

Oak, Ash, and Thorn

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Oak, Ash and Thorn

Bellamy Brothers (Rudyard Kipling)

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old Eng - land to _ a - dorn,

Great-er are none be- neath the sun than Oak,_ and Ash, and Thorn.

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn (good sirs), All on a mid-sum-mer's morn.

Sure-ly we sing of no lit- tle thing In Oak,_ and Ash, and Thorn.

X:1

T:Oak, Ash and Thorn

M:12/8

L:1/8

C:Bellamy Brothers

O:Rudyard Kipling

K:B minor

I:speed 400

F | B,2C D2E F2F F2F | B2B ABA F6 | B2c d2c B2A F2D | EFE D2C B,3- B,2 ||

w:Of all the trees that grow so fair, old Eng- land to_ a- dorn, Great\ -er are none be- neath the sun than Oak,_ and Ash, and Thorn.

F | B,2D D2E F2F F3 | BBB ABA F6 | BBc d2c BBA F2D | EFE D2C B,6 ||

w:Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn (good sirs), All on a mid- sum- mer's morn.

Sure- ly we sing of no lit- tle thing In Oak,_ and Ash, and Thorn.

(Words by Rudyard Kipling; tune by the Bellamy Brothers)

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn, Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak, and

Ash, and Thorn.

Chorus: *Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn (good sirs), All on a midsummer's morn. Surely we sing of no little thing In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!*

Oak of the clay lived many a day o'er ever Aeneas began, Ash of the loam was a lady at home when Brut was an outlaw man, And Thorn of the down saw new Troy town, from which was London born Witness hereby the ancientry of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

[Chorus]

Yew that is old, in church yard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow; Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and Beech for cups also. But when you have killed, and your bowl it is filled, and your shoes are clean outworn, Back ye must speed for all that ye need, to Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

[Chorus]

Ellum, she hates mankind and waits till 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 taketh no wrong when he lyeth along 'neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

[Chorus]

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight, or he would call it a sin - But we have been out in the woods all night, a'conjuring summer in! And we bring you good news by word of mouth, good news for cattle and corn - Now is the sun come up from the south, by Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

[Chorus]

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