Raggle Taggle Gypsy
The Irish Descendants

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Am
There was three of the gypsies came to our hall door
                        C
They came brave an  bol-del-o
            Em        Am                    Em          Am
But there s one sang high and the other sang low
        Em                            Am
And the lady sang The Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
It was upstairs, downstairs the lady ran
                                                C
She took off her silk so fine and put on a dress of leather-o
        Em        Am      Em          Am
And it was the cry all around our door
        Em                            Am
She s away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
It was late last night when the lord came in
                C
Inquirin  for his lady-o
            Em        Am              Em        Am
And the servin  girls took from hand to hand
        Em                            Am
She s away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
You come saddle for me my milk-white steed
                    C
My bay one is not speedy-o
        Em            Am              Em          Am
And sure I will ride and I ll seek my bride
        Em                            Am
That s away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
O for he rode east and he rode west
                            C
Half the south and the east also
Em        Am          Em          Am
Until he rode to the wide open field
        Em                        Am
It was there he spied was his darling-o


Am
Sayin Are you forseekin  your house or land
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                          C
Are you forseekin  your money-o
     Em   Am              Em          Am
Are you forseekin  your own wedded Lord
            Em                          Am
An  you re goin  with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
What do I care for my house or land
                  C
Neither for my money-o
    Em         Am          Em          Am
Or what do I care for my own wedded Lord
      Em                        Am
I am goin  with my Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
It was ere last night you d a goose-feather bed
                               C
With the sheets pulled down so combley-o
     Em             Am          Em       Am
But tonight you ll lie in the cold open field
     Em                        Am
All along with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
What do I care for my goose-feather bed
                               C
With the sheets pulled down so combley-o
     Em            Am       Em            Am
But tonight I ll lie on a cold barren floor
     Em                         Am
All along with my Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o


Am
Sayin  You rode high when I rode low
                    C
You rode woods and valleys-o
        Em          Am          Em            Am
But I d rather get a kiss of the yalla gypsy s lips
        Em                  Am
O than all Lor  Cash s of money-o
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