The Gipsy Countess Part 11



Three gipsies stood at the Castle gate, They sang so high, they sang so low, The lady sate in her chamber late, Her heart it melted away as snow, Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet; they sang so shrill, That fast her tears began to flow. And she laid down her silken gown, Her golden rings and all her show, All her show &c.

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes, A-made of Spanish leather, o. She would in the street; with her bare, bare feet; All out in the wind and the weather, O. Weather, O! &c.