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Sarah Brightman "Oliver Cromwell"

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Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead, Hee-haw, buried and dead, There grew an old apple-tree over his head, Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall, Hee-haw, ready to fall, There came an old woman to gather them all, Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop, Hee-haw, gave her a drop,

Which made the old woman go hippety hop, Hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf, Hee-haw, lie on the shelf, If you want any more your can sing it yourself, Hee-haw, sing it yourself.

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