chord above the seventh measure, an Am chord above the eighth measure, and a Dm chord above the ninth measure. The bass clef staff has an F chord above the first measure, a C chord above the second measure, a Dm chord above the third measure, an Am chord above the fourth measure, a Bb chord above the fifth measure, a Dm chord above the sixth measure, a C chord above the seventh measure, an Am chord above the eighth measure, and a Dm chord above the ninth measure. The lyrics are: "sang so low, the la - dy sat in her cham - ber_ late. Her_ heart it mel - ted a - way as snow".

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tear began to flow
And she laid her down in silken gown
Her golden rings and all her show.

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes
A-made of Spanish leather, Oh!
She went in the street with here bare, bare feet
All out in the wind and the weather, Oh!

Oh he rode high and he rode low
He road through wood and copses too
Until he came to an open field
And there he epied his lady, Oh!

What makes you leave your house and land
Your golden treasures for to go
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
To follow the raggle taggle gypsies, Oh!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed
With sheets turned down so bravely, Oh!
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the ragla, tagla gypsies, Oh!

What care I for goose-feather bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely, Oh
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the ragla, taggle gypsies, Oh!