



Poetry for Arbor Day

Plant Trees

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape by the river's side;
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the Powow told,
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad creative skill,--
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design;
Whereby these humble hands of ours,
In Nature's garden work with thine.

~John G. Whittier

Trees

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;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

~Joyce Kilmer

When the Green Gits Back in the Trees

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeez
And you think of your barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up your garden lot-
When the green gits back on the trees.
Well, work is the least of my ideas
When the green you know, gits back on the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees and bees
Is a buzzin around' agin,
In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"
Old gait they humb roun' in;
When the ground's all bold where the hayrick stood
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxing the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees-
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back on the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time
Is pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a gitten' down
At the old spring on his knees-
I kind o' like jes' a loaferin' aroun'
When the green gits back in the trees-
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

~James Whitcomb Riley

"I'll help to plant trees,
I'll plant apples, and peaches and cherries and plums,
So I'll always have plenty to give my chums;
But not for the world and all of its riches,
Will I help to plant any tree that grows switches."

~Frances Frey

Let's Plant A Tree

It's time to plant a tree, a tree.
What shall it be? What shall it be?

Let's plant a pine—we can't go wrong:
a pine is green the whole year long.

Let's plant a maple—more than one,
to shade us from the summer sun.

Let's plant a cherry—you know why:
there's nothing like a cherry pie!

Let's plant an elm, the tree of grace,
where robins find a nesting place.

Let's plant an apple—not too small,
with flowers in spring and fruit in fall.

Let's plant a fir—so it can be
a lighted outdoor Christmas tree.

Let's plant a birch, an oak, a beech,
there's something extra-nice in each...
in winter, summer, spring or fall.
Let's plant a ...

why not plant them ALL?

~Aileen Fisher

Three Little Trees

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and in breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.

And one was a plum tree, and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be

The breeze told one morning to the glad apple tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about.

And smiled at the plum tree, and the secret was out.

The plum told in whispers, the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see it came straight.

The breeze told the apple, the apple the plum.

The plum told the pear, "Robin Redbreast has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze.
And clapped their hand softly, these three little trees.

The Tree's Way

The high trees are honest folk;
They do not stand so much aloof
Up under heaven's roof,
Altho they are earth's fairest cloak.
Their lives are very calm and slow;
They wait for coming things to come,
They wait, they rest, they ponder some
Purpose forgotten long ago
Like quiet folk;
And sometimes I am moved to stroke
Hand-greeting as I pass them near.
And often I am sure I hear
An answer from these stately folk!

~George Cronyn

