Raggle Taggle Gypsy

Celtic Thunder

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-oIt 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-oIt was late that night when the lord came in
Inquiring for his lady-o
The servant girl replied to her Lord
Shes away wi the raggle taggle gypsy-oOh, then saddle for me my milk white steed
My big horse is not speedy-o
I will ride and Ill seek me bride
Shes away wi the raggle taggle gypsy-o

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