Trees

Joyce Kilmer

Andante

Voice

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

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A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Up-on whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only

God can make a tree.