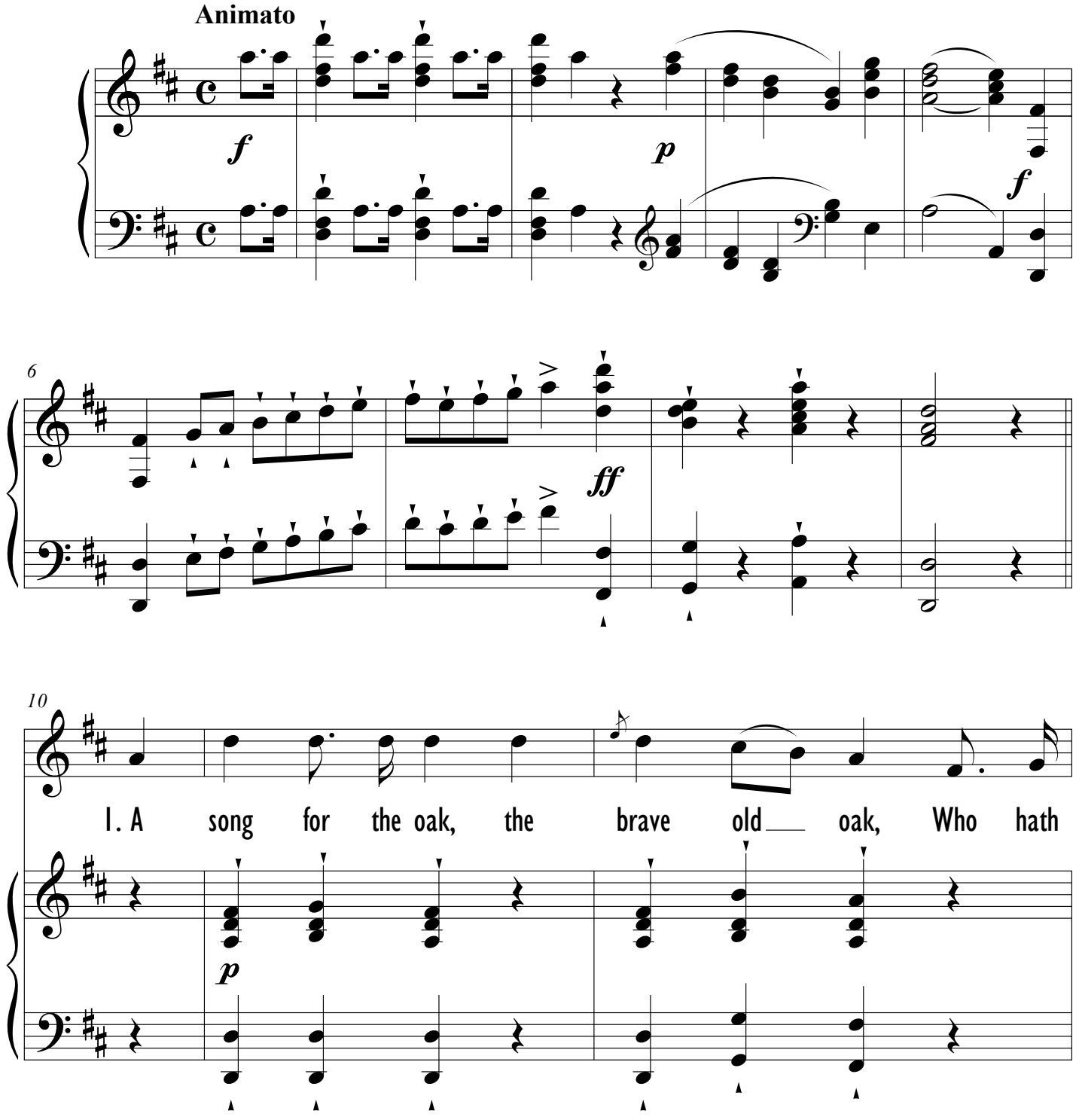
The Brave Old Oak

Words by
Henry Fothergill Chorley

