

Sherrif's Ride 3(AB) 2A B



Three gypsies came round to my door
And downstairs round my lady-o
And one sang high and one sang low
One sang bonnie bonnie Biscay-o

She took off her silken gown
And dressed in halls of leather-o
The dirty rags around my door
She's gone with a raggle taggle gypsies-o

Tw'as late at night when my master returned
Inquiring for his lady-o
The servants one and all replied
Gone with a raggle taggle gypsies-o

Go saddle me my milk white steed
Go saddle me my pony-o
That I may ride and seek my bride
Whos gone with the raggle taggle gypsies-o

Well he rode on high and he rode on low
He rode through woods and corpses-o
Until he came to a cold open field
And there he a-spied his lady-o

What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave you're money-o
What makes you leave you're new wedded lord
To follow the raggle taggle gypsies

What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money-o?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies-o

Last night you slept in a goose feather bed
With sheets turned down so bravely-o
Tonight you'll sleep in this cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o

What care I for a goose feather bed?
With sheets turned down so bravely
Tonight I'll sleep in this cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o