

# Sarah Brightman, 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 your can sing it yourself,  
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.