

Bramble

Don't carry on eating blackberries once Harvest is well and truly over - leave it too long and the horned sprites of Autumn will have got there first! Prepare for plenty of laughs at the expense of the Dawnish!



Chorus: D

Poo - ka comes to piss on be - rries, blo - wing farts and ma - king merr - y. Har - vest spi - rit,

horned and hai - ry; Poo - ka spits, a pu - king fae - ry. Poo - ka smear and Poo - ka spoil;

Poo - ka bears a puss - y boil: Be - fore the Poo - ka on - ward ram - bles "I squee - zes pus on

all the bram - bles!" Verse: Gm Dm Gm

1. When Har - vest's done it is too late to beat the piss - ing

fae - ry. Eat be - rries from the bram - ble bush and you'll catch dys - en - ter - y: 2. In a

bram - ble patch the fri - ar lay eat - ing be - rries with his lo - ver and fair - ly soon they

both were sick all o - ver one a - no - ther.

Chorus:

Pooka comes to piss on berries,
Blowing farts and making merry.
Harvest spirit, horned and hairy;
Pooka spits, a puking faery.
Pooka smear and Pooka spoil;
Pooka bears a pussy boil:
Before the Pooka onward rambles
"I squeezes pus on all the brambles".

1. When Harvest's done it is too late
To beat the pissing faery.
Eat berries from the bramble bush
And you'll catch dysentery:

In a bramble patch the friar lay
Eating berries with his lover
And fairly soon they both were sick
All over one another.

Chorus

2. A farming lass picked berries black,
In pastry pies she baked them,
She sold them at the fair and poisoned
Everyone who ate them.

They puked in all the villages,
They puked in all the towns;
The nobles had brown, smelly stuff
Running down their gowns.

Chorus

3. The publican picked some to brew;
No wine was e'er more tasty,
But after three weeks on the john
He looked a trifle pasty,

And at the inn, they drank the wine
And all were making merry;
All rushed as one for the latrines
When they drank of the berry.

Chorus

4. The Earl was in his counting house
Eating berry crumble,
When all at once his belly gave
A single warning rumble.

Berries after Harvest?
Eat them if you dare—
And soon your bum will be as sore
As his noble derriere.

Chorus

5. And thus the friar and the earl,
The publican and farmer,
Entertained the Pooka with
A diarrhoea-rama.

Chorus