

Oak and Ash and Thorn

Peter Bellamy



1. 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.
2. 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 ancient try
Of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.
Chorus
3. 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, and your bowl it is
filled,
And your shoes are clean outworn
Back you must speed for all that you need
To Oak and Ash and Thorn
Chorus
4. Elm, 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
5. 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,
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

"Oak and Ash and Thorn" was recorded by John Roberts and Tony Barrand on **Dark Ships in the Forest**, Folk Legacy FSI65.

The lyrics are Rudyard Kipling's "A Tree Song" which opens **Puck of Pook's Hill**.

The tune is by Peter Bellamy who sang with the Young Tradition.