Under The Old Oak Tree - song lyrics

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UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE.
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Words and Music by Guy C. Rawson.

Under a wide-spreading, old oak tree
Sat a young Mother one day
Swinging a child, with a sweet baby face
That rivaled the flowers of May;
While soft and low from beneath the big tree,
To those who chanced to pass by,
The notes of a song she sang to her babe
As she soothed him with this lullaby:

Chorus.
Swinging baby up so high, a-ole, a-o-le;
Oh, mamma's baby, do not cry, a-o-le, a-o-!c;
Oh, soon will papa come with joy, a-o-le. a-o-le;
Oh, to kiss his dear, sweet baby boy, a-o-le, a-o-le.

She sang him the song till his eyes closed in sleep,
With no thought of sorrow or care;
How often she gazed on the dear baby face
As white as the lilies so fair;
She thought of the days when her own mother dear,
How shortly time seemed to be,
When she sang her to sleep with a sweet little lay
Under the same old oak true.-Chorus.