

# The Old Man

Kate Rusby

There was an old man, who lived in a wood,  
As you may 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 old woman said,  
If that you will allow,  
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,  
And I'll go drive the plough:

But you must milk the Tidy cow,  
For fear that she go dry;  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That are within the sty;  
And you must mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she lay away;  
And you must reel and spool of yarn  
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,  
And went to drive the plough:  
The old man took up a pail in his hand,  
And went to milk the cow;  
But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,  
And Tidy broke his nose,  
And Tidy she gave him such a blow,  
That the blood ran down to his toes.

High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!  
Tidy! do stand still;  
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,  
'Twill be sore against my will!  
He went to feed the little pigs,  
That were within the sty;  
He hit his head against the beam,  
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckledy hen,  
For fear she'd lay astray,  
He forgot the spool of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.

He swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,  
She should ne'er be ruled by he

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