The Ivy and the Oak
To Carrie Merriles Woodward

Words by MATT WOODWARD
Music by ALBERT GUMBLE

Moderato

I'll
An
tell you, Ivy dear, a little story
a

age roll'd by, and then a trav'ler found him

By

bout a sturdy oak-tree and a vine;

man cut down, no more the forest's pride;

But

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oak look'd so majestic in his glory,  
still a little with'er'd vine clung round him,  
Yet

for a sweet companion he would pine.  
as his life went out, she droop'd and died!  
One Don't

rainy day he wept, his fate reviling,  
weep, dear Ivy, that is but a story.  
When And

lo! he saw an ivy 'round him grown;  
think, they had an age of perfect bliss!  
And Oh,
when the sun came out, he said a smiling
I - vy, it would be my greatest glory
"There's Were

one who will not leave me all a - lone"
I your oak and you'd re - spond to this.

REFRAIN.

My lit - tle I - vy, come and cling to me And I thro'

life will your de - fend - er be, As like a ten - der vine Your lit-tle

The Ivy and the Oak. 4
arms shall twine A-round the oak so firm and true! And when the
fier - y bolts from heav-en dart, You'll want to cling much clos-er
to my heart. But when the storm is o'er, Then you must cling still more, For, lit-tle

1
I - vy, I love you!

2
you!