

## VOICES OF THE FOREST.

*(From the School Singer—Ginn & Co.)*

Hark from the woodland, softly and mild  
 Murmurs the brooklet, 'mid flowers wild;  
 "Sparkling like yon stars at night  
 With a heart of pure delight  
 Wander I the forest old, giving life to leafy mould.  
 How my rainbows gleam, like the sunny beam  
 Then in grassy field, I my blessing yield."

Loudly the tempest, hurrying by,  
 Swayeth the fir-tree, towering on high;  
 "Strong in all my kingly prime,  
 Firm as rock resisting time,  
 Boldly I the winds defy, ever pointing to the sky,  
 Like the breakers roar, on the beaten shore.  
 Then in mellow tone, soothed I seek my throne.

Hark ! 'mid the stillness solemn and deep,  
 Singeth the lone bird, roused from her sleep,  
 "Safe amid the forest shade, God hath here my dwelling made;  
 Gladsome messages of love bear I from the home above,"  
 Join the choral song, swell the joyful song,  
 Brook, tree, bird, declare "God is everywhere."

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song for the oak, for 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's 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 thro' his branches shout.

In days of old, when the spring with gold,  
 Was lightning his branches grey,  
 Thro' the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet  
 To gather the dew of May;  
 And all the day to the rebeck gay  
 They carolled with gladsome swains  
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid.  
 But the tree he still remains.

CHORUS:—

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone;  
 And still flourishes he, a hale green tree;  
 When a hundred years are gone.