Music by
Edward James Loder



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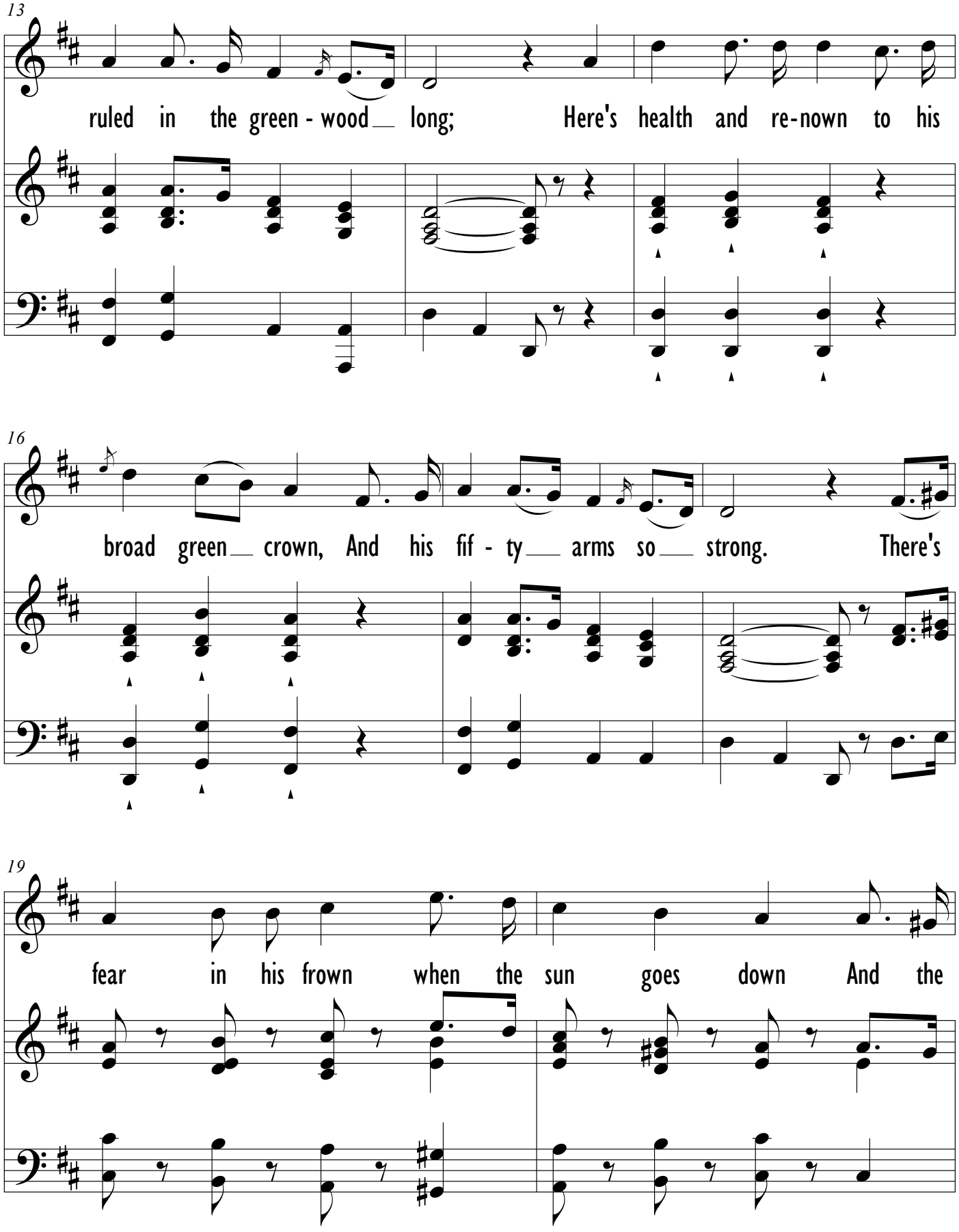
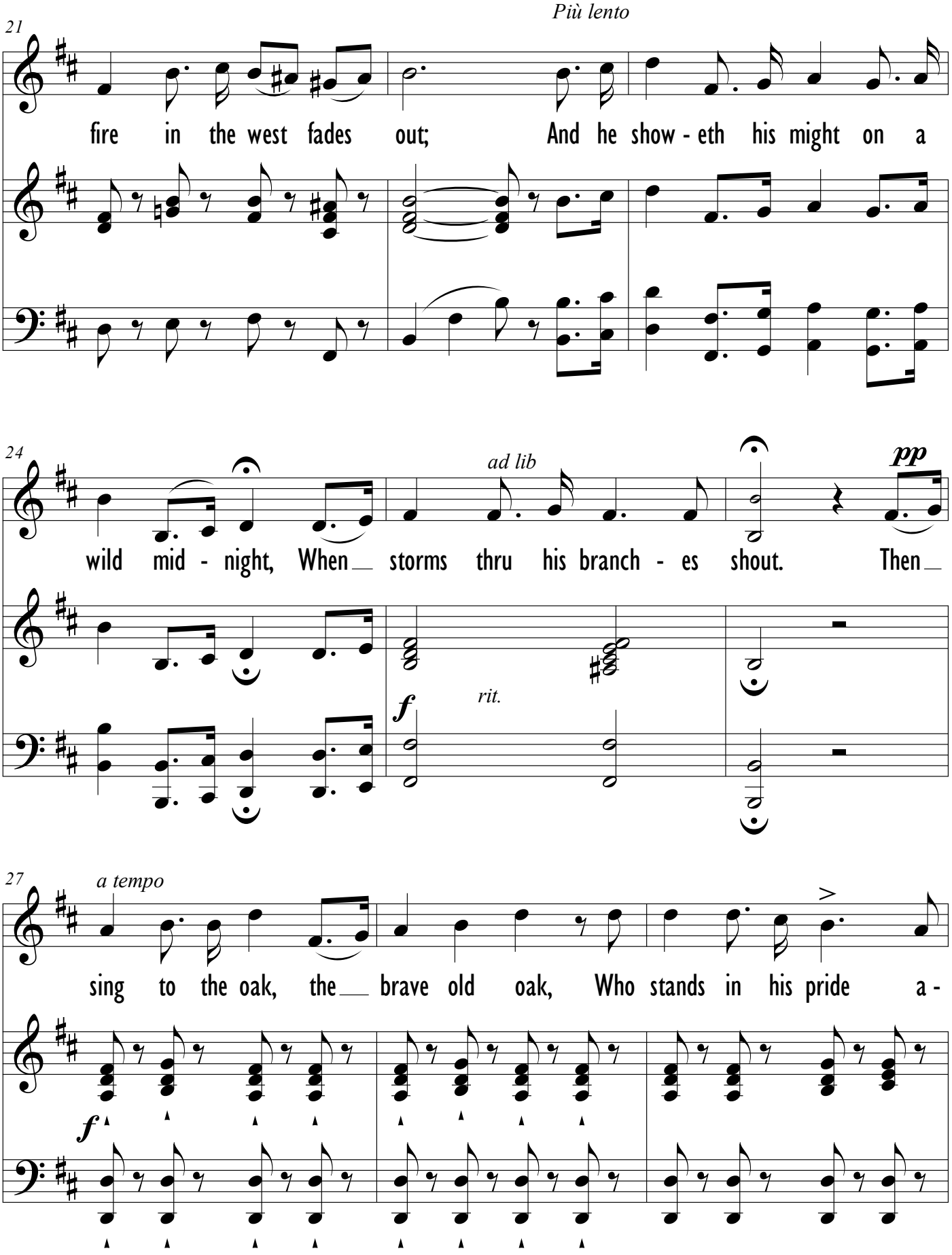
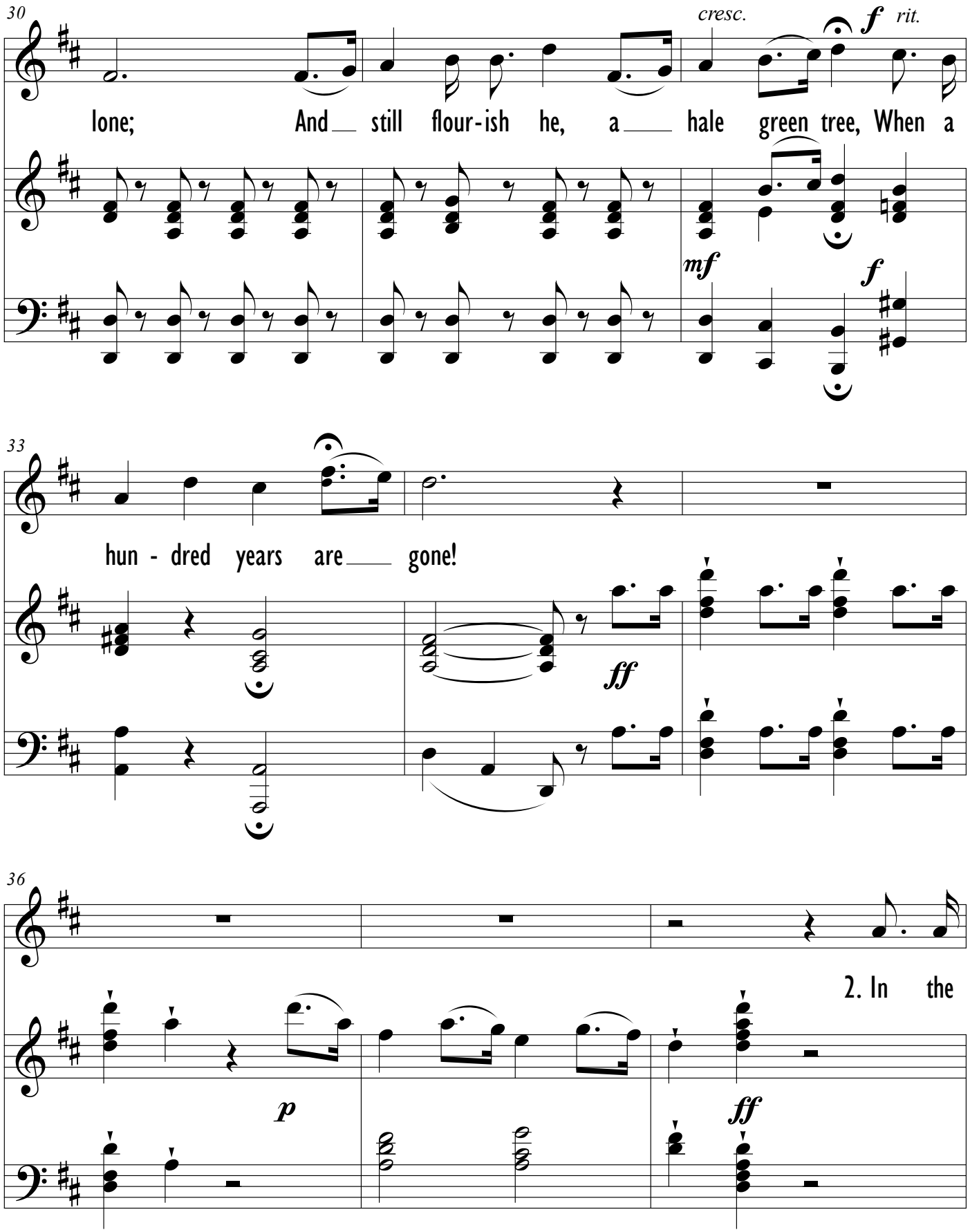
