

C. Brown



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The Brave Old Oak.

The Poetry by

H. F. CHORLEY ESQ^R

The Music by

Edward J. Loder.

Author of the Opera of Nourjahad &c.

Ent^d Sta Hall.



Price 2/-

and

Cramer, Addison & Beale, 201, Regent Street.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

The Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

The Music by E. J. LODER.

WITH BOLDNESS AND ANIMATION.

PIANO-
FORTE.

A song for the Oak the brave old Oak, Who hath rul'd in the greenwood

long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his

fif-ty arms so strong! There's fear in his frown, When the

Sun goes down, And the fire in the West fades out, And he

sheweth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches

ad lib:

f *ritard:*

shout: Then sing to the Oak the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a -

pp *a tempo.*

pp *a tempo.*

lone And still flourish he, A hale green tree; When a hundred years are

Cres. *f*

mf *f*

gone.

ff *p*

In the days of old, When the Spring with gold, Was lighting his branches

grey, Through the grass at his feet, Crept Mai - dens sweet, To

gather the dew of May; And all that day To the

re - beck gay, They fro - lick'd with love - some swains, They are

Più lento.

gone, they are dead, In the churchyard laid, But the tree He still re -

ad lib. 5

ritard: #

pp mains: Then sing to the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who

pp *a tempo.*

stands in his pride a - - lone, And still flourish he, A

hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

mf *f* *ff*

p *ff*

He saw the rare times, When the christmas chimes, Were a mer-ry sound to

hear, And the Squires wide hall, And the Cot-tage small, Were

full of good En-glish cheer; Now Gold hath the sway We

all o-bey, And a ruth-less king is he; But he

ad lib: 7

never shall send, Our an-cient friend To be toss'd on the stormy

ritard.

sea: Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who

pp *a tempo.* *f*

stands in his pride a - lone, And still flourish he, A

hale green tree, When a hun-dred years are gone.

mf *f* *ff*

p *ff*