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The Brave Old Oak

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The Brave Old Oak.

A Song to the Oak, the brave old old Oak,
Who has ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and rerown to his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong,
There's fear in is frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he sheweth in is might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches about,
Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who stands in is pride alone,
And still flourish he a hail green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold,
Had brightened his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dews of may,
And on that day at the rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains.
They're gone; they're dead: in the churchyard laid
But the tree it still remains. Then &c.

He saw the rare times when the christmas chime
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squires 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 &c.

Wheeler, Printer, No. 9 Whittle-st Manchester.