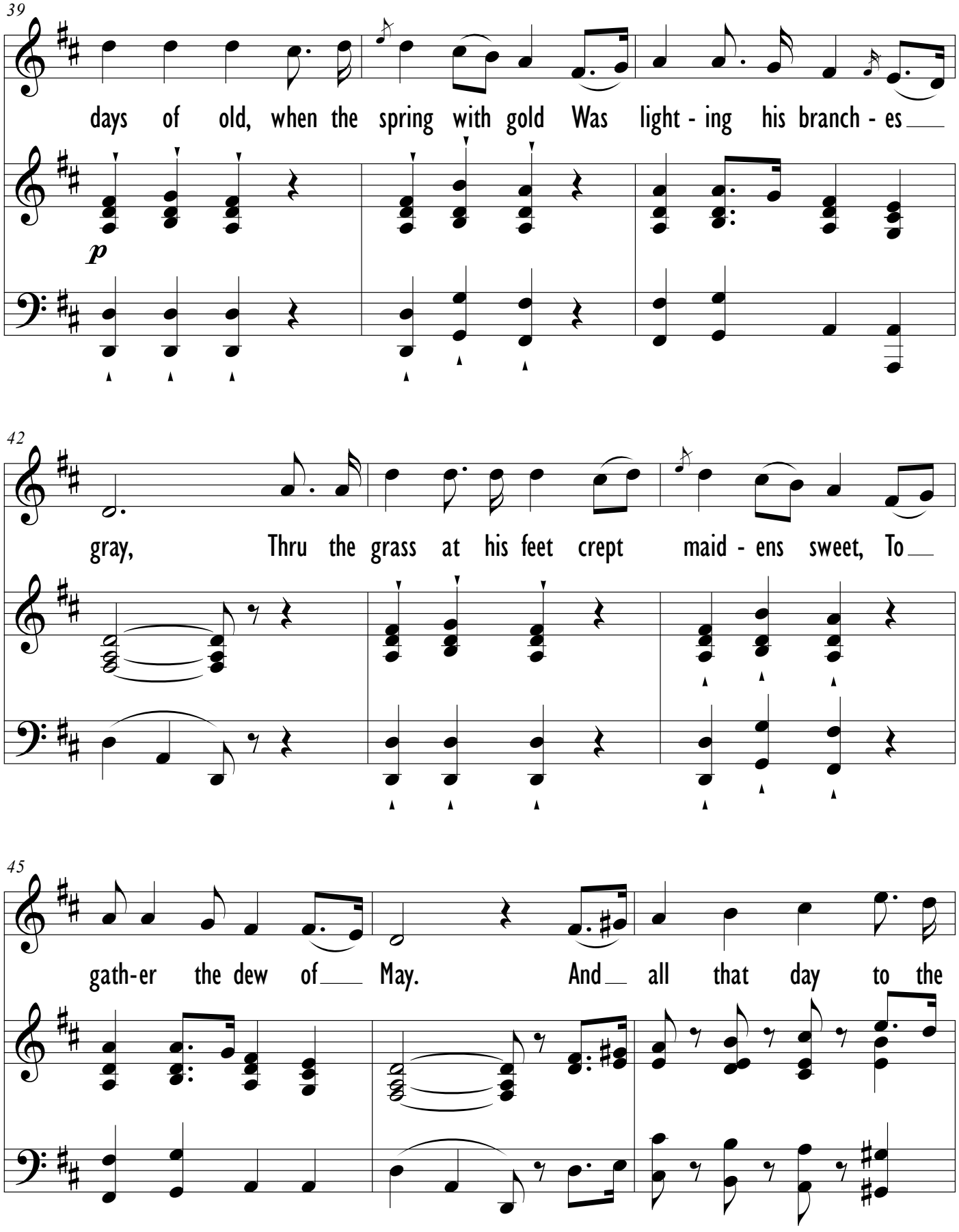
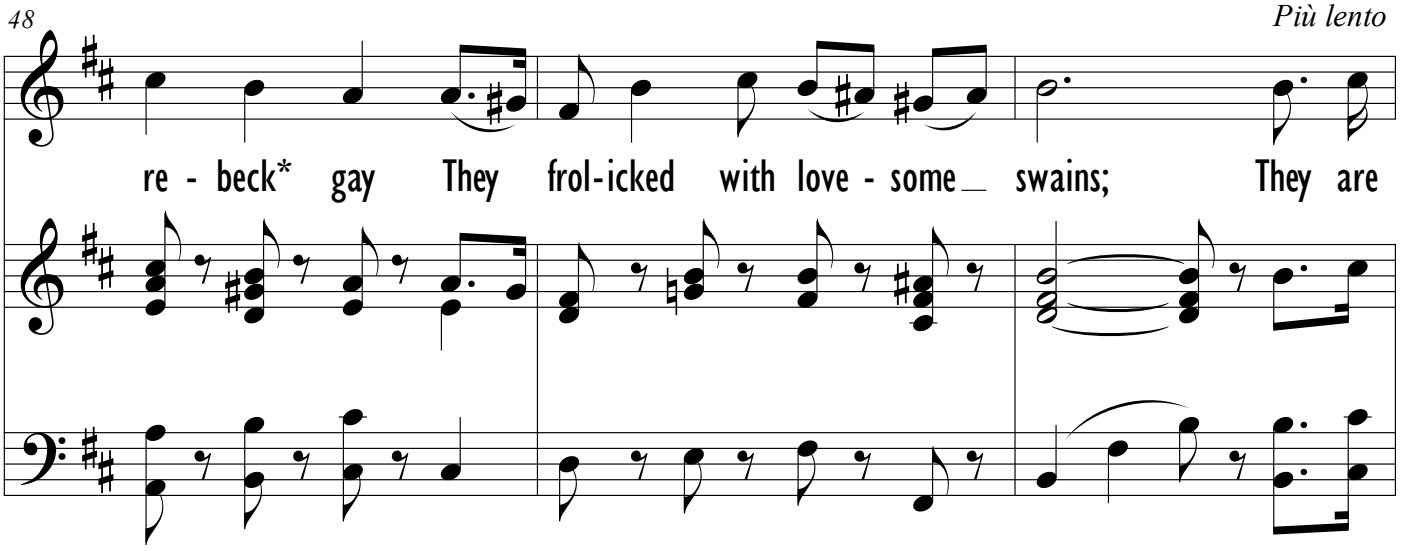
3/26/2020


