

Kate Rusby, The Old Man

There was an old man who lived in a wood
As you can plainly see
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three
With all my heart the woman she said
If thats what you will allow
Tomorrow youll stay at home in my stead
And I go drive the plough
But you must milk our Tidy the cow
For fear she will go dry
You must feed the littlest pigs
That are within the sty
And you must mind the speckled hen
For fear shell lay away
And then you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday
The woman she took up her staff in her hand
And she went to drive the plough
The old man took up a pale in his hand
And he went to milk the cow
But Tidy hunched and Tidy flinched
And Tidy broke his nose
And Tidy she gave to him such a big blow
The poor man took to his toes
Hi Tidy home Tidy
Tidy thou stand still
If ever Im ill be tidy again,
Be sore against my will
He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty
He hit his big head upon a thick beam
And he made his red blood fly
He went to find the speckledy hen
For fear shed lay astray
Forgot to reel the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday
He swore by the sun, the moon, the stars,
The green leaves on the tree
If his wife didnt do a days work in her life
She wont be ruled by he
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