

The Old Tup

TYG 59

As I was going to Der - by up - on the mar - ket day, I
met the fin - est tup, sir, that ev - er was fed on hay.
Bay - lee, bay - lee, red - dy fol - oo - ra - lay.

1. As I was going to Derby upon the market day,
I met the finest tup, sir, that ever was fed on hay.

CHORUS: Bay-lee, bay-lee, reddy fol-oo-ra-lay.

2. This tup was fat behind, sir, this tup was fat before,
This tup stood eleven yards wide, sir, and I think he stood no more.

CHORUS

3. The horns that grew on his head, sir, they grew so mighty high,
That every time he nodded his head he nodded against the sky.

CHORUS

4. The very first tooth he had in his head would make a good huntsman's horn,
The very next tooth to that, sir, would hold up a bushel of corn.

CHORUS

5. The wool that grew on his back, sir, it grew so mighty high,
That eagles built their nests, sir, and I heard the young ones cry.

CHORUS



6. The wool that grew on his belly, sir, it draggled on the ground,
That every foot that he put down, it covered and acre of ground.

CHORUS

7. The wool that grew on his tail, sir, it grew so long and soft,
They sent it down to Derby and it made six yards of cloth.

CHORUS

8. The butcher that killed this tup, sir, in danger of his life,
He called unto his servant to reach him a longer knife.

CHORUS

9. The blood that ran from this tup, sir, it run doon Derby Moor,
And turned the biggest watermill that's ever been seen before.

CHORUS

10. And all the young lads in Derby came begging for his eyes,
To kick up and down old Derby's streets for they were football size.

CHORUS

11. And all the young lasses in Derby came begging for his ears,
To make a pair of panniers to hawk apples and pears.

CHORUS

12. And all the old women in Derby came begging for his bones,
To suck the marrow out o' them to nourish their old bones.

CHORUS

13. And now me song is ended and I cannot sing no more,
So please will you give me a Christmas box and let me on me way

CHORUS