13
ruled in the green - wood long; Here's health and re-nown to his
16
broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong. There's
19
fear in his frown when the sun goes down And the

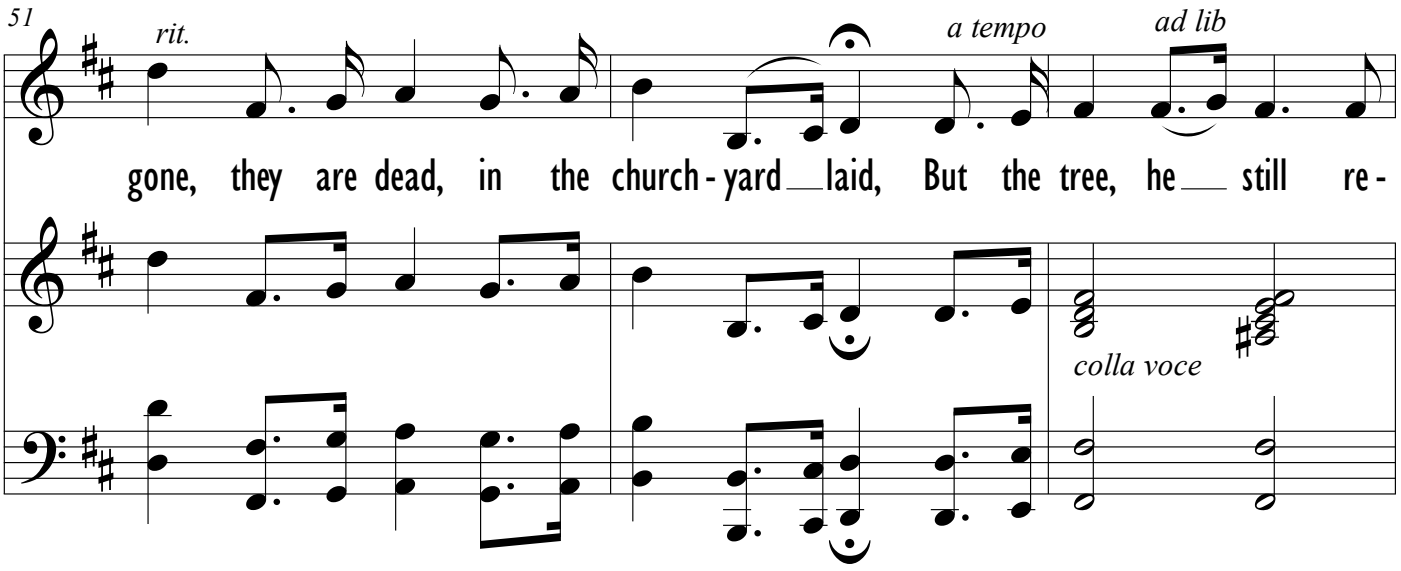

Più lento
21
fire in the west fades out; And he show - eth his might on a
24
ad lib
pp
wild mid - night, When storms thru his branch - es shout. Then
f
rit.
27
a tempo
sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride a -
f

