

## The Brave Old Oak

By Henry Fothergill Chorley

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'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 the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone;  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone!  
In the days of old, when the spring with cold  
Had, brightened his branches gray,  
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May.

And on that day to the rebeck gay  
They frolicked with lovesome swains;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes  
Were a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath sway we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he;  
But he never shall send our ancient friend  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.