

## *Beware the Hawthorn (continued)...*

1. *At Sallow's End in Bregasland  
A faerie hawthorn stood,  
And folk would come from miles  
around  
To see its gnarly wood;  
Its faerie blossoms filled the air  
With a most wonderful scent -  
The farmer took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went  
The farmer took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went.*

2. *"I'm sick of all these nosy-parkers!"  
The angry farmer cried.  
He chopped it down; the jagged leaves  
Withered all and died.  
First the fellow broke his leg  
And then he broke his arm,  
And not long after that, 'tis said  
That lightning struck his farm  
(repeat last two lines)*

*Chorus:  
Beware, beware the hawthorn  
Lest it strike you down  
For if you take an axe to it  
You'll rue that you were born (x2)*

3. *At Greywater, I know it's true,  
A faerie hawthorn stood..(etc).  
(repeat rest of first verse)*

4. *"I need this land to grow good rye,  
This tree is in my way!"  
But with one blow he dropped the axe  
And screaming, ran away,  
For blood ran out the cleaved trunk  
As from a severed neck,  
And I've heard tell that ever since  
He's been a nervous wreck  
(repeat last two lines)*

*Chorus*

5. *In Ottery, last century,  
A faerie hawthorn stood (etc.)  
(repeat rest of first verse)*

6. *"I shall dispense with rituals,  
I need to plough this land!"  
He stopped and leant against a thorn  
And drove it through his hand.*

*He died of septicaemia  
Not many evenings after;  
The churchyard at the funeral  
Was filled with faery laughter  
(repeat last two lines)*

*Chorus*

7. *At Graven Rock, it is said,  
A faerie hawthorn stood (etc).  
(Repeat rest of first verse)*

8. *"I need this thorn for firewood!"  
And on the earthen hill;  
He raised his axe and chopped all  
night  
The hawthorn for to kill.  
And from that day no hen would lay,  
No fawn born in the wild,  
No cow would calf, or so they say,  
And no woman bear a child.  
(repeat last two lines)*

*Chorus*

9. *On a scenic bit of Dawnish real  
estate,  
A faerie hawthorn stood  
And folk would come from miles  
around  
To see its gnarly wood;  
Its faerie blossoms filled the air  
With a most wonderful scent -  
A builder took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went  
A builder took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went.*

10. *The branches soon were cleared  
away,  
The trunk was chopped and piled;  
He built a mansion for an Earl,  
His lady, and their child,  
But all were dead, I've heard it said,  
Before the Mayday morn;  
And thus the May shall do to you  
If you chop down a thorn.  
(repeat last two lines)*

*Chorus*