

The Old Oak Tree - song lyrics

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THE OLD OAK TREE.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullclly.

This is the spot 'neath the old oak tree, where my love said she'd meet me;
How I long her smiles to see, she's as fair as fair can be;
With a face so sweet and rare, bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Come, oh, come And meet me there, e'er patience changes to despair.

Chorus.

Oh, you little beauty, oh, you little dear,
Don't forget your promise that you'd meet me here;
Still I'll wait in patience till you do appear, come, oh, come my dear;
Still in patience I will wait, come, oh, come my dear;
Still in patience I will wait, so come, my dear.

Oh, how delightful is this spot to me, sheltered by the old oak tree;
Here my love has promised me, my sweet wife she'd surely be;
'Neath these friendly boughs of oak, loving vows were often spoke.
Vows like ours should ne'er be broke, no power on earth should them revoke.

Chorus.

Hear me now pleading near the old oak tree, my own love, I sing to thee,
Love songs from my soul most free, you're the one that's dear to me;
If to-night you don't appear, my fond hope will turn to fear,
And you'll lose a love sincere, so heed my call, my pretty dear.- Chorus.