

Oak & Ash & Thorn

The Longest Johns

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

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
All on a midsummer's morn
Surely we'll sing of no little thing
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Yew that is old, in churchyard mold, 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 cle
an outworn
Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

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Well Elm, 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

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

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