The Old Oak Chest - song lyrics

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THE OLD OAK CHEST.
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Words and Music by Harry Braham.

I was just seventeen when a visit I paid
To my good old uncle's farm;
As I passed from the train. my cousin I met;
Her face show'd deep care and alarm.
I begged that she'd tell me what really was a-miss,
And why was her heart so oppressed;
Said she, "Uncle's dead, And his will last night was read,
And he's left to you the old oak chest"

Chorus.
It has been in the family for many, many years,
On the front he had painted his crest;
And what I found in there, of jewels rich and rare,
Had been treasured by my uncle in the old oak chest.

'Twas in silence I sat, with thoughts of the past,
As the old village church-bell tolled;
And the sound seemed to say that the life passed away
Was one who'd been gallant and bold.
He'd served in the army for many, many years,
But now we have laid him to rest;
The pride of them all was my good Uncle Joe,
And in mem'ry I've the old oak chest.- Chorus.

The key I received, then I opened the chest.
The sight startled all who stood 'round;
His medals and bars were tokens of wars,
Where once my old uncle was found.
He fought for his country, a hero born was he,
Like his comrades, he fought at his best;
And at night, when alone, his deeds are ever green.
When I look down on the old oak chest.- Chorus.