



Rakovnickej potok

## BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM

*Traditional*

1. Can you tell me what happened to the blossom,  
Blackberry blossom when the summertime came?  
The blackberry blossom, oh the last time I saw one  
Was down in the bramble where I rambled in the spring

Ref: The bramble was wild I was torn by the briars  
My love he wooed me as I lie there  
With a flower in my hair and my cheeks all flashy  
Was the blackberry blossom from the blackberry bush

2. When I picked the berry I didn't miss the blossom  
The blackberry blossom was white as the snow  
But the berry that it brings is sweeter than molasses  
And black as the wings of an Arkansas crow

Ref: The Arkansas crow is a devil and a demon  
Known for his cackling and his screaming  
Driving away the swallow and the thrush  
From the blackberry blossom and the blackberry bush

3. I was picking berries when that crow flew above me  
Carrying my lover so far away  
Now each spring I lay a blackberry blossom  
By a cold gravestone on the Arkansas clay

Ref: The Arkansas clay is rocky and hard  
With weeds growing over in the old graveyard  
And the day settles down to an evening  
Over the blackberry blossom and the blackberry bush.