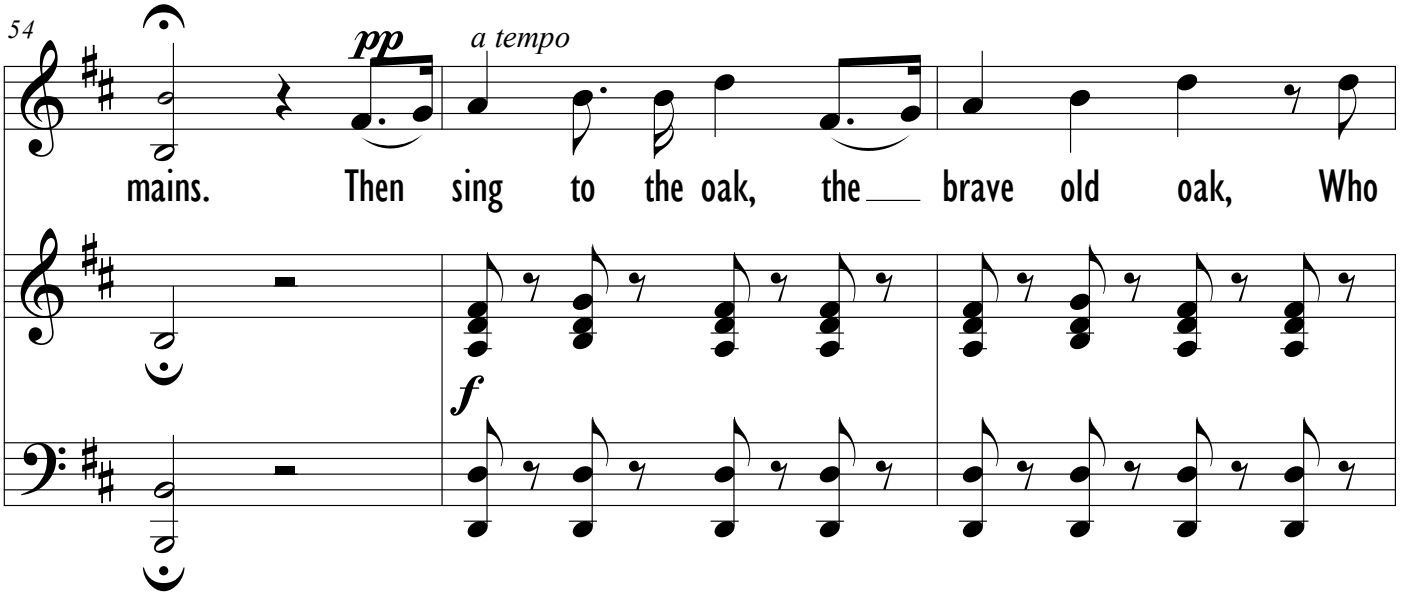

30
cresc.
f
rit.
lone; And still flour-ish he, a hale green tree, When a
mf
f
33
hun - dred years are gone!
ff
36
2. In the
p
ff

