



SONGS WITH SIMON

As I Was Going to Derby

As I was going to Derby
Upon 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 build their nests there
For I heard the young ones cry.

The space between the horns, sir,
Was as far as man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit
But no-one in it preached.

This ram had four legs to walk upon.
This ram had four legs to stand.
And every leg he had, sir,
Stood on an acre of land.

Now the man that fed the ram, sir,
He fed him twice a day,
And each time that he fed him, sir,
He at a rick of hay.

The man that killed this ram, sir,
Was up to his knees in blood,
And the boy that held the pail, sir,
Was carried away in the flood.

Indeed, sir, it's the truth, sir,
For I never was taught to lie.
And if you go to Derby, sir,
You may eat a bit of the pie.