



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.