

The Derby Ram

As I was going to Derby all on a market day,
I met the biggest ram, my boys,
that ever was fed on hay.

CHORUS (*after each verse but the last*):

And indeed, my lads, it's true, my lads,
I never was known to lie
And if you'd been in Derby,
you'd seen him the same as I.

He had four feet to walk upon,
he had four feet to stand,
And every foot that he sat down,
it covered an acre of land.

The horns that grew on this ram's head,
they grew so very long,
And every time he shook his head
they rattled against the sun.

The wool on this ram's back, my boys,
it grew so very high,
The eagles came and built their nests
and I heard the young 'uns cry.

The man that fed this ram, my lads,
he fed him twice a day,
And every time he opened his mouth,
he swallowed a rick of hay.

This ram he had two horns, my lads,
that reached up to the moon,
A little boy went up in January
and he didn't get back till June.

Now this old ram, he had a tail
that reached right down to hell,
And every time he waggled it
he rung the old church bell.

The butcher that stuck this ram,
my lads, was up to knees in blood,
And the little boy who held
the bowl was carried away by the flood.

Now all the men in Derby
came a-begging for his eyes,
To pound up and down the Derby streets
for they were of a football's size.

Took all the boys in Derby
to carry away his bones,
Took all the girls in Derby
to roll away his ... that's a lie.

Now the man that fattened this ram,
my boys, he must have been very rich,
And the man who sung this song
must be a lying son of a ...br
</> So now my song is ended,
I've nothing more to say,
But give us another pint of beer
and we'll all of us go away.