

Granny Green was stooped as a windblown branch
She lived high in the Bramble forest
Once a fork night if the moon shown right
She came down to her little village
She brought blackberries and willow bark
Mandrake root and mushrooms
And it was said she spoke the tongue of birds
And understood the river's whispers
Now several girls among our town
By a golden lizard they were bitten
And those sweet girls lay stiff in their beads
Like frozen ice upon the branches

Granny Green mixed a tonic for their ills
But it was such a bitter tonic
That all who drink began to dance
And could not stop their dancing
But none would danced one sinful step
If that old crone had not bewitched us

How we leaped in Princeton cackle
The whole town of driving mad men
And so desperate grew some to still their feet
They dove into the raging river
Still we danced all day and night
Til our fine clothes were torn and ragged
I'm crying out "Oh Lord, make us stop"
We danced naked around the chapel

How granny laughed to see such sin
There's just water, she said, in my tonic
But all cried out "she lies, she surely lies"
And we chased her deep into the Bramble
But like before wind she disappeared
Though we searched round and round the branches
Rolling in leafs and naked 'neath the trees
We lost the way back to our village

But I swear we were all pure of heart
Til that old crone did bewitch us
And I know we will all go home
When the good Lord returns to save us