

The Longest Johns - Oak & Ash & Thorn

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[Refrão]
                            tom:
Intro: Am
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
                                                                Surely we sing of no little thing
Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn
                                                                In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
[Refrão]
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
                                                                Surely we sing of no little thing
All on a midsummer's morn
                                                                In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
Surely we sing of no little thing
                                                                [Quarta Parte]
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
                                                                       Am
                                                                Oh, do not tell the priest our plight, for he would call it a
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                sin, (A SIN!)
                                                                But we've been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring summer
Yew that is old, in churchyard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow in
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and Beech for cups also
                                                                We bring you good news by word of mouth, good news for cattle
But when you have killed, and your bowl it is filled, and your
                                                                Sure as the sun come up from the south, by Oak, and Ash, and
shoes are clean outworn
                                                                Thorn
Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak, and Ash, and
                                                                [Refrão]
Thorn
[Refrão]
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
All on a midsummer's morn
                                                                Surely we sing of no little thing
Surely we sing of no little thing
                                                                In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
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
Surely we sing of no little thing
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
[Terceira Parte]
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
                                                                Surely we sing of no little thing
Elm, she hates mankind and waits, til every gust be laid
                                                                In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway trusts her shade
                                                                Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the
                                                                All on a midsummer's morn
                                                                Surely we sing of no little thing
He'll take no wrong when he lyeth along 'neath Oak, and Ash,
                                                                In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
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