

Heart of Oak

[Richard Hawley](#)

You're precious to me
Like Owen's poetry
And I wish you well
My heart of oak When you sang Bay of Biscay
The whole world it drifted away
And the wind it sighed
Through the hearts of oak I'll always be beside
My heart of oak
My heart of oak You're precious to me
Like Blake's poetry
And I wish you well
Bold hearted oak
With your arms raised open wide
Singing to the skies
What a mighty soul
With a heart of oak Can't be bought or sold
Not the heart of oak
My heart of oak
My heart of oak You're the keeper of the flame
In a time where so much is at stake
And I wish you well
Pure hearted oak Can't be bought or sold
Not the heart of oak
And from little acorns grow
The mighty oaks
My heart of oak
My heart of oak
My heart of oak And from little acorns grow
The mighty oaks My heart of oak
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