

Trees

Trees are the kindest thing I know,
They do no harm, they simply grow,

And spread a shade for sleepy cows,
And gather birds among their boughs.

They give us fruit in leaves above,
And wood to make our houses of,

And leaves to burn on Halloween,
And in the spring new buds of green.

They are the first when day's begun,
To touch the morning sun,

They are the last to hold the light,
When evening changes into night,

And when a moon floats on th sky,
They hum drowsy lullaby,

Of sleepy children long ago...
Tees are the kindest things I know.

Harry Behn