



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 maid-  
ens 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.