

# The Derby Ram

As I was going to Darby, Sir  
All on a market day,  
I met the finest Ram, Sir,  
That ever was fed on hay.

This Ram was fat behind, Sir,  
This Ram was fat before,  
This Ram was ten yards high, Sir,  
Indeed he was no more.

The wool upon his back, Sir,  
Reached up unto the sky,  
The Eagles made their nests there, Sir,  
For I heard the young ones cry.

The Wool upon his belly, Sir,  
It dragged upon the ground,  
It was sold in Darby town, Sir,  
For forty thousand pound.

The space between his horns, Sir,  
Was as far as a man could reach,  
And there they built a pulpit,  
For the Parson there to preach.

The teeth that were in his mouth, Sir,  
Were like a regiment of men;  
And the tongue that hung between them,  
Would have dined them twice and again.

The Ram jumped o'er the wall, Sir,  
His tail caught on a briar,  
It reached from Darby town, Sir,  
All into Leicestershire.



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And of this tail so long, Sir,  
The length you know full well  
They made a goodly rope, Sir,  
To toll the market bell.

This Ram had four legs to walk on, Sir  
This Ram had four legs to stand,  
And every leg he had, Sir,  
Stood on an acre of land.

The butcher that killed this Ram, Sir,  
Was drouded in the blood,  
And the boy that held the pale, Sir,  
Was carried away in the flood.

All the maids in Darby, Sir,  
Came begging for his horns,  
To take them to Coopers,  
To make them milking gawns.

The little boys of Derby, Sir  
They came to beg his eyes,  
To kick about the street, Sir,  
For they were football size.

The tanner that tanned his hide, Sir  
I'm sure he'll never be poor,  
For when he had tanned and retched it,  
It covered all Sinfin Moor.

Indeed Sir, this is true, Sir,  
I never was taught to lie,  
And if you go to Darby, Sir,  
You may eat a bit of the pie.