

The Prickly Bush

Chorus



The prick - ly bush, the prick - ly bush, it pricks my heart so sore ——— If
ev - er I get out of the prick - ly bush I'll nev - er get in no more.

"Hangman, oh hangman,
Hold your rope awhile,
I think I see my father
Over yonder stile."

"Father, did you bring me me gold?
Or have you brought any fee?
For to save my body from the cold clay ground
And my neck from the gallows tree."

"Oh no, I have not brought you gold
Or silver to set you free
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree."

Chorus

[Repeat for his brother, sister and mother; then his lover who responds:]

"Oh yes, I have brought you gold
And silver to set you free,
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree."

Chorus

Source: Mrs Timms at Buckland. Collected by Cecil Sharp 6 April 1909.

Notes: Chorus only from Mrs Timms. Remaining words from a similar version.