

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

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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.

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

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Give us ba- con, rinds of wal- nuts, Shells of co- ckles and of small nuts, Rib- bons,
Draw but then your gloves, we pray you, And sit still; we will not fray you. For, though

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bells and saf- fron li- nen, And all the world is ours to win in.
we be here at Bur- ley, We'd - be loath to make a hur- ly.