

The Oak Tree Carol

Here's a song for the oak, the brave old oak,
That hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his long broad crown,
And his fifty arms so strong;
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down
And the fire from the West fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through the branches shout.

*So 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 gold
Was lightening his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet skipped maidens sweet
To gather the dews of May;
And all 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 rare times, when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry, merry sound to hear,
From the squire's great hall to the cottage small,
They were filled with good English cheer;
Now gold hath its 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.