

August 2019

The Brave Old Oak

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Brave Old Oak" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 821.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/821

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THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

THE Grand Conversation ON NAPOLEON

IT was over that wild beaten track a friend of bold Buona-
parte,

Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of St. Helena's shore,
The wind it blew a hurricane, the lightning's flash around
did dart,

The sea-gulls were shrieking, & the waves around did roar ;
Ah ! hush, rude winds, the stranger cried, awhile I range
the dreary spot.

Where last a gallant hero his envied eyes did close, (forgot
But whilst his valued limbs do rot, his name will never be
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Ah, England ! he cried, did you persecute that hero bold ?
Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo ;
Napoleon he was a friend to heroes all, both young & old,
He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go ;
When plans were ranging night & day, the bold commander
to betray,

He cried, I'll go to Moscow, and there 'twill ease my woes,
If fortune shines without delay, then all the world shall me
obey,

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Thousands of men he then did rise, to conquer Moscow by
surprise,

He led his men across the Alps oppress'd by frost & snow,
But being near the Russian land he then began to open his
eyes

For Moscow was a burning, and the men drove to and fro,
Napoleon dauntless viewed the flames, and in anguish for
the same,

He cried, retreat my gallant men, for time so swiftly goes,
What thousands died on that retreat, some forced there
horses for to eat,

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Waterloo his men they fought, commanded by great Buona-
parte, (gold,

Commanded by field-marshal Ney, and he was bribed by
When Blucher led the Russians it nearly broke Napoleon's
heart,

He cried my thirty thousand men are kill'd and I am sold,
He view'd the plain & cried it's lost, he then his favourite
charger cross'd,

The plain was in confusion with blood and dying woes,
The bunch of roses did advance, and boldly entered into
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose. (France,

But Buonaparte, was plann'd to be a prisoner across the sea
The rocks of St. Helena, it was the fatal spot,

And as a prisoner there to be till death did end his misery
His son soon followed to the tomb it was an awful plot :

And long enough have they been dead, the blast of war is
round us spread,

And may our shipping float again to face the daring foes,
And now my boys when honour calls, we'll boldly mount
the wooden walls,

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

THE Brave Old Oak.

London :—Printed & Sold at SUCH'S Song Mart,
123, Union Street, Borough.—S.E.

A SONG to the oak—the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the green wood long,
Here's health & renown to the broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fires in the west fades out,
And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight,
When a storm through the 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 at the Rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains,
They are gone—they are dead—in the church-yard
laid,

But the tree it still remains.

Then here's &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were filled with good English cheer.

Now gold hath the 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

Then here's, &c.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN

THE heart bowed down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.

With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend,
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past—
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last ;

To long departed years extend,
It's visions with them flown ;
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.