



# Trees

*By Harry Behn*

Trees are the kindest things I know,  
They do not 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 Hallowe'en,  
And in the Spring new buds of green.

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

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

And when a moon floats on the sky  
They hum a drowsy lullaby

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