

# Oak And Ash And Thorn

Poem: Rudyard Kipling.  
Tune: Peter Bellamy. Arr: Graham Pratt

Of all the trees that grow so fair Old Engerland to adorn  
Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak & Ash & Thorn  
Sing oak & ash & thorn good sirs All of a midsummer morn  
Surely we sing of no little thing in Oak & Ash & Thorn.

1. Oak of the clay lived many a day Or ever Aeneas began  
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home When Brut was an outlaw man  
Thorn of the down saw new Troy town from which was London born  
Witness hereby the ancients of Oak and Ash and Thorn...

2. Yew that is old in churchyard mould He breedeth a mighty bow  
Alder for shoes do wise men choose And beech for cups also  
But when you have killed & your bowl is spilled And your shoes are clean outworn  
Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak and Ash and Thorn...

3. Ellum she hates mankind and waits 'Til every gust be laid  
To drop a limb on the head of him That anyway trusts her shade  
But whether a lad be sober or sad or mellow with ale from the horn  
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along 'neath Oak and Ash and Thorn...

4. Oh do not tell the priest our plight or he would call it a sin  
But we've been out in the woods all night a-conjuring summer in  
We bring you news by word of mouth Good news for cattle and corn  
Now is the sun come up from the south with Oak and Ash and Thorn...  
Of all the trees that grow so fair Old Engerland to adorn  
England shall bide 'til Judgment Tide by Oak & Ash & Thorn.