

TREES

Joyce Kilmer

for solo (T), male choir (TTBB) and water-tuned glasses



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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.

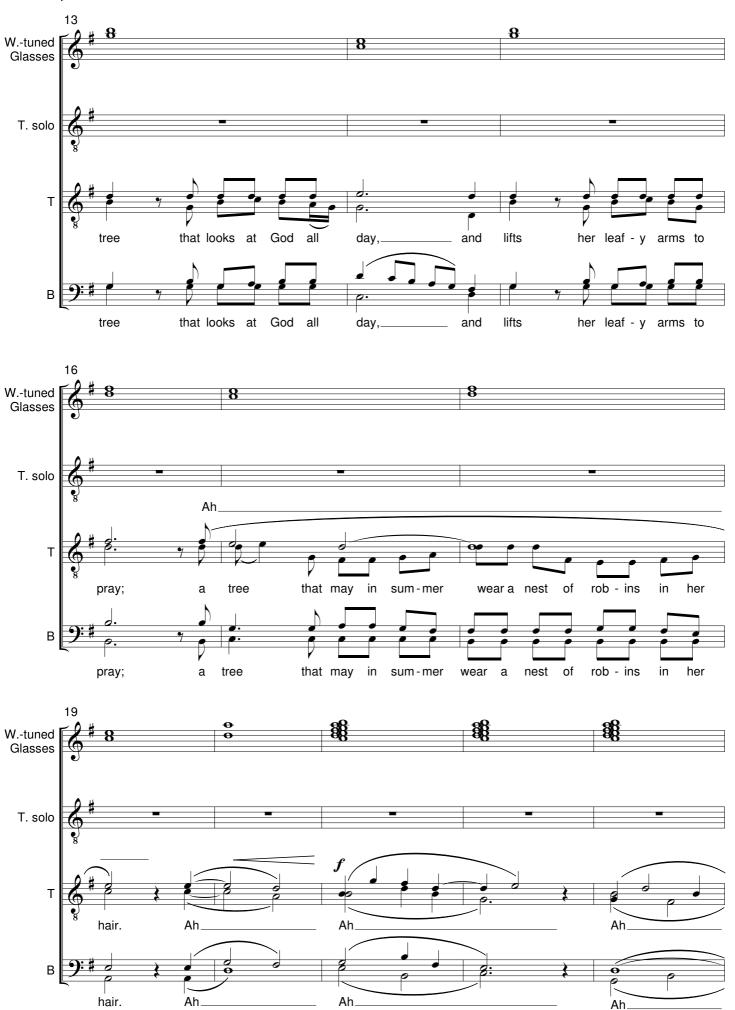
Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918)







MB 1604

