

Robin Williamson, Ivy, Sing Ivy

My father left me an acre of land
Ivy, sing ivy
Between salt water and salt sea sand
And a bunch of green holly and ivy

I plowed it all under with an old rams horn
I sowed it all over with nettles and corn

I scythed it well with the brim of my hat
I carted it to mill with a team of great rats

I stored it well in the wee pigs sty
With all these riches, what'll I buy?