

The Angels Whisper

A baby was sleeping its mother was weeping
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fishermans dwelling
And she cried O must darling oh come back to me

Her beads while she mumbled
The baby still slumbered
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee
O blessed be that warning
My child thy sleep adorning
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee

And while they are sleeping
Bright watch over thy sleeping
O pray to them softly my baby with me
And say though I would not Father
Thy watch over thy father
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dorcas returning
And the wife wept with joy her babies father to see
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing
Said I knew that the angels were whispering to thee

The Brave Old Oak

A song of the oak the brave old oak
Who hath ruled in the green wood long
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down
And the fire in the hearth fades out
And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight
When storms thro his branches shout
Then sing to the oak the brave old oak
Who hath ruled in the wood so long
And still flourish he a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone

By B. W. Thompson