

# 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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