From the famous Peak of Derby

Where we yearly make our musters, There the Gypsies throng in clusters.

Be not frightened with our fashion, Though we seem a tatter'd nation;

We account our rags our riches, So our tricks exceed our stitches. Give us

bacon, rinds of walnuts, Shells of cockels, and of small nuts, Ribbons,

bells, and saffron linen, And all the world is ours to win in.
From the famous Peak of Derby

ROBERT JOHNSON (c. 1583-1633)

From the famous Peak of Derby And the Devil's Arse that's hard by,

Where we yearly make our musters, There the Gypsies throng in clusters. Be not frighted with our fashion, Though we seem a tatter'd nation; We account our rags our riches, So our tricks exceed our stitches. Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts, shells of cockels, and of small nuts, Ribbons, bells, and saffron linen, And all the world is ours to win in.