

Prickle-eye Bush

Bellowhead

Oh the Prickle Eye Bush
That pricks my heart for sore
And if ever I get out of this Prickle Eye Bush
Then I never will get in it any more Oh hangman, stay your hand
Stay it for a while
For I think I see my mother coming over yonder stile Oh mother, have you brought me gold?
Or silver to set me free?
For to save my body from the cold, cold 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
Oh the Prickle Eye Bush
That pricks my heart for sore
Oh and if ever I get out of this Prickle Eye Bush
Then I never will get in it any more Hangman, stay your hand
Stay it for a while
For I think I see my sister coming over yonder stile Oh sister, have you brought me gold?
Or silver to set me free?
For to save my body from the cold, cold 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
Oh the Prickle Eye Bush
That pricks my heart for sore
Oh and if ever I get out of this Prickle Eye Bush
Then I never will get in it any more Hangman, stay your hand
Stay it for a while
For I think I see my own true love coming over yonder stile Oh true love, have you brought me gold?
Or silver to set me free?
For to save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree Oh yes, I have brought you gold
Oh, and silver to set you free
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree Oh the Prickle Eye Bush
That pricks my heart for sore
Oh and now that I'm out of this Prickle Eye Bush
Then I never will get in it any more

Oh and now that I'm out of this Prickle Eye Bush
Then I never will get in it any more
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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