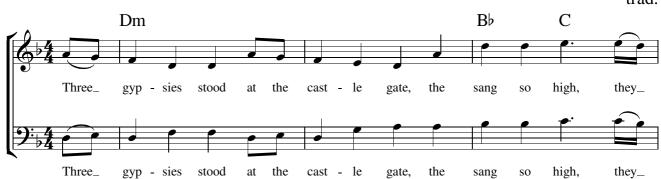
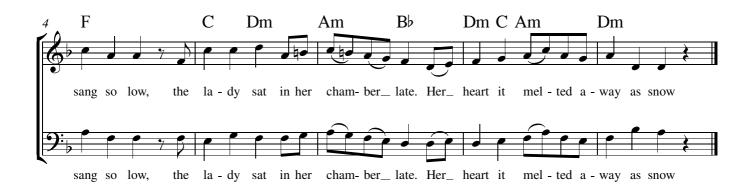
The raggle taggle gypsies

Arr:Staffan Isbäck

trad.





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 raggla, taggla 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 raggla, taggle gypsies, Oh!