

The Brave Old Oak - song lyrics

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THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.

Chorus.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long;
And still flourish he a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

He saw the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear.
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were full of American cheer;
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree, he still remains.-Chorus.