

Kate Rusby

"The Old Man"

Visit "[The Old Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 that's what you will allow
Tomorrow you'll 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 she'll 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 hinged 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 I'm 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 she'd 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 didn't do a days work in her life
She won't be ruled by he

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 that's what you will allow
Tomorrow you'll stay at home in my stead
And I go drive the plough

Visit [Kate Rusby](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.