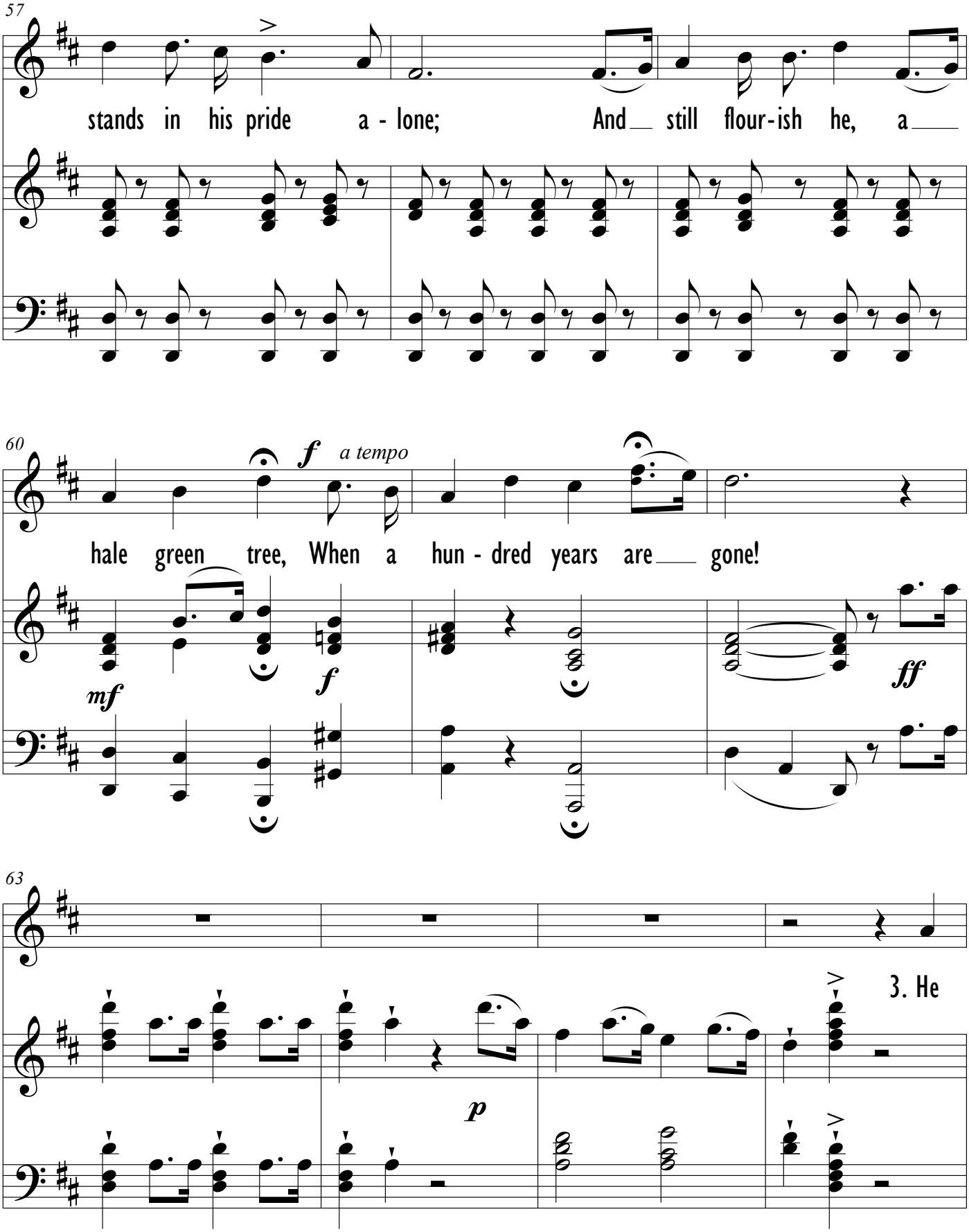

39
days of old, when the spring with gold Was light - ing his branch - es
p
42
gray, Thru the grass at his feet crept maid - ens sweet, To
45
gath-er the dew of May. And all that day to the

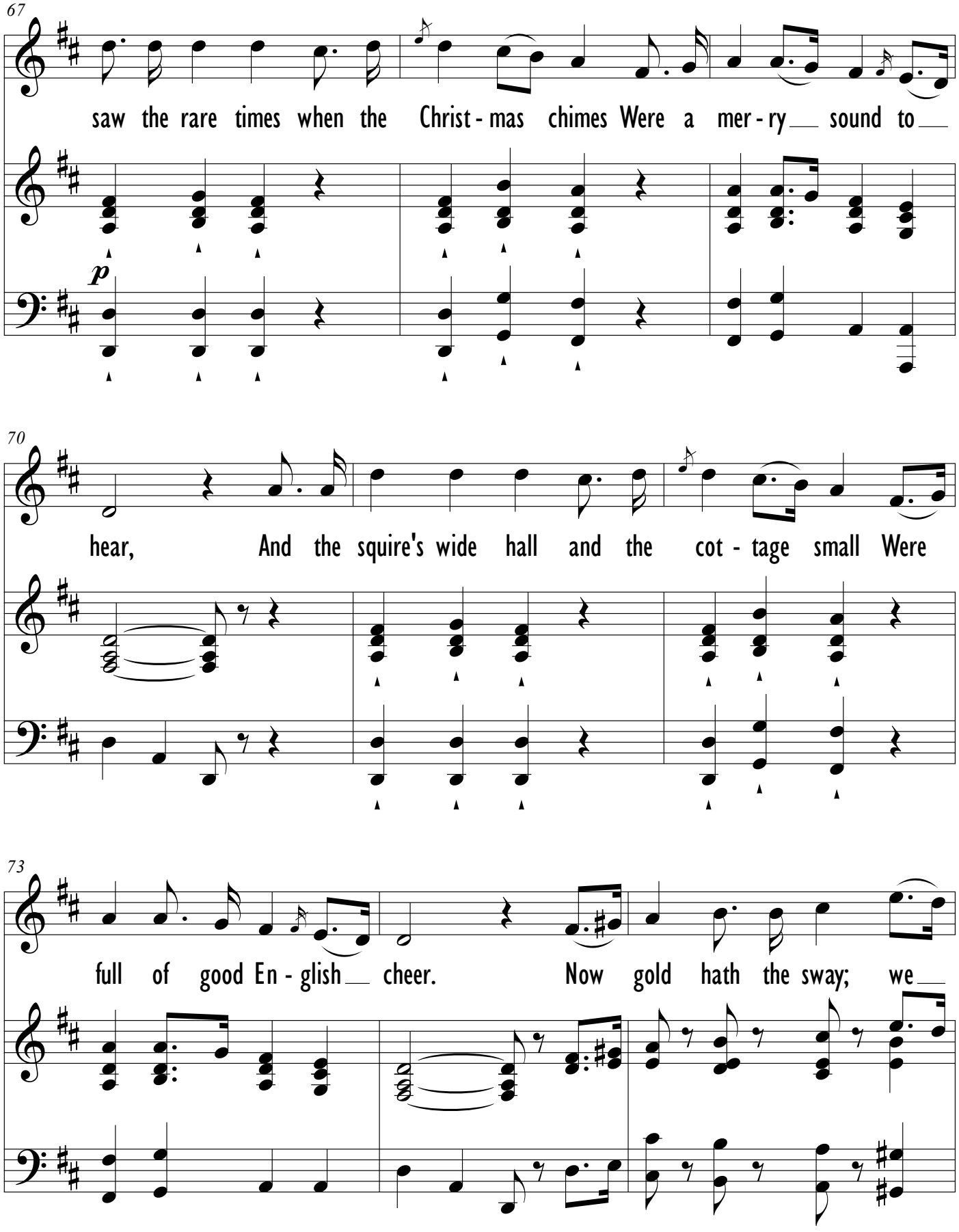


*a Renaissance fiddle






57
stands in his pride a - lone; And still flour-ish he, a
60
f a tempo
hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone!
mf
f
ff
63
p
3. He


