

The Longest Johns - Oak & Ash & Thorn

[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 Acordes ukulele-chords.com

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