

# The Brave Old Oak.

Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

Music by E. J. LODER.

*Animato.*

1. A  
2. In the  
3. He

*f*

*8ves ad lib.*

song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, That hath ruled in the greenwood long ; Here's  
days of old, when the spring with gold, Was light - ing his branches grey, Thro' the  
saw the gay times when the Christ - mas chimes Were a mer - ry, mer - ry sound to hear, And the

health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong : There's  
grass at his feet crept maid - ens sweet To gath - er the dew of May, And  
squire's wide hall and cot - tage small Were full of good Eng - lish cheer : Now

*piu lento.*

fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he  
 all that day to the re - beck gay, They fro - lickered with love - some swains: They are  
 gold hath its sway we all o - bey, And a ruth - less king is he, But he

*rall.* *mf*

show - eth his might on a wild mid - night, When storms thro' his branch - es shout  
 gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid— But the tree he still re - mains. } Then  
 nev - er shall send our an - cient friend To be tossed on the storm - y sea.

*f rall.*

here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone, And

*mf*

*rit.*

still flourish he, a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone!

*colla voce.* *ff*

*D.S.*