67
saw the rare times when the Christ - mas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to
p
70
hear, And the squire's wide hall and the cot - tage small Were
73
full of good En - glish cheer. Now gold hath the sway; we

Più lento

76

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

f

79

ad lib

nev-er shall send our an - cient friend To be tossed on the storm - y

colla voce

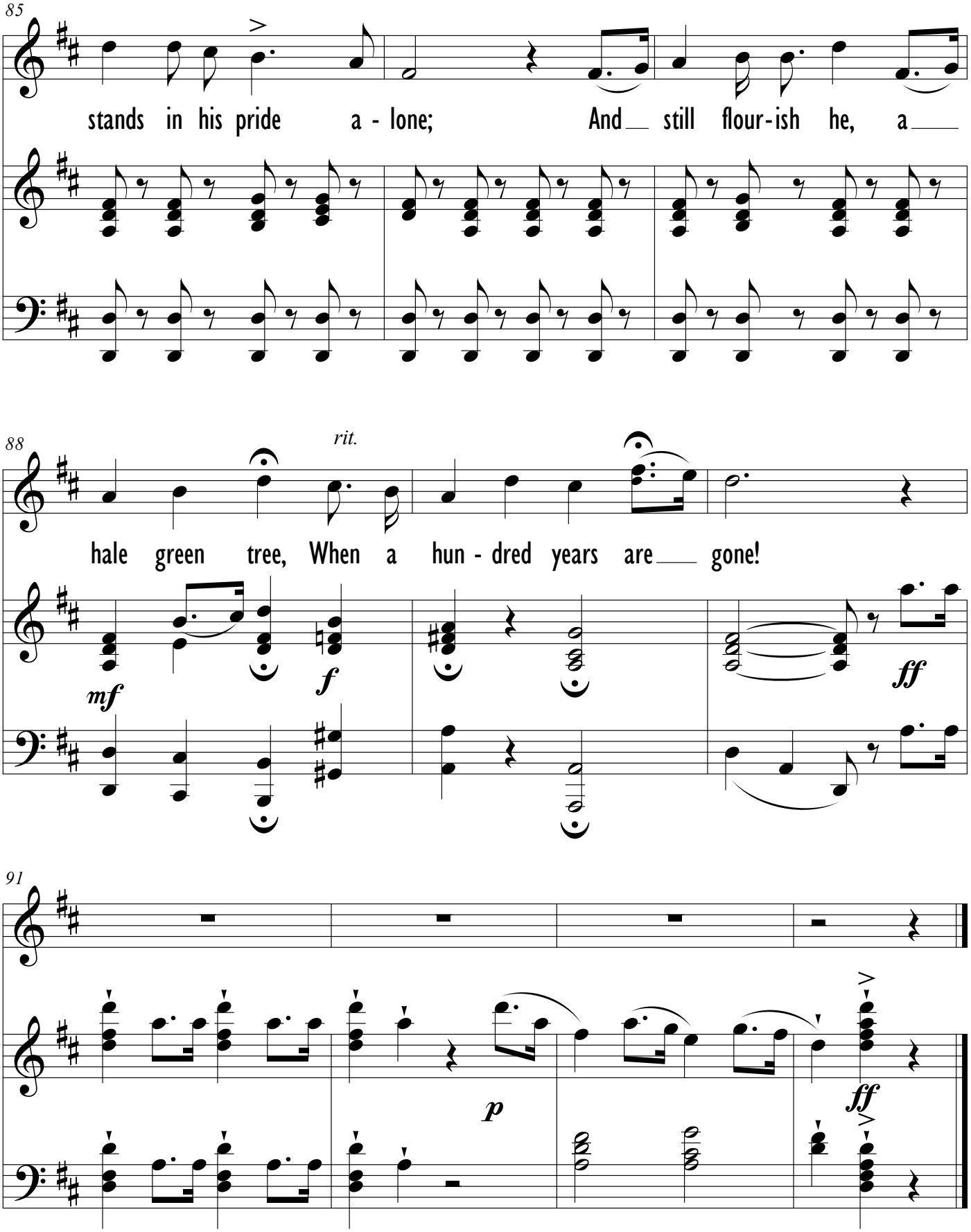
82

pp *a tempo*

sea. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who

f

pp


85
stands in his pride a - lone; And still flour-ish he, a
88
rit.
hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone!
mf
f
ff
91
p
ff