

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dalby Ram

Dalby Ram

As I was going to Dalby all on a market day
I met the biggest ram my boys that ever was fed on hay
And indeed my lads it's true my lads I never was known to lie
And if you'd been in Dalby you'd seen him the same as I

The wool on this ram's belly well it grew into the ground
Cut off and sent to the Sydney sales it fetched a thousand pound
The wool on this ram's back my boys grew so very high
The eagles came and built their nests and I heard the young 'uns cry

The horns on this ram's head they reached up to the moon
A little boy went up in January and he didn't get back till June
And indeed my lads it's true my lads I never was known to lie
And if you'd been in Dalby you'd seen him the same as I

The man that fed this ram my boys he fed him twice a day
And every time he opened his mouth he swallowed a bale of lucerne hay
The man that watered this ram my boys watered him twice a day
And every time he opened his mouth he drunk the river dry

Now this old ram he had a tail that reached right down to hell
And every time he wagged it he rung the fireman's bell
And indeed my lads it's true my lads I never was known to lie
And if you'd been in Dalby you'd seen him the same as I

The butcher that stuck this ram my boys was up to knees in blood
And the little boy who held the bowl was carried away by the flood
Took all the boys in Dalby to roll away his bones
Took all the girls in Dalby to roll away his stone the crows

Now the man that fattened this ram my boys he must have been very rich
And the man who sung this song must be a lying son of a so he is
Well now my song is ended I've got no more to say
So give us another pint of beer and we'll all of us go away

A number of versions of this song have been collected in Australia, 'Albury Ram', 'Derby Ram', 'Dalby Ram', 'Derby Shed Ram'.

This version from the singing of A.L.Lloyd, who writes in his Folk Song in

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England : "Survivals of agricultural magic-making abound in our folk song even today though as the old meaning becomes unclear what was once ritualistic is likely to change into broad comedy, as with the randy animal-guiser song of the 'Derby Ram', concerning a beast of gigantic, not to say cosmic, attributes, a song that is the lyrical equivalent of those phallogoric dances that survive in farming ceremonies in Europe, intended to celebrate and stimulate the powers of reproduction in plants, animals and men, a song that nowadays survives mainly as a bawdy anthem for beery students or soldiers coming home on leave".

MG

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