

The Oak King
Josh Ritter

-Josh Ritter-
-The Oak King-

This song has four different voices going on. First you have the narrator, then you have the Father trying to save his dying son. Up next is the dying son. Then we hear The Oak King come in, tempting the boy away from life.

Em1: x|10|9|0|0|x
Gmaj13: x|9|7|0|0|x
Em2: x|7|5|0|0|x
Em3: x|5|4|0|0|x
Cmaj7: x|3|2|0|0|x

Riff:

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e|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|-----|
A|-----0-2-3-2-0----|
E|--0--2--3-----3--|
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Slide Prog.: Slide to Em1...Gmaj13...Em2...Em3...Cmaj7...Riff

Em

B7 Em B7 Em
Who is this that rides so late
G D G D
Between the woods and the garden gate?
B7 Em B7 Em
A father holds a child close,
C G B7 Em
Barely boy and almost ghost

Em G C G (C/G)
Son why do you cry and hide your face?
G D G D
Oh Father, the Oak King is king of this place,
Em G C G (C/G)
With a crown made of thistle and septer of reeds
C G B7 Em
Son, there s no Oak King, just the wind and the trees

(Slide Prog.)

Am7 B7 Em

My prince, my love, I knew you d come

Am7 B7 C B7

Now you must join the other ones

Am7 B7 Em

Cast your blues upon the tide

Am7 B7 C B7

Sleep all day, play all night

Am Em Am Em

Oh father, Oh father, don t leave me I pray

G D G D

The Oak King is closer than the dawn of the day

Am Em Am Em

Than the dawn of the day, The edge of the woods

C G B7 Em

The Oak King is bad and he ll take me for good

Em G C G (C/G)

Oh son, with his palaces of silver and gold

G D G D

With a queen and his own pretty children to hold

Em G C G (C/G)

With his own pretty children, why steal you from me?

C G B7 Em

What kind of a king would ever be such a thief?

(Slide Prog.)

Am7 B7 Em

My prince, my love, I knew you d come

Am7 B7 C B7

Now you must join the other ones

Am7 B7 Em

Cast your blues upon the tide

Am7 B7 C B7

My daughters will hold you clear through till night

Am Em Am Em

Oh father, Oh father, scattered all along the path

G D G D

The Oak Kings own children in the dark as we pass

Am Em Am Em

The Oak Kings own children, they sing softly and they sigh

C G B7 Em

They don t seem to care that they re blooming at night

Em G C G (C/G)

Oh Son, who would leave a child in this place?

G D G D

To the wind and the dark and the rain on their faces

Am Em Am Em

The rain on their face, mud on their feet

C G B7 Em

What kind of a King would dress his children in leaves?

(Slide Prog.)

Am7 **B7** **Em**
My prince, my love, I knew you would come
Am7 **B7** **C** **B7**
Now you must join the other ones
Am7 **B7** **Em**
Oh Father, Oh Father, I must go away
Am7 **B7** **C** **B7**
The Oak King sings, I must obey

(Slide Prog. soft)

B7 **Em** **B7** **Em**
At the edge of the woods and the break of the day,
G **D** **G** **D**
The father looked down where his son used to lay,
B7 **Em** **B7** **Em**
And in grief and in sorrow, in sorrow and grief,
C **G** **B7** **Em**
Wondered what kind of king could ever be such a thief?

(Slide Prog.)