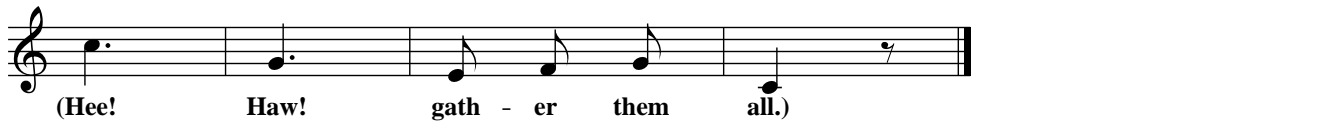
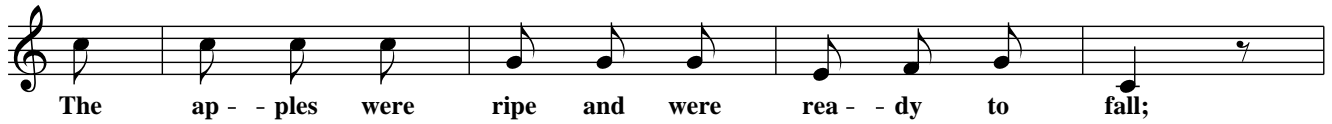
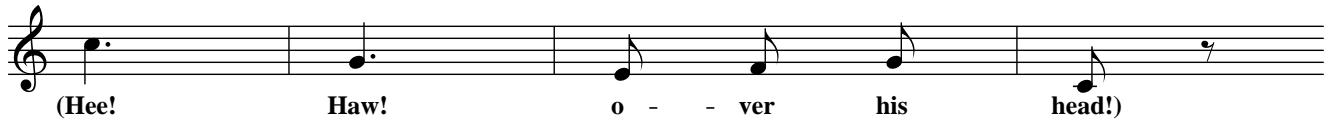
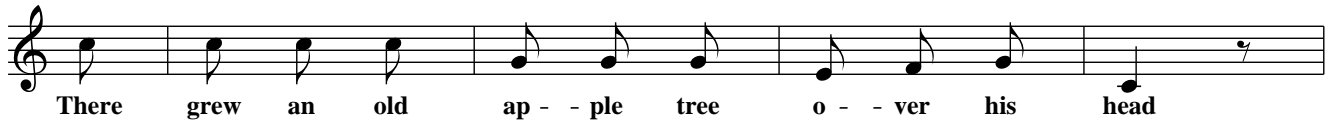


Oliver Cromwell



Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
Hee! Haw! buried and dead!)
There grew an old appletree over his head
Hee! Haw! over his head!)
The apples were ripe and were 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 hippity hop;
(Hee! Haw! hippity hop!)
The saddle and bridle they lay on the shelf
(Hee! Haw! lie on the shelf!)
If you want any more you must sing it yourself.
(Hee! Haw! sing it yourself!)