



Trees

By: Harry Behn

**Trees are the kindest things I know,
They do no harm, they simply grow,
And spread a shade for sleepy cows,
And gather birds among their bows.**

**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 first when day's begun
To tough 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.**