

From the famous peak of Derby Robert Johnson

From the fam-ous Peak of Der-by, And the De-vil's Arse that's hard by;
Knacks we have that will de-light you, Sleights of hand that will in-vite you

Where we year-ly make our mu-sters; There the Gip-sies throng in clu-sters.
To en-dure our taw-ny fa-ces, And not cause you quit your pla-ces.

Be not fright-ed with our fa-shion, Though we seem a tat-ter'd na-tion;
All your fu-tures we can tell ye, Be they for your back or bel-ly,

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Weac- count our rags our rich- es, So our tricks ex- ceed our stit- ches. Give us
In the moods, too, and the ten- ses, That may fit your fine five sen- ses. Draw but

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ba- con, rinds of wal- nuts, Shells of co- cks and of small nuts, Rib- bons, bells and saf- ron
then your gloves, we pray you, And sit still; we will not fray you. For, though we be here at

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li- nen, And all the world is ours to win in.
Bur- ley, We'd - be loath to make a hur- ly.