OUR TREE

The story of a tree, showing the life and activity nourished by its various components.

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A little bird sees
Ripe fruit on our tree
And eats a tasty berry.
The bird flies tall
And a berry seed falls.
The rains have come
Hurry! let’s run.
Clouds, rain and sun ...
Our plant is born, a little one.
Now a tree,
Its trunk a home—
For birds to nest,
And also roam.
With branches long,  
Crows and bird-song.
Crawling ants and spider’s webs,
Caterpillars with tiny legs,
Rich green leaves, life aplenty
Blooming flowers, and bees busy,
Butterflies and insects dizzy.
The tree has fruit,
Some big, some small,
Let us pluck them—
But do not fall!
Crows perch, squirrels run,
And see the monkeys
Having fun!
Strong branches,
With pretty swings,
Our beautiful tree
Has so many things.