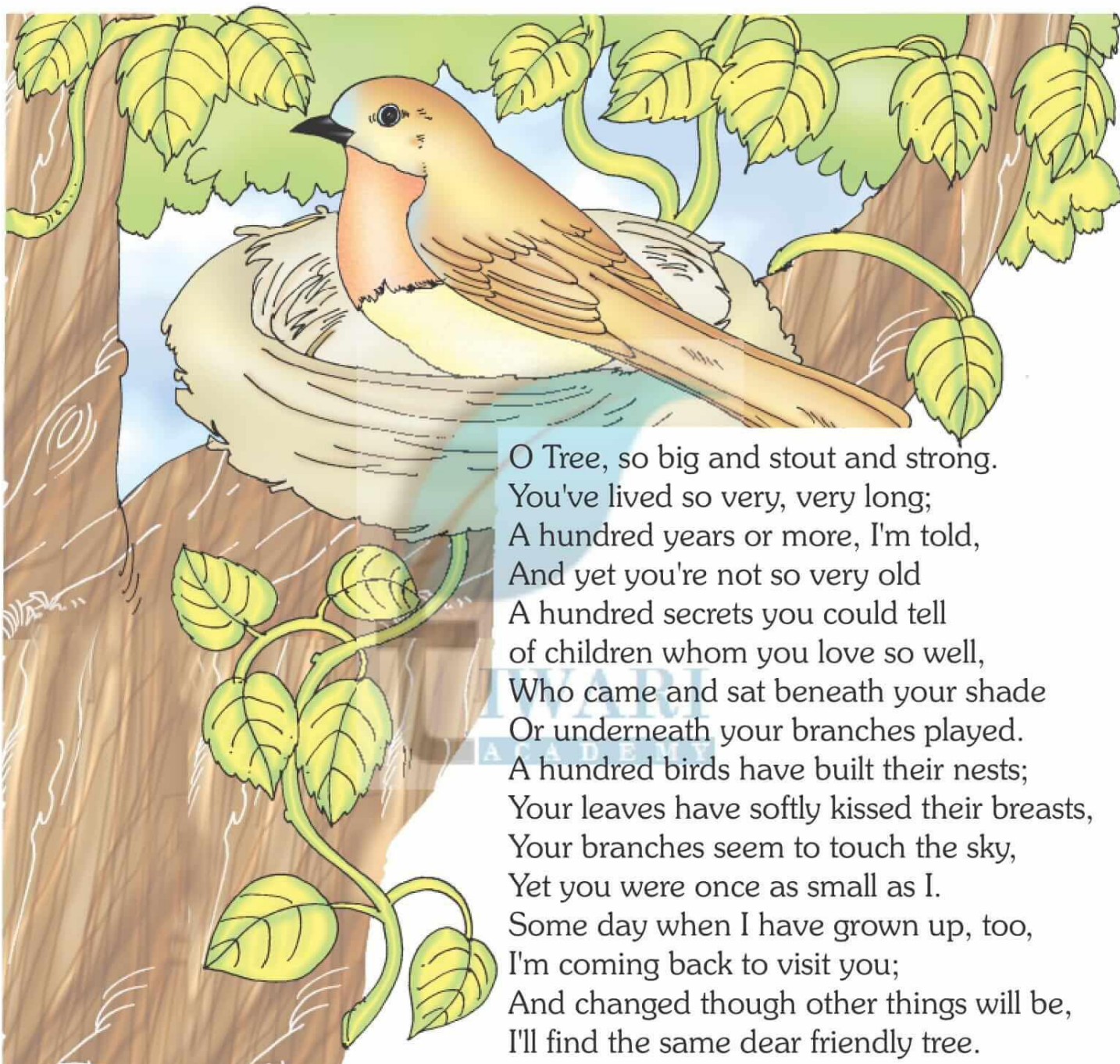


Chapter 12

My Tree



O Tree, so big and stout and strong.
You've lived so very, very long;
A hundred years or more, I'm told,
And yet you're not so very old
A hundred secrets you could tell
of children whom you love so well,
Who came and sat beneath your shade
Or underneath your branches played.
A hundred birds have built their nests;
Your leaves have softly kissed their breasts,
Your branches seem to touch the sky,
Yet you were once as small as I.
Some day when I have grown up, too,
I'm coming back to visit you;
And changed though other things will be,
I'll find the same dear friendly tree.

Words to Learn

shout

beneath

underneath

friendly

shade

Teacher's Note: Ask the pupils to make a list of the names of the trees they see around them.