

Oliver Cromwell

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 you can sing it yourself,
Hee-haw sing it yourself.